

THE AUSTRALIAN

Sahaja Newsletter

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MARCH 11th '94

Sayings of Shri Mataji

On Love

Try to love each other—in Dedication; because you're all my children, created out of my love. In the womb of my love you all have resided. From my heart I've given you these blessings. A 'deep' love should exist. Selfishness has no place in Sahaja Yoga. Miserliness has no place in Sahaja Yoga.

You must have a heart as your Mother has. Pulsating with love, with Compassion, with Joy, with Happiness, with Giving. That should be the attitude. Not rationality. Nothing. It is to feel. Feeling for the pains of others. Feeling for their longing and feeling for their aspirations. Just feel within yourself, 'is there Desire to be the Whole', to be the Ocean itself is so fulfilling.

All that is sustaining, all that is nurturing, all that is ennobling comes from this sense of love, which is within us very much developed, but within others also who are not yet realised.



2.

SHRI MATAJI'S FINAL TRAVEL ITINERARY

FROM	TO	DATE	FLIGHT	CLASS	DEPART	ARRIVE
1. Cictta	Sngpre	25/3	Int SQ415	(F)	11.45 AM	6.10 PM
2. Sing	Perth	25/3	Int QF.78	(J)	7.45 PM	12.50 AM
3. Perth	Melb	28/3	D QF632	(F)	11.25 AM	4.50 PM
4. Melb	Syd	1/4	Int QF11	(F)	12.15 PM	1.35 PM
5. Syd	Cnbr	7/4	D QF521	(F)	1.50 PM	2.30 PM
6. Cnbr	Syd	9/4	D QF594	(J)	8.10 AM	9.00 AM
7. Syd	Auk	9/4	Int QF43	(J)	10.30 AM	3.20 PM
8. Auk	Bne	14/4	Mh126	(J)	12.55 PM	2.20 PM
9. Bne	NRT	17/4	Int QF69	(J)	8.45 AM	7.00 PM
10. NRT	TPE	19/4	CX451	(F)	3.45 PM	6.40 PM
11. TPE	HKG	21/4	CX461	(F)	11.15 AM	12.5..PM
12. HKG	KUL	23/4	MH73	(F)	3.25 PM	6.5..PM
13. KUL	BKK	26/4	TG416	J/F	12.45 PM	1.35 PM
14. BKK	DEL	Kath	RA402	(F)	3.10PM	5.05PM

3.

TO ALL AUSTRALIAN ARTISTS:

This is to let all artists know that once the repairs are completed at the Australasian Centre at Burwood in Sydney, we have been given the opportunity of hanging some of our artists' framing-quality paintings for the duration of Shri Mataji's visit. This will provide Shri Mataji with another glimpse of Australian artists' work and perhaps also an opportunity to hear Her comments regarding the arts and creativity in this new era.

There is limited space available (now that walls have been removed to enlarge the meditation room) and we would only be able to consider a group of, say, 16 artists (guesstimate), one piece each of small to medium size. Whoever is interested in participating in this mini-gallery please contact Liallyn Fitzpatrick on Tel: (02) 712-5118 or Fax: (02) 712-3614 before the deadline of 18 March. Depending on the number of responses received, we may have to draw names to decide whose work will be represented, but we will all share in the enjoyment of it!

Jai Shri Mataji !!!

A REQUEST FROM THE ARTIST'S NETWORK

The first issue of the ArtNet "Gabriel News" is ready to be sent out with the database and country contacts list, however, stationery costs and overseas/national postage are posing an obstacle. We hope that the artists and anyone else interested in supporting this exciting project will be able to contribute to the cost of this mailing and also forthcoming ones. We also have to consider worldwide how to fund this project in the long term for, as with everything, there are always costs involved with a project of this size. Your ideas on this are most welcome.

We will be passing around the hat this Friday night at Burwood in this regard and hope that you can help. Our brothers and sisters interstate may wish to do the same at their next collective gathering. Contributions can be sent to ArtNet, 10 Clarence Street, Burwood NSW 2134 (we have an ArtNet mailbox there).

On behalf of the 25 countries and over 200 artists currently participating in the Artist's Network, thank you for your attention and support. Jai Shri Matajii!

-With love from Michelle, Zöe and Liallyn

SYDNEY NEWSEASTER PUJA AT BUNDILLA.

REMEMBER. All registrations for Easter Puja must be sent into Burwood by Tues. 15th March. A \$10 late fee will be charged after that date to compensate for any loss of money due to advanced datering purchases.

CAMPING Any person wishing to bring a tent to camp at the Puja site is welcome....

