

# The Way and the Goal

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Avatar Meher Baba

# the way and the goal

Love is continuous burning in  
remembrance of the beloved

Meher Baba

Volume 1, Number 4

April 25, 1970

A talk given by Meherjee Karkaria on the occasion of Beloved Avatar Meher Baba's 76th birthday celebration at the Barbizon Plaza Hotel on the evening of February 28, 1970.

JAI BABA! Dear Dr. Harry Kenmore, President of the Society for Avatar Meher Baba in New York and all dear brothers and sisters in Baba. I feel very fortunate to have come here today at the invitation of the Society for Avatar Meher Baba to address you on this auspicious day of Beloved Baba's Birthday. I do not know what to address to you on this occasion. Spiritual matters and philosophies have all been explained by Dr. Kenmore and Brother Adi Irani. Some of you have expressed your desire directly to me in my private talks that I should give some instances of life with Baba from my experiences. Also, some have asked me what my impressions of Baba are, how I came to Baba and why I stuck to Him for so many years. Well, the story is very long. I cannot tell it in one night, so I will shorten it by giving you a couple of examples of my first impressions. I met Baba in 1927 when I was studying in a college in Poona. I won't describe how I met Him, but at my first meeting with Him He asked me what I was doing. I said, "I am studying chemistry." He said, "What is the use of your studying?" I said, "Baba, next month is the examination. I am prepared and I want to go ahead with it."

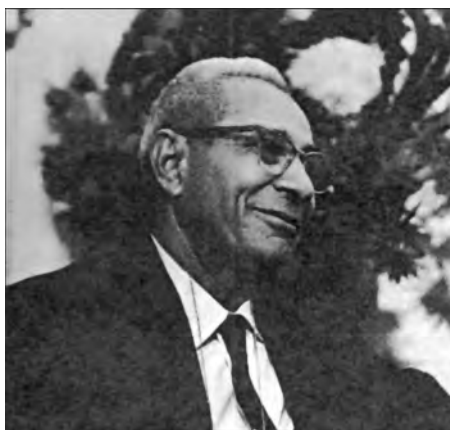
"So what do you want to do?"

"Well, first let me get my B.S. degree."

"Then what are you going to do?"

I said, "Well, if help comes to me, I might go to Germany to study pharmaceutical chemistry." Baba just made a face.

"Alright, appear for your examination and if you get through, go ahead, if not, just



come to Me." Believe me, that was my first failure. And that, too, was in a small experiment, a practical experiment in sound, which was not my subject at all. Well, anyway, that made me come to Baba. Baba asked me to teach the boys in the ashram school. I myself was about twenty at that time. I was at the same time to continue my studies. Well I started teaching in Baba's school but my studies were totally left off. In the ashram days in 1928, Baba was in seclusion in the same cabin where He is now interred. He remained in that cabin for some time. He was on fast. I don't remember exactly, but I believe it was for about forty days. In those days, every evening, He used to give discourses on spiritual matters. The present volume of discourses contains most of the talks that Baba gave then on the alphabet board. It was the month of December and very cold. Baba used to wear a black coat in those days which some of you must have seen at Meherabad. It was torn in tatters, but Baba would not remove that coat. At that time

Baba had asked for boys for His ashram school from all over. Some of the boys had come from Persia; one of the boys, named Abdullah, was a rather grown up boy. He came just with a view to study free of charge. He was a staunch Sunni Muslim, a fanatic at that. All the boys and teachers of all castes and creeds used to bow to Baba in those days, but this boy would not even bow to Baba. However, he was intent on studying. On one particular day, during the lecture, he was sitting on his knees as is the custom with Muslims when, all of a sudden, he screamed aloud such a scream that everyone was frightened and wondered what had happened. Abdullah fell down unconscious. I remember it was December and December at Meherabad in those days was very cold. Baba removed His coat immediately. Baba had long hair like a lion's mane and He was sweating. Baba removed His coat and asked that the boy be taken to the "hospital." "Hospital" meant a couple of cabins to house boys or teachers who got sick. Abdullah appeared totally unconscious. Baba then explained to us that Abdullah was then enjoying the bliss of the sixth plane. "This boy who did not believe in Me, who did not even bow to Me, who did not take Me as Avatar or even as Murshid is now having the experience of a sixth plane Pir." Abdullah's experience continued for almost four days. Whenever anyone put a question to him, he said, "I see Baba everywhere and in everything." He was in total bliss. Some liquid food was forcibly given to him, but he was not conscious of

