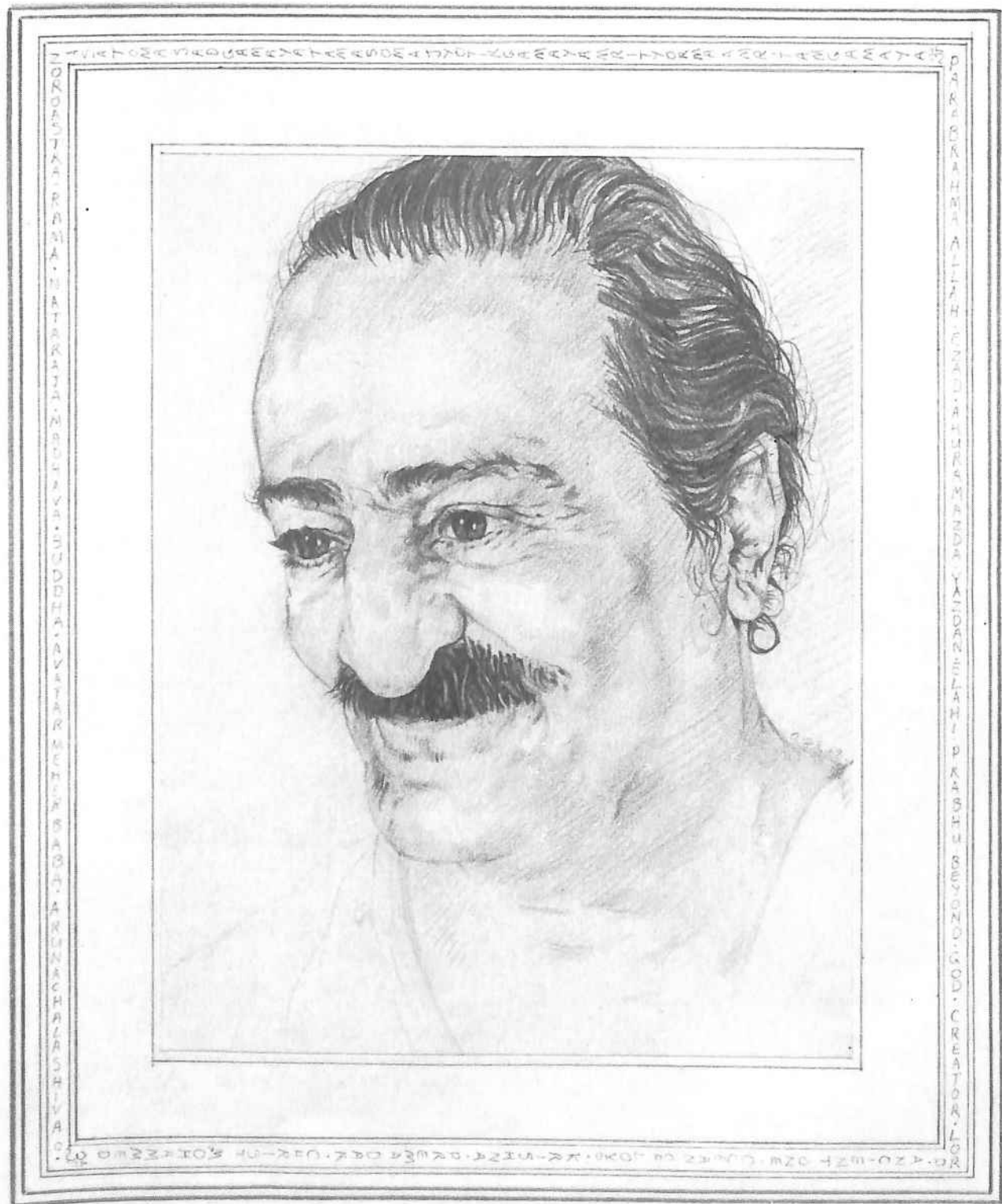


# Meher Baba



MAY 85

Australia

THE NOD OF GOD

In the end, the only thing that matters is the Love of God;  
The only look that is of any lasting value is the nod of God.

If we could only open our hearts enough to receive You  
That seed of Grace Unlimited, that One Everlasting Divine pod.

Every road that we travel, You have been there before;  
There is not a single pathway where God has never trod.

We come from Dust of God and back to dust we must go;  
May one day this earth we are be a God-serving piece of clod.

