

The Way and the Goal

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Avatar Meher Baba *the way and the goal*

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The Story of the White Horse – as told by Mehera

When I was six, I lived on Main Street, the shopping thoroughfare in Poona. At that time I did not know Babajan was a Perfect Master. Our family had no idea of that. Nobody had told us anything.

One day, I saw Babajan walking through the street with a torn sheet on her shoulders and with a slightly thick stick in her hand. She walked with firm, strong steps. I would look sadly at her when mischievous little children in the street, who didn't know who she was, would run after her and pull her sheet. She would turn around and say not to do that. Then another boy would tease her and again pull her sheet from her and her clothes. They thought, "Oh, it's an old woman and we can have some fun." Babajan would tell them nicely to stop teasing her, but they didn't listen. So she would hold up the stick and show it to them saying, "go away", and off they ran. That I remember seeing.

Many years later when I was about ten or eleven, Zeena, a school friend of mine, came to me and said, "Mehera, do you know Babajan? Babajan sits under the neem tree. You know, she is very great. ... yes, she is very great. She knows everything and she can also give us anything we ask for. Come, we'll go together and we'll ask for something." I said, "Alright, there's still time for the school bell to ring." Zeena told me to ask for anything; ask even to come out first in your class, or ask for a good education; "Ask anything, and I'm going to ask also." But I never asked her what it was that she wanted to ask. We started walking fast.

As it happened, on that day, Babajan was not sitting under the neem tree, but under a banyan tree outside of our school wall in a broad, clean, dry, and sandy gutter where the rain water drains away. Behind the school wall was a Catholic Church. Here, near the wall, under this big banyan tree, Babajan was sitting like a monarch.

Zeena whispered to me, "You go first.", I said "No, I feel shy ... you go first." Zeena went up to Babajan and spoke to her. Then I started thinking, "What should I ask for?" I didn't have anything to



Meher Baba in Washington D.C., 1956

ask for, but I must ask for something. Being a child, I couldn't think of the best thing to ask for. At that moment, Zeena returned and said, "Mehera, now you go." I went and knelt down near Babajan. Babajan looked at me and smiled. I also smiled and then remembered I have to ask for something. I started to think very hard ... "What is the best thing that I could ask for? .. Oh yes, a horse! I want a riding horse."

Now, I did not have a horse because my mother would not buy me one; after my father died, my mother did not want to keep horses and grooms, except for the one necessary carriage horse. So I told Babajan, "I want a horse." When I said it, it sounded rather funny, but I was very serious. Babajan looked into my eyes ... She continued looking at me for awhile with a very sweet smile and nodded. Then she turned her head around and looked up at the sky for awhile. She was talking, but so softly that I couldn't catch the words, and being shy, I didn't lean forward to listen to what Babajan was saying. I was waiting for Babajan to give me an answer, yes or no, or to say something. But Babajan continued looking up at the sky, talking softly. I could catch a few sentences in Urdu ... "Oh yes, a very beautiful one ... he will be a very beautiful one. All the world will look at him, admire him, and love him." When I heard these words, I said to myself, "Oh, I am going to get such a beautiful horse, that when I ride him, all the people in the street will look and say, "What a beautiful horse." I felt very happy.

At that moment, Babajan turned around and looked at me and said, "All right, you may go now." I was still feeling a bit shy and hoped I had not annoyed Babajan. I stood up and went towards where Zeena was, and we both set off for school at a quick pace, for the bell was ringing for school and we were afraid to be late for class, knowing our teacher would be annoyed with us. My friend and I held hands and fast we ran. Then what do you think? Reaching school, I completely forgot that I had asked Babajan about the horse!

One day, some months later, when I came home from school, my mother was not at home. We went to wash, then ate the food my aunt gave us, and out we went into the garden to play. Later my aunt came to me and said, "Mehera, go and look in the stable .. Your mother has bought a very nice horse for you." I was sure she was pulling my leg because my mother would never buy a horse. My aunt knew I liked horses, and she was probably teasing me. So, I said, "No, I want to finish my game. I know you are teasing," and I continued playing. My aunt came a little closer and said, "No Mehera, but I *am* telling you the truth. Just go and see. Go to the stable and see for yourself." My cousin was with me, and we both thought that maybe she was not teasing, so we said, "All right, let's go and see."

