

# THE QUEST

BEACON HILL PRESS

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Francis Brabazon

*By the same author*

EARLY POEMS

SEVEN STARS TO MORNING

PROLETARIANS — TRANSITION

CANTOS OF WANDERING



# THE QUEST

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Francis Brabazon

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CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Seeker  
Chorus  
A Man  
Idle Man  
Easy Finder  
Illusionist

Advocate of the Formless  
Disciples  
Man who has met Baba  
An Old Man  
Baba  
Baba's Disciple

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PROLOGUE

This is the tale of a man who from early youth  
Set out to find God's own dear Form and Truth.  
His search for beauty is his soul's first quest  
Which he finds, and enjoys sweet peace and joy and rest.  
Until through his heart's friends and his own soul's voice  
He is warned he must leave all for God, and the bitter choice  
He chooses; and sets out and wanders the years of his life  
Till he loses his life on the battlefield and the strife  
Of God's Name which brings not glory, the hero's reward,  
But the seed and the bud in his soul of God's Word:  
God, who is BABA, the one Ancient One,  
And his quest is finished and his real journey begun.

SCENE 1: *Section of interior of a room.*

*Seeker*

It was late afternoon. The sun was behind the trees,  
So that here where I sit was in shadow.  
There was a footstep outside the open door;  
My heart rose to meet it.  
She came into the doorway —  
The dew of love bathed her face,  
And her eyes — ah, who can say  
What the eyes of a woman in love are like?  
They were a single messenger of the one eternal  
light.  
I could not move  
I could not go forward to meet her.  
But my arms raised themselves towards her,  
And she came forward and crouched down by me.  
She came forward with the hesitant certain  
Movement of water —  
Each step an unfolding of her to me,

And an unfolding of me to her —  
And she was before me  
Like a flower growing out of the earth  
With its face upturned to the sky.  
And the unfolding infolded in melting.  
She stayed only a moment —  
A moment which contained eternity  
And the unveiling of beauty and the unrolling of  
joy.  
She stayed only a moment — but since,  
My room has the fragrance of spring,  
And although it is now night  
It is lit with the soft light of afternoon.

The light of her soul was in her eyes,  
And in that light I am lost.  
She is the eternal mother  
And the eternal virgin of my love.

*(Enter Chorus.)*

*Chorus* We were attracted by the light and perfume coming  
from this room —  
But there are no lights on, and there are no flowers  
anywhere ?

*Seeker* There was one here, who was the harvest of flowers  
And the gathered light of many days.

*Chorus* Do you wait for her to return ?

*Seeker* Yes. I live for nothing else.  
And nothing but the thought of her keeps me living.

*Chorus* Do you know that she will come again ?

*Seeker* She will come again when it is time —  
Whatever time means.  
She was here yesterday, or last year,  
I do not know. But she will come.

*Chorus* How can you be certain ? Women sometimes —

*Seeker* Because all my life have I sought her.  
As a child, I lived in the country.  
I used to go outside at night  
And weep to the stars. They  
Were reflections of her light.



As I grew up  
Music and poetry began to torture me. That  
Was merely the outward sound of her movement,  
And the outer form of the word of her lips.

When I was still older I started to paint,  
Trying to find her, trying to find her.

I asked every woman I saw for news of her.  
I asked the old men in their wisdom for direction.  
I asked the little children to lend me their innocence.  
Many times I thought I had met her,  
But the moment always came when I knew it was  
not she.

Then one night in my dreams a Woman came to me  
and kissed me.  
And the fire of light ran through my body and limbs.  
And another night a great Sage appeared in my  
dreams  
And gave me the right directions,  
Which I have tried to follow, although  
Stumbling, and mostly falling at every step.

*Chorus* Then you met her?

*Seeker* After a long time. At first  
I did not know it was she.  
It only gradually became clear to me  
As the veils of her eyes parted,  
And the light which I had been seeking  
Shone direct from her soul.

*Chorus* Outside the dawn is breaking. Perhaps  
This may be the day when she will come again.

*Seeker* Perhaps today or in a hundred days or in a hundred  
years —  
I will wait if necessary through eternity.

*(Pause to indicate passage of time.)*

*Chorus* He has sat here now unmoving for a long time.  
His mind is lost in his heart  
And his heart has melted  
Into the form of his beloved.

Our desire is toward man—to love and be loved by:  
To protect you in our arms, and be protected by  
your hands;

To set bands of love and possession around you,  
 To surround you by the silver outline of our heart,  
 To cushion your head when tired upon our breast,  
 To position ourselves comfortably in life  
 By the effort of your endeavour. This is part of us:  
 This part would hold you to your present state  
 Of vision and faithfulness.

But another part of us  
 Urges you to go on and find that true haven  
 For us which we seek. For there is the saying,  
 "The woman for the man, and the man for God"—  
 You to lead, and us to plod in the way of your feet,  
 Comforting you with the comradeship of our soul  
 undivided and complete.

*Chorus Solo 1* We have heard,

*Chorus* The ears of our hearts have heard  
 Of the Word  
 And the form of God in the world  
 In the name of BABA.

*Solo 1* We have heard,  
*Chorus* And our souls are stirred  
 With new hope —  
 And our hearts are as flags unfurled  
 With the name of BABA.

*Chorus* We say,  
 Though our hearts break in the say,

*Solo 1* "Go forth and find Him;

*Chorus* Bind Him with love  
 And yourself and ourselves in His Way."

*Chorus* We dream deep in our souls of this Man  
 Who will span with the bridge of His love  
 The vacancies of our lives,  
 Who will unfold the gold of our deep inherencies,  
 And release that which strives  
 From the deep earth of us  
 Towards the light of our origin.

