

“GURUDEV KE SAATH”
REMINISCENCES OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE



(Rabindranath Re-told)

By

His 22 years long Inmate of Shantiniketan
GURDIAL MALLIKJI

Edited By

PROF. PRATAPKUMAR.J.TOLIYA
SMT. SUMITRA P.TOLIYA

(GURUDIAL MALLIKJI: FIRST ACQUAINTANCE BY THE EDITOR AND IN THE EYES OF DR.PANDIT
SUKHLALJ, D.LITT, & OTHER SCHOLARS)

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1. GURDIAL MALLIKJI - IN THE SHELTER OF GURUDEV RABINDRANATH TAGORE

by Prof. PRATAPKUMAR J. TOLIYA

A Divine Soul, assuming high qualities of Heart & Head and Mystic Nature had descended on this earth on 7th May, 1896, at Dera Ismail Khan in N.W. Province, now West Pakistan. Co-incidentally, date of 7th May had two significant and Mystical as well as miraculous importance. First : his Great Master Rabindranath Tagore was also born on the same date of 7th May (of course in 1861). And Second : His pietiful & Compassionate Great Mother TEJASVIDEVI also passed away on the same date of 7th May in 1907, sacrificing her life, while serving her sister-in-law ! More so, Gurdial, just 10-11 years old, was not near his beloved Mother's Death bed when she died on this 7th May's night, but was away at Shikaripur with his Uncle. This sudden tragic departure gave Gurdial First Distant Telepathic Mystical and Miraculous Experience in life. At that distant place, he was fast asleep, but his greatly compassionate Mother, while leaving this world, gave her beloved Great Son Gurdial a Divine Vision when he was unaware of his revered Mother's departure while in his deep sleep. He suddenly woke up, went on sobbing and cried loudly :

"MY MOTHER IS GOING MY MOTHER IS GOING.... SHE IS NO MORE IN THIS WORLD NOW..... SHE HAS GONE FOR EVER.....!".

His nearby Uncle, greatly astonished, didn't believe this factual happening at that juncture and his father Naraindas Mallik, a Government Servant, away from him then, went on surprising always that how such a Mystical Episode had taken place with his such a pious young son who was away !

Anyway, the kind Mother had gone and departed, but had left her three precious heritage - advices with Gurdial which he went on recollecting and expressing several times throughout his life with deep reverence and devotion to his kind departed Mother. These valuable words & wishes & orders of his Mother, given as a precious treasure to his beloved son Gurdial, mysteriously and mystically while before dying during that DIVINE DISTANT VISION, were simply unusual and Monumental. While departing, the Mother asks Gurdial :

"My Dera Son Gurdial ! I am going. Will you fulfill three DESIRES of mine ?"

"Yes Maa ! your desires are just like orders for me Please tell." replied Gurdial.

And Mother lovingly commanded giving Essence of Life :

(1) To sit down in Silence with folded hands, in the Morning and evening with such imagination that you are seated with SOMEBODY. BY doing so, you will find internally that "THERE IS GOD". To know this, to experience this, is the substance of Life.

(2) Where ever you stay, while going out and coming, ask lovingly all the neighbors, that 'Are all Happy and Well in your family ?' If someone is sick, suffering and unhappy, then try to serve them uttering God's name.

(3) Salute to the Saint, seeker, sage belonging to any religion. Don't ask him questions. Sit down silently in his Light. With God's grace, you will get in life, whatever mystery is, through that saint. (This thing was taught and imbibed in me by Mother several times from childhood that LOCK YOUR TONGUE & MIND WHENEVER YOU GO TO ANY GREAT MAN.)

..... And Gurdial fulfilled these all desires, rather commands, of his mother in letter and spirit throughout his lonely, motherless life, finding later his Mother and all-in-all in Gurudev Rabindranath and in God. Thus this spirit of his departed physically but always associated internally Mother worked. His experience of carrying on Mother's orders made him realise to see God in Mother and Mother in God. He added his beloved Master Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore here and as Gurdialji says at one place, "On one end is God, on another Gurudev and in the middle of both is my Mother !"

All these made Gurdial to realize by his Mother's life and Death. He was convinced that the greatness of God and Love - both are reflected in an unusual manner in the motherhood of women. This equated him to believe Mother and God both at Par. He repeatedly used to stress and say that "HEAVEN IS AT THE FEET OF MOTHER".

Second important thing he learnt from his Mother's above mentioned Commands, was about the tremendous power of SINCERE & DEEP PRAYER : POWER OF PRAYER : SILENT PRAYER.

Third thing he derived from his Great Mother that there resides in Man's heart an invisible POWER, which is capable of transcending all barriers of TIME and PLACE and sees and knows all and everything that happens. In JAIN terms, IT IS INFINITE POWER OF THE SELF, OF THE ATMAN, POTENTIALLY DIVINE ATMAN, AWAKENED ATMAN.

Divine Soul of Gurdial mallikji realized this. Thus, Mother's Role in moulding Gurdial's life, mysteriously relates to No. SEVEN, the Birth Number of 7th Date.....! Second : Similarly it is with his Master Gurudev Rabindranath's Birth Date of 7th also as indicated in the beginning. Spirit of Mother worked with Gurdial. Invisibly and internally, while that of the Master externally, even internally also.

Leaving aside for the time being about Gurdial's details of his studies at Dera, Quetta, Lahore and Bombay and short service period at Karachi, we shall straightaway come to the Glimpses of his long and dedicated span of more than 22 years' time of his shelter at the feet of his beloved Master Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore at Santiniketan.

We shall read some events of this in his own words which he expressed and narrated years back in 1958 before an Apt audience and the humble author of these lines had the privilege to note it down and record and to publish in Hindi and Gujarati magazines personally.

These are Gurudialji's Golden words :

As you have expected, I shall try to tell something about Gurudev. But here again is one difficulty - what shall I say about my Mother ? So regarding Gurudev, I may only say that "He was all-in-all to me in my life..... May I be worthy of his Love..... !"

And saying so, there were tears in his eyes and he continued in emotional ecstasy - like mood :

"DUMB GURDIAL"

For about 27 years, I have been associated with Santiniketan. Gurudev left his mortal body in 1941. Till then, for about 22 years, I stayed with Gurudev, but I have not talked to him even for 22 Minutes in all throughout this entire period ! Even though, I am influenced by his life. When I was young, my Mother had taught me one lesson that, "Lock your Tongue and Mind, when you approach any great person !". I acted accordingly with Gurudev, I did the same thing with Gandhiji also in course of my 20 years contact with him.

At Santiniketan, I choicelessly worked, dedicatedly and joyously carrying on whatever work he allotted to me. In those days, Gurudev used to Meditate early in the Dawn between 3-00 a.m. and 6-00 a.m. At the end of this Meditation, I daily used to go to him, salute him at the opening of his eyes and return silently without talking or asking for anything. Because of this habit, Gurudev had named me as "Dumb Gurdial !"

BEFORE MY SURRENDER

You will ask how I happened to meet Gurudev.

Really, this is a mystery of Life, which neither I could understand and solve so far, nor shall I be able to in this life !.

I was studying in St. Xavier's College at Bombay, 44 years ago in 1914. I well remember, it was a Sunday, the holiday, when people use to get up late from the bed. The newspaper arrived. All were eagerly awaiting it. One reader suddenly opening it at once reported that one of our Poets has got Nobel Prize. Another one told, "We have not even heard the name of Rabindranath Tagore". One of the Professors also enquired, "Who is this Mr. Tagore ?".

I stood listening this all silently. I could come to know only later on that Gurudev Tagore is the same person, whose story "KABULIWALLAH" was translated and published by Sister Nivedita in the "Modern Review" in 1909. I read that story from the file of Modern Review. A true story it was. So, when the name was announced, I also realised that _____

"In God's Court, may there be Delay, but not Darkness !"

One Devotee from Belgium had told me,

"He has realized God,

who has realised Patience, testing on the Testing Stone of Life".

And then I saw Gurudev's photograph. As soon as I looked at it, my heart witnessed that

"You have got very great relationship with this person in Life."

The head questioned, "But how did you sense this at that time that you will come in contact with this person ?"

But heart was telling again and again that "you are going to be benefitted."

It is to be seen that how the unification of the Heart and the Head takes place.

I at once dropped a Postcard to Gurudev. It was replied in C.F. Andrew's handwriting. Gurudev had directed, "Complete your studies first, then come over here and stay for three months and then decide, whether you should stay (settle) here or not." On receipt of this letter, I thought whether this poet stays in the clouds or what ?"

Well, I stopped going to Santiniketan at that time. I passed my B.A. after three years. People congratulated me, but someone from within began biting and telling me, "You have passed B.A., but you have not learnt even the A.B.C. of our culture..... !"

My heart was moved. It was brooding to go in the shelter of Gurudev. I wrote to my father for permission to go to Santiniketan. He called me at Karachi. Even though I went there and had to join some service for a while, but my heart was overpowered with the longing to go to Santiniketan.

In the meanwhile, I was caught in serious illness at Karachi. When the illness reached its climax and when I was placed on the ground surface, my father asked me with deep feelings of love and affection,

"Have you any wish to be fulfilled, dear Gurdial ?"

"Yes, father ! I want one hundred rupees. I want to go to Santiniketan". I at once replied and kind father consoled me with love :

"Not one hundred, I shall give you one thousand, but recover and be alright first".

With this consolation and with Grace of God, I acquired back my lost health. Father gave me money. I sent a Telegram to Gurudev and reached Santiniketan after five days journey.

THAT FIRST MEETING.....!

After walking the distance from Bolpur to Santiniketan, I at once asked one gentleman on reaching over there, "Where does Gurudev stay ?"

"Gurudev was taken ill. He has been taken to Calcutta for treatment."

This reply shattered my hopes. I at once thought to go to Calcutta. But in the meanwhile, C.F. Andrews peeped in and following his advice I stayed back in Santiniketan.

After some days, Gurudev returned to the Ashram. Deenabandhu C.F. Andrews told him about myself. I was given an appointment to meet Gurudev at 12-00 noon.

After finishing my meals early by 11-30 a.m., I went and sat waiting on the staircase of Gurudev's residence. Deenabandhu saw me at 11-55 a.m. and called me after consulting Gurudev.

I went upstairs, but what do I see ? Gurudev seated crossed legs in the position of Padmasana amidst that still, silent and serene atmosphere. I bowed and stood aside with Deenabandhu.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes, but Gurudev was silent.....! My heart began to weep : "What a strange fate of mine ! Even after calling me here, you disappoint me my God ?"

Deenabandhu told me in gesture : "Still one minute is left."

.....and Gurudev placed his right hand on my head and said :

"I HAVE KNOWN YOU FOR AGES. A SEAT HAS BEEN VACANT FOR YOU IN MY ASHRAM, SINCE LONG. WHEN WILL YOU OCCUPY IT ?"

And that's all..... as soon as I heard this, I at once realized from within that my old life has been over, new life has commenced, stream of water has melted in the Sea.....

I fell in the feet of Gurudev then. and resolved in mind with God's witness,

"I AM YOURS, YOU ARE MINE".

Gurudev asked, "So, when will you come over here ?".

I replied that, "I shall go to Karachi, resign the job and shall return after one month".

With Gurudev's consent, I went back to Karachi. I had dedicated myself to Gurudev in that first meeting itself. And then both of us remained waiting : I for my Master and my master for me ! Love is two-sided business. What I had studied at College, head had accepted it also, but the heart was not convinced at that time. The very same fact was accepted by the Heart now that -

"In man's Disappointment, is God's Appointment.....!"

IN THE FEET OF GURUDEV.....

Approximately after one month I reached back to Santiniketan again. I was told to teach English in the Ashrama Vidyalaya. Gurudev emphasized while giving such an order that, "To bear in mind always : "WE ARE MEN FIRST AND SCHOLARS AFTERWARDS".

And saying so, he went on speaking further, "LOVE.....! LOVE..... LOVE UNTO NATURE, LOVE UNTO GOD AND LOVE UNTO HUMAN BEING IN BETWEEN THESE TWO : I Will say that the one who will learn to love these all three, will fulfil the aim of Santiniketan."

