



MEHER BABA
AUSTRALIA

JUNE 1986

CLARICE ADAMS MEETS BABA PART IV

1958. The second visit of Meher Baba to Australia was to the property Francis had bought at Kiel Mountain, subsequently named by Baba "Avatars Abode". Our whole family was eager to go but Noel was having trouble. He was at Melbourne University studying for a Science degree, had accepted a studentship from the Department of Education and was being paid. This meant that he could not stay away from his studies without permission - he had interviews - took a letter from me explaining who our family considered Baba to be and why we considered it important to go. At last the controller said: Alright, alright, I don't know why I am giving you permission to go but PLEASE don't tell anyone else where you are going.

For the first meeting Stan and three others were to carry Baba in a chair - some seemed apprehensive that they may jolt Baba till Stan said - "Right - all together 1,2,3, lift" whereupon Baba rubbed Stan's back.

The meeting began and Baba was really working - the atmosphere was electric - and at last Baba said that anyone who wasn't ready to obey the orders He would send was to leave and return to their home. I looked up to see that my two sons and a friend who lived at our home were the three who had gone forward to signify their unwillingness to obey. Baba talked to them and they returned to their seats while I mentally arranged how to send the boys home. Colin was crying - it rained softly and Baba said "Look Colin, Baba is crying too". Then, "Stand up Clarice" was the call. Didn't you explain to the boys the conditions? Yes Baba, but obviously not well enough. "Colin is unhappy and after the meeting I want you to explain it all to him and see that he is happy and kept happy," said Baba. After the meeting I walked around wondering what to say to Colin - I looked up and saw Baba and was suddenly convinced without any shadow of a doubt that Baba knew everything. Next Colin found me and said "Mum, how could you promise. He might ask me to hurt someone." I began "Well you see I believe Baba knows everything," meaning to go on and explain the extension of that belief that whatever Baba asked you to do would be right, but it was not necessary. The sun shone in Colin's previously troubled face and he said "Oh well - if He knows everything that's alright." Quite evidently the conviction Baba had given me was strong enough at that moment to carry conviction to Colin also. (On the way home from Kiel Mountain Colin announced that he intended to be a doctor and he now is - at that time he was 13.) The friend who said he was unwilling to obey was asked by Baba to stay on as a favour to Baba. He walked off feeling he had won a victory and then realised he had

walked away from problems all his life - he hurried back and begged Baba to allow him to obey.

Later at a private interview Baba said our whole family was very dear to Him.

On other days there were highlights and delights. Baba asked to be entertained and Noel was the only one with an instrument (flute) which he played for Baba. Someone started singing "O come let us adore Him" but it was dragging a bit so Stan jumped up and started "Waltzing Matilda". Baba smiled and conducted the singing of that. Stan said he looked at Francis and thought "his pants are falling down" and immediately Eruch said "Francis, Baba says pull up your pants."

Baba asked could anyone recite the Prayer of Repentance? No one could but Elsie Smart had a book containing it so Baba had someone read it aloud and said we were all forgiven our sins up to now.

We were told that many not at the meeting were closer to Him than we were and it was our duty to share all that happened with anyone interested. The men were given varying sized pieces of quartz from Baba's tomb and the women pieces of Baba's hair. Stan was given a large piece of quartz which Baba turned over and over in His hand - then told Stan it was just for himself and to keep it with him. When Stan died it was with the stone in his shirt pocket over his heart. I still have a locket with the piece of Baba's hair which was given to me by Him.

I was told of a problem which was put to a group of men including Eruch, Francis and Denis O'Brien. He wanted copies of some papers made for Sydney, Melbourne and Queensland but there was only one bound copy and it contained a paper on the present Five Perfect Masters which was not to be seen by the typist. At last Denis spoke up and said "There's no problem. I'll give it to Clarice and if I ask her not to look at it she won't, even without an instruction from You." So I was sent for, had the joy of a special instruction from Baba and duly typed the required number of copies.

