

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Pandit Keshav Bua Ingle

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Chapter 1

My True Heir

Place: Sangali; circa: 1915; Time: a beautiful morning

Darbar Doctor Abasaheb Sanbhare's villa was abuzz with preparations for the Ganapati festival as every year. Every night was marked by vocal and instrumental performances.

Today was especially festive because today, Balakrishnabua himself was singing in a morning concert. The villa was crowded with fans. The performance was something that the fans will not soon forget. After the concert, Bua decided to go for some fresh air while waiting for lunch. He put on his head dress and looked for his jodas (chappals or shoes). He took his walking cane and stepped outside. Just outside the door, there was a mountain of chappals from crowd inside. Bua couldn't find his pair. Nearby, he saw his favorite student and the then Darbar singer for Sangali Gundobua Ingle. Bua asked Gundobua, "Gundomaharaj, have you seen my joda?" Gundobua not only found the shoe, but handed it to Balakrishnabua. This humble act of a well-respected singer and musician and his dedication to his guru was observed by all who were around. The Guru-shishya relationship went well beyond their place in society or what was considered appropriate.

The very next year, there was a father-son pair of students of Rahimat Khan. They challenged Balakrishnabua to once and for all determine who had the "true" gift. The concert was set for the evening. Bua had his son Annabua and Gundobua on tanpura and Rambhau Gurav Mirajkar on tabla. Bua started with "multani dhanashree". Bua and Gundobua took turns taking more and more complex "jaga". The audience was stunned by the mature singing of the student Gundobua. Balakrishnabua was very proud of his student. He fondly called Gundobua "GundoMaharaj". And he always said that Gundomaharaj was his true heir who got the "true gift". After the concert, the challengers were silenced forever.

This "true inheritance" was passed down from Gundomaharaj to his own son – Keshavabua Ingle. He had grown up listening and learning at his father's knees. Unfortunately, Gundobua passed away in 1926. Keshavabua was only 19 at the time. Did he really understand the treasure that his father had given him? He instinctively knew the greatness but couldn't describe it or put it in words.

His way of coping was to become introverted. He realized that truly understanding Hindustani classical music is an endeavor that takes 3 or 4 decades. His father's death turned him inwards. He realized he had been given an awesome responsibility. He was determined not only to be the head of his family but also to carry on his father's musical legacy. He recognized that he was now the link between his father's music and the next generations. He decided during this time of thoughtful period to show the "truth" behind his father's music to the world. He also decided that he would describe the theory behind that music for students of the future. At such a young age, he became a mature bearer of the gift that was passed down to him.

Another soul who recognized the talent in Keshavabua was the sansthanik (king) of the state of Ichalkaranji (small state near sangli). His name was Narayanrao Babasaheb Ghorpade. Balakrishnabua was the Darbar musician in Ichalkaranji. After Balakrishnabua, it was only natural for the Darbar musician position should go to his most accomplished student Gundobua. However, Gundobua passed away soon after Balakrishnabua himself.

Generally speaking, Balakrishnabua had many students – both in Miraj and in Ichalkaranji. Of these, there were four senior students – Gundobua Ingle, Vishnu Digambar Paluskar, Anant Manohar Joshi and Mirashibua. Gundobua unfortunately did not outlive his teacher by a long period. Vishnu Digambar had gone to the north in 1901 to promote his music. Anant Manohar Joshi did not have the “proper” attitude in the eyes of the Sarkar (Narayanrao Ghorpade). Mirashibua left Ichalkaranji to join the sangeet natak company “Natyakala Pravartak Mandali”. So, the position of the Darbar musician remained vacant. Finally, in 1931 (five years after the death of Balakrishnabua), he appointed Kesavabua Ingle as the Darbar musician for the state of Ichalkaranji. Thus, at the young age of 22, Pandit Keshavabua Ingle became the court musician for the state of Ichalkaranji. The date was March 1, 1931.

There certainly were consequences of such a young man getting such an honor – there were plenty of musicians of the day who were jealous. While others saw this as a great honor, Keshavabua did not get carried away by his new position. He kept his humility. The silent introspection he had drawn to after his father’s death was with him for life. He took this honor not as a position of pride and an achievement in and of itself but rather as an opportunity for what he considered to be his life’s work. He dedicated himself to what he saw as his calling:

1. Quiet contemplation – continuous self-examination, analysis and experimentation. He also started a diary to note down his thoughts.
2. Publications – writing on the subject of Gwalior singing. He published in magazines and other periodicals. He published a book on the singing of “Gokhale”. He published the previously unpublished biography of Balakrishnabua by researching and searching private materials.
3. Betterment of the performance – incessant and thoughtful practice (riyaz). He won accolades at numerous music conferences and festivals. He sang in Mumbai, Mysore, Lucknow, Gwalior, Solapur. During this phase, he paid attention to the “true gift” he inherited from his father and Balakrishnabua before him and he made headway in putting discipline to the performance.

During this period, he sang at the Music Parishad in Lucknow. The year was 1936. In the audience was the Nawab who was a connoisseur of music. Inglebua sang in the morning session. The Nawab was so impressed that he wrote a letter to Shrimant Sarkar in Ichalkaranji:

Lot of artistes have sung in this conference. They were all well known and well respected. Narayanrao Vyas, Vinayakbua Patwardhan, Ustad Faiyaz Khan to say the least. However, your Darbar musician Inglebua was in my opinion the best of them all. Wah! I would like to hear him again and get to know him.

Please give my regards and congratulations to him from me.

Faiyaz Khan was considered the king of the concert hall, the best singer of his time. He was a living example of “khandani taleem”. Even the foremost exponents of music of the time such as Bhatkhande and Deodhar considered him the best. No one had ever heard of any artiste out performing Faiyaz Khan in any conference at the time. But Inglebua did it that day!

How did he achieve this? No doubt he worked hard. But hard work does not lead to inspiration. He must have the wisdom and the vision to go along with the hard work.

Inglebua is an example of having the vision and complimenting the vision with the hard work of making the journey. He had the goal and the path figured out. In the next chapters, we will look at how he achieved his vision.