When Moses stood before the dictator Pharaoh and his aides,  
Their magic was so paltry before his Life-giving rod of God.

Meher Baba in the tomb now lives in all though few do know;  
Most are asleep, some misuse His Name, others await His Divine nod.

Teamaker sits and waits and cries and years pass so slowly;  
I wish to God He'd give His nod to wake this clod to welcome God!

Paul Smith (Teamaker)

.....

Letter from Francis Brabazon to Australian Baba Lovers, 1960 PART 2

MEHERABAD 5 - 7 - 66

(continued from last issue)

It was good to hear of the breaking of the drought at Avatar's Abode, and it's manner of breaking - steady rain with no storms to cause wash-a-ways. I wrote a little poem on it when I received the news, but do not remember it. I was also very glad to hear that Joan had got a water diviner and that he successfully divined it.

It's wonderful news about the water. But although we certainly must provide for good water, I imagine that there is no immediate hurry; after this drought, there should be at least 2-3 years of good rains.

In this part of the country (here at M/Bad) all the water is found by divining; and wells 20-30ft. in diameter are sunk. Before digging begins, worship is offered, and as soon as water is sighted a goat must be sacrificed: for water is life, and life has been disturbed and brought from its natural course of flow into the service of man and so man must sacrifice some life-form in return. But I don't think we need go that far!

Meherabad rather reminds me of an Australian outback station with its principle long, low building and out-buildings, and its coming and going of people. It is also the P.O. for the district. One day, no doubt, it will become a town or even a city. Baba has done a great deal of His work here and has engaged in tremendous activities, all of which I imagine could well be the seeds of a great general activity here. Hundreds of thousands alone each year will make a pilgrimage to His Tomb.

It is now mid-winter: temperatures, min.(early morning) 60 degrees, max.(early afternoon) 88 degrees, regularly.

I have just thought of a simple way Indian mothers could cure naughty children: simply say "If you don't be good, I'll call the white man".

A few weeks ago, writing one night, I glanced down and there was a snake's head waving about 2 ft. away from my knees. I quietly got up, got a stick and killed it. After this, I kept my door closed. Two nights later, I came back to my room after talking with Eruch and Kaka, and there was another snake trying to get in the door! Presumably the first one's mate. So I killed it too.

It is now the 20th. I am returning to M/Bad on 22nd. THAT MAN has sent word that I am to be back at M/Bad for my birthday! (24th). Perhaps I will get a cake - so I will be sure to go!

continued next page .....

A few months ago, Beloved Baba dug out a painting of Creation, Evolution, Involution and Realization, the composition of which He had dictated to Rano and she had put it on canvas. My first thought was "Give me a wall to paint or I'll become a nun!". Sometime at Avatar's Abode we will have to provide a wall for someone (who can use it) to paint it in or cut it into. I said so to Baba and He seemed very pleased with the idea.

Although Beloved Baba seems to be, as Eruch put it, interested in not being interested in anything, He was very happy to receive your Christmas messages. You should be sure to send Him Birthday Greetings.

With much, much love,  
Francis

.....  
Meherabad 7 - 49 - 66

Dear Ones,

It was good to get home again. It was good to have a holiday, and good to be back. I feel much rested. The car came for me soon after lunch. For the whole morning, I felt that "funny-sort-of-feeling" that one feels when one is going to see again someone one hasn't seen for a long time!

(The Poem that I didn't remember) .....

Sing a new song unto the Lord -  
A song of rain  
Of green-ness  
Of leaves putting forth in praise.

Sing a new song unto the Lord -  
A song of hearts' pain  
Of its gold-ness  
Of its singing in the nights and the days.

.....

P.S. I don't think I have mentioned before that in the early morning you can see the Southern Cross from here.

Francis.

.....

#### FILL THE VOID

To be alone is the greatest temptation, to disappear;  
But when alone, the only reaction is one of fear.

Words are a poor man's way of being silent;  
Silence never comes completely, unless You are near.

"Why be bitter?" sings the Bird of Contentment:  
"Take your heart to the Friend you hold dear."

If I had the patience to wait just one minute,  
Not wanting to know and not losing a tear,

I'd hear just once (and it would be enough)  
That special sigh, so right in my ear.

How long must the tree stand and wait the Sun?  
Turning into Summer takes so long; hard to bear.