When Prasad was being thrown by Baba and we were instructed to do our best to catch - I thought I'll miss - I've always been a butter fingers - and then the sweet almost jumped into my hand.

Baba told us that Francis would be going to India to live with Him and He commissioned Robert and Lorna Rouse to look after the property until Francis returned.

While looking across at the view Baba said "This will be a place of pilgrimage."

Baba told us all Francis had given Him the property but He was giving it back to Francis.

My orders when they came read as follows:

GHAZALS BY DAVID STEWART AND PAUL SMITH

They are opening the fold of Maya's tent.
God's Name has Sheikh and showman both heaven sent.

Her laws may unfold but his Will remains:
Child of two parents until mind has been rent.

Nothing into Nothing are the universal affairs,
But one Nothing is Everything Hafiz meant.

Lips that would kiss illusion are kissing God's;
Such the universality of love's bent.

For love is infinite and relative,
As though to Maya the laws of love are lent.

If Dave holds to the daaman til the very end
He may never know which way illusion went.

TO MERWAN

I have tasted the ruby blood that makes one yearn for you.
Of my own volition I cannot drink; pour please winemaker.

I have dreamt of your inviting doorway, the house of madness,
In Poona when the ages bliss first revelled in the true Fakir.

When new worlds whirled before naked eyes
And your head beat on the floor riding minds breaker.

Did you know then of us beggars at your tomb and door
And of Mehera the Blessed One; o never forsake her.

As poet the ink would draw your wondrous face;
The hand is numb but you are the waker.

So I steal a glance from film or imagination's eye
And of theft of criminal hearts let you be the Taker.

THE AGE OF INTUITION

This king-hit has been gathering since time immemorial;
A slow punch arisen from silence ineffable.

From reason to intuition is the knockout.
A cycle of cycles leaving instinct irretrievable.

Gesture without speech, love without words wooliness.
This will be the day of the Gods, silent and implacable.

The revolution of revolutions is taking place;
God has spilled over into creation's crucible.

The chemistry of coal will return to spiritual fire.
The ancient fire keepers will proceed with divine mantle.

Science will rise again tuned to angel laws
And sweet poetry will nourish wise parable.

But Dave is still a prehistoric intellect,
Primitive in archyypal time writing what he is able.

David Stewart

MOON OF THE DIVINE SUN

Beyond the tomb I saw the sun setting
And found that I was once again regretting

That I never saw the Beloved's bright face:
Sun was deep red as though it was bleeding.

Above the tomb I saw the moon rising,
And I knew it was the Beloved's crowning.

Shaped like a boat it sailed through blue,
And I could not help but be realizing:

O Meher, Your radiance still shines through
Your Mehera: crown is so perfectly fitting!

This poet, Teamaker, would like to say just this:
I'm amazed once again but no longer regretting.

A CONFESSION

There is nothing I can properly do
Except write a few poems for You.

My obedience is so weak-kneed:
Only my need do I always do.

I could not give up life if asked:
My fear is rampant right through.

Who do I surrender to? My desires!
Who do I give praise to? My ego too!

Moments I have loved You are Yours;
You gave them to me to give to You.

I cannot say that I really exist,
I dream and sleep and look for You.

I look for You: a few poems too.
On occasions my heart is true.

I do nothing but ask and suffer,
In the hope of a glimpse of You.

Oh to be made dust for feet
To walk upon, belonging to You.

Teamaker doesn't ask tonight,
He begs with his heart. And You?

Paul Smith

NOTE: Ghazals are not that difficult to write...why not try it? On how to write a ghazal see my DIVAN of HAFIZ Introduction volume pages 64-72.

Paul Smith

AVATAR MEHER BABA'S VISIT TO ASSISI

Avatar Meher Baba's third trip to the West occurred in July 1932, following His first visit to the Far East. The day after He arrived in Portofino, He indicated that He wanted to do some work in Assisi, the home of St. Francis in central Italy. Assisi was one of the 'spiritual centres' of Europe. Baba sent Herbert Davy, one of His followers, to Assisi in preparation for His arrival, and most importantly to find a suitable cave that St. Francis had used when he meditated during his days at the Hermitage of Carceri.