Thus Gurudev endowed initiation of 'All-Integrated Love' to me. LOVE was ALL-IN-ALL in the life of Gurudev and Santiniketan. Aim of Santiniketan was taking shape through the medium of Love only. And there is spiritual Freedom, where there is Love. In Colleges now-a-days, the students are being made EQUAL with "Steam Roller". Importance is being given towards "Standardisation". " But Standardisation and Routinism : in daily life are the two enemies of Internal Life !!! The Task of learning and teaching should be open and free-entirely free. The teachers should feel fresh while coming amongst the students. Teachers should teach through Love and Own Life example ! Students should also learn through the grace of the Masters-teachers. What is the situation today ? How many Books and Guides now-a-days ? All are cheating their own selves through these !! Today, externally in the instruments of imparting knowledge all is available - Cinema, Radio, Television, etc., but no, through them no contentment is derived by the SOMEONE WHO IS SEATED WITHIN..... !

Gurudev was striving and thriving to achieve this aim of Self-contentment, Self-fulfilment for the Inner Self, this experience of Supreme Consciousness while sitting, rooting himself at Santiniketan. He used to say,

"THE STUDENTS WHILE STAYING HERE MAY FEEL GOD'S CONSCIOUSNESS."

And he was seeing & visualising God's inspiration only behind the mission of Santiniketan :

"THIS INSTITUTION IS IN RESPONSE TO GOD'S WILL, NOT MINE."

..... WHEN GURUDEV USED TO COMMENCE HUMMING !

Gurudev on some days' evenings was inviting us for tea when we were staying at Santiniketan years ago.

One fine evening's incidence. All of us were seated in front of Gurudev. He had (himself) just filled up only half cup of tea for me and all of a sudden, his humming commenced. Seeing this, as it was common and known to

all, everybody slowly moved out from there silently, but being a new witness for the first time, I hidily stood behind a tree and went on watching that What Gurudev was doing ?

For fifteen minutes he went on humming, moving and shaking the head, giving the beats of rhythm. As soon as the humming stopped, he started writing something. After the writing was over, he raised his voice :

"Call Dinu Babu."

The hummed and written song was taught to Musician Dinu Babu. The next day, all children of the Ashram went on singing that song.

I was carefully observing all this humming process of Gurudev. But I did not have courage to ask him that "What happens to you on such occasions ?". However, some years passed off and afterall I did ask him:

"What happens to you Gurudev, when you do this humming ?"

Gurudev replied, "I cannot express elaborately that what happens to me. I also cannot tell, why and when it happens. Sometimes this humming takes place all of a sudden spontaneously. At that time it seems that as if in far off invisible sky, someone is singing song. I do not understand what is being sung. That's all that, that unseen singer goes on singing and singing and I copy his tunes, move my hands, feet head and..... then emerge the WORDS. I do not make afterwards any change in the words following my overwise scholarly knowledge. I accept them as Gift of God....."

Getting some indication of the mystery of Gurudev's humming, Gurudev's poetic experience & expressions, I went on pondering over the Glory of God again and again.

.....

MYSTERY OF THE MYSTIC MUSICAL SINGER OF THE DIVINE

"..... IT SEEMS THAT AS IF IN FAR OFF INVISIBLE SKY, SOMEONE IS SINGING SONG. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, WHAT IS BEING SUNG..... THAT UNKNOWN SINGER GOES ON SINGING AND SINGING AND I COPY HIS TUNES, MOVE MY HANDS, FEET, HEAD AND AND THEN EMERGE THE WORDS. I DO NOT MAKE ANY CHANGE IN THE WORDS AFTERWARDS FOLLOWING MY OVERWISE SCHOLARLY KNOWLEDGE. I ACCEPT THEM AS GIFT OF GOD" "

- GURUDEV RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN THIS MYSTICAL MUSIC EXPERIENCE -

IN EAST BENGAL

In early days, Gurudev was sent by his father to East Bengal to look after his estate of land. One day Gurudev was telling the tale of these days to one of his intimate friends and I was listening to it :

"I was residing in East Bengal. Several times, for days together, I did not speak anything at all with anybody. Because of this Miracle of Silence, best of my stories and poems sprung up."

In precise SOOTRA forms of the Upanishadas, Gurudev's Gitanjali's poems and devotional songs are available. Influence of Taittiriya, Katha, Ishavasya, etc. Upanishadas is branded upon these poems. And this happened because of Upanishadic knowledge of his father. Due to this only Gurudev was telling that, "MY FATHER WAS A LIVING COMMENTARY ON THE UPANISHADAS".

After this Gurudev narrated two special episodes, which are like this :

(1) MAD WOMAN

One day tired Gurudev standing on the upper floor was seeing something far. Suddenly a mad woman was seen down and she was beginning to climb the staircase to come up. The watchman prevented her and told, "Go, Go away from here !". and she descended down. Gurudev came to know about this from upper floor and went on thinking : "Why this mad woman came to this village ? Shall I go down and ask ?"

But in the meanwhile, she herself put up a mysterious question to Gurudev from down:

"WHEN WILL YOU DESCEND DOWN FROM UPPER FLOOR, O THAKUR ?" *

Listening to these words Gurudev was greatly astonished. He came down. Is meeting of LOVE possible on the "UPPER FLOOR" ? That Mad Vaishnavi Woman went on watching. She uttered : "I come here daily, but this watchman doesn't allow me to meet you."

On hearing this Gurudev told the Watchman, "allow her to come upstairs, whenever she comes here."

This Gurudev's thought-awakening mad woman didn't wait at that time. She came the next day. Straightaway climbed up. No sandal-bandal were wore by her in the feet. She remained seated with withered flower in her hand. Gurudev was absorbed in his writing work, had no time to spare for talking. The mad woman went back after some time. She came again after some days. Gurudev remained seated in writing only and the mad woman whispered "something" in his ears.....! It is not known, what she had told ? But Gurudev said :

"Formerly, I was experiencing oneness with all through IMAGINATION, but from that day, I accomplished real oneness with all".*

Following this episode, Gurudev commenced to come down and sit by erecting a hut and mixing with nearby people, the masses and the Santhals, by meeting them. Memorable pathetic poems like "I saw the poorest Santhal woman", etc., were the outcome of this.

(2) LETTER

Another one is also the tale of this same place. One Postman used to come over there daily. Jolly and song-crazy. Gagan was his name. One day, handing over Mails of Gurudev to the watchman, he went on further humming some song. In extremely melodious tunes he was singing while walking the way :

"AMAR CHITTHI ASHABE KABE ?"

"When my letter will arrive ?"

The day we are born, a letter is being sent with us on the very same day. When, in which birth, that letter will reach unto us ?

Gurudev derived inspiration of his best Play "The Post Office", from this incident. This was second significant episode of his life in East Bengal.

** This episode exactly resembles and reminds of two highly knowledgeable daughters of Rishabhdev, first Jain Tirthankara and sisters of meditating mighty Bhaubali (Sravanabelagola Statue), who was awakened from his Egoistic Upper realm of external Meditation with these similar words : "BELOVED BROTHER! WHEN WILL YOU DESCEND DOWN FROM ABOVE THE ELEPHANT-ELEPHANT OF EGO?" -Ed. Tr.*

"THE POST OFFICE"

Later on, after writing this Play of "The Post Office", Gurudev had said once :

"READ 'POST OFFICE' TO UNDERSTAND MY LITERATURE. THERE HAS REMAINED ONLY ONE OBJECT OF MY LITERATURE - 'TO RELATE THE FINITE WITH THE INFINITE AND INFINITE WITH THE FINITE !'.....".

Until no holes were made in the 'bamboo pipe' and until it was a piece of bamboo only, it was possible to measure it. But when it became FLUTE after making holes in it and when Sri Krishna began to render musical notes & tunes from it, was it ever possible to measure the songs being heard from it ? The flow of the Infinite begins from the FINITE in this way only. This very thing is the gist, substance, quintessence of Literature..... !

Gurudev has presented a vision INFINITE from FINITE, of the LIMITLESS from the LIMITS, in "The Post Office". There is a sick child (named Amal). All go away by closing down the windows of his room. The child asks daily, "Please keep one window, even half of it, open !"

Thereafter, half window is being kept open. From it he sees the far off mountain, visualises the Nature, looks at the people, comes across the Curd - Seller coming from far away place, learns from him how to sell the curd..... thus he takes interest in everybody's work and learns new new things.

One who stays inside the room, remains closeted in it, doesn't get anything. One who opens the door, keeps the window open, sees the limitless far beyond the limits, he gets some vision. Gets the glimpse of the Limitless, the Infinite, as soon as he opens the window !

Once, a few days before his passing away, Gurudev was enacting rehearsal of this Drama of The Post Office in Santiniketan. All of a sudden, he commenced humming and by going in adjoining room, wrote down a song :
"SAMUKHE SHANTI PARABAR!"

The song was taught to Shantidev Ghosh and after dictating the notations, was sealed in an envelope. Handing over that sealed cover to Shantidev Ghosh, Gurudev said :

"On the day of my death, this envelope is to be opened and the song is to be sung."

Thereafter within six months only Gurudev fell ill. He was shifted to his Paternal Building Jodasanko Bhavan at Calcutta. That day of Seventh August 1941.....! That sealed cover is being called for and opened. Everyone is being made to sing that "SAMUKHE SHANTI" song. Listening to this constantly running Song, Gurudev from the depths of his being, prays unto his "LIFE-BOAT-SAILOR", his beloved God, :

"INFINITE OCEAN OF PEACE IS FLOWING, BOAT SAILOR ! I DIDN'T GET YOUR VISION SO FAR..... WHEN WHEN SHALL I HAVE THE SAME ? SAIL MY LIFEBOAT IN THIS OCEAN OF YOURS AND LET ME BE ONE WITH YOUR VAST UNIVERSE... YOUR EXISTENCE..... YOUR COMPASSION AND YOUR FORGIVENESS WILL BE MY COMPANIONS FOR EVER ON THE PATH OF MY LONG JOURNEY..... MINGLE MY FINITE EXISTENCE INTO YOUR INFINITE ONE....." "O SAVIOUR SAILOR DIVINE.....!"

This indication, this aspiration of Gurudev unto the Infinite, unto the Limitless, is explained in a song of a medieval saint, quite lucidly :

"O Bird ! what has happened to you ? You didn't sing even one song during the whole night when you were in your nest ! You remained lying silently for the entire night!! Now you have come out in this open sky..... and you sing a song only when you come out. Rest and safety were there, while here is fear.....! Only Fear !!"

The Bird replied :

"I acquired plenty of indulgements.... when my time was passed from limit to limit but now when I have come out from limit to limitlessness, then only I could realize my Self, Then only I could render the Song of myself, my Soul, my Atma....."

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A POET'S CALL

[IN THIS GUEST-EDITORIAL Shri Gurdial Mallik writes movingly of his Guru, the Poet Tagore, whose birth centenary India will be celebrating on a nation-wide scale in 1961. August marks the anniversary of his passing and so it is fitting to publish this tribute by one who lived and laboured at Santiniketan for many long years. Tagore, who was both Poet and Philosopher, wrote :-

When in relation to them [the arts] we talk of aesthetics, we must know that it is not about beauty in its ordinary meaning, but in that deeper meaning which a poet has expressed in his utterance : "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."
- Ed.]

"I AM A POET" - thus Rabindranath Tagore often used to introduce himself to his audience,. Perhaps he could not help doing so. For, even when he was as yet a child, he had sensed what his particular vocation would be. It was,

however, after his vision of the oneness of Life, which he had in his youth, while watching the sunrise from the terrace of his ancestral house in Calcutta, that he grew quite conscious of his mission and message. As he put it, the hitherto slumbering and sealed fountain awakened to life and its water sprayed up and around in colour and in cadence. Thereafter, he sang "many a song in many a mood" but the ultimate meaning of every one of these songs "pointed to Thee."

Who is this "Thee" or "Thou" ? It was both a Person and Principle. It was an amalgam and apotheosis of the infinite and the finite. In the realization of this truth and his reorientation to it, the poet was helped not only by his inborn love of the beautiful in Nature, but also by the teachings of the sages of the Upanishads, which he found exemplified and embodied in the person of his great-souled father Maharishi Devendranath Tagore. To these influences were added later those of the devout Vaishnava poets and the God-intoxicated singers, the Bauls. His hero in life was Raja Ram Mohan Roy, rightly acclaimed as "the Maker of Modern India," as his Master was the Buddha. The cumulative effect of these several sources of impact and inspiration led him to evolve for himself a religion which he called "The Religion of Man." That is why he called his book of this name his last will and testament to humanity.