The Spring rose is already losing its petals,  
The honeysuckle creeps, no scent in the air.

Hollow man stands alone at the edge of the Sea,  
Waiting for the tidal wave, full of despair.

The whole of Creation is alone, waiting a whisper;  
But the Maker's asleep: the Waking is near.

Wake up this silent sleeping dream of form,  
Give us the Song that leads us from this fear.

"Hold your tongue Teamaker, listen to your heart;  
Stop mind, kill desires, tread water, don't fear."

Paul Smith

Baba at the Eltham Gallery

A letter from Ena Lemmon

Maybe you will be interested to know that a beautiful portrait of Baba has been exhibited in this "neck of the woods" for about 2 weeks. To be more specific, the painting is part of an exhibition by John Adam located at the Eltham Gallery near Melbourne.

John, who is the art director at Melbourne Grammar School, visited Meherabad, Meherazad and Rajasthan early in 1984. He describes his visit as "becoming like a child again".

The whole exhibition is very India oriented. The paintings include depictions of Seclusion Hill, Meher Moholla (Poona), and a view of Meherazad from Seclusion Hill.

For me, the most outstanding exhibit (catalogued as Icon) was the magnificent portrait of Meher Baba which also carried His Name. (see photograph).

Paul Smith's perceptive and appreciative opening address I am enclosing as I feel many Baba folk, artists and others, may be interested in his comments relating to this outstanding exhibition by a man devoted to his art and to our Beloved Meher Baba.

.....

TALK GIVEN BY PAUL SMITH TO OPEN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY JOHN  
ADAM AT ELTHAM GALLERY - March 19th, 1985.

First I would like to establish my credentials for opening this exhibition of John Adam's paintings. I have had the pleasure of being a friend of John and an admirer of his work for the past 20 years. As a matter of fact I have a dozen of his paintings of all periods of his work and rarely a day goes by when I don't look at some of his paintings and most of them still stand the test of time. I am a poet and they say that poets make good art critics, unlike painters, who tend to compare other paintings unconsciously to their own work. Thirdly, I feel I am almost qualified to comment on this current exhibition as I have been to India many times and have often visited many of the places that John painted from his recent visit; also I have an interest in Indian painting, ancient and modern.

India is a state of the heart that cannot be discovered with the Western intellect. Often I have gone there and it always takes a few weeks to stop thinking, analyzing, trying to understand the feeling, the spirit that permeates the place. Many have gone mad and left, frustrated or terrified, not being able to comprehend the place or the people. I know that the best way to approach John's Indian and Australian paintings, and probably the most beneficial way to look at most paintings is with the heart and not the mind... through intuition and not the intellect. Maybe through this you will gain an insight, a heartbeat of that colourful and mysterious country. In my opinion John has captured something of India's essence... no small feat, many have tried with pen and brush but most I think have failed. The colour is there, the life is there, the madness, the great sanity, the vibration, the music, smells and quite extraordinarily, something I thought impossible to depict, the soul.

In India and Iran and through the Middle East the most popular form of poetry for the past 700 years has been the ghazal. The ghazal has the most strict rhyme structure of any form of poetry written, but in every couplet the first line does not have to rhyme at all. This allows the heart to flow freely, with great spontaneity, while in the second line in the couplet the mind must gain control and reinforce the strict structure. This balance of heart and mind working together produces great tension, great power and great harmony. In the 14C. this poetry greatly influenced Indian art and later the West, through the work of Matisse who said that "all my inspiration comes from this Art." What these early painters and Matisse did was to balance the opposites by using pure colour and a new dimension... they changed perspective in painting. They painted not through their own eyes, but through the way they imagined God would view the subject. God, they reasoned, would see the purity of the colour and all aspects of the subject would be equidistant from him - all being equally important. So, perspective changed. John has achieved this feat in many of his paintings, using different means. In 'Postcards from India' and 'The Gift' this overview, or God's Eyes view is obtained not only through the perspective whereby everything is equally important to the viewer. 'The Gift' - probably the most  
cont. next page ....