Already we begin to sense his breath as the fan  
 Of His wings as eagle, as dove,  
 And our soul sings with the sale of our lives yet  
 untold

And the seed of His light in this land,  
 And the rivers which now die in the sand  
 Eternally flowing and nourishing the lives to come.

*Seeker* Why is it that this Name moves my soul,  
 When I thought I had already reached the Goal?  
 Someone beyond even the limits of her chaste  
 beauty



Is calling me. What fresh pain is this  
 That makes a new misery of my hard-won bliss ?  
*Chorus* Now he has heard the Name,  
 Now he has heard the Name of the True One,  
 His sleep and his peace is gone,  
 He will never again know rest.  
 He must leave the beloved he has found in his  
 breast,  
 Leave her dear lips and arms — and set out again  
 On his eternal quest.  
*Seeker* This is the most bitter moment.  
 Must I never have rest, or the joy of men  
 In their loved one ?  
*Chorus* Rest, no. But all joy if you will.  
*Seeker* How ?  
*Chorus* Give her to Him. For He is the Self  
 Of you both, your Source and your Goal.  
 Take the white hand that lies in your breast  
 And with her seek the feet of the Perfect Master,  
 Give to Him both your poverty and your wealth.  
 He is fighting desperately.  
 His heart is breaking.  
 Be merciful, O God !  
*Seeker* Give ! Give ! Always am I asked to give.  
*Chorus* It is He in His kindness and love  
 Has given you such moment of joy  
 Denied most men both in life and in death —  
 The joy of your dear one's form in your heart,  
 Her kiss in your soul, her sigh on your breath.  
 He gives as a loan what we must eventually return.  
 He has given us fields and streams,  
 The grandeur of mountains,  
 The pleasantness of valleys.  
 He has set lights in the sky for our guidance,  
 He has lit lights in our hearts for our joy.  
 He has given women unto the companionship of  
 men  
 And men for the comfort of women.  
 But no one can own  
     a tree or a mountain  
     or another soul —  
 But in due time must return what was loaned.  
*Seeker* BABA — BABA —  
 You have been the reality behind my soul's dream.  
 You have been my own longing for myself.  
 You were the light I saw in her eyes,

The Word which in beauty formed Itself into her  
lips;  
She was the dawn of announcement of your Sun.  
BABA — BABA — Always it has been you who I have  
been seeking.

Once I was a stone,  
But because of my longing to meet you BABA  
I became a tree.  
Then I had leaves with which to feel your touch  
Should you pass my way.

Once I was a tree,  
But in my longing to meet you BABA  
I became a beast.  
Then I had eyes to look at you with love.

Then I became a man  
Endowed with speech with which to ask the way to  
you;  
But because my speech became the agent of my  
wants  
I have spent cycles looking for you.

Difficult it is, in a given life,  
To even hear the name of a Perfect Master.  
Having heard His name, and being convinced that  
He is that Living One,  
A man has wasted his life, has denied the very  
attainment  
Of manhood, if he has not set out to find Him,  
And having found Him, surrendered his life at His  
feet.

For a life has no reality, but is a frame  
Wherein the soul conducts the quest  
For Itself; a sounding board for the Name  
Of God, at Whose behest  
The soul journeyed in the immensities of journey-  
ing to become a man.

It is given to few to be a Shams Tabriz and go  
straight to God; most of us have to take the path of  
Majnun whose love for Leila brought him to love  
for God, and to the feet of the Master. The search  
for beauty is the first quest of the lover. But even  
the utmost beauty is only a reflection of the Beauty  
of God Who is the source and spring of all beauty,  
but Whom beauty covers. As Jelal-uddin says:



“What is all beauty in the world? The image,  
Like quivering boughs reflected in a stream,  
Of that eternal Orchard which abides  
Unwithered in the hearts of Perfect Men.”

To tear the veil of beauty is to tear the very stuff  
of the heart, which one hesitates to do; one bows  
before the image one has made and says, You, you  
are perfect.—

Then comes the voice of a friend

and the cry in the soul

To awaken from sleep and dream —

Even sleep of peace and dream of preciousness —

precious as jewels compared with common  
stones.

Since beauty is so beautiful, how much more  
beautiful must God be. BABA — I will seek you if  
need be to the end of the world and my life.

*(Seeker steps out into street.)*

*(Enter a man.)*

*Man*

Goodmorning, friend.

*Seeker*

I will answer your greeting

And call you “friend” if you can answer my question.

*Man*

What is your question?

*Seeker*

Where will I find Baba?

*Man*

Baba? Who’s he?

*Seeker*

A man I am looking for.

*Man*

Never heard of him. Don’t think he lives round  
these parts.

Sorry —

*Seeker*

Ha! A good start. Don’t apologize! BABA — BABA —  
BABA *(Exit Seeker.)*

*Man*

Baba! *(Shrugs and goes off.)*

*Chorus*

How can a man forget the reason

He became a man, and ask, “Who is BABA?”

A tree does not ask, What is sun, what is air?

But grows towards the light, and waves its branches  
in joy

When the wind blows. A child does not ask

What is father, who is mother, but turns

In the hurt of its play to their loving arms.

Because of His Name

the rocks dream in the sun.

Because of His Name

the flowers weep in the night.

Because of His Name  
the birds wing in endless  
flight.

Go on, O disturbed one, till you return to your  
heart.  
Find Him for your soul's satisfaction, and for ours.  
A hundred you will ask, Where is BABA ?  
And the voice of their mask will say, BABA ? Who is  
BABA ?  
But a few will return  
The fire with which you burn  
And reply in true tones the Name you repeat,  
And link in a chain the steps of your feet.

