



India-Tour Raffle.  
YVONNE WHITWORTH of Wollongong -- winner of the

Congratulations !!!

The good news is that Sahaja is spreading south and doing well. The bad news is that a "Witches Conference" is to be held in Wollongong last weekend of October (30th-31st).  
Yogis in Wollongong are planning a weekend gathering at the O'Gorman's home with pujas Saturday and Sunday mornings and havans each afternoon.  
We would like yogis from anywhere to come and help out. Stay overnight at the O'Gormans, watch videos, swim (5 minutes from beach) eat/bring a plate (if possible) and bring sleeping gear. Plenty of space for sleeping and SHOE-BEATING. So come.....

WOLLONGONG NEWS

**HAVAN**  
There will be a havan at Roseville ashram, on Saturday 23rd at 4pm.....14 Boundary St.....PLEASE! park in ARCHER ST.  
Could everyone attending please bring a plate of food for dinner. This will be followed by a bhajan practise at 7pm.  
Everyone welcome.....  
**FESTIVAL**  
Sahaja Yoga will have a stall and an exhibition at the Randwick Festival on Saturday, the 23rd October.  
Meditation at 3.30 p.m.  
Coming up  
Newtown Festival - 14th November

SAHJAY NEWS



Courtesy: 1930's Green & Gold Cookery Book

**Ingredients:** Take two or more children, according to taste, one skylful of sun, one lawn (fresh and green), four trees (shady ones preferably), one nursemaid (out of sight).  
Take the children, mix well with an armful of dolls, kites, rubber balls, one puppy, one tent and one rocking horse. When mixed, sprinkle all over with smiles and a pinch of unselfishness. Keep stirring till sundown, then take the children, put in a cool room, cover lightly, and leave till morning.

HAPPY SUMMER DAY PUDDING



Finally, Diwali Puja will take place at Kosice in the Republic of Slovakia (east part of ex-Tchecoslovakia) and not at Soci in Russia as it was previously mentioned.  
Kosice is at 500 km east of Prag and at 220 km north-east of Budapest.  
There is an airport there, with connections at least with Prag.  
It is a place very well situated, between all the countries of the ex-East-Block: Poland, Ukraine, Hungary and Rumania are less than a hundred kilometers from there.  
It will be a three-days seminar from Friday the 17th in the morning, to Sunday the 14th in the evening.  
Puja should be on Saturday and weddings on Sunday.  
We'll soon get more information. After Navaratri Puja.

WELCOME TO KOSICE FOR DIWALI PUJA !

JAI SHRI MATAJI

Paris le 19.10.93

THE AUSTRALIAN

# Sahaja Newsletter

Contributions:

Carole McNeill: (02) 560 6921  
Efrem Manassey (02) 560 4134  
Fax: (02) 745 4427

OCTOBER 22ND '93



NAVRATRI PUJA

BURWOOD

11:30 a.m.

In the afternoon, the ceremony of burning Ravana's effigy will be performed.

## Feeling flat? Mozart helps you be sharp

By DAVID MUSSARED

If you are mentally wrestling with a complex problem that's just a bit beyond you, try giving yourself a 10-minute blast of Mozart. It could give your IQ a temporary lift.

Researchers in California have found that listening to 10 minutes of a Mozart sonata temporarily boosted the IQs of their human guinea pigs by eight or nine points. The IQ jolt lasted only 10 or 15 minutes, but Mozart scored considerably better as an IQ stimulant than either silence or "relaxation" tapes.

Three researchers, Frances Rauscher, Gordon Shaw and Katherine Kay of the University of California's Centre for the Neurobiology of Learning, have published the results of their IQ experiments in the latest edition of the British science journal, *Nature*.

The researchers say they tested the IQs of 36 college students after 10 minutes each of listening to Mozart, listening to a relaxation tape and sitting in silence.

After listening to Mozart, the students scored average IQs of 119. After hearing the relaxation tape and sitting in silence, they scored only 111 and 110 respectively.

15/10/93.  
CANBERRA TIMES

The researchers suggest the next step should be to vary the amount of listening time, so they can work out the rate - or "decay constant" - at which the temporary IQ booster vanishes when the music is turned off. They say other measures of intelligence apart from the spatial IQ test ought to be tried.

