

# VRINDAVAN DIARIES



Mumbiram & Party

Distant Drummer  
[www.distantdrummer.de](http://www.distantdrummer.de)

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# VRINDAVAN DIARIES

Vol. Four  
of

## HIGH FIVE OF LOVE

### **Mumbiram & Party**

#### *A Universal Paradigm of Divine Love*

*These five books present a very beautiful paradigm of Divine Love that is  
universally attractive.*

*Generations of romantics will find in these works their Land of Divine Déjà vu,  
the perfect topics of meditation, as well as the very primeval source  
of aesthetic inspiration and creative expression.*



# **Imagine !**

***Life in the material world seems such a ridiculous proposition, even a cruel one. Everything that is created must come to an end. There seems to be no clue whatsoever about who we are and if there is anything more to us than a heap of atoms and molecules that are held together by some laws of matter that we can only surrender to.***

***Do we have a free will ? Are we responsible for what we do or for what we are ? What are feelings ? Just some chemical reactions ? What is happiness ? What is unhappiness ? What are desires ?***

***Whose idea is it to have such a creation at all ? Is it possible to find out the answers to these questions when all we can perceive through our senses are only arrangements and rearrangements of matter ? Are living entities essentially different than mere arrangements of matter ? Is there a domain that endures even beyond this all too limited and transient domain ?***

# **Welcome to the world of imagination, inspiration and revelations**

**Welcome to a world that is so very familiar yet so very fanciful. Everything that we know in this material world also exists there, yet so much more and so very sure !**

**Goloka Vrindavan is a timeless space because time only makes everything continue and proliferate in the lives of the inhabitants of Goloka. Everything in Goloka is living and has a personality. Nothing is dead matter. Everything is sentient and eternal. Nothing ever ceases to exist. There is no fear. All love is pure. There is no envy whatsoever. Goloka Vrindavan is the planet of Krishna where everybody is madly in love with Krishna as if it is the only thing that ever matters ! It is a lovely pastoral scene. The cows are grazing in the pastures in the glades. The trees are laden with flowers and fruit. The bumblebees are hovering over them in symphony along with cuckoos that are calling out in harmony. The doe-eyed damsels of firm bosoms and slender waists are finding excuses to go to the forests to meet Krishna the most beautiful witty boy who plays the flute.**

***We all belong to Goloka, originally and eternally. Then by some causeless fancy of Krishna, the Supreme, envy enters our Love for Krishna. That is when we have to take birth in this perverted reflection of that world of perfect love and harmony, Goloka.***

***Then Krishna and his eternal associates decide to descend to the material world and give a glimpse of Goloka to the inhabitants and thereby dispel the deep darkness of their existence conditioned by the stringent laws of material nature. That glimpse of our eternal original existence is so all-enchanting that everything in the material world reminds us of our blissful existence in the company of Krishna and his associates in Goloka.***

***Those visions of Krishna sporting on our planet just as he always does in Goloka are recounted, retold and reveled in by poets, play-writes, singers, dancers as well as artists of all times. These visions become the only worthwhile objects of meditation, they prepare us for our journey back to Goloka.***

***Even a little that you come to know about Krishna makes you want to know more about him. Such is the magic of his personality.***

***Krishna's very brief dialogue with his best friend Arjuna on the great battlefield of Kurukshetra is the celebrated Bhagavad Gita, a book that has inspired men to greatness for over 5000 years. Be they philosophers or politicians, poets or artists; all have found the answers to the most perplexing intimate questions of their souls in the Bhagavad Gita.***

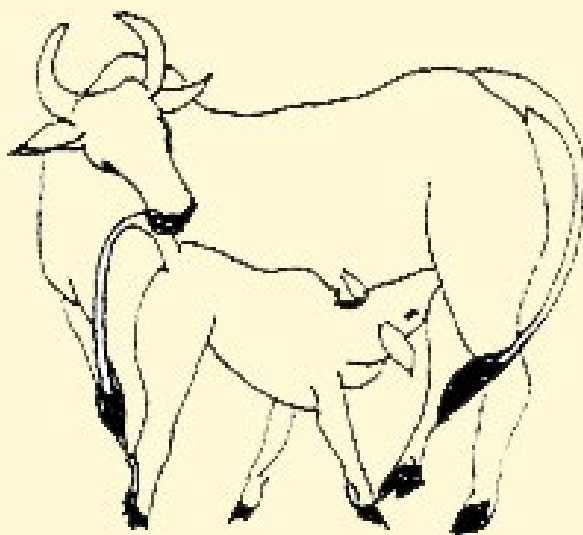
***It is thrilling to find out that this philosopher of incisive intellect was also the most charming lover of his times.***

