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Is the Sculptor's Mother with him always?

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This is my nostalgia. This story published by Taralok (Journal of Tarapith Temple)

At first, I like to say being a sculptor, that I can deeply associate with lump of mud, wood, stone and metals, but in literature I am absent too. I know tarapith in 2004. Casually I speak with Dipak Da and at that night, I start to go Tarapith, when I reach Tarapith from Rampurhat, it is about 2 at night. At that moment, some auto-rickshaws are in the stand and some street dogs are too barking at all. I do not go the temple and burning place. It is fog-wintery-night. Just before ten feet of me, nothing is really seen. Just stepping forwards with few steps, I have the smell of 'Janga' and I understand it is a burning-place. Men are absent there and I am in distress condition. Dipakda says, its not the proper time to go to that side, as we do not know the place properly. Disobeying Dipakda, I step forward and I feel that this place is well-known to me. My feeling is like the feeling that I am going to a place after a short time. After wondering sometimes to and fro of the burning station. I hear a music and it is the music of Tarama's bathing.

It is dawn. The shops are opened. In a tea stall, I am drinking tea with biscuits. There comes a panda or saint, dressed with red shirt and dhoti and he is drinking tea also. I ask, 'Will I pray or worship Goddess Tarama after taking meal?' He says, 'Yes, here, mother feeds her son first, then she eats. So, it's the matter that relates to you, whether you pray to mother after meal or not. So, there is no hard and fast rule here.'

I accept his view to my heart fully.

Worshipping mother Tara, I return home on the whole. But I am not satisfied. I can not set the events chronologically. What I have seen that night I am twisting in my mind with pain.

After a months latter, I go to Tarapith again with Dipakda with his wife; and my wife Mausumi. I have come to the Tarama Temple, after wandering the setting place of Vaishitya Deva in the burning station, the tomb of Bamadeva and Shimultala, without going to temple of Tarama at first. The then

my wife, Dipakda with his family are coming out, giving puja to Tarama. I bend on my head by folding two hands at Natmandir, not going to original temple. At day, I am satisfied fully in my mind with endless happiness.

That day, my wife says, 'Give me rupees eleven, to see the real idol of Tarama. I say, "You see; I will not see in this situation. Really speaking, I am angered by thinking, "Is it Luvur Museum?"

Next day, I alone go near the Chandrachur temple and I ask a shopkeeper, 'May I buy some books on Tarapith Temple? A gentleman gives me then a book in lieu of Rs. five. I return to hotel and read the book totally; and again I go to the bookshop in the afternoon. I ask, 'Who has written this book? Where does he live? Laughing he says, 'I, Debasis Mukherjee, have written this book. I relate with Debasis Mukherjee in this way, I converse sometimes with him and ask, 'Is Rs. eleven given for seeing the stone-idol? Then he rectifies me. He knows about me from me too. He says to meet with him at 8 pm. I meet him at 8 pm. He says, I will show a thing. Seeing that fully, you say your opinion. I agree. After sometimes, he goes to the temple with me. Now I feel with new feelings. I feel with another feelings. My mind and eyes are related with heavenly feelings. That day, seeing the stone-idol, I have a boundless senses with happiness. I feel that I have seen the stone-idol before. Many men are into temple. But I feel that the stone-idol and I are only into the temple. At that moment, who are into temple, are describing the traditional system of the temple. But I can't hear the temple. When all the disciples go out from the temple, Debasisbabu says, 'See, please the stone-idol with full attention', putting his one hand on my back.

I see the stone-idol, wandering around it. Coming out from the temple, I sit on the verandah of Narayana temple and say to him, 'This stone-idol is already known, to me before. Again I see it. That day he can not understand me and I can not make him to understand also. He asks me, 'Is the idol a part of another idol?' I say with laugh, seeing this stone idol, do you say it a part of another idol?' I say, No, it is a unique and full-idol. It is glittered by itself, not by other's help. Debasis babu's thought is paralled with me. Next day, I return home. A question is arisen to my mind. Where have I seen the stone-idol before? I thought and thought. I recall, I have not seen it in the museum. I turn the pages of the books of sculpture of India. I go to Art College and Ramkrishna Mission Library also. I think, I may see this picture anywhere before. But I can not the stone-idol anywhere. Only I keep my idea into my mind.

Now I am doing my primary works. The face of idol is hard. At that moment I am disassociated with my work. Every activities of mine is dismissed. Then I work and take rest for sometimes on the chair and I am now in drowsy mood. I have mud into my hands. I make a replica of it. Then I complete the portrait. After somedays, I was reading a book, after my meal, Then I take cigarette for smoking, and I am in drowsy mood; at that moment then that idol is coming in my vision. When the butt-burning touches my finger. I am in awake. Next day I go to my teacher of sculptor, Surojit Das. I want to know from him about my feeling and vision. He advises me to make the idol which I have seen, by mud; or you may forget it. I am enthused by his speech. Returning from his house, I make the idol in big form. After some weeks, Debasisda phones me and says, he will come at Sealdah in press for the publication of his book and he requests me to go there for rectifying the cover of his book. I go to the press and completing the press job, I request him to come to my house. He accepts and comes to my house. After a little thought I show my idol and say what I feel about. The image, seeing the idol, Debasisda says, the idol is to some extent, not equal to the origin, but motive of the idol is almost same.

