

Mehner Baba Australia



June 87

BEING IS DYING BY LOVING

Introduction

The following are excerpts from a dramatic presentation written by Francis Brabazon, and performed at a June Anniversary in the early seventies. The presentation included music, drama, poetry, comedy sketches and passages of serious narration.

Prologue

Two of the youngest players, hurrying, come through side door and up on the Stage. One looks back over the audience and says:

First Player: Who are all these beautiful people with faces bright with expectancy? They must have heard that we intend to entertain the Beloved tonight and are hoping to get a glimpse of Him.

Second Player: To have heard of Him is already to have had a glimpse of Him. Has not the Beloved himself said that there is no one who has not experienced some fleeting moment of Truth, who has not, even if only for the duration of one sigh, loved divinely.

First Player: (suddenly apprehensive):
What a cheek we've got, thinking we can entertain the God-Man, when the whole play of Creation is for His entertainment.

Second Player: Don't worry about that. If we stopped to ask ourselves whether we were being cheeky to God, we wouldn't even be able to eat our breakfast because of the wonder of two rows of teeth chopping away while we're talking about a hundred other things. If the Beloved eats our breakfast for us, He will surely entertain Himself through us.

(The two players go on up-stage and off)

Narrator

Consciously or unconsciously, in whatever a man does he is seeking himself. For the most part the search is unconscious and his actions alternate between routine and impulse. When the search becomes conscious, the changing values and rewards of the world become meaningless to him and he ceases to regard them.

This state of disregard, Baba insists, should be inward and not outward. It does not give one a licence to reject one's commitments as a human being to other human beings - to sponge on others. Our actions must remain in conformity with those around us; for we ourselves chose our environment and the people which inhabit it.

Real renunciation is an inner state which no one but one's Beloved knows about. It is the very opposite to withdrawal, or dropping out, from society because one cannot cope with it - for the real renouncer must think more about others than about himself, while the one who withdraws thinks of no one but himself.

Outer renunciation, instead of leading to freedom becomes a greater bondage.

One has the right to be critical of society, but if one wants to find freedom and truth one must be critical of oneself; one has the right to protest but if he has sense he will protest against his own self, which keeps him in ignorance about himself.

cont ...

ELEGY FOR THE SMALL FARMS

The tractor climbs over the hill.

The horses no longer run in the smooth paddocks
and bend their proud heads to the water-troughs in the evening
letting great globules of light ascend their throats.

They have been sold to feed the royal lions and the
proud eagles that live in captivity.

The tractor climbs over the hill.

Go where you will,
you will find no country bread or girls;
The brick ovens have been given to the dingoes for kennels,
legs have been turned down on lathes to Fashion's requirements,
and breasts have been transistorized to pick up the
stale gossip of cities.

The tractor climbs over the hill.

In the anatomy of bark-painting a people without
nation was contained.

But we are a people with purpose.

Should we not perhaps give our babies to lyre-birds
to suckle in the hope that they grow up singers of
electronic anthems?

The tractor climbs over the hill.

Should we not sow our deserts with locusts and wild honey?

There could be a great future for prophets
in the latter days of the world: men who would leave
a record of curses spoken like bullockies of old.

The tractor climbs over the hill.

Even I, given a little coddling in camel hair,
might qualify - although not so well as the kookaburra
whom we have never understood: for his song is a
falling of fire out of the branches of rain.

The tractor climbs over the hill.

The silent earth is waiting for the Word that the
Silence will speak.

The mornings are spiked with forebodings and viruses;
The evenings are distrustful of any passing cloud;
And the night roads run on through sterile landscapes
lit by a spent moon.

The tractor climbs over the hill.

The last I see of the driver is his hat caught in
the branches of a tree.

LEVEL CROSSING

Narrator: There is no man who has not had some experience of God - no matter how fleeting.

There is no man who has not longed for union with the divine Beloved - no matter how brief the longing.

The voice of Truth is constantly speaking in our hearts (heart, that instrument it took God aeons and aeons to shape and tune) - yet we say, "Listen to the birds, how sweetly they sing", or, "Let's go and hear the violins play".

Hidden in the folds of the heart are rainbows and choirs of angels singing "Evermore, evermore". Yet we hardly ever stop and look and listen.

Enter 3 girls each carrying a disc on which is written STOP, AND LOOK, AND LISTEN.

1st girl says: I have stopped (etc.)

2nd girl says: I have looked (etc.)

3rd girl says: I have listened (etc.)