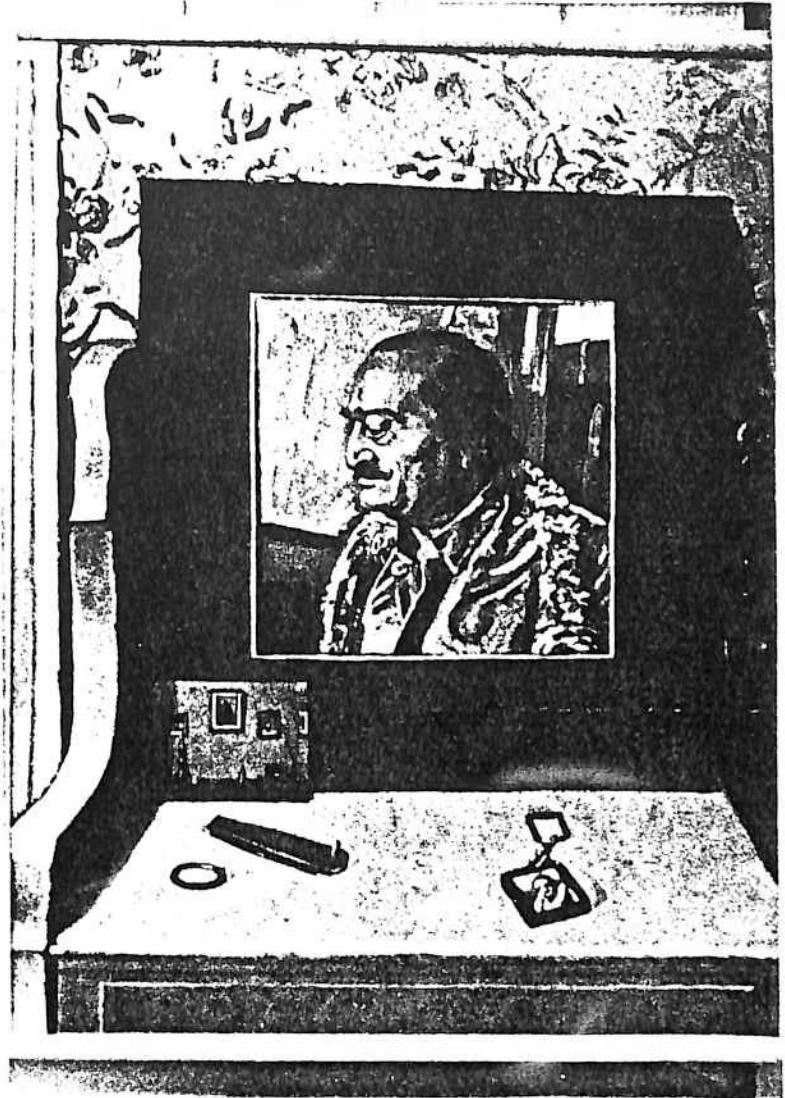
mysterious painting in the show tells us of the traveller's or the aspirant's forced surrender to the Spirit and the Soul of the beastBeing that is India and God Who rips away the shell of the old to allow the new man to rise above the ordinary as if he had wings like a cockatoo. In 'Meher Moholla, Poona', a painting I am fortunate enough to have bought, John has painted a street I have walked down hundreds of times and am deeply nostalgic about. Though not knowing this place well, he has captured the feeling of the place by light, colour and simplicity and has balanced the hardness of the buildings with the beauty of the moment. Through it I am fully there... more so than in my memory. In 'Red Bluffs' the heaviness of the hills is contrasted with the lightness of the trees and once again this tension, vigor of the opposites uniting has been achieved.

In 'Icon', the only still life, a wonderful illusion has happened. The black and white photograph of the revered person somehow has much more reality than all the surroundings which are full of colour. Truly it is an icon in the real sense of the word.

I was more than surprised when I saw all these paintings together (the Australian and Indian paintings)...just how well they all worked together. I was surprised, but I shouldn't have been because often I've looked out of a train or a bus window in India and thought that I was looking out on a piece of Australia. As a matter of fact they were once, millions of years ago,

joined to Africa and broke off when the plates moved... India went north and Aust.south. But the physical similarity was not the main reason that I was impressed with the unity of this exhibition... it was the continuity of the style, the technique, and more than anything, the feeling, the vigor, the intensity that is controlled, the strength and tension brought about by a wonderful balance of the heart and mind at work, together, helping each other... a great rarity in today's art world. Contained in these paintings are all the best aspects of John's past works...his colour, humour, spontaneity, his freedom and more than anything... his love for what he is painting: his love of painting, and his love. I've loved many of his paintings in the past but in this show I love the vast majority of them, for they are not only good paintings, but they are wonderful paintings and will stand all the tests of time.

