

Message 223

Mid-night August 20-21, 2011, Amsterdam (Holland)

Tagore's song of retirement from mundane work.

Aami Firbo Naa Re, Firbo Naa Aar, Firbo Naa Re ---
Yamon Hawaar Mukhey Bhaaslo Tori ---
Kuley Bhirbo Naa Aar, Bhirbo Naa Re.
Chhoriye Gechhe Suto Chhinrey,
Taai Khuntes Aaj Morbo Ki Re ---
Yakhon Bhangha Ghaurer Kuriye Khunti
Byara Ghirbo Naa Aar, Ghirbo Naa Re;
Ghaater Rosi Gechhe Kete,
Kandbo Ki Taai Baukko Phetey ---
Yakhon Paaler Rosi Dhorbo Kosi,
E Rosi Chhinrbo Naa Aar, Chhinrbo Naa Re.

Now, there is no about-turn possible to go back to the dragging life consisting of all humdrum with hoax, humbug and hypocrisy of the mind! Now let there be the floating unabated, towards the freedom from fanciful pursuits generating from acquisition, ambition and aggression under the pretext of "success" and "achievement". This tie with the super-imposed cultural inputs and conditioning has somehow been cut off. Now, it is no longer necessary to pick up those props to build the house of hallucination once again. There is no way now to make fences with the help of false fragmentations in the centripetal. It is good that the rope of the boat of borrowed beliefs has been cut off. Now let there be sailing in the flowing river of freedom in the extra-ordinary wind of wisdom!

Three Stories:

1) A king asked his Prime Minister to inform him how many blind people were there in his kingdom. The Prime Minister said: We have a good health service and it is possible to get the exact figure of physical blindness within one hour. But if Your Excellency is interested to know about people having general blindness, then please let me have a few days to enable me to respond to you adequately. The Prime Minister was a wise Brahmin, but he relinquished his robe of honour and dressed himself as a lowly shoemaker (Chamaar) and started stitching shoes sitting in a street corner. The people, who saw this with wonder, stopped and started asking: what is this that you are doing, Sir, in this horrible manner? And the moment such a question was asked, the Prime Minister put the questioner in the list of blind men. The King also came to know this. He then rushed in his chariot and went to the spot. He asked with tremendous surprise: what are you doing here, my dear and esteemed Prime Minister? The Prime Minister then included him also in the list of blind men!

We see through the eyes of our accumulated image, from our pre-concepts. We never see what is! We see only what should be!

2) A young man became a Tarka-shastri -- a scholar of logic. When he returned home after completing his education from a reputed Institute of logic, his mother received him with two mangoes and asked her son what he had learnt? He said that he knew the art of logic. Mother said: what is it all about? Son said: look, there are two mangoes; but I can prove by logic that there are three! Mother was surprised and said: please let me see. Son said: this is mango one and this is mango two. And one plus two is three! Mother was very much impressed. But father was sitting there. He said: my dear boy, now your mother and I are going to eat these two mangoes. You please eat the third one of your logic!

3) In another case, one person was sprinkling rice around his house. A passer by asked: Sir, why are you doing this? The man replied: to prevent tigers from coming here. The passer-by said: well, tigers never come in this town. The man said: that proves the point!

Jai Retirement