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May 1967

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25th May 1967

DIVYA VANI

(DIVINE VOICE)

Editor:

SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN

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AN ENGLISH MONTHLY

Devoted to Avatar Meher Baba & His Work

Editor:

SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN

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AVATAR MEHER BABA
(The Living Christ)

* THE BLESSED LORD SHRI
MEHER BABA THE BELOVED

By Meredith Starr

Sweeter than sweetest music is His Voice.
Therefore He speaks but seldom, lest the sound
Should drive men mad with longing, And His eyes
Are sapphire stars that flash from silver skies.
His very footstep makes the earth rejoice
And laugh with flowers, till the barren ground
Glow like another Eden. At His laugh
The mountains dance like gypsies, and the sea
Heaves with immortal yearning; and His smile
Troubles the calm heart of the Evening Star.
He is so beautiful, the very Gods
Ache with such longing that they leave their thrones
And flock to serve Him, casting at His feet
The crowns and ropes and jewels of their rank,
The powers and glories of their high estate
In realms elysian, remote from Earth,
And all for love! They serve because they love Him:
In Him they live, for He is life itself.
Their love is but Himself—a borrowed flame
Whereby they worship Him. He loves Himself
In them. Himself by Himself drawn, they come—
And lo! 'tis but Himself that comes—and merge
Within His Being—Himself by Himself kissed—

And in the bliss of union pass beyond
Themselves, with Him, far into the Beyond.
This is the bond between their souls and Him,
The secret power that draws them to His side.
Behold them, here and there, those Perfect Ones,
On earth, like kings in beggar's garments clad,
(For kings they are in truth and deed and fact,
Though clad so poorly in the rags of flesh),
On secret service bent for their dear Lord.
For whose sake they have rendered up their all
As though 'twere nought—and nought it truly is,
For He Himself is more, O far far more
Than all the pageant of this universe,
Which as the wise know well in sober truth,
Is but a ring He wears upon His finger;
And countless universes are to Him
Like chains of flowers little children weave
For their own pleasure in an idle hour.
He is the Tree of Life, whose golden fruits
Are suns and stars and gods and Perfect Men;
The leaves are human souls; the branches, laws;
The trunk, His glorious Form, upholding all,
Rooted in heaven; in the unmanifest
He calls His Father, who is but Himself
When passed beyond Himself in the Beyond;
The Sap, His essence, permeating all,
The One Life flowing through all living things.

UP THE GANGA

From the Hooghly to Benares

By MOOCHEWALA

The memory of the fire of Baba's raging lovers in Hamirpur and stations north was still fresh in Moochewala's heart when he set out for Calcutta. It was the week before Christmas when he boarded the Gujarat Express for Bombay, the first leg of the trip from Ahmedabad. Ahmedabad to Bombay—where Sorabji and Kishan Chand opened their arms in between-trains greeting—and Bombay to Nagpur overnight; on the cross-India Howrah Mail.

Nagpur was the first way-station of the journey, a city of fifteen lakhs which has been visited more than once by the Way Himself, leaving Footprints fragrant with His love for His lovers to follow in longing and remembrance.

One Finger
of the Hand of God on earth
had prepared this land for the God-Man's feet—Tajuddin Baba
had made his home in Nagpur.

When that glorious Hand
with four Perfect Fingers
and Shirdi Thumb—
began its Handiwork,
only that Hand knew that
It would create
a perfect work of art—
the Source of Art:

AVATAR!

Formless God was cloaked with Form
to bring His Truth to man as Man ... as

MEHER BABA

Lovers of this Matchless One met the train at Nagpur station—C. D. Deshmukh, Nana Kher, Saoji, Ganesh Singh and many others—various ones whose feet have found His Footsteps and would follow them, to find and dust the Feet which made them.

Lunch at Deshmukh's where Moochewala stayed in Nagpur—where he met the Deshmukh family, one-hearted and single-minded in their love of the living Avatar. "Meher Vihar" is the name of the Deshmukh's home "Abode of Meher"—while inside the house is kept "Vihar Meher," a bronze bust of Baba which travels around the country with Deshmukh whenever he sets out to talk about Meher's wordless message.

After lunch, a taxi-full of lovers took Moochewala to Saoner, where an afternoon program was planned. Saoner is a village some twenty-nine miles from Nagpur, a "Baba-village" which had been visited by Him before and was visited again that day. After tea and brass band reception with the local lovers Bhalerao and Pophali, there was a procession through the main street of the village, with a photographic image of Baba on a rickshaw leading the way. The image was vivified and His Presence verified by the love and joy of hundreds who joined the parade..... a singing parade which danced itself through the village, a magnetic dance of love which pulled lovers from every house-door and shop-front.

The procession led to Sita Ram Maharaj Math, a temple which had been up-dated by Baba's visit some years ago and which was cramped with a thousand hearts bursting-full with Baba on this day. Bhajans and speeches

followed timely appeal to the crowd for funds to expand the building. Moochewala spoke about bringing God up-to-date, or rather, getting up-to-date with God.

Baba has shown that the first step in getting up-to-date with God is to quit looking backwards at His last form, or His next-last, or any of the previous Forms which God has taken on to waken man to Him—past forms are *past*, and each coat of human flesh and bones which God has worn lies buried in the closet of the earth—for God is conscious of the fashions of the world, and He never wears an out-worn dress to the banquet of His Avataric Love-feast. Forget Ram-dress and Christ-coat, forget the past fashions of the Ever-living God and quit speculating about His next debut—turn face to face with Meher Baba and see God's HERE-Form and NOW-Form, the cloak which He uses in the *present* day to make Himself known to man. And that, for those who have eyes to see, is the first step in getting up-to-date with God.

Having found God's Grace alive on earth, the second step is to capture it in your heart. To find the God-Man is to find God, but to *know* God—to find Him not only outside of yourself but also inside of yourself, to find Him *to be yourself*—that, as is said, is a horse of a different barn. To really find God, one must be 100% up-to-date with Him, and to find the Reality behind Meher Baba's Form, you must strive to see Him as He really is.

Striving to see the Reality of the God-Man is like a little boy spotting a frog and wanting to put it in his pocket. The boy begins by seeing this new and delightful creature and desiring to add him to the collection of boyhood treasures which already adorns his well-seasoned pocket. He watches it for a while and then begins to sneak up on it, because he sees that he must grab it quickly or it will hop away. He creeps up on his hands and knees, he reaches out slowly, slowly, s-l-o-w-l-y ... GOTCHA! he

declares as his hand swings down out of nowhere, and the frog—well, the frog seems to be quicker than the hand, which opens up before the boy's eyes to produce a handful of nothing while the frog has made it on the lam into the safe cover of the nearest bush.

The boy decides that he could use some help to catch this prize, and runs off to call all his friends over to his backyard. When he and his gang of would-be frog-grabbers return, the boy tells with great excitement where he last saw the wild beast, and in his youthful zeal describes the frog with such wild imagination that none of the others would recognize the hopper if they saw it—for by now it has become four feet high, with five red eyes and fire shouting out of its mouth, able to devour a dozen little boys in a single gulp.

Meanwhile, brother frog has hopped around into the front yard (indeed, the backyard was becoming a rather frightening place, with little boys carrying nets and clubs and yelling at the top of their voices), and it so happens that a late-comer in the neighbourhood was arriving just as the frog was making a hop. Aha! said that frontyard-fellow, as he started out in hot pursuit, and while he was crawling around in the front-yard bushes, some other friends spied him and came running over to join him.

And the frontyard-guys meet the backyard-guys just at the place where the frontyard meets the backyard, and each group asks the other somewhat indignantly what it's doing.

"None of your business," yell the frontyard-guys.

"None of *your* business," yell the backyard-guys.

"Catching a frog, if you *have* to know," scream the frontyard-guys.

(Continued on page 31)

ART AND MEHER BABA

by Maud Kennedy, U. K.

Painting begins with a sense of wonder and joy of what we see, perhaps when we are very young. The feeling wants to come from inside us and be expressed. Nearly all the children have this emotion but most lose it or forget it as they grow up.

Meher Baba has told us:

"If when we grow up we become like children, child-like, not childish, then we can love God; because to love God we have to be desireless, except with the one desire, the one longing to be united with God. So when we grow up and become child-like, not childish, we can then honestly love God, we find God everywhere—nothing can shake, alter or stop that perpetual happiness, but we must first be honest seekers of Truth."

We have to keep carefully that child-like sense of wonder. We can only do this by forgetting *ourselves*; selfish thoughts blot out the beauty around us. This poem expresses it so well:—

"My eyes did expand
Into regions of air
Away from all care
Into regions of fire
Remote from desire."

These five lines by the artist and poet William Blake are worth considering. "My eyes did expand" It means,

the eyes can carry you into regions of the spirit, away from cares of this world; leaving worldly desires behind.

Now Meher Baba tells us, "the fire of love burns up our desires."