Paul Smith.



***"Love others as you would love yourself and all that is yours.***

***Fortunate are they whose love is tested by misfortunes.***

***Love demands that the lover sacrifice for the beloved."***

**Meher Baba**

by Bhau Kalchuri  
Manifestation Inc. 1984

For those who enjoy reading as a way of coming close to and more familiar with the intimate life of Avatar Meher Baba, this is a very exciting time. Over the last few years, many biographical notes and reminiscences have been published by the people most familiar with Baba; the resident mandali.

Particularly fascinating is the different image of Baba which is revealed in each of these books. General themes recur (of Baba's consideration for all, His concentration on detail, His humour, His unpredictability, above all His love and His work) but it is as though each relationship with Baba is unique so that the picture of Baba is unique to each.

None of these books have shocked or moved me more than WHILE THE WORLD SLEPT. It presents 47 brief but immensely powerful stories of Bhau's life with Baba. Throughout them, Bhau's frankness and honesty is disarming. In becoming Baba's servant, he became more than a slave; a piece of dough to be pummelled, crushed, shaped and kneaded in the Master Baker's hands. It is like the story of an emotional roller coaster ride with a man at the helm who is completely inexplicable and yet to whom one is bound by (simply) love. This man appears as 50 Zen Masters all in one whom every tiny life detail becomes a monster-koan, breathtaking in its audacity and insight.

That Bhau, and all the mandali, not only survived the abuse, relentless teasing and the no-win orders, but grew in strength, humanness and love, is both a great credit to them and a further reflection of Baba's insight and love for human beings everywhere.

Every story Bhau tells has both power and poignancy. One of the most moving tells of Baba's efforts to save one of His lovers from suiciding. Knowing the man was in imminent danger, Baba tried to send telegram after telegram. When these failed, it seemed He resorted to miraculously appearing just as the man was about to jump from a cliff. Of course, Baba was all the time at Meherazad, 500 kilometres away.

Another emotional story relates how Pendu, on crutches after the Satara accident, broke into helpless tears before Baba's merciless scolding. Bhau comments "Living with Baba was nothing but dying". How much it must have hurt Baba to behave as He did! His own comment was "Those whom I love most, I destroy".

As always with Baba, just when everything appears utterly hopeless, it is His loving humour which keeps us buoyant. So it is in this book by Bhau. Bhau learnt to laugh with Baba; and laugh at himself. The frankness and love with which he does so makes this one of the most powerful books of Meher Baba I have read.

Henry Price

.....

Like Icarus, my heart flies high  
Too close to Sun and Source  
Shall I burn with Love's all-consuming fire?  
Or turn back to

Mind, moored and scared,  
Its parrotry  
An incessant drone in black night  
It pays no heed to Love's call  
Or cock's crow.

Through Illusions dreamed labyrinths  
It chatters and spins,  
A crazed Daedulus, crying,  
"I'm lost, I'm frightened.  
Come back."

Carole Price

AVATAR'S ABODE ANNIVERSARY - JUNE 7, 8, 9, 10th, 1985

Accommodation on Avatar's Abode will be in caravans, pilgrims quarters & nearby homes.

Total cost of accommodation for four days - \$40 per adult irrespective of location. Children free. There will be a minimum charge of \$50 per caravan. Money paid by people staying in private homes will help pay for the rental of caravans etc.

Food & Cooking - Cutlery, crockery plus stove & fridge are provided in caravans. Food supplies are available in nearby Woombye 7 days a week. Shopping trips can be arranged.

Essential Items to bring with you - All blankets & pillows where possible. Sheets, pillow cases, towels, all toilet items & a good strong torch, rain-coat, warm clothing, some lighter clothes for daytime. Remember, Queensland can be very cold in winter. It is requested that all people travelling to the Anniversary by car should where possible, bring sufficient blankets, sheets, sleeping bags, pillows etc. for their own use.

PLEASE DO NOT BRING YOUR PETS

TRANSPORT - Remember - it's a holiday weekend, so book early!

EAST-WEST AIRLINES) from Melbourne & Sydney direct to MAROOCHY AIRPORT  
& ) arriving 10.30 am & midday approx.  
AIRLINES OF N.S.W.)

