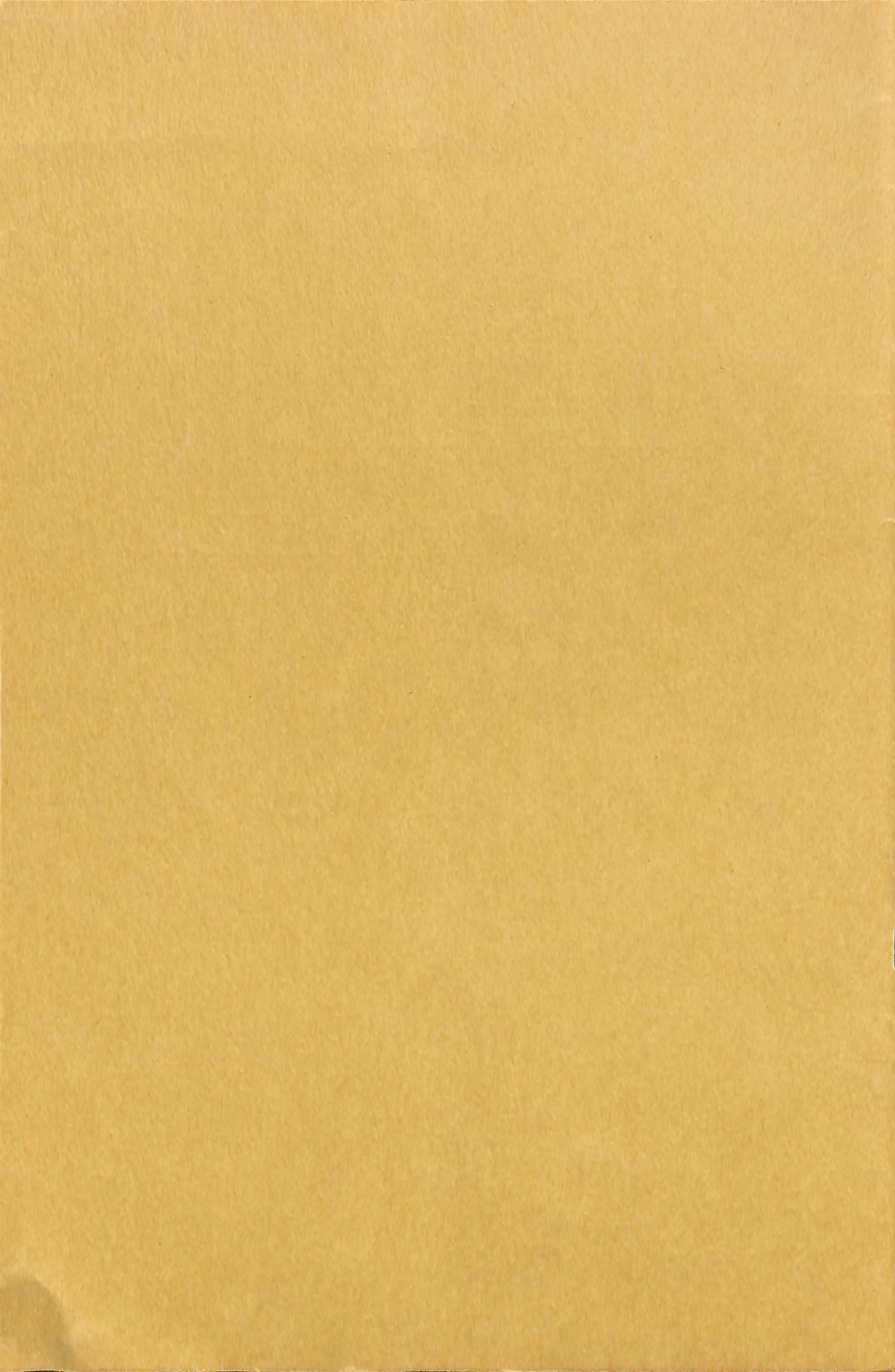


PROLETARIANS  
—TRANSITION

by

FRANCIS BRABAZON



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# PROLETARIANS-TRANSITION

*Awake to work for Tane,  
Great God of the Artisans.*

TAHITIAN CHANT.

*I am the pamphleteer of God.*

LUIS MUNOZ MARIN.

## 1.

### PRESENT AUSTRALIANS.

I am a pamphleteer of God.  
I am a son of my Guru.  
    And I bring new messages to an old land.