Off we went to the stables at the backside of the house. Reaching the stable, I couldn't believe my eyes ... there he was, a very beautiful white horse, and a very young horse he was ... six months old. He was a very spirited horse and he was moving around, sort of restless in a new place. A spirited horse was what I liked best, and he was such a



Meher Baba's Beloved, in Meherazad, India, 1971

beauty, snow white with a pinkish nose, and not a spot or a hair of any other color ... but to show that he was not an albino, he had one blue and one black eye. That was the only thing strange about him ... one eye a very beautiful blue, and the other jet black.

My father had taught me to ride when I was six years old. He was an officer, so he had his riding horses and was frequently transferred from place to place. So each time I returned home from school, there was a new place to stay and new ponies to ride. He always kept a stable with ponies ready, so I felt confident on a horse because as a child, my father had given me this training and the liking for riding. So when I saw the white horse, I liked him very much and instead of being afraid. I thought to myself, "Oh, when can I ride this horse?"

Now a day or two later, after the horse had arrived, all the men folk were out. My uncles had business in town, my mother not at home, but my aunt, grandfather and grandmother and children were all there. I went to the room where they kept harnesses and saddles, and I asked the groom to saddle the white horse. I did not know then about a horse being broken-in before riding, so I did not ask whether or not this new horse was used to a person riding him.

The groom harnessed the horse and led it out of the stable. I was quite fearless. He gave me a lift on to the horse and I put my hands on the reins. I guided the horse naturally. I did not go out by the front gate because I knew my aunt would see me, and she would not have wanted me to go riding. She was afraid, the horse being spirited, I might be thrown. So what I did was to go from the back side of the house, across the field, and on to the main road which led to the Bund Gardens and the bridle path.

I recalled that on this well-kept path, I had often seen European men and women riding their horses, especially on Sunday. It was a gay sight. How nice they looked riding and galloping. Now this horse of mine was soon to be cantering on this same bridal path.

To continue my story, I started out and came around the corner near the side of the house when suddenly my grandmother saw me. She called out to me, "Come back, Mehera, come back. Don't ride that horse ... he'll drop you ... he'll throw you." I shouted back, "It's all right, don't worry." and I continued on to the Bund Garden and the bridle path, and enjoyed my ride. I was careful the horse did not shy, and sure enough, I returned home safely.

However, sometimes the horse would be mischievous. He would go over to the carriage horse and both would break free of their ropes and run out of the compound. We would hear our next door neighbors shouting, "Oh, the horses are running!" and we would rush out and see the two horses, running and galloping along the road. The groom, with help, had such a time trying to control the horses. Even so, my mother wanted to keep the white horse. Now, we had two horses.

As a child, being very playful, I'd completely forgotten that I had asked Babajan for a horse and that Babajan had said, "All right," and so this was Babjan's gift.

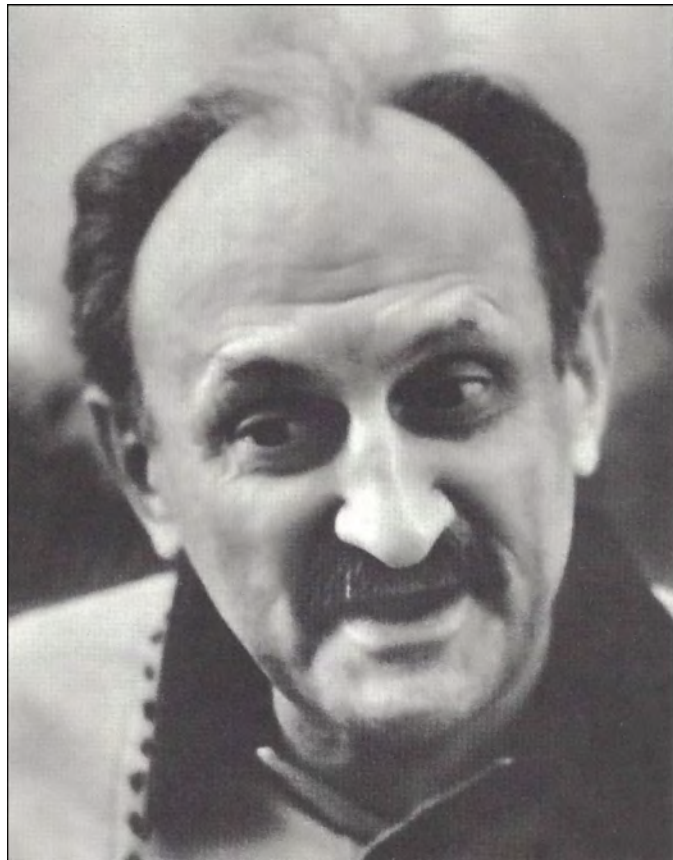
The horse was indeed lucky, for we had not had him for a full two years when we came to Baba, leaving our home in Poona and coming to stay in what is now known as lower Meherabad. This was in the year 1924, when Beloved Baba called my mother and me, and at the same time He sent for Khorshed, Naja, and Jamshed's wife, Khorshed. The most important point is that Baba had told Meheru's father, Rustum, to bring the white horse to Meherabad. So this horse was brought to Meherabad and kept in a room of the old bungalow. This was a small room which had just one little step up to it. I was not there when the horse arrived, but someone who was there later told me that Beloved Baba mounted the horse for a moment. Beloved Baba, so slim and wearing a long white sadra, must have looked very beautiful astride the white horse.