* * * * *
a very
happy birthday to Ariane Kauk
11.3.94

S.Y. Centres & Phone List**Next Edition Coming!**

Please notify additions and corrections,
as soon as possible, to:

John Dobbie, phone 02 416 2373, Fax 02 416 1202

15 Pleasant Ave, East Lindfield, NSW 2070

Name. phone no. address. birthdate

4.

Sydney 1994 Public Program Advertising.

Here's a summary of advertising that is being used to promote Shri Mataji's public program at the Sydney Town Hall on April 6.

- Railway posters 15 posters (1m x 1.5m in size and in full colour)
The locations are: Central Railway (x2), Town Hall (x2), Wynyard (x2), Martin Place (x2), Edgecliff, Bondi Junction (x2), Chatswood, Rockdale, Parramatta & Burwood.
- Large colour posters 1,000 posters
- Small colour posters 3,000
- Handbills 11,000
- Invitation cards 1,000
- Bridge banners 10
- Car top signs 10
- Newspaper advertising (all ad's are approximately 7cm x 10cm in size and B&W).
 - Sydney Morning Herald. (3 ads booked for April 2, 5 & 6).
 - Manly Daily newspaper (x1)
 - Wentworth Courier newspaper (x1)
 - Southern Courier newspaper (x1)
 - St George & Southern Leader newspaper (x1)
 - Glebe & Western Weekly newspaper (x1)
 - Bankstown Express (x1)

The cost for all the above advertising is going to be around \$7,000.

Volunteers are needed for hanging the bridge banners and displaying the car top signs on the day of the public program. If you can help, please contact David Morgan (665 8210) for the bridge banners and Angelina Pigullet (745 4562) for the car top signs.

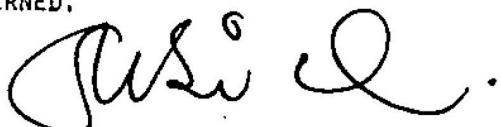
TRANSPORT ARRANGEMENTS IN BRISBANE

WOULD ANYONE TRAVELLING TO BRISBANE DURING SHRI MATAJI'S TOUR IN APRIL PLEASE CONTACT EITHER BEVERLEY BUDGEN (07 399 4662) IN BRISBANE, OR SUSI HUTCHINGS 02 560 1935 (HOME) OR 02 560 4357 (WORK) IN SYDNEY.
PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE IF THE ANSWERING MACHINE IS ON.

CAR/MINI BUS HIRE:

IT WILL COST BETWEEN \$50 & \$100 PER DAY, DEPENDING ON THE SIZE OF THE VEHICLE, AND WE NEED TO KNOW NUMBERS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, SO WE CAN WORK OUT WHAT WE CAN AFFORD. FOR EXAMPLE IF WE NEED TO HIRE A MINI BUS, OR TWO CARS, IT COULD END UP COSTING EACH PARTICIPANT BETWEEN \$40 & \$50, FOR THE FOUR DAYS. SO PLEASE, PLEASE, RESPOND TO THIS HUMBLE REQUEST, AND HELP MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR ALL CONCERNED.

THANK YOU FROM SUSI & BEVERLEY.





Unforgettable Albert Einstein

BY BANESH HOFFMANN

The Reader's Digest, December 1969

HE WAS one of the greatest scientists the world has ever known, yet if I had to convey the essence of Albert Einstein in a single word, I would choose *simplicity*. Perhaps an anecdote will help. Once, caught in a downpour, he took off his hat and held it under his coat. Asked why, he explained, with admirable logic, that the rain would damage the hat, but his hair would be none the worse for its wetting. This knack for going instinctively to the heart of a matter was the secret of his major scientific discoveries—this and his extraordinary feeling for beauty.

I first met Albert Einstein in 1935, at America's famous Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey. Einstein had been among the first to be invited to the Institute, and was offered *carte blanche* as to salary. To the director's dismay, Einstein asked for an impossible sum: it

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was far too small. The director had to plead with him to accept a larger salary.

I was in awe of Einstein, and hesitated before approaching him about some ideas I had been working on. My hesitation proved unwarranted. When I finally knocked on his door, a gentle voice said, "Come"—with a rising inflection that made the single word both a welcome and a question. I entered his office and found him seated at a table, calculating and smoking his pipe. Dressed in ill-fitting clothes, his hair characteristically awry, he smiled a warm welcome. His utter naturalness at once set me at ease.

As I began to explain my ideas, he asked me to write the equations on the blackboard so that he could see how they developed. Then came the staggering—and altogether endearing—request: "Please go slowly. I do not understand things quickly." This from Einstein! He said it gently, and I laughed. From then on, all vestiges of fear were gone.

