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Monthly:

25th July 1967

DIVYA VANI

(DIVINE VOICE)

Editor:

SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN

Phone: 3 6 2 3 3

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25th JULY 1967

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(DIVINE VOICE)

AN ENGLISH MONTHLY

Devoted to Avatar Meher Baba & His Work

Editor:

SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN

Hon. Assistant Editor :

L. Venkayya, B.Sc., LL.B., D.P.A.

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Avatar Meher Baba's Message on the completion of the
42nd Year of His continuous Silence:

**I WAS GOD,
I AM GOD IN HUMAN FORM
AND I WILL EVER REMAIN GOD.**

BELOVED BABA
enters into a phase of
a very, very strict Seclusion

Brother Eruch writes thus:

"Meherazad"
20-7-67

My dear Swamy Satya Prakash,

Beloved Baba will enter (from July 21st till end of November 1967) into a phase of a very, very strict Seclusion, and He wants to remain absolutely undisturbed for four months from tomorrow.

Accordingly, Baba will NOT attend to any correspondence, including cables and wires, even if they are pertaining to Baba-Work.

Please pass on this information to all concerned in Hyderabad and Secunderabad as you think best.

Beloved Baba sends His Love and Blessing to all His lovers.

Yours lovingly,
(Sd.) ERUCH

Beloved Baba blesses

Kumari Jaya Lakshmi's Soul

Baba's wire (Issued on 20th July '67):

Ahmednagar 20

Prakasarao, Mehervihar, Hyderabad

REMAIN RESIGNED TO MY DIVINE WILL AND
REMEMBER ME WHOLE HEARTEDLY JAYALAKSHMI
IS BLESSED. —MEHER BABA.

Ahmednagar 22

N. S .. Prakasarao, Mehervihar, Hyderabad

BE BRAVE JAYALAKSHMI IS BLESSED TO HAVE
COME TO BABA. —ERUCH

Kumari Jaya Lakshmi, aged 18, second daughter of Bro. N. S. Prakasarao of Secunderabad Centre, after a short illness passed away on 21st July, 1967. She was a smart and active devotee of Baba with ardent faith in Baba's Avatarhood, and surrendering whole heartedly at His feet. She left her mortal coil at 12 noon uttering Beloved Baba's name till she lost her consciousness. She is indeed a blessed soul and we join her parents in prayer to our Beloved to bless her soul. We convey our heartfelt condolences to Bro. Prakasarao and his bereaved family.

—Editor.

EDITORIAL:

THE SILENCE OF THE AVATAR

"It is very difficult to grasp the entire meaning of the word 'AVATAR'. For mankind it is easy and simple to declare that the Avatar is God and that it means that God becomes man. But that is not all that the word 'AVATAR' means or conveys," explains our Beloved Baba, the Avatar of the Age. So as to help us for better grasp of its real meaning, He further says: "It would be more appropriate to say that the Avatar is God and that God becomes man for all mankind and simultaneously God also becomes a sparrow for all sparrows in creation, an ant for all ants in creation, a pig for all pigs in creation, a particle of dust for all dusts in creation, a particle of air for all airs in creation, etc. for each and every thing that is in creation."

Out of His Infinite Compassion for us, He has also explained how the Avatar is God, thus: "In the Infinite Beyond State of God, which transcends the categories of consciousness as well as unconsciousness, there appeared the first initial urge for God to know Himself. And with the arising of this initial urge, there was an instantaneous manifestation of infinite consciousness as well as infinite unconsciousness, as simultaneous resultants. Of these two seemingly opposite but complementary aspects, the infinite consciousness plays the role of the Avatar or Divine Incarnation. The infinite unconsciousness finds

its expression through an evolution, which seeks to develop full consciousness through the time processes. In the human form, the full consciousness strives to have self-knowledge and self-realization. The first man to realise God as one indivisible and eternal Truth was taken up into this realization by the eternal Avataric infinite consciousness. The Avatar is the first master of the first God-realized soul. But in God-realization the full consciousness of the first master became fused with the eternal infinite consciousness of the Avatar."

Thus, we could see how the Avatar is God absolute and how the first master who got fused with the eternal Avataric infinite consciousness is the Master of all masters. Beloved Baba has explained to us in many of His discourses about His divine personality and His mission now as the Avatar of the Age.

It was on the morning of the 10th of July, 1925, when the Great and Unique Silence of our Beloved Master, Avatar Meher Baba began and this day, on the completion of the 42nd year of His continuous Silence, He favours us with a Special Message for the happy occasion thus: "I was God, I am God in human form and I will ever remain God."

We have published elsewhere in this issue the speech of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice P. B. Mukharji of Calcutta, on "The Eloquence of Silence" in which he has so lucidly explained the aspect of the Spiritual Technology of Sound that an average man can know something of its nature and the inner meaning of the "Word" which Beloved Baba intends giving us when He breaks His Silence. It would be most rewarding for those who can dive deep into the depths of this ocean to make a special study of this subject. But to those of us who have got absolute faith in the Avatarhood of Meher Baba, the first and the foremost necessity is to love Him and tighten our grip

on His Daaman ever more, since the time for the breaking of His Silence is fast approaching.

About His Silence, Beloved Baba has explained: "When the God-Man speaks, Truth is more powerfully manifested than when He uses either sight or touch to convey it. For that reason Avatars usually observe a period of Silence lasting for several years, breaking it to speak only when they wish to manifest the Divine Will and world-wide transformation of consciousness then takes place.

"The moment I break My Silence and utter that original Word, the first and last miracle of Baba in this life will be such a miracle, as I have never performed. When I perform that miracle, I won't raise the dead, but I will make those who live for the whole world dead to the world and live in God. I won't give sight to the blind, but will make people blind to illusion and make them see God and Reality."

He has been kind enough to tell us further: "I must break My Silence soon. When I do, all who have come into contact with Me will have some glimpse of Me. Some will see a little of it, some a little more, and some still more. It will be as when the 'power-house' is switched on, whenever bulbs are connected to it, there will be light. From the bulbs that are of small candlepower, the light will be dim, from those who are of high candlepower, the light will be bright. If the bulb is fused there will be no light at all. The time for the 'power-house' to be switched on is so near that the only thing that will count NOW is Love."

Therefore it shall be our most earnest endeavour to strive to love Him more and more and keep our contact with Him intact. And to do this, the direct and simple method He gives us is to think of Him constantly

and serve His Cause to the best of our ability, dedicating ourselves at His Lotus Feet; and our only prayer shall be that we should have the strength of body and mind so that we may wholeheartedly 'live for Him and die for Him'. May Beloved Baba, the Avatar of the Age, be pleased to bless us all with His Love and Grace to hold fast to His daaman unto the last breath of our lives! Jai ! Avatar Meher Baba ki Jai !!

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

Salutation
To
Great Meher Baba, the Love-Incarnate

By Sachindra Kumar Kar, *Hon. Secretary,*
Bengal Theosophical Society.

What an eloquence in Thy silence
 Oh Lord! We do hear!
In the highest measure all richest treasure
 Thy silence ever bear.

There's no sound but earth around
 Thy thoughts do ever flow
To enrich the mind, to lift mankind
 To lit our lamps aglow.

Thy presence holy, Thy grace and glory
 Awake the sleeping soul,
With the vision, with the mission
 That lead to the highest goal.

Oh Mystic Great! Love-Incarnate!
 In Thy loving showers
There's the peace—There's the bliss
 Our buds are bloomed in flowers.

Blessed are we, who live to see
 Thy divine Advent here.
Blessed are we, to salute Thee
 To feel Thy presence near.

Baba's reply to Sri S. K. Kar for his poem:

YOUR LOVE THAT WAS FILLED IN YOUR POETIC
TRIBUTE TO MY LOVE REACHED ME AND MADE ME
HAPPY MY LOVE BLESSING TO YOU.

Meherazad

—MEHER BABA

12-7-67

*THE ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE

An aspect of the Spiritual Technology of Sound

By

THE HON'BLE MR. JUSTICE PRASANTA BIHARI MUKHARJI

The eloquence of silence speaks to the heart and not to the ear. The eardrum cannot catch it. The heart beats with it. The Life rhymes with it. The Creation is instinct with it. The Universe is aflame with it. The still serenity of Eternity is suffused and surcharged with it.

The Silence is the unagitated breath of the eternal and unconditioned existence. This Silence is paradoxically never silent but always puissant. The natural effortless *Apnoea*, the *Kumbhaka*, is the symbol and insignia of Immortality, the undying awareness of the dying and the deathless, the born and the unborn, the unsleeping witness keeping an uninterrupted vigil of all that sleeps and is sleepless, and the state of all states. The agitated breath signifies the movement of the *samskaras* and the desires for divided things and not for the Whole and the Infinite. It is this agitation of the breath which creates plurality of words and multiplicity of sounds and so creates a film over Silence. It is that film which veils the face of Silence and makes its eternal eloquence apparently inaudible in the World's cauldron of the chemistry of sounds.

* Speech on Saturday, the 8th July, 1967, at the
Academy of Fine Arts Hall, Calcutta-16

You can utter the Word but not the Silence. The Silence is unutterable. It is unspeakable. It is the one immutable Noumenon behind the mutable phenomena. The Silence is the matrix out of which matter is born and to which matter returns. It is the great progenitor, which pro-creates, re-creates and "un"-creates. It destroys but only as the part, process and programme of its very creation, and self expression. The Silence is the pabulum that feeds Life Eternal and indestructible. It is the supreme imperturbable Statics which alone makes all Dynamics possible.