Chapter 2

Search for the “True Music”

As we see, Keshavbua’s life’s work is three dimensional – writing, performing and teaching. There are three places which had a huge influence on him – Sangli, Ichalkaranji and Pune. His life began in a small town called “Aundh” in the then independent state of Sangli. The foundations were laid there. The next stage of establishing his name and work was done in Ichalkaranji as the Darbar Musician. Here, his life shone with all its light as he put thought and discipline to Gwalior singing. The last stage (after India’s Independence) was spent in Pune where he published multiple works on bandish singing including notations and meaning of rare bandishes. His works are an authority on the concept of “badhat” in Gwalior singing. This is the process by which after the initial stages, the singer shows the detailed map of a raga. He looked at the accolades he got not as the end in themselves but rather as a stepping stone towards finding the True Music of Balkrishnabua in particular and Gwalior in general. There is no doubt that he found that before his untimely death. However, his last two books remain unpublished. He paid tribute to khyal singing all his life with his performances, writings and teaching. Unfortunately, he passed away at the young age of 56. But, perhaps, his calling had been done by then and it was to be.

His physical life is divided among the following three stages:

1. Aundh/Sangli – 1909 – 1913 (about 21 years) – foundation
2. Ichalkaranji – 1931 – 1950 (about 19 years) – establishing himself
3. Pune – 1950 – 1965 (about 15 years) – publishing and teaching

Keshvabua was born on March 1, 1909. The Sangli years were spent learning not only music but also going to school. His first work to be published during the Ichalkaranji years was the hindi book “Gokhale Gharaneki Gayaki”. Prof Jathar who was familiar with the Gokhale Gayaki has written a fabulous introduction to that book in english. It is as follows: (the following passage is in English in the original book – I have copied here for ease of reading)

The high esteem, in which he (Inglebua) and his art are held, by his master is shown by the fact that he come by special invitation from Sangli, where he was previously employed and was appointed court musician to Ichalkaranji after the

death of the celebrated Pt. Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar. Pt. Inglebua received his own training at the hands of his father Gundobua, who was one of the earliest as well as one of the ablest of Balkrishnabua's pupils and who would certainly have come to be much better known to fame, had he not chosen to spend the whole of his life in a comparatively obscure place like Aundh.

Keshavbua, unlike most members of his profession, has received the benefit of modern education having passed his matriculation examination and possesses an unusual freshness of outlook and freedom from narrow prejudice. He is not only a competent vocalist but also a skillful performer on Sitar and dilruba. Besides he is keenly interested in the theoretical aspects of music and has contributed several interesting articles in musical subjects to various papers and periodicals. Although he is second to none in his loyalty to his own particular school of music, he has the ability to appreciate and the frankness to acknowledge the merits of other schools. As I know from personal experience, these qualities are far from being common.

For this reason, the work of editing the manuscript of "Gokhale Gharaneki Gayaki" which he has performed with so much thoroughness and meticulous care, has been for him truly a labour of love. I was much struck with the remarkable accuracy of the notation as he brought it to me. It would be an excellent thing if Inglebua's services could be requisitioned for similarly recording to 500 and the old remaining pieces of this school. I fear that there is a real danger of this valuable stock being lost irretrievably, unless definite steps are taken to ensure their preservation.

I like to make it clear that I know next to nothing of musical technique and theory and my proficiency consists entirely in the fact that I can reproduce, more or less faithfully, a few hundred pieces which I had the great fortune of learning from the last Krishnabua Gokhale. At the same time, I must admit that the mere ability to repeat them as always brought much pleasure and delight to me if also at times much exquisite torture to others!

Prof. Jathar talked about the dedication and passion that Inglebua had for the work he was creating. It is not clear what happened to the "hundreds" of pieces that Prof. Jathar learned from Krishnabua Gokhale. As he admits in the introduction, he was not well versed in musical theory or technique. It is considered enough by most students to be able to reproduce what they learn. However, it takes a visionary to be able to take that and enhance it. It is true that definite steps must be taken to preserve this old knowledge. However, who should do that? The most learned students of a gharana must do what they can to preserve and pass on the knowledge of the previous generation. So, people like Keshavbua, who did not have advanced degrees, became a most advanced student when music was concerned. Even Prof. Jathar was struck by the accuracy of the notation and attention to detail in Inglebua's work.

The very next year in 1936, Inglebua published the biography of Balkrishnabua. He started to publish it in installments in the weekly magazine "Saptahik Sakal" in April 1935. He later enhanced this information with more research and published it as a book. Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar (the head of state) was amazed by the pace at which Inglebua was working. He was proud of the work done and was left with no doubt that he chose the right person as the Darbar Musician after the death of Gundobua.

Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar wrote the introduction to the biography of Balkrishnabua. In part, this introduction says:

Balkrishnabua worked as the court musician for 25-26 years. We heard many stories from his life during this period. These stories were always very entertaining and carried many life's lessons. I wanted Balkrishnabua to compile them and publish them as a book. Bua never seemed to have the time to sit down and write the book so we finally decided that he could dictate the stories and his student Dattopanta Kale would transcribe them. The story started with Bua's birth and progressed through the time when he went on his Nepal tour with his Guru. Unfortunately, Balkrishnabua passed away at that point and the book remained unfinished.

I tried after his death to get an author to research and write the book but was not successful. However, when Inglebua came to be the Darbar musician to Ichalkaranji, I read some of the articles he had written. I was impressed by his writing. I dusted off the old unfinished manuscript and turned it over to Inglebua. Inglebua took it upon himself to research the missing pieces and published it in Saptahik Sakal.

It was expected of the heads of the old principalities to be knowledgeable in many areas in addition to politics. They were expected to know about the arts, Sanskrit, chess and academic endeavors as well. As such, they always employed artists and other pundits as courtiers. When the court musicians or artists visited other principalities, they brought back notoriety to the state by their successes. The artists often would start a school in their homes and teach for free – as they didn't need the financial benefit. This helped in propagating the arts.

My love for music was the impetus that led to my appointing Balkrishnabua to my court. But he also had such a school of music – which resulted in many able students in Miraj, Ichalkaranji etc. I am proud that Inglebua is carrying on this tradition in the state of Ichalkaranji.

I am struck by a change in the culture of music these days. Even when poor students have scholarships and other help, they do not seem to be making the same kind of headway in the field of music as the old times. Back in the day, students would make something of themselves by absolute dedication and by working as Brahmins for madhukari (this was the tradition in Maharashtra where poor Brahmin students would eat a meal at a family's home one day a week – many able families thought of this as their way of giving back). There are many examples of this in addition to Balkrishnabua – and I hope that today's students will find a lesson and an inspiration in his life story.

Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar was exactly right in his praise for Inglebua's book. It got rave reviews in newspapers and magazines such as Kesari, Sakal, Maratha, Dyanaprakash, Aand, Vidyavilas, Kirloskar etc. The review in the magazine Kirloskar was especially good and pointed out the same thread as the introduction written by Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar. The review in Kirloskar says:

Students of music who have every opportunity can learn a lot from the biography of Balkrishnabua. His story is like the story of a stone that is being carved into a murti. It is not until the stone take the strokes of the chisel that it is transformed

into god. His dedication, hard work and perseverance are sure to be an inspiration to students of every endeavor. This book also teaches us that it isn't enough to get the knowledge, you must also hold on to it and propagate it.

As Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar said in the introduction, he was impressed by Inglebua's articles on music from before he got to Ichalkaranji. We see from this that Inglebua took it as a part of his musical journey to research musicology and write about it.

Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar was convinced of Inglebua's brilliance and that's why he trusted him with the job of writing the biography that was in the works for years.

We may wonder what Inglebua's thinking was behind the writing. He came to Ichalkaranji in 1931 when he was only 22. At that age, it was unlikely that he had the "true" music of his teacher and father. It is likely that Inglebua recognized that at that age, he did not have the maturity and the insight in his music. But, he did want to get to that level and he found that his dedication to learning the history and technique of the true music Gwalior was his way to his goal. This writing and research was his way of reaching a place that he recognized to be his true destination.

It is not surprising that Inglebua took the project of writing Balkrishnabua's biography as a great opportunity. This fit very well with what he considered his path.

We also see from this chapter in Inglebua's life that Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar thought of him as an able teacher. This was a job that was done by a mature singer and Guru in Balkrishnabua. However, the young 22 year old Inglebua was considered as a gifted replacement for him by his employer and benefactor. He was, as he says in the introduction, proud and content to have him in his court.

We also see that Inglebua did more than his share to propagate the music of his tradition. He got rave reviews when he attended conferences outside of Ichalkaranji from the north and south.

Thus we see that Inglebua's personality is three-dimensional. His life is like an anawat raag. We have seen the boundaries of this raag and now we will journey into the badhat.

We will look at his life by first reading what he wrote about himself – starting at the beginning. Inglebua's autobiography is published for the first time in the next chapters....

Chapter 3

Aundh

I am just a simple man – what remarkable things can happen in a simple life like mine? But, whatever small or big stories of one's life, if you examine them closely, they can help with next phases of your life. This is my impetus in writing my story. I am writing it for myself alone.

I was born on April 3rd, 1909 at 7 PM in Phaltan. Phaltan is the small town where my mother is from. As was the custom, my mother had gone to her mother's house for the delivery. It was a Saturday and so there was some thought that I should be named Maruti. However, that was not considered a "Brahmin" name and was shot down some of the elders. After a lot of debate, they settled on Keshav. Of course, as is also not unusual, I was never called by my given name. My older brother had the nickname "Sonya" (gold) so my gained the nickname "Rupya" (silver) to go with his name. It was hard sometimes for people to separate the gold and the silver. To me, it made very little difference whether they called me Maruti or Keshav or Rupya – I was still me in the end. I had all the customary rites – a "javal" at age 1 (that's where all the hair from a baby's head is shaved off except for a small "biscuit" like shape at the crown of the head). I got my "shendi" (a round patch of hair at the back of the head with a center which will not be shaved all my life – this is the sure sign of one's caste). What I remember most about my childhood are our frequent trips to Phaltan to my grandparents' house. My family lived in Aundh (a small principality) and generations of men in my family have been singers and musicians. My grandfather Bhikubua Ingle was a renowned singer in my own time. My father Gundobua Ingle of course was a senior and favored student of Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranji. My father often used to be out of town on tour. During these times, we would all be sent (with my mother) to her parents' house in Phaltan. She was very much the favorite daughter of her father and as such, we were invited often to spend time with her parents. Most years, we would spend to 5 months in Phaltan with my grandparents.

The journey from Aundh to Phaltan was always an incredible adventure for us kids. There were very few cars in those days. So, we used to travel by bullock cart from Aundh to Rahimatpur and then again from Lonand to Phaltan. In the middle of these two bullock cart legs, was the leg from Rahimatpur to Lonand which was travelled by train. Sometimes, we would get a horse carriage instead of a bullock cart. We kids

however, enjoyed the bullock cart more than the horse carriage. We would spread out in the back of the cart.

When travelling by bullock cart, we would stop whenever we saw a little brook. There would invariably be an orchard of mango or jamun trees on the banks of the brook. The bullock cart would be disassembled in the shadow of the trees and the animals let rest. The kids would clean up the ground in the shade and put down a blanket. All the travelling companions would then sit in a circle and have a wonderful picnic. We were hungry by the time we broke journey and the fresh air, the brook and the cool, clean water from the brook always meant that the food we brought with us was devoured in no time. In that rustic, fresh and beautiful place, the food always tasted much better than it did at home.

There is a brook which the locals call “Jamun brook” on the way from Aundh to Rahimatpur. Invariably, this is where we broke journey. There was a thick orchard of jamun trees on the banks of this brook. The brook was a relatively big one and so us kids always enjoyed swimming in it. If my father was ever with us, this is where he would finish his morning pooja. When his pooja was done, we would assemble the bullock cart back and start on our adventure again.

After we passed the jamun brook, we came to a ghat called “nhavi” ghat. (nhavi in Marathi means barber). Whether this ghat was called that because there was nhavi community that lived there or because there were lots of birds with the same name, we never knew. But the ghat was treacherous. The bullock cart was always driven very carefully by the driver. But we couldn't wait to go past the ghat because, the first time we heard the whistle of the train, was when we came across the ghat. We kids used to be thrilled to hear the train whistle. We were always slightly worried about whether we would be able to catch the train or we would miss it. We didn't really know then that there were all kinds of trains going by the station – not just the one we would go on. There were cargo trains and passenger trains. Whenever we heard a whistle, we would think – oh no that's our train and it's leaving without us. All the kids would panic, especially when we would see the smoke from the train engines as we got closer to the station. It always felt like this part of the bullock cart journey took the longest because we were so anxious. Finally, when we got to the station, we were always too early for our train. We would then eagerly wait for the train and sit on the platform – finding it difficult to sit still. There was not count of how often we looked far away up the track to try to spot the train. If we ever got up from our spot however, we would get a good scolding from the grown ups. They warned us to not move and run around on the platform for fear of getting a good beating.