We will go with you  
Counting the years and the hours,  
Supporting your weary feet  
With our feeble powers.

We will share your thirst and the sun,  
And suffer the cold rain, and the pain  
Of each disappointment, until you gain  
His feet, and His grace is won.

## SCENE 2

*(Idle Man lying under a tree, by roadside. Enter Seeker.)*

<i>Seeker</i>	BABA — BABA — BABA — BABA —
<i>Idle Man</i>	Have you lost something ?
<i>Seeker</i>	What ?
<i>Idle Man</i>	Have you lost something ?
<i>Seeker</i>	Yes. My inheritance.
<i>Idle Man</i>	Your inheritance — that's pretty tough. Someone do you out of it ?
<i>Seeker</i>	Yes.
<i>Idle Man</i>	Bad luck. Couldn't you take him to law ?
<i>Seeker</i>	Law ? A clever thief like this one always works within the law. If he's really clever (like this one was) he can even make law support his crimes. He can even for a time, convince one that he has acted in one's best interest in stealing from one one's rights.
<i>Idle Man</i>	Was it much ?



- Seeker* As much as the sum-total of creation's effort. If you took the undivided effort of a long life, and then of a man's son's life, and his son and his son for all the generations since the beginning of man, you would have the amount I lost. (*Sits.*)
- Idle Man* (*rising uneasily*) Don't worry about it old man. As long as a man has his health and the world before him —
- Seeker* What is health and the world to a man who has lost his peace of mind.
- Idle Man* Get yourself a good job, or start a business of some sort. Work, that's the best thing for a man. Everybody's lost their peace of mind these days, just because they don't want to do some honest work. They're all trying to dodge it — that's the matter with everyone —  
 Hurrying and scurrying  
 About like ants. Scrapping  
 Like dogs for a bone, yapping  
 Like puppies at a feather pillow.  
 Must be time for dinner. Don't worry old man —  
 (*Exit Idle Man*)
- Chorus* It took not a moment for the Self to lose its peace.  
 The moment God woke up and asked, "Who am I?"  
 And answered "a stone", "a cabbage", "a fish" and "a worm"  
 And rooted in the earth, and stared at the sky,  
 And basked in the ooze and broke in the storm.  
 And He said, "I am mighty"; "I am very meek";  
 "I am a great warrior"; "I turn the other cheek" —  
 It took not a moment for Him to lose His peace.  
 What was lost in a moment, will be found  
 In the moment of a glance, of a word, of a touch,  
 When "I" deluded meets the conscious "I",  
 And He upon Himself bestows His grace,  
 And answers the question, "Who am I", with,  
 "I am myself".
- Seeker* BABA — BABA — BABA — BABA —  
 (*Enter Easy Finder.*)
- Easy Finder* Have you lost someone?
- Seeker* BABA — BABA —
- Easy Finder* Have you lost someone — someone whose name you cannot forget?
- Seeker* Not someone I have lost. Someone I have not yet found. I seek the Perfect Master, The Avatar of the age:



The Word which was written on the title page  
 Of the Book of Life. The Man  
 Who spanned the span from God to Man to God :  
 Who woke the stone to singing clod  
 Of earth, and broke the earth to birth  
 As a tree, as a beast, as a man,  
 And broke that man to the adoring dust  
 Which is saint and mast.

Countless lives He spent  
 Until was rent the final veil between  
 Himself and Self. To return  
 Again and again to ignite and burn  
 The veils which hang between our eyes and truth.

*Easy Finder*

I understand your doctrine. But why choose a way  
 so wrapped up in illusion? Your Baba may be a  
 "perfect master". There have been many; Jesus,  
 Buddha, Krishna, and a lot more who *said* they were  
 perfect. But to worship such a person; to seek out  
 one if he be living (granted that he is truly attained),  
 and gape at him, is the way of the herd which can-  
 not think for itself. God is everywhere: in everyone,  
 in every stone and leaf. He is not some Person  
 walking about the earth. He is all persons, yet be-  
 yond the grasp of all save a few. Open your eyes,  
 and look and see. Drink in the beauties of nature;  
 think of all men as your brothers. All, all is God;  
 and God is All. (*Exit Easy Finder.*)

*Solo 1 Chorus*

A truth, and a lie.—

*Chorus*

Would he see Paramatman in a pig-sty?  
 In the bullet's wound, and the naked eye  
 Weeping the soul's desolation? His God  
 Is an ashamed sun, and an empty sky.

*Seeker (rising)*

BABA — BABA — BABA —

(*Exit Seeker.*)

### SCENE 3.

(*Seated on the ground is the Illusionist repeating spells.*)

*Illusionist*

Ah-ha-shi-ginga-bongara-sha-he.  
 Ah-ha-shi-ginga-bongara-sha-he.

(*Makes gestures.*)

Ah-ha-shi-ginga-bongara-sha-he.  
 Ah-ha-shi-ginga-bongara-sha-he.

(*Enter Seeker repeating BABA — BABA.*)

Ah-ha-shi — What !