Silence is the spirit. The "Word" is the body. To "utter" is to make outer. Whatever is made outer is necessarily partial and can never be total. If it were total, the grand illusion of the inner and the outer will snap and the silent will absorb the non-silent. For then according to the Vedas "*Yat Bahyam, Tad Antaram, Yat Antaram, Tad Bahyam*". Then the Drama, the Audience and the Author become one. Silence therefore by its very nature must remain indivisible and infinite. Words must therefore remain divisible, partial and finite. "The Word" is different from words. "The Word" is the speaking messenger of Silence. But the messenger can only announce. Who does he announce? "The Word" announces the Silence. That is why Kabir Saheb says that there is only "one Word and not two words": "*Ekai Bachan, Dujoi Bachan Nahi*",

Words, therefore, in plurality, are the army of confusion. They build the Tower of Babel. The heart of all hearts, the King of hearts, speaks The Word. The tongue speaks many words. Between The Word and Words lies encompassed the whole story of Creation telling the tale of how the Universal becomes individuals, the Infinite becomes finite, the One becomes many, the ocean becomes waves, the river becomes rivulets, the rivulet becomes ponds, and the pond becomes stagnant

cesspool. The Sound coiled is the "*Kundalini*" lying dormant in forms of matter.

The steps by which "The Word" becomes words are the grades of the great Descent. The steps by which multiplicity of words rises into harmony of "The Word" are the grades of the great Ascent, the Apocalypse. The ladder in either case is the breath, the "*Swara*", the creator of all consonants and all vowels, the plural words, which appear to communicate but in fact ex-communicate one another. The bridge becomes the chasm to lend separation to the inseparable.

But the Mission persists though the missionaries separate themselves. With every inhalation of the breath "*Puraka*", the bewildered missionary unsuspectantly tries to ascend. With every exhalation, "*Rechaka*", he lapses to disintegrate. In between the two struggles, the momentary pause for balance (*Kumbhaka*) goes unnoticed. The result is that the missionary is perpetually and restlessly distracted from the left (*Ida*) to the right (*Pingala*) and from the right to the left and never finds the straight and the middle path (*Susumna*), which preserves "The Word". Although the missionary has forgotten the Mission, yet the Mission eternally remembers him. Such is the beauty, such is the miracle, and such is the mystery, that the Mission goes on with its ceaseless operation. To be conscious of this Mission is to redeem oneself and to redeem the worlds of phenomena. "THE WORD" is the redeemer.

The world of manifestation, in time, space and experience, bears the curse of cause and effect, the curse that marked the Fall of Man. In the unreal realm of Division, the small Logic is the iron Law that you can have no effect without a cause, and there can be no cause as such which does not produce or promise to produce

(Continued on Page 37)

"TEAR THE CURTAIN..... "

By MOOCHEWALA

By the tenth of February Moochewala was more than ready to leave Ahmedabad for the last time. His teaching work there had come to an end; his trunks were packed and on their way to the high seas; and his momentum had already begun to press him toward the days to come.

The days to come included His Day of Coming, God's Birthday in His present human form as Meher Baba. Moochewala was hungry for the travelling he had planned, into "Baba's Andhra" to celebrate His Birth and Birthlessness with His heart-filled children in the south.

The first stop was Bombay, where Moochewala met an American couple who were his close friends and passed three days there with them. They planned to accompany him to Aurangabad and Poona before they parted ways.

At the Bombay center Moochewala gave a talk on Baba's Birthday message. He thought of comparing it to messages of previous years and memorized some of the earlier ones. As he began his talk he recounted the Birthday messages of '61, '62, of '65 and '66. Then, he said, we come to His message this year. And for thirty seconds Moochewala stood there dumbly, ready to talk but with nothing to say, for he had forgotten the message of the present year. He laughed in his predicament and

thought a lesson could be learned, that dwelling on His past, His *now* is lost. He rummaged through some notes and found this year's message:

Births and deaths are illusory phenomena. One really dies when one is born to live as God, the Eternal, Who is beyond both birth and death.

Moochewala said that Baba has been telling us about the difference between real births and deaths and illusory ones for many years, and he confessed that at first glance he found nothing new in this year's message. Yet he was convinced that the Avatar wastes no words, and with that conviction looked again into the message and found it more and more rewarding.

Here are the lovers of the God-Man, said Mooche, all over India and the rest of the world, making preparations to celebrate His Birthday on a grand scale, and He sends out a message saying that births are illusory! And this causes me to stop, and think, and wonder, are we celebrating an illusion? Thinking over what Baba has said before and what He again says now, it seems that in one way we are—that in one way the birth and life and death of God Himself in human form is an illusion, just as our own births and lives and deaths.

So, asked Moochewala, should we cancel the celebrations? Should we junk the whole idea of celebrating Baba's Birthday because it is an illusion?

Let's look again at the message. Baba tells us about two opposite things, the illusory and the Eternal. By pondering over these words we might learn more about our Beloved than we knew before.

The Avatar, Baba has explained, is *both* God and man, at once infinitely Divine and very, very human. Ha alone is consciously both God and man, for when man

becomes God-realized, as a Sadguru, he then is *only* God and simply *acts* as man.

One aspect of the Avatar is Eternal. One aspect is illusory. And always on His Birthday Baba points through His human form to the Reality of His Godhood behind the form. For He wants us to find and realize That which is lasting behind the coat He wears.

As God, "Baba is, was, and always will be Baba." His birth as man and His death as man do not affect His eternally enduring God-hood in the least.

As God, there is, nothing for Baba which can be gained, and there is nothing for Baba which can be lost. There is only suffering to be endured as He submits Himself in His Compassion to bondage in human form.

For us, however, His children in illusion, God's birth as man is the most, most-precious event on earth, because it *does* have an effect on *us*: the Avatar's relentless and irresistible Love pulls souls out of their ignorance to make them one with Him. The magnet touches iron and makes it a magnet too.

The proof of the existence of Compassion is the descent of God in human form, for the birth of the Avatar is the appearance of Reality in illusion. Why should uninterrupted Bliss be sacrificed for the agonies of universal suffering? Why should All-Power be abandoned for the weaknesses of human life? Yes, who would not celebrate? Let us rejoice in the miracle of His Mercy.

But let us know what it is we celebrate, and why. Baba asks us to be true to the trust which He reposes in us, and that surely does not mean for us to simply stand and wave a flag as He passes along our path. When God appears on earth to help man find Himself, His work here has a beginning and an end. There is a time to take

the help of *timeless* God, and that time is when God lives as man with us: "... for now while I am in your midst I am most easily found as I really am."

Timeless and formless God is always "in our midst," but only rarely does He make a signpost of His Truth by working as God-Man in form and time. It is the birth of His form which is our ransom, because through that form in illusion He leads us to His Reality. Let us not fail His trust. Let us not waste His Birth.

How is it that we could waste His Birth? By forgetting the Reality behind His form, we waste. By ignoring the Everywhereness behind His at-one-placeness, we waste. By forgetting to remember Him constantly with love, we waste His Birth for us. For the time to cultivate the gift-plant of His Love is very short.

Moochewala left with his friends for Aurangabad on the evening of the 13th. They travelled overnight by train to Aurangabad where they planned to stay two days to see nearby Ajanta and Ellora.

Ajanta and Ellora are a testimony. They are unique monuments of the inspiration to which a living faith gives birth. Ajanta caves are filled with paintings on the walls which still, in their fragmentary remains, brilliantly portray the Glory of the Buddha. The caves at Ellora, though God remains the same, are divided in their allegiance, some carved with Buddhas and Bodhisattvas and Taras, some praising Shiva and Vishnu and the Hindu pantheon, and the latest in honor of Mahavira of the Jains.

The caves at Ellora and their living sculpture are truly awesome. There, some thirty-five chambers and halls and temples have been dug out of one massive rock cliff—the work was done by hand in a period ten to four-

teen centuries ago—and the result is art which is matchless on the earth. In the beginning only the cliff or rock was there. Then came the workers and their master-architect.

Imagine the work of one cave only. The magnetic center of Ellora is Cave Number 16, where an immense temple named Kailas has been carved into the side of the cliff. This temple is probably a hundred feet in length and breadth, and the distance from the top of the cliff, where the chipping began, to the floor of the temple is about two hundred feet. The walls of the cave which contains the temple are indented with two stories of sculpture portico, separated from the building by a spacious sunlit walking space—the roof of the cave is the sky since the digging began from the top of the cliff.

Again, in the beginning only the cliff was there. To carve this temple, *millions* of tons of rock had to be chipped with hammer and chisel and moved away by hand. And that says nothing for the vision and the skill and patience which was needed to make Beauty in the stone that remained.

From the top the workmen chipped until they reached that place where the roof was to begin. Then they no longer chipped at random but carved instead, outlining the roof of the temple and the sides as they went down with an embroidery of godly statuary. As they carved *down*, so they also carved *in*, for to be a temple this lump of rock had to have an inside as well as out. And on the inside the embroidery continued, by the light of the sun reflected by mirrors from outside. In the end art was created which gives a stretch to man's belief.

The patience, endurance and skillful cooperation of the men who built those caves is unknown today—the execution of that temple-cave conception required about

one hundred years and was accomplished with tools which fit into the hands of a man. Yet *no* amount of labour and energy and *no* amount of patience could have produced that unique cave without the vision and the guidance of the master-architect. His magnificent conception—which one in millions has—and his guidance, showing how and where to place the chisels of his men, were very clearly the essential backbone of the work.

