

HOW IT HAPPENED

(Tentative Title)

Revised Version

by

KARL VOLLMOELLER

Based on the Ideas of

SHRI MEHER BABA

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By

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MAIN CHARACTERS

In the Modern Action

SIR ISAAC KAYSER, *Chairman
of the World Armament
Trust.*

VICTORIA, *his daughter*

CARTER, *his son*

TIBOR CLARK, *his right-hand
assistant and vice-chairman of
the Trust*

ALLAN, *his new pilot and fol-
lower of The Master*

JOHN KING, *his new personal
attendant and known also as
THE MASTER, leader of the
Peace Movement*

IRIS, *CARTER's sweetheart*

JEFF, *ALLAN's friend*

DUDLEY, *General Manager of
the Kayser Munition Plant*

In the Past Action

A KING

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

A WARRIOR—the king's son

THE KING'S ADVISOR

ARJUNA, *a disciple of The
Master*

THE MASTER

A YOUNG WOMAN OF THE
COURT

SUGGESTION FOR BEGINNING CONTINUITY

Music and colour combine in thundering effect to open this screen drama.

A sonorous thunder of musical instruments.

A harmonious blazing of colour.

But at the very beginning there is no music, no sound at all, and no colour. For just an instant there is a deadly void out of which music streams suddenly and colour all at once blossoms.

A form comes into being, a revolving form which, taking shape in a background of light, in a current of musical harmony, is the EARTH, the sphere of the Earth moving about the sun.

And it comes closer and becomes larger until it fills the compass of human vision, assumes naturally a concave surface, like a landscape spread under the stratosphere.

This, then, is the world of man's limited visible conception. It is motionless, but man's vision travels steadily over it.

As though from a free-balloon the picture of the earth unfolds on the screen, a pattern of mountains and valleys, of forests and plains, of rivers, and lakes, and the sea. Then buildings appear, and towns, and a city. And over the city the camera eye pauses.

Slowly the scene of the city swells up from the earth; buildings take shape, and vehicles are seen moving along streets, and people walking.

And, in double-exposure, behind this scene of restless activity are shown kalædoscopic views of building interiors, with people moving, and elevators going up and down, and machines working. Views merge into each other: automobiles, trains, subways, elevateds,

then ferry boats, motor-boats, liners, then dirigibles and airplanes.

All kinds of human motion, human activity, human locomotion, transportation, industry in mechanical operation flood into the background of the city. And mingled with these views, these flashes of scenes, this phantasmagoria of motion are human faces expressing different emotions, faces of men and women and children. . . .

The music changes abruptly.

The background fades into coloured mist.

One building appears, a stately building, with stone engraved characters over its portico reading:

League of Nations

A crowd of people goes up the steps of this building. The scene fades into

A Corridor

in which a large sign outside a huge door reads:
Disarmament Conference in session

The music fades, and voices are heard, a murmur of voices which accompany the dissolving of this scene into

Conference Room

Here are gathered around a great table the delegates to the Disarmament Conference from fourteen different nations. They are all talking, murmuring, making gestures and signs, taking notes.

One man is standing at the end of the table. His voice rises above the others, and the voices of the others subside, while faint music commences again.

"Peace," he says. "We want world peace. And to have it we must limit our navies, our armies. Peace. . . ."

Music takes up his words—delivered with a marked British accent. His last word, "Peace," seems, with

the music to be carried on and repeated, while the camera eye draws near to his earnest, livid face.

And behind his face, in tapestried scenes, appear quiet streets, quiet houses, countrysides, calm rivers flowing, a long, still beach and a calm, blue sea.

"Peace," he repeats.

And another man appears at the delegates' table, his voice, speaking French, following the first man almost in a refrain.

"C'est La Paix que tout le monde desire. La paix. . . ."

His face, bearded, typical of his race, grows large in a close-up, while more tapestried scenes flow behind him—harvest scenes, pastoral scenes, cows and sheep on quiet hills, mothers sitting, smiling, on doorsteps, with babes in their arms, children playing. . . .

"We want to stop wars," says an American voice. "Stop wars. No more wars. We must disarm. . . ."

This is a tall, thin man with a lean, hawk-like face. He bites off his words. He talks firmly, strongly.

And again, with his close-up, the tapestried scenes flow behind, and the music, suggesting peace and tranquility flows, but it all at once changes—the music and the colour—the scenes change to those depicting war and strife, men marching, guns moving on wheels, airplanes droning, battleships steaming in formation; then—shells exploding, and men falling, pursuit-planes in combat, falling in flames, machine-guns spitting, large guns firing, battle-ships discharging a broadside. And with this confusion the music rises, mingling various war-like airs—The Marseillais, The British National Anthem, The Star-Spangled Banner, The Watch on the Rhine, The Internationale, Madelon, Tipperary, Over There, Dixie . . . along with old, familiar battle hymns. . . .

"Stop wars!" shouts the American voice, and the man's face is intense. "Stop wars! No more wars! Disarm. . . ."

The scenes change to munition plants where guns are being made, to steel mills where armaments are being constructed, to shipyards where battleships are being launched, to airplane factories. . . .

The scenes flash, merge into one another, change. The interior of the munition plant with guns being cast changes to a battleship at sea firing its broadside; the factory rooms filled with workers making explosives change to fields where shells are bursting amongst ranks of charging men. Houses are blown to pieces, ships sink into the sea, men marching suddenly are mowed down by machine-gun fire, and fall in heaps, mangled bodies hang suspended on barbed-wire.

"Stop wars! Disarm!" the man's voice becomes a despairing cry.

Long lines of refugees file out of smouldering cities, men stare with ghastly faces, women's eyes are blinded with tears, hospital interiors present frightful glimpses, ambulances move along muddy roads, and

A gigantic field of crosses appears under a flame-like sky.

The music changes, fades. The American voice, crying, "Stop wars! Disarm," grows fainter and fainter. An airplane motor drones—drones—and

Interior of Sir Isaac Kayser's plane

is glimpsed for a moment. Then

A London scene

and outside a great factory wall the sign: Kayser-Arm-vickers Ltd. Munitions. Then

A Paris scene

and outside a great factory wall the sign: Kayser-Crusot Et Cie. Munitions. Then

A city scene

and outside a great factory wall the sign: Kayser Munition Company of Nemuria. Dumont Division.

The interior of this last plant is seen in full exposure for an instant, then there is a flashback to

Interior of Sir Isaac Kayser's plane

with Sir Isaac talking with two associates.

One of them says (above the faint droning of the motor):

"This Disarmament Conference makes me laugh."

The other one, addressing, Sir Isaac, asks,

"What do you think of it, Sir Isaac?"

The munition magnate smiles.