*Seeker* BABA — BABA —  
*Illusionist* What mantra is that?  
*Seeker* The Name of the Blessed One  
 Whom I seek.  
*Illusionist* What will he give you if you find him?  
 Powers? Fame? Wealth?  
*Seeker* Self-Realization when it  
 pleases Him.  
*Illusionist* You aim high! What is Self-Realization?  
 Can you grasp it — will it make music in your hand.  
 Can you wear it? (*Rattles money.*)  
 Can you eat it, or drink it? (*Plucks a fine coat from bush.*)  
 (*Takes a silver cup from limb of tree and drinks.*)  
 You look as though you could do with a new coat.  
 (*Tosses Seeker the coat.*)  
 And a good feed. (*Offers food.*)  
 Hang around here for a while.  
 And in return for a few slight services I will teach  
 you how to get all these things.  
*Seeker* Thank you but I do not think I could use them.  
 I seek to escape from illusion, not create more  
 entanglements.  
 BABA — BABA —  
 (*Starts to walk on.*)  
*Illusionist (thoughtfully)* Self-Realization. Will he give you that?  
*Seeker* When it pleases Him. But why dream again.  
 Of that which when dreamt about is only another  
 dream.  
*Illusionist* Is it not Self-Realization that you seek?  
*Seeker* I seek only to look upon His face,  
 To feel the touch of His hand,  
 To hear His voice in my soul.  
 O BABA, when will I see your Face?  
 When will my heart be stirred  
 By your silent Word?  
 When will I feel your embrace?  
 (*Illusionist hurries out.*)  
 O BABA, why have I made this journey from stone  
 to tree  
 To beast to man, if not to see  
 Your Face and touch your Feet?  
 A man who has not seen and touched and known,  
 Has completed a journey which is incomplete —  
 He is less than a beast or a tree or a stone.



SCENE 4

*(An open space. The Advocate of the Formless is seated on the ground with a group of disciples before him.)*

*Enter Seeker.)*

*Advocate of the Formless (teaching)* The Self is to be understood as formless, qualitless, all-pervading —

*Seeker (coming forward with joined palms)*

Can you, O Guru, tell me where I shall find BABA ?

*Adv. of Formless* Baba, Baba ? I have heard that Name —

*A Disciple* He was the man, sir, that they said was giving darshan to the multitude.

*Adv. of Formless* Ah, yes. The man who has been saying he is the Ancient One.

*Seeker* O Guru, you have heard of Him ? Where can I find Him ?

*Adv. of Formless* Calm yourself, my son. What is it that someone says he is the Ancient One. That also am I, that you are too. This is a quest that is to be made in solitude, not at the heels of the rabble crying, "A new Avatar!"

One should find some delightful spot near the junction of two rivers, not too far from a village so that one has not a long way to go to beg one's food, and not too near so that one is disturbed by the dust and dogs. One should select a spot not too near an ant-hill, nor too near a rushing torrent. Having found such a spot, one should take one's seat and meditate on the formulæ "Atman is Paramatman, the all-Pervading, the Indivisible, the Formless, One-Without-Second.

*Seeker* He it is whom I seek, O Guru. He who is not divided in Self and not-self. He who is formed of nothing but Himself. He who is all-pervading even that He pervades my limbs and urges me on to find Him. May I ask you a question ?

*Adv. of Formless* Certainly.

*Seeker* Have you, sir, realized the Self ?

*Adv. of Formless* I will be honest with you. I have not. Realization of the Self is not easy. Forty years now have I meditated on the Self and strove to conquer my mind. I have attained to peace. Ultimately I will find Self.

*Seeker* Ultimately ! O BABA, how is it that a man who has striven for forty years should be satisfied with peace, when you are in the world to make war ! How is it that a man can remain in dreams, when you are here to awaken. BABA — BABA —

*(Goes off.)*



*Chorus*

We know the texts by heart. But what is a text  
But empty words, unless its truth  
Breathes on the breath and sings in the blood —  
Unless its flood drowns one in death  
And bears one again in re-birth?  
There are five highways to God : five roads  
Which cut through the jungle of mind and lead  
through the heart's swamps;  
But how can one caught fast in a jungle or swamp  
Even see one of the paths? And how without a  
perfect Guide  
To take one's hand, traverse the frightening dangers  
Of that path.

We know all the texts : God is this or that;  
God is not this or that. God is God — but we  
Are not moved by vague abstraction. We want,  
We need, someone to serve, someone to be our  
friend,  
Someone to touch and be touched by, to look  
And be looked at; someone to love with our love  
Which is all we have and know.  
The greatest intellect falters, or loses itself  
In the mazes of its own creation, but a child's trust  
Never lets go of the hand it holds,  
And love goes all the way.

SCENE 5

*(Seeker is seated by roadside, repeating the Name. Enter Man who has met Baba.)*

*Man* Sweet to my ears is that Name which you call.  
*Seeker* Sweeter to my eyes would be the form of the Name.  
I call His Name : I ask everyone I meet,  
"Can you give me news of my love whom I love  
And have never seen?"  
*Man* You have never met BABA  
And yet you repeat His Name? O BABA,  
What devotion is this ! And a fool like me who has  
met you,  
Has received the blessing of your glance and touch  
Forgets your Name. *(To Seeker)* I take the dust of  
your feet.  
*Seeker* Water for my heart, I need, not dust from my feet.  
If you have met Him,  
If you have bathed in the lake of His presence,  
And drunk a cup of water from His hand  
Tell me about Him. Sprinkle me  
With some drops of words from your heart-stream.