From Kailas temple at Ellora emerges a glimpse into Baba's universal work. Baba's work is for the most part mysterious to us because it is invisible—we cannot actually see Baba laying the groundwork for a new age of Truth and Love while He sits silently in seclusion.

Surely not all the workers at Kailas could envision the outcome of their labor. And probably none but one could direct the working of them all, co-ordinating the chipping of a thousand chisels to yield unprecedented art.

Baba's work is also art, carving Beauty and Truth out of dross and darkness. Baba's art is the highest art, which is to make man know himself as God. Yet, however much He forecasts and explains, His workers can hardly know the end of all His work. Everyone who joins His work has his own idea of what the result will be, but when it actually comes to the carving of Truth, all speculation must be left behind to follow the Vision of the One Who knows.

In the process of creating Kailas temple, there were surely different kinds of workers. There must have been those who loved the work and worked according to their feeling for the art. There must also have been men who worked not according to their individual inclination but instead according to the instructions of the architect, for they realized that it was his vision and not theirs which

would result in the splendor of Kailas. And there was probably one worker, or two, or at most a handful, *who were the work itself*. If the men who implicitly followed the instructions of the master-architect were a hundred times more valuable than those who worked as their feelings directed them, then that handful, or two, or Just one man who had no life but the master's work was far more valuable than all those who simply obeyed his orders.

Those who loved their art were accustomed to work in their own way, since they had a natural pride in their profession and each felt that he had something unique to contribute. Such love, however, when it was not channeled by obedience to perfect guidance, must have sometimes been a burden to the master-architect, who had to put up with the wandering whims and fancies of his men which led them away from the concentrated precision of his monumental work. For the master alone knew how the striking of each chisel was leading to the whole that would be Kailas.

Those who obeyed the master to the letter, with no questions of what and why and with no amendments from their 'I'—those today would be styled weak-willed and devoid of creativity. But from the perspective of the completed temple they were far more effective channels of the master's unerring knowledge than those who kept their whims, and they contributed far more directly to the magnificence of Kailas than the rest.

But the man who was the master's will was the breath of the architect's conception. His surrender of separation made the chisel one with the hand, able to be used with the very delicacy and subtlety of the master's mind itself. The chisel of himself in the hand of the master made the chisel in his hand a perfect tool.

And it dawned on Moochewala why Baba says that

obedience is greater than love. And why surrender is higher than obedience.

Baba comes to the massive mountain of our sanskaras with His unrivaled Perfect vision, and He asks us to begin to take up the chisel of His Name.

We're carving Truth, He says, and Beauty that the world has never seen before.

But we don't see it, complain some of the workers.

Never mind, He says, you will—just carve as I tell you to.

But I like to hold the chisel *that* way, protests one spiritual artisan.

You had better learn to hold it *this* way, says the Master of His Craft.

Some men dabble, preferring whim to Him, refusing to part with their part in deference to His Whole. Some men obey, with cheer or without it, because they have given up trying to do the impossible, to capture the Infinite within their finite minds. They have resigned themselves to be the prisoners of freedom.

And one man in a million million men surrenders all traces of love and obedience to the Only One Who Is. No longer does he love, nor does he obey, yet love and obedience are the keynotes of his life—for now it is Baba Who loves Baba, and Baba obeys Baba, in the pristine consummation of two becoming One,

Baba's working yields Ellora big and small. The microcosm of His art is man becoming God, coming finally of age to inherit his birth-right fortune. His big Ellora is the evolution of Creation, in which Kailas of man Perfection is a building block.

Even those who work beside Him cannot grasp the breadth and majesty of His Purpose, and He says, "Never mind, just hold My daaman fast." By which I mean, He adds, "Obey Me, do exactly what I say—and I assure you that when the Temple's built, your name will be therein."

About surrender, He rarely speaks. For that one who will in an instant forget that he has a life and forget that he has forgotten, Baba knows that He needs no words. That surrender is given in silence to Silence, with no questions and no answers, for in that surrender the first and only Question finds its one and only Answer.

From Aurangabad, Moochewala and his friends took a bus to Poona, where Ramakrishnan and the Poona lovers were preparing seven days of Birthday programs. On the 19th of February, at four o'clock in the morning, Madhusudan and the Meher Bhajan mandali began to sing. They sang to Him their songs of praise and joy, sang throughout the week in heart and from their lips to their Beloved. Happy were those lovers who celebrated His Coming in the place at which He came.

It was five O'clock on the 20th evening that Moochewala said good-bye to Jal and Doug and Mabel at Poona station and boarded the Secunderabad Express. The die was cast, and there was no chance of running shy of Andhra's fiery blaze.

At six in the morning Hyderabad pulled up beside the rolling bogie, with Swami Satyaprakash hailing the train to halt in Meher's Name. Swami took Moochewala to Meher Vihar for a look at the headquarters of the "action". There *Divya Vani* is printed once a month, and *Meher Jyoti* weekly, along with Telugu translations of books on Baba's life. And the Swami sails that ship almost single-handedly, with a crew of three or four soul dedicated mates.

Moochewala's host was Laxmipati, a farmer who specialized in grapes but only recently had come across the Wine. Mooche rode with him seven miles outside of town to the place of his twenty-eight varieties, and after washing off the railway scum he began a tour of the vines.

By noon Moochewala returned to Meher Vihar for a trip to Mano-nash Cave. This hilltop cave some seven miles from the city is where Baba spent the first 10 days of "mano-nash" in the period of His New Life. Swami had chartered a bus to the hill and nearly forty lovers made the trek up the side of the hill to the cave. Everyone crawled into the ten by twenty feet where Baba had secluded Himself and sang bhajans and drank soda in His Name.

The top of the hill overlooked a wide expanse of the surrounding countryside, rocky flat land dipped with broad blue lakes, occasional lonely hills apart from abrupt and random ranges of hills, the twins Hyderabad and Secunderabad basking to the south in the late sun, and the citadel of Golukonda stood near in serene and silent vigil.

Golukonda is a fortress-city on a hilltop surrounded by seven walls. It was occupied in the 13th century by Hindus of the area as a final refuge against the Muslim invaders. As the strong imprint of Islamic culture in Hyderabad stands witness, the fort was finally taken, but not without great struggle. The fortress was one of the best protected of its time.

In the evening a program was conducted at the Hyderabad Y.M.C.A. There Moochewala talked about the fortress he had seen.

Can you imagine, he asked, the plight of the soldier whose task was to take Golukonda fortress? Each wall was

heavily guarded by the enemy. and there were seven walls around the fort. His battle did not end until he had conquered each of the seven defensive lines and had entered the city itself. And at no point along the way could he sit down to rest or relax his guard, for the enemy always faced him.

Baba tells us that travelling the path to God is very much like attacking Golukonda. To reach the Fortress-City of God, the spiritual soldier must conquer and cross over seven walls—He calls them "planes of consciousness." These walls are as heavily guarded as ever Golukonda was, by the sentries of lust and greed and anger and all other low desires.

On his way the "soldier" becomes increasingly powerful, as if he collects the arms of the enemy he defeats. As he storms and takes the first wall, he gains power which he did not have when he began, and experiences to some degree the Energy of the "Subtle World" (*pran*). Advancing further, if he can conquer the second wall and the third, his power increases greatly with his fuller consciousness of Energy, and he can perform tricks and various miracles which are impossible to a man outside the fortress walls. Past the second wall he can, as Baba says, fill a dry well with water or even stop a railway train. After the third, he is able to perform such miracles as giving sight to the blind, healing the sick, and even raising dead animals to life.

As the spiritual warrior approaches the fourth wall, he comes to the greatest danger in his way, where the battle is at its highest pitch. Here, the forces of the enemy are at their strongest, for he comes face-to-face with the uncontrolled desires of the mind.

If he wins the fourth wall and takes the fourth plane of consciousness, the aspirant-warrior becomes fully conscious of Infinite Energy and inherits the "Almighty

Powers" of God. It is as if a gigantic cannon is stationed here, and if he takes the fourth wall, the cannon falls to his possession.

This cannon, let us say, is mounted on a swivel base on a parapet on the fourth wall. It faces out toward the on-coming warriors, to protect the spiritual Golukonda—the City of God—from invaders. When a warrior takes the wall, the cannon is now his to use, and he may try to turn it around on its base in order to storm the fortress.

The difficulty, says Baba, is that the advancing aspirant-warrior does not know how to use this cannon, which represents the Almighty Powers of God, and runs the risk by using it of its misfiring. If he loads this cannon and tries to blast his way directly to the Kingship, he may instead blast his way directly back down the path he came, and farther, completely out of sight of the Kingdom of God. For when it is not used properly, this huge cannon is likely to explode with tremendous force, sending the soldier who tried to use it flying back to the beginning of his quest.

So, says Baba, the fourth "wall" on the spiritual path is the most perilous place on the journey, and only at this point does the aspirant risk a fall. For here the "soldier" has immense armaments but usually lacks the knowledge and control to use them properly.

Yet, the "cannon" of Almighty Powers can on rare occasions be used to the benefit of the soldier, and that is *only* when he uses it for the spiritual benefit of others. If, instead of using this vast Power for his own good, he employs it to help other of his companions along the way, then he himself will enjoy the rewards of his service by being able to move with no harm to possession of the sixth wall. The effect of his good use of the cannon for the advancement of others will clear a way for him

straight through the fifth barricade and land him safely at the sixth.

The safest course, however, is to ignore the cannon altogether because the risk it involves is so very great. By not using the cannon at all, the aspirant-soldier is assured a safe passage through wall number five.

