

[Originally these skits were sent to the Meher Baba List-serve, to amuse the public. As if I sneak into Baba's Court in Heaven, and narrate what is going on; Etzion Becker]

I bet you are very curious how I get *there* - that is very easy - I bribe the Gate abdal. How is it possible? Well, abdals have 62% Indian brain, and I have 58% Indian brain, so we get along. I help him, he helps me. Why, how else do you do this?

I found a nice comfortable nook to hide, between the toes of one of the Lords. I preferred this particular Lord, because He sits right in front of Baba, so I can see clearly what is going on. Now, when we humans get *there* we don't have the real ordinary features, but we can assume forms as we like. Personally I fond of putting on all kinds of faces, like masks in Hellenic comedy; the other important point is that no one sees me, except Baba, from whose gaze you do not want to escape, and Sai Baba, whose gaze no one can escape. So on this particular morning Baba is sitting on His throne, Lord Upasni to His left, Lord Sai to His right, and the other Lords encircling them.

In the background, Max is playing the recorder together with Autumn who plays on the harpsichord suite H Moll by J. S. Bach, the Hosts sing and dance to the music.

Mehera enters the stage, serving Baba on a golden platter His morning tea, plain tea with a tiny cube of sugar next to it, and small golden tea spoon with a blew sapphire at its end, and two envelopes. On one is written "Baba" and on the other "Baba-talk".

Baba: (looking sadly at the lonely cup), "Is that all, darling, nothing more?"

Mehera: "More what, Baba?"

Baba: "Maybe a little slice of your wonderful cream cake?"

Mehera: "Baba, you ate too many cakes on my birthday, you ate 52 tons of cakes at once, and hardly nothing left for the others!"

Baba (looking at His flat belly), "Who suppose to eat your cakes besides Me? And what do you mean hardly anything left, there were more cakes?!" Baba frowned.

Mehera (explaining patiently) "There were 10 tons more which I distributed to the Hosts, and all they got is one tea spoon for each!"

Upasni (his right leg tapping nervously on the floor; He holds a very fat black folder in his arms, gazing at the Sai)

The Sai (shrugs his shoulders)

The Lords (sitting quietly with rapt admiration)

Baba: (looks exceptionally cute) "How about celebrating your birthday every month?"

Mehera: "It is not possible, Baba; I worked together with 250 gopies for three weeks in order to make all these cakes; once a year is enough".
Baba (beaming) "They really ate the cake from your own hands? Lucky folks!"
Baba opens the Baba-talk envelope and starts reading it, while sipping the tea slowly. Now the real fun starts, hence Baba's face is like a plastic mirror, you can see in His face what He is reading: funny or serious, sad or bad. That's why I like to sit in front of Him - watching the mimicry of His face is the best show in heavens.
Baba (chuckles) "These two again!"
Baba finishes reading and puts the paper back into the envelope.
Mehera: "Baba, you didn't read 'Baba' "
Upasni, (annoyed, whispering loudly to the Sai): "Since they started this internet, we cannot hold any longer serious sessions here!"
The Sai: (shrugs his shoulders).
The Lords (sitting quietly with rapt admiration)
Baba (ignoring Upasni): "Why should I read 'Baba'? You want me to read what I have told already my lovers?"
Mehera: "Baba, your lovers offered also here something for you; you ought to observe their efforts!"
Baba (with a little spark in His eyes) "I'll read it later, darling, during supper; Upasni is on a hurry today!"
Baba puts the envelope in His pocket.
Mehera walks out with the tray in her hands.

Upasni: (very somber) "Thank you your Lordness, but I have all this solar system to handle,"
Baba: "Yes Lord Upasni, what is?"
Upasni: (leafing in his folder; finally he takes out a smaller folder, even blacker, worn out from many years of use, on it written: Disasters)
Baba: (dejected) "Upasni and his disasters",
Upasni: (humming to himself) "Where are these papers? Here it is; lets see: Istanbul, Jerusalem, New York, Casablanca, Grozny... (Upasni tears out the paper with the heading Grozni, squashing it in his fist and throws it on the floor) San Francisco... St Andreas fault line! This is it!"
Baba: "What? What?"
Upasni: "St Andreas fault line!"
Baba: "What about it?"
Upasni: "Long over due!"
Baba: "Really?"
Upasni (takes another paper from his folder): "Here it is; we voted already on march 22nd 1997. You voted as well, here is Your name",
Baba (looks intently at the paper),
Upasni (takes out a pen): Baba, you have to sign the paper",
Baba: (takes the pen)

(Now I wear the face of Gruchó Marx).

Baba (laughs for 62 seconds; they keep everything in record)

Upasni: "Why are you laughing Baba? It is not funny at all!"

Baba: "Yes, yes, where to sign?"

(Now I wear the face of Woody Allen)

Baba (laughs for 73 seconds)

Upasni: "What is the matter? It cannot be delayed any longer!"

(I wear Charlie Chaplin face)

Baba (laughs for 97 seconds)

Upasni (upset): "Baba, this is not a theater and we don't play a comedy, this is the High Court of Heaven!"

Baba (cleaning His wet eyes): "Yes, so I heard" (laughing).

Upasni (very upset) "Baba please sign the document!"

Baba (takes the pen again).

(I wear now my own face).

Baba (collapsing ROFLing, thudding the stage with His fist): "Take this thing away! I cannot take it anymore! (Sobbing His heart from laughing).

Mehera (rushes in with panic): "What happened to Baba!" (Giving Upasni a bad look): "Upasni, what did you do to Baba again?!"

Upasni (jumps on his feet, grabs his files together, runs out of the stage, and slams behind himself the door so hard that the entire stage is rocking):

"I cannot run the solar system this way!"

Mehera (leans intently over Baba, wipes His face off with her fingers and sips the tears)

Upasni (roaring behind the scenes) "Since they started this internet, we cannot work here! Where is that internet abdal? Get him!!"

(sounds of broken glass behind the scenes)

The Sai (shrugs his shoulders)

The Lords (smiling broadly)

Upasni (shouting): "He is escaping! Get him dead or alive! Get him, or all of you will become rabbits!"

(gun shots and screams behind the scenes)

Upasni: "Don't let him escape! Get the guy!"

Baba (still ROFLing and sobbing with laughter; Mehera keeps on sipping His tears)

The Sai (shrugs his shoulders)

The Lords (smiling broadly)

[Curtain]