GREYHOUND & PIONEER COACHES: overnight daily services from Melbourne & Sydney with connecting service to NAMBOUR

BUS or TRAIN from BRISBANE:

SKENNARS BUS - from their terminal at Barry Parade, Valley in Brisbane  
Direct service to NAMBOUR - departs 9.30am & 4.30pm Mon to Fri & 1.30pm on Sat. Takes 1½ hours. Fare \$8.50

To Maroochydore - frequent services depart Mon-Sat between 6.30am & 6.30pm  
Takes 2-2½ hrs. to Maroochydore terminal. Fare \$8.00

TRAIN - from Roma Street Station, Brisbane

Mon - Fri departs 4.19pm & 5.25pm, & Sat departs 9.10am, 12.45 & 5.45pm  
Takes 2-2½ hrs. Brisbane to Woombye Station. Fare \$9.50 approx.

Bookings for Accommodation - Please fill in the enclosed booking slip and return it as soon as possible, but no later than MONDAY 20th May, 1985. As there is a considerable advance cash outlay in hiring caravans etc. please enclose a cheque or money order to cover accommodation costs, with your booking slip.

Accommodation cannot be guaranteed if this money is not sent with your slip. All cheques etc. to be made out to AVATAR'S ABODE TRUST. Address for the return of booking slips and all accommodation correspondence is:

"Anniversary Accommodation",

c/- Symons,

Box 261 P.O.;

Nambour. Qld. 4560.

Any queries: phone Sim Symons 071.467261

All bookings will be confirmed by mail. Please be sure to notify us immediately of any change whatsoever concerning the details of your booking.

Anyone requiring a booking slip who has not received one please contact Sim Symons immediately.



## AVATAR'S ABODE MEETINGS - BABA'S HOUSE.

FRIDAY - 10th May, at 7.30pm. Videos of Baba's mandali.

FRIDAY - 17TH MAY, AT 7.30PM. Readings of Baba's books lead by Joanna Bruford.

Weekly meetings will resume after the Anniversary.

SUNDAY 2nd June. 10-12.30pm Working bee for the preparation of grounds for Anniversary.

12.30-2pm. BABA-Q

2pm - 4pm. Preparation

of baba's House (Anniversary)

## MAPLETON.

FRIDAY -25th May, 7.30pm.

Readings, Discourses & Tapes at Phillis & Alan Smith, Post Office Rd, Mapleton, ph457347

## BRISBANE

TUESDAY 14th May. 7.30pm. Baba Films. 15 Ludlow St. Hamilton. (Park in Eblin St.) Ph Raine & Jack Mormon, 2681632.

There will be no meetings in June - see you at the Anniversary!

## MELBOURNE

Contact point for Melbourne - Jim & Trish Migdoll, 2a Erskine Street, Armadale. Ph207146. Books literature, & Info available.

## Sydney Meetings

Wednesday 8th May - 39/211 Waterloo Road, Marsfield. At the home of Fali Imirigar - Phone 869 8584.

Wednesday 15th May - Suite 1, 54 Alfred St, Milson's Point. Discussion and reading led by John Grant. Phone 969 9845.

Wednesday 22nd May - 26 Bullecourt Avenue, Mosman. At the home of John Grant. Phone 969 9845.

Wednesday 29th May - Suite 1, 54 Alfred St, Milson's Point. Discussion and reading led by John Grant. Phone 969 9845.

Wednesday 5th June - 2 Passey Ave, Hunters Hill. At the home of John & Wendy Borthwick. Phone 817 2381.

Wednesday 12th June - Suite 1, 54 Alfred St, Milson's Point. Ph. Garfield Wells 957 2188.

## THE WIND

See the branches of the trees  
Like arms flung high and wide  
Their feet rooted in dust  
Ready to embrace the Beloved.

They catch it  
And we call it trust.

See the eyes of the lover  
Sparkle like wet sand on the shore  
Their feet travel sore  
Longing to embrace the Beloved.

They catch it  
And we'll call it tears.

M. Walmsley.

## MEHER BABA AUSTRALIA

P.O.Box 56, Hunters Hill. N.S.W.2110.

Editor: Wendy Borthwick

Cover: Sketch-Bill Reading

Layout & Typing: Ros Hayes

Proof reading: Diana Snow

*"Real living is dying for God.*

*Live less for yourself and more for others.*

*One must die to one's one self*

*to be able to live in all other selves.*

*One who dies for God lives forever."*

**Meher Baba**