According to Baba, the fourth barricade is the threshold between the Arsenal and the Precincts of Maps and Strategies. Conquering the fifth barrier, the warrior enters the planning arena of the enemy and becomes conscious of all Thought. Such a warrior becomes worthy of the rank of "Wali". After the sixth, he discovers the very heart of all the plans, and learns the motives of each and all. Here he finds all feelings and desires. And here he earns his final promotion before Perfection, and is referred to as a "Pir".

At this point the soldier has crossed the sixth barricade which surrounds the Fortress and has only one final wall to cross. This is the stage of the highest saints, who see nothing but God around them but are not yet citizens in the City of God. It is here outside the Fortress Wall that the *ghazal* is given birth.

It would perhaps appear that the soldier of sixth plane has as much as won his game, for he has shown his might in breaking through six lines of strong defence, and has now only one final wall to take. But, says Baba, the task of crossing the seventh wall is as great as that of crossing all the first six of them together. The final barricade is separated from the sixth wall by an immense abyss, so deep and murky that the bravest soldier trembles at its sight. Here his ambition to storm the Kingdom is at its peak, but simultaneously the sight of the Last Abyss turns his spine to jelly with a paralyzing fear. And the wall which surrounds the City is so well guarded that each one who comes near to it suddenly realizes the impossibility of capturing it from without.

Here at the edge of the Great Abyss the warrior concludes that the only possibility that remains for him to enter the Fortress-City of God is an "inside job".

"Inside Job" is a term familiar among gangsters and burglars in America. It refers to one way of robbing a bank. There are, in general, two ways to rob a bank: The most common way is to break into it with whatever tools are necessary—picking locks or breaking through a wall or window with hammer and chisel or even an acetylene torch—and in this way to gain access to the vaults.

Some banks, however, are so well protected that it is impossible to make a way into them from the outside, and then the gangsters must resort to an "inside job". This means that they have to take the help of someone inside the bank, someone on the staff of the bank who is "in cohorts" with them as their companion in crime. This "inside-wala" makes it possible for the gangsters to enter the bank by providing them with an important key or the code of the intricate super-combination lock of the vaults. This way of entering an impossibly well guarded bank is called an "inside job".

Since the Fortress-City of God is impossible to "storm," the only way that a spiritual gangster can get the Royal Treasure is through an inside job. He must take the help of one who has already gained entrance and is a full-fledged citizen in the City.

Not just any citizen can give him help. There are many citizens and most have no authority at all. What is required is a connection with one of the Chief Ministers, who alone have the exclusive power to bestow citizenship on a foreigner. It so happens that occasionally one of these five Ministers will take heart on one who has a great longing to enter the City, and in his compassion leads him to the secret entrance to let him

in. This newly established citizen immediately inherits all the Divine Rights which belong to even the most senior members, and he is granted full enjoyment of the Unlimited Treasury of the State.

Even with the Chief Ministers, though, this authority is used very sparingly and it has a definite limit. Their office, albeit the most prestigious appointment in the Kingdom, allows them to permit only one or two, or at most a handful the sacred privilege of Royal Citizenship.

Sometimes, after many, many years, a very rare thing happens. After remaining for centuries in His Kingdom, the King Himself decides to look outside His realm. With no notice whatsoever He leaves His robes of Royalty behind, and walks outside the Fortress incognito in an ordinary soldier's dress. The purpose of His foray is not one of pleasure—He comes out on business only, to survey the siege upon His Fortress. For the King is sometimes possessed with a Whim of Mercy, to share His Wealth—which-has-no-limit with some of the soldiers in the war. He holds no grudge that they have attacked His Fort—He is pleased with brilliant fighting only, and cares nothing for the group from which the soldier hails.

So the King walks out and looks around. He crosses the Abyss by the secret passage and makes His way past every barricade.

When the King sees a warrior who fights with excellence, He invariably strolls over to make some small talk—it does not matter which rank the soldier has. He inquires about simple things, like "Have you been eating well?" and "How's your sleep?", and the soldier really feels that the King is one of them.

"What are you up to?" asks the King.

"It should be clear," the soldier replies. "You know the Fortress-Kingdom up ahead? I want somehow to gain entrance and to rob the Treasury, which I hear contains three Gems so priceless that their worth cannot be measured."

"Perhaps that is so," says the King, "but how do you plan to get into the Treasury?"

"I plan to fight my way into the City and then subdue the King. If I make the Kingdom mine, then the Treasury will be in my possession."

"May I inquire the Name of the King you intend to seize?" asked the King. "I am curious to know who rules such a precious City."

"His name is Ram," the soldier answered, "and it is He whom I will conquer."

At the mention of this name, the King began to laugh with great amusement.

"Why do you laugh?" the soldier demanded sharply. "I laugh," said the King, "because Ram died many years ago, and His Throne has been occupied by another man."

"What other man?" the soldier asked. "Who inherited this Kingdom from King Ram?"

"After Ram, Krishna took the Throne."

"No matter—then it is Krishna whose Treasure I will rob."

"Ah, that would be so, but Krishna too has passed away."

The soldier was becoming impatient now. He had had enough of being duped by the stories and legends of

others, and he was eager to know the truth. "Who is it then who sits in the Throne this day?"

"After Krishna, Lord Buddha gained that Throne ... "

"Then it is Buddha whom I seek?"

"No. A man named Jesus became the King at the end of Buddha's reign."

"Jesus, then!"

"Jesus too has passed—the inheritance fell to one Mohammed."

"Today, damn you, today! Who is the King *today*?" the soldier cried.

The King looked coolly at the sweating soldier, who had raised his sword in the threatening desperation, "Today I am the King."

Now it was the soldier's turn to laugh. But as he laughed, he grew puzzled by the bearing of this man beside him, who talked with such authority about the Kingdom he desired. The dignity of this man he had never seen before.

"What is your name," he asked, "and how can you prove you are the King?"

"My Name," said the King, "is Meher Baba. The Proof of My Royalty is not yet for you to see. If you follow Me, however, you will soon know the reality of Who I am. Once we enter the City walls, you will see Me on the Throne."

"If you are the King, how is it you would take me inside your Fortress when it is Your Kingdom I want to win."

"I like your swordsmanship," Baba replied. "You

show great mettle on the battlefield. I would be happy to have you as a citizen in My City."

"Citizenship be hanged! It's the Treasure that I want. I have a mind to kill you now, and if you are the King, the Kingdom will be mine."

"Much easier than that," smiled Baba. "I would advise you not to risk your life against Me since My power is unrivalled. Instead, because your skill has won My Favor, I propose to give you My Kingdom straightaway."

"*Give* it to me? What kind of trick is this? And what would You have me do for you to give me this Kingdom of Yours?"

"Nothing, really. Absolutely nothing at all. Just give yourself over to Me and follow Me back."

"Now I see Your trick," the soldier glared. "*You're* actually afraid of me. You fear my skill in battle and want to do away with me."

"Your nonsense is as matchless as My might. I tell you once again before I leave you to your struggle—by your fighting it is impossible to gain entrance to the Fortress, however near you may advance. By surrendering, My Kingdom's yours—yet only those who are wise in their veteran experience can recognise the miracle of Mercy. Perhaps you need some time to ferment still."

The soldier looked thoughtfully into Compassion's eye. "What are the conditions of this surrender?" he asked.

"Again I tell you," Baba said, "there's nothing for you to do. Just remove your armor and follow Me to the door."

"But my armor is my protection," he protested. "How can a soldier put his armor down?"

"When you are with Me," Meher King declared, "your protection is assured. Not only is your armor not necessary now, it *must* be left behind. The entrance to My City is extremely narrow—it will allow the passage only of a naked man."

"I was nearly ready to come with You," the soldier slowly said, "until you demanded the sacrifice of my protection. Come, go your way, before I let go the collar of my temper. If You *are* the King, and you *do* reside within the Fortress walls, then we will meet again. For very soon I'll be at God's own door, and I'll loot according to my whim and my desire."

Though Baba turned and walked away from this brash young warrior who was intoxicated with his strength, the door of His Compassion remained ajar. For He knew this man had not yet seen the Great Abyss, nor had he suffered the scorching longing of seeing God in all places but himself. His time will come, mused Baba, as He walked through His vineyards in search of riper fruit.

* * * * *

Early next morning house visits began. Now the river of coffee was in full spate, flowing past an unending row of raos; for breakfast M. Venkata Subbarao, N. Bapuji for homemade soda, V. V. Narayana Rao, R. S. Prakashrao, N. Bhima-sankaram, M. Mutyalarao, R. B. Rao, and the Secunderabad center of N. S. Prakash Rao. And a stop at Hoshang Bharucha's parents-in-law—the Katraks—before lunch with L. Venkayya, assistant editor of *Divya Vani*. And if you, dear reader from the West or the north of India, find these names to be confusing, you should have been standing in Moochewala's chappals during all the introductions.

The Mahila Mandali had arranged a program in the afternoon, and Moochewala and the Swami talked with these ladies of their love.

At six o'clock on the 22nd, 73 hours of special celebrations began at Meher Vihar. The programs included continuous "Baba Nama Japam" (repetition of Baba's Name), prayers, speeches, and singing and music late into the night. These *special* celebrations of 73 hours were the beginning of 73 *days* of functions in Hyderabad and Secunderabad. Moochewala began to see how Andhra had become so notorious in His Love.

And as the lovers sang their praise, words from the Beloved arrived:

I WILL BE WITH YOU ALL WHO GATHER FOR
MY BIRTHDAY TO CELEBRATE MY BEING
AMONG YOU—I AM WHEREVER MY LOVERS
ARE—I GIVE MY LOVE BLESSING TO YOU EACH
OF MY LOVERS

—MEHER BABA.