## A TALK GIVEN BY MEHERJEE KARKARIA

that. On the fourth day, however, we were, as usual, silting around Baba at about noon when we heard the boy crying loudly again. Baba then told us that the boy thought that Baba was taking away the bliss that He had given him and that Abdullah was crying that Baba should not take it away. Baba said to me, "Meherjee, go ask him why he is crying." So I went and asked him, "Ahdullah, why are you crying!" "Oh Baba, Baba, Baba. Why are you taking this away from me? Oh Baba, Baba, Baba." He uttered only these words. After some time he came back to normal consciousness. As coincidence or Baba's working may have it, I left India due to some circumstances in 1929 and went to Persia on a job, and in 1934 or 1935 I started my business there. I knew that Abdullah had left Baba's ashram, but I did not know where he was or what he was doing. Someone came to me and told me that Abdullah was working in the customs department in a port called Linga in the Persian Gulf. I needed a Persian clerk very badly so I wrote to Baba that I had found Abdullah working here in customs and that I needed a Persian clerk and asked Him whether I should try to get him to work at my office. Immediate reply came. Baba said that not only should I get him but that Baba would be very happy if I did so. I called him, but he would not move. I was astonished. I offered him twice the pay he was getting and yet he would not budge. Then the Second World War started, and Abdullah was transferred to another port. As the steamers were not going in those days, he had to take an overland route and came to Banderabas where I was. I got hold of him and asked him why he was hesitating to join me. Did he not rely on me? Did he not trust me? Baba had asked me to look after him back in the ashram when he had first regained consciousness so that he would not fall down, so that he would eat and go to the toilet. So at Banderabas when I asked him whether he did not trust me, he cried and told me that he had suffered enough at the hands of the Persian government and that he did not want to disturb his peace at the present. After leaving Baba he had joined the Anglo-Persian oil company in Aberan. He knew a little English because Baba had kept him at the ashram to learn and to teach English. He was employed there in Aberan, but he had a friend in Karachi and he was exchanging newspapers with his friend—Indian newspapers for Persian news-papers. And, being boys, they used to write Persian poetry on the news-papers. Once their newspapers were intercepted by the Persian post office. At the time

anti-British feeling was predominant in Persia, particularly as a result of this Anglo-Persian oil company. So the Persian authorities arrested him as a spy of the British, negotiating codes. He was kept in jail for three months and released on the condition that he return to Linga and not move from that town. That was the reason he was hesitating to join my office. Now the war was on and British and American influence was quite good in Persia. I told him I had good friends in the government and that he need not worry. I said, "If anything hap-pens to you, I am here." Then I asked him how he left Baba. He said that one day he had the desire to return to Persia and he told Baba. Baba told him to wait and that Baba would tell him when to go. Abdullah insisted, so Baba embraced him and let him go. Abdullah said that Baba had tears in His eyes when He embraced him. So you see how he went against Baba's will and suffered as a result. His sufferings were not yet over. He came to my office and began working for me. I left Persia, closed down my business and entrusted everything to him. At that time he wanted his son to be educated in India, so he wrote to me. I asked Saba first. Baba said, "Yes, let him come, and let Abdullah come with his son, see me once and go back." This opportunity was given him to see Baba, but it was not destined to be and he did not come. Well, he is still there. He is a very good, straight forward, honest man. He remembers his experiences but they are now latent in him. In short, that was the strongest impression I got at the ashram—being new and seeing this boy get these experiences, that impressed me. I saw that there was something in Baba. I did not believe in Baba or Sadgurus or the Avatar or anything. I was just as fanatic as Abdullah in those days. That episode created a profound impression on me. That was one experience which resulted in my sticking, still to this day, to Baba.