Now, much later, in the year 1944, I was reading 'Kalyan', a Hindi book on spiritual themes. I came across a colored picture in this book of the 'Kaliyuga' Avatar. This present time is known as the 'Kaliyuga' cycle. The sign or symbol of the Avatar of this 'yuga' (age) is the Avatar seated on a white horse. Now this picture I had seen in 'Kalyan' showed a fiery white horse with a figure riding it holding a sword. The white horse means leadership.

The Avatar of this present time, Meher Baba, said, "Age after age, when the wick of Righteousness burns low, the Avatar comes yet once again to rekindle the torch of Love and Truth. Age after age, amidst the clamour of disruptions, wars, fear and chaos, rings the Avatar's call:

"COME ALL UNTO ME."

The time is come. I repeat the Call, and bid all come unto me."



Informal Conversations with Dr. Kenmore After a Saturday Night Meeting

Weak Tea with Strong Talk

Francie: Dr. Kenmore, what exactly does Baba mean by honesty?

Dr. Kenmore: Let me give you an example. I had you do me a favor. I want you to do so and so. And you say, "Yes, I know all about it. It's already done." If you fail to do it, that's dishonest. You gave your word.

Francie: Yes, right.

Dr. Kenmore: That's what I mean. So actually it comes down to being honest in your personal relations with people.

Francie: Uh, mmm.

Dr. Kenmore: I'm going to tell you something In strict confidence. You promise not to tell?

Francie: Yes, Doctor.

Dr. Kenmore: (Mimics) "I promise not to tell." Suppose you go ahead and blab to someone. You're dishonest. That's what I mean. Now, when we speak of the laws of government, this is different—because I gave you an idea of how laws are passed. Most of the lawmakers haven't even read the damn bills. They're put through by little cliques. They go from guy to guy, and even money is handed under the table. See. There's a price. Oh, yes.

Francie: Yes, yes.

Dr. Kenmore: Absolutely. That's the way it's done. They don't read the bills. They're made up by stooges, and most of the guys that have been elected are not law makers—they're law vendors. That's all. They're in the market place of deals for different cliques. And the one who pays the highest bidder has his way. I had a patient who dealt especially in law called mechanic liens. And he invented a way they could by-pass a lot of red tape if they'd only make a little piece of legislation. And it would save the state thousands and thousands of dollars. You hear? And he spent his own money and his own time to testify to the legislators. But, you see, they didn't believe him. He just got caught up in more and more red tape.

Francie: Doctor, should Baba people vote or get involved in politics in any way?