Finally when the train arrived, all the kids would compete with each other to get a window seat. The scenes outside the train window were absolutely fascinating to us – the green trees, cows and other cattle on the pastures, the cattle herds whistling and watching their charges. We were fascinated by how it seems like we were leaving the whole world behind us. There was a little tunnel that the train went through and the darkness scared and thrilled us. We would scream over the whistle of the train as it went through the tunnel.

Before we knew it, we would arrive in Lonand. The coolies in Lonand seemed very strange to us. Not only did they pick up all our luggage and put it on the platform, they also picked up us kids and put us on the platform. We always felt just slightly insulted

that they treated us the same as our suitcases and holdalls. But really we would be mad that we missed the opportunity to jump down onto the platform. We would struggle whenever they picked us up – but to no avail. They didn't care about our secret desire to jump off the train.

After the train to Lonand, the next leg was again travelled by bullock cart. Interestingly, there was a little brook here too. We would break our journey here too. We would wash up (especially after the smoky train ride) and play in the cool clean water. We would eat snacks and then reassemble the cart and start the last of the journey. Even though we travelled from Aundh to Phaltan so many times in a year each year, it was still a great adventure for us kids. That's why I love travelling by bullock cart – even now.

As I have said, we went to stay with my mother's parents in Phaltan. My grandfather was big deal in Phaltan. He was the priest to the Phaltankar Sarkar (another principality). Because of this, the family had the name "Rajopadhye" (Raja's Upadhyay). His name was Rudra – so many people called him Rudrambhat. My grandfather was also the kulkarni (tax collector) for the seven villages around Phaltan. So lot of people called him Deshpande or Inamdar. The story of his names was just like mine – with Maruti, Sonya, Rupy and Keshav. At home, he was known as Bhaukaka. (Kaka meaning uncle).

In the community, Bhaukaka's word carried a lot of weight. People in town really trusted him to make good decisions on their behalf. Whenever there were disputes among neighbors or relatives, and there were many, they would come to my Grandfather to resolve them. Whether the disputes were about money, inheritances, land or brawls, all parties always trusted Bhaukaka. He was a good listener and always fair. He was a one-man "grama panchayat" or town government in Phaltan.

Bhaukaka was very openhanded with his money. Anyone, regardless of caste or creed, could come to my grand parents' house and they would be taken care of. They always were very hospitable. It's not surprise and my grandfather was a pillar of the area surrounding Phaltan. He was also well respected in the darbar of the Phaltan Sarkar. My grandfather's house was like a little kingdom. We always had plenty. In addition to the barrels of grains and stacks of hay, there were also the natural feasts we would have from the lands owned by my grandfather. There were corn, peanuts, sugar canes and fresh vegetables and fruits always available. And, all this was available not just for those in the family but for neighbors and visitors as well. Neighborhood women called my grandmother "Vahini" (meaning Bhabhi in hindi or sister-in-law) and she always took care of them.

We kids were too young then to understand how precious this environment was. As we grew up later in life, we realized how rare and valuable that experience in my grandparents' house and village was in shaping my values. Little by little the house and the village and the world changed but the deep impact it had on me has not been erased even now. All I can say now is that I remember my childhood fondly.

My formal education began at home. As soon as I turned 5, my mother started teaching me to write devanagari letters on a slate. She worked with me to teach me all the letters, then the forms of the letters (such as mi, tu etc), numbers from 1 to 10 and tables from 1 to 10. I learned all this without stepping foot in a school. When I turned 6, she put me in 1st grade. The funny thing about it was the school that was close to our house was a girls' school. But she figured that it made no difference at that age and

enrolled me anyway. I spent 4-5 months in that school and almost forgot that I was boy, being surrounded by girls all the time. But then, I was taken out of that school and put in a school for boys.

Just outside of Aundh, there was a community called “Dattachi wadi” (meaning Dutta area – Dutta being a popular Marathi god). That’s where the boys school was – a government school. I was young enough to wonder who the “Dutta” was! My teacher’s name in this school was “Dhondu Page”. He looked like he was 40 or 45 years old but people said he had looked the same for years. It was said that he was teaching when my father was in that school too.

The one thing about schools in those days was that kids would be beaten up good by teachers. Whenever a kid was being punished, we felt like we were in hell. I used to think of coming up ways to be able to miss school all the time – that was no easy task. Once I left from school to go to school. On the way, I across a bullock cart which was sitting in the shadow of a tree without the bulls attached. I hid under the cart hoping to pass the day. However, luck was not on my side. We had a distant relative by the name of Umakaku. Just as I was hiding, she was passing by with a pot on her waste to go fetch water. She saw me and told me that she was going to my house to tell them I am skipping school. I was scared out of my mind. My father had quite a temper when it came to something like this. I was sure to get a beating like never before. I followed Umakaku to the house. For some reason though, instead of a beating, my father simply looked at me with those eyes of his and he said, “go to school right now – get out of here”. I didn’t wait there to hear the rest of that sentence. I never skipped school after that.

My older brother and I had our “Munja” (thread ceremony) when I was 7 and he was 9. Unfortunately, the year we had our munja was the year that there was plague in Aundh. Everybody, as was the custom in those days, left their homes and went to live in the fields. We built a little hut in our small farm. We made a little courtyard in the front and the back. It was a paradise for us kids. It was a place of great natural beauty and we had no school. We had a great time playing and running around all day.

There was a little hill at the edge of town – our land was right at the foot of this hill. On top of the hill was a little devi temple. My brother and I would race up the hill to go to the temple every day. We of course were more interested in the race than the temple – as is natural for boys that age. We would be screaming and creating a raucous as we raced up and down the hill.

The hill was to the west of our little hill. So every evening, we would watch the sun to mark the exact moment when it set. But the sun was too cunning for us – it would always dip below the hill when we looked away!

A little distance away from our hut was a thick orchard of mango trees. Next to the mango was an orchard of jamun trees. These orchards were to the east of the hut so we would try to catch the sun as it came up in the morning. It was a beautiful site to see the infant sun come up through the green orchard. We were in awe of the fresh, beautiful new sun every morning.

Many a nights were spent sitting in the field after the sun had long set. We would lie down on the hay and watch the moon up come in the sky. We would watch the clouds passing by. We wondered where the clouds were going. We wondered why the clouds don’t stop and admire the moon like we did.

That year, we tried to dig a well in our field. Unfortunately, there was no water. But a dry well is perfect for kids as a play area. We would climb down into the dry well and play. Grown ups always tried to scare us that there was a big cobra that lived there but we never believed them. We used to spend hours there – forgetting the rest of the world.

