

THREE TALKS
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I am amazed and filled with joy to discover that the Beloved I have been serving for many years is truly a very mighty Beloved.

Of course, I have known all along that he was God. But there are so many Gods. There is the God which people see in a shape of illusion such as a sunset or a mountain view or a symphony, or whose hand is seen in one's not getting caught in a rain-storm or in obtaining a good job: no doubt a very comfortable and profitable God to have—well worth a Christian candle or some Hindoo incense—but not a God to whom one would offer one's life. There is the God who rules the shining planes of consciousness: but sight of him would blind one. And the God who is beyond the planes is unknowable except by his own Grace. And he is extremely careful to whom he gives that Grace.

So when beloved Baba used to tell us that he was God, I used to think, "Yes, Baba, you are God all right—the One God and all the Gods—but what good is that to me?" In fact, I used to get so fed-up with him being God that I wished he wasn't. Or I wished he was a sort-of-an Old Testament God to whom I could slaughter some fat lambs or a spotless young bull in return for some added acreage. I got so tired of his being so much God that I wrote a song about it and sang it to him. It goes something like, "If only you were a bit less God, a bit more Man, I wouldn't feel so much like someone upside down in a garbage can."

But Baba wasn't going to become more Man just for my sake, so I had to settle for him as the divine Beloved—one whom I could serve sometimes, instead of thinking about myself all the time. After all, although he is God, and sometimes is a Man, being one's own and the world's Beloved is

his main job. Others can become as much God or as much Man as he, but only Baba is more beloved than any other beloved. And is infinitely worth serving.

But now a great problem arises. How to serve that One who is All-beloved; for whatever one does with love is done by him. All that is done *for* the Beloved is done *by* the Beloved. And so one arrives at the painful conclusion that the Beloved alone exists—which means that oneself doesn't. And that's a terrible predicament to find oneself in—for one is still *there*!

The only solution I found was to accept the position: "You alone are and I am not, but we are both here." And having arrived at this acceptance Baba now taught me a poetical form capable of expressing all the shades of the impossible relationships of lover and Beloved. Such a form has not existed in English till now, because the lover-Beloved dilemma was not part of the British-American consciousness. And, of course, beloved Baba being the author of this new form was (or seemed to be) delighted with my exercises in it.

And here is a delicious piece of humor in connection with this. There was a period when Baba had me read a new poem to him three times every morning. Do you know why three times? Baba was memorizing them. Why memorizing them? So that he could quote them next time he comes back, in seven hundred years! That is really God-Man humor, isn't it? Then there were his extraordinary orders or commissions. His last was for thirty ghazals—ghazal is the name of the new poetical form he taught me. It happened this way. One morning after the usual morning business was finished Baba said he wanted me to write thirty ghazals. Could I do that? I replied promptly and brightly, "No, Baba." This reply seemed to rather astonish him. He turned to the other mandali and said, "Well, what do you think of that? I ask this fellow to write thirty ghazals and he says, No, Baba." Then Baba turned questioningly back to me. I said, or rather groaned, "I don't know whether I can write one ghazal—and you ask for thirty. I don't think there are any more in my head." Then he says sympathetically and persuasively, "Try, and I will help you." So it was back to the stone-quarry

again to cut and build thirty more little poem-houses, each one a bit different; for the Beloved likes variety.

But still I did not know what a mighty Beloved our Beloved is. This knowledge has come to me only recently—since Baba laid aside his body.

Now, the Beloved would not be the Beloved if he did not have a thousand whims and moods, if he didn't play his eternal game of divine pretence; if he was not all ears for the lover's praise and stone deaf to his complaints; if he was not All-knowledge and All-ignorance at the same time. He would not be the Beloved if he did not decorate the walls of his wineshop with pretty pictures such as "All the religions being drawn together as beads on one string" and "700 years of peace"; and then invite the lover to cross deserts of heart-dryness and oceans of tears to receive the wine of his kiss; but when the lover at last staggers in at the door, the Beloved spends the whole time showing him the pictures and expecting his interest and admiration.

What a Beloved our Beloved is! What a Beloved we have chosen to serve! What is it to the thirst-crazed lover if a lot of glass beads are strung on one string? Will that make them turn into diamonds? What if there is sevenhundred years of peace? Will not war again follow?