Dr. Kenmore: At one time Baba people were not to go into politics because things were pretty much embroiled and hot and heavy and things were sizzling then. So, naturally, if they became involved in politics, they wouldn't have their minds on Him. At the time He wanted to get something done with the people that he was concerned with, you see. He brought me over there during an election in '59, and I was over in India in the Nixon-Humphrey election. So He got me out of the country away from voting which in itself was an indication, and it was an important election, that I wasn't necessary to the election, and besides, God picks the winners and the losers. So what the hell good is voting. That doesn't mean you go out and tell other people not to vote. It only means that for people connected with Baba, there is no need for them to be in politics because they should know by this time that if God wants a certain guy to be elected, he's going to be elected. All He does is change the numbers on the voting machine. That could be done. Oh, yes, He could just shift the numbers a little bit. That's it, and the guy's in. Did he shift the numbers with Nixon-Humphrey? The guy lost by a half of one percent. That's all. So God picks the winners, and he picks the losers. It has nothing to do with the vote of the population. It appears that the vote of the population gets the guy in. But God always gets the population to vote the way He wants them to vote. Because, when I said to Him, "I guess Humphrey's gonna get elected, Baba", He said, "That's by your will, isn't it?" See, But I learned that He already decided that Nixon was going to win as early as late March of that year, months before Nixon was even nominated. He said Nixon would come into the White House. So he's already picked for the job. So that's it.

Chuck: How were those qawalis written? What kind of people wrote them? (note: qawalis are a special type of spiritual love song sung to God).

Dr. Kenmore: Qawalis have been written right throughout the years. The language in which they are written, Urdu, was formed about three hundred and fifty-odd years ago—around the turn of the seventeenth century. Well, right through the years they have been making up these qawalis. When you listen to them, they

don't seem to make any sense at all. (Some ask Dr. Kenmore for some more translations of the qawalis, and he replies that he will give them next week.)

You like them? Interesting, ain't it. When they were given at the time, they didn't seem as interesting to me somehow because I had a cloudy brain when they were given to me. Your mind behaves so differently when you're with Baba. Oh, so differently. It doesn't reason the way it does in the world, you know. You're like in some compound fog almost. Everything happens so quickly that you can't evaluate it. Very nice. Only thing I remember is in leaving he would embrace only me, kiss me and send me on my way. That's all. Very nice, you know.

Chuck: What is?

Dr. Kenmore: Qawalis. Very, very nice. Very instructive. Serious business. Very serious business.

Bob: Doctor, how do you prevent the intellect from knowing what the heart is doing?

Dr. Kenmore: Well, you have got to do a very quiet, sneak job of it. That's what the show is about. That's why it's a silent endeavor; it's a very quiet operation. You don't even discuss it with a missus, and she never discusses it with her spouse either. It's between you and God. Because as soon as you utter a word about it, the intellect knows it. All of this happens silently inside of you. Nobody knows except your heart. If the heart gains ascendancy, the intellect will tend to go into the background and go to sleep, as it were. The intellect in the beginning will resist your development of the heart. It wants to be number one. It wants to rule. It wants to hold sway and be your conqueror. But the heart must persist in its yearning. It mustn't let up. And the heart is stronger than the intellect because the heart is connected basically with this Ocean of Divinity, see. The heart will ultimately take the soul and show the soul what and who it really is. The crest-wave of power of the Divine Ocean is traceable to the heart. That's where the root is. As you build up momentum in the heart's action as its yearning for the Beloved increases, the intellect is gradually overcome, and you smash it. You don't do it with egotism or with bravado. If you do it with bravado, that's the ego or the intellect, you see. In other words, that's interfering with the action of the heart. The heart is connected with humility. It's the heart that compels you to become the dust at the feet of the Avatar. That makes you like dust. The heart doesn't care how it looks to others. It's only conscious of how it looks at the Beloved, and it's conscious of the Beloved's looks at itself. So, the intellect must ultimately give way if the heart pursues its quest for union with the Beloved, quietly and unostentatiously with humility. The great opposition is felt usually at the beginning. The beginning can last days, weeks, months, and years, and you are still making a beginning, see. When people's hearts turn to the Beloved in the beginning, they usually end up complaining: "Life is tough; this is kind of tough." The intel-

lect has it; the intellect has you in the corner as soon as you say life is tough, and it's not as easy as I thought. Well, who in the hell said it was easy? What book do they read to tell them that it was easy? They are reading the wrong book, you see. There are systems which will immerse you in the intellect more and more. Systems that say thoughts are things when they are nothing but "thoughts". Thoughts are not things, they are merely "thoughts".