My father took up digging another well in the field while we lived there. Luckily, this well did strike water – but just barely. My mother used to climb down into the well and fill her pot with water every day. We would climb down there with her. We would try to pry out some of the tiles at the bottom of the well. When we took off one tile, water would come rushing in for a while. We would do this and feel like we were in a fountain. We were grateful that it took a long time to fill my mother's pot.

While the town was still plagued, came the monsoons. This was challenging for us living in a hut. The whole field would get pitch black in the day and there would be thunder and lightning and heavy rains. There were leaks everywhere in our little hut. We couldn't find a dry spot even to stand in. On days when it rained a lot, we would tread through the mud and rain and try to go to our home in town. When that started to happen a lot, we were running out of patience. Luckily, the plague passed right around this time and we were able to come back to town. As much as we enjoyed living out in the fields, we were relieved to be back home, protected from the rain.

The next few years were not very eventful. I was going to the next grade each year until the 5th grade. However, I was "pushed" into the 5th grade from the 4th grade. I still remember vividly as the results were read. They read out the names of all the boys who had been promoted to the 5th grade. All the kids left the school to go the middle school. Until the end, I had hope that he would call out my name and in the end, I hoped he would take pity on me and ask me to go to the middle school. But no such luck! The teachers having finished calling out the names of the kids who were promoted, were sitting around chit chatting. There were only kids left in the classroom – me and the son of the butcher. I started to cry and felt that the world was so unfair. I went and sat alone in a corner and started to cry. The teachers didn't pay attention to me and were not swayed by my crying.

By this time, my father found out that I didn't make it to 5th grade. I am not sure how he found out or who told him but in a little while, someone delivered a note to the teacher. The teachers interrupted their social time and one of them read the note. He frowned at what he had read and sarcastically called me over to him. He said with a snigger – "here you go – you have been pushed into the next grade – it must be good to be from a prominent family. Go get out of here – go to the middle school". Another teacher said so I could hear – "why don't they just push you straight to the 7th grade. Makes no difference to us. We are glad to be rid of you".

I got up with a start and ran straight to the middle school. In those days, school starting at the 5th grade used to be called "ingraji" (or English) school. I was happy to move on. Suddenly, I thought of my primary school as such a backward place and not worth my while. Human mind is so fickle. However, I realized that I had been given another chance. I started to study hard and the same student who had to be pushed to 5th grade, started to rank first or second every year from then on.

Even though I took school seriously from this point, I by no means gave up play and sports. I was still involved in playing with kids as before but now I would finish my

studies quickly and then play. We would play on trees (surparambi), cricket, gulli-danda were my favorite games. On days when we did not have school, we would play gulli-danda all day. There were times when our gulli would hit a passer by. Often, they would be so mad at us, they would refuse to give us our gulli back. Of course, we expected this and had a huge collection of gullis in all our houses. We would bring one of these and continue the game.

One day, we were playing gulli-danda in the streets as usual. We were totally engrossed in the play when an old man by the name of Shripad Bhataji (bhataji is a common title of a Brahmin) was passing by. We were so into the game that we didn't notice him. As he was walking away, the gulli hit him in the back of the head. The sound was like a coconut cracking. He turned around. His face was red with anger. He cursed us and took the gulli and started to walk away.

One of our friends called Vasudeo Ingle was a little too brave for his own good. He ran up to the old man and asked him for the gulli back. Shripad Bhataji was very cunning. He straightened his face and gestured to Vasudeo to call him closer. As soon as Vasudeo was close enough, he slapped him hard. Vasudeo was stunned. But he never forgot this incident. He got his revenge in a very strange way later. Two miles from Aundh was a town called Nandushi. There was a Math there which had a yearly festival. All the Brahmins from Aundh would go there every year. Shripad Bhataji also started for Nandushi like every year with his pooja stuff. Vasha (Vasudeo) saw him and also noticed that the road was deserted. Vasha formulated a plan in his head and decided not to miss this chance. He followed Shripad Bhataji for a while and snatched the little pooja pot (pancha patra) that Shripad Bhataji was carrying. Vasha then ran away and peed in it as Shripad Bhataji was screaming and following him. He left the pot full for pee in the street and ran away. Shripad Bhataji couldn't do much but stand there fuming. This friend of mine Vasudeo Ingle became the art teacher in the Aundh school later in life.

I will say, that there was limit to how mischievous I could be. My mother taught me well and we had a solid value system instilled in us from the beginning. We were taught to always respect our elders, always listen to them, not to talk back to them. We were taught to not hang around if grown ups were discussing something. We were taught not to be fresh around grown ups. My mother was very diligent in bringing us up to be good people. The environment in my home was very pure and good. I never remember the grown ups gossiping or talking ill of anyone we knew.

We had rules about when and how we visited other families, what we should do if people were eating or offered us food. When we went out to play, we had to be home before dark. We were taught not to lie, not to steal or gossip. We were trained to behave in this way all the time. I now realize that in later life, we kept our values and steered clear of people who didn't fit in our value system.

My father was strict but loved us and had a good sense of humor. He was very popular because of his sense of humor – even with our teachers. He would often have visitors who would sit around and talk and eat chivada and drink tea. Sometimes, they would play a card game or carom or checkers. Our house was like a club house for my father's friends. He was always willing to spend money to entertain and have people have a good time. They would often be up till 1 or 2 in the morning playing, eating and singing.

It was especially fun at Diwali. They would start at 8 or 9 at night and go home at 8 or 9 the next morning. Even the most serious adults became like children during this time. They became competitive and played with all their heart. They screamed and fought and got out of hand. It was a great site for us kids. The same people who brain washed us into never saying a curse word cursed while we watched. We were puzzled by this.

Just like Diwali, Ganapati was also a big deal in our family and a lot of fun. Some years, Aundh Sarkar Balasaheb Pratinidhi himself would join our family. On those days, we would have a huge concert. This concert would go on all night. They would have plenty of sweets and saffron milk. Of course, there was always a huge audience on these nights – not surprisingly.

All in all, our house was like a cultural and art center in Aundh. People coming and going all the time and everybody being hanging around. That's why when we moved to Sangli, everyone in Aundh was stunned. People always said, things were never as much fun in Aundh after we left.

I started to learn music in Aundh when I was 9. He would teach me for an hour every morning. He would work on basic notes and voice culture and some simple pieces with me. But my real training began when we moved to Sangli.