To give a simple example:—

A man and a child walking over a hillside see sheep grazing with lambs. The child really sees the sheep—he forms a mental picture and afterwards when he gets home tries to draw them. The man hardly uses his eyes except to count them, and thinks—"these are my sheep, I shall have so many lambs, I shall sell the mutton, I shall gain so much money this year." In fact he has not seen the sheep. The moment of eternity was lost to him. Instead of seeing the whole scene as part of God's creation and thereby feeling happier and part of it, he only saw himself as *owner* of the sheep.

In every way the artist and the child resemble Baba, in their capacity for being detached from the worldly self-seeking attitude—however *their* values are different. The small child and the *true* artist live apart in their own world—seeing things in their own way.

The child is aware of everything that has life and movement and colour or is good to play with. Baba once said, "I am a child." And He loves to play with children. His great love for children is very well known and sometimes He allows the children to come when no one else is allowed to see Him. He used to play marbles, fly kites, and play cricket at school—and He has invented several games for grown up children.

The artist resembles Baba because he observes everything in the light of an ever changing pattern. He does not care what it is, old or new, clean or dirty, cheap or valuable, useful or useless. It is beautiful in some way. One student of Art said to me, "I like geometry—

geometry is God." He meant the discovery of all these shapes and lines and curves and laws of the Universe is like discovering God, the Reality behind all forms.

Baba says:

"God is both Personal and Impersonal.
He is in art, in literature, in everything."

Children's drawings can express a great deal and even delight grown up people. These can be really refreshing because children see things in a different way from us. They see things in their own way without convention. Art is *very* important for them; it is teaching them to use their eyes and developing their powers of expression by themselves. Unconsciously they are teaching themselves to love God.

The best way to train ourselves to see beauty everywhere is to draw or paint; but if this is impossible, most people can go and look at pictures, sculpture or applied art or failing these, reproductions. We can try to see nature through an artist's eyes and become more observant. We can discover one particular artist who fills us with enthusiasm for life: then study the work of that *one*, read about him or her, buy reproductions or an original.

Light:

"God is Light, you shall therefore hearken to the soul of Nature. The very heart of all things is Divine."

—Zoroaster

Light itself is something mysterious and very precious. Of course we feel this often. For instance, when we see shafts of sunlight filtering through trees or clouds or through curtains of a window. Darkness is unpleasant; it is associated subconsciously with evil, "dark deeds, wild animals, ghosts, etc." So every morning we are *glad* to see the light.

In the small cottages in Ireland during the winter months, the people have *very* little light—only a feeble oil lamp or rush light. Long ago it was the custom for poor people to say, when the lamp was lit, "Praise God, now we have a light!" This is an attitude of mind that is close to the artist who has a feeling for that which is Eternal and it is akin to poetry which grasps the eternal out of the medley of human affairs and holds it up like a jewel for us to look at. The eternal things in life are the things which matter and one of them is "light". And light is a symbol of the inner light—there is a well-known Indian prayer:

"Let our meditation be on the glorious light of Savitri. May this light illumine our minds."

The true meaning of the word "divine" is "shining", since it is derived from the Sanskrit word DIV, "to shine". Of Buddha, it is said:

"Even while he walked in this world, there issued from his body rays of a golden shining."

And it is recorded that St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Clare, with others of their company were seated round their humble board at a meal, when St. Francis began to discourse so sweetly of God, that the divine Grace descended upon them, and all were caught up in ecstasy. While thus rapt in God, the folk of the country around saw the place where they were and the surrounding woods lit up as if it were with fire, and so they ran in haste to quench. Coming closer they found that there was no fire at all, and entering they saw Francis and Clare and their company in contemplation, wrapt in God. Whereby they understood it was no earthly but divine fire.

The 17th century Dutch school were called "The Painters of Light". Peter de Hooch, Jan Vermeer of Delft, Rembrandt, also some French painters called Chardin, George de la Tour and Louis le Nain—they all

expressed the joy and beauty of light on quite simple things, such as interiors of houses, pots and pans and food and simple folk.

The reason why *we* can see beauty in all these things is now made clear. God is *in* all and everything. Whether the artists who painted these pictures were conscious of this or not we do not know.

William Blake, the poet says:

"I swear, I think now, that *everything* without exception has an eternal soul! The trees rooted in the ground have, the weeds of the sea have, the animals have."

This is just what Baba teaches us about the evolution of the soul—that we have *evolved* through the stone, mineral, vegetable and animal worlds. Even some of the ancient Greeks knew this. One of them said:

"Of soul thou shalt never find boundaries, no, not if thou trackest it on every path, so deep is its cause."

Many things in nature can become a symbol of God in your mind, such as a frost pattern, the wing of an insect, the sky or a flower. Everything made by man seems to get old and shabby and so does not satisfy us for long but when we see a perfect flower we are surprised; We think "what a miracle, without any apparent effort this wonderful thing has come into being!"

Where has it come from? It has come from the great Reality—God. It is symmetry plus infinite diversity.

It is not that an artist is slavishly trying to copy nature; that is impossible. It is rather that he sees things in a certain way. He is aware of a harmony of colours or lines that inspire and awaken the same harmony in himself. He recognises that he is *part* of it and wishes to

create something that records this feeling. If successful it will arouse the same feeling in others. It is not an *easy* thing to do.

The Dutch painter Van Gogh says:—

"There is something infinite in painting. There are hidden harmonies or contrasts in colours which involuntarily combine to work together and which could not possibly be used in any other way."

The other day I was being driven home by a man from S. Africa and his wife, who were spending a long holiday in England. As we came over the brow of a hill, we saw a wide expanse of the Cherwell valley. I said, "How do you like our landscape?" "Oh! it is fine," they said, "but the pity is—it is not clear and we could see it better." I was surprised, then I remembered, perhaps they are not used to looking at misty landscapes, therefore they cannot see that it is attractive; to them there is something wrong. I answered, "Oh, we think that the haze is very beautiful and mysterious." So I hoped they would begin to see it in *that* way. An artist's chief work is to open our eyes to new beauties—to awaken us. Every true artist must feel that his mission is to bring people nearer to the great Reality. So at once we see an affinity with the Divine Meher Baba, who says: "I have come not to teach but to awaken." When He speaks about Love it might be an artist speaking about his feeling for nature.

Baba says:—

"Love puts the soul into direct and co-ordinate relation with the Reality which is behind the form.... in love there is an expansion of being. To have loved one soul is like adding its life to your own; your life is as it were multiplied..... If you love the whole world, you vicariously live in the whole world.... in love there is the feeling of unity and joy..... love is re-creation..... there is tranquility."

Self-harmony or self-control is again and again praised in the 'Bhagavad Gita'. All perfection in action is a form of self-control. The artist must have self-control in the moment of creation and all work well done requires self-control.

So an artist's work is an expression of the spirit. In Mr. Purdom's book "The Perfect Master", I find Baba saying: "Art is divine. It can only be rightly expressed if applied to bring out the inner beauty." I believe He meant a true painter cannot paint or a true dramatist write plays with happy endings merely to please the general public. He is more concerned with looking inward and searching for a way to express Truth, to bring out the divine qualities. Our English artist, Paul Nash, wrote:—

·I want to paint trees as though they were human beings—because I sincerely love and worship trees and know they *are* people and wonderfully beautiful people... I turned to landscape not for the landscape's sake but for the things behind, *the dweller in the innermost* whose light shines through sometimes."

Again Meher Baba said to an artist whom He met in Germany:

"Art when inspired by love, leads to higher realms. Love Art and that art will open for you the inner life—when you paint you forget everything except your object. When you are much engrossed in it, your ego diminishes. Love infinite appears; and when Love is created God is attained. So you see how art can lead one to find infinite God."

Almost everything I read about Art reminds me of Meher Baba in some way, which is not surprising since every facet of Truth comes from God.

Baba says:

"To be full of emptiness is the ideal state. It means turning one's mind and heart inside out, becoming empty and naked. To be empty means to be rid of all desires and concerns the heart. To be naked concerns the mind and means not to care for the opinions, criticism or censure of others in one's pursuit of the true goal. This is what Junaid's Master meant when he told Junaid to become empty and naked..... Only when the heart is cleaned out and the mind completely emptied can they become instruments, hollow as the flute or drum to give forth divine music."

A painter wanders about with an empty mind; in trains, in buses, and walking home. This emptiness comes first and quite naturally; then an idea occurs or a picture is seen in imagination, or a group of people appear significant or a passing landscape will formulate a perfect composition due to a momentary effect of light. He may have passed the scene a hundred times but one day it appears as a picture.

Without calmness of mind and detachment from thoughts of right and wrong, of profit and loss, of personal feelings and worries, the pictures would never have been seen by the inner eye.

It is a state of mind—the very opposite of doing, striving, straining or busyness. It is more a state of letting it go.

So artists are happy alone and wandering, consequently they are accused sometimes of being careless, forgetful and unsociable; but in fact they could not practice their art without cultivating this "no mind" state. I am sure the same thing must apply to poets and musicians.

Baba says about Himself, "Strictly speaking I have no mind, the Universal Mind flows through Me". His actions spring from within. He also says:—

"When knowledge is gained, ignorance is banished, but for ignorance to go knowledge must be gained. On the one hand God and the capacity of man to see and become one with God are always there. On the other hand, Truth remains hidden from man until he actually arrives upon the Path or realizes God.