He would not be the Beloved if he did not tell the lover to stand up and sit down at the same moment; to become footless, and walk; to become headless, and think; to exert himself to the utmost, and leave everything to him.

Though it is not the time yet for us to know the wine of his kiss on our lips, we have received the kiss of his Word in our hearts. If it were not so, how could all you dear ones who have never seen his Man-form be here now?

Who but the Beloved of Beloveds, could speak his Word silently in your hearts and make you come from across the world to take his darshan, to bow down to him in your hearts? Such a thing has never happened before. I have been at Mass-darshans where tens of thousands came and bowed down to his Man-form. But to come thousands of miles to bow down to him in one's own heart, that is of an entirely

different order of devotion.

Why has beloved Baba given you people this extraordinary privilege? Because he required a few to do what the many, what everyone, must eventually do: journey across the world of illusion to take darshan of him in their hearts. What a Beloved is our Beloved; what a mighty Beloved. This Word which he has spoken in your hearts, which will be spoken in every heart in the world, will lead you by the hand and drive you with whips to the door of your Beloved, to the wineshop of your Master—where it will become your own pure song of praise and will cause the beloved winemaster to open the door and bring you in and pour for you a glass of the wine of self-forgetfulness and *Beloved-alone-remembrance*. The very Word with which he knocked on the doors of your hearts and aroused you to set your feet on the path to him, that same Word will knock on his door and make him open it to you—himself. I bow down to this mighty one in each of you.

But you also have your parts to play on this grand journey you have begun—you must not leave it all to your Beloved. For every step the lover takes to the Beloved, the Beloved takes ten to the lover. But the lover must continually take that one step. We must practise taking beloved Baba's darshan, bowing down to him in our hearts, every day, then every moment until we have continuous sight of him.

Happenings will happen—even Grand Happenings. But they will not be that Happening which has to happen in our hearts. So do not look to these other happenings to nourish your faith; depend only upon his Word and Its song in your hearts.

Be prepared for a long, long journey to have the Beloved's real darshan. But it may only take a mere sevenhundred years to reach his door and bow down to him for the last time and merge in him forever.

JAI BABA.

*Talk given on the 11th Anniversary of Meher Baba's
stay at Avatar's Abode in June 1958.*

I have returned to Australia after staying with God for ten years; and I bring you the most astonishing news: God has died, and is most living. I was present when he died. I was one of the disciples who took his body to the tomb he had had prepared thirty years earlier, and placed it there in an open crypt where for seven days thousands of his lovers came to see his beloved face for the last time.

There was hardly any weeping and lamentation: perhaps the grief of his beloved Mehera included all our griefs. There was almost continuous devotional singing by various groups of singers praising the attributes of the Beloved; and the people, after worshipping him with love, sat quietly and listened and remembered alone, or with others exchanged, the occasions of joy when God-Man had visited their homes or had called them individually for an hour, or in great companies for a few days and bathed them in the stream of his compassion and made them drunk with the wine of his love.

The tomb is on a barren hillock six miles from Ahmednagar on the Deccan plateau about a quarter mile back from the Ahmednagar Dhond road and railway. It was here forty-six years ago that God, having become Man, and knowing that he was God, began his work for humanity by building a school for boys whom he personally served, and a hospital and shelters for the poor and the wanderers seeking God. But these buildings, their purpose being served, have long since been dismantled. God builds nothing to last. That is left for men, who, being mortal seek immortality in the permanence of stone; or, loving what is perishable, try to preserve its form in enduring art.

On the afternoon of the seventh day the crypt was closed with great shouts of "Avatar Meher Baba kee jay", or

“Victory to Meher Baba the beloved God-Man”. God as Man had died and had been buried; but Man as God lived eternally. The victory was the Beloved’s—he who dies and is born every moment in our lives.

But was all the shouting really true? Were all who shouted convinced of the victory?

God is perfection in all things. But his perfection is not as ours—that completion of a work faultlessly done which we aim at, or in a flawless quality worshipped and desired. His perfection includes imperfection, just as his Everythingness includes Nothing. And so, although every heart cried that the victory was his, the minds of some questioned his promise that before he dropped his body he would break his silence and speak the one Word of words and manifest his glory.

