

NOTES
*The East-West
Gathering*

Baba Lovers In Poona, India,

of

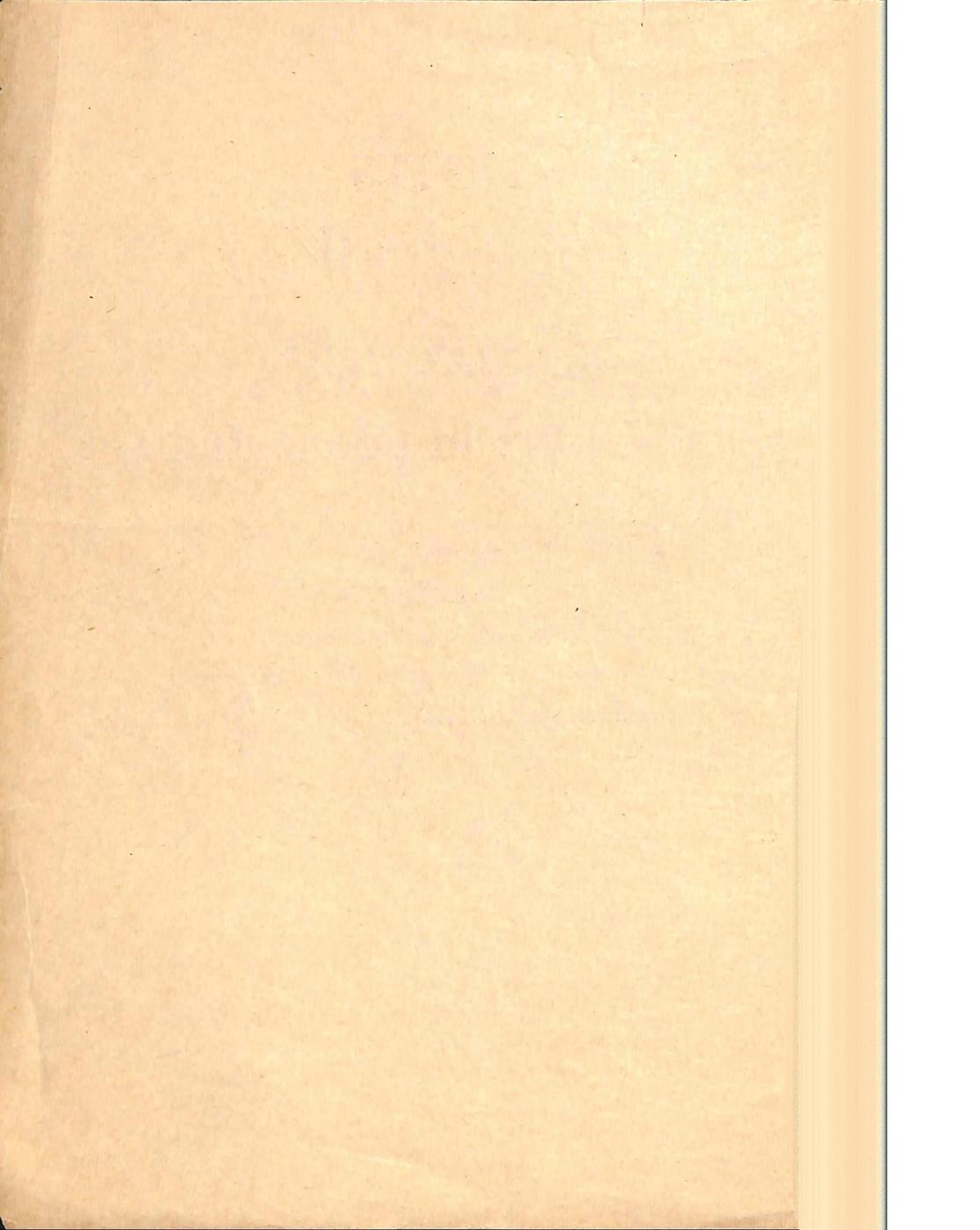
November, 1962

By FILIS FREDERICK

*With grateful acknowledgment to Mani S. Irani,
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AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA, OCTOBER 23, 1962

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Some of the Western lovers of Avatar Meher Baba were already on the high seas when 'Fredella' Winterfeldt received this cable in New York. Others were leaving in a day or two, singly or in group flights, bound for Guruprasad, Poona, India, where the Beloved had called His Lovers, East and West, for a momentous spiritual gathering at His feet. For almost a year, preparations had been in progress, cables, letters, circulars exchanged round the world, not to mention all the private struggles and preparations, financial and otherwise, individual lovers were making to take the great trip.

This was the long-promised, East-West, men-and-women *Sabavas* which the Master had planned for 1958 in India, then postponed. Later, it was scheduled for May, 1962, then shifted to one full week in November, 1962. The *Sabavas* period was again cut short to four days only, November 1st to 5th. In a letter from Mani, dated October 16, the women learned that Baba wished a special visit on the morning of October 31st with us and the Eastern women *mandali*. No one was to arrive in Poona before October 28, except those coming by sea. The *Sabavas* was, Baba said, only for His lovers, not for the general public, and no one was to hope for individual attention or help, spiritual or otherwise, but to come only to enjoy His company, the true meaning of the word "*Sabavas*."

"My words can never be in vain. Whatever I have said must and will come true. When it appears otherwise, it is due to your ignorance and lack of patience." In 1956, at San Francisco, Baba had pointed to each of us saying, "*You must come*" to the coming East-West *Sabavas*; thus we became known as the "Musts." And Baba recalled this fact to several who were hesitating to attend the 1962 gathering, a further indication this was the same meeting He had foretold.

I planned to travel from the West Coast, joining the Sufi Group in Hawaii, but had many setbacks in health. Baba cabled that I must "try my best to come;" so, with His Divine help, I made the 18,000-mile trip, in the pleasant company of a dozen Baba-Lovers, led by Murshida Ivy Duce. As usual, the Masters' meeting was called at a crisis point in world affairs: the Russians in Cuba, the Chinese in India. We stopped one day at Tokyo and one day in Kowloon, Hong Kong, where Herman Alvaredo, Baba's sailor-boy, popped up to join us; and Dr. Chamberlin got on our plane at Bangkok; he had been lecturing in the Far East. We arrived around midnight, October 28, in Bombay; the immigration officer shook his head when he read my reason for coming—"spiritual darshan program." These mad Westerners! But we were joining lots more mad Easterners!

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Our cab whirled through the soft Indian night to the bursts of sound and light that signalled the Indian Diwali, or Festival of Lights, to the Taj Mahal Hotel, whose long arched marble corridors reminded one of a cloister or a girls' dorm. A huge fan, and restless thoughts of Beloved, kept me awake most of the night. At 6:30 on a walk around the hotel I had my first shocked glimpse of the Indian poor; sleeping against the wall of the hotel were men, women, boys, with nothing but a brass pot and a bundle of rags for worldly goods. Across the street the Victoria Gate framed the bay of Bombay as hundreds of black crows whirled overhead. The day was grey, cloudy, and hot. A little boy in nothing but a ragged shirt walked along by the sea, playing his flute, symbolic of India, the Beloved's homeland.

After an English breakfast at the hotel, where we met up with Margaret Craske and some of her young dancers, we caught the train to Poona, our baggage balanced on the red turbans of the native porters. In one compartment, *Charmian Duce, '3-B' Dimpfl and I* sang ourselves hoarse most of the 3½-hour journey up into the Deccan hills, past the most fascinating railroad stations full of people, camping out bag and baggage, on the platforms. At several stops they peered into our faces or thrust a hand out for alms. Both men and women wore violent, marvellous colors, purple, orange, green, and so on. We passed many rivers where the women were washing out their saris or carrying water home in enormous brass pots on their heads; or men were washing the huge black water buffalos. At least we reached Poona, where the Eastern volunteers, led by Jal S. Irani and Meherjee Karkaria, met us and drove us to our separate hotels. Mine was the Poona Hotel, a small hostel where I shared a room with Adele Wolkin and Norma Gould. Other friends of the New York Group and many of the Australians were stationed here. We also met the Eastern volunteers, appointed to aid our group (under the direction of Baba's brother Jal): Minoos Kharas, Beheram Dadachanji, Eruch's brother Meherwan Jessawalla, Dr. Bharucha, staying in our hotel, Sorabsha Siganporia, and Kishanchand Gajwani who taxied myself and several others to Guruprasad every day. Adi Senior also came over to say hello and deliver a message. The afternoon passed quickly in struggling to clean up our quarters, unpacking, and chatting eagerly about the coming reunion with the Divine Beloved.

Tuesday—October 30

After a breakfast of sweet limes, bananas, tea, toast, porridge and eggs in the Poona Hotel, we were visited by a charming lady from Air-India and by Baba's long-time disciple, Meherjee Karkaria, who had been in charge of our hotel arrangements and the group air flight from New York. The Air-

India girl had been so impressed by this band of Westerners coming to see an Eastern Master, that she decided to meet Him. Meherjee urged us to pay a visit *en masse* to the bank to change our money into Rupees, for later there would be no time. Not being able to walk that far, I called for a cab, making my first and biggest mistake, I guess, at the *Sabavas*, for while I was gone at the bank, Baba called for me and no one knew where I was. At the bank I felt a most peculiar unease and impatience at the whole money-shuffle; on our return to the hotel I discovered the cause! Frantically I prevailed on one of the volunteers to drive me to the colorful arched gate of Guruprasad (he was not allowed further). I hastened up the dirt road, bordered by gay flower beds and bookstalls, past the supercilious marble noses of Victorian stone angels and up onto the tiled portico of that long-dreamed-of holy of holies—Guruprasad itself! With thumping heart I waited while my name was sent in to Baba. The others He had called that morning had already come and gone. When I walked into the inner hall the first thing I saw from afar was the white light beaming from Baba's eyes—it seemed soft and brilliant as a sun, and of all the glimpses of Beloved that came afterward in the crowded *Sabavas* calendar, I still remember that first marvellous Nazar or glance of Baba. He was seated alone on the couch, dressed in His dear familiar pink jacket and white sadra.

I leaned over to embrace Him and kiss His cheek and remember thinking "His eyes are brown, after all!". And also that He was a little stouter than in 1958. Baba asked His special question, "Are you happy?" and I nodded—"To see You." He then inquired how my hip was, and how I had made the trip. Then I heard Mani's lively voice addressing me and for the first time saw the girls standing at the left. Baba beckoned for me to embrace them—dearest Mehera, Baba's chief woman disciple; Mani, Baba's sister; Dr. Goher; Rano Gayley and Mehru whom I had met in 1952 at Myrtle Beach, and also Naja and Khorshed, whom I had heard so much about. Then Baba asked, "How do I look?" "Beautiful!" I replied. I fell silent, eyes travelling over every line of that beloved and oft-recalled Face, then Baba beckoned for me to leave.

At the lunch table I picked at the odd food, trying to joke with the others, absorbed in my meeting with Baba. After a brief interval our group were all packed onto buses in the charge of Jal, Baba's charming young brother, and Mr. Minoo Kharas. We were going to make a tour of spots in Poona associated with Baba's life. It is indeed a holy city and no doubt one day will be the scene of world-wide pilgrimage. Naturally our first stop was the

house where Baba spent much of His youth, now occupied by Baba's brother Beheram and his family. As soon as our two buses unloaded, the narrow streets filled with curious householders and swarms of children—all as delighted with our outlandish clothes as we were with theirs. We heard the words "Meher Baba" pass from lip to lip. We crowded into the narrow alley and into the garden of the house with its screened-in well, [which supplied water to hundreds during the desperate water shortage followed by the 1961 Poona flood]; then one by one into the little dark room where Baba, in the early days of Godhood after Babajan's kiss of Realization, used to knock His forehead on a stone on the floor during that period of infinite agony. Relics of Baba's youth were in a lighted glass cabinet, including His cricket bat, a photo of His parents, His white cotton *sadra*, nails and hair. Catty-corner across the alley was the house called "Bhopla" (pumpkin) House, [because of a big round stone at the doorstep], wherein the Irani family actually lived at the time of Baba's birth. Next came a visit to St. Vincent's High School, now being torn down and rebuilt, where Baba was a student. I stooped and pocketed a broken brick. We proceeded to a crowded thoroughfare in Poona Cantonment and saw in the distance a sort of open shed, built near a lacy green tree. Here again a curious crowd collected as the foreigners took off their varied footwear and entered the tomb of Hazrat Babajan to pay their respects. Pictures of her, and of Baba, her spiritual son, were hung on the walls. The trunk of the *neem* tree under which she used to sit was enclosed inside the shed.

We visited another sacred tree—a huge living mango tree by the misty banks of the Mula-Mutha River, in the Bund gardens, already familiar to us through films. We wound our way to it through the Bund gardens, near the race track, where Baba often walks with the *mandali* on the shady paths bordered by exotic flowering shrubs and trees. He used to frequent these gardens in his childhood. The buses stopped here and those in good shape trod on foot down the dirt path. At the mango tree by the river we also got out of the buses and strolled about. I picked up a few brown leaves and touched the gnarled bark, feeling a strong charge in this old living tree whose branches had already sheltered two living Perfect Beings—Babajan and Baba. This is the "goodby spot" for Baba's Poona lovers. Across the bridge, (two years ago almost covered by flood waters), we drove to Deccan College where Baba was a student until his sophomore year. A handsome brick building of the Victorian era, like almost every other public building I'd seen in India, it was now deserted, and used only by the Government.

Twilight was falling as we re-crossed the bridge and stopped at Sassoon Hospital where Baba was actually born—in the left wing. Shirinmai, His mother, once recounted how the nurse was a nun, hastily called from Mass early one Sunday morning, who actually delivered the new little Christ child into this world. She said, "I didn't even give her time to take off her veil!"

Now our bus went to the far side of town; we stopped and walked down a muddy lane past a cowshed or two to an open field, where the floor and the brick walls of the new Avatar Meher Baba Poona Centre Hall is being built. It was explained that land is very hard to obtain in Poona and the construction had been delayed. Bamboo scaffolds were used, the same as one saw in Hong Kong.

On our way home via Laxmi Road, we paused at the equestrian statue of Queen Jhansi-Ki-Rani, the Mahratta Warrior Queen who stood off the British. Then we bisected the narrow lanes of the Poona bazaars—tiny cupboards open to the street, stacked with "bizarre" wares of every sort, lit by flickering kerosene lamps or *Diwali* lanterns and often provided with stove and bed for round-the-clock comfort. Crowded as the stalls were, the air was fresh, not fetid, as in Bombay. Poona seemed endless; or was it just fatigue? Now we could believe it was inhabited by 1,000,000 souls. Anyway, the hard hotel bed felt soft and very welcome as I fell asleep, thinking of that one marvellous glance from Baba.

Wednesday—October 31

There was an air of excitement among the women at breakfast—while the men grumbled good-humoredly. We women were to be the first to greet Baba—as Mani had intimated in her letter of October 16: "The Beloved has wished a special visit on 31st morning of all the Western women to Guruprasad to see Baba—and Mehera and the rest of us women, plus Arnavaz [Dadachanji] and our dear Rani [of Baroda] who will be with us at the time." The Maharanee Shantadevi is the devoted follower of Baba who has for many summers and now for the special *Sabavas*, loaned Baba the villa well-named "Guruprasad."