- Chorus* The figure is apt. This is the age  
Of the "water-carrier". This is the time  
When men are even building great dams  
To catch the earth-rains.
- Man* It was in a place  
Of much water that I met Him — a place  
Called Andhra.  
(*Chorus begins its dance of flowing water*).
- Chorus* Andhra is water: Godavari, blessed by Rama,  
And lines of saints who wandered its wooded banks,  
Bathed in its stream, and sent pregnantly  
The breath of their spirit upon its waters.
- Man* For two weeks BABA toured Andhra, and I  
Was permitted to accompany Him for the whole  
tour.  
For two weeks, stopping at towns  
And remote villages where people had come  
Travelling all day by bullock-cart and on foot;  
Visiting houses, cottages and huts of business men,  
Congressmen, farmers and labourers.
- Chorus* At Gunter  
There were 5,000. At Elure, 12,000 had assembled.  
At Tadapalligudem, where Baba celebrated  
His birth this time on earth, 20,000  
Waited to pass in file before Him  
To receive His gift of fruit, and to enjoy  
The fireworks at night. Gopalapuram  
Mustered 15,000. Korrvu and Rajahmundry  
On the banks of the river Godavari, 16,000  
Between them. Amalapuram, Razole and Kathapati  
Had 5,000 each. And the seaport Kakinada,  
12,000 all told.
- Man* And at each place  
God sat down and rolled up his sleeves  
To do a job of work. Baskets piled high  
With bananas were placed by his side;  
And the people, brought into file by ropes  
Or the linked hands of his workers, filed by,  
Each to receive a fruit from Baba's hands.  
And with each gift of fruit, a hidden seed  
Of blessing for future fruiting.  
And in simple words taught them :  
"Those who only see this form of Mine,  
Do not see Me. Search in your hearts,  
And through your hands' pure work, to find My  
truth.  
And know that in every service served in honesty,



And every act of love where you are not,  
I am. I am the Ancient One, Highest of high.  
Fortunate are those who serve and love Me."

*Chorus* Andhra is water bearing upon its surface  
Clusters of lotuses called villages,  
Where the speech of the people is small waters  
Rippling over stones, and where children  
Strongly moulded in delicate form, play  
As one would imagine the children of God  
Should play.

*Man* The road followed always along the canal banks  
Of Godavari water — always beside  
These placid singing streams.

*Chorus* Along this road  
We met a man dressed in the rags of this world  
Seated before God's throne.

*Man* Along this road,  
A youth, hot with love's fire, his eyes melting  
In streams of light, sang in sweet tones his own  
Sweet song of light.

Where another danced  
For two hours to a small tinkling percussion  
Accompaniment.

*Chorus Solo 1* Where a young girl,  
Delicately as Radha poised in love,  
Sighed with her eyes and hands and feet again for  
Krishna.

*Man* And a boy, a mere child in years,  
Improvised songs for the Beloved; and  
Wept, and harangued us to love God.  
I fold my hands before all on this road.

*Chorus Solo 2* Andhra-paradiso —  
With no fall, and no expulsion from the Garden :  
But again with the seal of God's feet upon her earth.

*Chorus Solo 3* Australia also when God in one of His  
Inexplicable moods of mercy, sets  
His white feet upon these golden shores.

*Man* And everywhere God went, and always  
Was the light lit, and the song of light,  
Full-throated and rich in pure intensity, arose —  
The song of praise of God in human form.  
And the hearts of the people were unsealed  
To the living waters of God, and the faces of the  
children  
Unfolded into singing flowers.

(Pause.)

*Seeker*

Wonderful are your words. Once when BABA was  
Jesus  
He turned water into wine, and intoxicated the  
wedding guests.  
This is almost as remarkable : with a mere descrip-  
tion  
Of water, you have allayed my thirst and brought  
me hope.  
Do you know where He is now, and how I can meet  
Him?

*Man*

He is everywhere but that place where one said  
"He is there." Only the love of His Name  
Can open the path to His feet.  
Go on friend in His Name till sight of His living  
Form is won,  
Till you lose yourself in His love, and your quest is  
done.

*(Exit Man.)*

*Seeker*

The way of His Name ! The way of His Name. The  
way of His Name.  
The way of Kabir, the way of Nanak, Chaitanya,  
Abu Said and the rest.  
The way of the fighters, of the men of peace, who  
broke  
The serried ranks of illusion and silenced the  
citadels of craving  
With an arrow of a word from a Rama's bow,  
With a stone of a word from a David's sling  
With a stroke of a word from a Sigurd's sword,  
Or a keen thrust of a word from Achilles' spear.  
O BABA, when will I meet the merciful sword,  
The kind spear-thrust, the sudden rifle of your  
glance?  
I ask and ask and ask. I call in my heart and I ask.  
I ask the stones and the trees and the beasts and the  
dust —  
And all I get is an empty echo  
From the dome of the sky, from the vault of the  
heart, of "BABA!"  
The stones dream in their dream;  
The trees wave their branches in joy  
and shake out their leaves and blossoms  
and bear fruits in contentment;  
And the cow with sure instinct  
finds the sweetest pastures :



All other men seem engaged in some work of profit  
 or advancement,  
 I alone am without work — a fool on an open road.  
 Yet I cling to your Name, O Beloved,  
     as a child to its mother's breast,  
     as a lover to his sweetheart's waist  
     with his eyes searching her eyes for the secret.  
 O dearest Baba, beauty ineffable,  
 I do not want safety and comfort,  
 Or the wandering life of a fool,  
 I seek the storm of words of your eyes,  
 I seek the sweet silence of your glance,  
 So that your Word may live in my heart in words  
     of praise.

BABA, BABA — Where are you ? Who are you ? What  
     are you ?

You are love — but what is love ? What is love ?

*(To Chorus.)*

Do you know, can you say "What is love ?

Or are you mere shadows of this fool of me —

Fool shadows of a fool following him

While his face is towards some drift or moving shaft  
     of light,

And when he turns away, rushing to take the lead,  
     crying,

"This way, this way !"