"Throws dust in people's eyes. Makes them think of war. Helps our business."

There is an immediate flashback to the interior of the Dumont Munition Plant.

Several workers are marking cannon for shipment.

"Here's one for England," one of them says.

"Here's one for France," says another.

"Here's one for Germany."

"They're all addressed to Kayser plants. Old Sir Isaac is merely selling them to himself."

Music changes as the scene shifts suddenly to

The Kayser Shipyards

From separate slips two men-of-war are launched. They lie side by side. The speed camera watches their final construction. They appear exactly alike.

But two bands appear, two crowds of people; two different flags are raised at once, and amidst applause two men in different uniforms take command.

From the bridges of their respective vessels these commanders salute each other, and communicate by radio phones.

One says, "Congratulations on your ship, Captain. May I have the honour of destroying it soon!"

The other replies, "My compliments to you, Captain. I await the pleasure of sinking yours."

Music changes as the scene shifts to the

Interior of the Kayser Airplane Factory

Planes in rows are being marked for various countries. A group of workmen turn to look at a man, well-dressed, with a portfolio under his arm, passing them hurriedly.

One says, "There goes Sir Isaac's right-hand man—Tibor Clark."

Another, "He's a rascal. Funny the old man trusts him!"

Private Office of General Manager

Clark opening door.

Interior of Office

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In the town of Kayser, in the mythical country of Nemuria, is the home of SIR ISAAC KAYSER, *head* of the World Armament Trust.

Though SIR ISAAC controls armament and munition plants throughout the world, his board of directors consisting of agents from fourteen different nations, a number of his largest properties are located in Kayser.

The time is the present.

In one of the plants, where hundreds of men are engaged in the manufacture of naval artillery, an aged worker is talking.

"Take it from me, kid—we'll always have wars. We ask for 'em. We like 'em the way we do things what we know'll give us a belly-ache." He pats affectionately the smooth surface of one of the long black guns, and adds good-humoredly, "This here water-pistol can settle an argument better'n any peace talk you ever lapped up in a bible-class."

The young man beside him says, "Well, I've been hearin' an awful lot about peace and disarmament—"

"Whooley!"

"I've been readin' the papers, too."

"Yeah? Old SIR ISAAC has a whole string of newspapers tellin' the world just what he wants. You don't have to worry about peace. He wouldn't allow it. His son's in the navy; and not for any peace on earth, good will toward men stuff, you can bet!"

"All I know," persists the young man, "there's lots 'a guys feelin' different about things. Lots 'a guys thinkin' more'n they used. Ships and guns and air-planes—and profits for SIR ISAAC! Lives mean nuthin to him."

"Aw, he ain't a bad sort, kid. He gives us our jobs. But that right-handed man of his TIBOR CLARK—" The old worker shakes his head dubiously.

[II]

Through the noisy interior of the great shop TIBOR CLARK walks hurriedly in the direction of the General offices. He is a small, well-dressed man, hard, intelligent, with very bright eyes, cruel lips, and a confident, aggressive manner.

He passes the two workers without a word or a glance. No one in the plant likes him. He is mistrusted because of a suggestion of craftiness in his personality and a belief that he is responsible for wage reductions; he is respected only because of his position, superior to that of DUDLEY, the General Manager.

The latter, a large, gruff, ruddy-faced individual, is sitting in his private office, talking heatedly with an assistant. As CLARK enters he rises abruptly.

"Glad you've come, CLARK. They're at it again. This damn Peace Movement. It's affecting our workers."

"Well, if your men are threatening to strike, you know what to do."

"No, it isn't that. They're just getting awful restless, and I can't dope it out. Talk about disarmament, peace, brotherly love, all that sort of baloney. You know that religious outfit I told you about—out on the coast—"

"Send the police out there! Bust it up!"

"I've attended to that. But it won't help much. My own men have been working on it, and they're as puzzled as I am. All we can figure out is there's some guy who they call their KING who's got a lot of influence."

"Well, get him, then! Frame him, or bump him off!"

"We can't locate the bird."

CLARK makes an impatient gesture.

"That's your problem, DUDLEY. Haven't time to

talk with you about it. On my way to meet SIR ISAAC at the airport. Want you to read this report of mine before the Conference this afternoon."

"Will you speak to SIR ISAAC about it?" protests DUDLEY.

"It's too trivial. He's not interested in Peace Movements. Handle it yourself. We've got some important things to go over this afternoon. Get that report back to me before four. You'll find some ideas of my own in it."

[III]

TIBOR CLARK has many ideas. It is one of the reasons why he holds such an important position under SIR ISAAC—vice-chairman of the World Armament Trust. He knows that he is really head of the organization. SIR ISAAC is getting old. His influence is still great, his genius for selling arms and munitions, but he has lost much of his former phenomenal grasp of detail.

True, he, TIBOR CLARK, has not the amazing executive ability of his superior, none of that genius which permitted SIR ISAAC to combine the Armament Trusts of fourteen countries into one giant concern. But now that the tremendous pioneering work is accomplished, the empire constructed and placed under one control, he, TIBOR CLARK, can come into his own.

A dangerous, capable man, this right-hand assistant to the munition magnate. A quick, calculating, utterly ruthless individual. It has taken him years to reach a point where SIR ISAAC trusts him implicitly—years of effort which would have crushed a weaker character and a less flexible mind. He knows the business thoroughly, understands every detail of its complex machinery. The workers don't like him nor do the petty executives, but the big men in The Trust, those who know what it all means, who are back of the steel, oil, coal, transportation interests of their respective fatherlands as well as back of the armies and navies, back of the politicians, back of the presidents, dictators, and

kings—those men value TIBOR CLARK, trust him, and listen attentively to his ideas.

On the way to airport in SIR ISAAC'S car, passing the great plants and factories of the World Armament Trust—The Kayser Steel Mills, The Kayser Munition Works, The Kayser Shipbuilding Yards, The Kayser Airplane Company—CLARK dreams of the rapidly approaching time when he will be in complete control.

He will soon be as powerful as SIR ISAAC ever was, as wealthy as any man could hope to be on this earth—and then—

Only one thing CLARK wants as much as power, one thing which he is confident that he can get, if he will be tactful and clever—the hand of SIR ISAAC'S daughter, VICTORIA.

[IV]

Arriving at the airport, CLARK sees SIR ISAAC'S private plane, an approaching speck in the sky.

Suddenly a brightly-colored sports-roadster wheels up beside him, driven by VICTORIA herself.

She has come to meet her father, hoping to persuade him to go back to the house with her.

CLARK greets her, and his voice is calm and matter-of-fact, though his whole manner reveals his intense admiration.