You may wonder, why did we suddenly move? That's good story too...

Chapter 4

Sangli - Music and foundation

The Ingle family has been the Darbar musician at the Aundh principality for generations. My Grandfather Bhikubua and my father Gundobua were both Darbar musicians in Aundh. In 1912, the new Sarkar was installed in Aundh by the name of Bhavanrao or Balasaheb. My father and Balasaheb Sarkar never saw eye to eye. His heart was no

longer in his job. They never developed affection or understanding for each other. It went to the point where they couldn't even talk to each other in a civil way. Even their casual conversations never had any warmth.

The only exception to this was in the month of Bhadrapad. In this month, Balasaheb Sarkar himself used to perform kirtans. This meant that he needed help from my father to learn and compose his kirtans. During this time, Sarkar was nice to my father. As soon as the kirtans were over, he would go back to his old self. This was very frustrating for my father. When the frustration got to him, he would take an unpaid leave of absence and would go on tour. He would take care of our fields and become a farmer. He bought a field outside of town and dug two wells. Unfortunately, the wells did not hit water. His distraction from his job did not work and he decided to quit his job. He let go of his house and fields and moved his whole family to Sangli. In 1918, he started his own music school in Sangli. He got his Guruji Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar to inaugurate the school. He spent a lot of money for the inauguration. However, the school did not do well. In just 4 months, he had to shut it down. It was after all, Sangli not Mumbai!

He was again faced with how to earn a living. To go to Aundh again and beg for his old job back was against his personality. But, we still owned the ancestral home in Aundh so he moved us to Aundh and went to Mumbai. His Guru bandhu Pandit Vishnu Digambar Paluskar had already started Gandharva Mahavidyalay in Mumbai. My father got a job in this school.

My father had imagined that Vishnu Digambar and he would go back to their relationship again when they were students of balkrishnabua. However, that was not to be – there was a hint of owner and employee in their relationship now. He noticed a change in Vishnu Digambar's attitude towards him. My father was a proud man. He could not tolerate this. He quit Gandharva Mahavidyalay and came back to Sangli. When he came back, another Guru bandhu Pandit Anant Manohar Joshi teamed up with him. They had the aspiration of making a music school successful in Sangli. The school started well and was getting established.

During this 7 or 8 month period, we were living in Aundh. We were too young to understand the rumors and gossip around but it was too much for my mother to put up with. She showed true grit and courage to get through those days. To make things worse, there was a draught in Aundh at that time. So she had to go to the wells in the middle of the night and get water. We were dreading our lot during this time.

When my father heard of our hardship in Aundh, he took us all to Sangli even though he didn't yet have a proper living. Pandit Anant Manohar Joshi's family was only himself and his son Gajananbua. So it was decided for us and them to live together.

However, even here, my father experienced human frailty. There were arguments over money between them even though, my parents were generous and spent more money for the combined household than Joshi. We were waiting for this arrangement to be over as soon as possible.

There of course was another reason why Anant Manohar (Antubua) and my father did not get along and that was that my father was a much more accomplished singer than him. He was very popular and sought after as a singer. Antubua could not stand this fact. As childish as this was, those were the facts and they couldn't be helped. So the

arrangements of staying together seemed to have run their course. However, a solution wasn't clear and all they could do was wait for a resolution.

And, as often happens, one day, a solution presented itself out of the blue – Sangli Sarkar called my father and appointed him Darbar Musician. This was 1921. This changed our lives for the better.

The next 8 years after this, from 1921 to 1928 were very important years of my life. During this time, having his material worries being taken care of, my father paid close attention to our education. The years from 12 to 20 are important and formative years in everyone's life anyway because they are the years when the foundation for the rest of one's life is laid. So, of course this time was invaluable for me.

My father always taught us that music is the highest of the arts. However, times are changing and it's not enough for you to learn music alone. He insisted that all of us kids at least finish our matriculation. That he said was the only way to get ahead in the modern world.

And so we were enrolled in the municipal High School of Sangli. My father also paid close attention to our academic career. Both my older brother and myself finished our matriculation in 1926. We weren't at the head of the class but we weren't at the bottom either. We were slightly above average in school.

During this time, our musical training was in full form. He always said, just as in academics, don't be at the bottom in music either. For this, he insisted that we learned to read notation. He taught us rigorously to read and understand notation. It is true that one can learn better and easier at a young age. So, my father gave us the ability to think deeply and critically about music from that young an age. The foundation of notation and its importance was laid for us by my father during this time.

Another and an even more important thing that happened during this time was that we got to hear good and mature music from my father during this time. I got to hear a lot of rare, complex and weighty bandishes from him during this time. This was a solid and deep influence which never left me. This I believe had a huge impact on my progress in later life.

At this time, the students my father taught were not beginners either. There were a few people in Sangli who wanted to study music with all its depth and complexity and those were the only people my father taught. This was a special class which benefitted me tremendously. We had the opportunity to constantly hear good music and the teaching of such music. It was then that I realized that music is an art of listening (Shravani Vidya). We were automatically being taught the pieces and the method of badhat. I started to understand what methodical badhat meant and the laws and rules about rag vistar or laying out the map of a rag. I also understood that music is an art form that is inspirational and extempore. During this time, I learned that purposeful hearing or visionary hearing of music is a huge part of learning music. Learning music is about hearing music and hearing music being taught. This time was invaluable in my training.

During these 8 years, a lot of able students learned music from my father – Bapurao Sahastrabuddhe, Shankarrao Patwardhan, Chintaman Yogeshwar Joshimaster, Balawantaroo Sahastrabuddhe, Prof. Ganesh Hari Ranade and many others learned my father's music. While witnessing good music being sung and taught, I was indirectly taught to learn the many aspects of Gwalior singing in depth.

The last and most important thing during this time was whether in the Sangli Darbar or in other private locations, I went with my father for all his concerts. I often accompanied him on tanpura. During concerts, he would let us sing a single swar for a long time – sometimes shadja, sometimes pancham or sometimes the upper shadja. Sometimes he would ask me to sing a small upaj or a small alap. This kind of improvisational singing with him became a frequent practice for me during this time.

To be honest, my brother or I singing with my father was like patching a beautiful silk shawl with a tattered piece of cloth. My father never expressed any disappointment about my singing though. In fact, he always encouraged us. If I made a mistake, he would never get angry. Instead, he would sing for us the correct way, smile and let us learn it. Any inhibition I had about singing in public were wiped out because of these experiences. The larger the audience the more self confidence I had and it showed when I sang.