Can you tell me

What this dream-word in the dream-vocabulary of  
     dreamers

Means — this softly beguiling word "love"

Which betrays men's manhood and sets them  
     wandering

Like gipsies without song ?

*Chorus*

We are old in experience. Many lives

Have rolled by, millions of lifetimes.

Yet of the subject of love we know nothing.

We know youth, hot and possessive,

We know the tranquil calm of the maturer outlook;

We know the indescribable moment,

The rapture, the miracle of wings, the melting

As a dew-drop in the sun.

*First One*

Behind the curtains of the dawn

Is the blue sky — behind the sky — ?

*Second One*

Behind the songs and the laughter,

*Third One*

Behind the sadness and tears,

- Fourth One* Behind the light-flash of the eyes  
and the meeting of lips  
and the dream of brow — ?
- Seeker* The fall of Her dress  
covering the pathways  
Which end in peace. What  
will Phœbus Apollo  
on arising do about that ?
- Fifth One* What is that ?
- Seeker* I too was speaking of beauty ! Beauty is a woman  
Called Jemal or Prakriti in the ancient tongues,  
Or Hevah, the companion : beauty which is joy to  
the heart,  
But always covers Truth, which is Love.
- Sixth One* Love.—Jelaluddin's pen broke when it came to the  
word.
- Seventh One* Hafiz drew back from the drowning.
- First One* What  
Can we do about it — we who are corks on an ocean.
- Seeker* There are two oceans — one is life, the other  
Existence.  
We are living in life. Either way is a drowning.
- Second One* But how can one find the divine ocean of Existence.
- Seeker* By love.
- Third One* But that brings us back to where we started.
- Seeker* Yes, we are back to the position of the planets and  
the sun,  
Of the nightingale and the rose,  
Of possessive youth, and the maturer outlook,  
And the mystery and ecstasy, and fall and rise,  
And hope and sadness and pain and beauty.—
- First Turn* There must be a way —
- Second Turn* There is no way.
- First Turn* Then it is the end of hope —
- Second Turn* No, it is the beginning of success.
- First Turn* Then — ?
- Second Turn* We are always looking for gain,  
We are always trying to accomplish. That  
Has been our error. There is nothing  
To gain or to find, there is only non-finding and  
losing —  
There is only love.
- Seeker* Which love — love of life or Existence ?



*First Turn* Life is the turn of the wheel;  
*Second Turn* Existence is by grace.  
*First Turn* Life is the rise and fall of a terrible ocean;  
*Second Turn* Existence is at the feet of the Perfect Master.  
*First One* Now you are speaking of God.  
*Fourth One* God is love.  
*Fifth One* And the love of a Perfect Master  
 Is the grace and the way to God.  
*First One* It is difficult to find such a One  
 Who is God, who is Love.  
*Seeker* It is more difficult should you find Him,  
 For the Conditionless imposes conditions—complete  
 surrenderance.  
*One* To surrender one's all! —  
*Chorus* All one is not.  
 It is to surrender life to Existence:  
 To place one's hand in His, as a child to its father;  
 To surrender to Him without fear, as one surrenders  
 To sleep; to bow one's head willingly  
 As one does by force under a rain of blows;  
 To give oneself into the custody of the arms of a  
 loved one,  
 As an escaped law-breaker gives himself up when he  
 can walk no further.  
*First Turn* What else can one do?  
 The turn of the wheel, of the screw  
 Of a turbine that drives the ship ever on  
 Over the ocean.  
 All things combine and conspire  
 Against all, against one,  
 And one is at the mercy of all  
 And oneself.  
 Scarce has the tale begun  
 Then the story finished: the actor enters,  
 Speaks but a sentence, and then the curtain falls.  
 A tragedy, a comedy, a farce?  
 He makes his exit bouncing on his —  
 The audience politely claps, and says, "alas!"  
*First One* Yes — we may as well be funny as serious.  
 The men of God were ever merry men —  
 Not for them the gloomy or mysterious,  
 Or pallid cheeks and lugubrious  
 Expression. A southward blowing breeze  
 And a willing mouth was more their idea of  
 paradise.

*Second One* To come back to our theme, "of the subject of love".  
*Third One* "We know nothing."  
*Fourth One* There is nothing to know — except  
*First Chorus* Hot youth and calm age,  
*Second Chorus* And the love of the saints for God, and His love for  
 them.  
*Sixth One* Ah, now you're on a different subject ! the love  
 Of the saints —  
*Chorus* It is the same love  
 As the youth's or the old man's  
 Or a star's or a bird's. The same love —  
 But for a different object, that's all.  
 All lovers turn towards a Beloved —  
 All lovers burn for proximity and union :  
 The worldly man for that which seems near but is  
 far;  
 The saints for that which seems far but is near.  
 Some are children satisfied with ice-cream and a  
 fable;  
 Some long for the wine and bread from His  
 immaculate table.  
*First Turn* Some are a clod,  
 And others are fire and water;  
*Second Turn* Some are content to plod,  
 And some take wings to the heart of God.  
*Chorus* Now that Christ-BABA is in the world,  
 All one has to do is to surrender to Him.  
*Seeker* Yes — if you can find Him !  
*First Turn* There is another way of putting it :  
 Majnun fell in love with Leila, and was unhappy  
 when he was separated from her;  
 Shams Tabriz fell straightway in love with himself  
 and never looked back.  
*Second Turn* Love maketh invincible,  
 He who has known for one moment the shelter of  
 truly loving arms,  
 Has known the goal of one kiss given and received,  
 Is a king and a hero, and nothing can ever again  
 frighten him.  
 Him even the angels adore, for he has knowledge  
 and ecstasy.  
*Chorus* Tell out the dance and the rapture,  
 Tell out the Knowledge and the Bliss,  
 Tell out the eternal Existence :  
 Our song is in praise of the Eternal One, AVATAR  
 MEHER BABA, KI JAI !