We were to go in separate groups. Our group—Jeanne Shaw, Ella Winterfeldt, Adele Wolkin and myself—went in first. Baba gave each of us a warm individual embrace and then we each greeted Mehera, who looked as beautiful as ever—Mani, of the sparkling black eyes and gay smile—Dr. Goher, and Rano—both thinner than I recalled, and Mehru, Naja, Khorshed and Arnavaz. Baba introduced us to the Maharanee who sat on the floor near Him.

Baba inquired "How's your hip today?" and this time I had the presence of mind to ask Baba about *His* hip. With His hand, He made His characteristic "so-so" gesture. Then He questioned Jeanne Shaw at length about her heart attack. "How long before the *Sabavas* did it happen?" Jeanne told Him "Four days." Baba seemed very pleased that she had been brave enough to come. He told Ella to hold on tight to His *daamen*, actually knotting it up in His hands as an illustration. "And this is for all of us," I thought. I will never forget that gesture.

Another group of women entered and each was greeted lovingly by Baba; then still another group came in from another hotel. I could hear Mani whispering their names excitedly to Mehera as each one stepped forward, for both had been corresponding with many whom they had never met till now. I too was seeing many friends for the first time in several years—Margaret Craske, Kitty Davy, Elizabeth Patterson, Jeanne Shaw, Jane Haynes, Enid Corfe, Carrie Ben Shammai from Israel, Anita Vieillard from Paris; and then the Australian women stepped forward, some of whom I had corresponded with but never met; it was fun to tie up names with faces. It was a brightly-dressed throng of about sixty women from the West, all in their best, who gathered around Baba.

All our hearts concentrating on Him and His return of that love seemed to fill the room with an actual radiance of peace. What a long-awaited moment—to see our dear Master again, and here—in His homeland of India! He felt at home—and somehow I think we all felt "at home" too, especially together as we were now, with His precious dear family of Eastern women.

Baba broke the silence that had fallen after all had embraced Him. "Tomorrow there will be discourses. Anita has to be serious!" We all chuckled. "It's something new—about 'The Four Journeys.' A new book of discourses is coming out. I am giving it to Dennis O'Brien, an Australian, to publish—not to Ivy! Ivy has too much on her mind!"

Baba kept twitting Ivy about all her problems, but she took it with good humor. I recalled how Baba had sent us notice that we were here strictly for His *Sabavas* or company, not for help in our personal affairs. Mani had quoted his message (as given out by Adi Sr.) in one of her October letters:

"Avatar Meher Baba wants me to draw the attention of all His lovers, visiting Him from different parts of the world, to the fact that they should

come with the sole idea of enjoying His PRESENCE collectively, and not hope or want or ask for any individual attention or guidance from Him—regarding any matter concerning themselves or their families and friends, or in connection with Baba-work or Group and Centre activities. NO question should be asked, spiritual or otherwise."

As the room vibrated with Baba's living Presence, all problems—even those unknown ones buried deep in the mind—seemed to dissolve. The only problem I felt was: "How can I love Baba more? How can I fill my heart up with love for Him? All that love comes from Him... I am helpless even to love Him without His grace."

Baba told us part of the Australian group had been delayed by a cancellation of their flight from Colombo, due to the war crisis. They were coming on by boat.

When someone mentioned how wonderful He looked, He said, "I look alright on the outside but on the inside I am like a volcano. The world situation is weighing on Me. Jesus Christ suffered... I suffer."

When He mentioned the "volcano," His hands made a swirling motion over His chest. His eyes twinkled as He intimated He had averted the Cuban crisis. It was touch and go, He said, the whole world hung in the balance.

Again going back to the subject of discourses, He said that no amount of reading will give anyone God-Realization. But once one gets it—it comes suddenly. He emphasized that God is Love, Infinite Love, and that this world is nothing. Yesterday has gone—it is nothing. The future is nothing too. And when you get that Realization then everything goes—it no longer exists. One realizes it is all nothing, illusion, Maya.

There are so many divisions, Baba continued, even though God is One. Why are there so many divisions? It is all because of Illusion and our ignorance of it.

Speaking of "dreams" and "illusions," Baba told us of one of his devotees who was now bravely giving up taking drugs for His sake, and was undergoing tortures. He also said to one of us in the group who had a drinking problem, "Fill your cup with the Wine of Divine Love; then you will not want to drink anything else." Again Baba cautioned us to take care of our health, but also hinted that we might have to suffer for the sake of being here with Him. How real a hint this was many of us found out shortly as we made our acquaintance with "Poona belly," "Poona floc" and a few other goodies.

All too soon the happy hours were over. Those who had not yet met, or embraced the Eastern women, did so now, while the rest of us mingled in reunion from all quarters of the globe. Baba remained on the couch where a few, as usual, lingered for an extra embrace or bit of personal attention.

Then the various buses and cars arrived outside the portico to take us back to our quarters in various parts of town. In the afternoon, trips to the bazaars of Poona were arranged for those women who wished to go; meanwhile the Western men had their first glimpse of Baba, at Guruprasad. Making up for the rest lost on our 18,000-mile trip, I slept a greater part of this afternoon, and chatted with the many friends, new and old, in our little hotel. Outside our door a ragged band of magicians, with their baskets of cobras and mango roots, clamored for us to watch their performance. But no one was interested. Hadn't we just been to see the greatest magician of all—the one at whose command the whole illusory Shadow-Show of Maya performs all its tricks?

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In the afternoon, Baba called the Western men to His side. Darwin Shaw gives the following account of this all-male Sahavas:

Someone asked Baba about habits and becoming a slave to them. Baba replied by saying, "If you become addicted to God, then all of your problems are solved. Go on drinking the love of God until you become one with God. It is good to be addicted to the love of God."

Eruch was interpreting Baba's gestures, as usual. He went on to say, "Baba says that He is infinitely tired, with the whole world on His head. He has had to undergo all kinds of suffering within the past 4 or 5 days. One danger has been averted (we understood this to be a reference to the Cuban situation), but two more are facing him." (We assumed that one of these was the Chinese invasion of India, but we weren't sure what the other was).

"One who knows what love is, enters deeper and deeper *within* and finds that he has four journeys to make there. These journeys within have no space, yet it is an infinite process."

"Only Jesus Christ knew what Baba knows—how to suffer."

"No one is more eager than I to break My Silence. As soon as I break My Silence everything will go easily."

"God is so close to each of you—closer than the very breath of your life."

"You have to give up everything, including yourself; then you have Baba to yourself. God is beyond religion, beyond love. When you love God intensely, then there is the experience of real separation from God."

"When you have the gift of love, you love your Self. The false self becomes the lover of the true Self. There is nothing but God.

"Clean your heart completely, not a stain, no desires, not even a desire for God-Realization, and just be conscious. That is the solution.

"I have been always telling My lovers, 'No ceremonies, just love Me.' Ages have come and gone, but I keep on telling them that they should worship God with love, step after step within, until they find within them the Infinite Ocean—yet they seek for God outside."

"I am with those who wanted to come but could not."

"Do you know what would happen if I gave you My real 'embrace?' Maybe I would crush you and make you the 'dust' at My feet. If I gave you the real embrace, you would burst. Christ did not give this embrace, even to Peter."

"Repeating My Name is not enough, it should be done with all love and faith. You should continue to love Me more and more. It is true that man can become God just through loving Me."

"Hafiz says: 'It is foolishness on your part to desire Union with God; but if you are mad enough, become the dust under the feet of the Perfect Master.'"

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After a curry dinner topped by English "trifle" and exorable demi-tasse, I hastened to the Mobo Hotel (which the Dadachanji "mob" had taken over for the *Sabavas*) driven by Adi. Here a group of us met to discuss whether we should invite Swami Suddhananda Bharati to the United States next year. Francis Brabazon explained that the Swami (whom we would see tomorrow, on the first day of East-West *Sabavas*) wanted to come to America to spread Baba's message, feeling America was the country of the future. I guess I was too tired, but my eyes kept drifting up to the enormous chandelier which reminded me of that well-known painting of Hyman Bloom of the lights in the synagogue, in which each prism is a face. Baba was the light of the world, we but tiny crystals reflecting bits of Him here and there as dimly as the dusty prisms of this old Victorian chandelier. Could any one really spread His message? Hadn't He said, "I don't need any of you to do My work, but you need Me"?

After the meeting the Dadachanji family tendered their generous hospitality to us all. We drank tea or mango pop, and sampled some kind of chocolate-colored sweet "spaghetti," on the verandah of the Mobo Hotel, then drove back to our own quarters.

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November 1—Morning Session

On this morning around 9 o'clock in the main hall the 144 Western men and women gathered together around Baba for the first time. Virginia Rudd asked Baba how He had slept. Baba replied, "I cannot go to sleep now, or I would wake up in 700 years!" Baba then embraced each one of us individually, including several of the men who had not yet met Him. He said of Clarisse (Adams), "You are exactly the same!—and Ena (Lemon) too!" He asked Lennie Willoughby if he remembered the song he sang for Baba in 1958, "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" and asked him to sing it again.

After the song, Baba said, "Tomorrow there will be no embraces, otherwise we will fill up the session only with embraces—and I will be limp!"

Eruch said the Easterners were now arriving at Guruprasad and collecting in the waiting hall for the afternoon session. Baba then made a personal comment here and there to those in the group. He asked Bunty Kelly, "Are you worrying about little Margaret?" (her 3-months baby). He said, "Worry about Me! Let Me worry about her!" Baba commented on how thin Tex Hightower, the ballet dancer, was, and said "He loves Me very much." Then He asked, "Ben, are you awake?"—continuing the joke about Doctor Hayman's drowsiness from the 1958 *Sabavas*. He told Henry Kenmore and Ben to keep near Him. He told Dr. Chamberlain He was very happy he could make the trip. He said to Warren Healy He was pleased with the pamphlets Warren had printed. He asked several of us if we had slept well. When Charles Purdom replied "No," Baba asked, "Were you thinking of Me?" He inquired after Joseph Harb's health; and told Ruth White, "Do not think of anything but Me, so when you drop the body you will be with Me."

The Master then handed Dennis O'Brien and Bill Le Paige a manuscript of the latest Discourses, in which He has answered many questions. Dennis was to get it printed with Bill's help. He teasingly said to Anita Viellard, "You won't read it. You don't want to know anything about God. At least read it to know what I have said." Then he mentioned the gift of

1,000 copies of the book, "*Sparks of Truth*" presented by Kitty Davy and Delia De Leon on behalf of the Western disciples. Baba said He was very happy with the gift. He mentioned the many pamphlets printed by Easterners on sale in the stalls in front of Guruprasad.

Eruch said Baba had called all the Western men (yesterday) for half an hour just to have His embrace, "Then He gave us men 2 hours, when you women were not here."

Baba began: "What is the aim of life? It is to see God and become one with God. If God is, then we must see Him. That is our sole aim. There are different ways of seeing God, called *Yogas*. Some try to see God through meditation and concentration on the Absolute within. That too is a very long process. And this process of concentration does not help you to rip open the veil that separates you from the Beloved and allow you to see God within.

"There are many *yogis* all over the world. Many of them try to gain bliss through extraneous means and become drug addicts; many of them get addicted to smoking hemp. After one or two puffs they get a feeling of elation, then the effect wears off. Different types of *yogis* try to see God through different means, and naturally, they get different experiences. But these are in fact only different kinds of hallucination. There are many fakes who dupe people and advertise their so-called experiences, although they are nothing but hallucinations. People flock around them to have some experience also, and thus they have their own circle of followers. They pass around a pipe of drugged tobacco, and then their followers smoke these pipes and begin to have 'experiences' too!

"One in a million, through intense concentration, does see God within himself; then for him nothing exists any more; he sits absorbed within. Even a *yogi* who is genuine and who gets absorbed in this real experience cannot reach the Goal, the aim of his life, unaided by the Perfect Master. It is all made so complicated, and books on Yoga have made it still more complicated."

He continued: "No amount of reading or understanding can lead to God-Realization. You must be made to see God; when you get that conviction through sight by the Grace of a Perfect Master, then you are ready for Union with God." To Anita He added, "Do you want to be one with God?"

Anita replied, "I just want to see You!"

Baba smilingly chided, "How can you have two things—see Me here, and see Me as I really am?"

Baba: "How very complicated a simple thing has been made! I am giving you a hint—the easiest way to achieve the Goal of life is to leave all and follow Me through love. I don't mean that you should leave your house and family and come here! Don't do that! (Laughter) I mean that you be in your house and with your family but love Me as I want you to love Me—love Me above all. That is the simplest way. Another hint—a still more simple way to attain the Goal is to obey Me... obey Me implicitly. Is it possible? That is simpler than the simplest thing. Try. If you try, I help you.

"It is because of My love I have drawn you all to Me. If I did not love you, you would not come to Me or care for Me. It is not your love that has brought you to Me, it is My Love that has drawn you to Me. Good old Margaret, she helped two other lovers to come to Me."

Eruch then read out Baba's message for this day: "No one dies, no one is born; the only fortunate and rare one who does die, dies the Real Death and takes birth in God. Otherwise no one dies and no one is born."

"What does this mean?" Baba asked. "It's like going to sleep; and when you take another birth, another form, it is like waking up in the morning but in a new body, in new circumstances. This process goes on repeating itself until you die the Real Death and take birth in Me. Harry, do you have anything to say?"

Dr. Kenmore: "This represents the ultimate blessed culmination of the supreme purpose of life."

Baba: "Another point. There are some who exist to hate others, to be jealous of others and make others unhappy; and there are some who exist to love others, to make others happy. One who has become one with God exists for all, both good and bad. Jesus Christ existed for others. To become one with God, one has not to renounce anything but one's own self. How does one renounce his own self? Anita—can you tear yourself out of yourself?"

"I remember one incident when I was a boy. There were four spiritually-minded Iranis who had read in books that one must renounce oneself. They decided the best way to lose themselves was to get intoxicated. They started to drink and for them their experiences were wonderful. Near the

wine shop was a bullock cart... trying to get rid of themselves, all four pulled hard and continually at the bullock cart in an attempt to tear themselves out of their selves and thus renounce themselves. By morning they were exhausted. They had lost body-consciousness. This is how they tried to renounce their physical selves! They only had books; they had no living guide. How will you renounce your self, Anita?"

Anita: "Through obedience to the Perfect Master."

Baba: "Once you have determined to obey, you are no longer your own. But the slightest hypocrisy spoils your determination and makes the whole thing a farce. You must be honest and sincere in your obedience to the Perfect Master. It's not that easy. Only one rare one can do that! Ivy, can you obey implicitly?"

Ivy Duce: "I'm awfully tired of me!"

Baba: "Harry, can you obey me implicitly?"

Dr. Kenmore: "If I have to, yes."

Baba continued: "The third point to which I want to draw your attention is titled, "Love of Woman and God":

"A man loves a woman who is living in a distant place. His love makes him think of her all the time. He can't eat, he can't sleep. He longs for her continuously. When this longing becomes too great, he either goes to her or compels her to come to him. This is called "*Isbke Mejazi*," or physical love. There are two kinds of love—physical love, and love for God. Spiritual love is the gift of God to man. Even a man who has this physical love 100% is rare. That kind of love is well-nigh impossible. Majnu had 100% love for Laila."