The 23rd was Moochewala's final day with the SecunderHyderabadi lovers, and it began with a program that was not on the program. Moochewala had not been entirely satisfied with his first visit to Mano-nash Cave and asked Swami if it were possible to arrange another. The first time had its own value, with the company of lovers and bhajans and arti and soda pop as prasad. But the silence of His solitude was lacking then, and Moochaewala was eager for some time in the cave alone.

He went there early in the morning with Laxmipati's brother who drove and Prakash Rao who showed the way. All three climbed up the hill in the darkness before the dawn, and from the top Moochewala went on to the cave by himself.

By eight the three were back in town, and after breakfast they went to Meher Vihar, The Swami, Prakash Rao, and a couple of other lovers there looked out through coloured eyes and hanging lids because none of them had slept that night. Nama Japa carried on as He sang His Name through them.

Workers came together for a short meeting before lunch. The afternoon was quiet and relaxed. At six that evening farewell embraces reached around, and Moochewala walked off the gangplank of the Swami's singing ship and jumped onto an express train bound for Vijayawada.

Bath-breakfast-rest after six a.m. arrival, and then the time for talking at Majety Ramamohanarao's "Meher Abode". In "Baba's room" of that house where Baba had stayed in Vijayawada, the lovers recounted His tour of Andhra in 1954.

After lunch with Majety's cloth-shop partner, Chinta Sarva Rao, Moochewala spoke at the Government College about the Present One.

Moochewala told about an experience he had had at Dwarka during a vacation from his work in Ahmedabad. He and a friend had gone to visit the western tip of Gujarat and decided to pay a visit to the Dwarka temple. Dwarka, as all Hindus know, is one of the four-corner spots of sacred pilgrimage—the other three Key temples are at Rishikesh in the north, Puri to the east, and Rameshwaram at the southern tip.

As these two Americans approached the gate of Dwarka temple, one man at the threshold asked Moochewala what caste he was. Moochewala stopped and thought fast for about five seconds—Do I want to see the temple or don't I? and he decided yes. "Brahmin,"

retorted Mooche, and walked with his friend quickly past the "Oh" of the watchman.

Inside the temple they looked here and there, but Moochewala looked with haste since there were whispers in the air. For his friend appeared less Indian than he, and carried the tourist's badge of a camera. Sure enough, after two full minutes of tradition-violation, a guard came running up well-armed with curses on his lips and a shotgun across his shoulder. "You're-a-peon, european!" he shouted, and drove the infidels out from the temple.

After this rude ousting Moochewala and his friend entrained for Okha, an hour's ride away. They arrived by mid-afternoon, time enough to settle the matter of their lodging and sail across the harbor to the island of Beyt.

It is said that during the era of His reign, King Krishna for a time ruled His Kingdom from this place. On the island now is a temple dedicated to Him, almost as popular for pilgrims as the one at Dwarka.

As the two infidels approached the temple late in the afternoon, their reception at the entrance was even less cordial than that at Dwarka.

"You can't come in here. This temple is for Hindus only," was the gist of their rebuff in Gujarati. Although the Americans hardly spoke the language, the meaning was very clear.

"Where is the manager of this temple?" Moochewala inquired. "I would like to see him."

The several self-appointed keepers of the gate understood only the word "manager" but that was enough to take Mooche and his friend to his office.

"What can I do for you?" the well-bred manager asked from behind his desk.

"We would like to see the temple if that's possible," answered Moochewala.

"Hmmm. I'm afraid that the rule here is that only Hindus can enter this temple."

"And what is it that makes you know I am not a Hindu?" asked Mooche. "Is it the color of my skin that makes you judge so easily? Is Hinduism a matter of a certain shade of the complexion?"

"Oh, no," blustered the manager. "Nothing of the sort. Hinduism has nothing to do with the color of a man."

"Then what is it? What makes you think I'm not a Hindu?"

"Well, you appear to be a foreigner. Aren't you from England, or perhaps America?"

"Yes, I am American. But what does that have to do with my entering this temple? Hinduism isn't *nationalism*, is it? Aren't there some Hindus who live outside of India?"

"Yes. certainly there are."

"Then?"

And the manager began to scratch his head. "A Hindu," he finally decided, "is a person who has... well, he simply has a certain belief in God."

"And you are able to see that belief by looking at a man?" asked Moochewala. "Tell me, have you ever heard of Ramakrishna Paramahansa? Was he a Hindu?"

"Why, of course he was—a very, very great Hindu!"

"Did you know that there are Ramakrishna Maths all over the world, in cities like New York and Boston? Would you not allow me to enter this Hindu temple if I was coming from some Ramakrishna Math in the United States?"

And the manager stood up and called for the "man who worships the idol".

In walked the pujari with a curious look, and the manager explained the situation. The pujari, after hearing the whole story, looked at the two with the eye of a man who's about to buy a side of beef. From the hair down to the toes and back, he looked, and the result of his inspection was a purse of the lips and a shake of the head: No, we can't allow this species to go in.

Moochewala told the audience that he had had a very happy time in Beyt and Dwarka, for he had learned more by being kicked out of temples than if they had admitted him. The experience brought to life Baba's words about the cages—the cages which religions have become. And he rejoiced to tell the difference between the cages and Baba's Love.

End of part one

to be continued

Nothing And Everything

by Mohkam Singh, New Delhi

Nothing I am, but everything
I will be.
From nothing my Lord, in front of Thee,
I spring into Infinity.
You are the bridge which takes me
from finite existence
Into Eternity.

The spans of this bridge of love
are made,
The love I have for you and
The love you spread universally.
We call you Baba, and this I see,
Is your children's first word by
which we address Thee.

AN INTRODUCTION TO AVATAR MEHER BABA

By **T. N. Dhar, New Delhi**

It takes billions and trillions of years for gas to solidify into nebulae and appear as Universe which ultimately resolves into vapour and a big zero. On a similar analogy it should have taken much longer time for the Divine Love to solidify and manifest itself in the world. But God in His mercy appears and reappears on the surface of the earth in shorter cycles of time. This is by His own promise in Bhagwatgita and other scriptures.

The manifestation of eternal Divine Love has taken birth in the shape of Meher Baba, the silent Perfect Master (Mauni Avatar) of the age. He is living today in a hut on a hill top in Ahmednagar, the historical city of Maharashtra State. He has not spoken a word with His mouth for the last 42 years. His mighty silence is dynamic and speaks as nothing else does—it sings **S a m a V e d a**.

Avatar Meher Baba is a contagious perennial smile of unfaded beds of primroses that adorn the Divine abode of the Arch Angel in Heaven. The beauty and charm of the morning Sun, a moonlit night, a cluster of pearls, a spring of resplendent water, a snow decked cliff, a starry vault fades away in comparison to the beauty and wonder of Avatar Meher Baba.

Baba inspires confidence, hope, fearlessness and above all love in all those who approach Him. It is said

we receive from Nature but what we give. Same is not true of Baba. We receive from Him what we have not and cannot, therefore, give. He visibly fills the void, the gap and the missing links in us. We realise in a matter of seconds in His presence that He loves us more than we have ever loved ourselves. His love resembles the gentle breeze from the grove of sandalwood trees by the side of the Ganges in Himalayan heights. It is true that many a double tongued adders also bask in the benign and all pervading sunshine of the Master. Since the Master does not deny His blessings even to them, will He deny it to others who are guileless and good? Certainly not.

What is required is contact with Avatar Meher Baba. That done, one will be the beacon light to others. No sermons, no arguments and no penance is needed. He who is within is seen without in flesh and blood. Having seen Him, there is nothing else worth seeing.

The gauntlet is thrown down. Let anybody take the challenge and try. Let him go to Avatar Meher Baba and return unaffected. Even if he be tinsel or a lump of sordid earth, he will return converted into a lump of radiant crimson gold. His heart will smile like a bud of rose. My friend, kindly try one step—the rest is done. Bow unto Him, for He is worthy of worship.

Avatar Meher Baba belongs to no religion. All religions belong to Him; He does not ask one to renounce one's religion or mode of worship. He does not ask one to give Him anything except one's love. He does not ask one to renounce anything except one's ego. In return He is out to give what one never deserves.

Love Overflows

By Dorothy L. Levy, U.S.A.

Beloved Baba—the Ocean of Love overflows
But, for those not yet on the beach—do not know;
As the tide of life—goes in and out—
The Ancient One remains—and in this world there is
doubt.

Only You know the number of shells on the shores
Remaining piled together until, the tide washes more;
Those on the sand, basking in the Sun—unknowing—
Bound in ignorance and false pride, without knowing.

Few are ready to leave this gross plane—
Craving earthly desires that cause suffering and pain,
The seeds of happiness are often lost in the sowing—
Many hungry, and thirsty for divine love unknowing.

Dazed—watching the clouds of ignorance sail by
Missing the beauty of a colorful rainbow in the sky—
Often appearing after a storm—
And a glorious sunrise from the East each morn!

Being entranced in the beauty of a sunset—
And fascinated with the wonders of nature—yet...
Gazing up at a mystical star-lit heaven at night—
Not dreaming of yesterday's pleasure; to block our sight.

O' to drown in the Ocean (Baba Love) overflowing
Living the Truth—this is knowledge and joy worth
knowing,
That, opens the door of Reality (Self) divine ...
Given by Your Grace alone—the balance of heart and
mind.