Such being the Poet's religion, it is no wonder that Rabindranath Tagore was deeply interested in all that concerns the evolution of Man, the Eternal. Art, Music, Science, Social Service and other allied instruments of the individual's evolution in the image of Perfection ("Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect") he laid under contribution in his varied literary work, extending over nearly seven decades. His twin institutions in Santiniketan and Sriniketan were intended to be an enlarged version of his vision of Man, ever moving towards the Eternal through his many-sided modes of creative expression, each perfumed with a touch of Truth. As man is not the final word in evolution, so his achievement, howsoever great, is also not the ultimate. "The best is yet to be," as Browning says. It is for this reason that he said, when he was once asked whom he considered to be the greatest artist, author, orator, poet, musician : "Nature hates superlatives. We can be sure of the great, but never of the greatest."

In this connection, it will not be out of place here to refer to some of his other "confessions," which he made in answering a questionnaire, sent out by the editor of a Bengali periodical many years ago to some representative writers and thinkers and leaders of the world. The characteristic he admired most in a man was "love of truth," while in a woman it was "love of creatures." His best quality, as his greatest failing, was "inconsistency." He was greatly annoyed by "spiritual arrogance." He would like to visit "all parts of the world." He held that dress does influence character "when we are conscious of it." He had no favourite motto, as he could not stick to any single one. The best sovereign in Europe, he said, was "the People."

Such then, were some of the characteristics and concepts of Rabindranath Tagore, the Man. They reveal him as a pilgrim to the ever-present and yet ever-receding Shrine of the Eternal, which is glimpsed now and again by every creative artist, be it in the field of literature or in any other sphere of life. Such a pilgrim's vision of the Eternal verity is catholic and comprehensive, a veritable symphony. This was reflected in his lifelong aspiration towards achieving some kind of "a completeness of life," through an integration of various outlooks, attitudes and activities. For only an integrated individual can become a confluence of the limited and the limitless, Time and the Timeless, Form and the Formless, the Near and the Far, his own self and the selves of others. Thus he lives for all and labours for the welfare of all, believing that self-fulfilment and not merely success, material or intellectual, is the be-all and end-all of life.

But such an integration is not easy to compass. It requires an austere inner discipline, tapasya, as the Poet would say. An artist is not a self-willed irresponsible creature. He is one who controls his appetites and ambitions. A person who is drunk, for instance, can never observe, far less appreciate truly, the beauty of a flower. He has not "the third eye" with which to see it - "the third eye" which is opened by transcending the pairs of opposites like love and hatred, joy and sorrow, mine and thine. This inner discipline is indicated and evolved by withdrawing oneself daily for some time from the world of outer forms and phenomena. Hence the poet's deep faith in the power and purifying processes of Silence and Meditation. Not a single day in his long span of life did he miss his tryst with Truth, the Eternal. Hence his unending prayer and petition for Light more Light.

Most of us are, alas! indeed blind to the Eternal verities and values. And so poets like Rabindranath Tagore have to proclaim to us that the Light of the Eternal exists and through their songs invite us to open ourselves to its impact and influence and operation. Their call assumes the aspect of a prayer for blind and benighted humanity. To quote one of his own songs :-

They stand with uplifted eyes
thirsty after light
 Lead them to light, My Lord !
They cannot see the paths
 in the twilight dark
while the night of despair gathers
 before them.

Those that are lost to themselves,
 Seeking for the load-star
 hidden in the depth of night,
bring back their sight
 to the world of forms,
to the paths of the celestial light,

My Lord !

GURDIAL MALLIK

(Gurdial Mallikji : Born : 7-5-1896 : Passed away : 14-4-1970)

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- Courtesy :
1. "Visvabharati News" - Santiniketan, June 1960.
 2. The Aryan Path, August 1960.
 3. Gurdial Mallikji - Chachaji - himself, who sent with Love this article for me with his signature on 7-10-1961.

2. THE ARTIST AND SEEKINGS OF 'AMRIT' – THE IMMORTAL **(INFINITE)**

-- GLIMPSES OF A STUDY OF GITANJALI --

(A Significant Talk of Gurdial Mallikji arranged by the Editor on 9th October, 1959 under the auspices of The Hindi Department, Osmania University, Hyderabad, guided and headed by Veteran Scholar Dr, Ramniranjan Pandeya, delivered in the pious presence of Music Maestro NADANANDA BAPURAOJI, "The Tagore of South India" and ailing late Krantikar Kirtikumar Toliya, at the Osmania University's landscape garden, Gandipet, Hyderabad, A.P., amongst Teachers, Students, Artists, Writers and elderly people. Worth-seeing are the photographs of these all seated below the Trees in the "Santiniketan Style of Study-Sittings" and also of above Three Great Masters from whom Nadananda Bapuraoji estatically playing the SITAR and Mallikji is listening to it aptly as if he was listening to his own Gurudev Tagore!)

"Gurudev Tagore's Birth Centenary will be celebrated in 1961, not only in India, but also in other countries of the world. About it, an INNER VOICE told me once when I was in Himachal Pradesh, that, 'WHENEVR THE OPPORTUNITY IS AVAILABLE, THOUGHTS ACQUIRED ABOUT 'GITANJALI', TESTED ON THE TEST OF EXPERIMENTS, SHOULD BE HUMBLY PRESENTED AMONGST FIVE-TEN-FIFTEEN STUDIOUS SEEKERS IN FORTH COMING TWO YEARS'.

"Side by Side, the said INNER VOICE also said further that, "PERHAPS YOU MAY NOT BE EXISTING IN THIS BODY AFTER 1961!"

Obeying that Inner Voice's intuitive inspiration, only thereafter, I have been telling on GITANJALI at some places. Today also I shall try to place before you some poems of The Gitanjali. I am expressing my thoughts based on what I myself have understood about these poems. But it is difficult to know about the feelings of Gurudev's heart that what he meant to say and convey through them.

It is said in Gujarati that 'The Poet reaches there where the Sun cannot reach'. The sun destroys the outward darkness when it rises in the morning. But it also cannot reach unto the inner heart of man. We do not know, What was the meaning which might have prevailed in his mind, when he wrote the Poems of the GITANJALI? He himself only used to say that the meaning of several of his Poems and Songs was not being understood by his own self ! The reason is: There was someone else within, who was guiding him to write from inside. We get sometimes a Glimpse of this matter of the Poet from his life, talk and letters. At times Gurudev used to forget this also that a particular poem was written by he himself only. When some student went to him to understand a poem from him, he used to ask, 'This is very beautiful. Who wrote it?'

"It is yours only!" answer was being received. And Gurudev used to ask down, 'When did I write it?'

When poet Robert Browning was once asked the meaning of one of his poems, he replied -----

"When I had written this poem many years back from today, there were only two persons understanding it – One God and the other the Poet (I). Now the Poet has forgotten its meaning. Go unto God if you want to understand it".

We have the intention within us to listen, understand, and derive joy from poetry, Art, Beauty. We try to understand poetry on basis of it. But this is a matter above intelligence. We have to understand the meaning of Poetry, the soul of Poetry, in the school of life, in the school of deeper experience ('Anubhooti').

Now I shall tell something about the poems of the GITANJALI.

Many of you are such who aspire to become Poets, Artists, and Musicians. Many have realized that they possess that worthiness in them. But there will be no impression of creation in your writing work for many days. A lot of, that have been heard, that have been stored in sub-conscious, has all gone out. You may have knowledge of it, but it will be just like one Reminiscence, just like a thing heard on the screen of memory. But the day you will write a poem, a song with the touch of the blessings of that Creator – let it be an ordinary one – he will come down to listen to it. He will be joyous that now someone is aspiring on the earth for music-writing like me! Will come the King of Kings by becoming slave to see the power of beauty – creation, to listen to your song standing outside your hut, your 'Kuteer'!! He will give a flower in your hand and will return back!!!

You will say, "What need to come here had the King of Kings? He, in his court, has already divine expert singers! How the sound of my songs reached unto his ears? Fortunate have I become.....!!"

At that time, on that day, the soul resolves from within, experiences within that, "Some scene, some vision, some matter, some talk, may of course be instrumental ("NIMITTA") from OUTSIDE, but unless the INSPIRATION springs from WITHIN, until that time, there will be no SIGNATURE of GOD on whatever I will write or create a work of Beauty".

That is why only Gurudev has said –

"BEAUTY IS THE SIGNATURE OF GOD".

The signature of God is stamped there, where there is sacred beauty, its creation, its worship.

Same thing is said by another poet also while talking about the matter of Nature, about the matter of river, mountain, tree, grass:--

"NATURE IS THE MANUSCRIPT OF GOD".

So, the artist should crave, should aspire days and nights for this type of creation, sacred creation, and God's blessings – born creation. Before leaving the body let us sing only one Bhajan, such a Bhajan, which will inspire, remain inspiring to thousands of people! Who knows, sometimes man sees from "inner eyes", the VISION, which "these eyes" cannot see. When that third eye opens with God's grace and seekings, with Tantra-Mantra-Jantra, then such a thing is visualized that "Seeking (SADHANA) of mine, Grace of him....seeking of mine, Grace of Him.....Seeking of mine, Grace of him.....". Due to this an Artist can see something, at sometime. There is a wonderful language of creation. It is of INDICATIONS OF MYSTERIOUS HINTS. Artist, Poet does understand those indications, those hints. Many a times the Readers cannot understand those indications, because they do not possess the seekings (SADHANA) required!!

X X X X X X

"Night has come night....." My beloved has come after the experience of eagerness and waiting of Ages and Ages. In the neck is garland of flowers. He has come here after a long long longing. Only half night has been passed yet. Of course he will surely wait here. As a remembrance of him I shall beg one flower, even one petal from his garland..... But till then let me have a sleep for a while.....He will surely sit and wait until I get up.

But this "sleep for a while" spoiled out everything. Such a type of way of love should not be there! "On getting up from sleep, when saw opening the eyes, I found that Gone was my beloved!..." Oh, had he gone away? Didn't leave behind even one flower? Not any memory-symptom? "Yes, yeshe has left at least some thing for me – a sword! But with which face shall I tell the neighbour that he has left presenting a sword? O beloved! What this all you have done? I had expectation of flower and you have

given this sword! Well, you only know your ways! Now, I will embrace this present of yours with my heart. You well know that several defects (shortcomings) of life exist in me. I will cut up those defects, those drawbacks, those weaknesses, with this sword of lifeI will cut off and do away these weaknesses, these defects with the power of this sword. With your present (of sword), I shall do away with the help of the power of this sword the false Gods and Goddess; false thoughts shall do away with it, I will remove these all with the help of your present of sword. Then "NO MORE DOLLS' DECORATIONS, NOW"

"Now no more decorations of dolls in life. Not only this, Oh! How much & more precious is this LIFE given by you! What shall I bring it before you loaded with decoration of Dolls? Will you be pleased with it?You are asking for the 'present' of pious things, pious 'present' of pure love!"

"That is why one who is a lover, has one sword. With that sword he goes on cleaning and purifying himself, making more and more pure himself. He goes on thinking that if I will go unto him dirty and degraded like this, and then his hands will become dirty! How that Beloved could be seen without purifying the Heart? Because --- "ONLY THE PURE HEART, SHALL SEE GOD".

X X X X X X

It is the day of some festival. Gurudev has come down to some village of his father's land lordship land. Nearby flowing is river Padma. The Brides and Daughters of the village are coming to the bank of the river, carrying one one lamp (DEEPA) lighted in the plate of shining metal. Dark is the night. There is not even one lamp in many homes of the village. When the village Brides are going with the lamps, at that time, those whose homes are bereaved of light and having darkness, ask those lamps-possessing women – "O sister! Won't you give the light of the lamp to us?" That woman replies, "No, not today...No, No, Not today".

Some lamp-less lamp-begging women went on remarking, "Oh, the lamp will go useless if you will let this lamp sailing in the river water! What's the use of it over there? The river is being lighted up by the stars of the sky! What usefulness your little lamp will be providing?"

But she firmly says,"Today this lamp is to be dedicated to the Great, it is to be donated for Great Ideal. My dearest of all things is – Atma, the Self. What shall I spend out my ATMA, my Soul, my Purity for ordinary thing? This lamp is meant for 'HIM'!"

This matter will seem silly and whimsical if we look from outward, external vision. The worship of 'SHALIGRAMA', which is a also a stone and with which we grind spices is also a stone! But, what, will any Devotee make use of the SHALIGRAMA stone in the work of grinding the spices?

X X X X X X

There is a beggar woman. Wanders daily from home to home in the village to beg alms. Someone or the other fills up something in her begging bag. One day was seen Golden Chariot from far off distance in which the King is seated. The beggar woman says, "My fortune has risen up today. I shall beg from the King plenty enough for lifelong use today".