Here is another, even more interesting, episode with Baba. In those days we were staying all the hill. Baba was in the cabin. Each one was given some duty to perform. The man who was cooking was not a professional cook. Baba would ask me or Adi to cook or even to clean latrines. He would not often give such jobs, but at times he would and some of us were doing that. This story concerns one of our Mandali by the name of Chaganmaster. His name is Chagan Deshmuk but Baba nicknamed him Chaganmaster. He was entrusted with the kitchen to cook food for the boys and the teachers on the hill. One day, as usual, we were sitting near

Baba in His cabin. Baidul came running with a cup in his hand. Baba asked him, "What is the matter?" Baidul said that the rice was not properly cooked and was rather raw. We saw that it was just a little hard. Baba called Chagan who was in charge of the kitchen and taunted him, "You must have some purpose in doing that." He cursed him 'saying', "You want to kill my children, cooking this rice! You want to feed my children with this rice and you want to kill them! You such and such fellow, you this and that." In those days neither the Mandali nor the teachers—no one—was allowed to punish the students in the classes. If there was any complaint it was reported to Baba. Adi's brother Rustomji was alone allowed to cane the students or Mandali. Baba called Rustomji and asked him to give four severe strokes on Chagan's hand. Chagan stood very still and four strokes with the cane were given to him. Chagan left without saying anything. We thought that now everything was over. Four or five of us were sitting around Baba and all of a sudden Baba asked one of us to go and call Chagan. He went, but could not find Chagan. Baba asked another fellow—a third and a fourth. I was the last. In those days Baba never used to send me places telling me to do this or to do that. I was the youngest. Now he was telling me, "Why are you sitting there? Go and bring Chagan." So I ran with one of the others to the store where grain was kept, and both of us saw Chagan standing there with a barber's razor on the point of cutting his throat. My companion was a hefty man. He jumped up, grabbed Chagan's hand, and brought him to Baba. Well, another ordeal for Chagan. Baba cursed him, "You swine, you are this and you are that." Baba spat on his face and said, "You, who have surrendered to me, are now taking your life? Does your life belong to you?" Of course Chagan kept quiet. But Baba, Compassionate Father as He is, embraced Chagan and 'said', "It was my purpose. Some work was to be done." But for me, a raw man in the ashram and among Baba's Manuali, it created another great impression. Here the man was far away trying to commit suicide, but Saba, knowing everything, sent His Mandali and saved him.

Now I would like to speak to you about how Baba sometimes behaved in a very peculiar way, particularly with the Mandali, when doing His internal work which we can never know or understand. In 1956 we were returning from the United States on an around-the-world voyage via San Francisco and Australia. I was in charge of all arrangements for the passage as usual. One day, before leaving Bombay, Baba said to me, "It will be a very tiring trip to go around the world in three weeks so on the way home we will take a couple of days off in Colombo, Ceylon. We will have a little rest there.