At Baba's request, "Three-B" Dimpfl told the story of Majnu and Laila. Baba continued, "Majnu loved Laila. That was *Isbke Mejazi*. He loved Laila 100% the way a man should love a woman. He went mad for love, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't eat, he lost everything but his love for Laila. Even this sort of love of a man for a woman is rare. Then what about Divine Love?

"There is a difference between these two kinds of love. You cannot have love for God unless it is a gift from God. Then it is effortless. Once you receive this gift you go on loving. It is all a burning within. The lover thinks only, 'When will I see the Beloved, my Christ, My Baba, when will I become one with Him?' He lives only for this. This is *Isbke Hakiki*—or

spiritual love—the real love. Majnu had physical love, *Isbke Mejazi*, for Laila. When he couldn't find Laila, he asked everyone where she was. He even went to Mecca and embraced the pillars of Kaba, asking 'Where is Laila?' He almost went mad for this love. Then he met a Perfect Master, who told him, 'God is real, the world is illusion. There is no Laila at all ... how can you find her? Only God exists and is real.' Majnu said, 'Whether my Laila is real or illusory I want her.' Then that Perfect Master had a whim—he touched Majnu on the head. Majnu became God-Realized and experienced himself also as Laila. There was no one but Himself.

"In love, one has to suffer a lot. If I tell you, Anita, to discard your dress and go naked around the city and beg, would you be able to? You won't do it willingly. Ella, will you do it?"

Ella Winterfeldt: "I'll try."

Baba: "Ben, you won't do it!"

Ben: "I won't keep awake!"

Baba: "It's your duty to keep Me awake this noon, when all the Easterners come! And if you keep awake, I'll keep awake! To love God, one should think of God, long for God and suffer the fire of separation until such longing reaches its utmost limits and is quenched in Union. But one who obeys the Master—who is one with God—need not suffer, for in obedience there is the grace of the Master. Even obedience is not easy. Therefore there is no solution at all! Eruch is with Me, he loves Me, he works for Me wholeheartedly, but even for him it is not easy to obey Me."

Eruch: "I just tell Baba we are helpless, in this and all other matters. I found this out during my long stay of many years with Baba. I thought obedience was easy, but I didn't know Baba would say 'Get up' and 'Sit down' at one and the same time! So I tell Baba, 'I am absolutely helpless, I can't obey You, I can't love You!'"

Baba: "Eruch loves Me very much—he is My right hand, but obedience is a terrible affair. The apostles of Jesus also knew how difficult it was to obey Him."

Eruch: "We can't please Baba even with obedience; so it is not obedience. Yet to please Him is the aim of everything we do."

Baba: "The best is just to remember Me and forget everything else, leave everything to Me. This is a complicated matter for those who are very interested in spirituality, but not for those who love Me. Try to remember

Me, try to please Me, try to do as I wish. That is how you should live in the world; otherwise it is too complicated. Hafiz says, 'When I first began to love God, I thought that was the end of everything, that I had fathomed the ocean of love, but I was only on the beach.'

"He didn't know anything about the ocean. As soon as the ocean touched him he got a breeze of love, but then the waves tossed him back on the beach... He shouts, 'O why did I crave for you, God? What is this being tossed back and forth from the ocean to the shore? I have left the world for You, but I cannot find You!' Then the Perfect Master comes to his rescue. He teaches him that the Pearl (of Realization) is on the ocean-bed... You have to learn to swim, then learn to dive, then find the Pearl and bring it back!... After 40 years, Hafiz got the Pearl in his hands. It took 40 years for one who was absolutely determined... Not like you people here who have just heard of it!" Baba smiled.

"A person on the spiritual path gets the urge to know God. Then if, on the Path, he begins to see lights, colors, etc., he thinks he has reached the goal; that he is experiencing God! He does not realize he has not even begun the journey. It is all *Tamasha*. There are lots of experiences of the Path but all of them are but a passing show. The sign of having realized God is that a person continuously experiences, without a break, that he is everything and everyone. He is the infinite ocean of Bliss; he is omnipotent and omniscient. But this experience is not got by everyone;—only one rare soul realizes God.

"To realize God is not so easy as one thinks. But this can be gained through love for God... by becoming dust at the feet of the Perfect Master. This means to obey Him implicitly. You are no longer your own—you belong completely to the Perfect Master. Hafiz says, 'If you want to be the chosen one, leave everything and stick to Him in obedience. The question of why, wherefore, and what, should not enter your mind.' Harry, Margaret, is it clear?"

Baba continued: "Another point is that God alone is and there is nothing but God. God is indivisibly One, and He is indivisibly in each and everyone, He cannot be divided. Yet we see everywhere the divisions. What is this separateness? There is Anita, Beryl, Ella, Harry, Charles, others... Why this separateness? Why are you all separate? God is in everyone and in Baba too—and God *is* everyone. Baba himself is God. Then what are these divisions? It is only the play of Maya and your ignorance. There are no divisions.

"God is the Ocean, infinite, shoreless, ocean. Every drop in the ocean is the Ocean itself for there are no drops at all... it is all indivisible shoreless Ocean. But once you have a bubble... there is an appearance of separateness. Here is one bubble... there another and there another. Each bubble encloses a drop. Mind is the bubble, you do not know that you are the Ocean, because the bubble gives you an appearance of individuality, until that bubble bursts. When the bubble of Anita (for instance) bursts and disappears, then Anita as the drop comes to know that she is really the Ocean."

One of the *Mandali*, Aloba, recited a Persian couplet by Hafiz which was translated: "Obey the Master implicitly and willingly; then that solves all your difficulties," and "What you hear about a Perfect Master, never say it is wrong, because, my dear, the fault lies in your own incapacity to understand Him." And, "I am the slave of the Master who has released me from ignorance. Whatever the Master does is of the highest benefit to all concerned."

Baba: "God is indivisibly one, He is in each and every one. What then causes these apparent divisions? There are no divisions as such but there is an appearance of separateness because of ignorance. Drops in the ocean are not separate from the ocean. The bubble over a drop gives the appearance of separateness. When the bubble of ignorance bursts, the individualized self realizes its oneness with the Indivisible Self. The drop *is not* and the indivisible ocean *is*."

Eruch said: "Baba has given us twenty-one points, some not even as long as a line. They are not for the lovers of Baba but for general use." He read them out while Baba elaborated on some of these points:

"God is absolutely Independent. The only way to approach Him is through love, through constant repetition of His name and invocation of His Mercy.

"Mercy is God's nature.

"Bliss is God's original state.

"Power is God's existence.

"Knowledge is God's duty.

"God cannot be ignorant. It becomes His duty to be All-knowing. God knows everything. He is Knowledge personified. Knowing the past, present, and future—knowing what has happened millions of years in the past and

what will happen millions of years in the future—that is All-knowledge. He cannot help but know everything. Knowledge is His duty.

"There is no Time... only eternity. How can you grasp eternity? The one who has realized God realizes there is no such thing as time, space, or anything; there is nothing but God. God is All-knowing; He is all alone, He is One; but the Infinite State of God gets lost in the infinite jumble of infinite contradictions. Then God, though All-knowing, asks "Who am I" through each one of you... that also is a contradiction! When he reaches that Christ-State, he says, "O, I am God." It takes many, many births for anyone to arrive at this answer to the query of "Who am I?" In between this final answer and the original question, there are infinite contradictions, many false answers such as, "I am so-and-so, I am man, I am woman, I am big, I am small, I am rich, I am poor, I am white and I am colored"—and so on.

"The Infinite State of God gets lost in the infinite jumble of infinite contradictions.

"To know God in His infinite contradictions is to become conscious of His consciousness of His unconsciousness—His Beyond-Beyond State.

Do you follow it Harry?"

Eruch: "Baba says even He can't follow it!" Everyone laughed.

Baba: "Explain it to Me, Harry!"

Dr. Kenmore gave his interpretation, then Baba said, "If I were in your place, I would say, 'Baba, give me your love... I have nothing to do with all these contradictions, all this consciousness and unconsciousness and conscious of unconsciousness... I just want Your Grace'—and that would settle all accounts in a flash. When through the Grace of a Perfect Master, one gets that Experience of the Infinite for which one has taken millions of births and deaths, it comes in a flash. A poet says to his Master, 'I can't understand all this, it goes in one ear and out the other. Why can't you give me a glimpse of your Infinite State'?"

Aloba recited a couplet in Persian, which Baba translated: "The Master can turn this dust into the Touchstone, he can bestow his grace by only a glance. Hafiz says, 'I don't want your full attention—just a side glance of yours is enough to turn this dust at your feet into gold'. Harry, when will that be?"

Dr. Kenmore: "When we are fortunate to receive the grace of a Perfect Master."

Baba: "You are more fortunate to have the Avatar. My lovers are more fortunate to have God in human form in their presence. Just a glance from Me can give you all you need—can turn your vision inward. You will be sitting here, without any outward change, but you will become *what you really are*. It will make an infinite difference. When will that be, Margaret? Harry?"

Dr. Kenmore: "Well, the time comes when Baba gets that urge, that whim."

Baba: "And that whim has *no time*... otherwise, it would not be a whim. A whim has no time. It is all of a sudden. Tukaram, the Perfect Master, says, 'No amount of knocking your head at the feet of a Perfect Master will give you that grace. It happens at the appointed moment.' You have to wait for that moment. That moment is near, and for that you have to love Me wholeheartedly, otherwise you will miss it. If I knock at your door and you are asleep I will go away!"

Eruch: "Baba, you said that today you would give an explanation of the Four Journeys."

Baba: "I am infinitely bored. Why should I give explanations when you cannot understand anything? It can't be understood. I am infinitely bored; so much so that I am waiting for the moment when I can break My Silence... when at last the heart of the world can be touched. I am eager for the *Word* to come out! But I have infinite patience. I know that just that *Word* can solve everything, for that *Word* is the source of all words; yet I am so infinitely patient that I go on day after day repeating the same old truths.

"The book of Discourses will come out and give many explanations and answer many questions. But as for Christ-Consciousness—one has to *have the experience* to know it. Charles, what do you think?"

Charles Purdom: "It amounts to the fact that we are helpless... we can only have the will, and the will will bring us grace."

"True!" Baba gestured. He indicated it was time to disperse—it was then 11:30—and to return to the *pandal* at 2:45 when the Easterners were coming.

However, Baba resumed: "To know God in His infinite contradiction is to become conscious of His consciousness of His unconsciousness. It is not meant for you all, but for those too eager for spirituality and with an intellect to back them up.

"To achieve the God-state, do absolutely nothing while doing everything. Harry, isn't it true?"

Dr. Kenmore: "Everything is done by doing nothing."

Baba: "You are not to do anything but become the dust-like aspirant, leaving all to the Perfect Master.

"To find God, you must find yourself lost to yourself.

"The discourses that Dennis will get printed will help even the scientists—the points on space, time, habitable planets, universes, etc.

"To be infinitely conscious, you must consciously lose consciousness of yourself. What does it mean? It's not like taking chloroform—you must be consciously unconscious of yourself!

"Space is the gulf between Imagination and Reality. The evolution of Consciousness fills this gulf.

"Time is the interval between your very-first imagination and your very-last imagination. Yesterday has gone, today is today and by tomorrow, today will have become yesterday . . . and again comes another today. So it is eternally TODAY—NOW. There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow. There is only NOW—the moment, the instant, and eternally it is only this NOW.

"There is no time. Time is the interval between your very-first imagination and your very-last imagination.

"Where imagination ends God IS and Godhood begins. Imagination is an eternal mimicry of Reality affecting the shadow-play of illusion.

"God is not anything comprehensible. He is Reality; Consciousness—Absolute Consciousness, Infinite Consciousness. The Realization of God is Absolute Consciousness minus consciousness of imagination being imagination. It is all a headache. Do you all want to hear this? Harry says it is very clear!"

Eruch adds: "Just reading it is a tongue-twister for me!"

Baba: "There is nothing like space-consciousness. Here is an ant on the floor. You are all also sitting on the same floor. The ant crawls up your body. But its consciousness is different from yours. What is the difference?"

Anita replies, "The ant is only conscious of his crawling; I am a little conscious of this room but You are conscious of the whole universe."

Baba says, "There is a world of difference between My Infinite Consciousness and your ant-like consciousness. You are all ants before Me in My Consciousness, you are all crawling on My body! Though I am sitting here in the same room with you, we are really nowhere in space, just within God—neither up nor down; neither here nor there! You are ants, big ants, and you sting Me all the time! Don—tell us that story you wished to narrate."

Don Stevens relates how he came to show his movies of Baba to the executives of Aramco, who spoke of that "silent man."

Baba: "I am very pleased to hear this. I am not silent. How can I be silent? I don't speak with My tongue. I speak continuously with My heart. But when I open My lips to speak the Word, then all sorts of things will happen. Everything will be topsy-turvy. But the hearts of the world will get the Word. The time for it is very near."

The remainder of the "21 Points" given by Baba were read out by Eruch.* Then Baba told us, "Today, disperse at 11:30 and come back to the Meeting Hall at 2:45. There won't be any discourses or explanations then. Just sit there quietly and be witnesses. There is nothing beyond sitting near Me, loving Me, remembering Me. This session of discourses is good for Charles because he has to write a book that will do My work. It is also good for Harry's 'baby'—the tape recorder!"

Baba mentioned how hot it had been in this same hall last May. Even Colonel Goldney had to dash out of the room. Baba then mentioned that many Easterners were trying to get in for the three days of the East-West Gathering, demanding "Sahas" badges. "Charles, are you happy?", Baba asks. "Who is not happy? Raise your hands—Timur's hand is up!"

Mr. Timur: "I can't say I am unhappy, either!"

Baba: "What is the reason?"

Mr. Timur: "I don't know—that's the problem!"

Baba: "I am ready to make up for it... I will give you five minutes

* See page 00

near Me. Now others will want to put up their hands too!" (Laughter).

Baba enquired about the work at the Centers. He then said in the State of Andhra there were about 72 Centers, and all His lovers from places all over India want to come to Him here, and if by some miracle He were to change their circumstances, the population of Poona would be doubled. But, His lovers are very poor; they all love Him and they compete with each other in working for Him. Baba then jokingly remarked that in spite of their circumstances if one prints a calendar, another prints a larger one; if one feeds a hundred poor, another feeds a thousand, and so on. The condition of His lovers in the district of Hamirpur is very different. When Baba went to a village there some years ago in a car, the villagers had never seen a car before! They had to improvise a road. They joined hearts and hands and tried to give Baba all the conveniences they thought of, such as oil lamps, an improvised bed, hot bath, etc.—they had seen these things done at the Meherabad Sahavas. When they saw Baba for the first time in their village they were overwhelmed. They are all so poor—all over the district—and yet so rich in love of Baba. They feel the statue of Baba which they erected a year ago is not a statue, it is Baba Himself. That is what is meant by having Baba as one's constant companion. That is why their love always makes Baba very happy.

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November 1—Afternoon Session

We adjourned to our several hotels, reconvening under the sun-struck cloth *pandal* of Guruprasad. At 2:40 p.m. Baba appeared on the platform to shouts of "Avatar Meher Baba *ki jai*," as the entire audience stood, about 5,000 Eastern and Western lovers of Baba. About 1,000 were from Andhra State, and Hamirpur, Uttar Pradesh. The Westerners were seated at the front, men on one side and women on the other. On the platform with Baba were seated Yogi Shuddhanand Bharati, the Maharani Shanta Devi of Baroda, the young boy Balak Bhagavan, the four interpreters, and also Adi K. Irani and Eruch Jessawalla. Eruch conveyed Baba's greeting:

"Baba wants me to convey to you all that He is very happy that you are here. Your love has brought you here but it is really Baba's love that has drawn you to Him for this gathering."