***These books are about the exploits of the young boy-man Krishna in and around the pastoral village Vrindavan on the bank of the meandering Yamuna river. It is mostly about love, friendship, grace and fun.***



***Sages who have entirely conquered envy have found these acts of causeless sporting of the Supreme to be the most profound and pleasing objects of meditation. One whiff of its aroma has driven successful worldly men to abandon family, friends and society to wander around the earth begging for alms like birds !***

***Even more importantly it is about the amazing love of Radha, the doe-eyed cowherd damsel of Vrindavan, for Beloved Krishna.***



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Shri Jayadeva

Rupa Goswami

Vishvanath Chakravarti

Mumbiram

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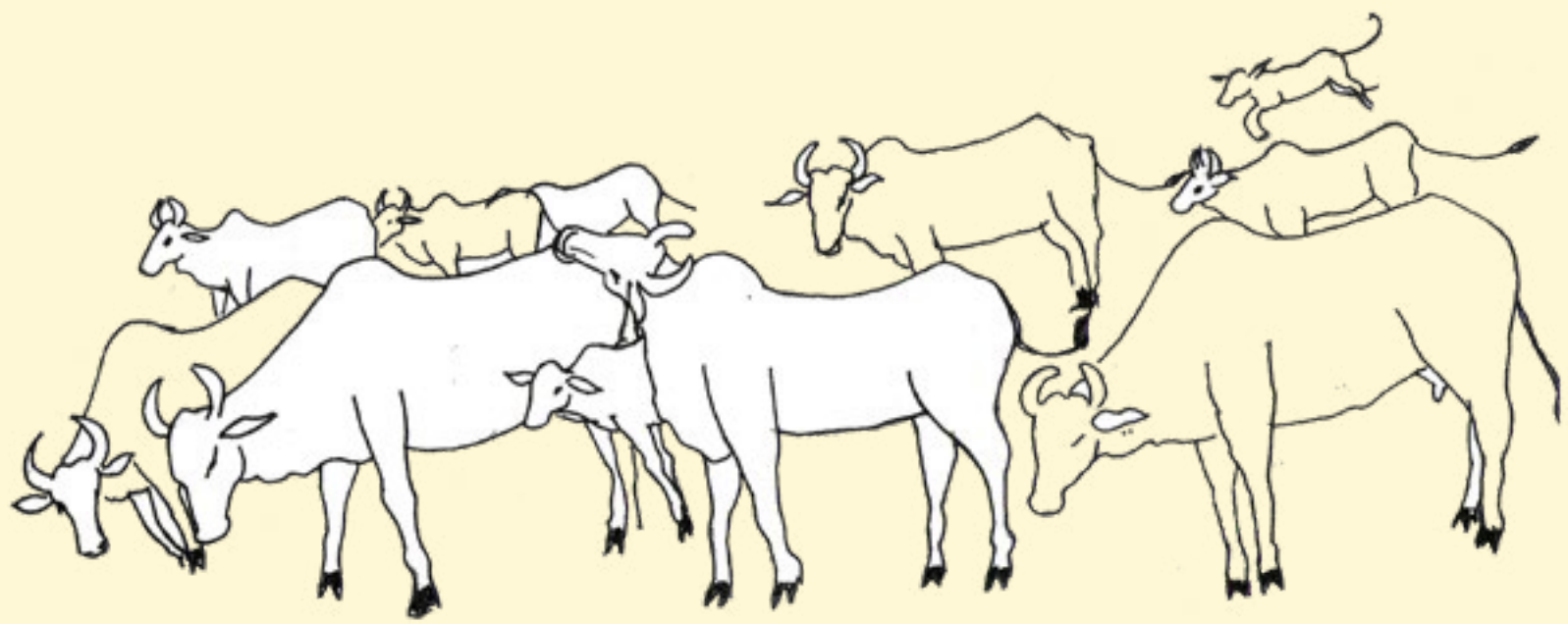
**Confluence of the Scholarly and Folk traditions**