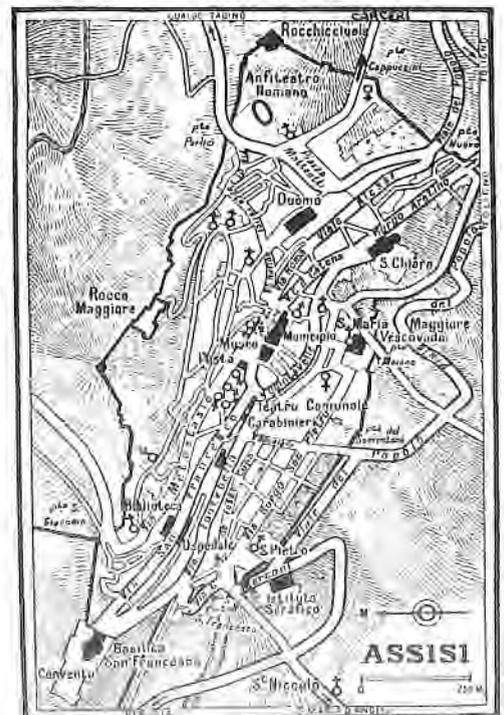
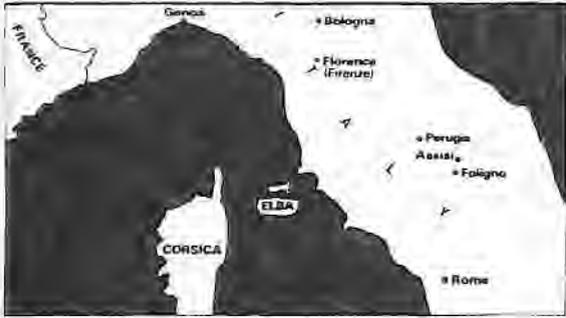
Herbert left on 1st August by train from Genoa, arriving the following day. After many disappointments he finally found a cave that would suit Baba's purpose. During these years, Italy was under the fascist regime, and it was important not to arouse any suspicions, so Herbert had informed the hotel and the local monks of his intentions.

After preparing the cave, he meditated in it as instructed by Baba, until Baba arrived a few days later on the 5th by car with three others; Kaka, Chanji and Quentin. After they refreshed and had a meal, they were given instructions by Baba, and then to save time, motored part of the way up Mt. Subasio towards the cave. They reached it about 7.30 pm. They all began

their fast, Baba went into the cave, and the men took turns to guard it. Baba stayed in the cave until 4.30 pm. the following day, and later they broke their fast with a meal. Baba then called them all into the cave and they discussed future plans. Also mentioned by Baba was that he had worked out the course of the world for the next 2000 years, in a meeting attended by the spiritual heirarchy of the time. Baba was very exhausted and in pain, so much so that He was helped by the men most of the way back to the town. When they reached the city, they walked past the main places which are associated with St. Francis, and later at 10.30 pm. they all squeezed into a small car and left Assisi for Florence, later returning to Portofino. A more detailed account will be found in Purdom's "Perfect Master" and Kitty Davy's "Love Alone Prevails".

The following is a brief description of Assisi, and its famous saint. Assisi is located about 100 miles NE of Rome, in the province of Perugia. It is situated on a Western slope of Mt. Subasio (1290 m.) with a population nowadays of over 24000. In Roman times the town was known as 'Asisium', and in 1184 it became a republic, and engaged in the usual wars between nearby towns; eventually it passed on to the Church. Its claim to fame is due to its famous saints - St. Francis and St. Clare.