Is it possible to change the tickets that way?" I said, "Yes, Baba it is possible. We will make the journey there, and we will take another plane home." When we reached Australia I inquired of Baba whether I should change the tickets. Baba said, "No, let us go home." We boarded the plane at Sidney, and reached Singapore. We arrived in the evening and had to stay the whole night at a hotel in Singapore at the airline's expense. It was a nice hotel with air-conditioned rooms. Everything was given to us. Two of the Mandali were in each room while Baba was in another single room. Someone had to stay near Baba at night so Nilu was there. That night we ate our food at the hotel and went up to retire when Baba called us and asked me, "What time will we get our breakfast in the morning?" I said, "Well, I will inquire." So I went down and inquired at the desk. The desk man said, "Your bus leaves for the airport after seven; our kitchen opens at six and you will all have your breakfast at that time." I told Baba that at six the kitchen would open and that we would have our breakfast then. That night He did not allow any of us to sleep for even an hour. First He asked us to turn off the air-conditioner. It was very hot and we were sweating like anything. Every now and then He would call one of the Mandali. Baba asked Nilu to take His temperature. He was hot and had a slight temperature. Baba was tossing restlessly in His bed accusing us, "You people are gluttons, you eat, you enjoy and you do this and you do that." We did not understand. Baba had never been like this during all the days of the journey when we had been visiting the various places. Now we were returning home and were so happy that tomorrow we would be there. Baba was so restless that early, at four o'clock or four thirty, He called me again and demanded, "Where is My break-fast?" I went back down thinking that maybe I could wake somebody up and get something for Baba. No one was down there. It was all dark. I returned to Baba and said, "Baba, the kitchen is not open and nobody is there." My God, did He scold me. "You are such and you are such and I also asked you last night about My breakfast. You don't care for Me. You people are eating like gluttons and I am starving here." Well we waited for the morning and came down. It was not yet six o'clock and Baba 'said', "Let us go down." So He made us go to our rooms, pack our baggage and come down. There was no one at the desk and no one at the air office counter, but He still insisted. There was a big verandah outside the hotel lobby. Baba was walking, and we were following Him. There were three or four BOAC

busses waiting. Each was meant for a different plane. Baba asked me, "Which bus will we go in?" There was no one to ask so I said, "Well, one of these. Maybe the first one." Baba 'said', "Alright, let us go sit in this bus," so we all sat in the bus. After a time the driver came and said that this was not the bus for the Bombay plane so we had to get down. Again Baba got angry and 'said', "You make Me sit in this bus and this bus is the wrong one!" We had not even had a cup of tea in the hotel that morning. When the dining room was finally opened and breakfast was being served, Baba would not allow us to take anything. He didn't take anything either. Well, the plane left for Colombo. All the way, we kept quiet; everyone's mood was at the boiling point. When we reached Colombo we were told that we could not continue further. You must remember that 1956 was the time of the Suez affair when England and France attacked Suez, and the world was on the brink of war. If Russia had interfered, there would have been war. We were told that we could not go on and that the captain had orders that we should remain in Colombo where we were. Such orders were sent everywhere. We were told that they could not even take us to Bombay because there were no hotel accommodations in Bombay. All planes had been grounded, so we had to stay in Colombo until further notice. Baba was now in a good mood. He called us all together in His room and 'said', "Now do you realize what was happening last night? Was I a madman to treat you like that? Do you know how much love you all?" We were still not in a mood to talk. Baba 'said', "Now you can have your food." He allowed me to have a little whiskey or anything if I liked, and Adi and I had whiskey. He 'said', "See, it was My work. The world was on the brink of war. I was tossing in the bed because I had to prevent that. It was not time for the world to go to war again." Of course, we know nothing of His internal work. But it was under such circumstances that He sometimes treated the Mandali like this, just as He had also treated Chagan. He created the situation for Chagan and brought about the crisis; there was a definite purpose behind it. So from this episode you can see how a Mandali is treated: at times a Mandali is feasted and at times a Mandali is starved. You will not believe it but we did not even have a wash or a shave that day and we were kept that way the whole night until we arrived at Colombo. There we relaxed and, in a humorous way, Baba 'said' to me, "Meherjee, do you remember what I told you before we left Bombay for the United States?" I said, "Yes, Baba. You 'said' that we would take two days rest