She is so young, so vital, so utterly lovely! Her natural friendly attitude, her grace and charm captivate him always. But also a proud streak in her, engendered perhaps by her unusual upbringing, her splendid education, intrigues him. She has the beauty and freshness of a normal, healthy girl combined with the manner of a princess.

Together they watch the plane descend.

SIR ISAAC is helped out of the cabin by the pilot and a business associate. He is lame, due to one leg being shorter than the other, a physical defect of which he

is sensitive. Otherwise a splendid physical specimen, he is strongly-built, broad-shouldered, with a massive head resembling that of a scientist, and a rugged set of features expressing power and determination.

Leaning heavily on a cane, he meets VICTORIA, with a broad smile on his face, and embraces her affectionately.

She immediately begins urging him to get into her car.

He says, "No, my dear. I have some very important matters to discuss with CLARK, and better go home in my car with him. How are you, CLARK?"

SIR ISAAC holds out his hand to his assistant. Very cordial, with an expression of genuine fondness, he shakes hands with his assistant whom he has never addressed by his first name.

And he introduces his business associate to VICTORIA and to CLARK.

VICTORIA shows her disappointment.

"But I never have even a moment with you, Daddy! You're always talking business!"

SIR ISAAC smiles, patting her shoulder as he would a child.

"I'll see you for several moments this evening," he says. "But you probably know I have an important Conference within an hour. Has CARTER communicated with you?"

CARTER is SIR ISAAC'S son, an aviator in the Nemurian navy.

VICTORIA replies, "His ship's in harbour now. He'll be at home soon. Only twenty-four hours leave this time. I'm giving a dinner-party for him tonight."

SIR ISAAC mutters, "Hmm! Sorry he couldn't have driven out here with you." A thought strikes him. "I wish, if you're not in too great a hurry, my dear, you'd let my new pilot ride into town with you." He indicates the young man, ALLAN, standing near the plane, talking with a mechanic.

Again VICTORIA shows displeasure.

"All right, if you're so awfully busy, you can't come with me."

[V]

She hasn't been introduced to ALLAN. He keeps on talking with the mechanic, and apparently SIR ISAAC had not mentioned his going with VICTORIA.

Abruptly she climbs back into her car, and, starting the motor, runs it up closer to the plane.

He doesn't pay any attention to her, and she blows the horn, attracting his notice finally so that he walks over to her.

"My father suggested I give you a lift into town," she says rather coldly. "I'm anxious to get back, and so, if you can come now—"

He is standing by the car, looking at her, and he's extraordinarily good-looking. Tall, slim, clean-cut, with strange dark eyes that have a penetrating expression, a high forehead. He is holding his helmet and goggles in his hand, and his hair is the colour of hers.

Her feeling of irritation, her indifference vanish. A queer feeling possesses her of having seen this young man somewhere before, and of having been deeply impressed by him. Why can't she remember?

They exchange glances for a long moment. ALLAN has a similar feeling about her—of having known her before, and is likewise puzzled. He is also struck by her great beauty.

"Why—thanks!" he says at length. "I'll be with you immediately."

He secures a small valise from the plane, and gets in beside her.

"This has been your first trip with my father?" she asks as they start into town.

"Yes. SIR ISAAC'S regular pilot, so I'm told, was taken ill suddenly. I heard of the job through a friend out here, curiously enough. He wired me to see your father, and—"

"Well, I'm sure you must be a marvellous flyer!" she says gaily. "My father's awfully particular. "She

suddenly sees a little ribbon on the lapel of his jacket—a foreign decoration. "It's true, isn't it?" Her tone changes.

He has followed her glance, and admits, smiling, that he has been a war pilot.

"An ace, of course? How many planes did you shoot down?"

"Eleven."

"How splendid!"

"Do you think so?" he asks seriously. "There were men in those planes—human beings like myself."

"Oh, but it was part of the game to kill them! They would have gladly killed you."

"Supposing it had happened in peace time?"

"That's different."

"Not fundamentally. We'd be called murderers instead of heroes. We'd find death no bitterer."

"My! You're cynical!" exclaims VICTORIA. "War must have disillusioned you."

"It certainly did."

"My brother's in the navy," she says. "Naval aviation."

"I'm sorry for him."

"Why?"

"Someday he'll find out what I did. He'll realize that he's only a hired assassin."

"That's not true!" flames up VICTORIA. "You don't call the police of this country assassins, do you?"

"No. And I don't call the army or the navy police."

[VI]

CLARK announces to SIR ISAAC that during his absence his personal attendant, an excellent man who has been with him for many years, but whom he had to leave at home this trip on account of illness, has been obliged to quit work entirely.

"I've interviewed several men to take JASON'S place," he explains. "Only one man impresses me as the ideal attendant for you. Trouble with him is he

has no written references, simply claims to have had unlimited experience and to have always satisfied his employers. He has traveled everywhere, speaks many languages, is apparently expert in the duties you'd want him to undertake. I'm a keen judge of men as you know. I think you ought to see him at least."

SIR ISAAC meets him for the first time in his study just before entering the Conference Room.

A man of unassuming appearance, he immediately attracts the munition magnate by an amazing personal magnetism.

"What is your name?" SIR ISAAC asks.

"JOHN KING."

"Tell me something about yourself."

The man speaks in a low, melodious voice.

"I am one who can be of great assistance to you, sir."

He describes briefly his qualifications. He has been personal attendant to two men in the past—great men, he says. SIR ISAAC has never heard of them. He has learned to know what his employer needs at all times.

His explanation is simple, direct. There is something naive about him, yet this quality is combined with something strange and at once compelling, expressing a personality which SIR ISAAC, a competent judge of character, cannot comprehend. Any other man coming to him (SIR ISAAC) applying for a job, with such a vague background, with no definite, understandable recommendations which might be checked, he would not have tolerated five minutes. But now for ten minutes he listens to JOHN KING, and all his instincts prompt him to engage the man on the spot.

SIR ISAAC feels as though a spell were being cast over him. The man's face has a powerful appeal, his manner is somehow electric; his eyes, looking straight into SIR ISAAC's eyes, are luminous. Kindness, gentleness, sympathy and understanding are in his eyes. His hands are beautifully-shaped. Accustomed to meeting all types of men, and dominating them—many as dynamic as himself—SIR ISAAC is nonplussed in the presence of

one who can effect him thus. No one, he feels, could ever hypnotize his will; he is used to having people try it. But this man's magnetism is different. Somehow he likes it. His own personality warms to it. He feels friendly, kindly disposed, generous. Yes, CLARK was right! He will like this man, if he employs him.

"I want to talk with you further after my Conference," he says, ending the interview.

Deeply within him he knows that he will certainly employ JOHN KING.