These questioners had understood the Beloved’s promise according to the feebleness of their intellects and their desire for an All-conqueror under whose banner they would march to heaven—much the same as what the Jews had wanted of Jesus, and various religions expect of a Second Coming.

Beloved Baba had warned us all many times, and especially over the last year, to cling tightly to his daman or dress no matter what happened—as tightly as a child holds to its mother’s skirt in a crowd. And it would seem that those who thought they had the firmest grasp of the Beloved’s dress and continually exhorted others to hold it firmly, suddenly found their hands empty.

But those who were closest to him had no garment of which to lose hold—except the garment he had woven of their obedience and service. They had nothing to cling to, and lose. The Beloved had slipped away from the moorings of their eyes into the silent ocean of Existence bearing their hearts with him into eternity. What could beloved Baba’s speaking even that Word which begat Creation mean to them? What glory could he manifest which was not already reflected in his beautiful person? This person was all they cared about. Their loss was of the thousand shades of expression which passed across his face, of his voluble hands, of the demands of his smile. His Godhood shone in his Man-

hood. That was sufficient. It was God the Man they served and loved. They had no life other than in him. And he had suddenly slipped away out of their grasp while they were lovingly tending his body which was crushed under the weight of a world whose heart was stone and whose blood was molten lava.

When Mehera, the most beloved of the Beloved, came into the room and cried to him to come back, it was the cry of all distances and hollow places; and the men stared at a familiar horizon receding into infinity. But their beloved Baba was not dead; he had inexplicably withdrawn himself for a moment—and that moment was too long to bear. For fortyseven years he had never been out of sight of one or another twentyfour hours a day; and now he had slipped away—like an eel from one's hand, like the stars at the approach of dawn. He was; and then was not. He no longer was; but he was still there.

By night the news of their Beloved's passing had reached lovers across the world. In the older ones, when the shock passed, there was a great surge of love and joy. In the young who had not yet seen their Beloved's Man-form a new heroism was born to support their love, and the first line of a new poetry was written: "Now we face the Ocean".

I would like to give you the words of a little song I have written lately for the Beloved's amusement.

*Rocks the world in sullen anger, tangled in its skeins of blood,
Waiting for the Lovely Stranger to release his cleansing flood.*

*Heaves the world in helpless anger, struggling in its toils of brains,
Waiting for the Lovely Stranger to erase the horrid stains.*

*Writhes the world in spasmed anger, praying in sub-sonic tones,
Waiting for the Lovely Stranger to restore its crumbling bones.*

*Ceases now the world from anger, prostrate lies upon the earth,
Waiting for the Lovely Stranger who will give it a new birth.*

The Lovely Stranger had come and had gone away—and the world was still tangled in its skeins of blood, struggling in

its toils of brains, praying in sub-sonic tones. It is not yet prostrate.

The Lovely Stranger had not, it would seem, released a cleansing flood, erased any horrid stains or restored society's crumbling bones before he left us. The world, apparently, is as it was: still with the haves having more and the have-nots having less; private affluence creating public squalor; still increasing its armaments (presumably for export to the planets, since it has more than enough to destroy itself).

Yet the Lovely Stranger was with us for fortyseven years; and he wasn't just sitting cross-legged in a trance during those years. He was *with* us, tremendously concerned about us, intensely involved with us. No man ever had less private life: he was literally with people twentyfour hours a day. Even when he retired for the night (when he had a room to retire to) or stretched himself out on a railway platform or in a waiting room when he was travelling, he always had one of the mandali or disciples with him.

You have read about his mass feeding and clothing the poor, how from dawn to evening thousands passed in front of him and received packets of food and cloth from his hands and love from his touch and glance. (But few know about the secret aid which restored hundreds to self-respect—that is a chapter of his life not yet written.)

You have read of his journeys to remote places to find and serve the masts, the real lovers of God, who have left the world far behind on their journey to his feet, but still have bodies which need care.

His commitment was so thorough, so total, that he allowed his body to be broken twice in car accidents so that humanity's spirit should be mended. His commitment was so thorough, so total, that he suffered the scalding tears of tens of thousands to bathe his feet so that humanity's heart should be washed clean; it was so thorough, so total that he allowed himself to become helpless and hopeless on the roads of the world so that we on our journey to ourselves should look beyond ourselves for help, and hope only for that which we truly are.