Various other composers and different styles of music should also be tested for their effect on IQ.

So does that mean you can get the same effect by listening to 10 minutes of Guns'n'Roses, or Madonna? Probably not, the researchers say.

In fact, they believe if you choose the wrong sort of music you might even temporarily knock a few points off your IQ. Instead of giving it the hoped-for boost.

"We predict that music lacking complexity or which is repetitive may interfere with, rather than enhance, abstract reasoning," they say.

"Also, as musicians may process music in a different way from non-musicians, it would be interesting to compare these two groups."

And what was the IQ-lifting music piece to which the students were subjected? Mozart's sonata for two pianos in D major, K483.



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The recent October long weekend played host to the annual HobbyCo Fair. The venue was the Eastern Creek Raceway west of Sydney. The Fair provides a means by which various groups promote a variety of leisure activities to the public. This can range from anything from model aircraft to restoring Motor Vehicles. This year the organisers approached Sahaja Yoga to see if we would be interested in representation at the Fair. Surprisingly there were no costs involved in attending the Fair. Seeing as we already had exhibition material prepared for previous ventures there seemed nothing preventing us from attending. So Sahaja Yoga was represented at HobbyCo 1993.

The Sahaja Yoga presence at the Fair comprised of two separate stalls. We are still not sure why the organisers were so generous, as one of our stalls was at least twice as large as anyone else. This stall was located on the ground floor of the exhibition hall. The large space of the stall provided us with ample opportunity to display the Sahaja Yoga Exhibition. Three television monitors were also used to display videos demonstrating the many aspects of Sahaja Yoga. One of the videos which proved popular was a recording of Uncle Stephan's 'Eva-lution Tape', where he provides a description of the principles of evolution using his by now famous 'Eva' model.

Our second stall was located on the first floor of the hall and was located in much more congenial surrounds, carpeted floors, softer lighting and generally a much more lighter atmosphere. This stall served as our 'meditation room', the place where the new people would receive their self realisation. When people visited the exhibition stall they would be directed upstairs to this stall for the experience of self-realisation and meditation.

The Fair was held for all three days of the long weekend. Saturday morning was taken up with last minute first and final touches to our two stalls. Around 11:00 O'Clock we were ready for our first seekers.

The type of people who are attracted to this type of Fair are very different to those who would attend an exhibition such as the Mind Body and Soul. Many of the attendees are pursuing something to occupy their spare time (Sahaja Yoga can certainly do that), or they already have a hobby and are trying to gather more information. They are not actively seeking as such. Upon coming upon our stall most people reacted in a way which could be called surprise.

Fortunately for us we had the master diplomat Vinay on hand. Displaying impeccable discrimination Vinay would approach the sometimes wary visitor to our stall and offer them some literature. Depending upon their reaction he would ask them if they wished to experience meditation for themselves. He would then assure them that it was free and all it would take would be five minutes of their time. He would also add that they had nothing to lose and who knows they may like it. Due to his and many other peoples good work a slow but steady stream of visitors took the plunge and came for their realisation.

As mentioned the attendees were very much simpler than our average 'seeker'. Most of them received their realisation easily and felt the cool breeze. By days end around 70 people received their realisation.

The next day we returned bright and early. Sunday turned out to be much busier than the first day. The highlight of the day was a performance by our musicians and dance troop. The musicians began playing to what started as an incredulous audience. It was probably the first time many of the audience had been exposed to Eastern Music. However as they played the crowd swelled and generally warmed to the music. The musicians certainly played their role, their music had the effect of filling our stall until we were overrun with people. At one stage we had trouble keeping up with the number of people. By the end of this day around 120 people had received their self realisation.

Monday was the final day of the Fair, it turned out to be as busy as Sunday. Vinay was in fine form yet again and encouraged many people to try meditation for themselves. Again around 120 people received their self-realisation.

By days end our involvement with HobbyCo '93 drew to an end. Our attendance at the Fair cost us nothing but our time and commitment, over 300 people received their realisation. A very worthwhile experience as we were out among the people passing on the greatest gift of all.