[VII]

In the large, luxurious Conference Room at one end of his magnificent house the members of the World Armament Trust gathered. They represent fourteen countries. They typify their respective peoples. Several are big, raw-boned men, fair in complexion, guttural in voice. A few are lean men, swarthy, smooth in tone and manner. Yet others are yellow or dark skinned, with cunning Oriental features.

These are the men who make wars and win every one of them. Like SIR ISAAC, they are international in their point of view. Their attitude toward life, toward humanity, is utterly impersonal, devoid of all warmth of sympathy, softness of sentimentalism, respect for tradition. The world to them is only a great chess board on which they have learned to make clever moves for their own benefit, for the widening of their influence, the preening of their vanities, the satisfying of their greed. Their instinct makes them band together, trust each other, so long as one mind, stronger than theirs, safeguards their destinies. Fundamentally they are suspicious, fearful, avaricious, capable of treachery.

SIR ISAAC sits amongst them, like a king in a counsel chamber.

TIBOR CLARK reads to them the report which he has drafted, describing the general state of their business throughout the world.

"Profits are diminishing," he says. "Not enough

armaments are being sold. There is much talk of preparedness, but not enough actual organization of materials such as we knew before the last great war. We need to start something."

"What do you mean?" demands SIR ISAAC.

"We need to start another major conflict."

"I disagree."

SIR ISAAC'S voice is loud and firm. The representatives regard him wonderingly.

"Fear of war is more profitable than war itself," he says in hard, cold tones. "Belief in the imminence of war is the secret of our power. It is our power. So long as men and women think that war is part of human nature, that war is inevitable, we are masters of the world. As soon as it is felt that war can cease to be our control vanishes."

"But that's my point!" CLARK replies emphatically. "Belief in war is diminishing daily. Peace movements are swaying people's minds—disarmament proposals—international agreements—I tell you, gentlemen, there is a serious reaction against great organized warfare. We are content now to foment spasmodic uprisings, petty revolutions, clashes between small armies in comparative obscurity. These undertakings scatter our influence, sap our forces. What we need to create is something important that will focus the attention of the major governments and open their treasuries into our vaults. I have a scheme—"

The representatives listen expectantly, their pencils poised over pads of paper, their interest aroused.

"Two thousand miles from here is the seaport of Skodia," CLARK continues. "In its harbor next week there will over sixteen men-of-war, flying colors of seven different countries. You'll find the names of those countries on the list before you, with a detailed map of the locality. You all realize that Skodia is at this time a hot-bed of international political intrigue. Consider that in five days from now the airplane-carrier Dumont of the Nemurian Navy—the largest ship of its kind on

earth—will enter that harbor. If something happened to it—a provocative accident—"

A loud murmur sweeps around the Conference Room.

"It won't do, CLARK," says SIR ISAAC darkly.

[VIII]

VICTORIA leaves ALLAN, almost reluctantly, on a street corner in the town.

As soon as she is out of sight he walks down a side street and enters an obscure building outside of which rooms are advertised for let.

A poorly-dressed woman greets him suspiciously. He shows her a card.

She immediately motions to him to follow her up a flight of dark stairs.

A man is hurrying down these stairs as they start to ascend, and in passing them looks attentively at ALLAN. The latter has never seen him before.

At the top of the stairs a young woman in negligee, rather pretty and attractive, is standing in a doorway, apparently just having taken leave of the departing man. Seeing ALLAN and the landlady, she shuts the door quickly.

The landlady conducts ALLAN to a room next to this young woman.

When he asks the price of the room she replies, somewhat cryptically, "Anyone sent by The Master don't need to pay me." And she adds, "I'll tell your friend you've come."

She leaves ALLAN abruptly.

In a moment the door is flung open, and a young man appears—ALLAN'S friend, JEFF. They seem unusually glad to see each other.

[IX]

In the conversation which ensues between the two young men continual reference is made to "The Movement," suggesting that they are both employed in some secret work.

Reference is also made to The Master—one or twice the word KING is used.

"How long have you been in this dump " ALLAN asks.

"Only a week. I'm on the floor above. There are a number of The Master's men here."

"Who's the jane next to me?"

JEFF shakes his head.

"I don't know exactly. She's in hiding, though, I'm certain. Never goes out. Woman with a past. Something unmistakable about her. I've had several good looks. But she seems to be on the level at the moment. You know, I suspect she's either scared about something or she's in love with somebody. She acts queerly. I can't make her out."

"There was a fellow in her room a few minutes ago."

"Really? Did you get a good look at him?"

"I'd recognize him again. A young fellow."

"Well, you can be sure The Master knows about him. Everything that goes on here and everywhere else The Master knows about. He sent the girl here for some reason."

[X]

In the library of Sir Isaac's house, VICTORIA is talking with her brother, CARTER about the dinner-party that night. She has invited no partner for him, thinking that he must have already communicated with a young lady in the town to whom she believes he is devoted. And she learns, to her surprise, that he has not asked this girl.

"I thought of course you'd attend to it!" she exclaims. "HELEN knows us both well enough not to require a formal invitation.

"I wanted you for my partner, VIC."

"Nonsense! You've got some reason you're not telling me. I believe you're in love with someone whom I don't know, CARTER. And all this time I've thought it was HELEN."

CARTER cannot conceal the truth of his feelings, and decides to take VICTORIA into his confidence. He confesses that he is in love with a girl in the town whom he met on his last leave of absence. He won't tell his sister who this girl is, however, or why she cannot be asked to the dinner-party. He insists upon keeping her a mystery.

Trying to draw him out, VICTORIA confesses that she has impulsively asked ALLAN to come as her partner.

"I didn't realize what I was doing," she says. "He was so attractive! Daddy, of course, will be furious, if he finds out. His new pilot. Like inviting the chauffeur, I suppose. But he's been a war flyer, and has an interesting record. And I'd like to listen to some of his ideas about the army and navy—"

"Still hoping I'll resign from the navy?" laughs CARTER. "You and Dad don't seem to understand why I enjoy it."

His being in the navy has caused a good deal of controversy between himself and his father. Old SIR ISAAC was content to send him to a naval college, wanting him to learn the practical use of armament. But he had not wanted his son to remain a naval officer. It would have pleased him had CARTER consented to resign his commission after a brief period, and become an executive in his airplane company.

CARTER is a handsome young fellow, tall and blonde, with a frank, boyish expression in his clear eyes. He is wearing that afternoon the uniform of the Nemurian Naval Aviation Corps with the insignia of second lieu-

tenant. He and his sister look well together. The portrait of their mother—who died when they were both children and whom they resemble—looks down at them from the wall above the fireplace. She would have understood CARTER'S point of view better than his father has.