Burst of Genius. Einstein was born in 1879 in the German city of Ulm. He had been no infant prodigy; indeed, he was so late in learning to speak that his parents feared he was a dullard. In school, though his teachers saw no special talent in him, the signs were already there. He taught himself calculus, for exam-

ple, and he told me that his teachers seemed a little afraid of him because he asked questions they could not answer. At the age of 16, he asked himself whether a light wave would seem stationary if one ran abreast of it. It seems an innocent question, but this shows Einstein going to the heart of a problem. From it there would arise, ten years later, his theory of relativity.

Einstein failed his entrance examinations at the Swiss Federal Polytechnic School, in Zurich, but was admitted a year later. There he went beyond his regular work to study the masterworks of physics on his own. Rejected when he applied for academic positions, he ultimately found work, in 1902, as a patent examiner in Berne, and there, in 1905, his genius burst into fabulous flower.

Among the extraordinary things he produced in that memorable year were his theory of relativity, with its famous offshoot, $E=mc^2$ (energy equals mass times the speed of light squared), and his theory of light based on Planck's quantum theory. Einstein's two theories were not only revolutionary, but seemingly self-contradictory as well. The former was intimately linked to the theory that light consists of waves, while the latter said that it consists somehow of particles. Yet this unknown young man boldly proposed both at once—and he was right in both cases, though how he could possibly have been is far too complex a story to tell here.

Collaborating with Einstein was

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an unforgettable experience. In 1937, the Polish physicist Leopold Infeld and I asked if we could work with him. He was pleased with the proposal, since he had an idea about gravitation waiting to be worked out in detail. Thus we got to know not merely the man and the friend, but also the professional.

The intensity and depth of his concentration were fantastic. When battling a recalcitrant problem, he worried it as an animal worries its prey. Often, when we found ourselves up against a seemingly insuperable difficulty, he would stand up, put his pipe on the table, and say in his quaint English, "I will a little think" (he could not pronounce "th"). Then he would pace up and down, twirling a lock of his long, greying hair round his forefinger. A dreamy, faraway and yet inward look would come over his face. There was no appearance of concentration, no furrowing of the brow—only a placid inner communion. The minutes would pass, and then suddenly Einstein would stop pacing as his face relaxed into a gentle smile. He had found the solution to the problem. Sometimes it was so simple that Infeld and I could have kicked ourselves for not having thought of it. But the magic had been performed in the depths of Einstein's mind, by a process we could not fathom.

When his wife died he was deeply shaken, but insisted that now more than ever was the time to be working hard. I vividly remember going to his house to work with him dur-

ing that sad time. His face was haggard and grief-lined, but he made a great effort to concentrate. Seeking to help him, I steered the discussion away from routine matters into more difficult theoretical problems, and Einstein gradually became absorbed. We kept at it for two hours, and at the end his eyes were no longer sad. As I left, he thanked me with moving sincerity, but the words he found sounded almost incongruous. "It was a fun," he said. He had had a moment of surcease from grief, and these groping words expressed a deep emotion.

Ideas from God. Although Einstein felt no need for religious ritual and belonged to no formal religious group, he was the most deeply religious man I have known. He once said to me, "Ideas come from God," and one could hear reverence in the way he pronounced the word "God." On the marble fireplace in the mathematics building at Princeton University is carved, in the original German, what one might call his scientific credo: "God is subtle, but he is not malicious." By this Einstein meant that scientists could expect to find their task difficult, but not hopeless: the Universe was a Universe of law, and God was not confusing us with deliberate paradoxes.

Einstein was an accomplished amateur musician. We used to play duets, he on the violin, I at the piano. One day he surprised me by saying that Mozart was the greatest composer of all. Beethoven, he said, "created" his music, but the music

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of Mozart was of such purity and beauty that one felt he had merely "found" it—that it had always existed as part of the inner beauty of the Universe, waiting to be revealed.

It was this very Mozarcean simplicity that most characterized Einstein's methods. His 1905 theory of relativity, for example, was built on just two simple assumptions. One is the so-called principle of relativity, which means, roughly speaking, that we cannot tell whether we are at rest or moving smoothly. The other assumption is that the speed of light is the same no matter what the speed of the object that produces it. You can see how reasonable this is if you think of agitating a stick in a lake to create waves. Whether you wiggle the stick from a stationary pier, or from a rushing speedboat, the waves, once generated, are on their own, and their speed has nothing to do with that of the stick.

Each of these assumptions, by itself, was so plausible as to seem primitively obvious. But together they were in such violent conflict that a lesser man would have dropped one or the other and fled in panic. Einstein daringly kept both—and by so doing he revolutionized physics. For he demonstrated that they could exist peacefully side by side, provided we gave up cherished beliefs about the nature of time.