The principal monument to the memory of St. Francis, and the most striking feature of the town is the 'Basilica of San Francesco'. After the saint died, a fund for a memorial church began in 1228, and its foundation stone was laid



Hermitage of the Carceri



St. Francis, by Cimabue

by Pope Gregory IX, the day after he canonized the saint. Although the 'lower' church was completed within two years, the church continued to expand in size, adding another story over the next two centuries. During the 15th century, the crypt containing his body was rendered inaccessible as a precaution against raids by the Perugians. The crypt was discovered in 1818 and enlarged in 1925-32. It contains a stone coffin with the remains of the saint. The large building next to the Basilica is the Franciscan Convent. Other notable churches are the 'Cathedral' (Duomo San Rufino), the 'Temple of Minerva' and the 'Church of St. Clare' (Santa Chiara) which contains the highly decorated open tomb of St. Clare. She was an enthusiastic disciple of St. Francis, and founded the order of nuns, the 'Clarissines' or 'Poor Clares'. In the adjoining small church of 'St. Giorgio' is where the saint lay buried until 1230. The 'Crucifix of St. Damien' which

supposedly spoke to St. Francis is found in this church. Other churches of interest are 'Chiese Nuova' and 'San Damiano', where St. Francis renounced the world.

On the plain below Assisi, 5 km South, is the town of 'Maria delgi Angeli' which has a church by the same name. This church contains the cell in which St. Francis died. Within the cell his 'heart' is among the relics. The church also contains a small garden, in which it is said the roses have been thornless since he threw himself on them in order to overcome temptation.

The 'Hermitage of Le Carceri' (Eremo delle Carceri) is located about 4 km. East of Assisi via the Porta Cappuccini gate. It lies on a wooded slope of holm-oaks above a ravine on Mt. Subiaso. A little church which is found here was donated by the Benedictine monks to the saint, and later, in the 14th century, a monastic building was erected. Nearby is the grotto where the saint used to sleep on a hollowed out rock. Most of the miracles recounted in 'St. Francis' Little Flowers' took place here.

St. Francis was born in 1182, the son of a rich merchant, Pietro Berneardone, the husband of Pica. He was baptized Giovanni, but his father who was trading in France, called him Francesco. His youth was wild, but in 1201 he was captured and imprisoned by the Perugians when a quarrel broke out between the towns. During this period his mind towards God, so much so that when he was released a year later and returned home, he devoted himself to a life of poverty and self-denial. Followers soon joined him, and in 1210 he founded his famous 'Order of Mendicant Friars, the Franciscans'. He began to tend to lepers and to give all he had to the poor. In later years he preached his gospel in Italy, Spain, Morocco and in Egypt in 1219. Then on to the Holy lands.

St. Francis returned to Assisi and continued on with his work. During a festival in Sept. 1224 he had a vision, and found on his body



THE BARRICADE AND THE LOWER AND UPPER CHURCHES OF ST. FRANCIS.



ST. ELIZABETH BY GIOTTO

Strolling in a rose garden with Hafiz in old Shiraz

The Divan of Hafiz is obtainable by writing to New Humanity Books, 81-83 Bourke St, Melbourne Vic. 3000. The price (for 2 volumes) is \$68 (incl. postage).

IF THERE is anything Paul Smith does not know about Hafiz, the 14th Century Persian poet, it probably is not worth knowing. Mr Smith, poet, bookseller and publisher, the proprietor of Melbourne's Whole Earth Bookstore, has been studying the life and work of Hafiz since 1966. This week he published the fruit of that long devotion, a two-volume modern version of the 'Divan of Hafiz', the first complete edition in English for more than 80 years.

Hafiz, the pen-name of Khwaja Shamsud-din Muhammad, was born at Shiraz about 1320 AD and died there 80 years later. He is considered one of the greatest masters of the ghazal, that demanding verse-form, freely described by Paul Smith as "a conversation between lovers sitting on a bench, a poem of longing and the blues which asks, 'Why are you doing this to me? Why do you treat me this way?'"

The 'Shorter Oxford' austere defines the ghazal as "a species of Oriental poetry, usually erotic, having a limited number of verses and a recurrent rhyme".