I have finished with the violins of Europe.  
I have not yet learned the guitars of Mexico;  
less still the vinas and flutes of India.  
I play upon the drum of a continent.  
The kettledrums of ideologies and securities  
I leave to juvenile musicians —  
ears clogged with molasses mixed with cinders  
from the tall forests their greed has burned out;  
fingers doodling in sand from the erosion of selfishness.  
I proclaim the message which my Guru taught me,  
that none exists save God,  
that your material dreams are nothing but emptiness.

You people who are the sons and daughters of pioneers:  
Did your fathers sweat merely for bread?  
Did your mothers, while they bore you,  
milk cows in the cold wet dawns, and chop wood  
under drought suns merely for your comfort?  
Or did they cherish a dream  
under the tough sinews of their labour,  
a dream of your greatness, of your far-reaching out  
into regions which their hearts only whispered to them?

You people who have come here from devastations and  
tyrannies,

Have you come only for bread and a larger helping  
of beef-steak?

Or have you brought the dream of your cultures and heritage  
to implant here; to more fully pursue, and realize?

Surely for bread you could just as easily have died  
in your own land; but if you have brought  
the music of the Troubadours and Minnesingers  
there is a song here to sing; there is a Grail here to  
follow.

There is a light  
in this land of sun  
buried in the earth  
which awaits our releasing.

There is a new digging to begin;  
a new gold to be won,  
a new conquest of wilderness.

Do you think I am crazy enough to deny the need for bread?  
Do you think I harness religion into new slogans of  
exploitation?

Rather I say, protect the land and it will give you your  
bread;  
encourage your hearts, and they will give you God.

Do you think that I do not know that God is in wheat?  
That God is in the well-fed child, and in the honoured and  
cared-for aged?

In the right of lovers to happiness, and in their freedom  
from fear?

In hospitals and libraries and town-planning?

But I say, a body filled with food,  
free from disease  
and not a temple for God,  
is no more than a sack of refuse;  
and a mind crammed with knowledge of books  
but without knowledge of God,  
a caricature of humanity.

It took God a long time to make  
a Man and a Woman,  
perfect instruments  
capable  
of His divine music.

Present Australians!  
who amongst you  
will study the notes of this music?

Who amongst you  
will be the singers of this new Song, to which  
I am giving only the initial drum-beat?

2.

THE STEEL-RIVETTER'S SONG.

While you have successfully  
won  
your 48, 40, and now 36 hours a week,  
I work 24 hours every day  
RIVETTING  
consciousness to my physical body.

Not for a moment  
not for the passing time of a single thought  
do I bother about God,  
do I trouble about immortality within my own heart.  
I am busy rivetting, rivetting  
inescapably  
my universe-loving spirit  
upon the girders of my body.

just as once I rivetted

Jesus

on a cross

on a cross.

O yes, I have learnt my trade. —

*One day I will rivet my consciousness to  
the supreme Beloved.*

*One day with the acetylene flame of my aspiration  
I will weld my body to truth.*

3.

### THE SONG OF THE PLUMBER.

My job is with pipes and drains.

I was born under the sign of the water-carrier.

I tap mains of spirit

and carry refreshment to humanity.

I connect systems of love

joining veins of hearts.

I dig channels especially

between young lovers,

and between Guru and disciple.

I sweat carefully the joints of friendship.

I am meticulous over the nipples

which connect the child to its life-stream.

I am particularly careful

over the channels of light

by which the child

is brought into this form and world.

SONG FOR CALL GIRLS,  
Professional and Amateur.

I do not care in the least  
    about my body being a temple for God;  
I do not, in fact,  
    care about temples at all.  
My interest is in the market-place  
where I offer my body to the highest purchaser.

You think we have won democracy and freedom?  
I will show you  
this is still the age of slavery.  
    Come! Slaves of your own desire  
    I will show you merchandise alright:

This is a woman's body, perfection of creation.  
First God made a rock—  
    "I am stifled," He said.

Then He made trees—  
    "Still  
imprisoned are my feet", He cried. "I bend  
my arms upwards towards freedom."

Then He formed animals  
swift on the earth, and birds  
grey lines on Azure—  
    "I run towards Man,  
I fly towards the scope of Mind", He exalted.

Then He made a man—  
    with endurance of rock,  
    straight in form as a tree, fleet  
    as an animal,  
    winged towards liberty.

In his heart,

LIGHT

In his brain,

LIGHT

In his loins,

LIGHT —

half of perfection.