The chariot came nearer. With trembling hand the beggar woman says, "Give me alms, O King!" but the King contrarily begs from her: "You only give something" – saying so he prolongs his hand. After all the beggar woman gives one piece of rice from her bag and the chariot goes away. She says, "Even after taking from me also he did not give anything to me!"

She returns to home in the evening. Takes out the pieces of rice-grain from the bag. On seeing she finds one grain-piece of Gold.....Golden grain!

"What a magic is this! Such thing has never happened!! Oh ...If I had given all to the King?"

The poor woman laments. But what then of lamenting and repenting?

The instinct of taking again and again grips hold of us. But one who has not learnt to give, has learnt nothing about love, about spiritual life. He dwells in GIVING AWAY only in whom the flame of love goes on burning. He loves, if we will hate, we shall get nothing. We too will have to extend love. Then only we will be able to know God.

"ONLY THE GIVER CAN KNOW THE GOD".

Setan cannot at all know him. So, we can humbly say that on the day when such an instinct of GIVING arises, on that day only our seeking – our worship arises to some extent. There is selfishness until we have the instinct of TAKING and where there is selfishness, there is no love. Selfishness is certainly a worm. The Poet has given indication at one place (It is not improper if we think of the substance of every song of his, Spiritually):--

"MANY A SONG I HAVE SUNG IN MANY A MOOD, BUT ALL MY SONGS HAVE I POINTED TO THEE".

POET HE IS, HENCE BEST OF HIS CREATION ONLY HE CAN GIVE AS A TRIBUTE TO THE God. Let us make our whatsoever duty in life as a WINDOW, so that through it we may have his 'DARSHAN' – his sight. Heard was the song of Meera :--

"I shall construct high and high Palaces,
And shall keep WINDOWS in the middle
From which I can have DARSHAN of
SANVARIA – my beloved God..."

("OONCHE OONCHE MAHAL BANAUN, BICH BICH RAKHUN BARI")

"I shall accomplish many tasks, Gigantic tasks, but shall keep in between such a window that through which I can glance at you, my God!"

Prayer-worship-seekings is WINDOW. YOGA is also that. You want to meet HIM, know? One apparatus is given to all according to one's capacity, nature and religion, through which one can perform his conduct, through which he can give tribute to God. What else we need if whole of our life itself becomes a tribute?

Variety of thoughts enter the Poet's mind. Because of that he cannot remain able to live in the presence of God – God in the form of Beauty – always and he cannot talk in the language of indications. Hence, every moment he prays, he resolves:--

"At the cost of my life I shall endeavour always to keep my body pure and pious, because it is given by you. Shall keep my mind pure, because you have lit the flame of intellect. Shall keep my heart pure, because it is your place, your seat. Shall keep bad thoughts away. Shall remain pure and whatever I will do, will be handed over to you".

Gurudev had acquired the experience of the Unity of life. One gets vision of unity due to Self-experience. The science also endorses it. But even if we do not possess experience, we shall daily sit down keeping tranquil feelings in heart and shall undergo seeing. Then one day or other, the heart definitely gives witness of unity, let the intellect give it or not. It, the intellect questions, "IF HE IS ONE, THEN WHY MANY?"

But this itself is mystery ('LILA'). When we forget that one, by mingling into the perplexity, the snare of 'ONE & MANY' and 'MANY & ONE', at that someone knocks at our door reminding of that ONE. UNITY OF SOUL IS "THE HARMONY OF BEING". It is synthesis of the purity of Mind, Body and Heart. A seeker establishes UNITY with the whole universe through the seekings of LOVE, SERVICE & WORSHIP. True

unity is that – Internal Unity! External unity can be broken. The differences of the HIGH and LOW do not exist, where there is such a unity.

X X X X X X

When we deeply, heartily pray, which is a way of seeking, that –

“Give me strength that I do not bow before a power-monger, I treat the poors as mine and do not keep them away. They are mine. I do not indulge in verbousity. Create example through actual service....”

And after such a prayer and seekings, when that Beloved comes – like a thief, hidingly, slowly slowly knocking the door, and when we ask –

“WHO...? ...WHO IS THERE ...?”

At that time, someone else which resides WITHIN us, misguides us and tells –

“IT MAY BE WIND.....!”

Again we ask:

“WHO ? WHO IS THERE?”

Again someone replies:

“SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE COME.....LET IT GO...”

And then HE encircles us. We remain asleep, Intellect doesn't allow HIM to come near us and HE goes back! The BELOVED who had silently come after long long LONGINGS, return back leaving us brooding in separation!!

Well, there is the need of such experiences too. The love for that BELOVED becomes pure by burning into the fire of brooding in separation. HE is away, HE is separated from us, when we brood then love becomes pious by that brooding and burning. Gold attains purity by burning into fire only. Matter of experience is this! Someone had come, we remained sleeping, he went away and we remained brooding!

“IT SEEMED THERE WERE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR AND WE SAID IT WAS NOTHING BUT THE WIND. WE PUT OUT THE LAMPS AND LAY DOWN TO SLEEP. ONLY SOME SAID, 'IT IS THE MESSENGER!' WE LAUGHED AND SAID 'NO, IT MUST BE THE WIND!' “.

“THERE CAME A SOUND IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT. WE SLEEPILY THOUGHT IT WAS THE DISTANT THUNDER. THE EARTH SHOOK, THE WALLS ROCKED, AND IT TROUBLED US IN OUR SLEEP. ONLY SOME SAID, IT WAS THE SOUND OF WHEELS. WE SAID IN A DROWSY MURMUR, 'NO. IT MUST BE THE RUMBLING OF CLOUDS!' “.

[--'GITANJALI': 51: The English Writing of Rabindranath Tagore, Vol 1, poem, pp 59]

Ego & pride are filled up in our vein to vein so much, that when we go to meet Beloved or Person of Faith, they do not remain without coming out. When we enstroped and examine ourself, we will find that we go on telling every body that,

“We also had gone to perform his POOJA, we also met him.....”

What is this other than Ego?

We have to confess that he (Ego) was hidden. He is a big Manifold (BAHUROOPI) Thief. We know not when, in which enchanting form he will appear and intrude in us. This Ego, this Pride only binds us. When we will have this knowledge, the Truth of life, even a little, will be understood. Until then there is the

weil of EGO, we will not be able to understand the Truth of Life! When some matter will go astray and adverse we will have to search in the heart only.

One has to go to meet the Beloved. Sweet time it is of meeting, dark is the night, everywhere prevails peace. One has to go alone only to meet. What great aspirations are – hopes are in the heart! Behind those aspirations and hopes also is a slight Ego hidden that, “I shall tell my Beloved this thing and that thing, etc.”

“Love-aspiring lover! The one who has known something about love, if he has to express any word from his mouth, it is one only: “Thou....thou!” and never “I”, while here mixed up with hopes and aspirations was Ego!! Beloved cannot be attained in such a way through such an Egoistic approach!!!”

That lover who had set on to meet the Beloved, has reached unto this sacred place, has proceeded only one step further and understand that the destination reached only. Butbut at that time, that lover all of a sudden experienced one thing: “WHO IS COMING BEHIND ME? I HAD TO GO ALONE ONLY!”

When I looked behind, no body else was there. Tf there was someone, it was my OWN EGO ONLY, wa own PRIDE ONLY, who had accompanied along with him:-

“I CAME OUT ALONE TO THEE.....

BUT WHO IS THIS THAT FOLLOWS ME IN THE SILENT DARK? HE IS MY OWN LITTLE SELF (MY EGO), MY LORD!”

“HE KNOWS NO SHAME,
BUT I AM ASHAMED
TO COME TO THY DOOR IN HIS COMPANY”

-- (“GITANJALI” :30 :PP 23, 52)

We have to leave our footwear outside when we go to temple and have to put off our hats & caps when we go to church. What is its meaning? Only this that to keep off our EGO. When we go to any Great Person, let us ask our heart that what thoughts catch hold of us? Only Self-centred thoughts enter in us that “I AM ALL IN ALL!” What a tremendous EGO! What a big PRIDE? To give a blow to such an EGO only death comes in life! Unhappiness and Death are Surgical Operations of the Divine Doctor, who liberates us from EGO. We are vanished till when we hold up person or thing in name of love. The soul of love is free. LOVE IS FREEDOM. We want to bind up, tie up the person whom we love, but Beware! If we intend to tie up in love, then we should tie up ourselves and not others! We should have control on our freedom, not on others!

Due to the inspiration of Ego & arrogance only, the Power-mongers bind & tie up others with the chains of Power. After all with the chains with which he was willing to bind the whole world, the last ring of the same chain comes in his own leg! Then that others’ captivating Power-monger cannot get up and free himself! His power imprisoned his own self!! He was willing to bind and imprison others, but he himself only was caught and imprisoned!!!

“If I want to be happy, let me make others happy first. Who doesn’t have unhappiness and sorrows in life? I will employ, I will use Spiritual Homeopathy to sorrows and pains through pains. I will forget all of my small & big sorrows, for Great Ideal, for Sacrifice”.

Gurudev had invented one way, one device to forget his own family-sorrows. When he underwent and experienced severe sorrows, he will come out of his small hut and used to sit down silently in open

plain under sky. Within half an hour he used to get oneness with the Nature and used to listen to one voice:

“Oh Ravindranath! You are lamenting of your sorrows, but how much place you occupy in this vast cosmos?.....Come outside and see that who bothers of your pretty sorrows in this world?”

Let us see our sorrows through this angle, through this perspective only. We must acquire this, such a point of view, such a vision. At the time of sorrows we blame others but our perspective, our point of views does not remain to be correct.

So says Gurudev in one of his poems:-

“PRISONER, TELL ME, WHO WAS IT THAT BOUND YOU?”.....
WHEN SLEEP OVERCAME ME I LAY UPON THE BED THAT WAS FOR
MY LORD, AND ON WAKING UP I FOUND I WAS A PRISONER IN
MY OWN TREASURE—HOUSE
“IT WAS I” SAID THE PRISONER xxxxx I FOUND THAT IT HELD
ME IN ITS GRIP”.

(-- GITANJALI 31)

We have seen Heir Hitler in our life time only. Intoxication of power does not endure for ever, at some juncture it definitely breaks up. The more early it breaks up, it becomes welfare-providing for our growth. We make use, utilize, knowledge to acquire power. But until and unless character is formed through knowledge, nothing is of any use. Power is a Black Cobra which bites such fatally and seriously that death only is the result. People say, “KNOWLEDGE IS POWER” well. “BUT FOR BOTH-GOOD AND EVIL!” Ofcourse, everywhere the talk, the concern is of own achievement, own success, but it is for power only. While when the foul weeps, it only wishes----

“NOT SUCCESS, BUT SELF-FULFILLMENT!”

A man of worldly success asks for ‘LAMP OF GOD’, but he has to become ‘LIGHTED LAMP’ : “LAMP OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE” (Atma Deepa) for human-equality of human being!

Let you and I, even be small even made of clay, let us burn – let us melt ourselves for eradicating even a little darkness of somebody – if not of others, even of our own selves!

Even the best of people sometimes become hollow of inner character, by falling into Power-Politics, by sitting on the seat of Designation. If some one who could utilize Power in the right way, they were the persons like Gandhiji and Vinoba.

At some juncture I also was a youth like you! On my mind also was riding the same Ghost that after passing B.A. & M.A., to become a collector and this and that, who is believed to be a MAN of SUCCESS. But I acquired that knowledge after several experiences of life that “I am concerned with THAT only in which there is development of integrated, overall synthesis-possessing Self”. Neither my name appeared in News Papers, nor anyone sung of my virtues! I want to be true in HIS sight. I will get that much happiness, as early as I acquire HIS touch. I am telling this by placing my hand on my heart. This is no ‘non-sense saying’, no imagination. Sometimes when you have time, think over this matter in loneliness. It is possible that after some self-experience only you may find this thing to be true, but do ponder over this. What a man can tell also while departing?-One and only one matter of experience which I learnt in life due to grace of God, Blessings of Gurudev, Seekings of Self, that –

"LEARN EVERYTHING BY TESTING, DO NOT ACCEPT EVERYTHING. THINK SOMETHING DEEPLY FIRST. MATTER OF CONDUCT & BEHAVIOUR COMES NEXT".