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# **FOREWORD**

*Vrindavan Diaries have been passed on in the oral tradition for generations until some unknown exalted personality of Vrindavan wrote it all down just as it was in the colloquial style of popular prose. Several slightly different versions of the text in the Vraja dialect are known to exist in different archives.*

*Rupa Gosvami is seen to be the narrator of these accounts and the basic story-line loosely follows the plot of Rupa Gosvami's Sanskrit drama Lalita Madhava. Rupa Gosvami's original Lalita Madhava clearly shows a keen understanding of the lives of the cowherd boys who went behind the cows in the forests of Vrindavan.*

*On the other hand these folk accounts here in "Vrindavan Diaries" give credence to the possibility that the works of scholars such as Rupa Gosvami were reaching and enriching the folk-tradition as well.*

*The incessant prose in the original tongue of simple cowherd-damsels is engaging beyond imagination. The translation happily brings out that feeling of continuity and obsession that overtook those guileless adolescent associates of Krishna in the forests of Vrindavan. These Vrindavan Diaries make easy rapid reading. The action gets so circular that it is difficult to recount the exact sequence of the many memorable happenings.*

*These accounts of loving details of the lives of adolescent cowherd-boys and guileless cowherd-damsels in the vales of the Govardhan Mountain and in the shady bowers along the banks of the meandering Yamuna river have an unmistakable déjà vu quality. The reader is certain to be reminded of the intensity and desperation of adolescent love, the long summer afternoons when time appeared to come to a standstill and all the colours, smells and sounds of nature coming alive like never before.*

***These “Diaries” are drenched in the rasas of friendship and love. There is an equality in the emotional states of the sakhas and of Krishna. That makes their dealings uniquely relishable. They are identical to Krishna in age, qualities, playfulness, dress and beauty. They are all charming. The great variety of the sweet natures of Krishna’s friends enhances the beauty of Krishna’s Vraja activities. Some are frivolous and entertain him as clowns. Some are honest and serve him with sincerity. Some are cunning and surprise him with their mock-devilry. Some act arrogant and engage Krishna in senseless arguments. But others are gentle and please Krishna with soothing words.***

***There is transcendental competition between the group of Radha assisted by Lalita-Vishakha and the group of Chandravali assisted by Padma and Shaibya. The juicy stories of their transcendental confrontations are glorified in lost manuscripts and in emotion-filled***

***congregations of blessed inhabitants of Vraja around the bonfire on long wintry nights.***

***The cows, calves, trees, creepers, peacocks, parrots, cuckoos, bumblebees, deer and even the monkeys of Vraja are participating and assisting in the union of Love and Beloved.***

***The star-like fragrant flowers of the great Bakul trees, the delicate white flowers of the Kunda bushes, the sharp-looking red flowers of the Kimshuka tree, the blossoms of the mango and the Kadamba trees, the tender bamboo shoots, wet lotus leaves, clusters of Ashoka foliage, fragrant brilliant golden-pods of Ketaki plants; all find fulfilment in enhancing the Beauty of the Union.***

***The succulent fruit of the Taal Palms find fulfilment in being compared to the firm breasts of Radha. The bimba fruit reminds one of the lips of Beloved. The banana stems are as beautiful as the thighs of the loving combatants.***



*The water of the Yamuna is as clear as the minds of the devotees.*

*Krishna likes to look at Radha's face just as the Chakora bird likes to drink the moonbeams. Krishna's beautiful face with his unsteady eyes reminds one of an amorous pair of Khanjan birds doing their love-dance in the middle of a blooming lotus. The cuckoo calling out in the fifth-note at the site of the mango-blossoms is unbearable to those feeling separation from their beloved.*

*Everything in Vrindavan is sentient. Everything is somebody and has a very personal relationship with Krishna. Even the clouds don't roar too loudly when Krishna is playing the flute. Krishna's Tandavik Peacock dances ecstatically when Krishna is near. The trees bow down low in affection, laden with fruit and oozing honey.*