"This apparent anomaly is due to two different factors; man's ignorance of the Truth, and that Truth is beyond the faculty of reason and far, far above the sphere of *intellect*. The fact remains that man has become God and man *can* become God for the simple reason that knowingly or unknowingly man *is* God."

As an example of this way of creating something—at one time I used to weave. Learning how to do it was practical work but creating a colour scheme was spontaneous action. I did *no* thinking but simply sat down in a happy frame of mind and began—my mind a blank. One colour as a basis conjured up another colour as if it was making itself. In this way the weaving was no effort but a pure pleasure. Leonardo da Vinci in his famous notebooks says:—

"Truly painting isa true born child of nature; therefore we may speak of it as related to God. Art is not merely imitation of nature by direct experience; it is an act of creation, *which is far superior to the science which precedes it.*"

Later writers describe the ideal beauty conceived by the artists as having its source in God. The idea in the artist's mind is there compared to the pattern in the mind

of God when he created the world. One thinks of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Piero della Francesca, and Giotto in this respect.

Emerson's description of a painting by Leonardo is this:—

"A thought so passionate and alive, like a spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own and adorns nature with a *new* thing."

Meher Baba says:

"To penetrate into the essence of all being and significance and to release the fragrance of that inner attainment for the guidance and benefit of others, by expressing, in the world of forms, truth, love, purity and beauty,—this is the sole game which has any intrinsic and absolute worth. All other happenings, incidents and attainments can, in themselves, have no lasting importance. "

Sublime and Grotesque

The eminent Victorian art critic, John Ruskin, said, "Whatever is great in human art is the expression of man's delight in God's Work." Delight and fun; art can sometimes make you laugh or cry. Why not? So it should. Curious and grotesque forms—nature is full of them—why not art?

In fact, without the grotesque we could not appreciate symmetry.

Look at the pictures by Flemish painters such as Jerome, Bosch, the peasant scenes of Pieter Bruegel, Van Ostade, and Franz Hals. And in modern times there is often clowning, as in some paintings by Picasso, Stanley Spencer, and Marc Chagall. They help us to develop a sense of humour—as Baba says:

"When rightly understood Life is a jest."

It is a mighty divine joke.

Then there is the sublime *with* the grotesque; both are perfectly shown in the picture of Christ crowned with thorns by Jerome Bosch which is in the National Gallery, London. In this marvellous old picture the artist has clearly shown the contrast, of a patient Christ surrounded by stupid, cruel or greedy faces. The patience of Meher Baba is the patience of Christ. Here we see the honest, pure and perfect Man surrounded on all sides by Greed for money, Greed for power, brute force, lust, stupidity, ignorance, and cruelty which are all blind to truth and beauty. Yes, God is the supreme artist expressing himself in every conceivable form. Every object in nature, great or small, is a perfect work of art. We can do nothing to improve it. It follows the law of harmony from within, in form and colour, often in a seemingly baffling way.

Baba said on one occasion:

"If you realise only a small portion of what I call the Highest Knowledge, you will experience great bliss. It will bring down Heaven into your heart. Every object will give you joy."

Modern Movement

Now one word about modern trends. Baba says, "I have come not to teach but to awaken" —remember these words.

Ramakrishna, the Perfect Master, who lived in India 81 years ago said:

"When a tidal wave comes all the little brooks and ditches become full to the brim without any effort or consciousness on their part; so when an in-

carnation comes, a tidal wave of spirituality breaks upon the world and people feel spirituality in the air."

So when Baba came into the world as a man, though none knew it in Europe, the most sensitive artists, who have ever their ear to the ground, have been the first to show a new awakening of the imagination or image making.

A new sort of art has been born during Baba's life on the earth—more honest, more simple, more true.

A great artist becomes like a sensitive radar instrument. He is aware of new and subtle influences at work; sometimes disturbing, often revolutionary. He looks ahead of the actual moment of time and sees what is to come and what is finished with. The collapse of our so-called Christian era and the destructive elements in our present civilization are very obviously seen in the chaos depicted by many living artists.

The destruction of old and false values was accomplished by a group of artists working mainly in France, such as Cezanne, Gauguin, Degas, Van Gogh, Modigliani, Matisse and Picasso. Because of this upheaval in ideas, the general public is unable to understand the new art—is upset or angry and very often the artist is condemned to utter poverty as a result. Vincent Van Gogh is the perfect example of this story but there have been many others. That does not mean that anyone who plays with paint is *important*. Painting is a craft, a discipline with sustained hard work involved (which goes on for years), giving out vital energy. Vincent Van Gogh is a modern artist who was an awakener. I think his life is very interesting and noble, though sad. Because he could not sell his pictures he sometimes believed himself a failure. His brother Theo loved and supported him and they continually wrote letters to each other. Without Theo,

Vincent could have done nothing. So we must be grateful to Theo. Vincent's mind became distraught, he was penniless—he twice tried to shoot himself. He had fits of insanity. Van Gogh was hounded to death by a commercial society, who were too worldly to appreciate him. He gave his whole life to art for the benefit of humanity a decade later.

And I feel Vincent Van Gogh gives us Baba's message of love:—

"See God in everything,
Love everyone."

He painted all and everything with the same enthusiastic simplicity. He seems to say, "Look, God is here beside you. He is in these wretched people eating potatoes—in this table, books, plate and onions—in these blowing trees, flowing clouds, growing corn, working men and crumbling houses." Everything in his pictures seems to be alive and moving or vibrating. Nothing looks permanent. "It is all an illusion," as Baba says, "a tamasha, a fun—behind it is the Reality, God." He could literally paint *anything* and give it a God-like quality. His pictures are the pure essence of simplicity and an honest mind—of joy in earth and sky; of colour and form in all things that came his way. He says in one of his letters:

"I am an artist, these words connote always seeking without absolutely finding. It is just the opposite of saying "I *know*, I have found it." As far as I know that word means 'I am seeking. I am striving, I am in it with all my heart."

Painting portraits is a good thing, to show people that there is more in them than the photographer can possibly get out of them with his machine. And the painted portraits have a life of their own, coming straight from the painter's soul, which the machine cannot reach.

It seems to me—it's a painter's duty to try to put an idea into his work (namely the existence of God and Eternity). At times there is something indescribable in those aspects, all nature seems to speak; and going home one has the same feeling as when one has finished a book by Victor Hugo for instance. As for me I cannot understand why everybody does not feel it, nature or God does it for everyone, who has ears and eyes, and a heart to understand.

I believe it is Francis Brabazon who says—

"This is not to say a real artist is not automatically and instantly a teacher in his very act of being artist. Real Art is in itself the highest teaching, (Music, sculpture, poetry, painting and acting)—One who has attained Self-realization is a Perfect Artist in himself whether or not he ever opens his mouth to others—His very presence among men is a teaching to them what they should and may become."

I think the most exciting thing about the present age is that new discoveries about Truth and Reality are coming out from many different quarters. These new discoveries all fit into the general pattern which is being built up from various sources: Occultists, spiritualists and theosophists contribute new theories, also artists and scientists such as psychologists, biologists, physicists and doctors. Lastly, supreme knowledge comes from the teaching of the Sadguru and the Divine Perfect Master, Meher Baba.

All knowledge is becoming available to those who are sincerely looking for it. For instance, the occultists say that there is an invisible force or fluid comparable to electricity, which is given off and received between a human being and any man-made object—or between two human beings or animals. In fact, all living things

possess it. It is a source of energy and life and an incentive to action.

A work of Art can be a store-house of energy and power and can emit a force which gives out either peace, harmony and love or violence, greed and desolation. Or it can emit a shoddy and vulgar atmosphere or something weak and sentimental. There are a hundred different impressions one may receive: depending on what forces and qualities were put into it. This most certainly is the reason why people go and look at certain pictures and can derive great strength and satisfaction from doing so. This satisfaction points to the very meaning of Great Art: why it is a necessity, why it uplifts, inspires and helps human beings.

From all this it follows and is easily comprehensible to Baba-lovers that to stand in the presence of a Perfect Master, to receive *prasad* of sweet or fruit from him—even to look at his picture or to read about him is to receive something intangible which, if you open your heart, pours into it and brings new life and joy and energy.

Since Meher Baba is the manifestation of God on earth, so it follows He is the source of all that is.

"God is All—only God Is."

One of the Persian poets and mystics wrote many centuries ago:

"I am Silent—Speak thou
O soul of soul of soul
From desire of whos Face
Every atom grew articulate."

Yes, Art and Baba are silent.

"The World as world is illusion, the world as God is Reality."

— Meher Baba.

GIVING

by M. Buxbaum

The world has many happy folk
Who smile each day they live,
Because they've found that happiness
Depends on what you give.

For a givin' man is different
From his neighbours in the pod.
When his thoughts are of his brothers,
Then he's closest to his God.

And the spark of love he kindles
In a breast where hope has died
Sheds a warmth that's like no other
For it feels so good inside!!

And every time he gives a bit
He adds a little part
To that something deep within him
That the poets call a *heart*.