Suddenly, after somedays, I go to Tarapith again. Then I discuss with Debasisda about the that idol. He wants to know how the stone-idol is decayed gradually and how it is protected. I say to him, I can make stone-idol lent I am not stone expert. I speak with GSI and I may help, in this affairs to you. That day I can not know how the idol of Tarama is bathed, I know, by wine and Agar, Tarama-idol is bathed. So the idol is decayed. After somedays, he does phone to me, you make bronze-idol, and the inner side of the idol is hollow; what will be if the bronze-idol is set on the Tarama-idol, made of stone?

I think, it's correct. One night, in phone he says to me, I must do this job, please. I think for somedays whom I will make. Thus, I meet with a Tantrik. He worships Goddess Kali. As say about the matter, he says, Do you give words to make the idol made of bronze. You must not do it. Debi or Goddess Kali is dangerous. Be conscious! Then I am frightened and I think, I say, I can not make the idol of Tarama. One day, Debasis da phones to me, if your mother suffers from fever, will you not touch her? You may make the idol of Tara or not, please once come to meet with me.

After someweeks, I go to Tarapith with my wife. Then I meet with his Diksha Guru Satyapanda. He washes away mind from confusion. I agree to make the idol. The picture of stone-idol Tarama will not take. I want picture of mother, He does not give. So, how shall I make the idol of Tarama? Then it is decided that I will make the idol of Tarama, from the deep-night to dawn 3.30 A.M. On 12.12.2006. Sunday I start to do the job. The Tantrik's voice is heard in my imagination, but I want to say something here.

At first Debasisda says, the total expense will be carried by the Pandas. But it will take time. All on a sudden, a devotee of Tarama named by R. C. Agarwal agree to carry the expenses. But, I live at Jadavpur. But everything will not be accommodated in my house. So Debasisda will arrange or supply the things according to need. A piece of wood will be required; but its length and breadth can not be said. A carpenter keeps a piece of wood; the house of Debasisda when I want to start to make the idol, I demand the wood, Debasisda goes to bring wood from his house. Now my assistants Khokan Das and Sibaprasad De say, you say to bring the wood, but you do not take the length of it. Now I am in tension if the wood is small or long. After a moment Debasisda brings the wood and enters into the temple. I see that the wood is sufficient for making the Tarama-idol. Thus I start to make the idol, but I can not forget words of the that Tantrik.

When the night is ended, I can not say. I work with my assistants with hard labour upto 15.12.2006; and I see the Taramaidol with nook and corner. I see, that there is an equal structure of growing idol and original idol. Then I remember the sayings of the Tantrik and I am in fear, if I can not complete the idol as with original idol! At night, one or two pandas come and pass their opinion with criticize, seeing the half-order, made by me. I am working continuously. At dawn Palda (The night watchman of Temple) supplies tea to me. Drinking tea, I feel that my vest is wet by sweat. Everyone, in the outside wears muffler and rapper, but I feel warmth so I go to the ghat of mother with tea-cup in my hand. After sometimes, I enter again into the temple. Now feel that the idol made by me is near to the origin. I am in drowsy mood. I see in my calming vision that the idol comes to me. But I hear the sound of the mining of the bell. Suddenly a man gives me fruits, after worshipping of puja. He says, Dada, please take prasad of evening-puja.

On 16.12.06, Thursday I start the work again at night. Then, two pandas come and say to me with amusement that the reiohy made idol of Tarama is like the original one. If it is set beside the origin so both will be the same. But I feel peace in my mind. Now I see the amount of bee-wax, whether it is sufficient or not. Some amount of bee-wax is still in my hand, after completing the idol. At the moment of finishing touch the rest bee-wax is used. After the continuous work of six nights, I complete to make new idol of Tarama.

Then the bronze (eight metals) casting is done. In the middle of the back side, I see there is a dimple while finishing. After a lot of touching, I can not level or smooth it. Ram, my helper of casting feels pain in his mind for it. Ram says once and again to cast again with bee-wax for repairing, but I do not accept his view. I feel, I take it to the temple at. Then I will do my work according to need. But I think, if there is a hole if I do grinding it. There is a problem to do welding.

I think and think more about it. I take some tools. This is known to me and Ram, my assistant, coming down from the car at Tarapith, I go to the temple directly; and I see, if the dimple place is wet, so the replica is not set properly. Seeing this wonderful scene, I cry with happiness. Ram and I know this incident. Occasionally I go to Tarapith as I feel mother Tara is calling me to go to her. Some honest men named Debasis Mukhopadhyaya, Ashok Da, Tapas Da, Probodh Da, Tapan Da (Keshab Panda), Palas Da, Taramoy Mukhopadhyaya, Tarak Da, Rabi Da call me once and again to go there. Another lady named 'Baroma' (wife of late Shambhu Kinkar Chattapadhyaya) blesses me from her heart.

I live in city, South Kolkata. There is a rumour that Tarapith is the place of addiction like wine, ganga etc. I, remember the speech of Ramakrishna, 'If you give milk with water to a Gander, it will drink only milk, except water.' So, if Tarapith is the mixing place of the incidents of good and bad, I will take only the good things by saying 'Jay Tara'.

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