Through the centuries there have been many, sometimes unexpected, admirers of Hafiz, a title roughly equivalent to Doctor of Divinity and accorded the true believer who has command of the entire Koran by heart. Goethe declared him without peer, a poet who had "inscribed undeniable truth indelibly". Emerson reckoned that "Hafiz defies you to show him or put him in a condition inopportune or ignoble". Queen Victoria, like countless but not so exalted folk before her and since, is said to have consulted the 'Divan' as an oracle to guide her when making important decisions.

Paul Smith came to Hafiz after discovering an interest in the Indian guru, Meher Baba, who named the poet a "Perfect Master" and declared the 'Divan' to be "the best book in the world because it engenders feelings which ultimately lead to illumination".

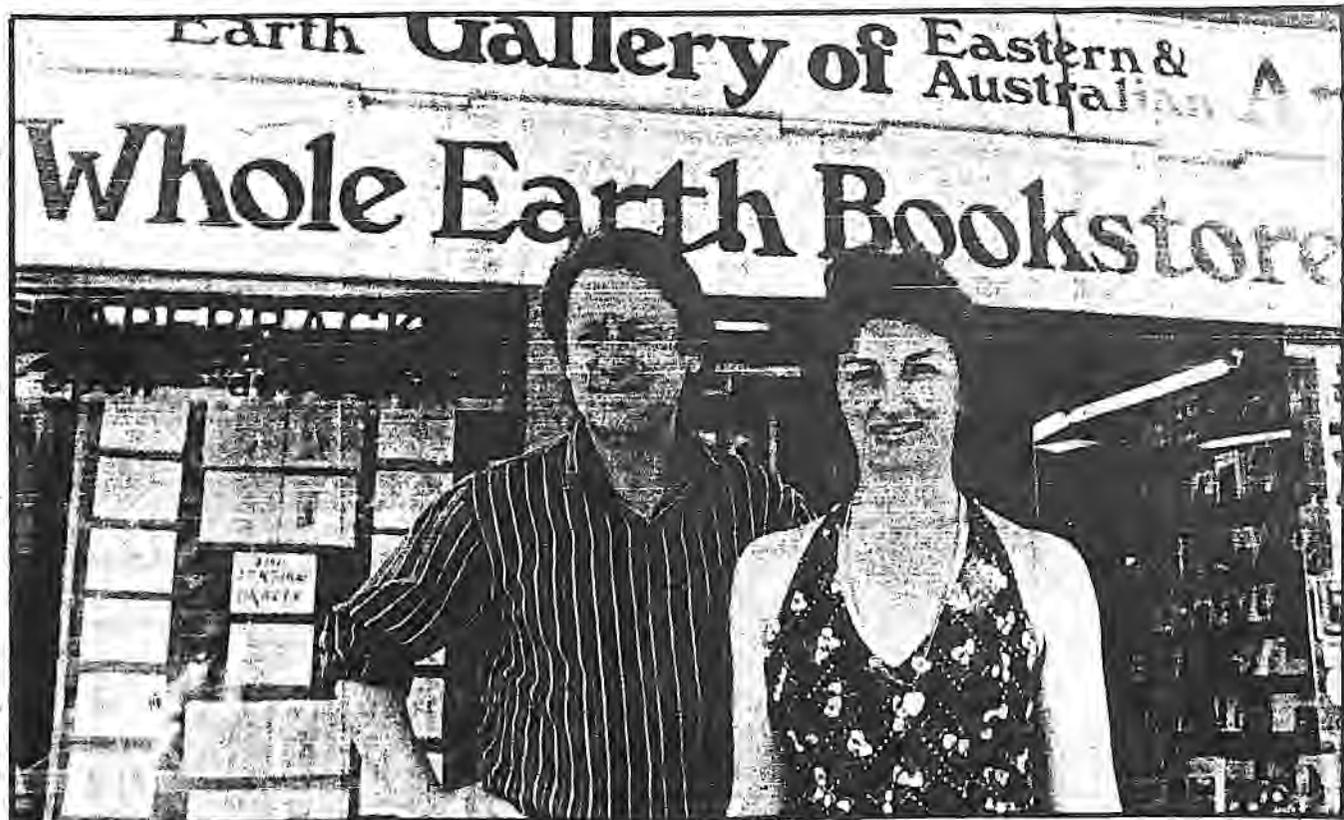
Writers & readers

Stuart Sayers

Although he once thought Meher Baba to be a charlatan he revised his opinion after reading a biography of him, 'The God Man', while travelling in India in 1965. "A whole lot of things in my life came together through reading that book," he remembers. "It often quotes Hafiz and also Francis Brabazon, an Australian painter and mystic poet, now dead and almost unknown here, but admired in India and America. I got interested in Brabazon's poetry and also Hafiz, which opened up the whole of Eastern poetry to me."

Poetry is important to Paul Smith. He had written verse copiously from his youth, became obsessed with the ghazals of Hafiz and tried hard to write in the same mode. By 1974 he had decided to compile a modern version of the 'Divan', presenting the 791 poems so far known to be genuinely the work of Hafiz. By then his career in bookselling was established, first at Cheshire, later as joint proprietor of the Source bookshop and eventually of the Whole Earth bookshop. He had also ventured into newspaper publishing as proprietor of 'Source', a financial disaster and, more successfully, into book publishing. In 1971 he published a long epic poem, 'Cradle Mountain' and three years later edited and published the best-selling 'Pie Anthology', a 700-page collection of poetry, literature, paintings and drawings by young Australians whose work then was called "underground" but for many since has become widely recognised.

Paul Smith's version of the 'Divan of Hafiz' is not properly a translation because he is unable to speak Persian, can read it only