EGO! It only has given this excellence perhaps for this reason that: There should be TWO in love firstly – THOU AND I –. Let me know myself First and then proceed further to love. Then only the 'I' ness that is within me will remain that much only, due to which I can atleast say this much that – **"YOU ARE MINE AND I AM THINE!"**

"When you come after Births and Births, there should be somebody to hold THY FEET! If my I-ness, my EGO remains, if my existence prevails, IT SHOULD BE THAT MUCH ONLY THAT I CAN HOLD YOU, I CAN HOLD YOUR FEET. This only one is my wish".

We all are dolls and statues of WISHES, EGOES. If we cannot be free from WISHES, then let us have only one wish that **"WE REALIZE YOU, ATTAIN YOU"** and **"DO AWAY THE HURDLES WHICH COME IN WAY OF THIS FULFILLMENT"**.

Maitreyi, the wife of YAGYAVALKYA had said like this only. When Yagyavalkya has started for self-realization, by handing over the wealth of this world to Maitreyi, she had said :-

"YOU ARE GOING TO ATTAIN IMMORTALITY (AMRIT – The Nector) AND ARE GIVING THE WORLDLY WEALTH TO ME! I DO NOT WANT IT!"

Let we all also aspire for the attainment of that Nector of Immortality through the seeking of our Art, our Creation. Let we all too join our tune with Gurudev in the Prayer unto God that –

"I WANT THEE, ONLY THEE!"

----- X -----

3. LOVE---- ALL-IN-ALL of GURUDEV'S LIFE

What shall I tell in the matter of Love?

"He always remains silent, in whose heart the fire & flame of Love for God remains burning".

Words he utter only a few. His life, not the tongue, speaks. Since I have not been able to reach unto that depth, I shall submit here whatever I have understood in the matter of Love from Gurudev, from his life, so that, probably, the SAY of my master may reach unto your heart! If it happens so, I shall treat myself as fortunate.

Generally in life, the 'All-in-All' of every person is this: **"Give and Take"**. But the Prophets, Poets and Devotees of God treat LOVE only to be ALL-IN-ALL, while we treat Love as a part of Life. However, whatever Godly Truth like Love, Honesty, Religion is there, is either everything or **"nothing"**. Fractions cannot be made of it. We do give place to love in our life, but very little only. Gurudev says in one poem:

"I AM WAITING ONLY FOR LOVE".

I want to live for Love, following the rule of Love. Until now I went on walking according to others, on the tracks of others, as per the speed of others. This weariness could be eradicated, if the flame of 'HIS' Love could be

lit. They are only the two sides of the same coin to love man and God both. The people till now tied me up with rules, but henceforth -----

"I AM WAITING ONLY FOR LOVE"

Because now I don't want to act as per the dictates of the world. Due to such a resolve of mine, people those who were walking together with me till yesterday, do not walk on my path today. They say: "One screw of this person has become loose!" it is O.K. But these "loose screw people" only have lead the world on the right track. Yes, the people of the world keep their screws so rigidly tight that remains no place for the God to enter within it. But that thief (God) enters inside at any time. He does not come when we cry and call him. He comes down silently of his own, when we do not call him. Therefore one has to remain alert and ready for him at all times and all the places, who knows when he comes and knocks the door! The persons, who have real love, remain prepared always. Love is the law of life. Then only the name of God can be uttered, when the entire life is full of love. He only can proceed towards God, who has real love for anybody. Love, first of all, should be towards own Mother. When real love acquires place in life, then only a human being sublimates up:-

"LOVE IS LAVITATION, NOT GRAVITATION".

That is why Emerson replied when someone told him that "The girl who resides in our neighbourhood, has fallen in love with some young man" in these words:-**"DON'T SAY 'FALLEN' IN LOVE, SAY 'RISEN' IN LOVE".**

Many of you might have such an experience, Gentlemen! Hence extort complete advantage of this experience. Sometime might certainly have passed in that, towards which your mind might have been attracted. Majnu will see Layla in all the woman and Layla will find every man as Majnu. But why that effect does not prevail for whole of the life? If there is any sin in life, then it is to play with the love of someone.....! To mingle into dust the Right of Real Love that God has gifted to us!! The real lovers, real affectionate people are very few, who hold that love. Only that person can make Love, who gives up all-in-all, who does not think of bargain....!!! In today's Love there is no inner temptation, but there is 'tea'! Tea party was given, second time given, third time given and if the opposite person did not give Tea Party for once, then we greatly angry. What is this any bargain of the Market? We sit down obstinately, saying "He did not invite me in his Daughter's marriage; hence I will also not invite him in my Daughter's marriage". Meaning of Love is sacrifice. If we learn it down, then we understood the mystery of life and acquired Joy too! There is no love where there is no sacrifice. How much shall we betray God? He does not bring doubt against anyone whose heart is full of real love. Says my Gurudev:

"THEY, WHO LOVE ME, TRY TO HOLD ME FAST TO THEMSELVES.... BUT THOU WHO LOVEST ME, HAST LEFT ME FREE".

Have entered into knot of Love with someone wrote one letter. No reply came. Wrote another one, still no reply received. That's all, the doubt arose, anticipated something with prejudice, no patience was left. What is this Love?

There is no sin in making love. If there is sin, then its culprit is 'he' who taught us to Love! What had we brought from God when we came into the lap of the Mother? Did we bring any 'Letter of Introduction' that this is your Mother, make love with her? Did such a thing happen? Here, Love had arisen on very look towards the Mother!

There is _____ in our love. And hence neither we have learnt to love God, nor to human being!

One more thing is there in love. When love takes place in the beginning, when the mind is attracted towards someone due to 'his' grace, then all thoughts that enter are only about that 'someone'. Till now thoughts were going on about own self only, there was Ego. Now the Ego will reduce to some extent, anxiety of some other one and eagerness to see some other one will increase. But if we love only that one with whom heart has been attracted and if we do not love others, then that precious thing starts meeting into the dust. Love is a Flame. If I

burn only my candle with the flame of someone, through the lamp of someone, then somebody's home will be lightened (lit) from that flame. But if there remains no consideration of others, then no 'LOVE', but 'Selfishness' will remain there. Then the will forget the Mother after marriage. Isn't there the saying that his love towards the Parents reduced to half as soon as Majnu married Layla! But ----

"LOVE IS WHOLE, NOT FRACTION".

And where this FRACTION, there is FACTION! There should be EQUAL BALANCE in love and not the one sided Weighing Balance. Therefore we have to Love All, to maintain respect – honour of All! Therefore my Gurudev says----

"LOVE IS THE LOADSTAR OF MAN'S LIFE".

Our life-boat should sail towards that load-star of love. If that direction is correct, then rest of all will become correct. If it is not correct, then nothing could be achieved. Hence one thing is at least clear that love is a sacred thing, which carries us high, makes us face to face with God. For this reason only a Great Person had already said:-

"Love is God, God is Love".

And therefore only darling devotees of God go on singing in ecstasy:-

"What of drinking Nector, if not drunk the taste of juice of love?"

What of if became chieftain of learned persons if read & studied all the books of the world?

When I shall stand before that owner of the cosmos, shall I say: Like this that, "I have written so many books, I have acquired so many University Degrees, I have shaken hands with so many Governor!" Shall my God listen to that all? Will like to ask ----

"I want see that window – that small window of the heart, which you had opened to see! I have done nothing worthwhile in your eyes, if that window has remained closed!"

"Love is expansion not contraction". There remains no 'tension & stress, no narrowness of Thoughts. Love is wide-spread like the sky, free like the sky! The sky over England is not different from the sky of India; there are not separate compartments of Vaishya, Shoodra, Brahmin, Kshatriya. There are neither slums, nor untouchability, any sort of Ego? Love cannot exist there, where enters in it 'touch me not is in due to pride of wealth, pride of knowledge'.

There is a temple. People come over there to pray before God. All run towards him who comes in motor car, but no one even looks at him who comes walking on foot!

Surprisingly great is this devotee! He cheats his own self, sometimes! But God could not be cheated. He could not be cheated in name of love, in name of religion. It is not even right to betray him or man.

Devotee acquires the same experience what we get in youth: "Rama – God – in all!! Then he goes on wandering from village to village and street to street saying so:-

Who tells you that you are hided in masked veil? I have seen you in every home and market. Such is the magic of love. But there is the path of death if we wish to impose some sort of force on others in name of love.

"Love is humble"

Love is full of humility and is the readiness to sacrifice & die for others.

"Love is sacrifice".

We shall not sell it to anyone. We shall bear it smilingly, whatever happens in life.

"Love has sense of humour"

There are two steps of love:-

- 1) There is the flame of love.
- 2) There is the freedom of love.

Fire and freedom

Love means to pass through fire. We have to go to that Almighty, and then shall we go with our dirtiness – dirty belongings? We will have to burn down our dirtiness, our Ego and Desires in fire.

Sikander Alexander had come to Peshawar, seated in front was a Devotee of God. Sikander Alexander ordered him rebukingly:

“Move aside.....otherwise I will kill you with this sword”.

Reply was received: “Whom will you kill?”

Form where that Devotee acquired this much Fearless strength and this much Freedom? Because he had love God that is why.

Love is medicine of several diseases:-

“Allopathy, Homeopathy, Naturopathy – of all these ‘Pathies’ Love is the greatest Pathy!”

What will happen of his patients, if the Doctor brings medicine with him but not ‘Love’? Then let there may be his bill of Rs. 500/-!

Sarojini Naidu had come to Santiniketan once; Mania of getting Autographs was there too in those days. She wrote down to one boy:-

“Love is the hunger of the soul”.

Body requires food (-and the Educated people go on eating four times in a day!). Mind also requires food in form of big big volumes Books. Then, why not for the Heart and the Soul? We are not only body, not only mind. We are something different, something more than that. That is soul-ATMA-our original form, which needs the food of love.

Love wants to sacrifice, extinguish its own self. That only is the blessing of its heart. “LOVE REDUCES ITSELF TO A ZERO”.

These Saints, Sais, Faquirs have burnt their Ego, they have zeroed themselves and even then what tremendously their power has increased! Because of their becoming ZERO, they are standing near TEN, they have become TEN. When I become zero, then I become TEN by becoming one-by mixing-with God. But when we make ourselves ONE then? Then sometimes the Police only come to call us – scoundrel of Number Ten that we became!

If not so, the Devotees might not have been saying since centuries this – “You will not get glass of love to drink unless you will not get your HEAD beheaded --- sacrificed”.

We are not ready to get our “HEADS” beheaded before God, we only remove our “CAP” from the HEAD and place it before him! We cheat him. Poor ‘HE’ also weeps!!

Will any Mother be-pleased when the Son will give her present on the DEEPAVALI day and will go on evading her on all the remaining days? Now-a-days, the boys go to study away from Home and only on 27th date, write a letter to Mother:-

“Ma! Send me Money order immediately”. That’s all. No time to write even one post card in other days. Such is our love for Mother! In the same way we cheat God also in the name of Love, cheat Mother also and cheat Human Beings also!

For Gurudev, LOVE WAS ALL-IN-ALL – Love unto ALL, Love unto God, Love unto Nature, Love unto Humans, Love unto Animals, Love unto ALL! When, with God’s grace, the SUN of this LOVE shined in Gurudev’s heart, then that SUN and SKY also got assimilated, got absorbed in his deeper self. From then, he became a resident of the City

of Love: PREM NAGAR. Whatever he saw and listened in that wonderful city that we find in his 'GITANJALI' and 'THE GARDNER'

(Hindi talk delivered on 12-10-1959 on the eve of RAVINDRA CENTENARY celebrations at the Hindi Sangha of Osmania University, Hyderabad, Translated by Prof. PRATAPKUMAR J.TOLIYA, the witness listener of that event)

4. VISHVA BHARATI – GUEST HOUSE OF WORLD CULTURE

(A Glimpse of the origin, aim and introduction of Shantiniketan)

The name of the place where the institution, now University is situated is called Shantiniketan. Ashram was founded over there in 1880 A.D at the hands of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore–Father of Gurudev. One day he started from Calcutta to attend a marriage at his friend's place. He was riding on his horse and going with his troupe. The voyage was long. He used to sit in meditation regularly in the morning and evening during the travel. Gurudev had also adopted this practice in his life.