Then He made me. And His dream  
of Self-knowledge emerged into the realm of possibility;  
sprang  
as a living form before His cherishing eyes.  
Look at me! I remove my clothes —  
Not to creep a worm of fire into your blood  
nor press desire upon the nerves of your eyes and fingers,  
but to stir the light of your endeavour,  
of your MANHOOD;  
to arouse you to overpass yourself  
to Godhood.

This is the body  
which sheltered you into the world,  
gave a form to your soul-light,  
a field to your creativity.  
A body  
also of that same light  
PERFECT,  
finished as the perfection of God is capable —  
home for future light  
companion to present aspiration.

Here, Sons of God, I am!

I offer MYSELF to the highest bidder for Freedom.

## 5.

## SONG OF THE QUARRY-MAN.

I cut stones. I cut stones. I cut stones.  
 Stones of Chartres; of Taj Mahal.  
 Stones to cover bones,  
     for monuments to Generation.  
 I cut the stones of hearts  
     to reflect the divine light.  
 I am the most ancient amongst craftsmen  
 I am the worker of the present  
 I am the artist of the future.

## 6.

## REFRAIN FOR CARPENTERS.

I am the carpenter —  
 apprentice to Joseph, work-mate of Jesus.  
 I build houses, now;  
 I am the constructivist towards the future.  
 I make the Cross upon which humanity  
 is constantly crucified in itself.

## 7.

## SONG OF THE WIRE-MAN.

I am the man who wires houses  
     for light  
         for communication  
     streets  
     theatres  
 touch, taste, hearing, sight.  
 I sort out nerve-knots  
     amplify impulses  
     and filter emotions.  
 I enable the thinker to encompass his problem  
 the lover to accomplish his beloved.

I build a rig  
    whereby the mother is enabled to hear her child's cry  
    in silence, before it is heard,  
whereby the lover picks up an unspoken thought  
    on his breath.  
I am the scientist of the electronics of God.

8.

THE NEW AGE.

We are finishing an age (stupendous  
    moment of time  
in the sweep of history).  
We have expanded industry  
    to the remotest mountains and jungles;  
We have even started exploring the bed of the ocean.  
We are totalling up our receipts of debt:  
the final figures will shock us  
    into the impetus of a new direction.  
We have hammered iron thorns into our heads,  
we have forged steel ribs around synthetic hearts,  
we have boiled our blood into bitumen  
    for tarmacs and highways.

We are finishing the Age in which Man  
built a machine before which he grovelled,  
and evaporated sweat in blast-furnaces  
    for incense to this new god.

We are entering the Age  
when we will use machines to facilitate  
    our real work,  
which is to know God.  
We will machine the new tools of meditation and service;

we will translate energy into love  
and harness leisure into silence;  
we will construct space-ships  
to cross over the planes of consciousness.

We will lay out new cities  
within the framework of our own bodies,  
fair with gardens of comradeship,  
crossed by express-ways of thought and consideration.

We will build our mind-stuff  
into universities of living knowledge.

We will erect cathedrals in the hollow places in our hearts.

We are entering the Age of constructivist peace,  
of war against our ignorance of ourselves.

9.

THE MILKMAN'S SONG.

I am the servant of Shri Sadguru.  
I deliver the milk of His humanity.

Milk for free!  
Milk for free!

Bring out your bottles and jugs.  
A pint or a gallon of divinity  
according to your capacity.

Milk for free!  
Milk for free!

This  
is an Avataric Age.  
There is an inexhaustible supply.

10.

SONG OF THE FRUIT-STALLS.

Buy our fruits!  
 Buy our fruits!  
 In every cell of our flesh is God  
     awaiting you to release Him in nourishment.  
 In every drop of our juice is God  
     for your refreshment.  
         Bite an apple  
         chew a banana  
         crush the juice of grapes around your teeth.  
 Mix the smell of oranges and persimmons into your breath.  
 Buy our fruits!  
 Only a small coin required —  
     remembrance of God  
                     as you eat.

11.

BARGAIN SONG.

“O girl  
     I love you.”  
 “O man  
     I return your love.”  
 “What connections have you in life  
 that I might improve my position in the world?”  
 “With light, with which I would light our house  
 and our path toward Reality. What  
 wedding-present can you give me?”  
 “All my songs already outpoured in anticipation  
     of you;  
 All the songs still waiting  
     for you to release them.”

## SONG FOR SPIRITUAL WORKERS.

With my hands He works  
 with my tongue He speaks  
 with my ears He listens to His own speech.