This was translated at once into Hindi, Marathi, and Telegu by separate interpreters. Dr. Kenmore then stood and after embracing Baba, recited the Master's Prayer in English. At the close Baba said, "Your prayer has made a few feel that God is present here. May My love make you feel one day that God is in everyone."

Baba continued addressing the gathering: "I have been seeing the Westerners and giving them My embrace and love, and also discourses. Today is the first day of the East-West gathering. I want the Easterners to come to Me, one by one, and to put their hands on My knees and I will pat each one. That will amount to My embracing and meeting the Easterners. Come, come one by one. All of you will not be able to come to Me today; those left over can come near Me tomorrow.

"The purpose of this gathering is not to give discourses or messages to My lovers. Many discourses and messages have been given in the past; another volume of My discourses will soon be printed in Australia. More than all messages or discourses, your love for Me will bring you to Me as you should come to Me."

After the translations and a song from the Poona Bhajan Mandali, the Australians approached Baba, then the Easterners, women first, came up to the platform and took Baba's darshan. In the traditional way, they took off their sandals and this caused some delay and congestion. Then, very suddenly, it began to rain, in fact to pour, and Baba gestured to Mr. Ramakrishnan to hurry the line. In a very few moments we were soaked and Baba gestured for the Western women to go inside Guruprasad. Here began a new kind of East-West exchange as the women *mandali* gave the Western women dry clothes and we hung up our wet garments. It was quite a colorful scene as Mehera, Mani, Goher, Rano, Naja and Mehru tried to find garments to fit us. I was wearing a gauze skirt and petticoat held up precariously by one pin. I thought one good sneeze would be my undoing.

Outside, the microphone shorted out and Baba gestured, "Even though there is no mike, think of Me." When we returned to our seats it was through squishing mud. But the Eastern women, many with bare feet and a child on the hip, were still patiently standing in long lines for Baba's darshan. It was announced Baba would greet Easterners until 5:00 p.m., then the Westerners; and then *arti* would be performed. Those who missed His darshan could come up to Him for darshan tomorrow, but no one should do so tomorrow who had been to Him today.

Even in the midst of greeting the 5,000 present at the Sahavas, Baba was thinking of those who could not come. Someone came through the throng to me to ask for an address only I knew—and only Baba could have known I knew! He sent the lucky one this cable:

"WHILE YOUR LOVE IS WITH ME HERE I AM WITH YOU THERE."—BABA. Others also received loving cables from the Master, who, reading all hearts everywhere, must have felt the ache of those not present.

At 4:45 the Westerners ascended the platform for a quick embrace and left through a corridor to the right of the dais. Baba said the rain was very significant and that it was a unique East-West meeting. At 5:15 a group of seven women led by Madhusudan, each one dressed in one of Baba's colors, performed *arti* up on the stage, with trays of lighted camphor, while varicolored lights played over them and the cymbals, conch shell and taola were played. The Western dancer, Buntly Kelly, performed with them. The audience of 5,000 joined in singing Baba's *arti* "Gate Chalo." Dusk had fallen as we filed slowly out of the tent, many of us still in our bizarre new clothes! Mani said later she felt this sudden exchange of clothing was somehow symbolic of Baba's remarks that world conditions would change greatly after December.

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November 2—Morning Session

Arriving early at Guruprasad, I sampled the "Baba-wares" in the stalls by the gate—calendars, photos, booklets, lockets, and Baba Bhajans set to English tunes, Dr. Deshmukh's contribution. I was happy to meet him at last, a tall genial man in a black Parsee cap.

At 9:00 a.m. we were again gathered around Baba's *gadi* in the hall of Guruprasad. It was a beautiful sunny day. Baba began by asking, "Who got wet yesterday?" All raised their hands. "Did any one get a cold? No? It was a nice dress rehearsal!" Baba gestured. Everyone enjoyed the joke.

Baba: "Elizabeth, you looked very nice in that brown dress of yours!"

Mrs. Patterson: "It came back to me after ten years!"

Baba: "It was a real East-West gathering! I could greet only one-quarter of the visitors; today I will complete the three-quarters remaining. So be early today—come at 2 o'clock. Be ready for the rush and struggle! These crowds are nothing. You have no idea of the mass darshan programs. I had to satisfy thousands and I did. Those who have come are only the close ones who obey the instructions... that is why they have been given badges. When I give public darshan, the masses don't realize I am in a human form... they fall on Me... the *Mandali* have to stop them from breaking coconuts at My Feet, throwing colored powders and rice over My head. They do not realize the *Kum Kum* (colored powder) can get into My eyes..."

Baba continued to inquire solicitously about our health. He told us how "Energy" (Marian Florsheim) and Mrs. Bahjejian had had passports and money stolen from their hotel rooms. Baba gestured, "Isn't it surprising Energy has lost something?" and she replied, "If I lost everything I could stay here!"

Baba explained that the word of a big meeting like this gets around and the toughs and pick-pockets are lured to town. But on his mass darshan tours when there were 60,000 or more there were no thieves in the crowd. Once a man had his arm around Eruch's neck and tried to take the rupees out of his pocket. Baba made Eruch give the notes away. "It is your fault, not their fault," he told Eruch.

Yesterday, Baba told us, there were 5,000, not the 3,000 expected, many came at the last minute. So He has more work today. He asked us if we noticed the boy with the red loin-cloth who came up on the platform, Balak Bhagavan, and said he was revered as an "avatar" in Central India. Baba had to explain to him that he should not accept homage, that he had no authority to do so without attaining the Goal and the experience of the state of "I am God." "He came to pay his respects to Me, he loves Me very much," Baba said. "There are so many saints of this type in India. There was a man claiming to be My Chargeman, and asked for money from My lovers. He holds classes on spirituality but he himself doesn't know the Path, its difficulties, the love, let alone God-Realization. Very recently he visited Canada and made the people believe that he was a Spiritual Master!"

Francis Brabazon set up a large chart in front of us (page 00).

Baba: "This is The Chart of The Four Journeys. Charles—are you able to see? The difficult thing is put here in a very simple form. Through your learning, the simplest things have been made very difficult.

"When you set out on a journey from place to place, as you have journeyed from the United States, Australia, England and Europe to India, and as some men try to reach the moon, Venus or Mars, you go on an outward, external journey. We will talk here about the *inward* journey—the real journey. I want you to have a clear understanding of these two sentences:

"God is Infinite; His shadow also is infinite. The shadow of God is the Infinite Space in which is the Infinite Gross Sphere." Francis pointed to the lines on the chart, as the Master continued:

"This Infinite Gross Sphere is within the Infinite Shadow of God. All this is God, Infinite God. Of course, He is boundless, limitless, but we have to show this somehow in the chart." (Francis pointed to the dotted lines on the chart.) "God is not bound by limitations. God is Infinite. Therefore His Shadow is also Infinite. Within His Shadow is this Infinite Gross Sphere, having millions of universes. There are innumerable gross universes, countless galaxies—you could not count them at all. There are innumerable galaxies known and unknown, countless stars, suns, moons!—and there are some worlds inhabited by human beings. But of all these non-habitable and habitable worlds, this Earth has a special position. It is the only place where the experiences of the Subtle and Mental Worlds can be had by human beings. Only on this earth can one realize God.

"In the Subtle World there is no space. One finds the Subtle World within oneself; it has nothing to do with space, it is a journey *within*. Therefore all the celestial things we see or hear about in outer space are not only insignificant but are absolutely nothing. The Infinite Gross Sphere itself is illusory; it has no value at all. But value may be attached only to the Earth where one begins the Real Journey, the inward journey. The wayfarer then begins to experience the Subtle World, but it is not an experience of space, because the Subtle World is not a world of space, but of higher consciousness—a different degree of consciousness, a more mature consciousness. For the one who journeys within, everything remains as it is; his experiences are of a different nature. When he experiences the Subtle World, he does not experience the Gross World; that gross consciousness is no longer there; it has now become the Subtle Consciousness. When he journeys farther on, (but not in space; he remains where he is)—his consciousness gets still more mature, and it is now of the Mental World, not of the Subtle or the Gross. Then he begins to know the thoughts of other individual minds, he knows what one is thinking. Then a stage is reached when he actually sees God the Infinite within himself; and this "seeing" is seeing God everywhere.

"Then there comes a stage in the Mental World when he finds himself facing a valley. There are two summits for him; in between himself and God he sees an abyss, a gulf. He sees God with conviction, but he cannot become one with Him. This is the stage of *longing*; of infinite longing and separation. He wants to become one with God, but it is impossible because of the gulf between Illusion and Reality. If he is bent upon journeying deeper within, he becomes God. Illusion vanishes. He knows there was

no universe, no worlds, no body, no space; it was all just a shadow-play. He experiences that GOD ALONE IS. He experiences God's Knowledge, God's Power, God's Bliss. But he cannot use that Knowledge, Power, or Bliss for others or for anything. One rare one who gets that experience of Infinite Consciousness [which also includes the experience of the Mental, Subtle and Gross worlds], can bring God to all levels of all the three worlds. He brings unity in diversity, the One in the Many. That is the Christ-State. He experiences Infinite Knowledge, Infinite Power, Infinite Bliss and is also able to use it for every being in Illusion.

"In short, the most difficult thing is to *begin* the Real Journey. It's easy to succeed in outward journeys in space, to go from continent to continent, from planet to planet, as compared to the inward journey. But this chart shows that very few persons arrive at the seventh station (*Fana*) and come to the end of the first journey and become God. Very very few embark on the second journey, and end it in *Baqa* and abide in God. One rare one ends the third journey in *Qutubiat* and lives God's life. The fourth journey is the passing-away *as* God, (God drops His Physical, Subtle and Mental vehicles), while retaining the infinite individuality. Christ, as Jesus, is as He was and ever will be, as God, because He retains His Infinite Individuality *in* God and *as* God.

"Are you able to follow something of it? If not, there's no harm, don't worry about it. Jesus Christ knew that it was not possible for men to love God, therefore He said, 'Come unto Me, follow Me,' and that is all that is needed for you all.

"In Avataric periods, one does not necessarily have to make these inward journeys by stages. If you have the Grace of the Avatar, He just takes you from where you are to where you should be, where God wants you to be. There's no need for "trains or planes" when He is here!"

Eruch then read the Discourse on The Four Journeys, (to be published soon as "The Everything and The Nothing"), explaining some of the points Baba had just given us spontaneously. Baba continued: "The Creation-Point is a finite point; out of this finite point the whole of the infinite Creation is issuing forth. It is a continuous process, there is no end to it. Out of a speck in the INFINITY, called Creation Point, has sprung forth in stages this whole Creation. This world of ours is nothing but a most finite speck in the Speck. Although to you it appears to be the world, for Me it is nothing, not even a tiny speck."

Eruch continued reading the Discourse on the many universes, visible and invisible, and many worlds of which a number are inhabited. Baba said that scientists will gradually come to know what He has been saying for many years and also today. He continued, "It is not possible to see all the universes and the worlds. They are not visible even with all the modern means; nor will it be possible for man to reach them or contact them; yet the scientists will come to know about them."

From the Discourse a paragraph on the Seven Kingdoms of Evolution was read, which stresses that only on the planet Earth do human beings reincarnate and begin the involutory path to God-Realization. The Earth is as the center of the millions of universes, to which all souls must migrate to begin the Inward Journey.

Baba: "In Infinity you cannot have a point as center, otherwise it's not Infinity. And yet on the chart we have made the Earth the center of Infinite Space. Why? Because there are many habitable worlds in Infinite Space and human beings of those worlds have to migrate eventually to the Earth. In some worlds the people are very intelligent, much more so than on Earth, yet they must come to this Earth-speck for the sake of the "heart," the involutory journey..."

The Discourse continued. Baba explained, "Charles has individuality as Charles, the human being. He knows he is Charles. When he is God-Realized, he has Infinite Consciousness, he loses his limited individuality and merges in God. The world doesn't exist for him, nothing exists but God; and he then experiences Infinite Bliss. When Charles regains his individuality it is infinite, and he is still Charles, but with infinite consciousness; he is Charles and God simultaneously... But all this is not meant for you people." Baba smiled, "It's all useful to posterity. For you—it is sufficient to obey Me, love Me, and hold on to My *daamen*—then wherever I am, you will be also; if you were to begin your inward journey, you will also be with Me, because I am also there on those journeys. All this is illusory; God alone is real.

"You must love God, see God, become one with God; that is your duty. Your duty is to know this is all illusion; God alone is real. But to love God is also not in your hands. It's a gift from God to you—and the one who receives His Grace has nothing to do with these journeys whether outward or inward. Where you go on the journey is not important if you hold on to My *daamen*. Everything is immaterial—Hafiz has given us consolation."

Francis read his translation of Hafiz' ode:

Francis read his translation of Hafiz' ode:

"Although you have not received love's guerdon,
One day this desert will become a garden—*so be not grieved.*

Do not turn your heart away, nor expostulate
Against the Beloved, but bear your present state—*and be not grieved.*

Let this disgusted mind and troubled heart be stilled,
One day desire for union will be fulfilled—*so be not grieved.*

Behind the curtain a secret game is being played
That you know not, so don't give up, nor be dismayed—*nor grieved.*

Once you have set out for the Beloved's abode
Do not let mere stones and thorns turn you from the road—*nor be much
grieved.*

Maya will do her best to thwart your labour,
But when you have a captain like Noah you will reach safe harbour—
so be not grieved.

Although the way is full of dangers and seems to have no end,
There is an end to every beginning with this Friend—*so be not grieved.*

When this Friend is the same as God, don't plague him with petitions,
But suffer gladly love's rules, trials and conditions—*and be not grieved.*

Baba: "What is there to worry about? So don't worry! Yesterday it rained and you got drenched. What did happen? Nothing! Today it is just the same here. Nothing happened yesterday, it is just today!"

Baba took in His hands a large glass that was covered with bright golden paper and marked "God." Baba said, "Do you like Me to play some tricks? Take this glass as God the Infinite. God can't be seen with our limited eyes. He is Infinite, absolutely invisible, independent, yet He pervades everything. Now see that there are three illusory existences inside God. (*Three smaller glasses inside the large glass.*) Here is one of them, the Gross World—it is the smallest, (*innermost glass covered with a coppery shade*), though to us it is so big, so Infinite. This Gross World depends on the next illusory existence—the Subtle World, (*second inner glass*). The Gross existence depends on the Subtle and is within the Subtle; and this Subtle existence depends on the Mental World, (*third inner glass*). This Mental Existence depends on God, (*the large glass*). Thus the Gross depends on the

Subtle, and the Subtle depends on the Mental, and the Mental depends on God, and God is independent. Note that there are four glasses and that each one is different and separate; but each one is dependent on the other; except the large outer glass marked GOD. Only GOD is independent, (*like the outermost glass that holds all the others*)...

"Today I have to meet about 4,000 people from outstations. More than 10,000 will be coming on the 4th for My darshan, for it is the darshan day for the public in general, so be prepared. It might rain again today and you might have to change clothes! ... Did you get wet yesterday, Ben? Were you awake when it rained?"—to which Ben Hayman replied: "During the rain I fell asleep."