One evening Maharshi sat down in Meditation below a tree in a lonely place. The night descendedmidnight passedit stroke two o'clockthree o'clock.....four o'clock.....even six o'clock in the morning.....But Maharshi is still seated in Meditation! The region was dangerous. Outlaws used to stay over there. The chieftain of the outlaws will start first in the search that, "whether there is any prey today?" That day too he started seeing the Tents & Camp. There he felt "It seems to be a very big catch today!" He was thronged into unbound joy. Loitering he came at the place where Maharshi were seated in Meditation. He saw Devine unearthly light on the forehead of Maharshi. In the meanwhile, Maharshi opened the eyes and a word slipped out from his mouth -----"Shantiniketan" and expressed his deeper experience that "I have realized peace here.....have had God's vision here.....this is a place of pilgrimage for me".

Immediately on listening this, that outlaw was transformed all of a sudden and taking the shelter of the Maharshi, surrendered at his feet, telling "I am your disciple" ---saying so he disposed off his gang of the outlaws. Maharshi resolved:"I shall establish Ashram here".

Thereafter Maharshi used to visit that place frequently. At times even accompanied his friends over there. Once he accompanied/carried Eleven years old Ravindranath also. Extremely wonderful was the Natural Beauty of that place. At very first glance of it, Ravindranath told, "Father! I shall open school here".

Father gave blessings:

“My dear son! I can visualise that within thirty years, there will be such a school existing and blooming over here where there will be the atmosphere of Joy & Freedom. I shall not be alive then, but I have confidence that you will be able to accomplish that task”.

There is a background behind Ravindranath's above thought of opening a school. He had himself to study in a prison-like school, where the child was being caned for looking at the Rainbow in the sky outside the window! We should seriously bear in mind that by suppressing the child's SENSE OF WONDER, a great aspect of Education remains unfulfilled. Child Ravindra had a big attraction towards the Nature, he had inquisitiveness.

Poet Tagore started Shantiniketan in 1910 A.D. (after 30 years as his far-sighted, departed father had visualised) with three students. They used to sit below the tree. Gurudev himself used to teach (imparted learning instructions). Heart-touching was the Beauty of Nature. Atmosphere of Joy and Freedom prevailed. The number of students went on increasing gradually. How a teacher can handle more than ten students? The teacher has to undergo strenuous seekings for the overall development of the child and there is a limit of the energy to undertake such seekings for preparation. From this point of view, more teachers were assigned teaching work in Shantiniketan. Here there was LINKING UP between all the subjects. Medium of instruction was Mother tongue. To think of Mother tongue as teaching-medium before fifty years from now (in 1960 A.D.) was like domesday!! The Government will become suspicious tremendously. The British Government then sent C.I.D in Shantiniketan, suspecting: “whether the Bombs are not being prepared over there?” But all was quite open there! No lock was here either on the Door or on the Box!! “Come and see”---The Government was told and the C.I.D ran away only within six months!!!

There was no Prospectus of the institution in the beginning. If someone will ask: “Mr. Tagore, what is your aim?”

Gurudev inter-connectionally will reply: “I have to deal with LIFE and LIFE grows”.

The growing buds of the seed cannot be compelled to dictate that grow and expand your branches in particular directions only! THE SEED FOLLOWS ITS OWNWAY OF GROWTH”. Here, the lamps of Humanity were to be lit in the children. Educationists coming from Abroad were also asking: “What is the aim of Shantiniketan?” Gurudev used to reply: “IT IS TO MAKE THEM GOD-CONSCIOUS”.

But, to make them God-conscious, no MANTRA was being taught here. Only one SADHANA was being taught: FIFTEEN MINUTES' SILENCE in the mornings and evenings daily. In the beginning the child may be bored probably and may like to play mischief. But where he will go to play mischief? With whom he will do so? There was tremendously supporting influence of the Nature. Because of this the child himself was being activated to know the Self (ATMA).

There was no Time Table here. There was only one vision, only one aim: "The Art of living together's training, teaching.." Since ages we speak "OM SAHANA VAVATU", but here actual training was given of living together, living harmoniously and nicely together! Everyone will do his work himself. Teacher will also do, pupil also. Teacher will clean his room, student also. For dining also they will sit together. Not "The teachers in this section and the students in another section". After dining, they will clean their utensils also together. After accomplishing this all, they will go for the studies, where the teachers will pray first "LET US STUDY TOGETHER" and not that, "I AM THE TEACHER AND YOU ARE THE TAUGHT!" Not that "I teach", because howsoever-whatsoever the teacher might be educated, might be possessing, the degrees of B.A., M.A., Ph.D, D.Litt-whatsoever knowledge he or she might be having; but what, how much knowledge of the TRUTH? Only a little or not? Here I remember a sentence of Gautam Buddha. I had read it on the wall of the Mutt of a Buddhist Monk. It was written in PALI Language. I requested the said Monk to translate it into English. He did it:"BE HUMBLE IF THOU WOULDST ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE. BE HUMBLE STILL AFTER YOU HAVE ACQUIRED IT!"

Man should become more humble after acquiring knowledge. We learn only a little and become egoistic, arrogant 'Lord'! If a peon salutes us, we take pride and become joyous that "see! If he saluted the Big Boss thrice, at least offered one salute to me?" We the teachers thus expect salutes and respects from the peons and the pupils, but in Japan the teacher bows to the student! Because he believes, "They are the rising suns". Love makes everyone humble. When the sons of Indira Gandhi were tiny, Jawaharlalji was becoming their horse and even dog. He was then not thinking that "I am the Prime Minister!"

The growth and development went on taking place due to the grace of God, efforts of Gurudev and Beauty of Nature: these three factors. In those days nobody was agreeing to and accepting the fact that " Art and Music have also their important place in Education". The Great Art Master Nandanlal Bose stayed in Shantiniketan, but during his first six months of residing, no one was ready and prepared to be his student at all! The reason was, after all these students were the sons of those parents, who had acquired British Education! After about seven months, a student came to Nanda Babu and went on telling, "O Nanda Babu! What are you doing with these Art creations? Why don't you teach me too!" Thus one student came, second came, third came and thereafter several students went on learning the Arts with deep interest and liking.

This education was the education without Text Books. After getting such a unique education, the students used to go over to Calcutta, appear for the Matriculation Examination and were securing Merits and passing in the First Class. And why not? The Hand was educated, Heart was educated and the Mind was already trained and educated!

The Second World War broke out. Gurudev was Abroad. Wherever he used to go, the people were asking him: "Is there any way out for the PEACE? If you have, kindly show it to us.

We are totally disgusted. Light comes from the East, the Spiritual light also comes from the East”.

On listening such seriously asked questions, Gurudev felt that Shantiniketan should not remain the institution for the Indians only. It should become the Guest House of the students from world over. This idea took hold of him and Gurudev named it as “Vishwa Bharati” and aspired that there should be meeting point (SANGAM) of the cultures of different Nations. Gandhiji also used to say that “The Doors should not be closed for the wind of Culture, coming from whatever direction”. Because, “A MAN OF CULTURE NEVER CLOSES HIS DOORS, AND A MAN OF CULTURE NEVER MAKES COMPARISON!” And we know that comparison is a bad thing. It has created too much misunderstanding. Those people from the Sabarmati say: “What great thing that poet has accomplished by Teaching, Dancing, Singing and Painting?” And those Shantiniketan people say: “By spinning on the Charkha Wheel, is that Old man going to bring Swaraj-Independence?” A real man of culture does not think, compare and evaluate in this way. Afterwards these two personalities – Gandhi & Gurudev were unified by persons like Sir C.F. Andrews. A bridge was built between Sabarmati and Shantiniketan.

The students here at Shantiniketan — Vishwa Bharati were given – same education “DON'T MAKE COMPARISON”. The person eating with fork & spoon will eat with fork-spoon, and the person eating by hand will eat through hand. Both will dine at the same Dining Hall.

Syllabus of three years was being planned. The student will study Indian History, Geography, Culture, Religion etc., in the first year. In the second year that of the world and in the third year will write a thesis on the subject of “STUDY OF DIFFERENT CULTURES” in which there will be no harsh criticism. In this way Vishwa Bharati became “The Guest House of World Culture”.

And one more thing about this institution is that: It is – Service of the Adivasis. Because that education is incomplete, which does not include service of the neighbours, because there is no Humanity in it. Everyone first of all is HUMAN and then everything else. Whether a Teacher, Doctor, Technician or Engineer, is he not Primarily a Human being?”

“HUMANITY IS EQUAL TO DIVINITY. DIVINITY IS EQUAL TO HUMANITY”. Through that Humanity only, the realisation of the Light of the Infinite could be achieved.

5. Gurudeo and Civilization

Gurudev Kavivarya Rabindranath Thakur was Emperor of Ambassadors of Civilization. As an Ambassador builds bridge of love between his own country and the country he stays, in the

same way Gurudev built bridge of love between Bharat and the other nations through his life and literature. Civilization also accomplishes the same task. It unites – several hearts, people, nations, religions and different aspects of life! Civilization builds relationship of love amongst many sides of Truth.

But what this civilization is? By remaining in the shelter of Gurudev's life and through the little study of his literature, it seems that Civilization takes birth only when the association of Nature and Human being takes place. On having that association the seeker of Civilization experiences oneness, perfectness and synthesis of life. Once Gurudev had used one word during his lecture at the Oxford University, which seems to be the super-most definition of Civilization. He had told: "CODENCE OF COMRADESHIP": the Rhythm of Relationship, Rhythm of Brotherhood. When that Rhythm is absorbed in different aspects of life, then life definitely becomes joyous, but side by side gives inspiration to the seeker of civilization.

Gurudev was a lover of the Beauty of Nature by Birth itself – nature and characteristic of a Poet after all! But he experienced the Creator behind that Beauty of Nature and the Beauty of Unity in the cosmos.

It's the story of one day:

At that time Gurudev was sixteen years old. He used to see the Sunrise always every day. That day also he was visualizing it. All of a sudden he came across such an experience that, "The veil before his eyes has been slipped off and he has reached inside the Home of the Mystery of the Cosmos!"

Here he visualized Unity, everywhere Unity. After this experience his confidence in Unity of life increased through Sadhana --- seekings of aspirations. He studied the Upanishads. Deep impact of Sanskrit Literature --- particularly the literature of Kalidasa caught hold of him. More impact of Vaishnava devotees, Bauls of Bengal and also the Medieval saints, remained spreaded on him.

From that day he realized that, "His religion as a Poet is the only way that he can express the Synthesis, the Unity, the Perfectness of life in different forms of Short stories, Novels, Songs, Essays etc". This is a key to know his Self, to get acquaintance of him. Sometimes it strikes after glancing through several songs of Gitanjali that whether he won't have inner inspiration of writing this song perhaps after listening to the songs of some Vaishnava devotee? Such two – three songs touch the memory in which Gurudev says: "There is no thing like disappointment, failure at all in life, that magnificent magician God hides hope with his art in that to which we call (as) 'Disappointment', we call (as) 'failure'. He hides success behind it".

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Once a Boul devotee met. It was morning time. There arose ecstasy. Ecstasy does not notify in advance about its coming!

Sleep was enjoyed for whole of the night, lifted musical instrument EKTARA and commenced singing the song. As the beautiful song went on becoming dense, he went on singing and dancing. (This is one particularity of these Bouls that whatever they wish to convey, they express through song. It happens to be the speech of the soul and speech of the soul is nothing but the expression of the Self. And music itself is the speech of the Self). Hence in the form of the song he asks God:-

"Beloved! A thought of asking one question has arisen many a times, but could not dare asking the same so far: But today I have resolved that I will not move from here until I get the reply. Hence listen my Lord! Several times I got disappointment in life, several times I got failure in my efforts, in my activities, and I shed tears in abundance!! I ask you today, O omniscient, O my beloved that where those tears of mine have gone?"

Beloved replies to that Devotee:-

"I will reply to your question right now. But before I reply, you look by standing in my place where I am standing that what has happened of your tears?"

Thereafter that devotee by standing on that place facing God looks at that region of his life, where he had shed tears in abundance. He could not see anything at all. Those tears had been transformed into Lotus flowers!

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The songs of such meanings as if suggest us that a lot of influence and impact of the Bouls was impressed on Gurudev.