Special mention should be made of Andrew and Hari and all at Northmead who were the driving force behind the exhibition and performed an excellent job in organising the exhibition, and also to all the Yogis who kept our stalls manned throughout the weekend.

# To some it's dirt, but others see soul

S.M.H. OCTOBER 7th '93

The harmonious environmental balance achieved by the pre-European Aborigines can teach us much about land care, argues **ERIC ROLLS**.

**W**HITE farmers see the land as something that they own. It supports them; it responds to their work, but it is profit and loss, a commodity to be bought or sold. They have a brief, uncomfortable, close acquaintance with the soil at funerals when, the soul having departed, the priest intones: "We therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Aborigines do not understand that. The earth is their body and spirit; their body and spirit is earth. There is no distinction between natural heritage and cultural heritage as in European society. For Aborigines they are the same thing.

I can measure the land that I own from a worldwide perspective, by a thousand years of accumulated, written science. Although it is separate from me, I can appreciate it intimately. Soil is wondrous: it is a fluid that feels solid, a chemical factory, a seeming inert mass that contains more moving, living things within it than on top of it. I weigh 85 kilograms. When I walk across the ground, there are 425 kilograms of creatures moving under me.

For the total weight of people, cattle, sheep, rabbits, kangaroos, emus, snakes, lizards, spiders, bugs, for the whole assembly of life above the ground, there are five times the weight in creatures under it, of ants, worms, beetles, crickets, bacteria. By far the greatest weight is in the micro-organisms.

Take up a small handful of damp soil. Pick out any visible creatures in it. When it seems still in the hand, magnify it 10,000 times. It becomes a seething mass, of grotesque pulsating amoebae changing shape as they move, of 150,000 million bacteria shaped like rods or hooks, or like blobs, spots, lines or rectangles that are forever dividing and growing again. It seems that they must fill the hand, the room, the world because the nightmarish appetites of the amoebae cannot cope with them fast enough. Then one notices predatory protozoa feeding on them, too, and dividing to keep pace with the increase.

Underground life replicates life above the ground: eat and be eaten, thrive or starve, adjust to unmerciful circumstances. I can test the soil for its chemicals and mineral qualities, find out whether it is acid or alkaline, find out whether it needs phosphorus or nitrogen or a minute trace of some element like copper or cobalt. Then I decide what crops to sow. Chemistry and economics determine the decision.

Before they met with European knowledge, Aborigines knew soil by what it grew naturally. Each different soil was the place of something, of native millet with its delicious seeds, of cycads, yams, kurradjongs, of 6,000 plants that

they used for food, medicine, dye and fibre. They knew exactly the production of every soil in their area.

They read it as a map, a calendar, catalogue, as an encyclopedia of botany. They knew when every plant flowered, how long it lived, what animals fed on it. They knew every tree, every rock, and they could describe them in such detail that others could recognise them even if they had never seen them. They saw the surface of the ground as though it still bore the creatures that had moved over it an hour before, the night before, the week before, if there had been no rain.

They could track a man or a kangaroo through thick grass and explain their movements as accurately as if they were still moving directly in front of them. Their eyes could select a bruised leaf three metres away; they could tell where a hand had touched a branch in passing. They knew the footprints of every member of the clan, often more than a hundred. A friend always left a footprint.