STOP LOOK LISTEN

Enter three people each holding a board with one of these words painted on it which he displays: (or perhaps displayed by three girls)

First: A man is his own work on his way to himself.
He toils in un-toil to keep his place
in the pattern of things. Blistered hands
set him dreaming of lands strong as honey
and gentle as milk, of flesh as smooth as silk.
His heart at night shines with the fire God got for him
ages ago that his hands might be
clapped together in gladness.

Second: These steel rails at this level crossing
run away into infinity
like a woman's thighs in the bed-light.

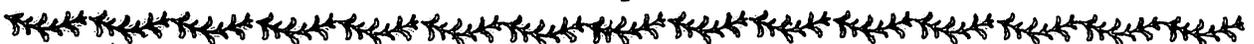
They are silver wings under a fitful sky:
thought can scarcely match them - they are so instant.
They run forward
into a sort of proud banishment.

They once broke the habit of cities -
only to establish new Establishments,
new grandeurs and new pitities.

Do not ever stop flowing, beautiful wings of thighs!
Flow on into the fruition
of all the messages men have desired, and sent.

Third: I am a tree crowned with buds of ears
listening for the Silence from which God's Word broke.
My eyes have filled my heart with many noises:
The world is run on sweat, but ruled by voices.

There is no quietness anywhere - only estrangement
which strangles the flow of surprises.
For a moment I fancied you were beside me and spoke.
A chill wind starts up from the lonely cry of a mopeke.



BABA WOMENS GROUP IN SYDNEY

There have been two meetings of a Women's group in Sydney and we hope to continue these once a month at different people's homes. Those at the last gathering were Megan Craft, Jenny Keating, Ann Wakeford and her sister Mary, Joan Le Page, Georgina San Roque and Wendy Borthwick. Small children played together in Megan's garden while we discussed some possibilities for the meetings and heard some excerpts from a book which Jenny has found most relevant and inspiring - "Live the Questions Now".

As Baba folk, with women's roles and preoccupations, we have decided to try to formulate some questions which we can focus on during our everyday round, and then share any useful thoughts when we come together again. We hope to keep in touch with the wider Baba community by publishing something about the meetings in the newsletter, and by asking anyone to write to us if you have anything you want to share in regard to the questions we come up with, or others.

The current question is "How do we balance our need for solitude and interaction with others?" This is a question which may well strike a chord for other Baba people, women and men, so please write to us (any of the above) if you would like to be involved. The next meeting will be a potluck lunch at the home of Wendy Borthwick, 41 Johnston Street, Annandale (phone 519 4209) on Thursday 11th June.

Georgina San Roque and Jenny Keating

THE SOUND OF DOVES

Harriet thought that the new wallpaper was beautiful. The snaky green vines in the background gave her the feeling that they might start to creep across her bed and climb over the rest of the furniture.

But the birds were the best; they sat, lovely and serene. Their snowy whiteness seemed to gleam and the exquisite and delicate feather markings made them seem so real and alive that she could almost believe that they would fly off the wall at any moment.

Harriet was a very perceptive sort of girl.

The next morning Harriet awoke to the sound of doves cooing; or at least it sounded like doves. She looked at the wallpaper and smiled as she said "Oh, be quiet, you're disturbing my rest!". Then laughed and opened the window to see if there were any birds in the trees outside that could have been making the cooing noise. There were none.

She glanced at the wallpaper again, then sighed, shook her head, put on her dressing gown and walked downstairs.

A delighted cooing came from Harriet's bedroom but there was no-one to hear it. The doves on the wallpaper opened their wings and spread them wide. There was a fluttering and a bird from the middle of the wall flew out the window and waited hovering close by while his brothers and sisters also took to the air. There was a great flapping of snowy white wings and the wallpaper was empty except for snaky green vines that began to creep and climb over the furniture.

Harriet could only stand and stare when she got back to her room; and yet somehow she was not all that surprised. It was really almost what she had expected. She was sad as well; bitterly, unbearably sad. She had thought before that if the doves did come alive that they would stay on as her pets. Obviously it was not so.

Then she noticed something on the bed. The vines spelt out the word "Thank you" and close by was a beautiful white feather. She picked it up and suddenly she felt happy, amazingly, soaringly happy because now she understood.

The doves had been locked up by hatred, greed, selfishness and anger but the window had been left open and Harriet had loved them.

There would be no more wars ever again; Peace was free.