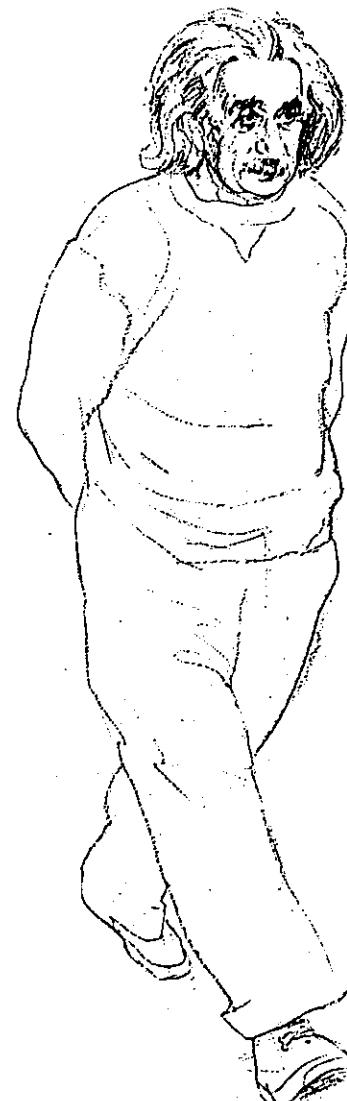
Science is like a house of cards, with concepts like time and space at the lowest level. Tampering with time brought most of the house tumbling down, and it was this that

made Einstein's work so important—and so controversial. At a conference in Princeton in honour of his 70th birthday, one of the speakers, a Nobel Prize-winner, tried to convey the magical quality of Einstein's achievement. Words failed him, and with a shrug of helplessness he pointed to his watch, and said in awed tones, "It all came from this." His very ineloquence made this the most eloquent tribute I have heard to Einstein's genius.

Sand Sense. We think of Einstein as one concerned only with the deepest aspects of science. But he saw scientific principles in everyday things to which most of us would give barely a second thought. He once asked me if I had ever wondered why a man's feet will sink into either dry or completely submerged sand, while sand that is merely damp provides a firm surface. When I could not answer, he offered a simple explanation.

It depends, he pointed out, on *surface tension*, the elastic-skin effect of a liquid surface. This is what holds a drop together, or causes two small raindrops on a window-pane to pull into one big drop the moment their surfaces touch.

When sand is damp, Einstein explained, there are tiny amounts of water between grains. The surface tensions of these tiny amounts of water pull all the grains together, and friction then makes them hard to budge. When the sand is dry, there is obviously no water between grains. If the sand is fully immersed,



there is water between grains, but there is no water *surface* between them to pull them together. This is not as important as relativity; yet, as his youthful question about running abreast of a light wave showed, there is no telling what seeming trifles will lead an Einstein to a major discovery. And the puzzle of the sand does give us an inkling of the power and elegance of Einstein's mind.

Cosmic Simplicity. Einstein's work, performed quietly with pencil and paper, seemed remote from the turmoil of everyday life. But his ideas were so revolutionary that they caused violent controversy and irrational anger. Indeed, in order to be able to award him a belated Nobel Prize, the selection committee had to avoid mentioning relativity, and pretend that the prize was awarded primarily for his work on the quantum theory. Political events upset the serenity of his life even more. When the Nazis came to power in Germany, his theories were officially declared false because they had been formulated by a Jew. His property was confiscated, and it is said that a price was put on his head.

When scientists in the United States, fearful that the Nazis might develop an atomic bomb, sought to alert American authorities to the danger, they were scarcely heeded. In desperation, they drafted a letter which Einstein signed and sent directly to President Roosevelt. It was

this act that led to the fateful decision to go all-out on the production of an atomic bomb—an endeavour in which Einstein took no active part. When he heard of the agony and destruction that his $E=mc^2$ had wrought, he was dismayed beyond measure, and from then on there was a look of ineffable sadness in his eyes.

There was something elusively whimsical about Einstein. It is illustrated by my favourite anecdote about him. In his first year in Princeton, on Christmas Eve, so the story goes, some children sang carols outside his house. Having finished, they knocked on his door and explained that they were collecting money to buy Christmas presents. Einstein listened, then said, "Wait a moment." He put on his scarf and overcoat, and took his violin from its case. Then, joining the children, he accompanied their singing of "Silent Night" on his violin.

How shall I sum up what it meant to have known Einstein and his works? Like the Nobel Prize-winner who pointed helplessly at his watch, I can find no adequate words.

It was akin to the revelation of great art that lets one see what was formerly hidden. And when, for example, I walk on the sand of a lonely beach, I am reminded of his ceaseless search for cosmic simplicity—and the scene takes on a deeper, sadder beauty.

Civilization is a limitless multiplication of unnecessary necessities. —Mark Twain