*The rocks on the Govardhan Mountain give out Shilajit when Krishna resounds the vales with his melodious flute-playing.*

***The bumblebees are getting intoxicated on the honey oozing out of the flowers in the garland around Krishna's neck.***

***The paste of sandalwood from the Malaya Mountain and musk oozing from the bodies of wild deer decorate Krishna's forehead.***

***Krishna considers every red Gunja seed in his Gunjamala to be more precious than all the treasures of the Universe.***

***When Radha and Krishna are together, the sandalwood-scented wind from the Malaya Mountain appears like a respectful offering from the Demigods. When they are separated the same wind appears like poisonous vapours from the snakes that are surrounding the sandalwood trees.***

***There is magic in Vrindavan. Even a dry creeper bestows sweet balls on Madhumangal. Radha becomes Subal and Lalita becomes Vrinda when caught by Mukhra. Radha and her Sakhis once captured Krishna's flute.***

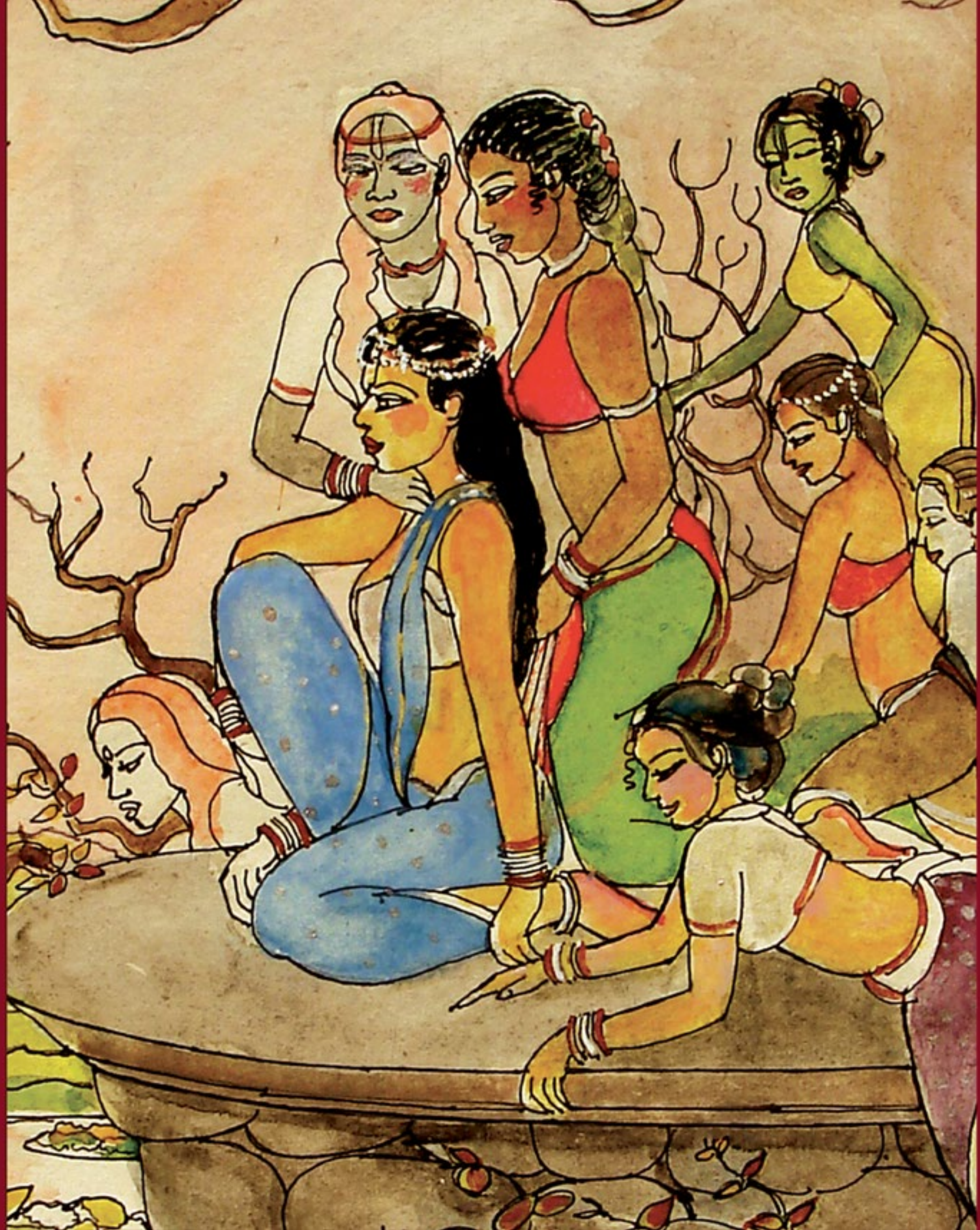
*The girls go into a laughing ecstasy when the flute speaks and narrates the severe hardships it went through at the hands of Krishna before it got the good fortune of being at Krishna's lips.*