NOTICE:

Most attractive and beautiful Baba lockets are now available as follows. Please write to Sri Jal S. Irani, 765, Dastur Meher Road, Poona (Maharashtra State), India.

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"DON'T WORRY"

by Delia De Leon, U. K.

To be told by Baba not to worry, may seem a common place and simple thing. Those unaccustomed to His ways or meeting Him for the first time might probably wonder why He bothers to mention the obvious, for we all have our worries. Especially might it come as a shock to those who desire to hear from Him learned metaphysical or philosophical discussions. Baba's concern is to awaken the love within us which will enable us to live as and become real human beings. So His appeal is to the heart; directly and simply He gets right down to the very roots of our being. Invariably He says: "Don't worry—I will help you—Love Me." These words, like the words of Jesus: "Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid" are deep and significant, for they are a clarion call to us, to rouse ourselves, to awaken from our fatal smug little outlook on life—to yearn for a richer, fuller and deeper way of living.

If we want to understand Baba's ways, we have only to pause and think a little to realize that the fundamental cause of most of the trouble that is shaking the foundations of our world to-day, is worry; and its inevitable sister, fear. Everywhere we see the peoples and even the nations in the grip of worry and fear. The life of the individual makes up the life and character of the nation, and they in turn react on other peoples and nations. We worry, because we lack health or possessions, or money, or lands. We poison our lives at its source, and that affects our adjustments to each other, and then comes intolerance, greed, persecutions. We have not got the right kind of faith—the faith that helps

us recognise the rights and needs of all men, to live peacefully in brotherhood, and to know that we are all part of the whole. If we had, we would know, as Hafiz says:—

"The object of all religions is alike. All men seek their Beloved and all the world is love's dwelling: why talk of a mosque or a church... ?"

Even from the purely physical health standpoint, there is abundant evidence of the damage caused by worry. In an article in an American magazine, under the heading "Worry, the direct cause of many physical ailments", George McCray says:—

"Medical men have long called certain ill-understood symptoms "functional" thereby segregating them from organic diseases in which the ailing organs show anatomical defects. Many a baffled doctor disposes of functional cases with the pronouncement "You only imagine you are sick.... Don't worry, go home, forget it." Such patients drift from one doctor to another, and sometimes are cured by faith healers. It is only within recent years that the study of the emotions as factors in illness has received serious attention in medical schools and research centres, and it is being discovered that in a wide range of diseases, emotional states show themselves to be a complicating, often a controlling influence."

This shows that worry poisons our systems, and though the doctor knows this and can tell us about it, he cannot cure our worries. Most of us worry about trivial unimportant things that often never happen. It goes through our household affairs, our personal affairs, and world affairs. We sap ourselves, our judgement gets warped and we are thrown physically and mentally out of gear. Life goes out of focus, as if we were looking at a blurred photograph.

Baba says in his Discourse 'The qualifications of the Aspirant':

"Moral courage and self confidence should be accompanied by freedom from worry. There are very few things in the mind which eat up as much energy as worry: and it is one of the most difficult things not to worry about anything. Worry is experienced when things go wrong: but in relation to past happenings it is idle merely to wish that they might have been otherwise. The frozen past is: what it is and no amount of worrying is going to make it other than what it has been. But the limited ego mind identifies itself with its past, gets entangled with it and keeps alive the pangs of frustrated desires; so worry continues to grow in the mental life of man until the ego mind is burdened by the past. Worry is also experienced in relation to the future when this future is expected to be disagreeable in some way: and in this case, it seeks to justify itself as a necessary accompaniment of the attempt to prepare for coping with the anticipated situations. But things can never be helped merely by worrying. Besides, many of the things, which are anticipated, never turn up or if they turn up at all, they turn out to be much more acceptable than they were expected to be. Worry is the product of feverish imagination working under the stimulation of desires; it is living through sufferings which are mostly our own creation. Worry has never done any one any good; and it is very much worse than mere dissipation of psychic energy, for it substantially curtails the joy and fulness of life."

Why do we worry so much? With a lot of people, it is because they feel an eternal dissatisfaction. They want things different; something eludes them always. Small wonder that in their desperate desire to be free from worry, they follow false Gods, thinking they will be led to Utopia. They are deceived by words and

grandiose promises, and are "let down" invariably; for they fail to realise that the remedy lies within themselves, and it is only a Perfect Master, that can give them the right answer to all that troubles them, and the world to-day since he has himself attained freedom, and can help others to this freedom. If we turn to him, he will help us, and in him we can find faith, and hope and strength. The very fact of Baba telling us "Don't worry", helps us, for it loosens up within us the causes of our worries. To love Him and obey Him is the next step—it is so much easier with Him behind us; for it is a spiritual solution, and no amount of physical or mental strivings can solve our problems. Baba does help us to change our attitude to life, and it is not merely a negative attitude that Baba asks us to cultivate, but a positive joyful acceptance of experiences, in their right focus. Not to be caught up in the passing phases of illusion (*maya*), to be in the world, but not of it, does not mean a shirking of life. To withdraw from life, to practice austerities, to sit in a cave to meditate etc., does not necessarily mean spiritual advancement. That would not be right for the majority, and Baba seems to prefer us to be active and dynamic, though He wants us to accept whatever experience is necessary for our spiritual progress and development.

Baba helps us in so many ways not to worry or fear, and to develop this right attitude to life. It sounds so simple, yet most of us find it so difficult. "Don't worry" says Baba to someone, and usually, if that person is receptive, he soon begins to realise what a worrier he is, even though it may have been in the depth of his subconscious self, and the measure of the new inrush of life that fills him, is the measure of Baba's help. I say this from personal experience, as Baba kept telling *me* not to worry.

It is a subtle and pernicious foe that we have to fight, but if we follow Baba's advice, we soon find that troubles

and fears begin to vanish, because the things that were important to us before, don't matter any more. Why should we worry when He is there, when we can turn to Him and love him and serve Him? We must try to know and understand ourselves truly, for Baba says, "Everything is within us, the 'Secret of Life', God." We are part of all; it is the veils of illusion that prevent our seeing clearly—We have gradually to shed these veils, to lose our ego to die to the self. and we will awaken like a dreamer from sleep.

Sometimes, Baba in order to help us, brings our faults up to boiling point. The person who worries, worries more than ever. A climax comes, an emotional upheaval takes place within the person—then, if they have the courage to face up to themselves and realise that the fault lies there, in themselves; in a flash, the whole thing clears up, and they are free from that particular worry. If they lack courage or have not enough love or faith to trust Baba, then they perhaps turn against Him, or blame Him for their own weaknesses.

Baba is always there, waiting, ready to guide and teach us, and whatever our weaknesses or worries, we can go to Him, and with patient love He will help us again and again.

Baba telling us not to worry, has an added significance at the moment, for we are living in an exciting but trying times. The approaching spiritual age calls for our recognition of the verity of the Brotherhood of Man. All our resources and powers of endurance will be taxed in the struggle. Out of chaos, order comes. Baba stands like a beacon, beckoning us on. He shows us by His example, the heights we can reach. With perfect poise and equilibrium, He walks the earth. His Love is our inspiration, and if there are dark days, and all goes from us, we need not worry or despair. For He says:—

"Come all unto Me."

"Although, because of the veil of illusion, this Call of the Ancient One may appear as a voice in the wilderness; its echo and re-echo nevertheless pervades through time and space, to rouse at first a few and eventually millions. from their deep slumber of ignorance. And in the midst of illusion, as the Voice behind all voices, it awakens humanity, to bear witness to the Manifestation of God amidst mankind. The time is come, I repeat the Call, and bid all come unto Me."

A Humble Request

May we request you, to contribute to our "Building Fund and Printing Works Special Donation" Scheme, and associate yourself with the task of establishment of a permanent abode of humble and dedicated workers of Meher Baba, the Avatar of the Age, in the historical city of Hyderabad, sanctified by Beloved Baba by His many visits and stay during His Mast-Work and also during the Mano-Nash period. In order to enable one and all, whether rich or poor, the system of issue of tickets of various denominations, viz., Rs. 1, 5, 10, 25, 50, 100, 500 and 1000 has been adopted. Those who desire to send their love-contributions may kindly do so by *Postal Money Orders or Bank Cheques on Andhra Bank Ltd., or State Bank of India, (Hyderabad-A. P., India) to the undersigned and oblige.*

With loving regards,

Yours fraternally,

SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN
 Managing Trustee, The Meher Vihar Trust,
 3 – 6 – 441, Himayatnagar, Hyderabad – 29.,
 A. P., INDIA.

Up The Ganga

(Continued from Page 8)

"*Our* frog's bigger!" shout the backyard-guys.

"*Our* frog's better!" bellow the frontyard-guys.

And the frog which by this time has jumped into the next-door neighbour's yard, is completely forgotten while the frontyard-guys curse violently at the backyard-guys, and the backyard-guys beat the frontyard-guys on the head.

To get one hundred per cent up-to-date with Baba—to find Him in His present human Form and *then*, to find Him ever-present in every form—that is to set out to catch the slipperiest frog there is. For the God-Frog descends time and again onto the earth, but this One, unlike most frogs, is begging to be caught, walking in our midst spending all His time teaching us how to capture Him once and for all. But time and again we come up empty-handed, full of stories of how "He was here," and people gather at His last-seen spot in eager hopes of catching Him there.