[XI]

A servant enters to inform them that SIR ISAAC wishes to see them for a few minutes in his study.

They are introduced to JOHN KING whom their father has just employed. Exerting the same immediate magnetic attraction which had so impressed SIR ISAAC, the new Personal Attendant makes them like him at once.

SIR ISAAC regrets that he must seemingly neglect them that evening. He has important business to talk over with his associates, and will dine separately, not interfering with their dinner-party. But he promises to drop in upon them later before their party breaks up.

Facetiously, VICTORIA says that her brother is in love with a mystery girl.

In retaliation, CARTER mentions that his sister has invited ALLAN.

SIR ISAAC is annoyed. When they leave him he talks with CLARK, instructing his right-hand assistant to keep his eye on ALLAN, and to find out all about CARTER'S affair.

[XII]

CLARK has already—through his intelligence staff—heard about CARTER'S infatuation for a girl in the town. He knows that this girl—whose name is IRIS—is a questionable character, subject to arrest, and recently suspected of being in league with the religious Peace Colony in the sand dunes near Dumont of which DUDLEY spoke. She has mysteriously disappeared, and CARTER alone knows where she is hiding.

CLARK has a woman member of his intelligence staff call CARTER on the phone, posing as a friend of IRIS'S, saying that she (IRIS) must see him that night on a matter of utmost importance. They arrange a rendezvous at midnight in IRIS'S room.

CLARK'S men will shadow CARTER, and locate the girl.

[XIII]

JOHN KING overhears CARTER'S telephone conversation, and knows intuitively that the young man is being tracked.

He speaks to CARTER about it.

"You should not go to see IRIS tonight," he declares.

"I don't see that it's any business of yours."

JOHN KING assures CARTER that IRIS never sent him such a message as he has received.

CARTER struggles with his natural indignation at the new Attendant's presumptuous interference and a strange feeling of respect which possesses him in the man's presence. He controls his anger, but resolves to go, in spite of the warning.

[XIV]

Meanwhile the police, sent by DUDLEY, visit the religious colony in the sand dunes.

They arrive on motorcycles and in cars, and question the peaceful men and women who are living there. Their attitude is suspicious and belligerent. The police sergeant makes himself particularly objectionable.

Here is a queer thing. These people are in great numbers, living in utmost simplicity, engaging in no trade or commerce, manufacturing nothing, subsisting apparently off supplies of plain food which someone—their leader, they explain,—has provided for them.

They refer to their leader as The Master and as their KING. They seem to have an immense respect for him, and a reverence as though for one who possesses Divine attributes. Where their leader is they do do

not know, and cannot be forced to tell. The policemen weary of trying to bully them into giving some definite clue to his whereabouts.

The philosophy and the quiet activity of this Colony puzzle the police. Fundamentally pacific, expressing no violent revolutionary doctrine, these people seem harmless enough. They talk of peace and friendship and love. There is nothing bitter or resentful or critical in their attitude toward the outside world, apparently no wish on their part to destroy or undermine any existing order—such as the police had been led to suppose when they were sent there.

So agreeable and friendly are the Colonists that they impress the hard-boiled policemen. Suspicions vanish. Soon they are all talking, without sense of friction, and laughing and joking. The police begin to think that these people, however mad their ideas, are a rather jolly bunch. Even the belligerent sergeant is won over finally to a point where he remarks, "B'Gorrah! If your Master or your KING or whatever ye all call him is as good a man as you say—sure, he must be an Irishman!"

[XV]

The dinner-party is a gay, happy affair. Officers of CARTER's squadron respond enthusiastically to VICTORIA'S delightful hospitality.

After dinner there is dancing in the attractive ballroom in one wing of the house. The high French doors of the ballroom let out on a terrace from which there is a superb view of the town and the harbour.

It is a fine, clear night; the air is warm and filled with moonlight.

ALLAN is the only male member of the party not in uniform. But he doesn't feel out of place. By one of the older officers he has been recognized as a famous war pilot which places him highly in the opinion of the others. He doesn't allow himself to express any more sentiments about the army or the navy. VICTORIA'S infatuation for him grows. He dances beautifully.

While dancing with ALLAN, VICTORIA is again impressed by a feeling that she has known this young man before. It puzzles her, serving to augment her interest in him.

SIR ISAAC joins the young people, and "cuts-in" on ALLAN and VICTORIA. Overcoming his prejudice against the idea of his daughter having invited his new pilot, he shows himself capable of thoroughly enjoying such an occasion.

CLARK is there also, but cannot suppress his surprise and resentment at ALLAN'S presence.

"I see you've taken quick advantage of your opportunities in SIR ISAAC'S employ," he remarks deliberately so that a number of the officers may overhear.

CARTER, who has taken a sincere liking to ALLAN, notices his embarrassment, and comes to his rescue by replying cheerfully, "The Major's made good use of opportunities always. His flying record proves it."

CARTER has used ALLAN'S former rank in order to impress CLARK. He has never liked his father's right-hand man, and this evening shows his feelings plainly.

At that moment something happens which momentarily plunges the entire party into confusion.

There is the sound of angry voices outside on the terrace. A number of couples who had strolled out there retreat precipitously into the ballroom, explaining that a crowd of munition workers is putting on a demonstration.

Suddenly several bricks are hurled through the windows. The young naval officers wonder whether to go out and face the crowd, but SIR ISAAC forbids them to. In astonishment he turns to CLARK.

"What does this mean?"

CLARK is confused. He rushes to the phone to call the police, but is restrained by JOHN KING who has appeared all at once.

"We mustn't have bloodshed," he says. "I will talk to these workers."

JOHN KING walks out on the terrace alone, the dinner-party guests crowding near the doors in back of him, amongst them SIR ISAAC and CLARK.

JOHN KING holds up his hand, and the angry shouting of the crowd subsides miraculously.

He speaks, and his voice is quiet, but strangely commanding. He does not ask them what they want. He tells them what they have come there for. And he convinces them that they will gain more by going home, and trusting their matter to SIR ISAAC.

The crowd breaks up, goes away.

JOHN KING turns, and comes back into the room, smiling. Everyone tries to congratulate him.

SIR ISAAC is amazed.

"That was konderful, KING! Wonderful! You handled them beautifully!"

CLARK makes some bitter remark.

SIR ISAAC says to him, "I hold you responsible for this, CLARK. You told me this afternoon that all troubles had been settled in the Kayser factories!"

The music starts up again.

[XVI]

CARTER follows JOHN KING out of the room, and apologizes for the way he spoke to the Attendant during their talk about IRIS.

"But you're still going," JOHN KING declares.

CARTER admits that he is.

A few minutes later, in the library, JOHN KING talks with ALLAN and VICTORIA.