Baba teased: "I was infinitely bored so I brought on the showers. I would like to retire to My Sound Sleep State for 700 years. But I have to give My Word to the world. The heart of the world has to feel the impact of My Word. I can't help it, though I would like to go to sleep for 700 years!"

Baba inquired who got wet yesterday. He said: "No matter how hard it rains or blows, stick to your posts. Hafiz says: Be firm as a rock in the midst of the storm of love, or it might turn you topsy-turvy. That was nothing yesterday, only a shower. Let us see what happens today. Dr. Chamberlin, were you wet?"

Dr. Chamberlin: "I had no protection."

Baba: "I was the protection there! Joseph—were you wet?"

Joe Harb: "It was the universal baptism!"

Baba: "Harry?"

Dr. Kenmore: "The outside was as wet as inside."

Baba: "I'm happy to hear it. But when you feel completely wet, soaked in love for God, it will be so glorious that even the brilliance of the sun will be dim before that glory. You must become saturated with Love."

Eruch: "The Australians have not come yet. They are expected at 12:30." Baba asked, "Will they be able to go back?" and Eruch said, "There's no news that they can't!" Baba told us, "When you reach your homes, write one letter directly to Me—only to Me—then no more letters. Next year I want to finish My Universal Work, so I don't want crowds of people coming to Me, not even the Easterners. This will help Me finish My work

soon. Anita—when you are here I can't work!" Baba teased.

We were told to be in the *pandal* at 1:45 p.m. and that there would be no embraces.

Baba: "Dana, are you worried? Didn't you hear what Hafiz said—not to grieve? Who else is worried?" No one answered. "If no one is worrying," Baba gestured, "I have to worry. But My worry is great fun for Me! It's a very old habit of Mine to worry for the whole creation, to worry continuously for the release of souls from the bondage of life and death. It's great fun. Some come to Me to heal their diseases, to bless them with better prospects in life, or for a job or for children, or because they have too many children! And I have to worry about all those things, in addition to My Universal worries. You see Me sitting here with you, but I am simultaneously on all the planes of consciousness, on all those stations on the Chart that is here before you. There are souls in the Subtle World who want Me—and I am there with them; and there are those in the Mental World who want Me, and I am there with them. You are in the Gross World, so you find Me with you in the Gross World; those in the Subtle World find Me in the Subtle World, those in the Mental World find me in the Mental World. And one rare one who finds Me as I really am is blessed... But remember not to worry! Take the advice of Hafiz and do not worry!"

This ended the morning session.

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November 2—Afternoon Session

Promptly at 1:45 we took our seats in the *pandal*. 1,000 more chairs had been added. On the platform the Poona Bhajan Group was singing in praise of Avatar Meher Baba. By Baba's chair were Yogi Suddhananda Bharati and the Maharanee of Baroda. At 1:46 Baba entered as we all rose, 6,000 strong, crying, "Avatar Meher Baba ki jai!" Baba embraced a tall Sikh, then gestured, "It may rain!" Darwin Shaw stepped to the microphone and read Baba's message as follows:

My Dear Children

Your coming to Me from different places and from across oceans has pleased Me. And although no sacrifice to be near Me is too great, I am touched by the sacrifice that some of you have made to come here.

Those who have not been able to come to Me should not feel disheartened, for My Love is with them as always, and especially so at this time. I know how they are longing to be near Me even for an hour, and how helpless they are in their circumstances.

You have come from great distances, not for some convention or conference, but to enjoy My company and feel afresh My Love in your hearts. It is a coming together of children of East and West in the house of their Father.

All religions of the world proclaim that there is but one God, the Father of all in creation.

I am that Father.

I have come to remind all people that they should live on earth as the children of the one Father until My Grace awakens them to the realization that they are all one without a second, and that all divisions and conflict and hatred are but a shadow-play of their own ignorance.

Although all are My children, they ignore the simplicity and beauty of this Truth by indulging in hatreds, conflicts and wars that divide them in enmity, instead of living as one family in their Father's house. Even amongst you who love Me and accept Me for what I am, there is sometimes lack of understanding of one another's hearts.

Patiently have I suffered these things in silence for all My children. It is time that they become aware of the presence of their Father in their midst and of their responsibility towards Him and themselves. I shall break My Silence, and, with My Word of words, arouse My children to realize in their lives, the indivisible Existence which is GOD.

Throughout the years I have been giving many messages and discourses. Today I simply want to tell you who are gathered here in My Love to shut the ears of your minds and open the ears of your hearts to hear My Word when I utter it.

Do not seek My Blessing, which is always with you, but long for the day when My Grace will descend on all who love Me. Most blessed are they who do not even long for My Grace, but simply seek to do My Will.

* * *

Baba gestured the translations should be completed before the rain started. He said there was no need for a Gujerati translation, and He called for the Easterners to come for their embrace, starting with the women. Colorfully dressed, many carried flower and tinsel garlands which they placed on His wrist and then Eruch lifted aside. One was made entirely of sweets and nuts. It was hot and every so often Eruch would tenderly wipe Baba's face and neck. Sometimes a lost child was held up by the

mike to be claimed by its family. Then the men and boys took their turn—Sikhs, Moslems, Jains, Parsees, Hindus, Christians, of every size and description. Sometimes a proud father would stop and introduce his whole family. One or two cripples on crutches hobbled painfully up to the dais to have the Beloved Master's darshan. Once Baba teased, "Ben, are you awake? Keep awake so I can keep awake!"

At 3:15 rain seemed to threaten again and Baba dictated: "I am very happy you stayed in your places and everything is going well. Even if it rains I want you to remain silent and disciplined." At 4:00 p.m. the Australians, whose plane had been cancelled by the war emergency, arrived at Guruprasad and came up to the dais for their first embrace from Baba. He also embraced a devotee who had to leave the following morning for a meeting of Parliament. Baba asked all of us, "Are you feeling tired? If so, I will stop. I'm not tired." Voices all through the hall joined in a loud "No." Baba then said we had to thank the Indian climate for the slight showers that fell again as they helped somewhat to cool the oppressive heat. At 4:30 a special song was sung. At 5:00 Baba stopped the line of devotees and asked those who had not yet met Him to come at 2:00 p.m. the following day, and the others to come at 2:45. The colorful *arti* song-ceremony again ended the day of "Avatar darshan."

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November 3—Morning Session

Some of us were at Guruprasad early this morning—8:30 a.m.—and we witnessed the affecting scene of the little band of Andhra villagers and some fisherfolk greeting Baba on the outer porch. Baba had sent for them at the bus station, where they were about to leave without having had His embrace. Now as they squatted around Him in a colorful semi-circle of men, women and children, He asked them to sing something for Him. This was their spontaneous song: "*I bow to You in Your Infinite aspects. Infinite Bliss, Infinite Knowledge, Infinite Power are in this Human Form of Yours. You are my real father and mother. I long for that day when I become One with You.*" Eruch said even Baba was moved with the devotion expressed in their song. A prasad of sweets was passed out and after each one had the privilege of embracing Baba, they left.

At 9:00 the Westerners were again seated before Baba in the inner hall. He said today He would give time to individuals or groups, to be with Him exclusively as He called for them. For tomorrow, (the 4th), there would be no time for individual talks, but there would be a performance by a noted singer.

Three men now entered and Baba explained these were the workers who had arranged to bring all the Andhra lovers to Poona on a special train. The workers had not yet seen Baba, although it was the third day after arrival. He reminded them He had once told some of the *mandali* twenty years ago, "There will come a day when you'll want to come from far away and you will not be able to see Me." Now He embraced each of the three Andhraites and said, "The only work you three have to do now is to see that it doesn't rain here!" They embraced Baba with such love that He gestured after they left, "I'm limp in the arms, but by 1 o'clock I will be strong again to embrace the people."

Two more men came up for an embrace. Baba said they loved Him very much. He then reminded Dr. Hayman He had promised him five minutes today. "Today's the day, Ben! Shall we send all these people away?!" At Baba's request, Lenny Willoughby sang "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" as we all clapped the rhythm. Baba gestured, "The words are true. It's a fact. I am very happy to have the whole world in My hands. It seems so quiet, calm, peaceful... just a little speck!" We all smiled with Baba about the 'little speck' in His hands. Now different groups, and individuals who belonged to no group, had their turn alone with Him. To the Sufis Baba said:

"The only thing I must give is The Word... next year. That is the reason why I plan to stop everything next year. I will not call for either Easterners or Westerners... no one! I will prepare for the urge to break My Silence. It is simple, but I must have that urge. You do not know how eager I am to give that Word! I am preparing everything. I must see to the affairs of the whole world. Meanwhile I stress that when I give that Word, all of you who love Me will know it in your hearts. Much will be revealed to you then. God is the Truth. So why worry about the future? Didn't you hear yesterday what Hafiz said—'Why worry—it never means anything'? Murshida (Duce)... give up some of your worries!

"Do your duty, but don't feel worried about it. Remain 100% happy, 100% honest! Do the best you can; then at night, relax and forget about everything. Keep happy—that is your duty! And remain honest; don't compromise. When you do, you get a fear complex in the heart...

"I am telling the whole world not to worry. The time is fast approaching when I will give the Word. The whole world will know about it; and there will be many changes. You have no idea how insignificant your

worries will become then; so why not stop worrying today? Try to live until I give the Word. You may worry yourself to death unnecessarily—and then when I give the Word—you won't be there!"

Some of the young ones were concerned about their careers. "The whole world is bound by worry," said Baba. "I am full of worries—you have no idea what real worries are! But with Me there is Infinite Bliss and that sustains Me; otherwise it is a burden."

Lud Dimpfl described how he worried briefly about money left in a pair of trousers sent to the cleaners. Baba sent for his wife, Bea, who said she hadn't worried about the lost money at all! Baba continued to Lud:

"Why not lose your self . . . so you can come to Me! Forget your worries . . . and find Me within you. When I give out the Word let it touch your heart . . . it will give you such happiness that the loss of even millions of dollars will not matter. No amount of money can give you that Experience! The time must come when I will give My Word. Meanwhile I want your love . . . I want you to love Me as you should." When asked about the Sufi Center, Baba said, "It is one of My channels. I am the Source . . . I have so many channels, tributaries." Baba said that now Francis was with Him, he knew how much Baba suffered. Baba continued, "And the end of all suffering would be the giving of the Word; that would be the release for Me! But I tell you all again—*do not worry!*"

I went in to Baba with my old New York group, together with a friend from California. I mentioned some of His Western lovers who could not get to the Sahavas. He kindly inquired after my health and work, and in the same way, made personal contact with others in the group.

He said to us, "I am very happy to see you all here. How is the group, Fred? How do you all manage among yourselves?" Someone replied there were hitches, hindrances caused by little personal things, but that everyone met on common ground.

"To maintain an atmosphere of cooperation and harmony is most essential," Baba told us. "Do you know that I am also there with you all at the meetings?" About the problem of establishing other centers, Baba said, "All these problems will be solved when I give the Word. The problems of the whole world will find a solution. Continue to love Me . . . and those who love Me will feel the impact of that Word in their hearts . . . you may even topple over or do a somersault!" Baba teased.

"That new book of discourses will give some satisfaction; even the scientists will find information in it that will help them a great deal. But what is wanted is help through the heart. One has to find Me there. That feeling gives such happiness that you will even stop reading My discourses. When I give out the Word, then all problems will be solved... are you happy?"

Others saw Baba individually; some He embraced. After He left the room I went in search of Dr. Donkin and some of his magic pills.

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November 3—Afternoon Session

Around 2:30 we were back under the rainbow-colored pandal. A workman clambered on the roof adjusting the side panels to cut off the glare. Swallows darted freely back and forth under the portico. After Baba arrived on the platform, again hailed by all His lovers, He embraced several devotees from Calcutta and Madras. It was announced He would give a parting embrace to the Westerners on the morning of the 5th, and the Easterners who had not yet embraced Him, were to come to Him at 8:30 a. m. on the morrow. Baba added, "Once you have My Real Darshan in your hearts, there is no need to come up here on the stage for darshan. I want you to love Me as I should be loved, so one day you will have My Real Darshan."

After this, Darwin Shaw read the following message:

My Dear Workers

In spite of telling you very often that I will not give you any more messages or discourses, I find Myself doing just this thing which is what I do not want to do. This is because most of you do things which I do not like your doing.

I had to give you a message yesterday because you expected one; and the theme of the message was on your being My children, because despite much talk about a Baba-family, there is more a semblance than a reality of kinship among you who are the children of One Father.

True children of One Father do not greet one another with smiles and embraces and at the same time harbor grudges and ill-feeling, but they have an active concern in their hearts for the well-being of one another and make sacrifices for that well-being.

If you make Me your real Father, all differences and contentions between

you, and all personal problems in connection with your lives, will become dissolved in the Ocean of My Love.

You are all keen on spreading My message of Love and Truth and many of you in the East and West have labored hard in this work; publishing magazines and other literature, organizing meetings, sacrificing your vacations in traveling, building halls and having statues made of Me. But I wonder how much of My Love and Truth has been in your work of spreading My Message of Love and Truth!

Unless there is a brotherly feeling in your hearts, all the words that you speak or print in My name are hollow; all the miles that you travel in My cause are zero; all organizations for My work are but an appearance of activity; all buildings to contain Me are empty places and all statues that you make to embody Me are of someone else.

I have been patient and indulgent over the way you have been doing these things, because you have been very young children in My Love, and children must have some sort of games to play. But now you are older and are beginning to realize that there is a greater work ahead of you than what you have been doing. And you have been searching your minds and hearts as to what this work might be.

It is not a different work to what you have been already doing... it is the same work done in a different way. And that way is the way of effacement, which means the more you work for Me the less important you feel in yourself. You must always remember that I alone do My work. Although only the one who has become One with God can serve and work for all, I allow you to work for Me so that you have the opportunity to use your talents and capacities selflessly and so draw closer to Me. You should never think that in your work for Me you are benefitting others, for by being instrumental in bringing others to Me you are benefitting yourself.

My work is your opportunity. But when you allow yourself to intervene between you and My work, you are allowing the work to take you away from Me. When you put My work before yourself, the work will go right, although not necessarily smoothly. And when the work does not go right, it means you have put yourself between it and its accomplishment.

The Way of My Work is the way of effacement, which is the way of strength, not of weakness; and through it you become mature in My Love. At this stage you cannot know what real Love is, but through working for Me as you should work for Me, you will arrive at that ripeness where, in

a moment, I can give you That which you have been seeking for millions of years.

Baba gestured, "If it rains, we're finished!" Again He gestured to Ben Hayman, "If you go to sleep, I go to sleep!"

A young lady, Miss Latta Limaye, sang a *ghazal* which Baba translated for us: "The lover says, Never let any one drink the wine of Love! His life is then nothing but turmoil. He is like a fish out of water; he experiences a volcano within. All his existence gets torn to pieces. And yet he pleads, 'Let me have that Wine of Love!' But once he gets that experience of Union with Beloved God, he realizes the Divine Bliss. Then he experiences himself as the only One, the Reality."

Next, the Andhra group headed by Balagopal Bhaskara Rajw, gave us a glimpse of how they spread Baba's name through narrative song, called "Burra-Katha." Four men came on stage to the accompaniment of tabla and harmonium; one narrated Baba's life story and the other three, representing a Muslim, a Christian and a Hindu, interrogated him. Baba gestured, "My workers make Me naked! They tell of My childhood—how mischievous I was!" This was their 150th performance.