*Radharani used to mistake a dark Tamala Tree for her Beloved dark Krishna when she was in the ecstatic Prema Vivarta mood in separation.*

*The love affairs and dealings in Vraja many times resemble the very ordinary, the very common, very mundane affairs between ordinary people. That is exactly what makes them very relishable for Krishna and his associates in Vraja and his admirers anywhere anytime.*



# VRINDAVAN DIARIES



Part One:  
Arousal of Love and Attachment-  
First Intimacies between Radha and Krishna

In the middle of the night Gopeshwar Mahadeo appeared before Rupa Goswami in a dream and said, "Tell us some Leelas of Love and the Beloved." So Rupa Goswami said with folded hands, "Maharaj, this Leela is very Confidential. Very few are qualified to taste that Nectar." Upon which Gopeshwarji insisted saying, "When the Mango tree blossoms the Koel goes into ecstasy. The miserable camel cannot relish it and perishes. So have no qualms, sing the Leelas of Love and the Beloved without any hesitation." Rupa Goswami said, "Guru Sandipani's mother Purnamasi understood that Vrindavana is the Place of Eternal Pastimes of Krsna, so she left Ujjain and came to stay in Vrindavan. She brought with her a grandson. His name was Madhumangal. Krsna was very fond of him. Madhumangal used to go to the forest with the cowherd boys and girls tending cows. He used to make Krsna laugh. He used to feed Krsna all kinds of treats. So Nandrai and Yashodaji also loved Madhumangal very dearly thinking how he made Krsna laugh and what joyous company he was for Krsna.

Then there was Garga Muni's daughter Nandimukhi who stayed in Purnamasiji's retinue and Vrindadevi also always moved with Purnamasiji. So once the Spring Season came. The beauty of Vrindavan was truly overwhelming. Everybody's heart was filled with the conjugal form of Radha and Krsna. Purnamasiji and Nandimukhi are always immersed in the Conjugal Mellows of Radha and Krsna, which are ever new and increasing. Yet, loving affairs are unsurpassed when Spring comes. That Rasa is super-excellent. Love is evident inside as well as outside. Radha's love for Krsna also unfolds in the spring most manifestly. So Purnamasiji said, "When, oh when will I be so fortunate that I can see the conjugal sporting of Radha and Krsna with these eyes. Only then will I know my good fortune is complete." Then Nandimukhi said to Purnamasiji, "Make some arrangements so Krsna will feel amorous towards Radha and make some arrangements so Radha's passion for Krsna will be aroused. This way you will be their Confidential Servitor. Serve them in Loving Devotional Attachment. Then they will know you are assistants in their Conjugal Sportings and they will bestow their Mercy upon you and certainly appear before you. Therefore think of some service so Love and Beloved will be pleased and you will have a glimpse of their Leela." When Purnamasiji heard this from Nandimukhi, Purnamasiji was very enlivened and praised Nandimukhi heartily and said, "Nandimukhi you have indeed attained Perfection! You