Paul and Ann Smith outside their shop.

with the aid of a dictionary. He has no talent for languages other than English. But he has been told by two scholars of Hafiz that his 'Divan' is remarkably accurate.

"To me it's a minor kind of miracle that something so close to the original and with so much feeling could be accomplished without knowing the language," Paul Smith says.

His method sounds exhausting, although he remembers it as exhilarating. He spent 10 years studying English translations of Hafiz, of the Koran and any Persian history or poetry that came to hand. In time he reckoned that writing ghazals had become natural to him,

that he shared the "divine nostalgia" which marks the Persian poet's work.

"My 'Divan of Hafiz' is what you could call an English version of other English versions," Paul Smith says. "I worked on different versions, perhaps as many as 50, lining them all up. I would read a poem hundreds and hundreds of times until I thought I knew what it was all about. Then I would take a couplet, look at all the different versions, blank my mind and wait for the first line to come to me. When it did I would get down the rhyme structure and line length for the couplet and then do the same with the next. That was the

first draft which I would work over and over, polishing 10, 15 or 20 times to arrive at the final version."

Even so, the result remained no more than a literal translation, wooden and lacking life until suddenly in a "mystical experience", a dozen ghazals "wrote themselves" in five hours. "In my inner ear a voice that was not my own said loud and clear: 'You were doing it for yourself now do it for me.'" Paul Smith records in the explanatory companion to the volume containing the 'Divan' poems. Soon after, in a dream, he saw himself walking beside Hafiz through the rose garden surround-

ing his tomb at Shiraz. From then he worked as if inspired by the poet himself, infected by the humor and irony that fill his work.

The 'Divan of Hafiz' in the Smith version is a family enterprise. Paul Smith's wife, Ann, edited the book, his sister, Carol Bruce, typeset it. The edition, limited to 1000 copies, of which 700 have been assigned to the American market, is the first product of New Humanity Books, an imprint of Whole Earth Catalogue Publications, the company which owns Whole Earth Bookstore and was publisher of 'Cradle Mountain' and 'Pie Anthology'.

EVENTS

Melbourne

Contact point for information:
Steve Rooney
9 Victoria Rd., Canterbury. 3126.