Eruch came to the mike and relayed the management's request for all to pay their transport fees. Then he added as Baba made a sign, "Baba says He has been talking about God and now I have spoiled the atmosphere by talking about transport charges!"

Next, (around 4:00 p. m.), came Baba's favorite—real *Qawwali* songs, sung by Mr. Habib Qavval and his group. These songs are based on God the Beloved and the pangs of separation felt by His lovers. As if to illustrate this theme Balak-Bhagwan, the beautiful young boy in red trunks, came up on the platform by Baba and kissed Baba's hands and cried on them. All through the afternoon he kept his eyes only on Baba, trying to win a glance or a smile from his beloved Master. His genuine feeling for Baba touched my heart.

The first *Qawwali* song was sung by an Indian man accompanied on the harmonium. Baba said it all boiled down to this: "Because God is infinitely close to you He appears to be infinitely at a distance. He is closer to you than your own breath. But you cannot find Him unless you become dust at the feet of a Perfect Master." Baba continued explaining, "These are wonderful words. The lover tells the Beloved, the Perfect Master, 'O My Beloved,

I am also non-existent in your love. I am burned up from head to foot. I am a live volcano all aflame! Don't stop the tears that fall in the pain of separation from you! Don't comfort me—don't wipe away my tears with your *daamen*—otherwise your own *daamen* will burn. I only want Union with You, nothing else—otherwise, keep away!' This is the complaint of the lover.

"The lover warns other lovers: 'Beware! Once you drink the wine of love, you don't belong to yourself. You are dead to the world. You cannot complain, for love seals your lips!' Here is a warning to Baba lovers: Either keep away from this wine of love of Beloved Baba, or if you taste it, seal your lips against all complaints!"

Baba continued: "The joke is that the lover says, 'I try my best to tread the Path, yet when I see You I lose myself, I do not know where I am!' It is impossible to appreciate this *Qwawali* without understanding the depth of the meaning of the words. They are full of love, it is the language of the heart."

Another song: "Whoever is struck by this disease of separation from the Beloved never feels rested, he is always restless like a fish out of water. But he can't complain."

Baba continued: "Here in the meeting hall are the select few who dared to drink the wine of love. Here there is no room for those that are short-sighted and weak of heart. Here one must have great daring; one must be prepared to carry one's head on the palm of one's hand.

"It is no joke to love," commented Baba. "If you have come to see this as fun, you will become fun yourself! The singer is saying, 'I tried to see You a thousand ways, but I could not see You. I see a face, eyes, nose, limbs, but I can't see Your Oceanic Form. I have knocked my head on a thousand thresholds but I cannot see Your Real Form.' "

"But only one in a billion can see Me as I really am, in My Real Form," Baba adds. Then He gestured, "In this hall all the cups of wine are empty. But when the Divine Wine-seller opens His eyes, simultaneously all cups will be filled with love! Let us hope it will be soon! When I break My silence with that Word of Words, all your cups will be filled full of love—then you may drink to your hearts' content."

A sigh of happiness ran through the great throng. Baba continued: "I am that Drop that has swallowed the Whole Ocean! If you were to really

love Me, maybe one day you will see Me as I really am. Love Me wholeheartedly and you might one day get a glimpse of My Reality."

The musicians embraced Baba, and the "Gate Chalo" *arti* closed the meeting as the swift Indian twilight fell on the crowds streaming out of the *pandal* through the lighted gate of Guruprasad.

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November 4—Morning Session

This was the great day of public darshan—when anyone who wished could come to see Baba. I was at Guruprasad early enough to see Baba enter alone from the dais into the inner hall. He looked terribly tired, infinitely tired, His face full of Christ-suffering. Since 6:00 a.m. that morning He had already embraced 3,000 people. But in a few moments He entered the Hall again and with one of those miraculous changes seemed fresh and glowing. Iruch said Baba had already embraced 7,000 persons during these three days.

"I have been on the dais from 6:00 a.m.," Baba greeted us. "All rest is suspended for the sake of My lovers. I can not give embraces. I have to be free for the public at 2:00 p.m. This morning I have done My duty of love, now you will help."

Baba referred to the fact that our love seemed to renew Him, and as the morning wore on, this became a fact.

"In about half an hour you will hear some of the best musicians of India," He continued. "They play classical music. The chief singer, Sri Vinayakrao Patwardhan, visited Russia some months ago and it is said that Khrushchev looked down his throat to see if he was concealing some instrument—(so remarkable was his voice). He and his whole family love Me very much. He usually charges a big fee to perform but gives his best performance for Me without any fees. When I sent him word, he postponed an engagement at Calcutta, and will be here soon to sing before Me."

Baba said that yesterday we had heard the best *Qawwali* singing. The song was based on the lover's complaint at being separated from his Beloved, God. "The Beloved seems very callous. The lover has to stitch up his lips about it. This is what happens when you get that gift of Love from God. Thus, suffering is God's gift to man.

"The seventh-plane Biblical saint Zacharias sealed his lips, although he was sawed from head to toe. I am thinking of sewing you up, Anita, from head to foot, to seal your lips!"

Baba inquired where Ivy Duce was, also Helen Webb. Both were ill; but the Master sent for them, saying it was their last chance to see Him in His physical form. Then He began to joke a bit with us all. He twitted Dr. Kenmore about eating so much ("right after breakfast he is hungry"). When He heard "Energy" and Mrs. Bahjejian had gotten back their passports from the thieves, He said, "Nothing goes anywhere but it comes to Me. Remember that you wanted to give Me 400 Rupees? The thief took away exactly 400 Rupees. So now it's settled!"

Baba reminded us to send Him one letter upon our return home. "In 1963 I won't see any one nor hear any correspondence. I will prepare for the urge to break My Silence. In an emergency you may send Me a cable reply-paid. Reply-paid forms, when not needed for replying to you, can then be used for My cables to others."

An Easterner came in to say farewell to Baba, who explained that even when this man's son died, the father (unmindful of the incident) carried on Baba's work without pause. Baba chided Dr. Kenmore for yawning and when he retorted he was relaxing, Baba said, "If I relaxed, everything would collapse."

He then advised us not to go to far-off places in the North of India, or we might get stranded. Also we should all inform Meherjee of our departure plans. Then some of the Eastern *Mandali* and volunteers came in and embraced Him.

Baba gestured: "Instead of blood, let the love of God flow through your veins. Is it possible, Francis?" and Francis replied, "Nothing is impossible when You say it." Baba then told the story of how the body of one of Krishna's lovers was discovered in the ruins of a collapsed building by the "Tick-Tock" of Krishna's name; even though badly hurt and unconscious, he automatically repeated the Lord's name. The Name had become his breath.

All during this time the musicians were tuning up off-stage and wetting their "whistles" with tea. Eruch told us the better the musician, the longer it took to tune up. Tomorrow we were to hear musicians from The All-India Poona Radio Station. Perhaps hinting this would be the last *Sabavas*, Baba said there would be no other opportunity to hear music like this in His Presence.

At last, about 10:10 the famed singer began an exhibition of his extraordinary skill, accompanied by his troupe—a young *tabla* player, the *sitar*

player and a flutist. One song was the classic "Dhun," "Shahanai Gat," composed by the saint Mira. In her song, she tells Krishna, "Don't leave me all alone! Kindle the flame of Love in my heart. Even if I burn to ashes, apply those ashes to your body so I can remain with You, O Lord." Another was posed by the saint Mira. In her song, she tells Krishna, "Don't leave me all those ashes to Your body so I can remain with You, O Lord." Another was Infinite Bliss and blessing; You are everything and I want to surrender to You. Don't leave me—I am the weak one. No one will listen to me but You. Don't let me go." The tabla player gave us a solo; Baba told us to watch his fingers.

At 11:15 the musicians embraced Baba and left. He said ordinarily they needed more time to warm up to give their best performance, but today He gave them no time. "If you could understand what he just sang, you would feel so happy. There will be no singing tomorrow."

Mr. B. Bode, the development engineer who supervised the drying of the *pandal* after our "petite monsoon," came in for Baba's embrace. Baba said he would be the city engineer at Poona next year. Then Baba asked the women and the men to exchange seats this afternoon, for the women had had the sun for three days on their side of the *pandal*. On this note the morning session ended, without embraces.

* * *

November 4—Afternoon Session

Around 2:00 p.m. the last day of darshan commenced. Baba was already on the dais and women were filing past Him as I entered the *pandal* and found a seat on the shady side. Commenting on the heat of today's sun, Baba said:

"If you were inside the sun itself, that would be no comparison with the heat of love within the true lover of God. There God the Beloved doesn't allow one to use fans; but here Beloved Baba does permit you to have fans!"

Don Stevens stepped to the platform and read "The Universal Message," given several years ago* on the anniversary of His Silence. After the reading, the Master said, "Next year I will not be available to anyone, either from the East or the West. I must prepare for the *urge* to break My Silence." This was translated by the three interpreters. Baba corrected the Telegu interpreter at one point, then He continued:

"I have to break My Silence and give My Word to the world. But I have

not yet prepared Myself for the urge to break My Silence. I feel it will take about a year's time to break My Silence. I have been telling you all I will break My Silence next year, but now next year *means* next year! For the first time I take the responsibility of My own promise to you all!"

Then Baba asked Dr. Kenmore to recite the Prayer of Repentance in English. "You should all pay attention to this Prayer in My Presence. I want you to forget and forgive everything of the past."

We all stood as the Prayer was said. At the end Baba made a beautiful gesture as if He took away the load and burden of our collective past. Then He allowed the *Mandali* one by one to come and bow down to Him for the first time in many years—"twenty-two years," Eruch said. This was surely a significant moment for them all.

"If I finish with giving My darshan to the public, you may all bow down to Me. If not, you can all go home thinking you have taken My darshan, which you have had the last four days," Baba announced. A basket of hard candies was presented to Baba and blessed by a quick gesture, then passed out among us. The Poona Bhajan Mandali continued their devotional songs. Meanwhile the throng filed continuously past Baba, averaging about thirty a minute. Among those coming by were the gypsy caste of *Banjaras* in colorful clothes sewn with big pieces of mirror, and wearing heavy ornaments. They had walked twelve miles to see Him. Baba said, "These are nomadic tribes. I have visited their huts. Each one has a photo of Me, they worship Me as the living God. The government support has changed their habits of dress. They used to wear so many more ornaments; even sleeping in them.

"I am in the least one of them and in every one of you. No one is low and no one high in My *Nazar*. Because God is One, I am One, you are all One; there is no difference of tall or short, man or woman, beautiful or ugly, rich or poor. All are one in My *Nazar*."

At this point a woman devotee began crying "Baba, Baba" at the back of the tent and came rushing forward. She was grasped by the workers and taken outside. Baba said "She is full of love but if permitted to come to Me would take hold of Me and never let go." He gestured with hands at His neck.

He also said, "When the queue is over you may come to Me and bow down and that will be the first bowing down and the last bowing down." Now the queue extended one-third of a mile outside the gates; 7,000 people were here, Eruch reported. So many garlands piled up beside Baba they

looked like a mountain of blossoms. Some were just tiny strings, some gorgeous affairs of roses, jasmine, ginger flowers, marigolds. One family brought their bald-headed baby to Baba and the baby hair they had cut off. Baba explained it was a custom to cut a child's hair and take it to Kasi or to Benares to drop in the sacred Ganges; but for His lovers, Kasi and Benares were here, at His feet.

In small groups the Western women were invited to go inside Guruprasad and say farewell to Mehera, Mani and His other women disciples. At 3:30 Baba speeded up the line. A correspondent of the Maharashtra Times asked Baba which country would be ultimately victorious, China or India. Baba replied, "As the Avatar of the Age, I have taken birth in India—so India (Bharat) will eventually be victorious. Just now someone was reciting the call of Lord Krishna in the Gita. I am Lord Krishna. I am the Ancient One; time and time again I come down to protect and redeem My lovers. I am the Christ, the personification of Love."

Shouts went up from each language group as Baba's pronouncement of His Avatarhood and India's victory were translated.

At 4:30 the queue was still longer than ever—Baba gestured "At this rate, they won't be able to have My darshan." He added, "The Westerners will have no chance either." Kitty Davy replied from the front row, "It's enough just to sit here and watch You." But Baba answered, "It's one thing to see the ocean and another thing to dip your feet in it," at which the Fasteners murmured approval.

Still the crowd seemed endless, but amazingly patient, even the innumerable babies made no outcry. There were more lost children held up to the mike and an amusing moment when one little fellow on the platform lost his trousers. I kept my eyes on Baba's eyes continually and on His exquisite, gesturing hands. He was wearing a heavy, fantastic garland all of roses and every now and then Eruch tenderly wiped the sweat from His brow and neck. The crowd came on and on—first men, then women. And no matter how poor, His lovers offered the Avatar a gift—coconuts, sweets, bananas wrapped in paper or leaves—and above all, they offered Him their hearts. Mothers with babies swung the little ones off their hip and on to Baba's feet in one swift gesture of surrender. Others laid their hands on Baba's knees, or touched His feet with their forehead. Baba did not always glance down at those before Him, but sometimes carried on a lively *mudra* conversation with Eruch or others. It was as if He really was the Ocean of

Love and to touch His feet was all the individual needed. Around 4:45 Baba said, "After a very long time I am giving My Poona lovers the opportunity to bow down to My feet. In January, 1956, I gave My last public darshan in Poona. Today I have again allowed the Poona public to come for My darshan. After they are finished, you will have an opportunity—if it doesn't rain." He gestured to Dr. Kenmore, "Your thoughts are on Me within."

An Eastern poet read a poem dedicated to Baba. The queues of men and women on both sides still pressed forward. At 5:30 Baba announced: "It's impossible for all to come near Me and bow down at My feet. The queue is just where it was. You have been gazing at Me all this time. Carry My form there in your heart and see it as often as possible."

Harry Kenmore, guided by Christine Wise, went through the darshan line and Baba said, "You are a daredevil to go in the queue and you are blessed for it." Groups from the different centers at Delhi, at Dehra Dun, and Andhra, came on the platform to sing *bhajans*. I went indoors to say goodbye to dear Mehera, Mani, Naja, Mehru and Dr. Goher, and to receive some prasad of puffed grains. During this time the gates of Guruprasad were closed and the queue cut off. Those remaining went by Baba more quickly, followed by the volunteer workers. A spontaneous dance by one lover, a song from Lenny Willoughby and then *arti*—the last *arti* of the *Sahas*—was performed. Baba said, "All of you—take Me with you." As we left the *Pandal* it was twilight with spectacular colored clouds piled high around a slender moon. I looked back at Baba's white figure seated in His chair under the soft glare of the lamps, still surrounded by the colorful throngs of His lovers. The Avatar in person was still showering His love, after having embraced over 10,000 souls. Truly He is the inexhaustible Source of Grace in our time. Later, we heard the crowds had broken down the closed gate of Guruprasad in their intense desire to see Baba, who then, in His mercy, drove out among them in a car and in this way gave all of them a glimpse and His blessing.