THE ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE
(Continued from Page 8)

an effect. This is the Law of Karma or the Law of Samskaras, the Law of Causation. But the great universe, producing and destroying so many countless worlds in fleeting seconds and aeons of time, in tiny space and in endless vistas and firmaments, is outside the grip of this causation. Nothing "caused" This. Itself without cause and effect, it is at once the cause of all causes and the effect of all effects. The true essence of all spiritual disciplines and sadhana is to break this chain of cause and effect. The hammer to break this chain is the "Word". So again Kabir Saheb says:

"Jap marey, Ajapa marai, Anahadvi mari jai,
Surat Samani Shabdamey, tahi Kai nahi Khai".

The Word of all words is the annihilator of Time. The one thing Time cannot devour is The Word. It exists even when the "Jap" dies, the Ajapa dies and even the Anahat dies.

The Silence cannot be expressed by determinants. It has no association, no companion and no context. The determinants operate in the descent from Silence, and also in the ascent before reaching the Silence. The Silence is the invisible Crown of all visible crowns. It is the unproclaimed Glory, when all other proclaimed glories will have died, when dust will have returned to dust and the noontide will have sunk into the midnight. The metaphysics of Sound has to be understood first, in any endeavour to realise, understand and enter the realmless Silence, which Meher Baba is expounding with his life. The crudest form of Sound is "*Baikhari*", which can be uttered and heard by the physical apparatus. But this crude manifestation is preceded by three subtler stages of "*Madhyama*", "*Pashyanti*", and "*Para*" *Vak*, perceptible only to processes belonging to philosophical

physiology. In the unredeemed man, still in the bondage of his *Samskaras*, these three subtle stages of "*Madhyama*", "*Pashyanti*" and "*Para*" *Vak* are subconscious and uncognised and therefore not under his conscious command. He only has a sense of command over the "*Baikhari*" and this limited sense of command feeds his "Ahamkara" or the Ego. But this sense of command over the "*Baikhari*" words is illusory. They have already been shaped, formed and determined by three uncognised preconditions through which the Sound has already passed. Control of the tongue is therefore for all practical purposes an imperfect, if not impossible, advice. The tongue does not speak. Three other more powerful causes make the tongue speak and unless the control is exercised first at "*Para*", then at "*Madhyama*", and finally at "*Pashyanti*" stages, the *Baikhari* words remain, in essence, uncontrollable and fundamentally incoherent. That is why, the "Small Talks", the so-called superb languages and literatures of mankind, by these subtler fundamental standards, are largely incoherent, essentially false, perversely unrealistic, the prattling of persons under the hypnosis of their *Samskaras*, helpless prisoners of their acquired and inherited tendencies, through endless incarnations, and experiencing forms. Unless therefore these remote controls of Sound are known, the "Word" can never be known and realised. They contain the core secret of THE WORD.

In *Baikhari* words, the egoistic work of the mouth and the throat operates. It is a physical functional operation. But at "*Madhyama*", this begins to cease its operation. The Solar Plexus in the body is the crucial centre of the "*Madhyama*" *Vak*. It is the first stage of interiorising the exterior and is also the first step in achieving true self-reliance. The first touch of the "Word" is here felt. The Sound then unlocks the gates of Light. The Sound tends to become luminous, "*Pashyanti*" *Vak*, whose critical centre in the body is the heart. The

Sound sees and the vision of the universe unfolds, before the lightening sound. It slowly, steadily and gigantically lifts the veil of darkness, ignorance and nescience. The word then sees the universe bathed more in light than in sounds. This grand illumination is the festival of light. The real "*Dipavali*" starts. The Sufi sings in ecstatic Gazal: "*Kagaz Kala, Haraf Ujala, Keya Bhari Khat Paya*". This light is the first intimation of Silence. As Silence is infinite, so this light, with its endless colours, is infinite in its variety.

In *Baikhari* words, there is sharp difference between the "sound" and the "meaning" and therefore they fail to unite or really communicate. In *Madhyama*, this distinction, intermittently but not permanently, disappears. But in luminous sound, *Pashyanti*, there is no difference left between the sound and the meaning and is therefore beyond the region of "utterance", and is the only solvent of the "Ego". At the frontier of this seemingly unending expanse of sound turned luminous there is a twilight barrier across which the Word calls and beckons. The Vedas and the Upanishads call it "*Para Vak*", "The Word". This is the celestial abode of the "Word", inviolable by any division and unchallenged in supremacy of power, knowledge and bliss.

Certain conclusions follow from this spiritual science of Sound, which holds the key to the mystery of creation and of this universe. Every form or object, visible or invisible, is the result of coagulation of a particular sound. Sound, like blood, coagulates when it comes out in the realm of utterance. It then loses its luminous limpidity. Without a sound content, there can be no object or form. That sound is the Seminal Sound (*Bijam*) of that object or form. If it can be discovered, then the vibration of that seminal sound will unlock the prison gates of that object or form and grant it the freedom which it had lost to inertia (*Tamas*). The

physical body including the mind is such an enslaved and imprisoned object and form. The Sadguru, the spiritual Master, sees the invisible seminal sound that is interlocked there. In his disciple he therefore revives his lost memory of this seminal sound, by the practice of which he starts defrosting the frosted and frozen energy. This is the first step in the practice of The Word. It is the "*Japa*" which starts dissolving the concentration and releasing the tension of the body and the mind caused by the encrustation of tendencies, experiences, *Samskaras* and desires, acquired in past incarnations and continued in the present. The grand revolution begins with *Japa* of the Seminal Sound (*Bijam*). Only the Sadguru or the spiritual Master by his *Pashyanti Vak* can discover this Seminal Sound, and he must rediscover it for his disciple and utter it back to him to revive his true memory, unburdened and unclouded by the disciple's *Samskaras*. There are infinite varieties of Seminal Sounds because no two bodies or objects or forms are exactly similar. The permutations and combinations of such Seminal Sounds are equally infinite because of the diversified plurality of phenomenal worlds. Sound petrified and crystallised is matter. That is why every matter murmurs to be released. The release mechanism is the use of the relative Seminal Sound.

But this *Japam* of the *Bijam* is only the first step. There is at the beginning a sense of struggle. That has to cease. It ceases when it merges in the *Ajapa*. The *Ajapa* is the basic sound of the whole Nature of the universe. It is the Organic Sound. It is the Natural Sound. It is no longer, then, functional. It corresponds to the heaving sound of Pranic energy pervading the whole universe. Unconsciously the whole creation is performing the *Ajapa*, and man, for 21,600 times during 24 hours of day and night. The sound is nearest to Nature, and therefore it is natural and original Sound.

In the realm of utterance, saints and mystics described it either as "*So-Ham*" or "*Hamsa*", It is nearest to The Word, but is still not the Word. It still remains a manifestation of The Word. It is still a phenomenon of The Word in the spiritual science of Sound.

In the higher stages of the practice of the Seminal Sound (*Bijam*) and the Natural Sound (*Ajapa*) the disciple becomes passive and there is no conscious effort on his part of doing anything or of participation. At those stages the Sound takes over and the Sound is the Actor. Previously the disciple was making the Sound. Now the Sound is making the disciple. There is no more any sense of struggle. It is effortless. This is where the great surrender of the "Ego" to the Sound begins. That is also the natural renunciation. It is at those stages that the "*Anahat-Nad*" makes itself felt in the aspirant. This is the unvibrated Sound. The physics of Sound starts with the postulate that vibration is the cause of Sound. The metaphysics of Sound begins with the postulate that vibration is not the cause of the Sound but the Sound is the cause of vibration. The cause in physics is the effect in metaphysics. In that sense and more, physics reversed is metaphysics. The Sound that exists without vibration is the silent sound capable of creating, destroying and recreating universes and is more powerful than the vibrated sounds, taken separately or collectively. It is this *Anahat-Nad*, unvibrated sound which acquires luminosities and produces unobstructed vision, not of the eye, but of awareness and perception.

We are now approaching the indescribable and unutterable nature of "The Word", the *Shabda-Brahman*. Here we shall understand this nature better from the words of Meher Baba Himself. At pages 65-66 in Francis Brabazon's "STAY WITH GOD", this is how Meher

Baba explains the esoteric and doctrinal mystery on this point:—

"The emergence of this Sound through what is called the "OM-POINT" or Its Creative Utterance produced the worlds of Mind, Energy and Matter.

This Primal Oceanic Sound is the Root of all forms and creatures and men and they are continuously connected with It and derive their life from IT.

When one closes one's lips and expresses sound, a "m-m-m" is produced. This "m-m-m" is the foundation or ground of all spoken words and contains all feelings as when it expresses pain and anguish or joy and happiness, or all thought when expressed during thought and is capable of containing the whole of a question and its answer.

This "m-m m" is a "drop" of faint sound of the Oceanic Sound the "M-M-M" or "WORD" of God, separated from the Ocean by seven shadows of separation.

If the whole physical universe was a huge bell, the sound of it in comparison with Sound of the Oceanic Sound would be as the furthestmost point of audibility of an ordinary bell.

This sound-drop is not different from the Oceanic Sound—it is that Ocean and can never be anything but Ocean—but it experiences itself as a drop because of separation.

This separation is not a separation by division, but a separation through impression.

(As words are expressions of this drop—"m-m-m" separated from the Oceanic "M-M-M", so are sense actions, expressions and experiences removed from

Oceanic Experience: seeing and seen from Oceanic Sight, hearing and heard from Oceanic Hearing, smelling and scent, tasting and flavour, touching and touch from corresponding Oceanic Faculties.)

This Original Oceanic "M-M-M" is called BRAHMNAD (Sound or "WORD" of GOD) or UNHADNAD (Limitless Sound or "WORD").