My father used to be out of town on tour quite often in those days. He was the king of mahafil and his concerts always had a rangat. He would often take me with him when he went out of town. I thought that I had picked up his style better than my older brother. Whether that's true or not, I went all over with him including concerts in Sangli, Ichalkaranji, Belgav, Shahapur, Vantmuri, Nipani, Sankeshwar, Gaganbawda, Kolhapur, Pune, Mumbai.

Whenever I went with him to these places, I also got the opportunity to listen to a lot of other artistes as well. This is an indirect way of learning. I would sit in the first row and listen closely to all of them. I did realize at these occasions that Gwalior singing is the only complete singing. That this way of singing is better than all others. Gwalior singing has many aspects and all aspects of it are beautiful. Other gharanas of singing have some things but not others. My father's way of singing was not only complete, it was always woven together well. So as I thought more about it, the more I realized that Gwalior singing is less burdened with flaws and an ideal way of singing Hindustani music. As I was convinced of this fact, I was driven to learn and internalize Gwalior singing. From this time on, I looked at father more as my Guru and less as my father. I finished matriculation in 1926. But I wasn't fraught with the question of what to do next like many of my fellow students. There was no reason for me to worry about that because I had decided that I was going to study and carry forth my father's music. I did not need to go to college and leave this family treasure behind. I never of thought of that possibility. So at this point, my father started to teach me music morning, noon and night. I also started to work as a clerk in the Sangli principality government.

My father used to wake us up at 4 AM every day and teach us with a tanpura in hand. This lesson would go on until 8 AM. After this, I would bathe, finish my puja and go to work. 11 AM to 6 PM was work. After that, we would rest a while, eat and then start another lesson. This lesson went on till 9 PM. So, we had lessons for 6 to 7 hours each day. My father always told us that he did not have gold to leave to us – this vidya is all he had. During this time, my father did two very important things for me – one: he illustrated how to sing proper Gwalior Hindustani music and made us practice it, practice it and practice it. Second, he taught us a lot of bandishes in different styles in different raags. He had a deep impact on us that there was no substitute to hard work and that alone was the means by which one could learn proper and good Gwalior

singing. This philosophy became the theme of the rest of my life and I was never lazy not did I ever avoided hard work.

As we were being trained at home, finally in 1927, my brother and I sang at the Ganapati festival in Sangli. This was our first public performance. The audience gave us a good reception but in my father's estimation – our performance was ok. It was evident that he had much higher expectations of us. This was the beginning of our public performances.

The very next year, in 1928, by popular demand, my father started "Balkrishna Sangeet Vidyalaya". My brother and I started to teach the basic classes in this school. This meant that we were being trained to teach music too. But more importantly, I realized that teaching music made my music richer. This was quite a revelation for me. This is when I appreciated that it someone like me, who was not yet an accomplished singer, could learn more of the intricacies from the teaching. I understood that the process of studying music was really three steps – listening, imitating, teaching. And, during this time, I got experience with all three steps.

My father's ambition was to make Balkrishna Sangeet Vidyalay successful just like Paluskar started in Mumbai and then popularized Gwalior singing all over India. My father's plan was to keep the center in Sangli and make the school bigger and more well respected. His plan was to start branches in other towns and then go to all the sub-branches for concerts and in this way, make Gwalior singing even more accepted all over India. However, future had something else in store for him and us.

In December 1928, my father got a bout of malaria and he passed away on the 18th. We did not expect this outcome and it was shocking and saddening for all of us. We all, my mother included, felt orphaned by this catastrophe.

My father's demise was a two-sided strike for me – it was a family tragedy and a cultural and educational tragedy for me. This wasn't just the death of my father but also the death of my Guru. This meant that this left a hole in me that could not be filled.

It is true that I had made a lot of progress in my musical education by this time and also that I had started to publicly perform. But this was precisely the time when I wanted my father's guidance the most. I now think, it would have made an immense difference to my music if he had lived even 4 or 5 more years. Even though I had started on the path of understanding and learning his music, I had not yet arrived at the goal line. I understood that his music was a jewel but I wasn't yet fully aware of its value. I was in a really bad predicament at this point – I had no one to confide in about my feelings and I am not sure anyone would have been able to understand either.

As far as my family goes, everyone felt literally broken as a result of my father's passing on. The help of friends such as Balawantarao Sahastrabuddhe and Prof. G. H. Ranade during these difficult times was invaluable to us. We didn't need financial help, but had we needed it, we knew we could rely on them.

My mother was a pillar during this time. She picked up the pieces and helped all of us move on. As is usual, time heals all wounds and as we were healing, my mother was the one we turned to for support and courage. He was fully dedicated to her family and was doing everything she could to make sure we were ok and happy.

Balkrishna Sangeet Vidyalaya was functioning for about 6 months after my father's death. However, it was challenging for me to make it work with my job. The worst thing about these circumstances was that I had no time left for practice.

So we finally decided to shut down the music school for a while. I decided I would use that time to practice and make more progress on my musical education. I had no intention of working as a clerk for the rest of my life. In fact, I wanted out from that job as quickly as possible. My intention was to have music as a career and my way of making a living and my way to notoriety. However, the fact was that I needed that job to make ends meet after my father passed away.

I tried to get another job as a musician or a music teacher within Sangli but to no avail. So, I continued to practice my craft and wait patiently for an opportunity to present itself. I should give a lot of credit to both Balawantarao Sahastrabuddhe and Prof. Ranade during this time for helping me to increase my knowledge of music and making more progress on the craft itself to increase my repertoire. It was because of this work that I put in, that when the opportunity presented itself, I was ready to take it.

The opportunity was that Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar Narayanrao Ghorpade called me to Ichalkaranji. My father of course knew the royal family well. And Sarkar Ghorpade respected my father very much. I thought that was the reason he called me for a concert. But in reality, it was for a different reason. The concert was sort of a test. Sarkar wanted to appoint someone as the Darbar musician who could claim inheritance to Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar and was an accomplished singer too. In addition, the Secretary of the Philharmonic Society Rao Bahadur Krishnaji Ballal Deval recommended me highly.

Sarkar listened to 4 different pieces from me. I knew that there was more at stake than a concert at that point and took it as a challenge. Even though I knew my own limitations, I gave it my best and made sure that I presented the simplicity and purity of Gwalior singing.