*Seeker*

Words, words, words — yet I say "Amen" to your  
"Hail".

And although you have not answered my question  
"What is love?" the fine-spun pattern of your  
words

Has at least restored to me the vigour of my dream,  
The dream that I seek the True One, of whom  
Only the dream is dreaming.

How could you know  
What is love, any more than the others tell me,  
Where is BABA?

You who are only myself and the shades of tone of  
my heart.

Yes. All men turn and burn towards union with  
some Beloved.

All men, except the saints, are equally shadows  
On the film called life which unwinds before their  
own eyes.

Even the glory of the saints is still a dreaming. So  
long

As Majnun pined for Leila was he dreaming; only  
When he was Leila, did he know. Only  
When a Perfect Master acts the saint is the saint's  
dance and ecstasy God's.

Only when a Perfect Master, in *His* love, takes our  
hand,

Can we be sure we are on the path which leads to  
Him.

*Chorus*

Since our own steps have brought us no nearer to  
our Goal —

Let us for consolation sake

Revive with our speech, in brief, the sweet story  
Of His life and wanderings, as far as His own  
recorded speech

And books about Him tell us. Better the second  
hand view of others

Than the vista of our own desolation stretched  
before us.

*Seeker*

Yes. While the sun's disc rests on the line of the  
hills,

Flooding this valley road with its last warmth  
And summation of the day's story before time  
With the back-cover of night closes the book of the  
day,

And men's tired eyes and limbs

Engage in fresh journeys in dream, or seek

God in the unconsciousness of deep sleep,

Let us, as you say — for I fear another sort of night



Will soon descend — praise Him  
By the recital of His own deeds : Let our speech be  
as flowers  
Opening in the warmth of His eternal Sun.  
Let us pick up the story from the moment  
Of the flight of that singing stone from Maharaj's  
hand.

*Chorus*

O unkind, kindly stone — O stone from the hand of  
God

To bring God-the-escaped-from-the-stone of us  
Back to us.

O, the gold of its flight, and the gold of its mark,  
And the gold of its back-bringing of the Word  
To be gold in our hearts !

Go on with the tale:

Of the seven years of His returning, nothing may  
be said —

He has written it down Himself for our later years.  
Go on from the day when Maharaj said to his  
disciples,

"I have given my key to Merwan. Follow, and obey  
Him."

*Seeker*

First, the gathering of His disciples — those men  
Marked out by the round of time, and God's grace,  
To be finished with time, to erase  
From their hearts, through perfect service,  
Self's delusion of self : His testing them  
By admonition, changes of food, fasts,  
Changes of habitat bringing in extremes of climate,  
Long miles in the dusty roads  
Repeating the Name on each breath and each step;  
Testing them, smelting the ore of them  
So that the gold of them might shine  
As satellites to the gold of His sun;  
So that each one, cooked of his rawness,  
Became a pliant hand or foot or eye or ear  
Of God and His work.

*Chorus*

For God comes not into the  
world

Nor stays, except for work, except to gear and raise  
Energy to a new pitch and true values anew;  
To bathe the world and lives with the dew of Love.  
And blossom another dozen perfect flowers  
Of God-realization.

*Solo 1*

Tell on the tale.

*Seeker*

Then followed His journeys to find His other  
children.

The masts and adepts and saints



In the uttermost parts of the country — thousands  
of miles  
By trains and bullock-carts and on foot; journeys  
Of God in search of God to be uncovered by God;  
Journeys of Love in search of love so that Love  
May know itself as love and the heart of love's pain  
find ease.

*Chorus* Without lovers to love  
Love were alone. Without the moth and the flame,  
And the sowed and the sown, there were no game,  
But oneness and sameness the same.

*Seeker* O BABA; tell on the tale of your lovers —  
For no one who hears it but discovers  
What the tale of his own story will be.

*Chorus* Then the building of love's ashrams for those drunk  
with love —  
Those darlings of God  
Who have forgotten the world and themselves in  
their love for God;  
Who know the places where His feet have trod  
On the suns and the stars and beyond.

*Seeker* The ones who  
have found  
Their life in His Name, and the end of the round  
Of lives; who have lost their eyes and their ears and  
their tongues and their speech  
In the Name and its sound and furthestmost reach.  
BABA — BABA — BABA —

*Chorus* IN THE FORM OF A MAN

*Solo 1* God goes to and fro about the earth

*Chorus* IN THE FORM OF A MAN

*Solo 2* To feed the hungry of heart  
to assuage the thirsty of spirit —

*Chorus* IN THE FORM OF A MAN

*Solo 1* To befriend the friendless, to help the weak —

*Chorus* IN THE FORM OF A MAN

*Solo 2* To restore the idea of manhood to the strong.

*Seeker* BABA — BABA —

*Chorus* IN THE FORM OF A MAN

*Solo 1* To relieve us our burdens of weakness and strength,  
To ease the length of our journey  
with the light of His compassion.

*Chorus* IN THE FORM OF A MAN

*Solo 2*

To fashion the clay of our lives  
into forms of nearer humanity.  
To bring resemblance and semblance of Godness  
into the inanity of our daily round —

*Seeker*

BABA — BABA — BABA —

*Chorus*

IN THE FORM OF A MAN  
God shows Himself as God.