It is continuous and is the eternal Root and continuous Cause of all causes and effects.

It experiences All-Power, All-Knowledge and All-Bliss; but the drop "m-m-m", although of the same "substance" and not in any way different from the Oceanic "M-M-M", and although continuously connected with IT, feels, because of its separation through seven shadows of separation, most weak, most ignorant and most unhappy—even though at times it asserts strength, knowledge and happiness.

In this present age when words, through accumulation and accretion, have become meaningless and all My previous words in the form of Precepts are neglected and distorted, I maintain SILENCE.

When I break My silence and speak, it will be this Primal oceanic "M-M-M" which I will utter through My human mouth."

This is the "**Word**". It is the *Shabda Brahman*. It is the first manifestation of the *Saguna Brahman*. The saga of Sound ends here. The Word stands between God and His creation. At the frontier and junction-point between Reality and Illusion, the "Word" keeps sleepless vigil. By the "Word" He creates, destroys and resurrects worlds of endless dimensions. It is at this critical point, the mind ends and Silence begins. The "Word" is the echo of "Silence" in the metaphysics of Sound.

This is where there is total annihilation of the mind which is the source of all noise and sound. The expanse of the mind is co-extensive with the span of Sound. When mind is dissolved, Silence is regained, eternity is reached, time is conquered and space is destroyed. This is "*Para Vak*", the *Para Brahman*, the core of all cores, the heart of all hearts, the centre of all centres, the circumference for all circumferences, the shore for all life's navigators to come and harbour. The spiritual grand Epic of the Sound technology of Silence then is this: The *Anahat* (Unvibrated) Sound is the stem. Inside the stem is the subtler sound. Inside that subtler sound is the Light. Inside the Light is the Mind. When that Mind dissolves, the shore of Silence is reached. The Scriptures put it this way:—

"Anahatasya Shabdasya, Tasya Shabdasya Yo Dhawani
Dhawoner Antargatam Jyoti, Jyotir-Antargatam Mana
Tan Mano Vilayam Yati, Tad Vishno Parama Padam."

The Sound therefore is the very nature of creation. Sound alone is the deliverance. Its names are legion. Its qualities are countless. It is a discipline and a liberty. It binds to liberate. It liberates to bind. It is the Music and the Rhythm. It is the great Healer, for Sound can integrate and make broken things whole. It is therapeutic. It cures disharmony and disease. It bears the torch of Light to guide the benighted life's wayfarers, lost in the dark valleys of confusion of separation.

Time and space are the persistent illusions of matter. Sound imprisoned produces matter. The twin processes by which it creates its prison of matter are Time and Space. Matter is symbolised inertia and is the charter of slavery. The destiny of man is to end this inertia and this slavery. Inertia rests on Time and Space. Sound creates Space. When Sound becomes luminous it creates

Time, which represents Light. Space comes first. Time comes second. The Ear comes first. The Eye comes second. Space and Time are the Ear and the Eye of Sound. They are also metaphysically a continuum as in Einstein's Theory of Relativity. Spiritually, Sound in its different stages, "Madhyama" and "Pashyanti" create the Space-Time continuum. To release the Resident Sound in matter is to end inertia, destroy slavery of forms and achieve liberation. But much goes into the process of liberation whose consummation can only be reached by the total conquest of the Mind, both individual and universal. Mind is the hard core of Sound. That is why Space and Time create noise. The ultimate dissolution of the Mind alone can eliminate Sound, and achieve Silence and destroy the deadly grip of Space and Time. In the spiritual Sound technology of Silence, Mind is the original cause of Space and Time. In the ultimate analysis, both Space and Time are mental. At the apex of Space and Time is the WORD, the last outpost of all dimensions. To rise above the dimensions of Space and Time is to rise above the Mind. To cross over the Mind is to go beyond The Word. To rise above the Mind and to go beyond The Word is to be secured in Silence.

In spiritual semantics there is no anti-thesis between silence and sound, between darkness and light, between existence and non-existence. They are only grades. Silence is a grade of sound in spiritual technology. Darkness is a grade of light. Non-existence is a grade of existence. These grades occur because of perceptions created by *Samskaras*. In the spiritual trilogy, sound is often described as *Shabda*, *Ni-Shabda*, and *A-Shabda*, namely sound, a negative absence of sound and soundlessness. Silence in spiritual discipline therefore is the royal technique in the operation of Sound in the world of manifestation in time, space, body and form. This

Silence is the most efficient and perfect Teacher. Therefore God and Nature always teach by Silence. That is why it is said that the "*Maunam Vakhyanam*" or the Silent exposition of the Sadguru or the spiritual Master, dispels the doubts of the aspirants: "*Shisyastu Chinnasansaya*". Silence is the Perfect Power transfigured when all dissipation is eliminated and all noise has been stilled. As a technique however it has to contend with phenomenal obstructions and therefore it chooses its own time. The time chosen is the mysterious and unpredictable hour. A readiness in the environment is created and a pervasive expectation is generated. It is the summit of teleology. It is the great Moment. This is how Meher Baba explains the Moment (AWAKENER, Vol. X, No. 3, pages 23, 24, 25):

"I shall break My Silence and deliver My Message only when there is chaos and confusion everywhere, for then, I shall be most needed; when the world is rocking in upheavals—earthquakes, floods and volcanic eruptions; when both the East and the West are aflame with war. Truly, the whole world must suffer, for the whole world must be redeemed..... Be assured that I shall not leave My spiritual work undone..... There will be a long era of unique peace, a time of world tranquility. Disarmament will then no longer be a matter of mere talk, but an actual fact. Racial and communal strife will cease, sectarian hatred between religious organisations will come to an end. I shall travel throughout the world and the nations will be eager to see Me. My spiritual message will reach every land, every town, every village..... Universal Brotherhood, peace among men, sympathy for the poor and downtrodden; love of God—I shall promote these things.... My WORD can only echo the old spiritual truths, but it is My Mystic Power that will bring a new element into the world's life."

Such a time is fast approaching. The auguries are there. The Herald is here. The bells are ringing far and wide. The Speaker is present. The Speaker is always more important than the Speech, for the Speech is but His reflection. The Word is more important than the alphabets for they were made for the "Word". It is the time to gather in and tune up to hear the Silence. When Silence can be heard, nothing remains unheard, neither the advertised falsehoods, nor the unadvertised truths, neither the great denials nor the small fulfilments, neither the frustrations nor the achievements.

Avatar Meher Baba's Special (Telegraphic) message sent to the Hon'ble Mr. Justice P. B. Mukharji, on this occasion:

" . . . I BIND MYSELF WITH SILENCE THAT, WHEN I BREAK IT, MANKIND WILL REALIZE WHAT REAL FREEDOM IS . . ."
—MEHER BABA

MY MASTER

by K. Janaky, Madras

"I have come not to teach, but to awaken."

—says our Beloved Shri Meher Baba.

Shri Meher Baba says what all other great Masters have already said when vice has increased and people forgot the existence of God. But, people thinking too much of themselves and their worldly needs without the thought of God, do things as they like. A tree or a plant will not grow properly by itself, unless we water and take the necessary and proper care of the same. So also, we need the proper care and guidance of a Perfect Master to lead us on the path of righteousness.

If we are left in an unknown place, and wish to go to another place by the shortest route, how can we reach the same without the help and guidance of a person who knows the place well? Beloved Baba is our guide.

Shri Meher Baba's teachings are so simple and clear. But, they are not so easy to follow for an ordinary person. One must be earnest and have strength of mind with perseverance and Master's blessings to follow them fully in our daily life.

Beloved Baba never attaches any importance to miracles. But, some of Baba's devotees say that they have experienced many miracles performed by Baba.

However, I do not attach much importance to miracles. I personally feel that a lay person like myself to be devoted to Baba in my own humble way, for the past forty years is itself a miracle of Baba. The taste of the sugar cannot be expressed by mere words to others. But one has to eat it to know the actual taste. So also the Divinity of Avatar Shri Meher Baba cannot be described or told but each must feel and experience the same by himself.

Even though a Banyan Tree will give shade and shelter to all alike, only the person who actually goes and stands under it will enjoy and will have the benefit. Our Beloved Baba is the Banyan Tree who is here to give shade and shelter to any one who ardently craves for it. Then why should we lose the rare opportunity!

May the grace of our Beloved Baba bless us all to be more and more devoted to Him by following His teachings and to become One with Him! May Avatar Shri Meher Baba bless us all!

DIVYA VANI

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—*Editor & Publisher*

NEWS IN BRIEF

JULLUNDER:

With Beloved Baba's Love Blessings, Major Harichand arranged a special function on 19th April '67 to commemorate Avatar Meher Baba's past advent in the form of Rama. Jullunder Cantonment witnessed the grand celebrations of Rama Navami on April 19, when the spacious lawns and well-bedecked hall of the Regimental Centre bore a festive look with floral decorations and coloured festoons. There came one and all, officers and others belonging to lower ranks, of all castes and creeds, Christians, Sikhs, Hindus and Muslims to participate in the celebrations in a spirit of joy and unity.