Lila San Roque (11 years)

FIERY FREE LIFE

At a recent Wednesday night meeting in Sydney, those gathered, read about and discussed the three introductory phases to what Meher Baba called 'Life; life that is eternally old and new'. These three introductory phases are known as (i) the 'complicated' free life in which 'bindings dominated freedom' and which involved Meher Baba's visit to Myrtle Beach Centre in April, 1952 and which culminated in His first auto accident in which He spilt His blood on American soil as was pre-ordained. (ii) the 'full' free life where 'freedom dominated bindings' and in which Baba gave darshan in New York, England and Switzerland 'with his leg in plaster' but looking divinely radiant'. (iii) the 'fiery' free life in which 'both freedom and bindings were consumed in the fire of Divine Love' and in which Meher Baba went on mass darshan tours in the north and south of India - the first of their kind.

These three phases all took place during one year - from February 1952 to February 1953 and the events and various discourses Baba gave have been chronicled by Bal Nafu in his 'Glimpses of the God-Man, Meher Baba Vol III'. A few of the Baba quotes which people particularly enjoyed are given below:

"There are three things that always hinder Truth. First is temptation - very, very few persons can overcome temptation; the temptations of money, fame, power, lust, leadership are disastrous, very binding and very few escape them. Second, vagueness about things, and third, dishonesty."

One must always try to be happy and make others happy. Otherwise life will be a bore. Honest living is also very importance - whereby we know we are not deceiving God, others, ourselves or the world. All that is expected of us is this honesty and our attempt to make others happy and to be happy."

"Do you know that Jesus told His disciples - "Leave everything and follow me"? Now, if I were to tell you this, your mind would fluctuate. It will think 'Is it true?, Is it like Jesus?, Is Baba right or wrong?' So unless and until you are wholeheartedly prepared to follow someone whom you think true - like Jesus - the best thing for you would be not to submit to anyone. Just go on following the inner voice. Can you surrender absolutely to Baba? Just ask yourself. Be honest to the very core. If not, do not bother about it."

Jenny Keating

BABA LOVE-SONGS AND BABA LOVE-POEMS

a set of songs and poetry tapes by Michael Da Costa

When Glenda and I were in India last November we bought the above set of tapes. On our previous pilgrimage in 1984 we met Michael and his family. Of course, we heard Michael sing many times as well as recite his poetry in Mandali Hall. So, when Glenda and I saw Michael's tapes in the Trust Office bokshop on our recent visit, we bought them.

Michael, I believe is a poet first and a musician second. The emphasis in both tapes is on the words which in the case of 'Baba Love-Songs' are carried along beautifully by wonderful melodies played on guitar by Michael.

The first poem on Baba Love-Poems 'Nowhere to Nowhere' is a poetic version of the Divine theme of creation and is 'perfect' for children. You would go a long way to hear better poetry reading than this which you will hear on Michael's tape.

Glenda and I have ordered 10 sets of Michael's tapes which should be to hand when you read this. The cost of the tapes is \$21.00 per set plus \$1.50 p & p, and our address is 12 Romea Street, The Gap 4061 Brisbane.

We have also heard parts of the Cathy Haas tape 'Sweet Wine of Love' that Grace Bowling recommended to us in the March issue of 'Meher Baba Australia' and we also recommend it. Meher Baba Foundation Australia is receiving some of these in the very near future if they are not already to hand. The cost of this tape from the Foundation is \$9.00 plus \$1.00 postage. The Foundation's address is P.O. Box 22, Woombye Qld 4559.

Meher Baba Foundation Australia also has available an extensive range of Baba books, which are available through writing to the Foundation. A booklist is available for your convenience.

Happy listening, Jai Baba,
David & Glenda Hobson

Galahs

Shades of gray and playfulness,
Song become laughter,
Objectified, with feathers,
Sometimes settling seeking seeds
A crowd, a theatre in the round,
At interval, out for sweets and chips,
But eager to return
To the play, the storytelling,
The vaudeville acts in the treetops -
With curtain calls,
Swoops of pure joy
Bursts of applause
Across the sky.

And the favourite tale
The telling
How the youngest of the tribe,
The first-born,
Won the colours of the sun
At dawn.

Back when the dream took form -
When spirit first sought feathered freedom -
All the birds-to-be
Were waiting patiently in line
As one by one
Each tribe came forth
To chose its plumage.
All tribes but one -
A gypsy jester clan
Stood telling jokes
Lost in laughter
And one-up-manship,
Till the silence of the waiting hall
At last intruded on their cheer.