* * *

Monday, November 5

How impatiently I waited for my two companions to finish breakfast so we could get to Guruprasad early, for this was the very last day of *Sahas*! Even so there were some lucky ones ahead of us. Baba was already asking Dr. Kenmore why he was late this morning and he replied, "I had to visit my dear uncle!" which made Baba smile. Baba then told us that the boy who played the *tabla* in this morning's program practiced every day before

Baba's picture. "Poona belly" had me in its full grip by now and I just prayed I would be able to stay conscious through this last morning. Baba, reading my thoughts, turned and asked if any of us were sick. I raised my hand. Baba gestured with His hands over His tummy and gave a few words of advice—I shouldn't eat everything set before me! Marion Florsheim said she felt sad. Baba said "Why should you be sad? Take Me (home) in your hearts." He told us that many of the Easterners had to leave the meeting last night without seeing Him, so He went out in a car and they were very surprised. They had His darshan after all.

The Maharanee entered and sat on the floor close to Baba as before. Baba continued saying that the Eastern volunteers under the charge of K. K. Ramakrishna, had to arrange accommodations for 3,500 Baba lovers from ourations and there were 3,000 more who had to find their own lodging. He said that after the meeting this morning we should all disperse except Ned Foote, who was to be near Him for five minutes. As more entered the hall, Baba queried, "Are you all in good health?" A few had colds. He said, "Tomorrow is the day for your trip to Ahmednagar to visit My resting-place at Meherabad, and residence at Meherazad. I want you all to go, health permitting. Meherabad, where I will rest after dropping My body, is now like a desert. After 100 years it will flourish into a place of pilgrimage. People from all over the world will want to visit it in their lifetime. It has a definite atmosphere. Meherazad is now My residence. Mehera looks after the garden... How many are not going to Ahmednagar?" About twenty were not going for various reasons.

Jeanne (Shaw), Baba wants you to go, "Eruch interpreted the Master's gestures. "What if you die going on this pilgrimage, you will be blessed if you die on the way to Baba's last resting place." Jeanne smiled and nodded bravely.

Mr. and Mrs. Sakhare from New Delhi now entered. A Wing Commander in the Indian Air Force, Mr. Sakhare had to leave on emergency service. They embraced Baba tearfully. Baba then told Kitty Davy she could break her journey in England to see her brother and Will Backett, also take her usual Christmas vacation in Canada. He told Mrs. Patterson to carry home one of His garlands for the Myrtle Beach Center.

Then He was asked to go outside in the compound with all the Westerners so that Beheram, His brother who was filming parts of the Sahavas, could take fifty feet of film. We assented, "Yes, Baba, we want to be with You exclusively!"

Baba continued, saying that Dr. Donkin and Dr. Bharucha were to accompany us on the trip to Ahmednagar. "Francis, are you going? Please see that no one dies en route," He teased. "Jeanne, stop worrying. You all will leave at 6 a.m. tomorrow. Meherjee wants to know if you want snacks on the bus or tea and toast in your hotels?" Then Baba Himself decided for us—"No snacks!" He continued, "Don't go to far-off places in India—(after the *Sabavas*)—there's likelihood of transportation services being suspended, and you may be stranded," and He asked us to confirm our dates of departure with Meherjee. Baba touched on a few more personal details with some of us. He asked Charles Purdom, "What are you thinking? Why are you sad?"—"Because this is the last," Charles answered. I felt it might be the last for all of us.

Now four men entered to take their leave of Baba, and they spoke to Him in Persian. Baba explained to us they were from His Center in Iran; two from Shiraz, one from Teheran. They asked for a copy of Baba's film. Baba said the Muslims out there are fanatic, they cannot accept God in human form, but even their hearts are turning. These workers were asking Baba for strength to do His work in Teheran. It takes great daring, Baba said; people are often murdered there if they say God is on earth in human form. It is not like India, where they accept the concept of the Avatar coming again and again. But, He said, "Once the Muslims understand, there will be throngs of them—perhaps by the time I drop My body, and because of their fanatic nature it will be impossible to stop them coming here, even without passports!"

"All this nothing is but Adnyana (ignorance)," Baba concluded. "God alone is Real. Once you are able to see Him within yourself, then it is all bliss. This bliss is unimaginable. When you can't imagine that Bliss—what about that Infinite Knowledge? Knowledge in an instant! Knowledge of the past, the present and the future! This Infinite Knowledge makes God omnipotent. Because He knows everything, He doesn't have to do anything in order to know. This Knowledge is beyond the function of the mind.

3-B Dimpfl describes the story of the skit performed for us all this morning:

"On the third day of the East-West gathering, Meher Baba gave individual groups a chance to see Him alone. When the Sufis' turn came, one question which arose was what professions three of the young men should follow. The answer was one doctor (Khaled Al Faqih), one physical education instructor (Gary Mullins) and one dancer (Jim Mehl). On the last day of

the Sahavas, Khaled suggested that the three of them prepare a short skit satirizing each of the three professions. The skit could be given before the final embrace next morning (November 5). The plan was put up to Baba's sister Mani who got Baba's permission for this short interlude.

"Late that night the conspirators gathered. Gary Mullins suffered stage fright and took an Indian version of "French leave." Charmian Corrinet and 3-B Dimpfl agreed to help. First they scheduled the budding doctor to examine Baba's fitness for the performance. This to be followed by an "incident" narrated by the M.C. (Charmian) involving a cow (BBB Dimpfl), a Gopi (Khaled) and Lord Krishna (Jim). As Jim relates it:

"Four brilliant heads went together with the hope that they would come up with something soon. One by one the lights and the houseboys were taking leave. Ideas began to flow slowly—desperately; after many false starts it wasn't until midnight that we got things sketched mentally. Due to the hour and the vague states of mind, trying to rehearse was like trying to make a pin-cushion jump by sticking it with a pin! We all collapsed in good-humored despair and vowed to rehearse in the morning. Little did we know that this also was not to be. Also there was the task of 3-B's disguise as a cow to be made. The thoroughly unrehearsed diversion took place as follows:

"Charmian, the M.C., in a gorgeous blue-green sari, announced at the mike: 'This morning some of Baba's youngest children are happy to present a light entertainment titled, Forgive us Lord our little jokes on Thee and we'll forgive Thee Thy great big joke on we!'

"One great trouble with performing before the Avatar is that one knows not when one might be reduced to the stone stage! Right next to the 7-Day God-Realization School is a 2-Day earn-as-you-learn medical school. We are happy that its first graduate has offered to examine Baba and make sure that He's 7-UP to the entertainment. May I introduce Dr. Khaled Donkin Goher Barucha Chamberlain Hayman Kenmore Al Faqih Jr.!' Khaled (in white coat, wearing a stethoscope) bends over the Master to listen to His heartbeat, saying: 'Oh Baba, You have an enlarged heart!' Feeling Baba's pulse: 'Oh Baba, You have very high grace pressure!' Looking in Baba's right ear: 'I see many galaxies and they are all disturbed!' Feeling Baba's knees: 'Aha! Cocoanuts on the knees!' Examining Baba's feet: 'And babies on the foot!'

"Baba, I must check your throat condition—please open Your mouth and say "OM"!"

"Baba very solemnly refused by shaking His head. Then Khaled said he would write a prescription for Baba to cure Him. Baba, entering into the spirit of the playlet, threw up His hands and pretended to be terrified at such a prospect. Khaled started to walk to the door but Baba called him back. Baba said: 'Doctor, I will take your prescription if it will not make Me go to sleep for 700 years!' Khaled re-assured Him and Charmian read aloud the prescription: (Much of this prescription is an allusion to amusing happenings when Baba was with us in Meher Mount, Ojai, in 1956): 2 lb. of grapes three times a day, to balance excess of Us-nuts lately; 2 c.c. of Urge; 1 large darshan daquiri to aid in Your 700 years of troubled sleep; 1 large glass of milk. Baba appeared highly amused, tweaked Khaled's cheeks and gave him an embrace.

"Charmian: 'Thank you, doctor! Now ... before you lies a serene hillside pecture in which a lovely cow is wandering in search of succulent grasses (enter cow, Diane mooing soulfully and ringing dinner bell). Behind her, in close pursuit is Lord Krishna, (enter Jim Mehl, costumed, garlanded and highly made-up, hopping nobly on one leg) ... as Lord Krishna well knows, cows are always attended by beautiful, sinuous, seductive, voluptuous, gentle maidens called ... uh ... goobers? Gorpods? ... goofies? ... guppies? ... oh, yes, Gopis! ... by gentle maidens called Gopis.' (Khaled, garbed in a sheet, *boing-boings* in, accidentally tripping over audience). As the Gopi shoos the cow away, Lord Krishna cannot help but notice her. He looks apprehensively at the maiden so obviously by His side and then lifts her veil to get a better view. He recoils, started at what He sees (Gopi Al Faqih's 5 o'clock shadow?) Lord Krishna goes limp. The bewhiskered Gopi quickly aids Him and Lord Krishna nobly consents to dance with His admirer who promptly falls flat on her sari. Whatever conclusions Lord Krishna drew about this adoring maiden must have been quite lordly indeed for He took her by the hand and the three of them danced off into the meadow. Three of them? Yes, the gentle cow went along for kicks!

"Charmian: 'The moral of our story is that all love is dependent on the Avatar's Whim and only He has love enough for all.' Baba was hugely amused at these antics which all present enjoyed, and embraced the cast lovingly."

At this juncture Baba's brother Beheram wished to take some movies of the group of Westerners together with Baba on the steps of Guruprasad. We filtered slowly out into the brilliant sunshine and stood or kneeled about Baba seated in a chair. Lud Dimpfl struggled comically to keep Baba shaded

with his umbrella except at the moments of film-taking. Other amateurs were clicking their cameras too. An amusing touch was Beheram telling his big brother to make some gestures to liven things up!

At 9:25 the two musicians from the Poona All-India Radio Station entered the room. One was Sri Golwalker, music director of A. I. R., a *sarangi* player, the other was Sri Chandra Kamat, a *tabla* player. Baba asked them for a farewell piece for the Westerners who were leaving Him today taking with them His farewell embrace. They played a song depicting a bride leaving the house of her mother to go to her husband's home. Baba gestured, as the liquid minor notes poured forth, "Tears are falling" and at that moment I found myself crying. After another "song" came a solo on the *tabla* or drum to which Baba kept time with His hands. At the end He said He was very happy with their performance and reminded them to keep out of a draft when driving home. The young *tabla* player had played especially vigorously. When Baba asked him if his arms ached, the boy said he was getting different vibrations while playing for Baba than while he was practicing. "Did you like the *tabla* playing?" Baba asked us. Most of us nodded.

One of the Westerners said she was staying on in Poona, at which Baba gestured, "Then you make Me stay!" He continued: "I am the Christ. If your eyes were opened you would see Me as I am... Ben... what is your percent of happiness today?" Dr. Hayman replied, "150%!"

Now Baba gestured for each of us to come forward individually for that heart-rending final embrace. Some stepped forward at once, others hung back. A few prostrated themselves at full length before Him. Some were crying, others looked grave. But as usual Baba gestured to them, "Look happy!" I took advantage of this moment to kiss Baba's "Lotus feet" for the first time;—for previously Baba was always in the "New Life" phase when this was forbidden.

Everyone cheered when Ruth White, unaided, walked up the aisle to Baba and embraced Him and He called her "My soldier!" Ruth is ninety-three.

On a final note of humor, Baba cautioned all of us not to come to Guruprasad that afternoon, and, —"Harry, don't 'phone!" Harry had 'phoned Guruprasad even before leaving New York.

Then, very, very slowly, supported by many loving arms, Baba walked out of the hall into His own room, until all we could see was the top of His head. That was my very last glimpse of the Beloved Avatar. May it really not be the last for any of us.!

In the afternoon I visited Kitty Davy at the Poona Club and met Kaety Irani, who had shared the early ashram days with her. They exchanged lively reminiscences of the hardships, the humorous and the wonderful moments of day-to-day life with Baba in the old Meherabad ashram.

Two interesting stories Kaety told were of Baba warning her family to move from Quetta because it would be destroyed. Her family moved to Bombay; two years later a terrible earthquake completely destroyed Quetta. Another time when Baba visited this northern part of India he paced up and down a certain road, saying, "The line will be here." It came about that after some years the border between India and Pakistan was settled along that very line.

At the beginning of the New Life, Kaety was one of those whom Baba sent back into the world; the shorthand and typing Kitty had taught her in the ashram helped her procure an office job with "strange-speaking people"—as Baba had predicted—the Japanese Consulate.

When I returned to the Poona Hotel, Adele said she had seen Baba again that afternoon about her work and to deliver the gift of medical supplies. She reports a few of the things Baba said:

"Within one year, I will break My Silence; then drop My body; My glorification shall last for one year . . .

"You must go through the ocean of fire and come out alive . . .

"Discourses and writings mean very little. In Persia, Rumi was a famous poet; well-known people sought his advice. But he was barren of spirituality until he came to the feet of the Perfect Master of the time, Shams-E-Tabriz. Then, he disposed of his writings.

"I am impatient to break My Silence . . . to prepare for the urge to break My Silence.

Several others were present that afternoon, including Charles Purdom, who discussed his forthcoming revised biography of the Perfect Master.

Giddy with the prevalent "Poona belly," I skipped dinner except for a banana and tea, and went to bed early, for we had to get up at 4:30 a. m. on the morrow.

* * *

Tuesday—November 6

After the tea and toast allowed by Baba, we climbed into the buses and cars arranged for us and met in the pearly gray dawn hours by Baba's mango tree in the Bund gardens. Far out in the river men were fishing

with a lantern. I talked for a few minutes with Dr. Donkin—a rare chance because he is so often on night duty and vanishes during the day!

With Adi Sr.'s car leading the way, we started the pilgrimage to the Master's abodes, past and present, at Ahmednagar, about 80 miles east of Poona. Driving at what seemed moderate speed after the breakneck California freeways, along dirt roads built like oldfashioned washboards, we encountered the typical Indian traffic hazards of bicycles, mixed herds of goats and sheep; cows; bullock carts piled high with a peasant family and all its possessions; or women carrying enormous brass water pots on their head and sometimes a baby on the hip. Native trees lined the road that wound over the flat plains of the Deccan with table-like "mesas" in the distance, over which enormous clouds piled up in all the colors of the rainbow. Dawn was breaking spectacularly just as we passed the Agha Khan's Castle, where Ghandi was interned by the British and where his wife, who died in prison, is buried. Later on a huge double rainbow, Baba's good-luck sign to us, arched over the fields to our right. Our car was second in line and we reached the halfway dak bungalow (resthouse) ahead of the others, and in time to try the unique Indian contribution to sanitation, a paved hole in the ground.

Another hour and we had reached Ahmednagar and the home of Sarosh Irani, Baba's long-term disciple and past Mayor of Ahmednagar. We were greeted by his charming wife Villoo and daughters and treated to a sumptuous "brunchfast." Our next stop was the place where Baba lives now—Meherazad in the fields of Pimpalgaon, past the little "guard-booth." Here Francis gave us the guided tour in small groups. We were shown the meeting hall (once a garage), where Baba sits with the *Mandali* from ten to twelve in the mornings (sometimes He is as early as 8:00 a. m.), and four to six in the afternoon. On to Baba's house, with the pleasant paved verandah overlooking the beautiful garden tended by Mehera. The flowers here seem to know they are in God's garden and bloom like sparks of fire. Baba's room used to be on the top storey before the '57 accident, but now His bedroom is on the first floor. Francis told us that Baba is never alone at night—one of the *Mandali* is always present, or Rano Gayley, the only woman ever allowed to stand guard for Baba.