The pursuit after an abundance of things—success—oh, everything that will make you feel that you are top dog in the world is nothing but the deeper involvement in maya. That kind of desiring has to go because the more you care for the Beloved, you'll find the less you will be interested in certain kinds of music, in books, papers, magazines. Your tastes for things will change. I still have the habit of wearing one slack for a whole week, dropping it into the cleaners—one sweater, too. I developed that after the '59 trip to India. That just happened. And all winter I'd wear two slacks and two sweaters. That's all. I didn't care. There was no interest in clothing, even music. I have thousands of dollars worth of long playing records, but, gosh, I never put them on the turntable. Not interested any more. The tastes have changed. I used to run a radio in my office all day long in the reception room. Now I never put it on. I haven't done it for years now. The equipment is there. The speakers are there. The lines are up. I don't use it. Your tastes will change. Your values are different. It doesn't matter. But you still must keep clean, and never get careless about your personal toilet and things like that. That only happens if you become a mast—a genuine one. I don't mean act like a mast. A lot of these jerks, you know, want to act like a mast like actors on a stage to attract attention. These are idiots who are escapists not knowing how and not wanting to meet responsibilities of living, of keeping alive. They go out and make damn fools of themselves. You don't act this attitude out. This is something that you feel, and it happens automatically, without your thinking about it. It just happens, see? It happened to me. For months I functioned as an automaton. I don't know how I got through it, but I got through. Everything was mechanical. This happens. Then there are other phases. But it isn't good to talk about because you will then want to imitate. It happens differently with different people. But as a general rule, the tastes do change. You probably won't like rock and roll as much, or you won't like classical music or opera music or jazz or folk songs. You won't dress according to the style of the day now. Not that you don't look nice in clothes, I mean there's just no interest in that direction anymore. You do with what you've got. You find you won't go out as much because conversation with people will be trite. You'll have no interest because your mind is where your heart is—on the Beloved. Conversation only robs you of your time of being with your Beloved. So it's useless even to socialize with people. Now this isn't something that you make yourself do. It's an automatic thing, you see. As soon as you start making yourself—putting on an act—it's phoney, and you are not really experiencing it. You're trying to be observed by others. In other

words, you have become a phony exhibitionist. Same thing with the guys with the long hair. They don't grow their hair because they really believe something. It's because the other guys are wearing it, and they want to conform, and they don't want to stand out like a sore thumb. They get scared. So they run with the pack. They didn't make up their mind to do it themselves. The crowd made their minds up. It didn't automatically come to them that they have to grow their hair. They see the other jerks wearing it and think, "Now why can't I look like the same old jerk the way they do so I won't stand out. Otherwise they'll be badgering me: "Oh, why the hell don't you grow your hair; come on, you got no guts, you're yellow-bellied." They can't take that, so they grow the hair, and they lessen the resistance level against conformity. They follow the least point of resistance. That's why they grow their hair. Why does everyone wear the style? Why don't you wear your own style? Make your own style. Let's see if others will follow your style. No, they haven't got that. Conformity is a disease related to the mediocrity that I once talked about. Now, when you search for God, there's no need to grow long hair or a beard. With the same automaticity and mechanical habit you can take out your shaver and shave your face, and once in five weeks or so, you can drop into the barber and let them cut your hair. When you have a short cut, it's more comfortable. It's easier to manage, and it generally feels better than to go out with a dust-collecting mop that you have a false pride in. That's all it is. It's like guys who go out and get one woman after another to prove to themselves they're a man. So these guys grow hair to prove it that way. Well, alright, once you've proved that you are a man and you grow the long hair, well, then cut it off. How long do you have to keep proving it to yourself?

Tommy: When you spoke to us last, you said that Meher Baba wanted men to become men. What qualities, specifically did he mean by that?

Dr. Kenmore: Well, men are to be men. How will I explain it? Number one, they are to be energetic. He loved energetic people—energetic men. They also are to have character. Character is very important because it indicates the very nature of the person himself. To build up a character, you're to emphasize qualities of honesty, strength, stamina, steadfastness, and serious application in fulfilling your duties. If one is involved with a woman or with a family, responsibilities must be met. Men are to be protectors and providers of the family unit. They are to express qualities of justice and of kindness. In other words, humility must not be considered weakness, but a quality of strength. They are not to be rash or overbearingly aggressive. They are not to take advantage of others. There is the element of selfless service. You see, in India, the man is the god in the house, as it were. The Indian woman looks upon the man as though he were God and she is totally subservient to the man. He has the burden of responsibility, in toto, of the whole household, you see. And his word in the family is law. What he says goes.

