
MAST SPITS IN ERUCH'S HAND

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PILGRIM 1: I've also stopped to wonder how many of the mandali have come back? Have you recognised any people, you think? Like for instance, a bunch of the women recognise the, who was that?

PILGRIM 2: Norina?

PILGRIM 1: Yeah.

PILGRIM 2: Norina has a thing.

PILGRIM 1: And Baba. That's the only person that Baba said anything about. They are actually being incarnation of the same soul. But have you noticed anyone it seems like they were incarnations of the mandali?

ERUCH: Sometimes they appear. The physiognomy remind us of the mandali. Yeah.

PILGRIM 1: Who does Rich remind you of? [pilgrims laugh].

ERUCH: He reminds me of a mast [inaudible].

PILGRIM 1: A mast?

ERUCH: Really. Well you may not know. You will not know. But he reminds me of that. This person.

PILGRIM 2: What did he do? What was he like?

ERUCH: No, really. It is like that.

PILGRIM 3: Was he a jamali or jalali mast?

ERUCH: He was a jamali one. He had the worst of habits, you see. [pilgrims laugh]. Which annoyed me more. Because Baba wanted to create an atmosphere for them as if they are right on the streets, you know. And well, they are the Lord's, you know. Nobody can stop them. All know them. And they can enter anybody's house. Nobody drives them out. They are very free with people. But they keep themselves reserved. And well, so. The only time when they would want to enter the house is just for no reason or sometimes to light a bidi or something like that or cigarette. And like that.

So we had to keep that atmosphere around. And to add that atmosphere, Baba would always arrange a music program, qawwali program. That would speak, that would in words, give out in words, in different melodies the woes of the lover and the complaints to the beloved and the beloved answering and all. That although, we may not register it openly, overtly. But we felt that that touched them. That touched them. Masts, you see.

So there was one. There was Richie there at the time, you know. Amongst many that were there. So he would. I still remember. Baba would be there, you see. And the singers were especially called for that purpose. They would be there with us. Living with us. And at that afternoon time they would sing, you know. And we would all be around here. And naturally time and again we had to feed them with paan or cigarette and they would be smoking. But this man, what he would do is, have a big lump of paan in his mouth there

and he would go round and round on his back, you see. In a circle. Yeah.

Just like a serpent. A snake being charmed, you know. Something like that. So he would go around. He would enjoy and Baba would also. Well, those qawwals, you see. They would create a tempo, you know. And they would feel happy seeing that their song has touched such hearts and all that. They would be happy. Baba will be happy that my beloved children are happy in this atmosphere. And we will enjoy this sight. And naturally, who won't be happy in that? I was the only one who was unhappy. Why?

Because he had that habit, you know. That naturally he had that paan in his mouth. So he had that much sense that he wouldn't want to spit on the floor. So he would look at me, you know. Just raise his head up and he says, "Call me. I will come," he says, "Put your hand there." And he will spit in my hand. [pilgrims laugh] I had to carry that, you see, very delicately, you know. And throw the thing out. I still remember that he did.

PILGRIM 2: Oh no!

PILGRIM 3: Shock's Kacy's sensibility, her feeling of delicacy.

ERUCH: Delicately we have to. [crosstalk] Because it is from the mouth. It's a precious gift, you know.

PILGRIM 4: No, i'm just laughing because he said he's come back to [inaudible].

ERUCH: He has come for what?

PILGRIM 4: To apologise.

ERUCH: To apologise to whom?

PILGRIM 4: To you.

ERUCH: To me?

PILGRIM 2: Yeah, Rich.

ERUCH: Really?

PILGRIM 4: He said once.

PILGRIM 5: From now you have to spit your paan into Rich's hands.[pilgrims laugh].

ERUCH: Yeah, only then there will be balance, you know. Created. Proper compensation. But now I have left off to eating paan, you know. I don't. My teeth don't work now.

No, but this is how we are reminded of different. Seeing different people, you know. It's like that.