He, the Lovely Stranger, beloved Baba, told us that his

sufferings for humanity would culminate in humiliation, and this would be followed by his glorification. His humiliation I saw—a humiliation as deep as Jesus' on the cross, as Krishna's dying from a stray arrow, as the Buddha's succumbing to the effects of food-poisoning.

Some months before he left his body on the battle-field of illusion, Baba told us that tragedy faced him. We had thought, what sort of tragedy can overtake God? Tragedy is in the lives of men, not in the existence of God. In the last hours when his body was being shaken by great spasms, he said that all the forces of Maya, which is the Principle of Ignorance, were hard pressing him, but he would emerge victorious.

But *his* victory lay in apparent defeat—as even the great victories of men do: for men are reflections or images of God. And in this moment of apparent defeat eternal Existence asserted itself—and his was the glory of victory.

But none saw his glory. There were incidents such as sometimes follow the death of a saint—the body remained fresh for seven days; he manifested his physical form to some and spoke to them. But such things are too trifling to be considered in connection with the glorification of God-Man.

None saw his glory; and none heard the Word which was to precede it. But that Word had silently entered the hearts of his children who are the seed of the New Humanity, the flower of which will be the glorification of the eternal Beloved. It is to these that I now speak.

You are so much wiser than we older ones, for your wisdom is in your hearts, while ours was gotten of labour. Your love is so much purer than ours: it is a multitude of mountain streams that leap and sparkle in the sun, while ours is water drawn from wells with a reduced table—and somewhat brackish at that. Your song is a new song inspired directly by the Beloved's song in your hearts, while ours is made up of dying cadences from the unbridgeable past.

When word came to you that your Beloved, he whose Man-form you had never seen, had dropped his body, you never asked, What do we do now? Where do we go from here?

You were already going—you just continued going. Your direction was implicit in your faith; and you knew that your destination was the wineshop of the Beloved.

You know that the journey to Self is not to be lightly undertaken, that it is the longest and most arduous one can set out on; that between you and your Goal are oceans to cross in the frail craft of spirit, and deserts where your only drink will be salt tears. Yet your faith is such that you know your Beloved will ride the sea-storms with you and that in the desert tears will also be his drink. You really know all things, everything: you have only to become conscious that you know.

You are the ones for whom the Lovely Stranger came; and you recognised him as soon as you heard his voice in your hearts, and you poured out your lives at his beautiful feet without thought of recompense. It is you, not we, who will build the new music and sing the new architecture.

The breath of the Beloved has already stirred the Ocean of Stillness which is his being and his Word is already singing in your hearts and eyes. This singing is the beginning of the manifestation of his glory. How blinding will be that glory when the eyes of everyone in the world shine with the Beloved's Word and the hands of each are his brothers; and the dead grandeurs of yesterday and the futile justifications of today are swept away in the flood of the New Singing.

Brother and sister drop-bubbles on the ocean of the Beloved's beautiful reality, how many times through the ages must your songs have delighted the Lovely One on his Earth-comings; and because of his delight how carefully he must have arranged your births this time—the end of one cycle and the beginning of another—his seed-sowing of the New Humanity.

My mind cannot grasp even a hint of the Beloved's infinitudes and my heart cannot bear the wound which a mere reflection of his glance has made in it. On one and the same breath I praise his Silence and his Word—for they are the same thing: his Word is the movement of his Silence and his Silence is the stillness of his Word. His Word is his limit-

less compassion and his Silence is the ocean of his love-being.

His love is eternal, and this present time is a season of his compassion; and his Silence has broken into the Word which lives in our hearts. He who is always a stranger in the world is our friend, our new-life companion. We long to be the dust at his feet each time he comes, singing to him when the breath of his mood blows, and to wash the travel stains from his feet with our cool tears.

Now there are only hundreds. Soon there will be thousands, and then millions setting out in their little boats leaving the dead to rule a world which died when the beautiful God-Man spoke his eternal Word in the hearts of his lovers.