He does not get frightened of anything, who realizes perfectness of life once. He certainly goes on further and further. He does not set down sticking to any one aspect of life. He does not hold up the Horizon of life from one place. His vision goes on enlarging; his line of Horizon goes on expanding. Therefore it is gathered from Gurudev's literature that "CIVILIZATION IS EVER-ENLARGING HORIZON", is the line of ever-developing horizon. It is his SADHANA-aspiring seeking- to enlarge this line of Horizon, to more and more enlarge it. For such a seeker of civilization, no aspect of feelings of truth remains untouched. He knots his relationship with every aspect, not in one way but in many ways. Therefore, one who is the seeker of Civilization, maintains Hospitality. HOSPITALITY OF THE HEART. Because of it only the Truth of life enters his conscience. Gurudev experimented it in his literature and every field. Not only this but he carried on new experiments in many other subjects - even in things of Diet, in subjects of dress also. A seeker of civilization maintains such a vision that nothing seems to be old. The INFINITE comes before him always in EVER-NEW (NITYA-NOOTAN) form.

Gurudev says in one of his poems:-

"When God created this Cosmos, then the stars said: 'Oh! What a perfectness is there in this Power, What a Joy!' At that time one small star sparkled and spoke out: 'No no, there is no Perfectness in it, there is shortage of one star.' By saying this much that star got lost. Listening to the 'say' of that star all went on searching it. All got defeated.... and at that time they said- "Everywhere there is Perfectness of God, Everywhere there is perfectness, Everywhere there is Perfectness."

(Relayed from All India Radio, Hyderabad on 6-5-1960 with courtesy of Akashvani. Translated from Hindi by Prof. Pratap Kumar Toliya)

6. WHAT GURUDEV WAS ASPIRING FOR.....?

(Unique experience elaborating touching Talk delivered at Swaminarayan College, A'bad on the occasion of 'RAVINDRA SMRITI': Gurudev's Death Anniversary on 5/7-8-1960. It happened when after the in depth rendering of Rabindra Sangeet by Editor Prof. P. Toliya, the Great Humble Mystic speaker – glancing into opposite corner – shed tears slipped into Silence & then spoke out.....)

I am experiencing enormous joy on coming here. It is due to one reason only that I shall be able to send my salutations at the feet of my Gurudev joining together with you all. It is said that we acquire that pious person's blessings in a special form, when we remember someone by having faith in him.

Such a thing has happened over here today also – even for a moment. Here too that deeper experience has been felt. Gurudev is standing in the opposite corner and is telling:

"IF YOU HAVE COME TO MEET ME; YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MEET ME – KNOW ME BY ONE WAY ONLY – THROUGH MUSIC, THROUGH BHAJAN !"

Hence, if this Rabindra Smriti programme had been entirely of Music, and not of consisting of only one or two Bhajans, Gurudev would have enjoyed abundant peace, abundant pleasantness. Gurudev used to say always:-

"CELEBRATE MY ANNIVERSARY WITH MUSIC, WHENEVER YOU ARRANGE IT".

I shall now turn to the main topic: "WHAT GURUDEV WAS ASPIRING FOR ?"

Only Gurudev – The Master and The Master of Master knows this. A Poet only knows a Poet, isn't it ? I will need another one hundred births to know and understand Gurudev, but seems to get key to understand the significance of Gurudev from a few songs of THE GITANJALI.

So, What Gurudev was aspiring, willing? In addition to the acceptance of the thoughts of THE UPANISHADAS and the ecstasy of the BAULS, he used to say this also:-

"I also wish and aspire the same which Bhagawan Buddha was aspiring!"

The Editor of a Bengali Magazine had asked five-ten questions to scholars. One of the questions asked to Gurudev was this:

“Who is your Master?”

“Buddha” was the reply given by Gurudev. That means Gurudev was aspiring the same which Buddha had said ----- “Maitri Dharma: Religion of Friendship”. If we cannot climb more heights, at least we can enact friendship. Hence Gurudev will remain expecting that we put MAITI DHARMA of Buddha in practice in life.

Second Question:

“Who is your Hero in life?”

“Ram Mohan Roy” --- was the reply received.

Just like his father in spiritual life, in the same way Ram Mohan Roy was accepted as his ideal in National and Social life. Great Reformer, one Maker of Modern India and a Cultural Ambassador joining India in Communion with Foreign Countries was Raja Ram Mohan Roy!

So, you also should have ideal of Raja Ram Mohan Roy before you. On seeing the youths, my only wish, Prayer, remains that “YOU ALL DO THAT WHICH WE COULD NOT”.

What else was aspired by Gurudev?

Gurudev was giving very prime importance to Art and Music in the seekings of life. For this reason only, while opening Santiniketan in 1901 itself, he had commenced teaching of Music & Art in spite of criticism by people.

Due to one special reason, Gurudev was giving this importance to Art & Music. There is some such mystery in Art & Music that with which the feeling of UNITY gets immediately developed. Man forgets his “I-ness”, Ego, on visualizing best picture or on listening to best music. When we experience oneness and unity with others by forgetting our separate identity, separate existence, then we reach unto the Realm of God. That Music becomes worthwhile when the Sitar playing Maestro forgets his own self, Singer or Dancer also while singing or dancing forgets his own self and the Listeners & the Spectators also forget themselves! Such an ecstasy is the Soul of Music. What is that song that when the Songster goes on watching that who is clapping from the other side? Really, it is not the real Music.

Therefore it is important to forget one's own self at the time of creation of Art. When we forget our self then only we realize our own self – Real Self ! This is the reverse way, no? if you and I all shall accept such a REVERSE PRACTICE in our life, then we shall get Blessings of Gurudev and Gandhiji. Thus we can see and realize that how much important were Music & Art in Gurudev's Unity-formed life-seeking.

Then Gurudev was asked:

“Which dress is the best?”

He had replied:

“That dress is the best which makes you less Self-cultured”.

And lastly he was asked:

“What is your greatest virtue?”

"Inconsistency" was the reply given.

"And what is your greatest weakness?"

"The same".

The seeker of life does not clinch to anything. Does not hold grip of anything. He grips God. He maintains readiness to improve own perspective. The virtue of harmony, of unity that was in Gurudev's life, was in that sense that he used to clinch to his clear vision, but when he used to get further advance vision, he proceeded forward leaving previous vision. He remained anxious to accept version of others, to be in unity (unified spirit) with others. After getting such an experience, he as if used to get changed.

Once at the age of 16, he was observing sunrise standing on the terrace of his home at Calcutta. He realized: "This is only Ravi, The Sun, While I am also RAVI, even INDRA, even THAKUR.....All in All, All encompassing....." and at once as if his life was changed. He comes down from the terrace; he embarrasses the chair, the tree, fruit-flowers, road-labourers of Calcutta – each and everyone. He never sees distance and difference anywhere. One unprecedented ecstasy has come. A wonderful love arises.

Moreover he wished that in spite of day long accomplishment of teaching, writing, music, joy, silence, meditation etc., the ROUTINE DUTY remains incomplete, because nobody's Service was included in it! For this reason he stressed importance of service of Adivasi Santhals at par strictly equal to studying in Santiniketan! When we sit aside a sick person, serve him pressing his head, at that time his pain becomes our pain, our unity takes place with his sorrows. Don't we sing for this reason only following Gandhiji that -----

"VAISHNAVA JAN TO TENE RE KAHIE, JE PID PARAI JANE RE!"

(One who knows the sorrows of others is a true Vaishnava)

Thus unity with others seems to be important wish of Gurudev.

After presenting a little of my understanding about Gurudev's aspirations, I shall conclude with some deliberation about his last wish, which is consisted in one of his songs, which is going to be rendered here in the end today. In the month of April in 1941, before his death, Gurudev was conducting rehearsals of "The Post Office" play in Santiniketan. Amidst ongoing rehearsal training which he was imparting, all of a sudden he stopped, went on humming and wrote down a song. Thereafter by calling Shri Shantidev Ghosh, by teaching it to him and by getting written the same in notation got sealed in an envelope and said:

"SING THIS SONG ON THE DAY OF MY PASSING AWAY!"

Thereafter on 7th August 1941 at 12:35 noon, Gurudev's life came to standstill. That day all got assembled in the Dhyan Mandir in Santiniketan – full of tears!

That song "SHAMUKHE SHANTI PARABAR" was being sung.

Gurudev is going across on the other shore but he is in joy. Life should be full of joy, no? Life should be full of joy – even while dying also. He tells in the song to the saviour of his boat of life:--

"I am going across from this shore to that shore. You have remained my saviour, Boat_Driver for the whole of life. You only are my eternal companion. Let my life's journey, which has commenced from today, take me and reach unto you. Let your Mercy and Pardon only be the permanent life-stuff of the Voyage of mine.....assimilate me in you, in your vast universe, O Life-Boat Saviour!" *

* (Published earlier in Gujarati: "Gujarat-Samachar" 18.8.1960 & 'Vaishnava Jan', August 1970.)

7. My First Acquaintance with G.M

(FIRST SIGHT OF “GUMNAM: G.M.”—THE HIDDEN MYSTIC: From Krantikar Kirtikumar Toliya)

Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore's beloved inmate, who was named by him as “Dumb Gurudial” (GURUDIAL MALLIK) due to his, the latter's silent, surrenderful, dedicated services at the Poet Master's feet for 22 long years at Santiniketan (and also thereafter since Tagore's passing away in 1941, at Mahatma Gandhiji's feet at Sevagram, etc.), was an unusual Sublime Soul. He was though outwardly unassuming completely, a highly elevated rare Mystic of Modern Times, of this Century. His is very inspiring and impressing life story, which is briefly narrated elsewhere.

Very great, though extremely humble, entirely Ego-less and seemingly small looking Mallikji, reminding of his hidden huge potentialities according to the Holy KALPASOOTRA, had graciously and silently entered into my own life quite mysteriously. It was perhaps, in lines of several Gracious Saints and Masters molding and carving my stone-like life, to uplift me and to elevate my revolutionary younger brother Krantikikumar Kirti who had strenuously struggled to serve the Poors and to bring revolution in his humble way by fighting with the dark forces of Corruption in free India, even working in the Indian Government's Garbs of Anti-Corruption Departments!”. Hence Mystic Mallikji's entry in our lives was very much significant particularly the mystical hidden ways of helping the Sufferers that he possessed through his Powerful Prayers and hidden Himalayan Healings, quite silently without any miracle – shows unlike some so called God-men. Thus his entrance, all of a sudden, without going after him, was quite significant indeed.

It was in 1956. After leaving Acharya Vinobaji with his blessings, from his walking tours of Orissa and Tamilnadu and Short time shelters of Gyana Yogini Chinnamma Mata at Repalle, Andhra and Great Music Master Nandananda Bapu Raoji at Hyderabad, A.P, I had come down to Ahmedabad. I was then in the pious shelter of Great Blind Jain & Gandhian Philosopher Pragyaachakshu Padmabhooshan Dr. Pandit Sukhlalji. It was my earnest endeavor and lofty longing to learn the Jain and Comparative Indian Philosophy from Panditji by serving him to the best of my abilities. Also simultaneously literature and Music further at concerned Colleges were my allied subjects of the learnings.

During this period my first acquainting with Poojya Maalikji materialized.

At that time he had come to Sabarmati Harijan Ashram.

By knowing about me from somewhere, he sent a message to Poojya Panditji, asking : “Where is Pratap? I want to see him and listen to his Bhajans...”

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All of a sudden Panditji conveyed the same to me and said : “Mallikji has arrived at the Asram. He wants not only to see you, but also to listen your Bhajans. Hence you have to go there along with your Sitar...”

Overwhelmed with joy and surprise, I wondered and even inquired of Panditji that I had no acquaintance with Mallikji and how great it is of him that he himself is calling me to meet?

But anyhow, with the orders of not one, but two Great Masters, I immediately picked up Sitar and reached the Ashram, constantly thinking in my mind, how he had known my name, but however, I was happy beyond limits that I will be fortunate today to have the Darshan of this Holy Saint, about whom I had already known earlier. His writings awakened as “G.M” which meant “GUM”(lost) had read by me. It had remained a mystery for some time initially that who this “G.M.=Gum” was. Now this mystery was clearly solved and this “GUM NAM : G. M” writer mystery was captured, This was double joy of coming across this another “G.M. = GREAT MYSTIC” (Gurdial Mallikji)..!

As soon as I reached Sabarmati Ashram at kind Pratapbhai Upadhyas's residence, I found him seated alone only, as if he was waiting for me. His silken White Bearded was shining just like a Divine Bird descended down from the sublime sky of spirituality. Visualizing this my eyes met with Mallikji's love Bestowing shining eyes, I bowed down, touched his pious feet and suddenly sprung his speech full of love from his deep naal:

“Welcome, my dear son..!” and he continued before I speak something, as if replying my unasked question of my above said inquiry:

“I know you...I know you..I want to listen your Bhajans”

And preventing my inquisitiveness's inquiry, I tuned the strings of my Sitar and begun my joyous rendering from the depth of my inner self. The stream of songs followed non-stop continuously, one by one with Hindi, Bangla, Gujarati Bhajans:

"Mon Chalo Nij Niketane...."

