

Interviews with Sai Baba

Monday September 20, 1999

Interview # 1

After he called me, I went on the verandah, and motioned to mom. She came, & we sat down. After a while, I realized that Papa had not followed me. I got up and went back to look on the men's side. I examined the crowd, Baba even passed right in front of me as I searched. I didn't see Papa. I quickly went back to the verandah & sat down.

Swami came.

"Where is your father?" - I could not find him. "GO!"

(I went to look again. I stayed there as long as I could hoping Papa would see when I realized that people were soon going into the interview room, I came back.

Inside, a lady asked:) Please, Baba, can I have a chair?

~~for me?~~ (Baba went into the private, inner room) "Come here, boy." (I went in and while gently pressing and rubbing on my groin with the back of his hand, he said "Here is the chair, take one chair." (In the outer room, he sat down.)

"Where is your father?" I looked all over for him. (he glared at me.) "lazy, lazy boy"

"And Mother?" - there. (to mom, asked:) "How is this boy? He is not studying well. eating

(with hand motion) goes round, round, round." (He got up, & gave me a long, fierce look

"Don't do like this!" (He took the Italian group into the private room. when finished with them, he said to mom:) "come on." (I started getting up.) "not you." (After

less than a minute, they came out.) "come on this boy." (Inside, he took me into the

corner.) "look here, you are a good boy. But, (pointing with his thumb to the other

room) sometimes, with her..." "Sometimes you are not having good thoughts, good

ideas. You don't study well. not good memory. I will give you good memory."

(He started to wave his hand in circles, and suddenly, - stopped. With apprehension:

thought he had changed his mind. I was relieved when he continued waving. When

he returned his hand up, there was nothing in his palm. then I saw his fingers shimmering.

He was slipperily rubbing them together.) "Oil," he said. "Open." (He started

lifting my shirt; I lifted it up, thinking he wanted to rub it on my navel. then

with his left hand, [his right was full of ~~oil~~ oil,] he motioned down wards with his

fingers. I understood. I untied my pants. He lifted my penis, put his fingers at the

base of it, and started rubbing the ~~oil~~ oil into me. It didn't hurt, but he was making

a motion as if he was pinching me there repeatedly with his fingers.

He stopped, and waved his hand again. I guess he made some more oil. He

resumed rubbing. With his other hand, he drew me close. He rubbed some more,

and drew me closer. I could hear him murmuring some things, so I turned my