What greater Word could God ever speak than that which slays an old world and begets a new one? What greater glory could he manifest than the heart of each lover becoming a sun with a thousand petals?

Maybe these sun-flowers will not blossom for a long time yet. Maybe our children's children's children will be the New Humanity. But what are generations to us? We will also be the children of our children's children—sun-flowers waiting for beloved God-Man's again Earth-coming, waiting to be so many little carpets for his beautiful feet.

Talk given at Meher House, Beacon Hill, on the 13th Anniversary of Meher Baba's stay there on his first visit to Australia in August, 1956.

I have come back to Australia after living with Meher Baba the beloved God-Man for 10 years; and I have brought no message which you have not already received—for the only message that beloved Baba ever gave was: *I am the Ancient One who is your eternal Beloved.* And I have nothing to teach anyone—for the only teaching our Beloved gave was: *Love me. And when your loving becomes complete and perfect you will know me as I really am; and as I really am, you ultimately will be.*

All I can do is to tell you about the Beloved I know—the same Beloved which each of you knows. But my experience of him is different to yours—it is different in each one. The picture of him each has is the same—Eternal-belovedness—but in a different frame; the jewel each keeps in his heart is the same—Ever-lovingness—in a different setting. To talk about the Beloved to other lovers of his, to sing his praise, drives out the strangers we have allowed to infest the rooms of our hearts, making a clean, empty house for him to live in. These strangers sustain themselves on unlove and separateness and cannot endure the sound of his Name. But the Beloved on his daily walk down Love Street, when he passes a house from which his name is being sweetly sung says to himself, there is a door on which I must soon knock; there is a lover nearly ready to receive the Word of my Glance.

And so I go on talking about him and singing songs of his Name, knowing that one day in some life he will stop and knock on my door, and I will run quickly and open it and bring him in.

Beloved Baba, God-Man Meher Baba, is what each one of us ever was, what each is now at this moment and what

each will ever be—the unique Self of each. But in us as we are consciously he is both knowledge and ignorance, free and imprisoned, fulfilled and prevented; the seeker and the seeking and the sought.

Because he is all these things he is an easy Beloved to love but an impossible Beloved to please. He says, Love me.—And when you answer, But I do love you, replies, Love *me*, not what you think I am.—He entices you to take a certain step, and when you take it says, Where are you going? That is not the way to me.

He has been with you for millions of lives—as your life, as your breath, as your intelligence, as your loving, but you have not known him because you covered him with your longing for him. And if he had allowed but a ray of his glory to shine in you you would have become ash—and not as ash is your date with the Beloved, but as a song without selfness, a smokeless flame of his flame singing his eternal belovedness.

So he kept you shielded from destruction and shone in you only as your love and your longing; and by these he lit your way and gave you inexhaustible energy to pursue it. So you were able to break out of stone binding and plant and worm and fish and bird and animal bindings and become a human being—image of his Imagelessness. And his light shining as your love and longing has now brought you to knowledge of him; and there is nowhere further for you to go and nothing more for you to do except array yourselves in the jewels of dust and await his knock on your door. And the inexhaustible energy which drove you on and up and across the kingdoms of evolution will enable you to endure the waiting.

This is my telling you about the Beloved, beloved God-Man Meher Baba. Others can give you the honey of occasions when he said this, when he did that: of the time when his stride reflected his unconquerableness, when his voice charmed every listener, when his glances were as terrible as lightnings and his smile as tender as a spring sun. They can tell you of the Great Mast Journeys, the journeys with a few chosen disciples to find the mad-after-God and the lost-in-God to re-align their sights on him the eternal, ancient,

shining Beloved, and how he kept his Godmanness covered and had the disciples refer to him only as their elder brother; and how he pursued the poor who are proud and do not accept charity, and devised ways of helping them without their knowing who had helped.

But I came late and have no honey-hoard of stories of the early and middle years. And the general occasions and incidents of the last years, the years of my stay with him, have escaped me—as though the Beloved had punched the bucket of my memory full of holes; and all the personal occasions of that stay have resolved themselves into one continuous occasion of his unbounded love, immense patience and unutterable loving-kindness. From the cream of separate occasions the divine Churner has extracted the butter of unending occurrence. That beloved Baba allowed me to sit at his feet for ten years is alone proof that his love and patience are infinite. And as for his kindness, he would allow me to see that much of his God-manness and that much of my not-manhood that I could not bear the burden of it another moment; and then he would press my hand, and the pressure said, Bear, bear and yet bear—causing tears, God knows from where, to run out of my stone eyes.