The trouble is that we're always just a little bit too late. Even when we find the Avatar, we never quite catch up with Him, never anchor Him here-and-now into the depths of our hearts.

"Make Me your constant companion," He urges, because the true companions of the Avatar become merged with Him in God. But most of us keep our distance from our Self: we adore Him with our eyes, we praise Him with our lips, we move our bodies in actions bearing His Name—but eye-seeing and lip and body-moving can never bring us entirely up-to-date with Him. God as He *really* is, says Baba, dwells only in the heart..... the HEART???! And where, *for God's sake*, is the *heart*?

To truly find the God-Man we must find our hearts.

We must try to find that place inside ourselves which contains our self, which lies hidden behind all words and all thoughts—hidden even behind thoughts of God:

that place
of
no space
and
no time:

THE ABODE OF THE EVERLASTING PRESENT,

And how will a man find his heart, when he hasn't the
least idea where it is?

There is a pathway to the heart.

The path is love.

For the heart is the source of love.

It is the womb of the spring of loving thoughts and
words and actions.

In most, that spring of love remains dry for life.

They have no pathway to the heart.

Would you find the heart?

Begin to love.

Follow love backwards.

Swim in the current of love to the Source of Love.

The heart is: The Abode of God.

God is the Source of Love.

To enter the Abode of God, we must listen to Love.

The voice of Love is Silence.

Become deaf to the thoughts and desires of the mind,
by listening for the Silence of the heart.

Hear the Silence of Meher Baba, and begin the
journey to God.

So the procession of song and dance ended in a procession of words, about silence, and the procession of words ended in a procession to the dinner table. Several of the lovers who had come from Nagpur ate at the home of the brother-in-law (Sri Rawlal Singh) of one of Baba's mandali, Bhau Kalchuri, who has written a Hindi version of his Beloved's messages about the Everything of Himself and Nothing of the world.

x x x

The following day the lovers in Nagpur met early in the morning for tea at the house of Nana Kher. It was the beginning of a very busy day, with meetings almost every hour on the hour. The topic for talking at the "Recreation Club of the Accountant General's Office" was "Spiritualism in India," and when Moochewala finished talking, the president of the meeting spoke a few words about how he had expected something different—something "with less emphasis on an individual person and more on the Truth in general". And the audience seemed to agree with him, for they laughed at his anecdotes praising the generality of truth, each smiling with approval when he looked their way.

There are many accounts which a man can keep, but fortunate is he who realises the futility in keeping up with the credits and debits of his own sanskaras, and hands the account of his karma over to the Perfect Master, The Accountant General of the Universe.

After that meeting tea was served, and one man presented Moochewala with a booklet in Marathi on *pranayama*, saying that the best way to learn to love God was to learn to control the breath. Moochewala answered that he thought the best way to learn to control the breath was to learn to love God.

Then to Saoji's press, where the Marathi newspaper *Chavhata* is printed weekly. "Chavhata" means "at the crossroads." Formerly the paper dealt only with political

crossroads in India, but more recently Saoji is putting his reading public at the spiritual crossroads, informing them that the only *real* news is that God has appeared this time as Meher Baba and the time for taking His help is *now*.

Back at Deshmukh's house, there appeared a man from a college of yoga from Poona. The focus of the college was on psycho-physiological yogic research, and the fellow had a hard time understanding Deshmukh's logic when he emphatically declared that "Baba is God." Moochewala thought that if you were going to set out to study enlightenment, the first requirement was to have a teacher who was fully enlightened. The college-wala, however, stated that this yogic institute was dedicated to the scientific method and its aim was to make a rational inquiry into, so to say, the molecular constitution of higher states of consciousness and yogic powers. Yet, thought Moochewala, so exalted a One as the Buddha is said to have ignored the theoretical questions of His disciples, explaining that He could spend His time on earth either to make them heavy-headed with an ignorance of Knowledge, or to make them perfectly illumined like Himself. And the appeal of such a yogic college was as the husk of grain to a hungry man.

In the evening was a joint meeting of the Indo-American Association and the International Relations Club, and the topic for the chief guest was "Modern Trends in American Literature"—"to attract more people," explained the secretary of one of the clubs who knew that the speaker planned to talk about the Ancient One. And indeed Moochewala spoke about modern American literature, but the audience was somewhat surprised, for they hadn't expected anything quite so recent as *this week's* trends in American literature. They hardly believed that recent novels in the United States were often preoccupied with LSD and drug experience, and with a quest

for new realities of inner experience. And the lecture could hardly have been complete without an explanation of Meher Baba's views about drugs and the experiences they produce, and of course that brought up the question of "Who *is* Meher Baba?", which also was explained.

When the talk came to an end, one gentleman stood up and asked a question: "What is the value of this spiritual teaching for ordinary people in a country like India? Wouldn't it be better for an under-developed country like India to have a literature emphasizing social action rather than being concerned with one's mind? Talk about spirituality and detachment from the world is all right for a people who have satisfied all the needs in their lives, but I personally think that our president of this club, who works in a practical way as an economist, is better and more valuable than any saint."

A recurring problem, thought Moochewala—deafness without dumbness. The man could speak but not hear. The part he seems to have missed was about Baba's life—the village—searching for poor and diseased, to feed and clothe and wash by hand, the thousands of miles trained and bussed and walked and bounced in bullock carts to contact others *for their sake*. To find Baba's message of love to be impractical, explained Moochewala, is not to find it at all, Above all things, *any time, every place*, Baba's work and His message is the epitome of practicality, *for Baba's work and message is to practise love*. Love, in every part of life, is the solution to every problem. It is the practice of love which will heal those who suffer from disease. It is the practice of love which will resolve conflicts between nations, between races, between castes, between religions and within families. Whether a man is an engineer or a farmer, a businessman or an artist, "doctor, lawyer, Indian chief"—it is only the practice of love, which will make him feel whole and truly happy,

and which will relieve the pain which contorts the face of the world today.

After briefly visiting the entertainment night of a local college, Deshmukh, Kher and Moochewala galloped to the Avatar Meher Baba Nagpur Centre in Mrs. Deshpande's old blue car. Moochewala described his meeting with Baba and the embrace in the arms of God which continues to embrace long after the bodies have parted company. It is, in fact, a permanent embrace, for when once embraced, it is impossible to leave His hold. That meeting ended with an embrace of each of the Nagpur lovers, and one, after this talk, would not be satisfied with a temporary embrace and insisted on a home visit. It was after ten, and his house was on the outskirts of Nagpur, but this lover's persistent embrace prevailed and visit the house they did. A cup of tea—number thirteen only, after a day of swimming in a sea of tea—and the day sloshed to a happy end.

The following morning brought a breakfast meeting at the house of Ganesh Singh. The motley gang of lovers which gathered there reviewed their strategy for the Big Job they had for years been planning to pull: to loot the treasure-chest of their Ringleader. These gangsters of love had become greedy by association with their Chief, and they were determined to snatch the jewel of His Perfection. Behind His ever-present back they plotted as to when and where to do their dirty work, and they concluded that time was short. There was no doubt that their Leader was the slyest they had ever seen, and where He hid His treasure was a mystery to all of them. They knew only that He had it with Him, and kept it with Him day and night.

After many suggestions these petty thieves agreed to strike immediately. Their impudence was astounding—to rob the King of thieves—but His jewel was the magnet

that egged them on. " Now," they cried, and "Here," and each resumed his post for the great Heart Robbery.

When Moochewala left Nagpur that morning he was travelling by the most exciting class on the train. First class is for comfort, third class is for company, second class is for those who like neither—but *engine class* is above and beyond them all, and the Mooche set out for Raipur "ridin' the footplate" with Driver Dawson.

Now he saw how the engine was run, and the action in that cabin brought back the Beloved's words with exciting immediacy: "You must try to see Me as I really am. And how will you see Me? By longing in your heart to see Me. And where will you get that longing? by loving Me."

The formula to Perfection was acted out before Moochewala's eyes. As the fireman stoked the engine's heart, Mooche saw how longing grows. "Remember!" called the driver, and the fireman threw in the coal. "With *love*, damn you," the driver shouted—"have you got only half a heart?" And the fireman's eyes squinted into the fire as he swung to Dawson's words.

The more he heaved, the more the fire—a simple correspondence. The more that fire in the boiler grew, the faster the boiler's engine flew. "We need six shovelfuls a minute," Dawson yelled across the footplate, "to make this Mail run up to time."

Destination! God-realization. If you would reach it, says Baba, then stoke your boiler with My loving remembrance and keep the fire high—it is the longing of your heart that moves you towards the goal. Whistle-blowing, says the Avatar, ain't engine-moving. Only shovelling coal pulls the train. And remembering Me constantly and wholeheartedly is what builds longing in your heart.

Shovel in remembrance of My love—swing to the urging of your conscience, which gives top priority to the destination and not to the refreshment stalls along the way. The fireman of the heart is a lazy scoundrel, and sly, pretending deafness to the driver's words. He is happy enough to sit and watch the train drag to a halt.