in Ceylon and now we are compelled to stay here for two days." The story is not over yet. All the Mandali plus the women Mandali who were at Satara and all the people in Bombay who were to receive us with cars were expecting us that day. Baba made me send a telegram immediately telling them that we were delayed in Colombo, that we were all well, that we would return as soon as the flights were resumed and that we would keep them informed. As you know, for telegram addresses, two words are made into one. There are two post office addresses in Satara. One is Camp Satara and the other is Satara City. I had to address the telegram to Camp Satara so I wrote it as one word. Baba came, looked at the telegram and 'said', "You always economize on these things. Why don't you put this clearly as "Camp Salara" with the two words separate? The telegram will not arrive if you put it like this." "Baba," I said, "I have sent You so many telegrams at Campsatara addressed in the same way and they all reached You. Why should this one not arrive!" "Alright, do as you like," Baba 'said.' Well, that telegram did not reach Satara. I left the group at Poona and when Baba arrived at Satara He sent me a letter saying, "You are such and such. You always do things like this. The women Mandali were all anxious here. They did not know what was happening. You did not send the telegram as I told you. The telegram did not come. They were sending telegrams and telephoning here and there, but they could not get any information about us." I was also worried and wondered what had happened to the telegram, so I complained to the telegraph office at Colombo about the telegram which did not arrive and about the inconvenience it caused. They replied saying that they regretted the inconvenience and that it was due to some postal error. They then returned the cost of the telegram.

Here is something interesting about horoscopes and stars. I suppose many of you are very interested in such things. In 1943 I came on a short visit from Persia to Bombay. I had started in business with great difficulty in 1934 and by 1943 I was able to stand on my own legs. I had earned something. It was war time of course. One of my good business friends in Bombay came to see me. He inquired about me and about how I was doing. I said I was doing well and that I hoped to do still better. He said, "Meherjee, you have worked for so many years in such a Godforsaken country (it was the Persian Gulf, a terrible hell-like place), now you should take care of what you have earned. Do not speculate too much on war money; everybody is likely to lose on that." I told him that I had no

cash money and that had only goods spread allover Persia. Then he asked me whether I had my horoscope. I said that I did not believe in horoscopes and that I did not have one. He insisted that I get my stars checked up and see. So, like a fool, I wrote to my father at Navsari and got my horoscope from there. My friend knew a very old man, a Sanskrit scholar and an astrologer, whom even the ministers in their difficulties used to consult. He was a well-known man and a great friend of my friend. The man looked at my horo-scope superficially and said that he would give me full details the next week. My friend and I visited him the next week and the man said, "It is enough, Meherjee. You are likely to lose more than fifty percent. Now is the time to stop earning money or you will take a loss." I told him I had only goods and not much cash money. He said that I had better sell it off immediately, otherwise I would lose heavily. I cabled my offices everywhere to start selling the goods—everything—at current market rate. In the meantime I had received a cable from Baba who was at Lahore. I had informed Him that I had just arrived, so Baba asked me to come to Lahore to see Him and I went with my wife Homai. He embraced me; He was very happy to see me. I had last seen Baba in 1932 so He said, "Now, tell Me from the beginning, from 1932 onwards, what you did in Persia and how everything went." I related the story, ending by telling Him that the astrol-oger told me to sell all the goods and that I had sent out telegrams to have this done. Well, He took my ear in His hand and twisted it like this. It gave me quite some pain. He said to me, "You damn fool. You believe in stars while you believe in Me as God? Do you not believe in Me?" I said, "Yes, Baba. You are my God—I don't believe in any other God. I do not *know* any other God." Baba replied, "Then you do not rely on Me? Who made your stars?" "Of course you, as God," I said. Baba went on, "So then what right have you to be guided by an astrologer? Send a telegram immediately to your offices directing them not to sell anything until you return to Banderabas." He made me write the telegram, He saw it, corrected it, and gave it to Vishnu to be sent immediately from Lahore. The telegram was sent and instead of losing on those goods, I made one hundred and fifty thousand rupees profit on them. We should not be superstitious about stars when we are convinced of Baba's Godhood. Whatever is designed for us is designed by Baba and we have to be resigned to His will whether it is good or bad fortune. He gives us many downfalls (this has happened with me), He tries us, but we must not lose our balance. We must keep our equilibrium whether the circumstances are good or bad, whether they are to our liking or not to our liking. JAI BABA!