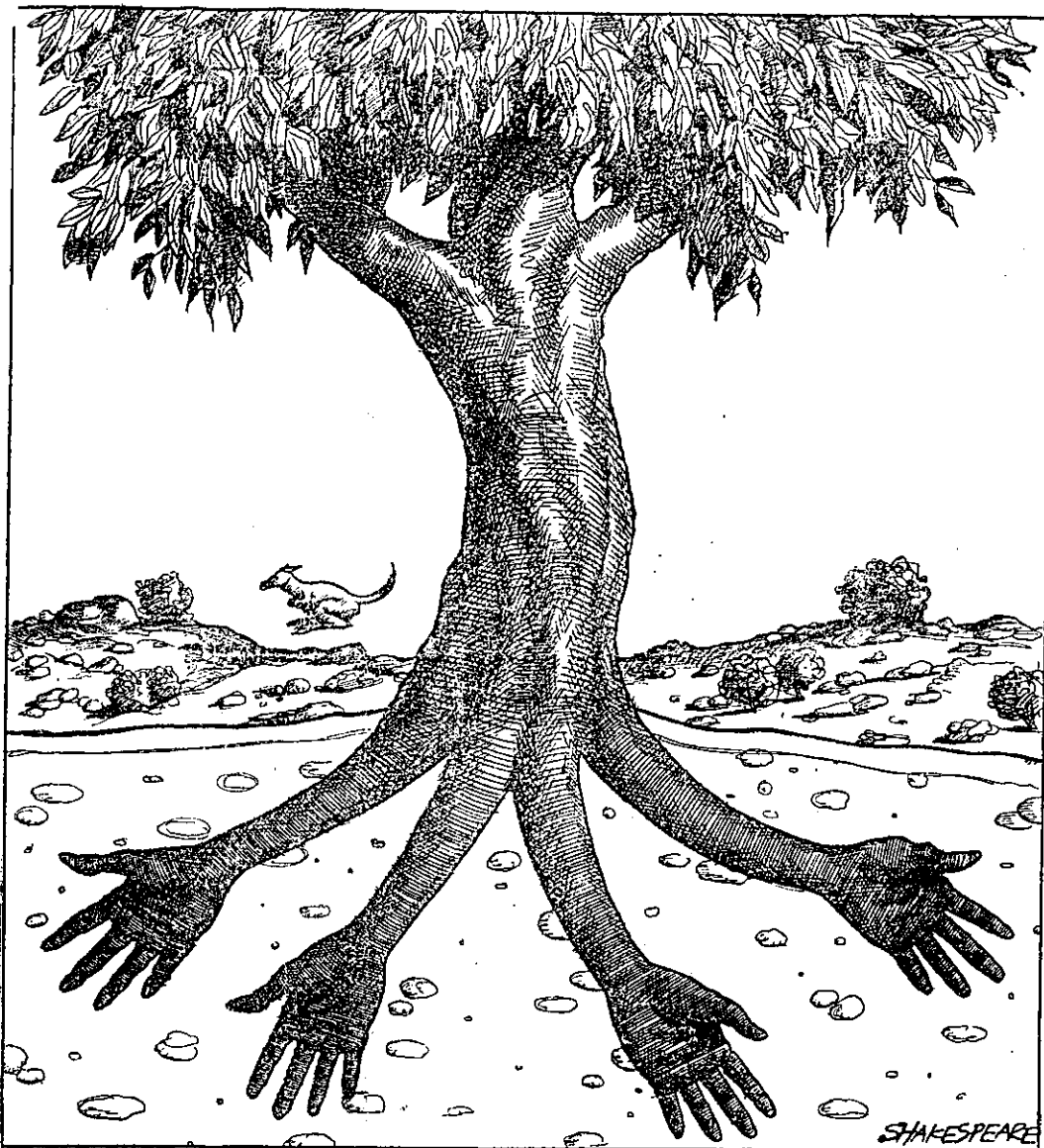
The extent of home ground that they knew absolutely might have been a creek valley on the North Coast of NSW, 40 kilometres by 20, or a reach of the Tanami desert, 400 kilometres by 200.

But consider the concentration of their knowledge, the limitation of it. There was no Australia, no rest of the world; there was north, south, east, west and sky so mysterious that it needed the confirmation of mythical creatures. The compass points ended where tribal boundaries ended: at sea, river, mountain, forest.

The people met the country beyond in song and dance at ceremonial corroborees to which they were invited by distant tribes. Every waterhole had its song; every mountain, every river, every animal had its dance. The songs and dances, public and secret, male and female, were the books of knowledge: they recorded fact and fable.

The reality of some distant places was demonstrated more definitely by traded goods such as pituri from south-west Queensland which travelled over much of New South Wales and the rest of Queensland or the pearl shell from the Kimberley that even men and women south of the Murray River wore as ornaments. These goods passed down through a series of hands, though some members of many tribes learnt narrow strips of foreign country in formally arranged journeys along rigidly defined trading tracks.