What colours were there left to take?
Some bright costume to steal the stage?
Flaming red? Fluorescent blue?
Sorry - all gone. Will grey do?
Grey!
Perturbed and ruffled feathers,
Hurredly put it to the vote,
Wings up for grey -
A realist quipped,
"We've got no choice,
We've missed the boat".

Demurely garbed,
So unbecoming,
"I feel like a government department wall",
The tribe flew off
Close to ground level,
Not themselves,
Not themselves at all.

The grey dawn of tribal history
Continued, sadly, overcast
Until a pert young fledgeling, Antic -
But wait. Here's how it came to pass.

Serendipity determined,
Eastward-facing one fine morn,
Woken by a kookaburra
Antic fell in love with Dawn.

Forth he flew towards the sunrise,
Laughter, joyous in his heart,
He was in love, he did not think,
He clasped his darling, ne'er to part.

When the tribe itself awakened,
All their breasts were tinged rose pink.

No-one knows the fate of Antic,
Many tales spin from that thread,
But the jesters, parti-coloured,
Don't let worry enter their heads.

Lorraine Margaret Brown.



BACKCHAT

PERTH - Meetings will be held 1st weekend of each month at the home of Sylvia Pichler, 1 Tamar Street, Palmyra (ph 339 2989)

MEHER BABA INFORMATION, GPO Box 1826, Sydney 2001 - for free literature, introductory books and world Baba contacts.

QUEENSLAND - Avatar's Abode - Anniversary of Baba's visit 5th, 6th, 7th June. Evening meetings commence 7.30 pm.

SYDNEY EVENTS

Arti - Everyday, Meher House, ring for time (phone 93 2808 or 938 3737)

Dhuni - June 12, San Rogue's, 26 Larkin St, Waverton (phone 957 2284)

Womens Monthly - June 11, 10.30 am Wendy Borthwick's (ph 519 4209)

Childrens Monthly - June 20, 5.30 pm, Meher House (phone 93 2808 or 938 3737)

Monthly Meeting - June 27, 7.30 pm, Meher House - films and supper (ph 93 2808 or 938 3737)

WEEKLY WEDNESDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

For the next 6 meetings we are experimenting with a new format and have come up with the idea of going through the book Ramjoo's Diaries (the years 1922-1925) section by section, adding material from other sources to enhance and add to the details of Meher Baba's life during the first years of His Avatarhood. We hope by doing this to gather material, from a panel and present these

AVATAR'S ABODE TRUST LETTER

In his will, Francis Brabazon left a substantial sum of money to Avatar's Abode, and this money has recently been put at the disposal of the Avatar's Abode Trust.

The trust has decided to put the bulk of the funds into an interest bearing deposit, the interest from which goes toward the maintenance and running costs of Avatar's Abode.

The interest derived is sufficient to cover about one-third of the current annual cost of maintaining Avatar's Abode. The remaining two-thirds must still be met from donations. Therefore, the trust again appeals to those interested in contributing.

Any donations can be sent to: The Treasurer,
Avatar's Abode Trust,
P.O. Box 779,
NAMBOUR Q 4560

John Borthwick.

early years of His Mission as an event at the August Anniversary of Meher Baba's visit to Meher House, Sydney. Contrary to what one might imagine this book is not a dry, factual chronicling of events but a delightful and entertaining account of day to day life with Meher Baba through the eyes of an early disciple & contains many amusing and enlightening incidents and discourses. Come and share with us the pleasure of finding out together the details of how 'Merwanseth' became Meher Baba and gathered to Him and trained His early disciples. The meetings are as follows:-

June 3 - Kris Wyld, 36 Merriman Street, Millers Point 2000 (ph 27 4690)

June 10 - Lakshmi & Prasad, 7/21 Belmont Ave, Wallstonecraft 2065 (ph 439 4689)

June 17 - Borthwicks, 41 Johnston Street, Annandale 2038 (phone 519 4209)

June 24 - George McGahey, 2/15a Searle St, Petersham (phone 560 4516)

July 1 - John Grant, 26 Bullecourt Avenue, Mosman (phone 969 9845)

MEHER BABA AUSTRALIA

41 Johnston Street, Annandale 2038.

Editor: Wendy Borthwick

Treasurer: Leigh Rowan

Cover: Recently, well known Adelaide artist and long time Baba lover, Vytas Serelis sent as a donation to the Avatar's Abode Trust an original art work and two dozen signed and numbered prints of the work. The original is a gift to Avatar's Abode and the prints are to raise funds for the Trust.

Anyone wishing to secure a copy of this limited issue print can do so over the '87 Anniversary with a donation of \$20. It is full poster size and is entitled Maya.