*Seeker*

BABA —

*Chorus*

Empty is the preaching of those who preach a God  
not on this earth as a man.  
False is the teaching of those who teach that Heaven  
can be won by a man as man :  
Futile the effort to cross by a bridge builded by  
imagination's span.

For Him does the rock dream,  
and the rose open its petals in the sun.  
For Him did the mountains rise up,  
and the rivers wind into the seas.  
For Him is the race of the athletes run,  
and the racing-driver snicks through the gears,  
and the yachtsman crowds sail in the breeze.  
For Him is the storm of words and the empty  
phrase,  
and the polished hollow notes of the violins and  
trombones.  
For Him is the light of the polished heart  
and its song in its golden tones.

*Seeker*

BABA — BABA — BABA — BABA —

(Enter Old Man)

*Old Man*

You call on BABA.

*Seeker*

BABA — BABA —

*Old Man*

Ah—that is all that is left to us who are grown old—  
To call His Name, and await another time :  
To try and span what remains  
Of this life and its death and another birth  
With His Name, so that next time we may perhaps  
Meet Him.

*Seeker*

Another time? Of what are you speaking?

*Old Man*

Surely you know? BABA — has finished His work :  
Has re-trued the course of the stars and the spin of  
the earth,  
And sown the seed in the world again, that seed  
Which blossoms as a human lovely Face, and  
returned to Himself.



*Seeker* O BABA — what is this old man saying ? He has lost his senses.

*Old Man* But not my sense. You are shocked. I am a seeker the same as you — but my tale is possibly bitterer than yours.

*Seeker* What could be bitterer than BABA gone—if He has ?

*Old Man* To one, the circumstances of his life. Your face Shines with the light of His Name in a pure heart. You have not sullied your speech with a life time's lie as I have.

I was a scholar of sorts, a lecturer on Truth ! —  
I spent my life telling people about God,  
Without myself bothering to find Him; expounding  
The teaching of the Lord Jesus, but never troubling  
To take one step in His Way.

Then I heard  
That the Word which was Him had taken form  
again  
In BABA — and I believed, and repented the lie of  
my life,  
And sought Him. But it was too late.

When the love-feast was spread I was not there —

*Chorus* Ai !

*Old Man* When He sang His divine song, I was absent from the singing —

*Chorus* Ai !

*Old Man* When the flood of His Word was released,  
To be thirsty and grimed with a lifetime of sweat.—

*Chorus* The flood of His Word  
in the time of Noah —  
The flood of His Word

in the time of Jesus —  
The flood of His Word in BABA.

And His breath which stirred  
Pregnantly the waters in the Beginning  
In accord

With His will to awake and know Himself.

The flood of His Word  
Is the pain in our hearts  
And the pulse  
Of our blood.

*Seeker* BABA — BABA —

*Old Man* Old man with me in equal woe, or worse :  
Mine I've accepted — you have yours to rehearse.

(Exit Old Man)

Seeker

Too late? What lie is this? It cannot be too late.  
O BABA. O BABA. You cannot yet have gone! How  
many years have passed repeating your beloved  
Name? How many lives have I already wasted? And  
now is this life too gone?

Have I suddenly  
Come down to the vacancies of old age — a crow  
Croaking on the bough of a dead gumtree  
Gorged with flesh, when I had hoped to wear this  
flesh thin  
With wanderings and reweave its threads into a net  
To catch your love in? Has my search been blind?  
You are everywhere — why have I not found you?

I have called in my heart to find you  
I have asked everyone if they knew where you were.  
Now my asking and calling has ceased,  
And there is only silence and night coming on.

*(The landscape disappears; there is only desert.)*

O BABA I cannot endure another day without  
your sight. My eyes see nothing, not even a tree or a  
stone. Now even your Name has ceased on my lips.  
I cannot even think of you. There is just nothing,  
nothing. Let the nothingness of this night obliterate  
the nothing which is me.

Chorus

We have followed you since that first day  
When a man in the shape of a man, asked,  
“Who is BABA?”

We have followed you  
And have tried to comfort your heart, because you  
Are the sigh of our soul and its search and its cry  
Which your lips for us frame in the Name of BABA.

Now it is night,  
Dark night of your soul —  
No glimmer of light  
To guide your feet to our Goal.

*(Chorus sinks down)*

Seeker

BABA — BABA — *(With great shout)* BABA! *(falls)*

*(Enter Baba with a Disciple)*

Disciple

BABA has heard your cry,  
The uttermost cry of your soul;  
He has guided the steps of your feet in the way to  
His heart.



His Name on your lips has been sweet to His ears :  
Many a time have I marked the compassion of his  
eye  
And its far-gazing, and almost a sigh  
On His world-embracing breath; and He has said  
softly,  
“ One of My lovers is on his way to Me.”

BABA is here before you. Open your eyes and behold!  
The Lord of the worlds is the slave of His lovers.

*(Seeker opens his eyes, and prostrates at Baba's feet. Baba stoops down and raises his head and embraces and comforts him.)*

*Chorus*            At last he has found his beloved —  
The Perfect One, Avatar, Christ.  
And his journey is finished and his life begun  
In love till the far-Goal be won.

*Second Turn*    It is not easy to meet God on this earth —  
Many have not even heard He is here !

*First Turn*       He does not come that often —  
Once every 700 to 1400 years.

*Second Turn*    And between ?

*First Turn*       Yes, there are always Masters —  
But not with His authority.

*Second Turn*    We have read, “ The creation was made for Him — ”

*First Turn*       He made it for Himself.  
He has said  
That once He was asleep,  
And He woke up and started singing —  
And the whole universe came into being.

*Second Turn*    He used to play marbles with the stars.  
Now He plays at fishing for men's hearts.