Show this rascal fireman the profit in his work—that if he shovels well, his work's done soon, and sooner home to his beloved wife he'll be. After all, his job is small—only the stoking is left to him. As long as the train is on Baba's track, the destination is assured.

So let that fireman shake off his laziness at the sight of Death riding on his shoulder. Let him stoke the heart with every breath while the track is sound, and open for the running. Pour Name on top of Name again, lest Beloved tires of waiting.

As the engine rolled into Raipur station, Moochewala pulled the bandana off his head and stepped down. After a few minutes on the platform, he saw a bearded man looking intensely at everyone who passed and when Moochewala passed the man spoke out:

"Jai Baba!"

"Jai Baba," answered Mooche.

It so happens that "Jai Baba" were the only words which this fellow knew in English, but he made very clear and friendly gestures to follow him. Soon enough Moochewala learned why the platform greeting was so bare. A few hundred yards from the station they entered a bungalow, where another man introduced himself as Raju Naidu.

"We got word only five minutes ago that you were coming," declared Raju.

"Five minutes ago?" said Moochewala. "What about the letter I received from the Raipur Center saying they expected me?"

And Raju explained that they had heard nothing about the proposed visit, and that, in fact, he too was a visitor in Raipur, staying here at his brother's home for a few days.

"My brother-in-law, T. S. Naidu, is presently ill and staying in Nagpur, and I am staying a few days with his family here. Don't worry about anything—we'll be very happy to have you stay with us tonight."

So Raipur night was relaxed and calm, with no meetings or programs besides dinner and sleep. Moochewala sailed in his sleep at Baba's Leela, and he dreamed of riding the footplate behind a fiery blaze.

Next morning Mooche trained to Bilaspur three hours away, once again in "company class." At Bilaspur station a host of lovers met the M. P. (P.) Member of Parliament (Perennial) (fourth term now running)—Amar Singh Saigal was there, with Ramarao, Hem Singh and Dr. Mishra. Lunch at the station, and rest at Singh's home followed in quick succession, and then the evening began.

First, a fine tea with Saigal and some local political-walas. Then a meeting at Hem Singh's house of lovers and seekers. It was a literate group—unfortunately no derelicts in the lot—and there was a marked absence of intoxication in the talk. One man was a champion of the intellect and of words. Intellect, said he, was the primary tool for a fuller development.

"Most Masters have taught by way of the word, by giving mantras on various *sadhanas* of analysis to their disciples. Isn't Baba's silence an unnecessary barrier to

communication? Isn't it necessary for a Master to express himself for a disciple to be able to gauge his profundity?"

Moochewala did not need to ask if this brain-wala had had Baba's embrace.

There were other questions—"What miracles has Baba performed?" and Mooche was tempted to say that, as God in human form, He had performed the miracle of performing no miracles. He confined himself to mentioning that Baba had dragged him half way around the world on a heart-string. Yet that was not entirely satisfactory. Some of the gentlemen seemed to want to see the heart-string..... perhaps in a glass box.

After a good night's rest at Hem Singh's, the Bilaspur bustle began. The first stop was tea with the District Commissioner, and talk there ranged across the news headlines of the day. It was at this time that several well-known religious leaders in India were fasting "for protection of the cow," and the newspapers kept a running commentary on their statements and conditions for the duration of the fasts. Some of these commentaries ended in obituaries because, as everybody knows, the body has a tendency to die when it is not fed for a period of time. Most of the fasters, however, put on a good show, but declined the honour of martyrdom by finally nourishing the belly before the brain became jelly.

Baba has stressed the importance of fasting many times, but the fasting He encourages is not of the body but of the mind. The mind dies, says Baba, just as the body, when no food is taken for a time. Since the food of the mind is thoughts, fasting the mind is becoming thoughtless. But this, Baba tells, is impossible—as impossible as sleeping while waking. Instead, He says, entrust the mind to Him by constantly remembering Him, and then the mind will have no thoughts to feed on and grow

fatter. In fact, if you put the mind on such a diet of Baba's constant remembrance, it will grow slimmer and slimmer until it dies, and the funeral of the mind is the birthday of the Self—for mind is the veil which covers God from human view. As with everything, one's diet depends on the fashion of the times. Today's fashion-makers praise an obese mind, with rolls and layers of unexperienced knowledge. Soon the times will change, and it will be more in vogue to have no mind at all and be one with God. A word to the fashion-conscious is sufficient.

Next, a talk at a local college, C. M. D., to the post-graduate English Association: "Life and Literature" was the topic, broad enough that the Avatar could easily be accommodated.

In the afternoon, Moochewala visited two more colleges. The first was the Engineering College at Koni, where Ramarao is Hostel Superintendent for the Model Industrial Training Institute. While in Koni, Ramarao took Moochewala to his home to introduce his wife and children. This family knows no life but Baba—one of Ramarao's young sons expressed a desire to have a big airplane when he grew up, "so that I can fly Baba around the world wherever He wants to go."

Late lunch was poured in in-between words pouring out, just before visiting S. B. R. College, the third of the day.

The final step of the Bilaspur bustle was a meeting at the S. E. Railway Officers' Club. Moochewala talked shop, about the difference between passenger trains and the Mail train of the Avatar, of boiler stoking and the grievances of the drivers against the firemen. And Moochewala bade fareBaba to the lovers in Bilaspur, hopping the midnight mail to roll overnight to Kharagpur.

Midday on the 23rd Moochewala arrived Kharagpur and found G. S. N. Moorthy at the station. After lunch

at the Meher Spiritual Centre—a bungalow with a spacious yard used for all Baba meetings—Moorty took Moochewala to his home and introduced his wife and two young children. Nearby they visited the spot where Baba once met with Upasni Maharaj, who had lived in Kharagpur for a time.

Then in quick succession, a number of stops: the Andhra High School where Moorty once taught; the Indian Institute of Technology where they met Moorty's brother who works there; the home of a couple who regard Sai Baba as Perfection Personified, which, indeed, he *was*; and a visit to a young woman who is interested in spirituality in general and who has had some psychic experiences connected with Baba.

"I already have a Master," she said, "who is giving me certain instructions and experiences." She was satisfied that she was riding the high road of God-realization, and that satisfaction permitted only a respectful recognition of Baba's greatness. It did not permit any undue curiosity to investigate the difference..... the difference between the Highest of the High and His many saintly children.

Never mind, thought Moochewala, dry up those tears you shed within yourself. Baba's Leela leaves no one in the lurch, even those who, at the crossroads, ignore the King while pledging loyalty to his fief.

The meeting at the Meher Center that night was unique, for Moorty had arranged for a short Quavali program. Only a few attended the center that night because the day happened to be Gita-Jayanti, the birth-day of the Gita. Yet those who came heard beautiful singing praise of the One who sings *today* that same one Song, and all those few were grateful that He had reminded them of His return.

The following morning Moorty told Moochewala a story of one of his visits to Meherazad. Moorty has

given talks all over India about Baba—once he toured the country for a year and a half, giving lectures and speeches daily—and it might be said that Moorty's specialty is talking about the Ancient One. Well, this time at Meherazad the Master of the Universe told Moorty He'd like to hear a sample of his speeches. "Stand over here close to Me," said Baba, "and close your eyes. Imagine that I am the entire universe as your audience, and let Me hear how you talk about Me."

Moorty closed his eyes, wound up his speaker and began to deliver. Just as he was sliding into high gear, he felt some fingers in his ribs and he began to laugh. He tried to talk, but the only thing that came out of his mouth was a roll of laughing. He opened his eyes and found that the fingers in his ribs belonged to Baba: "As one begins to be tickled by the dawning of Truth, he becomes speechless," said he.

It was eight o'clock when Moorty put Moochewala on the Howrah Mail, handing him by great coincidence over to another Moorty, a Baba-lover who introduced Moorty G. S. N. to Baba and who presently manages a dining car on the Bombay-Howrah-Bombay run. Both Moortys were pleased to see each other, and Moochewala had fine company all the way to Calcutta. "Six days a week I am on this train," said dining-car Moorty, "and so I am pretty much cut off from the world." He smiled and added, "Lots of time to relax and think of Him."

It was the day before Christmas that Moochewala stepped down onto the platform at Howrah station to meet Chari and Lalit, two of the King's men in Calcutta. They were preoccupied with the problem of how to entertain the Mooche for his three days' stay, since many of the lovers he would have met were attending a convention out of town. After bath and lunch Chari led the three to

the Planetarium, which took the audience on a vicarious tour of a small part of Baba's universal body.

Moochewala spent the night in the heart of the city wandering along through the streets and alleys. For dinner he walked into a branch of Kwality, a posh and costly restaurant of all kinds of food, elaborately decorated and elaborately priced for the holidays. Moochewala found it to be a fashion-show besides. Mink coats, walked in, tailored Western clothes walked in, with great concern for who saw what. Glances searching appreciation, and Baba's words about this "mirror-civilization" echoed in Mooche's brain:

"While looking in the mirror, people often see themselves more through the eyes of others than through their own. The reflected image evokes in their minds the impression they will make on others and the expectations which others have of them—and the best that most can do is to try to look the part they play." the world was celebrating a birth of the Lord.