Question: Why use India as an example of how men should act?

Dr. Kenmore: We may point to India and say that this is not a country we can look to as an expression of the highest because of its impoverishment, you know, because of its caste system. But there's one thing that India did give to the world. It gave to the world the Avatars and the Perfect Masters. It provided a climate, an atmosphere, in which the search for God would flourish. It has that atmosphere. There are days in certain areas of India when the atmosphere is so charged with ineffable beauty that you just about scream, it's so beautiful. It's almost electrifying. Sometimes it has that atmosphere—that quality—and you feel that the land is a very ancient land. It's full of antiquity. And it is the cradle of spirituality where the real Masters, the real Saints, the Walis, and the Masters—men and women of all degrees of spiritual progress—have always lived. It definitely has made a contribution to the world which the world never sought to avail itself of. In the West we judge a country like India according to the speed of the development of technology, which is an emphasis on materiality. That's the only thing that matters to the West.

With all the materiality that we develop, we're only left with materiality, and yet inside, everything is a desert. It's empty. It's devoid of any development. So we run to the East to get what they develop—what we're not able to develop because of our attachment to and our emphasis on the developed technology. Both are necessary to the advancement of the world. There's nothing wrong with technology if you finally realize the limits of its growth. You need something more after that. That's why you go to the East. In the East you come away with something that really satisfies the innards. All that clothing, that paraphernalia that you accumulated in technology, you find doesn't interest you anymore. You're more disciplined in the kind of and the amount of things that you accumulate. You find you're not interested in a King Louis set of furniture as much as you were or in a certain chair or a dish. It doesn't matter if Napoleon ate out of this plate—who gives a damn? It all belongs to imagination, and you never even know whether he ate out of the plate or they merely said so. How are you going to know? How are you going to prove it? Just like now they find a skeleton in the ground, and heaven knows there were thousands of skeletons that were in the ground of people crucified, and they let out the idea, "Oh, these bones might be Jesus'," as though that was the only one ever crucified. It was common practice. The way we bump people off in automobiles and with guns today, that's how common crucifixion was in those days. That's the way they got rid of people. Just as in England they did the hangings, and in France they did the hangings or the guillotine. They did it to discourage pick pocketing. But the pickpockets were still at work. While they were looking at the hangings, there were people picking the pockets of those looking at the hangings. It didn't discourage it at all. But that's the way they got rid of people in those days in England. Well, crucifixion was the common practice of eliminating certain

members of some societies. And so they start raising the hopes and they say, "Oh this one was crucified in the sitting posture." This is two thousand years later. Even to begin to perpetuate this kind of fraud, I mean, how stupid can people get?

Tommy: Well, that's picking the bones of the past, isn't it?

Dr. Kenmore: I think that's picking the teeth of the brainlessness of the people of today. I'm telling you, it's fantastic. People have no idea what time is. Why, Abraham Lincoln dying and getting killed in 1865, why, it's like a million years ago. It's like it never even was. Consider two thousand years ago, in a foreign land, where there's no printing, no books. They had parchments, scrolls, where 98% of the population was illiterate. How far can people go?

So to be a man means living up to the responsibilities of being the head of your household. And a woman, of course, should be a woman. A good wife, a good homemaker, and an excellent mother. And that's as big a job as the man's. It's an awfully big job. It takes up all your time if you're really serious with it. So this idea of dress and how you look: when a man grows a goatee, for instance, nice and trim and everything like that, everybody knows the doggone idiot is an exhibitionist. The care he takes of it and everything. He looks at himself in the mirror as though he's Mr. Narcissus himself. Let's face it. What is he doing? He's paying homage to a form—to a personality. You see? And that image is going to perish. He with his goatee will go to the grave. You can't even preserve the goatee forever. It'll go with him, too.

Q.: Dr., what if you don't like to shave?

Dr. Kenmore: Oh, ridiculous. It's a matter of habit. Everything is a matter of habit. What if you don't like to cut your nails and let them grow six inches the way they do in sections of China. Nails that were six inches were a sign of culture. It meant that you weren't a peasant in the field. You didn't make your work breaking your back like a half beast—half rodent in the field, eking out a living. You could just about barely pick up a tea cup, that was about all. That was all the work you did. You see it was a symbol of, not culture, but damn laziness. That's all.

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