She is surprised when ALLAN addresses the new attendant as Master.

JOHN KING explains to them about IRIS and CARTER. ALLAN has already recognized CARTER as having been the young man whom he had seen that afternoon on the boarding-house stairs. KING is aware of CLARK'S strategy to locate IRIS and asks ALLAN and VICTORIA to help protect her and also CARTER.

It is not yet midnight. VICTORIA and ALLAN go in the former's car to the boarding-house, and find IRIS in her bedroom, with no idea that CARTER is coming there to see her that night. They help her to pack her few belongings.

ALLAN wakes up his friend JEFF, and leaves him in IRIS'S room, after explaining the situation to him.

Then they take IRIS back to Sir Isaac's house, get her up a back way to VICTORIA'S own bedroom, and rejoin the guests in the ballroom.

When CARTER, followed by CLARK'S men, arrives at the boarding-house he finds JEFF waiting for him in IRIS'S room. JEFF quickly tells him what has happened. And CLARK'S detectives, breaking in, find only the two young men, laughing and joking, who have apparently no knowledge of the girl whom they had expected to arrest.

[XVII]

The following morning CLARK is furious on learning of the failure of his scheme. He is doubly angry because his jealousy has been aroused by VICTORIA'S interest in ALLAN. He goes straight to SIR ISAAC.

"I insist that you discharge your new pilot!" he says.

When the munition magnate demands a satisfactory reason he explains that VICTORIA has become dangerously infatuated by him, that during the dance the previous night they had gone riding together in her car.

SIR ISAAC sends for his daughter.

"You will not see any more of this young man," he declares.

"I shall if I want to," she replies heatedly.

"You've heard what I've said. I'm dismissing ALLAN today."

VICTORIA is indignant. She suspects CLARK of having thus persuaded her father, and tells him (SIR ISAAC) as much.

The scene which ensues culminates in SIR ISAAC leaving her in a rage, and she returning to her own apartments in tears.

JOHN KING reminds SIR ISAAC that he is to open the dedication of a new hospital which he has given to the town of Dumont.

During the munition magnate's absence CLARK holds a secret meeting of the representatives of the Trust in which he informs them that he is confident that SIR ISAAC will consent to the blowing up of the airplane carrier Dumont in the harbour of Skodia. He, CLARK, is going to arrange that CARTER be transferred to another ship before this provocative accident takes place.

Meanwhile—in VICTORIA'S apartments—IRIS learns that she is to be taken that day by ALLAN to John King's Colony in the sand dunes.

[XVIII]

VICTORIA has become genuinely interested in IRIS. The fact that this girl has formerly led the life of a common prostitute, that she is uneducated, in many ways illiterate does not prevent Carter's sister from feeling deeply sorry for her. And that she is so sincerely in love with CARTER impresses the daughter of SIR ISAAC who recognizes in her an overwhelming desire to make her life over.

IRIS is like a child. She has a subtle charm which is part of her simplicity. The impulses of a child prompt her in this crisis to appear perfectly natural. And there is a great deal of sweetness in her response to VICTORIA'S generous attentions.

VICTORIA has given her a number of dresses, but JOHN KING says that in the Colony she will not need them. In the Colony only the real necessities of life have any value. There she will be completely regenerated—in peace and security and in a spirit of love and humility.

Hearing about the Colony makes VICTORIA anxious to visit it. She knows now that ALLAN is a part of it in some way. She has learned already from him that

what exists there must be something that she has never known, something happier and more worth-while than the life she has always lived.

She wonders if ALLAN can possibly feel about her the way she is beginning to feel about him.

CARTER comes to his sister's apartments to say goodbye to his sweetheart. His love for this unknown girl—when he might have been in love with a girl of his own class—does not displease VICTORIA. It touches her. It serves to increase her infatuation for ALLAN who himself is not a type of man whom she would have ordinarily chosen for her affections.

[XIX]

SIR ISAAC takes leave of his son directly after luncheon, and goes to keep a business appointment.

CLARK offers to drive with VICTORIA as far as the harbour to see CARTER off. Though she has taken a violent dislike to CLARK, she consents—in order to be diplomatic. But on the way to the pier her conversation with CARTER is calculated to put CLARK off the scent of IRIS and to ridicule last night's event.

Returning to the house, CLARK foolishly makes some advances toward VICTORIA, begs her to marry him.

Infuriated, VICTORIA accuses him openly of being against herself and her father actually, blames him for activities which have occurred during SIR ISAAC'S various absences, notably demonstrated by the protest of the workers during the dance. She contends that last night's trouble would never have occurred had CLARK followed her father's instructions in regard to the operations of the Kayser plants.

CLARK is deeply humiliated. At the same time he is filled with fear that SIR ISAAC may actually suspect him of treachery.

He resolves to take an immediate action.

Arriving at the house, he calls a second secret meeting of the representatives of the Trust.

"Gentlemen," he announces. "SIR ISAAC has de-

cided to let us have the airplane-carrier Dumont mined in Skodia harbour. This as you know will be certain to start a war between Nemuria and the country of which Skodia is the capital. The other countries will join in this conflict. Our business will immediately increase. We'll gain huge profits in the orders for armaments which we will at once suggest to your respective governments."

The directors are delighted. They begin preparing their cables.

CLARK sends a message to the commandant at Skodia harbour, ordering that the mines be laid, and blown up at the psychological time. He adds to his message that the commandant should completely disregard all orders thereafter which might rescind these explicit instructions.

When SIR ISAAC returns to the house JOHN KING informs him that the directors have departed, and with them TIBOR CLARK.

Immediately the old munition magnate suspects what has occurred. He secures a copy of CLARK'S instructions to the commandant at Skodia.

He knows that the only way that he can save his son from death aboard the Dumont, and avert a war, he must himself appear at Skodia before the airplane-carrier arrives.

To save his son is the paramount issue in his mind.

He must immediately fly to Skodia.

"But I discharged ALLAN this morning," he complains bitterly. "Call up the field, KING, and see if you can engage another pilot."

"ALLAN is already preparing your plane," JOHN KING replies.

VICTORIA, coming into her father's study at that moment, and learning about the proposed flight, insists that she will go, too.

And JOHN KING says that he will be glad to accompany SIR ISAAC and his daughter.

[XX]

We have to this point tried to develop a logical theme indicating a number of points. We have established a conflict between two forces in the world today—the force of war and arms as symbolized by SIR ISAAC KAYSER, and the force of peace and love as symbolized by JOHN KING and his followers. We have introduced several minor characters whose roles in the drama influence the main theme: VICTORIA, beautiful, and charming, and generous; ALLAN, spiritually-minded after his bitter past experiences; CARTER, youthful, enthusiastic, genuinely in love with IRIS, a simple soul whom love has transformed. TIBOR CLARK is obviously the villain, incapable of being regenerated as SIR ISAAC will be due to the mental anguish created by his knowledge of the danger to his son.