All things originated in the Dream-time, the ancient past of supernatural events. They believed; they believe in Creation as fervently as the most devout Christians. Not even a baby is conceived by the work of a man in a woman. An ancestor in the form of a tree or a rock impregnates the woman



as she walks near. She is aware of it; she tells the child who will always call the area "father". The land builds its people and they never die, they become a tree, a rock, an animal. The earth must be revered. The old men kept its law and handed it down to those who had earned the responsibility by initiation. It is less well known that there was a secret woman's law as closely guarded and as meticulously handed down.

**T**HE LAND that the Aborigines revered at the time of European settlement was of their own making. They did not fit into a natural creation; they transformed it as they wanted it. About 120,000 years ago they began to use fire as a tool. With the help of a changing climate, they spent perhaps 70,000 years establishing huge areas of open grass-

land, and another 50,000 years maintaining them with careful understanding.

They used fire so often that they not only made plants resistant to it, they made many dependent on it. The grass trees, Xanthorrhoea, can go 50 years without flowering unless stimulated by fire. The Gumati people of Blue Mud Bay, on the western shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria, extend the fruiting of cycads, a staple food, from weeks to months by successive, strategic burnings of the area where it grows.

The Aborigines produced a beautiful country, "a wildflower garden" as several early European observers described it. The mistake of the first white settlers was in supposing that Aborigines had had no more influence on the land than kangaroos and emus - they were there, that is all. So the first Europeans in Australia began to

exploit the land even more savagely than the first Aborigines. They had more resources: hoes and spades to turn the ground, saws and axes to cut down trees, guns to shoot game, cloved-footed animals to eat grasses that had never been trampled. Some of them had hundreds of years of good English farming behind them.

But everything they did outraged Australia. The ground hardened, the good grasses died astonishingly quickly. Inferior natives and European weeds took their place. They cleared forests and drained swamps that were doing essential work in protecting the land.

A couple of weeks ago I spoke to the Wheatlands Aboriginal Corporation at Northam in Western Australia. Their homeland, the soil that grew them, was described by an early observer as "a

There was no Australia, no rest of the world; there was north, south, east, west and sky so mysterious that it needed the confirmation of mythical creatures."

grand-looking picture to the eye; forests of banksia trees; the sun lighting up the gorgeous transparent flowers, for the most part of a rich orange colour". As in the Victorian Mallee, settlers cleared a dense growth of shrubs to grow wheat.

Never having been exposed to wind, the topsoil lifted with every blow. The plants had used all but one tenth of one millimetre of the annual rainfall. The bared land allowed so much water to pour into the underground aquifers that they had no hope of coping with it. Watertables rose bringing the plentiful natural salt to the surface.

Appalled at the degradation of thousands of hectares of precious land, Aborigines, both in Western Australia and elsewhere, are adding their concern to that of scientists, of intelligent farmers, to that of the increasing number of people generally who are becoming aware of what is happening.

I met one Aborigine who plans to demonstrate what can be done to save our country. He is managing a station 100 kilometres long by 50 wide: 500,000 hectares. He does not want to be named yet; he does not want the station identified until he has it looking as he wants it. When he took over four years ago, it was being eaten out by 60,000 sheep and 2,000 breeding cows. He reduced the sheep to 40,000 and maintained the cattle. He knows what the country used to look like - he was born near it. There is some remnant growth which he is extending to big fenced-off areas; he is connecting them with wide corridors along fences and creeks.

It is a substantial stretch of country to work on. He inspects the stock from the company aeroplane. When he goes out to clean the stock troughs, he has to leave the homestead in the dark and he gets home long after dark. The area is sufficient to make an obvious impact when he has finished improving it. He believes that he can both increase profits and bring back the country to something like its original state.

So Aborigines who own land are now imposing European methods on their ancient knowledge. If European farmers are to restore the land that they have destroyed, they will have to impose the ancient knowledge of the Aborigines on the modern science of agriculture.

Eric Rolls's latest book, *From Forest To Sea - Australia's Changing Environment*, canvasses ways to reverse the degradation of this continent.