are attached to loving devotional service. So now you go to Barsana in Raja Vrishabhanu's retinue and meet Radha's sakhi Vishakha who is my life and soul. Tell Vishakha I am telling so. She should make a picture of Krsna and show it to Radha to arouse her love. Why? Because Krsna's looks are so adorable that Radha will be enchanted. Tell this to dear Vishakha in Barsana, then you go to the forest where Krsna is sporting the Leela of Tending Cows. You go there and say Radha's name in Krsna's ears. Why? Because that will immediately make Krsna feel affectionate towards Radha. Why? Because when Krsna hears Radha's name he will forget all his games and his playing and everything else." This way the two of them were thinking and planning and becoming very pleased. So Nandimukhi went to Barsana and Purnamasiji went towards Nandgaon. Purnamasiji could see from far away, Krsna was coming from Nandgaon with his friends to graze the cattle. Right in front, she could see Yashodaji and Nandrai coming to see off their son up to the Rock of the Cows. They were making entreaties to Krsna's boyfriends, "This my son is most ignorant, doesn't know anything, so please take good care of him. In the evening I will treat you to whatever you wish to eat. Come back from the forest well before the light starts failing. I will send you lunch to the forest so you can all eat." In this way Yashodaji entrusted her son in the care of Baladevji and the Sakha friends. Only then did she turn back. Then Nandraiji

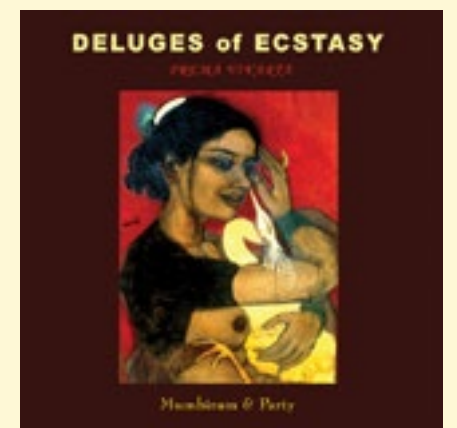
said to Yashodaji, "Now the child has grown up. Why not look for a suitable daughter of a cowherd family and get him married?" Yashodaji said, "Hey, my child is still smelling like milk in his mouth. The milk in his mouth is not yet dry and how you talk about his marriage!" Madhumangal was listening to all this talk of Yashodaji. He broke out laughing and clapping and said to Thakurji, "Mother Yashoda is indeed speaking the truth. The milk in your mouth is not yet dry, so all the cowherd ladies are standing in every door lusting after the Nectar from Your Lotus Lips. One can never tell when they are meeting you. Leastways Nanda and Yashoda don't have the Wind of it." So Krsna ran towards Madhumangal and said, "Brother you are a great fool. The Elders are all listening and you are joking in this way. You have no shame in telling a lie. You should never joke in front of the Elders." So Baladev said to Nandarai, "Baba, now do go back home. We will take the cows to the forest and play." So Nandarai stopped. Yashodaji said, "Child, I am making sweet rice for you so don't be late in coming back. The sweet rice won't be tasty when it is stale." After saying all this Nandarai and Yashodaji went home. Krsna, Baladevji, Madhumangal, Shridama, Subal and many other friends proceeded with the cows towards the forest. Purnamasiji was very pleased to see this Leela. She came to her thatched hut. There she pondered over things, then took a little clay pot filled with laddus (sweet balls) and went to a shady bower that

was on the boys' way to the forest. There she sat behind a creeper that was covering the bowers. Meanwhile the boys were approaching that bower. Krsna was very pleased to see the beauty of the bowers. He said to Baladevji, "Look at these trees of Vrindavan! They are bowing down with the weight of the flowers. Just as when a devotee gets the fruit of his devotion he becomes most humble, so these trees have also become very humble. Maybe they are requesting you to liberate them from the tree birth so they can also be in your company just like us cowherd boys." When Madhumangal heard these words of Thakurji he came near Krsna and said, "Looking at these trees of Vrindavan we will never mitigate our hunger! We are happy to see the various dishes that Mother Yashoda cooks so nicely. One can be happy looking at things that will fill your stomach and mitigate your hunger." ShriKrsna said to Madhumangal, "Brother, you are a Brahmana, so you are very attached to eating! But these bowers are not some ordinary bushes. Even the dry creepers in these bowers will bestow laddus upon you!" So Madhumangal says, "You are always saying this and I have never said you lie. But today I am going to test you." Saying this Madhumangal caught Krsna's arm and said, "Show me the dry creeper that gives laddus, then I will say you are telling the truth." Krsna walked exactly to the bower where Purnamasiji was sitting with the clay pot full of laddus. He stood in front of a dry creeper there and said to Madhumangal, "You request to this dry

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