This is the Beloved I know and am telling you about. His real life story has not yet been told, and never will be—for his message is in his love which is unfathomable, and his life was according to our need which is bound up with the whole sweep of the creation which was contained in his First Question, Who am I? which the sun-stars tumbling out of God's mouth were the first syllables of answer.

The real story of the Beloved is in our response each time to his call. It is all the stories of individual lovers, which have no completion until the lover merges with the Beloved forever—and then can never be told.

The Beloved is who he is; and even the perfect saints who see nothing but him do not know fully what that is. Whatever has been said about him by lovers all through the ages was nothing but his own Self-song limited by the notation of form; and whatever will be said by lovers to come will be

the same thing. Nothing new is possible; yet in every lover the song is entirely new, for the Ancient One is born every moment from his original breath on which the universes of stars and the seed-image of Man floated like the banners of a beautiful army.

How incalculable is the past and how immeasurable is the future and how immense is now—this living moment of the Beloved's name. If we do not carry that Name on our breath, of what use is it to breathe? Everything in nature breathes in its present self-state towards its next stage. Rock breathes towards plant, plant towards worm, worm towards fish, fish towards bird, bird towards animal and animal towards Man. If we breathe only to sustain our daily lives of work and leisure we are less than animals.

The real story of Meher Baba is in his Name which he has put into our hearts to love and breathe and sing wherever we are and whatever we are doing, and in the Brotherhood which he has established for us in his Name—a brotherhood in which his lovers will be free to serve, to pursue, and to entertain the Beloved.

Not for thousands of years has this freedom (the only real freedom) existed. Always have the lover's attentions to the Beloved been circumscribed by the laws of despots and his life threatened by tyrants and dictators. We have had enough of saintship through martyrdom, what is due in the world now is saintship in joy.

The full fruiting of this brotherhood will be the New Humanity in which we will not need to converse with God by signs and symbols so that the agents of oppression shall not overhear us; we will talk to the Beloved in our own tongue. We will not have new libraries of wisdom literature and fresh hordes of scholars to interpret it, or new dogmas upon which priests can grow fat; and most of all we will not have God in an image—whatever image—made by someone else, but in the image we will create by our loving and serving. At present the image of the Beloved in our hearts is smudged and distorted by so many prohibitions and licences. We will have to invent a new entertainment for the Beloved—for he

quickly gets bored with mere silent adoration—and that will require a new syntax of love which cannot be strangled by rules and a new concept of devotion which flows freely and cannot be harnessed to manifestos.

The establishment of the New Humanity will be the one grand miracle which God-Man Meher Baba has promised us he will perform. Already his Word has gone out as thousands of missiles each pin-pointed to a heart craving for union with it. And his stockpile of the Word is inexhaustible. Even those not eager for destruction will not escape altogether. Reserved for them are tiny missiles which will cause strange heart pains and provoke longing far beyond themselves—dreams of possibilities and visions of things to be.

Man ever prides himself on his inventiveness; he does not know that each thing he invents was already there in the mind of God. Men are able to make missiles because God has already made them; theirs are to destroy cities, his are to demolish the seats of power in the heart. Men will only fire their missiles so that they will be on earth as they are in heaven.

We are the servants of the Word of the New Humanity. We have rejected the God who lives in great institutions and organisations because he is dead in the heart, and we have chosen for our God the divine Beloved whose body we interred at Meherabad but whose breath is the life of our bodies and whose love is the soul of our loving; who goes before us and remains at our side; whose glances are lightnings and whose smile is a spring morning: the Beloved whose doctrine is, *Love me*,—and whose message is, *Serve me in one another*.

We know that we are facing an immense journey, a journey that begins beyond the swing of the universe, a journey from flesh to dust, from separation to union with God the divine Beloved. But the work of each day and his being with us is sufficient for each day; and tomorrow was already taken care of when he spoke the First Word and strung the suns on his breath as a necklace for his beautiful throat.

JAI BABA.