Perth

Contact points for information:
Sylvia Pichler
1 Tamar St, Palmyra. Ph (09)339.2989
Val Whittington Ph (095)72.4262

Sydney

Sun. 22nd June 10 am. Arti at Meher House followed by morning tea and volleyball. Arti is performed every morning at Meher House. For times ph. 938.3737

Sat. 28th June 7.30 pm. Meher House monthly meeting. Ph Jenny or Ross Keating 938.3737

Meher Baba Information

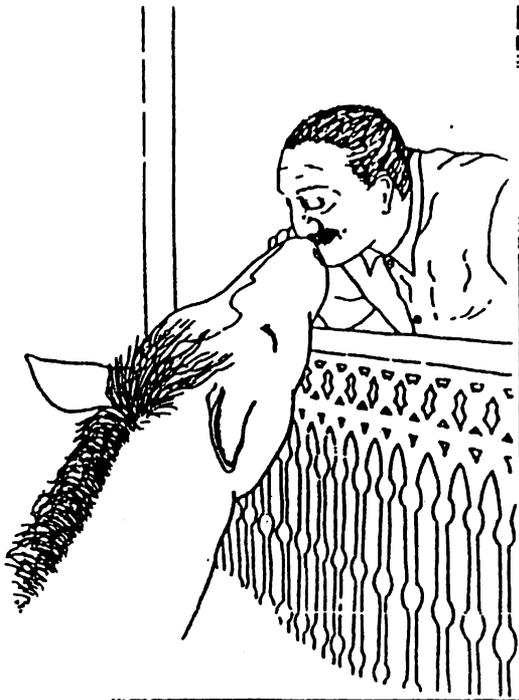
G.P.O. Box 1826 Sydney 2001
for free literature, introductory books, world Baba contacts, meetings, etc.

Avatars Abode

June 6th - 9th. Anniversary

Wed 25th June 7.30 pm. Reading, videos, films etc in Baba's House.

Sun. 6th July 10 am. Work bee followed by Activities meeting and Baba-que lunch.



Maji Books announces
a new book for children
SHEEBA

Sheeba was Meher Baba's pet thoroughbred horse, cared for by Mehera. This illustrated book tells the story of Sheeba, how Sheeba became Baba's pet and the adventures she had with him.

Text by Malinda Mayer
Illustrations by Jill Vowles

32 pages, paperback, 8.5 X 11 inches.
US\$5.00 per copy (orders of 10 or more 20% discount).

Postage and handling US\$1.00 per copy.

Obtainable from Maji Books

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April 11, 1986

Meher Baba Australia
P.O. Box 56
Hunters Hill
New South Wales 2110

Dear friends in Baba,

A hearty JAI BABA! to you and a tight embrace in the love of our Beloved Baba. Recently I was reading the December/January issue of **Meher Baba Australia** wherein there was quite a history of Beloved Baba's previous advents. It is so nice to read about His Divine Sport in other times. There were however, errors in dates for Baba's advents as Rama and as Krishna. Rama was shown as being 2,700 years B.C. and Krishna was shown as being 1,700 years B.C. However, Baba said that Krishna was 5,000 years ago (3,000 B.C.) and that Rama was 7,000 years ago (5,000 B.C.). On page 332 of *God-Man*, by C.B. Purdom, Baba is speaking about Saint Mira, "She loved Krishna with all her heart, but did not live at the time of Krishna, about 5,000 years ago." Then, on page 243, Baba is speaking about Emperor Janak (who was a Perfect Master), Sita's father, Rama's father-in-law. There was an aspirant who decided to seek out Jannak. "For two months he walked through sun and rain without food. This was about seven thousand years ago." I hope this clears the dates up. I also checked these out with Eruch and he confirmed them. I know that these dates Baba gave do not now correspond to what historians and anthropologists give. Maybe they'll catch up some day!!!

Love in Baba.

JVL
John F. Page

Meher Baba Australia

P.O.Box 56, Hunters Hill, NSW. 2110.

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