For Christmas day Chari had tickets for a bus tour of the city. He and Moochewala and a few other lovers took only the morning half of the tour, which visited some of the famous temples in Calcutta.

The first was Belur Math, the world headquarters of the Ramakrishna Mission. The grounds of this temple are spacious, lying along the river. The main temple is massive and its architecture is a mixture of parts of a mosque, a church, a mandir and crowned with a Buddhist dharmachakra at the entrance. Inside, the hall of worship stretches barrenly from the doorway to the "action," the place of puja. At the end of the hall is a statue of Ramakrishna seated in samadhi, and there two men who have been deemed specially fit for performing worship ... they are called *pujaris*—place the food offerings of the devotees into a sacred box of fire. The expressions on the faces

of the devotees undergo a gradual change as they approach this Hindu altar—the devotees enter with the look of an ordinary man or woman, but as they come nearer and nearer to the puja pit, their faces become drawn and somewhat twisted with piety. The devotee places his offering of food or flowers at the feet of Ramakrishna's statue, stands with folded hands for a few minutes to offer his respects and entreaties, and then turns to walk out of the hall, gradually relieving his face of its pious burden as he nears the door. As for the pujaris who have been entrusted with this worship, their faces never change—it is almost as if they were mourning the death of the ever-living truth of this great Sadguru.

Then the tour went across the river to the huge Kali temple where Ramakrishna had stayed. There the tragi-comic appearance was hundred-folded. A line of thousands waited on the stairs of the main temple to pass by its narrow entrance. In the dark interior two unshaven guardians throw water at the worshippers in exchange for their flowers and pieces of food. The devotees are happy with the exchange and bow their gratitude. At this unending sideshow fierce-eyes Mother Kali : frowns a look of what, to Moochewala, appeared to be unutterable indignation.

The guide of the tour had missed the most important point—Meher Baba had come here once, and sat in the room where Ramakrishna's bed remains.

The last temple of the morning was of the Jains, a treasury of a temple worth millions in precious stones. As Moochewala stepped up for a closer look at the key idol in the place, from nowhere appeared curses and a collaring, and he suddenly found a Jain monk pushing him to the side. Non-Jains, explained the guide, are not permitted to approach the idol.

In the afternoon Moochewala met Dr. Chopra, a Baba-lover who speaks and writes in several languages

about the Ancient One. He is well acquainted with Baba's favorite Persian poets, and they talked of Sufi poetry.

At Dum-Dum, a town a few miles outside Calcutta, there was an evening meeting at Mr. Bhati's house, which is the Baba Center there. Moorty had come from Kharagpur for the night and was waiting there, and there was much joy in that small group as they talked of their Beloved on the Christmas Night.

The next day Moochewala was scheduled to leave Calcutta at 8:30 in the evening, heading for Gaya on the Dehra Dun Express. Before that he wanted to walk around Calcutta on his own. He had lunch with Chari and Lalit at Jayswal's home and then set out on his sidewalk tour. He began at one end of Bara (Big) Bazaar and walked about a mile to the other end which meets the Howrah Bridge.

The Howrah Bridge is a big cantilever span between the city and Howrah railway station. It stretches across the tail end of the Ganges River, which is called the Hooghly.

It is interesting that for all the hundreds of miles which the holy river Ganges flows across northern India, only here at its mouth is it not called Ganges. Yet it is easy to see why a different name is used because it is almost impossible to recognize the Ganges at Calcutta. From its source in Himalayas through Hardwar and on, Ganga runs fast and clear—a sweeping torrent of a river, exciting to see and to touch. As it flows down to the Sea of Bengal, this royal river runs more and more slowly, and it is filled along the way with the trash and the dirt of man. Man's factories defecate into Ganga, and she grows tired under the burden of his filth. At Calcutta, cleansing waters have become a sewer, and their name has been changed to hUgly.

Such is the fate of the water from God as it pours from the Heart of His Perfection through the many layers of man's ignorance. The pristine Song He sings—the Axis of all Creation—is heard more and more dimly as man muffles it with his greed and anger, pollutes it with his lust, so that the Song at the Source can hardly be recognized in the word at the mouth. God's Word becomes man's words—the clarity and purity of His Truth become a murking babble.

Our journey is up the Ganga. From our words, to His Word. Our journey is upstream, against the current of our angers and our greeds and our desires to the cleansing spring of His Truth. Our journey is within us, riding on the raft of His Name, the sail full-blown with His whole-hearted remembrance, from the word of our mouth to the Word in the Heart of our hearts. Our journey is ages and eons through uncountable forms, eons and ages fighting the relentless headwinds of our ignorance, ages and eons from mouth to Source..... until finally we throw off our oars and raise the sail of Baba's daaman, and the journey is made with no journey at all.

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The Doon Express reached Gaya at 6-00 in the morning. Moochwala filled his belly in the station restaurant and then looked around for a way to travel the eight miles to Bodh Gaya, the legendary site of the Buddha's enlightenment. Buses were running late, so he accepted the pleadings of one of a dozen rickshawalas to make the trip with him.

Eight miles by bicycle rickshaw meant a little more than an hour before the main stupas of Bodh-Gaya came into sight. Moochwala dismissed the rickshaw and walked a couple of furlongs to the archaeological museum. It hadn't yet opened, so he looked into the nearby Thai Buddhist temple. Among the signboards of sayings which adorned the walls, one echoed Baba precisely:

"Bodily, vocal and mental purity is the essence of life."

Some monks were sitting at the altar near a statue of Buddha, listening to some discourse from a monk superior. It was all Thai to Moochewala, who was tempted to interrupt them to tell them that He's back again, but somehow their glances seemed to say that they were quite content to be talking in the past tense and would not kindly brook such heresy as talk of the *living* Buddha.

The museum showed only a very small selection, mostly sculptures of Buddha and Tara from the tenth century with a few bronzes. From there Moochewala went to the Chinese temple. It was run by a single man, well aged, who was eating his breakfast just outside the entrance. The calligraphy on the wall was a fine sight, but much of the paraphernalia used for worship was in a ragged state—the rugs and various decorations—and the impression was dilapidation.

Next on the route to the central stupa was a Tibetan Monastery and temple. The Tibetans had a definite edge over the others by way of numbers, with some thirty to fifty monks apparently inhabiting the monastery. The place was interesting to Moochewala largely for the uncanny resemblance he saw between the Tibetans and early American Indians, but he was hard put to find a trace of the spirit of Milarepa's songs. The worship hall was bedecked with ornaments and thankas imported from Tibet—the skill of the art seems to have been left there, decades past.

The room of the prayer wheel told the whole story most clearly. A huge cane like wheel of perhaps twenty-foot diameter filled the room. It appeared to be made of brass and the outer side was covered with the inscription of various mantras in Tibetan script. Beside it was a sign, reading something like this:

"This great prayer wheel weighs over 500 maunds and is carefully balanced at the center. Pilgrims are re-

quested to turn it round once or twice, from left to right and they shall be greatly blessed. Pilgrims are requested to turn the wheel slowly, in a spirit of peace and harmony, so as not to disturb the harmonious balance of the wheel."

And round the pilgrims went.

Moochewala was now well-prepared to visit the main attraction in Bodh-Gaya, the stupa built behind the bodhi tree where the Buddha is said to have found *all* the Truth. The stupa is four-sided, and it rises perhaps a hundred feet by tiers into the air. Immediately surrounding the stupa temple is a sidewalk used by pilgrims for their worship there, for it is considered auspicious to walk around this sacred shrine (from left to right) and far more auspicious to make the round by belly, prostrating and advancing each step by a body-length. One middle-aged Tibetan and his wife were making their way around, and very patiently bearing the disruptive antics of their young daughter. She appeared to take her parents' actions as a game and was delighting in stealing the rosaries with which they marked their steps.

On one side of the stupa a palace was reserved for the monks' worship. These monks did not take part in the circling of the temple with the lay pilgrims—and such reserve is naturally to be expected from more advanced aspirants. Instead, each monk had an individual board—a plank as long as himself and about three feet wide—on which he performed the same kind of prostration as those who were moving around the stupa. The monks had, in addition, a polishing rag in each hand, which they slid along the sides of the plank as they prostrated. The result was a visible sign of each monk's piety, in the shininess of his plank. Moochewala was amazed at their ingenuity in devising such a simple plan for producing highly polished boards while, at the same time, managing to move so much and yet go nowhere.

The stupa itself was simple and impressive, and it contained some excellent statues of the Exalted One. From the top parts of the stupa Moochewala looked down on one side to see the caterpillars slowly crawling around it, and on other side the other, more peculiar species which crawled all day without advancing. Then the high sign of the Buddha seated near caught his eye, and he smiled into the majesty of Baba's well-kept Secret.

It so happens that the Howrah-Dehra Dun Express heading north and the Dehra Dun-Howrah Express heading south both reach Gaya station at nearly the same time. It was this coincidence, and the fact that the time of their arrival was six in the morning, that very nearly sent Moochewala back to Calcutta on the 27th morning. "Dehra Dun Express?" he asked when the train rolled in. Yes, nodded one of the passengers who, like Moochewala was just waking up. And on piled Moochewala and luggage in that familiar dash for any available accommodation.