I practise this  
     until imagination becomes Reality.  
 Hail Avatar Shri Sadguru Meher Baba!

With my brain He thinks  
 with my heart He feels  
 with my eyes He sees His own universe.

I practise this  
     until dream becomes Reality.  
 Hail Avatar Shri Sadguru Meher Baba!

With my feet He treads the path back to Himself.  
 With my service He realizes His servanthship.  
 With my love He realizes His universal compassion.

I practise this  
     until aspiration becomes Reality  
 Hail Avatar Shri Sadguru Meher Baba!

I wear the triple breast-plate of Patrick:

(Christ before me.  
 Christ behind me.  
 Christ around me.)

I wear the single garment of St. Francis:

(Purity).

I wear the special joy of the Navajo:

(In beauty I walk).

Hail Avatar Shri Sadguru Meher Baba!

Hail Christ of our time! O Perfect Word! O God.

## SONG OF DEFEAT.

If in the path of love I must suffer defeat,  
     then I praise defeat;  
 If I must go through humiliation, then  
     I praise that heart-leveller.  
 There is an insurmountable barrier between myself  
     and my desire — myself;  
 I praise  
     whatever means that may be used to defeat me,  
     so that I may come to  
                                 myself.

If love is a totalitarian dictator, then I welcome  
     the sum of that totality against the subtraction  
     of my coldness and indifference;  
 If it is love's intention to confiscate my house and land,  
     then I will demand for compensation  
     that He become resident-owner — I will not tolerate  
     absenteeism.

If He will cause men to mock me,  
     then I will myself be the chief mocker,  
     and jester  
                                 in the court of myself.

If, by these attentions, love greets me,  
 then I am amongst the fortunate ones, to whom  
     love speaks.

## SONG ON TACTICS.

While the toy trumpets of the freedoms  
     have been blasting their slogans over the whole world,  
 I have been busy,  
     propagandizing myself with the drum-beat of His Name.

While the rulers of nations, and their satellites  
    have been meeting in endless conferences,  
I have been busy organizing my own committees  
    of heart  
Where we have been studying tactics.

“Infiltrate and annihilate. Strike  
    towards the enemy’s heart —  
Once you have occupied that,  
    ‘All these will be given unto you.’ ”

15.

### MARCHING SONG.

From crying in the night  
    we arise at the first notes of the silver trumpet  
    of the dawn  
And strap on our equipment ready for the road:  
Meditation; Service; Devotion.  
The announcers of victory will be apparent humiliation  
    and defeat.  
Alright. Keep in step!  
    Listen to the DRUM-BEAT.

16.

### SONG OF THE DRUM.

Here, there are no guitars, taut  
    with blood; no violins  
    dry with lament —  
But the great drum-beat of the earth itself,  
the same earth which WITNESSED  
    Gotama’s charity,  
awakes us from sleep.  
And a girl (this soft dawn breeze off the  
    ocean)

offers us a glass of milk  
stripped from the patient cow of peacefulness,  
and aspiration.  
Swing into fuller production,  
factories of heart!  
Co-opt agriculture, and eliminate  
wasteful distribution.  
Co-ed education in the true sense  
of the Word.

17.

### SONG OF ADVICE.

Give it.

Whether it be your skill to your craft,  
your honesty to the transaction,  
your integrity to the friendship,  
your love to your sweetheart.

Give it,

without thought of return or reward.  
It has already returned to you.  
Barter is idol-worship,  
the engraving of new images of distraction  
in your heart;  
corroding the veins,  
making the hand unsteady,  
and dimming the eyes to the vision of their  
natural direction.

## SONG OF READINESS.

Who, in this land of the sun  
 will be willing for the kiss of the Sun-god?  
 Who amongst us will be willing  
     to empty the cup of his heart  
     so that the flame burns clear  
         and does not sear the clay of the body?

Who will sink coffer-dams into his body's mud,  
     cut into the heart's stone mountain-sides,  
 build a strong dam  
     to contain His rains?

Who will suffer the plow and harrows of Grace  
     in his flesh,  
 for the pure sowing?

The time of the Sun-god,  
     the declaration of Avatar, draws near;  
     the Word of the Christ  
 bursting into flower.

## SINGING, MOBILIZATION.

Cry the ranges,  
 set watch on the hills,  
     send hourly messages over the radio into the interior,  
 to the stockmen of the new breeds of cattle and sheep  
     which the earth is preparing.