Realizing that through the machinations of his own ruthless industry CARTER is likely to be killed, SIR ISAAC becomes a different person. He forgets his business and his former rôle in life in his anxiety to save CARTER.

He finds ALLAN waiting for him at the flying field. They immediately take off.

The plane runs into a frightful storm, and is struck by lightning, bursting into flames.

All four occupants bail out in their parachutes.

[XXI]

THE FALL INTO THE VOID

Vivid photography accompanied by orchestra effects will depict the flight of Sir Isaac's plane into the storm, the striking of the plane by lightning, and the descent of the occupants by parachute.

Views from a distance will show the plane moving steadily toward a great bank of ominous storm clouds.

Inside the plane ALLAN will attempt to force the plane above the clouds, while all watch the storm's approach.

The plane will enter the clouds finally, becoming almost invisible, then reappearing, to suddenly disappear entirely.

The interior of the plane grows dark. But intermittent lightning flashes reveal the faces of the occupants—ALLAN, concentrated and intense, VICTORIA anxious and fearful, SIR ISAAC very much concerned, JOHN KING calm and untroubled.

Furious air-currents whip the plane upwards, let it fall precipitously, make it tremble and roll and pitch. The lightning flashes become more frequent.

ALLAN points to the parachutes.

Some dialogue may be introduced—in the continuity—revealing the state of mind of the occupants.

Example: ALLAN—"She's out of control. We may have to jump.

VICTORIA—"Oh! Oh! No!"

SIR ISAAC—"Steady, my boy! Try to steady her!"

JOHN KING—"It will be all right! Have no fear!"

A blinding flash of lightning fills the cabin with light.

The instrument board in front of ALLAN shatters. There is a deadening roar followed by a sharp explosion.

Flames and smoke creep into the cabin.

ALLAN is thrown back, momentarily blinded. He recovers, and frantically endeavors to assist his passengers to adjust their parachutes and reach the door.

JOHN KING, perfectly calm, prevents a panic.

At that moment, his face, revealed clearly in succeeding lightning flashes, becomes luminous in contrast to the others, JOHN KING virtually assumes command of the situation. He rises from his seat, and miraculously the plane, now in flames, steadies as though caught on an even keel between two air currents. He moves to the cabin door, and opens it, standing with his back to the dark, rushing air outside. Even as Jesus calmed the troubled waters, so this Perfect

Master holds dominion for that brief period over the raging elements of the heavens, over the fire which is threatening to consume the occupants before they can jump.

The roar outside subsides immediately; there is a silence broken only by a profound rush of wind.

The Master's face is not like that of any mortal man. A Divine radiance surrounds it, flows from it, illumines the cabin with a light more powerful than lightning.

And the Master's voice, though quiet and comforting, carries more convincing power than thunder.

He speaks, and holds out his hand to VICTORIA.

Without hesitation she steps to his side.

He motions to ALLAN.

The young man steps beside the girl.

He tells them to have no fear—to jump together.

They do so—disappearing at once in the void.

Then The Master beckons to SIR ISAAC.

By this time the plane is a mass of flames.

SIR ISAAC reaches for the outstretched hand—stumbles forward with a look of reverence.

There are views of fire and smoke and rushing air and pitch darkness and lightning—and a swelling orchestra effect. And the face of The Master—

JOHN KING takes SIR ISAAC's hand.

They jump.

They fall together.

The photography here will show first the bodies falling swiftly—the plane afire—the air, the wind, the rushing black clouds, tinged with flame—and against this background The Master's calm face—his hand—again his face—his hand locked around SIR ISAAC'S—his words of confidence made visible by color and by music—

Parachutes opening—

And again the startling effects.

And again The Master.

The parachutes floating down—

VICTORIA and ALLAN descend together into a river where they are nearly drowned.

Their experience will be shown impressionistically in the screen drama because it introduces a novel element—that of reincarnation—which explains their deep-rooted feeling for each other, and their impression of having met and known each other somewhere before.

Music and technicolor will depict the greater part of this episode.

All of a sudden, they experience the most queer feeling of transformation of their entire being; then, for a moment, they are conscious of blankness, and then, all of a sudden, they see the past.

HERE, THE BLACK AND WHITE OF THE PICTURE CHANGES TO COLOR.

The character of the music changes also.

One color shoots after another through the screen... wherein appear and vanish the same principal characters in their anterior life.

(All this can be photographed under the expert supervision of Shri Meher Baba or his representative.)

They are at first submerged in the rapidly flowing river. ALLAN, coming to the surface, cannot find VICTORIA. But suddenly she appears a short distance from him—and she is partly nude, and swimming vigorously, and laughing at him.

He discovers himself to be in different costume, and is feeling differently. He feels as though, instead of having been plunged into that river after a perilous descent from a burning airplane, he has been swimming there for some time, enjoying the sport of it in company with a lovely girl whom he seems to know intimately.

They reach the bank together, and breathless, and smiling, they sink down on the beach, side by side, and talk.

"You are coming to the Court Ball tonight, ARJUNA," she says brightly. "I command it."

"You know I want to obey your command, Princess," ALLAN hears himself replying. "But I know your father will disapprove. A poor young man like me—"

She leans over him, and puts her hand across his lips.

"I love you, poor young man," she laughs. Then she adds, "And I want you to meet my brother who has just returned from the wars. He is a young man, too, but a great warrior, and you will admire him."

"I shall have to consult my Master," says ALLAN. "If he tells me to go tonight, you shall see me."

He rises, and helps her to her feet, and after embracing her, he walks toward a hut set in a grove of trees back from the beach.

Entering the hut, he says, "Master!"

Someone answers, "Yes, my son. You may go tonight."

An old man appears—a wonderful old man, with a face that radiates wisdom and kindliness.

It is the face of JOHN KING.

The scene changes to the throne-room of a palace.

A king is watching an entertainment being given for his son, returned from the wars. Strangely-dressed people are gathered near the throne. On one side stands the son in jeweled armor. On the other, in satin robes, the king's chief advisor. SIR ISAAC is the king. His son is CARTER. The advisor is TIBOR CLARK, his face expressing cunning and evil. A girl—IRIS—is there also.

The king objects to ALLAN's presence after CLARK has pointed him out. ALLAN is standing next to the princess. He is about to be punished for having come there when a sudden commotion arises. There is a call to arms. An invading army has descended on the town, and surrounded the palace.

Soldiers of the invading army enter and demand that the king give up his son and daughter.

The king accuses CLARK of having betrayed him, because the latter is greeted by the enemy as a friend.

