

Proletarians - Transition

By Francis Brabazon

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—TRANSITION

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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.

4.

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.

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 servanthip.
 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.

13.

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.

14.

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.

14

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
 Gorama'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.

16

18.

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.

19.

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.

17

Speed up the printing machines,
pour
leaflets of information to farmers
about the new agriculture;
Hand-books in gold (in five volumes)
to BUILDERS
OF THE NEW DEMOCRACY.

20.

SONG OF THE RECLUSE.

I am welded inescapably to every living man and woman.
Not for a moment can I escape my obligations.
I work ceaselessly
breaking down the barriers
which exist between myself and me;
between every man and woman and their fulfilment.
If I cease for a moment
in my meditation and purification
I am loafing on *my* job,
on my part of the construction plan of the New Humanity.

You have misjudged me grossly:
You think I am an escapist from life.
I tell you
I have escaped into life, which I share
unconditionally with, and in
you.

If it is a work which you do not understand,
be frank and admit it
and do not condemn.
You hold it no shame
to retreat
every night
into unconsciousness;

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.

24.

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.

25.

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.

27.

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.

28.

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.