Yet something kept tickling Moochewala's mind as he waited for the train to leave, so that he finally had to get up and step out onto the platform to satisfy himself.

"Is this the Dehra Dun Express?" he asked a nearby conductor.

"*From* Dehra Dun," the man answered, "going to Howrah," and just then the train began to move.

Now Moochewala's bags were still on that train, and he jumped on, threw them off, and scrambled off himself just before it completely left the platform.

At that moment the other train blew its whistle. The other train, which Moochewala had ignored, was the Dun Express he wanted, and it was starting to roll. Race, run dash, dive and throw the baggage on..... and Mooche-

wala hoped at least that Baba had gotten a laugh out of creating, witnessing and experiencing this comic confusion.

Four hours later, Varanasi. Varanashi is Kashi, Khasi is Benares. All names of the city regarded holiest in India, the traditional capital of spirituality, Benares was the last stop before returning on Moochewala's tour.

Shivendra Sahai was waiting at the station with B. P. Jaiswal, the secretary, and another member of the new Baba-Center in Benares. Sahai, from Luknow, was then in Benares with his family, staying at his ancestral home.

After a bath and lunch with the Sahais, Moochewala rode with them to their country home in Barain, a small village outside the city, a few miles from Sarnath. And the afternoon was relaxed.

Through alleys and gulleys (smaller alleys) they walked that night in Benares on their way to the newly established center. Moochewala took great delight in winding his way through ancient lanes in the heart of aged Kashi to attend a meeting at the vanguard of spirituality. For millennia predicted and anticipated, Kalki Avatar has come; and the "holy city" has had the privilege of lying beneath His feet. Those few who met that night were the eyelid-flutter of her waking from her sleep.

Sahai, his brother and his brother's wife took Moochewala to the ghats that night. It was a misty night, through which the flames of burning bodies shone at river-side, and the sacred Ganges flowed along the foot-worn steps in timeless silence.

In the morning Sahai and Moochewala drove to the home of Dr. B. B. Khare, an eye-surgeon connected with the Benares Hindu University. There the doctor had arranged a tea with various members of the staff at the

University—largely psychologists, dental surgeons, and doctors of various specializations.

One of the men at the tea was Dr. Sidheshwar Nath. Together with Khare's father, Dr. Gaya Prasad Khare, Dr. Nath had had the great joy of giving *bhiksha* (a love-offering) to Baba when He visited Benares in the New life in December 1949.

The talk over tea ranged across questions about Baba from a rationalistic and psychological angle. Even though Baba opens a pathway to Himself from every angle—from the spiritualist to the atheist, and to every variety of each—the men who had gathered from the University were too well preserved in the sanctity of their sciences to find much vital interest in the Avatar.

Khare, Sahai and Moochewala looked around the campus of the University after the tea, and stopped to see the huge Vishnu Temple there. This temple is a vast marble museum, open to all, profusely inscribed with passages from all the ancient Indian scriptures as well as the sayings of a few more recent Sadgurus, such as Kabir and Ramakrishna.

By chance Moochewala met an American friend of his, Jay Shatterly, in the Vishnu Temple, and having no fixed plans, Jay joined Sahai and Mooche for that day and the next.

From the temple they went to Sarnath in Sahai's car. The temple there is recently built, simple, colorful, with Buddha's life painted on the walls and a gold-covered statue of Him seated at one end.

Deer Park is said to be the place where Buddha delivered His first sermon, coming there from Gaya after His Enlightenment. A stupa from Ashoka's time for centuries marked the hallowed land, and later another stupa was built over the original. The remains of a monastery lie crumbling.

As they left the temple to go to the museum, Moochewala noticed Sahai looking all around outside the entrance.

"Lose your shoes?" asked Mooche. Sahai grinned, and returned home in his socks, as it seems that Baba had those shoes in mind for someone else's feet.

In the afternoon Sahai and Khare and Moochewala rode out to meet the Head Mechanical Engineer of the Diesel Locomotive Works, a man who had recently become interested in Baba. After talking there for about an hour, Mooche went with Khare to pay a visit to Mahamahopadhyaya Pt. Gopi Nath Kaviraj, which is to say, a very learned Sanskrit scholar. This man had met Baba on a few occasions, and while we were waiting for him to complete his evening puja, Khare told about the pandit's first encounter with Him.

When Baba first called Gopi Nath for darshan, the Pandit replied that the day Baba had appointed would not be very suitable, since it happened to be the day which he reserved each week for keeping silence. Baba said not to mind that—He had been keeping silence all these years and yet communicating with each and all—and to come ahead and they would have their meeting in silence. When the Pandit had his meeting, Khare said, he emerged from that silent embrace exclaiming Baba's praise with a full throat.

Coincidentally this day that Moochewala met Gope Nath was again his day of silence, but he said that he would happily break his silence to talk about Baba. His words were few—when Moochewala asked him about his impressions of Baba at his first meeting, he closed his eyes and smiled. "Unique," he whispered. "Full of wisdom, full of love."

The last day of thy tour Moochewala spent relaxing with the Sahais in the country at Barain. They filled his

belly and emptied his mind with the joys of a village estate. Guavas from the tree, fresh salad picked in the field, fat village bread and an abundance of *pan** to chew while garden-sitting or tree-strolling after meals—Pan, that wonderful combination of betel leaves and nuts and lime and spices which dyes the mouth bright red. And the thought struck Moochewala, and he said it out, that loving Baba was like chewing *pan*.

"Here I have been in India for about seven months, and in that time I have chewed perhaps two hundred *pan*, Yet you can see that I'm still a novice pan-chewer," and he bared his teeth, "because my teeth are still white.

"Other persons, though, I can spot right off as being regular chewers, and you know I can spot them. They don't have to say a word about whether they chew *pan* or not—as soon as such a veteran opens his mouth, the tale is written on his teeth, in streaks of red.

"Then," continued Moochewala, "occasionally you come across some fellow who is actually, so to say, addicted to *pan*, who, before one *pan* reaches his throat, the next one goes into his mouth. And it is very easy to mark such a chain pan-chewer, because whenever he opens his mouth, you see only a great red cave, and sometimes, from chewing on all those endless mouthfuls of lime and *Sopari*, all his teeth have fallen out.

"Does it not seem that loving Baba is exactly like chewing *pan*? If you chew His Name a few times, it leaves a fine flavor in the mind, but a little remembrance will hardly color your life with Him.

"But that man who takes the *pan* of His Name over and over again betrays his habit of remembrance by the color of Baba's Love in his own living, and he never needs to tell anyone that he loves Meher Baba.

* Pronounced "paw".

"Oh, that lucky fellow who becomes addicted to His Name, for whom a moment of life can not pass without nursing his habit and feeding his heart! His life becomes entirely colored with Baba's Life, so that nothing else remains but His Understanding and Compassion and Love. And in the end, with the Grace of the Great *Pan-wala* who gives the magic *pan*, all the teeth of his ego will fall out.

"A man must be careful, though. There are many kinds and qualities of *pan*—you can get some for ten paise, some other for four annas, and it is said that in Benares they sell some special *pan* for a hundred rupees. When it is a question of coloring his life, a man must select the best *pan* he can get. And Baba, in His Compassion, has given us the *Pan* of the Name of the Living God on earth—free of charge, for each to chew as much as he would want to dye his life with the light of God."

LOVE

By K. Janaki

"True Love means the dedication of one's self or complete surrender of one's self to the Beloved. It aims at seeking the happiness of the Beloved, without the least desire of getting happiness from the Beloved," says our Beloved Shri Meher Babaji.

Such Love is the most important qualification, which one must possess to attain Godhood. One can never enter the Path without this Love. It is the healer, the life-giver and the only balm to our sore hearts. Perfect Divine Love destroys the idea of separateness of ourselves from God. It is the most important source,

through which alone one can attain Salvation. The ordinary kind of Love that we have for our relations and friends, (somewhat selfish in its nature), is not the kind that will lead us to the Light. We must have that Divine Universal Love—Love for Him, through Love for all. For, in the most sacred book Gita, Lord Sri Krishna says, "He who seeth Me everywhere, and seeth everything in Me, of him will I never lose hold, and he shall never lose hold of Me." Lord, the Divine Thread, runs through beads-like hearts of all beings. To practise this kind of Divine Love is not an easy thing; we can only cultivate it with the help of a Perfect Guru. Neither could one tread on the Path without the help of a true Guru. Now, our Lord Babaji is here to help us to realize our spiritual aspirations. Why can we not "make haste while the Sun shines," by following His Divine Teachings, cultivating Divine Love and becoming one with Him? He is our true Guru, Saviour and Leader on the Spiritual Path.

May our Beloved Lord Shri Meher Baba live long and lead us all from the darkness to the Light!

"From the unreal lead me to the Real!
From darkness lead me to Light!
From death lead me to Immortality!" Amen !

(Reproduced from "The Meher Message" February, 1930 issue.)

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