ALLAN tries to defend VICTORIA, and is struck down. CARTER, fighting gallantly, is overcome by the soldiers.

Suddenly The Master enters the throne-room.

The invaders fall back in his presence. CARTER is released. VICTORIA is set free. ALLAN also stands free.

The king asks The Master what he wishes in reward for having saved him and his son and daughter.

"You must do everything I say from now on." Then he adds also,

"That you keep your army for defense only, and that you make no more wars!"

—
The scene again changes to the banks of the river.

The Master is talking with ALLAN and VICTORIA. She has just explained to him that her father has forgotten his promise, and that CARTER, at the head of his father's army, has gone forth to another war.

"All of us will suffer because of this," explains The Master.

[XXII]

ALLAN finds himself back in the river, swimming. Near him VICTORIA is struggling.

ALLAN saves her from drowning, helps her to reach the bank.

It seems that she, too, has visualized their past life together, and understands why they have met again.

[XXIII]

SIR ISAAC and JOHN KING descend in a great desert.

There, in company with The Master, believing his daughter to have been killed, and knowing that he can-

not reach Skodia in time to save his son, the once proud and confident munition magnate experiences a complete spiritual regeneration.

The Master knows that VICTORIA is safe with ALLAN, and that in the explosion of the Dumont CARTER will not be killed, only severely wounded. But he permits SIR ISAAC to suffer mentally, realizing that only under such pain and stress the materialist will vanish in the man and the spiritual consciousness will be attained.

When they are finally rescued from the desert, and newspaper articles explain the blowing-up of the Dumont, he (The Master) stays with SIR ISAAC, but does not tell him exactly what has happened.

[XXIV]

Meanwhile news comes to the Colony in the dunes of the accident to the plane, and the blowing up of the Dumont. It is not until four days later that the Colonists know that ALLAN and VICTORIA and SIR ISAAC are safe, or that CARTER still lives. But these people have such implicit faith in their Master that they do not worry.

Only IRIS does. She believes that CARTER has been killed, and will not be consoled by the Colonists. She determines to take her own life, and deliberately walks into the sea.

JOHN KING and SIR ISAAC, ALLAN and VICTORIA, once again together in the town do not hear of this until all four arrive at the dunes.

[XXV]

IRIS is apparently dead. The Colonists have dragged her lifeless body from the sea, have placed it on a mound of sand, and are praying that her life may be restored.

JOHN KING arrives. With him are ALLAN, VICTORIA and SIR ISAAC.

The lower part of the divided screen in black and white shows her body lying stiff on the sands. The upper part of the divided screen shows in color above her, outstretched body, an unreal ethereal background of velvetish transparent blue. Her astral body dislinked from her physical body, and rising up towards the semi-subtle spheres, joins the multitude of fluid forms never ending in motion.

She sees the "Spirit Dance"—the lightning-like movements of the spirits, their unfathomable entuning with the Divine rhythm in all this chaotic confusion, and the intensely rapid changing of figures, colors, melodies, and then merging in the colorless space. . . . All this leaves her enchanted, mystified and stunned.

The Master, at this moment, touches her stiff, physical body and resurrects her). . . .

All of a sudden, her astral body feels drawn to her ethereal body, which finally gets linked with her physical body . . . and then is heard The Master's voice:

"The mere demonstration of power for selfish ends is not the manifestation of Truth. The goal of life is to attain to 'this TRUTH which is ETERNAL, INFINITE AND ONE INDIVISIBLE.' 'I AM THE TRUTH'."

(All this can be photographed under the expert supervision of Shri Meher Baba or his representative.)

[XXXV]

Restored to life again, IRIS asks immediately for CARTER.

To SIR ISAAC's further amazement, The Master tells the girls that CARTER is safe, and that soon he will come to the dunes to be with her.

A scene of a hospital at Skodia shows CARTER receiving his resignation acceptance from the Nemurian Naval Headquarters. And a letter from IRIS saying that she is waiting for him.

The war which TIBOR CLARK had expected to foment is narrowly averted by SIR ISAAC'S immediate action with the Armament Trust.

SIR ISAAC has determined to retire, and with his daughter and prospective son-in-law, ALLAN, and his son CARTER, to join the Colony in the dunes.

The Master and they remain for a moment side by side, motionless and silent. A profound look from The Master penetrates their eyes. A deep transformation takes place in their souls, which are reflected in their faces. The Master takes both their hands.

Their astral bodies glide out of the physical bodies, and appear as a transparent duplicate of their own selves, still remaining attached to the physical by a small portion.

In the beginning, they feel getting themselves above and away from all the phenomena of duality and diversity, both individual and universal, so much so that the whole of Maya, Universe, body, energy and the mind itself appear as objects tremendously far away and down below, and one would find the objects on a plain from the highest peak of a big mountain. The Truth towards which they feel themselves drawn is also now actually seen to be as much beyond all the dual phenomena of mind and matter as themselves. And just before merging in the Truth comes the *final* snapping of all links and connections with body, mind, universe and energy. The snappings of the so long vital connections have no parallel example in the gross creation to compare with. Even the physical death that permanently disconnects one's gross body from life is a mere snap of a common string in comparison to this gigantic and complete severance for good of each and every connection with the whole of the individual and universal existence of mind and matter.

The body of The Master begins to shine from his central core with an inner glow, which radiates out and dissolves his body into brilliant radiance.

From out of the physical body of the two lovers flashes a spark of light, radiating and flashing, like a shooting star, and merging into the *luminous body* of The Master.

The profound metamorphosis has taken place.

The VOICE of The MASTER speaks: (through this LUMINOUS BODY) "When through selfless living, the limited false EGO is ANNIHILATED and the SOUL through LOVE is merged in the LIFE OF THE DIVINE BELOVED, is the ULTIMATE REALITY attained. Then is the INFINITE CONSCIOUSNESS realized: I AM THE INFINITE."

The body of The Master ceases to shine, and has again assumed its material substance. The astral body of the two lovers again takes the physical form.

The great inner change has taken place.

There is nothing higher or greater than this state, the state of Perfect Superconsciousness. Nothing else remains in the existence for the person who attains to it. The gross, the subtle, and the mental universe, with all the worlds, the suns, the moons, the stars, the space, the time, the planes, the stages do not exist at all, even apparently, for the One Who becomes fully superconscious. There is unity and oneness complete in this state, which is beyond the realm of thought and imagination, and which is permanent and does not undergo the least change, once it is achieved.

(All this can be photographed under the expert supervision of Shri Meher Baba or his representative.)

[XXVII]

The story closes with The Master performing his miraculous metamorphosis scene with the two lovers—VICTORIA and ALLAN.