"Ashan Taler Matir Pore, Lutiye Rabo..."

"Atalun to Apaje Bhagwan! Mane Chhelli Ghadi..."

"Prabhu! Main Kya Mangu Gunheena..."

There was atmosphere created full of Joy and Joy ... the strings of Sitar were dancing with my singing, ...no, not My singing, it was being sung by SOME ONE ELSE through me...as if the front-seated EXISTENCE OF THE DIVINE was singing and I had become just a medium, just an instrument like Sitar!

About one hour passed and lapsed in the sea of these mystical songs and tunes in the presence of this living Musical Mystic of the Modern Age. But he himself? He was humbly passing on the Credit of this Joyous Music unto me telling:

"My dear lad, I have become so fortunate that you have made me drink today the Glass of Nector of Bhajans- -Nector of Love...!"

"No, no Chachaji! Kindly don't make me ashamed by giving that credit to me...on the contrary, it is you who has made me drink the nector of love, since, it was not I, someone else, probably YOU were singing through me and, as if I was not there, my Ego had melted already...I didn't realize at all that I was singing...not I, not I...but thou..!"

And with this zeroness of the Self's Singing, our inner Musical Voyage begun, which was altered and put on the Divine Track by Holy Mother Chinamma, Acharya Vinobaji and Nandananda Bapuraoji, earlier.

After solving the mystery of knowing and calling me, Mystic Mallikji commenced conversing on Baba Vinobaji and then extensively on very less known, but living in high Realm of self Realization CHINNAMMA MATAJI of Repalle. This Holy Mother, the incarnation of Motherly Love, Knowledge and Divinity, was so much remembered in this Mystic Mallikji's Divine Presence by me that tears flew out from my Eyes....No, not only from my Eyes, even from Mallikji's eyes, more powerful and pious than mine!!!

As if tears reciprocated tears. Heart's sentiments reciprocated sentiments...Deeper self realized the vast Deeper Self..Chinamma-like love of Chachaji bridged oneness and made me ONE with him...I visualized from his Nector-shedding eyes some time Mother Chinamma, sometime some another long acquainted personality...! The Emptiness caused by Chinamma Mataji's separation, was filled up as if by Chachaji...He soon acquired the place in my deeper self within and our Internal External Voyage commenced... the GUMNAM =GUM Poet became visible to wash out my inner layers of Ego and also to uplift my humanity-serving and suffering revolutionary younger brother Kirtikumar.

8. Prof. Toliya AT GURUDEO TAGORE'S SANTINIKETAN

I had my school and College studies at Amreli, Poona, Ahmedabad and Hyderabad-Deccan. Had also summer schools and short time courses at Mysore, Coimbatore, Benaras, etc., But it was my longing since childhood and youth to go to Gurudeo Rabindranath Thakur's Santiniketan and study over there. In spite of the odds and obstacles, I could at least manage to reach over there and got admitted myself in Vidya Bhavan for my Post Graduate Studies of M.A. Hindi and in Sangeet Bhavan for Rabindra Sangeet, in Summer of 1958. Though Gurudeo Tagore was not there physically, his spirit was yet working in form of his great Direct Descendants like Acharya Kshiti Mohan Sen, Nitai Vinod Goswami, Shantideb Ghosh, Nandlal Bose and several others. Apart from these all, my Hindi Professors Ramsingh Tomar, Dr. Shivnathji, Smt. Kanika Deedi, were all kindly looking after my well being and comforts over there. They were all so much pleased with my coming to Santiniketan having known my long-cherished fulfilment of

my dream and also my cultural and spiritual background of Jain Philosophical principles and my associations with Great Jain Monks, Scholars and other Luminary Saints like Acharya Vinoba Bhave, Gurudeo Tagore's disciple Acharya Gurdial Mallikji, Great Jain Scholar Dr. Pandit Sukhlalji, Great Gujarati Poet Umashankar Joshi, etc.,

Rev. Acharya Kshiti Mohan Sen was now and then inquiring of my settling down and when he came to know that I was uneasy by seeing a Non-Veg kitchen also, though separate, on the pious land of Santiniketan, he told me with tears in his eyes. "I also do not like, can't bear such unhealthy things on this soil of Santiniketan..... How Heaven-like it was when Gurudeo was alive here and how it is turning now....! It has become now the Central Government University and with it several ills and vices have entered..... I helplessly lament for these all since I can't do anything for stopping the same.....". Later on even after the arrangements for my early-eatings before the Sunset at the Vidyabhavan Hostel's Vegetarian Kitchen, when Rev. Kshiti Babu came to know about my seriousness of leaving Santiniketan if the Non. Veg. messes could not be closed, he lamented "Had there been Gurudeo here, he would have rather closed down such Non. Veg. Kitchens, would have served Rosogollas with his abundant love and not have allowed aspiring students like you to go back from here....." With these words he virutally wept like a child, I was moved, postponed my going away for the time being. Tried to wait for the betterment. My kind Hindi Professor Dr. Shiv Nathji also prevented me from leaving, since, according to him, arrangements for my meals before the Sunset were made and he used to say that, "Because of the people like you staying here, the atmosphere of University-type-Santiniketan will improve" and I stayed for some time more.

Arrangements of strict Vegetarian food and Before Sunset Meals were all nicely done, but that odour of Non-veg. kitchen and its existence on the pious soil of Santiniketan compelled me to unwillingly quit it as a student, since I was not capable enough though supported by several like-minded colleagues and above wellwishing professors, to stop this ill. Personally I succeeded in making all arrangements for me and other students like me, but collectively I failed to stop the Non-Vegetarian Kitchen over there, which, I gather, still exists as a blot on that pious land of peace and non-violence, SANTI NIKETAN.....! What a contrast, What a painful paradox.....!!

During my short Shantiniketan stay full of learnings and acquiring as much knowledge as I could, apart from the above uneasy times, I remember some humorous moments with my student friends over there from Bengal, who used to care for me and worryingly and humourously ask me, "APONI RATRI BHOJON KOREN NA, CHAY KHABEN NA, CIGARETTE KHABEN NA, TO AR KHABEN KI ? KI KORE ROHIBO PAREN..... JIBIBIO PAREN ?" (How will you be able to survive when you don't eat at night and don't consume tea, etc., ?")

And I used to jokingly reply to them, "Dekhen, Ami Diner Soorjer Sakshir Shobay Khaben : Phol-Fruits, Chabol-Roti, Doodh-Mishti Shobay..... Tar por Ami Rosogolla Khaben.... Tomar eta dirty Kondo-mool, Chay-Cigarette, Mans-Masha (fish) Khabar Chij Acche ki ?" (See, in the witness of the Sun, during the day time I eat everything worthy like fruits, milk, curds, rice, chapatis and thereafter even your sweet Rosogollas....Tell me whether these things of yours like Tea-Cigarettes and Mutton-Fish are ever worth consuming ?")

And I well remember, with such of my insisting replies and practical following of the principles, a number of Bengali, Assamese and other Non-Vegetarian students also joined with me and had taken to

Vegetarianism. What I could see was, if we are devoted to the adopted principles, others are ready to make way for us and there are no obstacles in our path after the testing time initially.

SWEET MEMORIES OF SANTINIKETAN

After my longing of many years, I had been privileged to join Santiniketan's Vidya Bhavan (as already said above for my M.A in Hindi Literature) and Sangeet Bhavan (for learning Rabindra Sangeet), with the blessings of my Rev. Masters Acharya Gurdial Mallikji and Padmabhooshan Pragyaachakshu Dr.Pandit Sukhlalji. Both of them had been at Santiniketan in the past, Mallikji in sublime Shelter of Gurudev for 22 long years and Dr. Pt. Sukhlalji for a short spell of time about which he has very admiringly written in one of his Articles titled SANTINIKETAN ("PRASTHAN" : "Darshan ane Chintan" : Guj.pp.200). Pt.Sukhlalji's deliberations therein with great Scholar Pandit Vidhushekhar Bhattacharya, Acharya Kshiti Mohan Sen and Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore himself, are worth reading. He has overwhelmingly described Gurudev, whom he has addressed as "KAVISHREE", writing: "His meeting, "PREM-MILAN", extremely befitting with his ideal & approach, this Apostle of Love, was like a loving Father, making a child to sit by his side and talking with loving confidence, impressed me". In addition to this, Panditji had personally described his experience of his short stay there which had increased my eagerness and curiosity to reach Santiniketan. Moreover, Mallikji's reminiscences with Gurudev, which I have penned in Hindi, Gujarati and English and which I had heard and gathered from his pious mouth several times at Ahmedabad, Hyderabad, Sharadagram, Visnagar , Mumbai, etc. This has become my treasure now and has inspired me since 1956-57-58.

With these personal acquaintances, in addition to my little study of Gurudev's Literature, I had considered myself fortunate and joined Santiniketan with great hopes and dreams to enrich my treasure of Literature, Music and Philosophy. Even in short span of time, I could accomplish these to a considerable extent.

For my M.A classes at Santiniketan, it was a great joy to study beneath the trees and open sky, even some times amidst drizzling rain, murmuring newly learnt Rabindra songs like "MAN MORI MEGHER SANGI,....." and "PAGLA HAOAR BADOL DINE, PAGOL AMAR MON JEGE UTHE..." etc . I visualized Gurudev himself sitting beneath the tree, murmuring the song and teaching. Sometimes I saw the presence of G.M.Mallikji seated before Gurudev and bowing his head to provide rhythm to the song. I kept imagining, dreaming and guessing whether Gurudev might be sitting here, moving, singing and dance-directing here and there..? I was thinking, how his "Dumb Gurdial" Mallikji might be accompanying him carrying out all his (The Master's) orders silently, unquestioningly and joyously as a true dedicated disciple...!

Apart from these stray glimpses of my Tree-shelter learning, I had some more joyous experiences at Sangit Bhavan while learning a number of Rabindra Sangeet songs. "Bijon Ghare , Nishith Rate..." , "Ashon Taler, Matir Pore..." , "Ami Sondhya Deeper Shikha..." , "Tomar Ashime, Prana Mona Loye..." , "Shomukhe Shanti Parabar..." , "Tomar Ashon Shoonna Aji..." , "Nabiker Gaan..." , "Hinshaya Unmatta Prithvi ..." and a number of other songs were absorbed in my deep Sub-consciousness that even after leaving Santiniketan they have not left me. Every year's RABINDRA SMRITI-7th August celebrations, which I organized at my college services and elsewhere, these songs, along with their Gujarati or Hindi versions, always created a unique atmosphere and impact everywhere. They have become part of my devotion, seeking and aspiration. Even my MUSIC FOR MEDITATION innovation has this as its base! Hence this gift of Santiniketan's Sangit Bhavan has always remained precious for me. My learning at Sangit Bhavan has another aspect of my Music pursuit. It was about my sharing and giving from my own treasure of song and folk songs of my Mother Tongue Gujarati. Several luminary Gujarati Poets like Late Shri Zaverchand

Meghani, Umashankar Joshi etc. had not only presented such Gujarati Literary & Folk songs at Santiniketan earlier, but had also translated eternal Bengali Tagore songs into Gujarati.

With this background, when I kept rendering these songs at Sangit Bhavan's frequent sittings, I was applauded with unexpected response and love .It was to that extent that my kind Rabindra Sangeet Teacher and co-students compelled me not only to render Gujarati songs, but also to teach them. This ended every time with the resounding Joyous Blusters of "SHADU SHADU..." which I still remember. Besides singing and teaching, I had to render and direct Gujarati Ras-Garbas, the traditional Folk Dances, singing and playing. This Give and Take process had its own charm .It has been deeply associated with my sweet lifelong memories of Santiniketan.

Thereafter, whenever I visited Santiniketan - once with my little daughter Parul- I visualized those Golden days at Santiniketan, as if they were back: "AMAR SHE DIN ASHABE FIRE....."

These are a few of my sweet memories of Santiniketan. I was compelled to leave it half way, as discussed earlier, with weeping Kshiti Babu's tearful eyes and my heavy heart, but even a short stay enriched me beyond limits.....

After all more than Kshiti Babu's it was the blessing of my Great Masters Dr. Pt. Sukhlalji and Acharya Gurdial Mallikji both of whom were themselves greatly blessed by Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore himself.