Mobilize  
     in the schools  
 technicians to drill new wealth in the north.



I have retreated into consciousness:  
I labour to make it permanent and complete.  
For that is our great work  
The great task which lies before us:  
The replacing of unconsciousness  
with consciousness;  
the replacing of ignorance  
with knowledge;  
the releasing of energy  
into love,  
the turning of stones into BREAD.

21.

SONG FOR UNKNOWN WARRIORS.

Come! O Death; or Victory.  
I care not which one of you appears.  
Whether I am slain, or endure,  
You will find in my hand  
a sword engraved with my Lord's name;  
And in my breast  
the flower of my Lady:  
stamen of eyes  
and petals of her lips.

22.

SONG FOR LAB. ASSISTANTS.

The creation is energy  
working through forms  
in order  
to realize its own potential.  
Order  
is our method.  
We unlock reservoirs of eye and ear:

Before our approach the horizons of established  
thought and habit  
recede, and awareness becomes newly aware  
of limitless Being.  
Up to now, our research has been preliminary —  
concerned with externals;  
now our work is being directed inwardly  
to heart itself, actual seat of energy;  
place of accommodation of Spirit Itself,  
to Which energy is servant and means of realization.  
This is a job  
which requires impeccable workmanship throughout.  
Absolute honesty.

23.

### STREET SWEEPER'S SONG.

This city is not just bridges and streets:  
It is a giant body which  
breathes,  
and through its veins  
courses the blood of human lives.

When you know it  
you know humanity  
with its hopes and disappointments,  
its pettiness and its tremendous courage,  
its vast inertia, and painful yearning  
towards liberty and fulfilment.

As regards its functioning and health,  
I am the most important person in its service.  
I sweep in the same rhythm  
in which flows its blood.  
That is how I express my pride in my job.

## CHORUS FOR COOKS AND WAITRESSES.

We are among the first servants of God,  
     we are in the front ranks of His humanity.  
 This has been  
     ever since He took on a body  
         called the creation.  
 Our pride is in our endurance of your  
         ingratitude —  
     we seldom hear your "Amen" to our  
     grace.  
 Our courtesy is in our love  
     and in our high calling —  
 We not only serve you food for your bodies  
 we bring sustenance to that most sensitive part  
         within you  
     called your heart.  
  
 May I take your order, please?  
 I will ask the Bestower immediately  
     for His bestowal.

## SONG OF THE ACCOUNTANT.

I keep my account with God.  
 I balance profit and loss.  
 I watch the interests of the company of the Beloved.  
 When my books show an adverse balance  
     I am restless over ways and means  
         of restoring it —  
 I show the position to the Managing Director.  
 He says, "Huh —  
     too much outgoing —  
     too much advertising,

too much washing and painting of *exterior* of  
building;  
too many loopholes for unscrupulous  
operators,  
too many *leakages*:  
too much undirected labour (activity  
without thought of the agent of action).  
We must concert our effort better;  
Centralize  
our energies. Heaven help us if we go to audit  
with books like this."

26.

#### SONG FOR A PRIME MINISTER.

I am the head of this country:  
the people are its heart.  
The heart is the feeling centre:  
the head interprets, and implements  
the necessary works.

When prosperity is in the land  
there is a right balance of function:  
Labour output and distribution of goods  
implement each other, and the breath of God  
flows uninterrupted through all the parts  
of this body.

When there is adversity and hardship,  
It is simply that each one of us  
has forgotten  
his place in the scheme of this whole affair  
called creation.

## POSTMAN'S SONG.

A letter from your beloved!  
 A letter from your beloved!  
     News  
 from your own heart to yourself —  
 The miracle of a word within the Word.

## SONG OF MYSELF.

Going my way  
 with the Name of my Master  
     on my lips,  
 with the presence of my beloved  
     (oh, beyond fairness)  
     in my heart.

Behold me, one who loves adversity, who  
     welcomes defeat;  
 who is bent upon loss,  
 and is eager to strip himself of possession of himself.

I am ready to laugh with you in your joy;  
 to weep with you in your tears.  
 But my laughter and weeping have no meaning  
     except in His love.

What I say from myself  
     has not the minutest particle of value;  
 But what I say because of Him,  
 do not take that lightly,  
     or be absent  
     when it is said.

And oh,  
    tell God in your prayers  
                                    (if you pray),  
that I do not know how much longer I can endure  
                                    this pain —  
But that if He removes it, even for a moment,  
    I will never again call Him compassionate.