There is a painting by Marguerite Poley of a winged white horse on the walls of Meherazad. Apropos of this, Ivy Duce tells of the following incident:

"One day, I had walked behind the curtain at Guruprasad looking for Mani, when I encountered beloved Mehera alone. I seized my chance and asked, 'Mehera, I so often hear of a white horse in connection with Baba and would you mind telling me the significance of it?'

"She replied, 'You know the vast cycles in time are called *yugas* in India and there is a symbol which represents the Avatar of each *yuga*: the symbol of the Avatar of this particular age is a white horse. Baba has told us that at the time of Rama people were rather good and the world was not like it is now; but He told His devotees and disciples that it would not always be so; that when the *Kali-yuga* or Iron Age came, it would be the worst and the most destructive in the world's history—and that there would be much war, degeneration and depravity. The word got around and all the followers came and begged, Lord Rama, please do not let us incarnate in the dreadful *Kali-Yuga* Age. So here we all are!'

"Mehera smiled brightly. She continued: 'You know, Ivy, this is why Baba has called all His lovers here to Him, because He wants to fortify and protect His lovers in the bad times to come so that they can work for Him and spread His Love and Message in the new era!'

Baba is in His sitting room before 10:00 a.m. or after 6:00 p.m. He returns to His bedroom at 8:00 p.m. Dr. Goher's room is just outside, then comes Mani and Mehera's room. Across the hall is the dining room, where Baba eats His meals with the women. Everything is in simple style. We passed through the porch where Mani has her little office that keeps in touch constantly with the Western lovers of Baba and where she types all her letters, [sometimes by kerosene lamp for Meherazad doesn't seem "electrified"]. then to Mehru and Naja's room, and Rano's. Here Elizabeth and Norina stayed in 1948-9.

Down by the *Mandali* quarters we saw the famous "blue bus" on its cement dais and the little caravan that was pulled by two bullocks used by the women in the New Life trek. Here too was the cabin that used to be on Seclusion Hill [—the small peak in the back of the ashram], now it is Eruch's office. Bhau's room was once a stable, Pendu's room was once used for Baba's *Mast* work. We saw Kaikobad's room where he repeats the name of God 100,000 times a day; Kaka's "storekeeper" room full of all kinds of supplies, Baidul's room (he also repeats Baba's name constantly), and finally Francis' room where he has the Western (democratic?) luxury of an old rocking chair and a bed with a cotton-stuffed mattress. We also inspected the primitive kitchen where the simple *Mandali* meals are cooked over an open fire. The cook must be an Eagle Scout for sure!

A crowd had collected at the gate of the ashram for there was the *Mast* "Twelve-Coat," (*Barracoat*), squatting on the ground, waiting for Baba's return. Some one had given him a cigarette. When he was asked in Hindi, "Who is Baba?" he replied, "Baba is my God." What wonderful eyes he had. One of the *Mandali* leaned over and flipped the lapels of his ragged jackets one by one... twelve indeed!

For a few moments we sat and chatted in the *Mandali* quarters and drank the delicious spring water provided for us... the only good drink of water I had in all India. One Easterner had filled a pop bottle to take back home as "holy water." Adi rather smiled at this and said, "Only Baba counts."

At midday we had a fabulous luncheon, again at the home of Sarosh Irani, of spicy dishes ending with a sweet liquid "pretzel" for dessert. From here we drove to the Avatar Meher Baba's Ahmednagar Centre where *ar'i* and discussion of Baba's teaching takes places each Saturday evening. Baba Himself opened the Center on October 26. We were treated to beautiful prayers chanted by a young Indian girl before Baba's photo. "*O Meher Baba, Thou art everlasting and the Avatar of this Age. O Meher Baba, beyond words and deeds, may I surrender to You and think of You only.*" This was followed by a song, "*One who has the Real Darshan becomes You. It is not possible to know You through ordinary consciousness.*" Then she performed the *ar'i* ceremony while a rainbow spotlight slowly changed the colors of her jasmine headdress.

We filed out to make a quick tour of Adi's office and storeroom, where a treasury of Baba-documents is filed—but alas! not in American-style fireproof cabinets. How I longed to stay right there and "dig"!

Our first stop in Baba's old ashram at Meherbad was the great Hall near the men's quarters, which I recognized from accounts of the "New Life Phase," for here it was in 1949 that Baba announced His momentous decision to give up the Old Life and all its "impedimenta," including this whole ashram. Here was His *gadi* or seat; the desk on which He wrote the great book which no one has read, to be published after His death; a box containing relics of Hazrat Babajan—her hair, a molar tooth, some coins, and her shawl. Here too, was the last alphabet board used by Baba before He gave up this mode of communication in 1954; and the sheet on which the *Mandali* stood to take their vow of the New Life.* Many precious Baba photos, large and small, lined the walls; some were those I had made long ago for Norina and Elizabeth.

*See the booklet, "*The Great Seclusion.*"

Outside was the cage in which Baba stayed for over a year. Nearby was the little room of the Mast Mohammed, one of the "Five Favorites."* He seemed happy to see us, and took our small gifts of bananas, chocolate and cigarettes eagerly. The ground between the stones of his porch was dug out from picking "*deesh*." When asked about Baba, he replied, "Dada in Poona-Hai." Adi pointed out his flat feet, acquired when he stood motionless for so many months, caught up in "The Point of Enchantment" between the 3rd and 4th Planes. Through Baba's grace he is now on the 5th Plane. His eyes are full of the child-like happiness of the true *Mast*.

It was mid-afternoon as we crossed the railroad tracks and started up the hill to the women's ashram. Because my leg hurt I turned back; then I felt Baba urging me on. And I did get a ride near the very top. Mansari and two other Eastern women greeted us with *namaskars* at the gate, and warm cries of recognition for Elizabeth Patterson, Kitty Davy and the other "old-timers."

We climbed up into the second-storey dormitory, absolutely bare now, but with a fine view of the surrounding countryside. On the porch downstairs, wonderful Baba-things were laid out for us to see, and touch reverently: His very old patched brown jacket, His *chapals* or leather sandals, a white "birthday coat" with bands of gold embroidery, and a "crown" to match, all hand-made by Mehera and the girls. There were other birthday "crowns," embroidered slippers and garlands. From here we ventured westward to Baba's own sleeping cabin, which none was allowed to enter; past the row of seven tiny meditation cells dated "1928," to Baba's future tomb topped by the symbols of the four great religions... the cross, the crescent, the torch, and the Hindu cupola. We took off our foot-gear and filed in one by one to walk around the narrow ledge above the crypt. The walls above were painted with solemn figures by Helen Dahm. My thought was, "O how happy I am My Beloved is still alive! And this tomb will never hold Him!"

Outside again, I wandered down the hillside, [where a shepherd had left his flock to come and stare at all the visitors], to the graves of Baba's father and mother, Nonny Gayley, Rano's mother, Norina Marchabelli and Nadine Tolstoi. Someone had told me Baba had said Norina was already reincarnated as a little Indian boy—one of those in the line for darshan at the *Sahavas*. I think this fact of our dear Norina returning so soon to serve her beloved Master was one of my deepest impressions of the *Sahavas*. How quickly the Master spins the Wheel of Birth and Death

* See p. 43, "*The Wayfarers*."

for us all! Below this hill near Meherabad well, is the grave of the saint who insisted on being buried there—long before Baba came, saying a Great Being would one day make it His abode.

Time to go! The sun was setting over the Palestine-like hills and the once-a-day Admednagar train was puffing up the valley. A crowd of ragged boys shouted "Avatar Meher Baba" as our car passed and we returned their greeting. Baba's name was chalked out on the broken walls of the old Fort against which the Arangaon villagers had built their simple thatched huts where man and beast share and share alike.

We drove home through a fantasia of exquisite cloud-mountains charging over the great plains stretching on either side. Nowhere in the world could one see so much land at once. We stopped again at the Dak-Bungalow where I exchanged a few hurried goodbyes. As we neared Poona, lightning flickered and danced for a hundred miles east, west, north, south, like the play of Baba's fingers. Was He signalling? It was pitch dark (8:30 p.m.) as we rode past the lighted gates of Guruprasad for the last time, calling out softly, "Goodbye, Baba!"

That was the last time our West Coast group saw His abode, for we had to scramble to the Poona station early next morning as flocks of lazy crows wheeled against a rosy sky and the red-turbaned porters fought to carry our bags—away from Baba! When would we see Him again? In this life—or in another seven hundred years? I pressed a little love-note into Jaibhai's hand, as he said he'd be seeing Baba that morning. And then we were jumping on the Kiplingesque train and lumbering down through the Deccan foothills, back to Bombay and the plane "home." From now on, after visiting Baba's homeland "home" will always be in quotes!

It was a beautiful clear day as our plane flew straight across India... and there lay Poona, far below—a cluster of white buildings against a bend in the river. Down there—was God in human form. And we had seen Him, laughed and talked with Him, embraced Him. Would anyone believe it? Not many—not now, but in the centuries to come, the whole world would know His Name.

* * *

Those who stayed on had one more glimpse of Baba on the day He left Poona for Meherabad. Bili Eaton describes it as follows:

"We did see Baba on the day we left, November 10. We arrived at the mango tree in the Bund garden at 7:00 a.m. and waited for Him for about

an hour. They spread a carpet—I thought for Baba—but no, it was for us to sit on. Then they set up a chair for Him with cushions. Finally He came in the car, which was driven almost up to the chair. He was assisted to His seat by some of the *Mandali*. Nothing much was said and then we all sang His *arti*. He got back in His car and drove slowly—ever so slowly—away. The car hardly moved and naturally, we all crowded around. We were packed like sardines, and the *Mandali* in the car kept saying, "Look out for your legs." . . . Then some one tapped me on the shoulder and I saw a wide path open in front of me and a voice said in my ear, "Don't you want to get in front?" I shot up the path just in time to see Baba extend His hand from the front seat towards the back window where the path ended. Some Indians were reaching in to touch His hand; I did too and barely made it. All the while Baba didn't look around. It was rather an eerie experience, because Baba seemed so impersonal, and the path had opened up so suddenly. A lot of Indians had stood aside to make the path, they are so nice, really."

In a few days, Baba's great East-West flock of lovers had flown home to every quarter of the globe, all hoping, like the lucky swallows, to return someday to the porch of Guruprasad and the feet of the Divine Beloved. Meanwhile each of us would try, as dear Mehera admonished me in parting, to "carry that love Baba has given you wherever you go, and share it with others."

* * *

Twenty-One Points Given by Meher Baba November, 1962

1. God is absolutely independent. The only way to approach Him is through love, constant repetition of His Name, and invocation of His Mercy.
2. Mercy is God's nature (*swabnav*).
3. Bliss is God's original state (*assal balat*).
4. Power is God's existence (*astitava*).
5. Knowledge is God's duty (*kartavya*).
6. The infinite state of God gets lost in the infinite jumble of infinite contradictions.
7. To know God in His infinite contradictions is to become conscious of His consciousness of His unconsciousness.

8. To achieve the God-state, do absolutely nothing while doing everything.
9. To find God you must find yourself lost to yourself.
10. To be infinitely conscious, you must consciously lose consciousness of yourself.
11. Space is the gulf between Imagination and Reality. Evolution of consciousness fills this gulf.
12. Time is the interval between your very first imagination and your very-last imagination.
13. Where imagination ends God is and Godhood begins.
14. Imagination is an eternal mimicry of Reality effecting the shadow-play of Illusion.
15. God is not anything comprehensible. He is Reality—Consciousness—Absolute Consciousness—Infinite Consciousness.
16. Realization of God is absolute Consciousness minus consciousness of Imagination. Godhood is Absolute Consciousness plus consciousness of Imagination being imagination.
17. To be ever present with God, never be absent from Him.
18. Do not desire union with God; but long for union till you go beyond longing for union, and long only for the will and pleasure of Beloved God.
19. "Mind may die. Maya may die. Body dies and dies. But hope and thirst never die. Thus has said the slave Kabir."
20. Complete forgetfulness of self is to even forget that you have forgotten.
21. Complete remembrance of God, honesty in action, making no one unhappy, being the cause of happiness in others, and no submission to low, selfish, lustful desires, while living a normal worldly life—can lead one to the path of Realization. But complete obedience to the God-Man brings one directly to God.

* * *

The One Hundred Thousand Songs of Milarepa

Translated and Annotated by Garma C. C. Chang

2 Vols. illus. \$15.00 University Books

"The teachings of the Practiced Succession

will grow and spread afar

A few accomplished beings will then appear on earth

The fame of Milarepa will spread throughout the world...

Fame and praise of us

Will be heard in aftertimes."

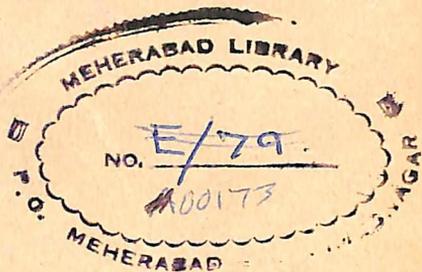
Thus sang the Jetsun Milarepa, Tibet's most famous yogi, who persevered through great austerities and trials until he gained the priceless "Pearl of Realization," as Baba calls it, in the snowy fastnesses of his native Tibet. Indeed, almost 900 years later, his fame has spread to the West as one of the genuine illumined souls whose lives we can study at close hand through his own "Hundred Thousand Songs" or *Mila Grubum*, perhaps the most revered and famous masterpieces of Tibetan literature. It is now available for the first time in a complete English translation by the Chinese scholar, Garma Chang.

Translating the colloquial Tibetan of 900 years ago with all its esoteric Tantric terms, was not easy; to bring through some of the joy and mystic exuberance, wit and wisdom of Milarepa's sermon-songs is a real accomplishment. Milarepa was in the habit of treating his disciples and devotees, neighbors and enemies, demons and fairies, to a spontaneous lesson-song in which he goes right to the spiritual point, abjuring dogma, doggerel or debate. Each "song" is in response to a particular audience and a particular incident in his life. For this reason, the biography "Tibet's Great Yogi, Milarepa," edited by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, is the perfect reading accompaniment to the songs.

Mr. Chang has divided the story-songs into those showing Milarepa's conversion of demons, those showing his dealings with human beings, and a miscellaneous group.

Milarepa reminds us of Sri Chaitanya, or St. Francis in his joy in nature, his stress on humility, poverty and obedience to the Guru. Almost every song begins with a salutation to the Guru, "Father Guru, who conquered the Four Demons, I bow to you, Marpa the Translator," or "I bow down to all Gurus." He was of the "Whispered Lineage"—that is, one who has been enlightened directly by his Guru, as his Guru was before him.

Realization through experience is stressed above book learning or intellectual debate, a familiar theme to followers of Meher Baba. Milarepa gives us, in poetic language, the essence of his own spiritual realizations, couched in the rich and varied language and metaphor of Tantric Buddhism. To help the reader, Mr. Chang has provided invaluable footnotes and a good introduction. *The Hundred Thousand Songs* are destined for a place in the world's library of great mystical literature. This edition is handsomely illustrated, bound, and boxed, and suffers only from poor proofreading.



Presented by
Bro. A. C. S. Chari.
Calcutta.

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