# LETTERS

Society for Avatar Meher Baba  
121 West 72<sup>nd</sup> St.  
New York, New York 10023

Dear People - supposed fellow Baba lovers:

Before I begin any up-tight discussion let me first say that I love you and I'm writing this out of my love of all other people (especially fellow Baba lovers). Ok: uptightness: I went to your Saturday night meeting and arrived at 8:15 (arriving at this time because of the old Manhattan traffic jam) and I was not allowed to enter the meeting and share some love and pick up on good vibrations. I can understand that if we were to enter noisily we would disturb the meeting—however people *can* be orderly and quiet, and respectful to other people and I think the doors of Baba are opened to everyone at all times—people just have to be willing to receive His love. Well, there we were—ready to accept (as well as give) some love and we were turned away. I don't see how you can reject anyone because of time—time being only a *big* illusion—and I was quite disillusioned at finding a shut door. I'm just asking you to feel a bit more of Baba's love and replace your 'locked door' sign with a sign similar to 'meeting already started—please enter silently'. I think that would be much more an action of love.

Thank you for your attention and I hope you can feel what I felt and remedy the situation.

In His love ... Om  
Vicki Weissler Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Vicki,

We are sorry for any inconvenience you may have suffered by not being able to attend last Saturday's meeting. The rule not to allow latecomers in after 8:10 was instituted only after many unpleasant incidents disruptive to the Saturday night meetings. A great deal of thought and deliberation went into the creation of the rule, and it had been announced previously at both the Saturday and Monday night meetings.

The Society is open for socializing, buying books, and informal discussion every day and evening of the week with the exceptions of Monday evening—because of the Monday Night Meeting at 29 W. 57 St., Wednesday evening—because of Leonard Willoughby's Meeting for the Black Community at the Society, and Saturday evening—because of the General Meeting at the Society. People are free to drop in at other times to share "good vibrations" and discuss Baba informally. The meetings, however, are oriented around a planned program where speakers, usually intimates of Baba, share their thoughts and experiences with the others assembled there. It seems that most people attending the meetings did not realize this. They have wandered in at any time of night, causing disturbance to those already there and breaking the mood of the

discourse. The 8:00 starting time has been disregarded; meetings have started with ten people and ended with seventy. It is difficult for us to see how those arriving in the 25th minute of a 35 minute speech can fully appreciate it; we can and have seen how they have made it difficult and uncomfortable for others, not to mention the speaker himself.

In addition, people have attended the meeting high on drugs and have attempted to traffic them on the grounds of the Society. Baba's specific injunctions against the use of drugs are well known, but aside from the karmic impact upon the user consider the danger and disruption to the sincere seekers attending the meeting. There are those who have recently given up drugs because of Baba exposed to drugs and drug people again. There is the danger of police arrests involving people who had nothing or little to do with the drugs. And, finally, there is the threat against the continued existence of meetings at all if the police believe that drug use is sanctioned here. Many of these people using drugs have arrived late, treating the meeting as a drug social event, not able to follow the speech, and not caring what was being said. We felt that the stricter starting time as well as a strong rule against the use of drugs might discourage them from using drugs when attending a Baba meeting.

We understand how difficult a New York traffic jam can be. Theatres and concert halls have made a practice of not allowing patrons in who have arrived after the beginning of the first act, because it disturbs the more punctual patrons, and shows disrespect for the performing artists. Therefore, a fellow with a fifteen dollar ticket who truly loves theatre makes it his business to leave a half-hour earlier to avoid the traffic. We don't think we are asking too much when we ask our friends to do the same in order to have a meaningful program about Baba.

In order to make up for any inconvenience suffered by you, may we arrange an informal personal meeting with Dr. Kenmore for discussion and refreshments. He would be happy to make this appointment any time that would be mutually convenient.

Jai Baba,  
Michael Levy  
Society for Avatar Meher Baba

Editor-in-Chief  
Bernard Barshay

Associate Editors  
Robert Ganz  
Thomas Mauro  
Iris Young

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Larry Karrasch

Photography  
Chris Riger

Contributing Editors  
Dominick Toto, New York  
Mary Fomataro, California  
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