The function commenced with devotional music by Sri R. D. Sharma and his choir of 21 Rama-lovers, followed by a very forceful but brief introductory speech by Major Harichand regarding the celebrations of Ram Navami and the advent of Avatar Meher Baba. Sri W. D. Kain, who was the main speaker for the occasion said:

"Through endless times, God's greatest gift of Truth and Love has been given in silence. But when mankind becomes completely deaf to the thunder of His Silence, God incarnates as man to awaken Maya-drugged humanity and to give the world a spiritual push by His physical presence on the earth ... Avatars, Messiahs and Paigambar came, but we neglected them. We heeded not what they said. Instead we exiled Rama, shot Krishna by an

arrow, crucified Christ and humiliated Mohammed. They came and went, discarding their bodies after extreme sacrifice for the sake of mankind; and here we are crying and asking them to come again. But the form of the Avatar is not repeated, though the chain of Advents is not broken. He has chosen to come this time as Meher Baba—the Compassionate Father whom the five contemporary Perfect Masters have declared as God in human form... " He reiterated that The Ancient One, The Highest of the High has now come in the form of Meher Baba and all that we need is to love Him and remember Him so that we may ever feel that He is our constant companion guiding us at every step, not allowing us to falter on slippery mayavic grounds and dizzy illusory dales.

Major Harichand recited the Prayers and the function came to a close with arti and distribution of 'prasad' .

AVATAR MEHER BABA DELHI CENTRE:

On 23rd March '67 (Poornima Day) a special function was organised to celebrate Beloved Baba's 73rd birthday at the residence of Sardar Amar Singh Saigal, Member of Parliament. In spite of continuous heavy showers on that day, a large number of Baba lovers came and participated in the celebrations, undaunted by rain or storm.

The function commenced with the invocation of the Lord by Smt. Prabha Kain, followed by devotional music by the Meher Singing Group and Delhi Sangeet Sabha. Sri N. Sanjiva Reddy, Speaker of the Lok Sabha, while inaugurating the function emphasised that Baba did not belong to any one religion and His Message of Truth and Love is the essence of all religions. In the end, he prayed: "...may His message reach all, not only in this country but all over the world, so that we may all live better lives, happier lives and contented lives." Sri Abdul Majid Khan,

whom Baba once called as 'Junior Ghani', with apt quotations from the holy books spoke about Baba and His mission to redeem the suffering humanity. Sri W. D. Kain after conveying Beloved Baba's Love Blessings to all those gathered in His Love on this occasion, said that the most important need of the moment was to remember Him, as His Name alone could provide the much needed succour to the suffering humanity from the impending destruction.

In the end, Bro. Amar Singh Saigal recited the Master's Prayer and the Repentance Prayer in his usual resonant voice. When he read out the Repentance Prayer, he actually moved the entire audience to tears, thereby affording them an opportunity to wash off their sins. In that atmosphere of spiritual agony and divine bliss, was sung Baba's Arti, followed by distribution of 'prasad' and 'Preeti Bhojan' (Sumptuous Dinner) when all Baba lovers and others sat together to partake of the 'Langar' befitting the Celebrations of Avatar Meher Baba's 73rd birthday.

Avatar Meher Baba Delhi Centre celebrated the advent of the Ancient One—now Meher Baba—as Buddha more than 2500 years ago on 23rd May '67 (Buddha Poonnima) at the Centre premises. The programme included speeches on the life, teachings and divine work of Avatar Meher Baba, devotional music by eminent radio artistes, viz., Sri Jain, Smt. Mukherjee and Kumari Vimala Kurbi and 'Quaali' by Amar Aman and party, arranged with a view to bring Baba's Message of Love and Truth nearer to the hearts of the loving souls in the capital City. Among the participants was Swami Satya Prakash Udaseen, Founder-President of Meher Vihar and Editor, 'Divya Vani', who had arrived here to share Baba's Love with His lovers in Delhi. After the inaugural address by Sardar Amar Singh Saigal, Sri W. D. Kain spoke on the significance of the day. He concluded by saying that the

time was fast approaching when Buddhists all over the world would acclaim Avatar Meher Baba with one voice as the much awaited Maitreya Buddha. In the end Swami Satya Prakash Udaseen spoke on the life of Buddha and' made an appeal in a forceful manner on the need to love Avatar Meher Baba and to share in His Divine work.

During his stay in Delhi till 29th May '67, Swamiji addressed Baba lovers' gatherings at several places on the Avatarhood of Meher Baba and His Divine Love Mission and impressed the lovers very much. Kavi Yogi Shuddhananda Bharati, who was on his return journey from Moscow also addressed a meeting arranged at Basti Nizamuddin on 28th evening. He said that he always felt the presence of Avatar Meher Baba, who helped him at every step during his foreign tour.

AVATAR MEHER BABA TAMILNAD CENTRE:

In pursuance of the aims and objects of the Centre, a two-day spiritual seminar was arranged with the kind co-operation of Baba lovers on 25th and 26th March '67 in the "Meher Prayer Hall" at the residence of Sri K. Appa Rao, Zamindar. Mr. Rick M. Chapman, Dr. G. S. N. Moorthy from Kharagpur and several prominent lovers from Chittoor, Guntur, Kovvur and Vijayawada were present during these days. After the welcome address was read out and presented to Bro. Rick M. Chapman by Sri T. V. R. Ramakrishna on behalf of the Centre, Dr. T. Dhanapathy Rao Naidu introduced the distinguished guests to the audience. Mr. Rick Chapman in his very impressive speech emphasised on the blending of the head and the heart and prayed to Beloved Baba to shower His choicest blessings on the lovers gathered and to create in them a sense of oneness as the first step to the goal of Self realisation. Dr. G. S. N. Moorthy also addressed the gathering on both the days.

BHILAI:

On 22nd Feb '67, a new Baba Centre was inaugurated at Bhilai at the residence of Sri Srivastava, Divisional Inspector, G. R. P. Qr. No. 72/A, Bhilai-3. On special invitation, about 30 devotees from Raipur also participated in the function. The Bhajan Mandali from Dongargarh enchanted the audience with their devotional songs about Beloved Baba. On this occasion, Dr. C. K. Agarwal of Raipur spoke briefly but impressively about Meher Baba, the Avatar of the age.

JAIPUR:

During his visit to Jaipur, Sri J. M. Busla of Delhi addressed a special gathering on 9th June '67 at the Rotary Club on "Where are we? And can we solve the present crisis?" He explained in detail that the path of divine love as shown by Beloved Baba was the only solution. Later, Sri C. L. Agarwal, Advocate from Jodhpur gave an account of his contact with Baba in 1940. In his vote of thanks, the ex-president of the Rotary remarked that he was sure that Beloved Baba has sent His love blessings to the residents of Jaipur City through one of His emissaries.

THIRTHAPURI (Maharashtra State):

As Sri S. N. Rehpade, a Baba lover writes, "Thirthapuri" in Aurangabad Dist. is Beloved's place of pilgrimage for the Baba lovers in Marathwada. Here a small beautiful building is erected for the Baba Centre in the open fields, where Baba lovers from even the neighbouring villages had gathered and celebrated His birthday for a week from 10th to 16th April '67, with 'Kirtans', 'Bhajans', 'Akhand Nama Japa', etc. About one thousand devotees from remote places in Marathwada took part in the procession on 15th April.

AVATAR MEHER BABA CHALLAPALLI CENTRE:

With Beloved Baba's grace, the Centre had the privilege to arrange 'Burrakatha' (Ballad-singing) on Baba's Mission by Sri Balagopala Bhaskara Raju and party from Tadepalligudem in Challapalli and two other neighbouring villages in the second week of June '67. The story of Baba's life from His birth, His experiences with the five Sadgurus, His work with His early disciples, His long tours in India and abroad. etc, narrated in the form of songs with melodious music attracted very large audiences at all the places. The essence of 'God Speaks' including the different stages of the path, the work of the five Perfect Masters and the Avatar and Baba's Messages of Love and Truth were all explained with beautiful illustrations. Sri Bhaskara Raju and his party have been doing selfless service in Baba's Cause for the last several years, having given about 220 performances so far. Sri N. Nagabhushanam of Challapalli, Sri K. R. J. Choudary of Lakshmi-puram and Sri M. Veerayya Choudary of Ramudupalem, with the hearty co-operation of other workers have done their best to make the programmes a grand success.

VISHAKHAPATNAM:

A special function was arranged on 10th April '67 at the residence of Sri K. M. Gandhi in the Shipyard Colony. On this occasion, Dr. G. V. S. Murty, President of the Vishakhapatnam Centre unveiled the beautiful portrait of Beloved Baba painted by Sri Balagopala Bhaskara Raju. After Prayers and Sankirtan, Sri A. V. V. Prasada Rao spoke on the art of painting and the divinity revealed in Baba's portrait. To the 200 Baba lovers gathered there, it appeared as though Baba was physically present and was sitting there in the portrait placed before them. Sri S. Suryanarayana, Secretary writes that it was a very happy occasion and was a memorable day for the Centre.

PODURU (Andhra):

On 4th May '67, a new Baba Centre was inaugurated by Sri T. S. Kutumba Sastri at the residence of Sri Kosuri. Krishnam Raju. Sri Chekuri Venkata Raju presided on the occasion. On the same day a public meeting was organised in the local temple under the presidentship of Sri K. S. Sita Rama Raju. Sri T. S. Kutumba Sastri & Sri Bh. V. Ramana Rao of Challapalli were among those who addressed the meeting. Baba lovers from Palakol, Jinnur and Koppara also participated in the function.

PARVATIPURAM (Srikakulam Dist., Andhra):

On 26th April '67, two films, one showing the life of Avatar Meher Baba and the other showing Baba's tour in Andhra were screened before a large number of Baba lovers and others in the local High School.

APPEAL TO OUR DEAR SUBSCRIBERS

The Annual Subscription for "Divya Vani" for the current year commencing from July '67 to June '68 is payable in advance. We would, therefore request all our dear subscribers to kindly send the amount as early as possible, and enable us to serve them more promptly and felicitously in Beloved Baba's Cause.

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