I think I convinced Sarkar from my concert that I was properly trained in Gwalior singing. He must have thought that because I was young, I could improve and become a well known singer. I was told later that Sarkar thought I was well on my way to becoming as accomplished a singer as my father and Balkrishnabua. Even today, I can hear his words in my mind – offering me the position of Darbar musician in Ichalkaranji. He didn't just offer me the position, he also talked to Sangli Sarkar and got me a leave of absence from my job. I was thus appointed the Darbar musician of the principality of Ichalkaranji.

This was March 1st, 1931. This was a very fortunate turn that my life took. I was now inspired and dedicated to the treasure of Gwalior singing without the distraction of trying to hold down a job. I was also struck by a new found sense of responsibility to my music, my family and Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar as well as to my community. With God's grace and my father's blessings, I started at the new station in my life – as the Darbar singer of Ichalkaranji.

Those days were the most beautiful and productive. My time in Ichalkaranji will be never be forgotten.

Chapter 5

Ichalkaranji: Aroha of My Musical Career

It may be a good idea to describe what my new job as the Darbar musician of Ichalkaranji entailed. My job description is a good indication of what Ichalkaranjekar Shrimant Sarkar thought of ruling, of knowledge and of social issues.

In addition to singing classical music at the palace every night for an hour or an hour and a half, I also was expected to teach school age kids within the principality for a couple of hours a day. The idea was that Sarkar wanted to have the kids exposed to classical music from a young age. This was considered my responsibility as the Darbar singer. Fortunately, I had a similar idealistic streak in my personality as Sarkar so I was happy to do this part of my job. I considered one part of my responsibility to improve my singing and make a name of Gwalior singing. But in addition, I believed that I had a debt to society and so giving the kids in particular and society in general the exposure to methodical classical music was in my view also a part of my job. With all these thoughts, I was very satisfied that my career in Ichalkaranji began so auspiciously.

This was a typical day for me in Ichalkaranji:

1. Anubai Kanya Shala (Anubai School for Girls) – 6 periods per week
2. Padmavati Kanya Shala (Padmavati School for Girls) – 1 period per week
3. Govindrao High School – 2 periods per week
4. Adi Venkatrao School for Boys – 1 period per week

Where a period was 35 minutes long. So there was a total of 10 periods per week that I was supposed to teach music. There was also a private music school where I was supposed to teach from 5:30 to 6:30 every evening. After all this activity during the day, I was supposed to sing for the Sarkar himself at night. It was understood that when I sang in the palace, it was supposed to be the traditional khyal singing of Gwalior gharana.

My salary for all this work was Rs. 35 per month. This was considered by other employees of Sarkar as a huge sum and that was because in 1931, a clerk got paid Rs

8 per month and a teacher was paid Rs 13 per month. Even employees who were BALLB in the Revenue Department got paid Rs 25. In comparison to this, Rs 35 was definitely something that people saw as excessive. I have to say though that I was content in Ichalkaranji with Rs 35 as I never was later with 100s or 1000s of rupees. Speaking of salaries, the one position that was paid well was high school teachers – they got paid Rs 50 per month. All other employees would decry that the English school (or the high school) is the Sarkar's jamai – in other words, there were cries of favoritism. I think that the reason for this was that Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar was passionate about teaching English to kids and especially for their education beyond the vernacular level. It is possible that he also wanted a healthy competition within the various departments. We will never know what his real reasons were but those were the realities of the small principality of Ichalkaranji.

As is always the case, people talked not only about the fact that my salary was so high but also about the fact that he appointed a 22 year young guy to the Darbar instead of the many senior and able students of Balkrishnabua. This was all politics in people's view and they often would frown at me and gossip when I passed along the roads in Ichalkaranji.

I decided however, that I would ignore these politics and internal conflicts. I went along as if I hadn't noticed anything. However, a result of this was that I thought that my responsibility was doubled. I thought that it was now up to me to prove that I could do something that other senior students of Balkrishnabua would not have been able to. I was filled with the desire to do something extraordinary. The problem was that at that point, I didn't really have an answer to the question – what? "Something extraordinary" wasn't enough to get it done. So, I decided to keep my eyes wide open and keep progressing in my music, keep teaching and wait for my opportunity. And, that's exactly what I did.

I was lucky during this time that as the days passed, my path became clear.

Within two months after I started my new position in Ichalkaranji, I got married. I started a new phase of my life on May 28th 1931. Shrimant Sarkar hosted a "kelvan" (sort of wedding shower) for me and he gave me a silver gulabdani for my new household. My in-laws are from Ichalkaranji too – so I was almost the son-in-law of the town. This of course meant that I was now bound to Ichalkaranji not only by my job and career but also by my family.

Unfortunately, that was the year that a plague started in Ichalkaranji. As was usual in those days, the effective way to fight plague was to live outside town. I did not have fields in Ichalkaranji but my in-laws had orchards. We built a small hut in those orchards and started to happily live there.

This was a magical time for us. You can imagine what it must have been to live in a hut by ourselves in an orchard for a couple of newly weds. One night, there was a thief who stole something but we were so happy with our lives that we didn't really know nor care about what was stolen. This was perfectly natural. We were in pristine fields for miles and miles, beautiful clean air, and the full and flowing Panchaganga river. There were always little boats traveling back and forth on the Panchaganga – the boatmen singing in the background. In that pure, outdoor environment, we had tremendous appetites and the food made from fresh ingredients from the fields was the tastiest food I had ever

had. So, the outcome was that we had a very happy 3 or 4 months and put up some weight in the process! Ironically, the deadly plague in town was very beneficial to us. In 4 months, (unfortunately!) the plague was over and we went back to live in town. Going back to town was hard and we (newly weds), almost wished for the plague to come back. Luckily, plague is not like the monsoons which arrive every year. So, we stopped our childish wishing and came back to the real life of town. After all, all good things in moderation are good. In retrospect, I think gods had heard our wishes, because there was plague the very next year. So, we lived in the hut in the woods again. We had the same good time in the woods again.

In 1932, when the plague was over, we went back to our lives in town. I started again all my jobs and responsibilities, especially my music. In 1932, I sang three days in a row in Baramati during their Ganapati festival. It was a great honor. It was a great beginning to my musical career. It was very encouraging for me personally and it was a event of great pride for Shrimant Sarkar as well. He was very pleased with the fact that I got rave reviews for three days in a row.

Now may be a good time to say a few words about Ichalkaranjkar Sarkar and his vision about society, education and other relevant subjects. Sarkar started a music school in Ichalkaranji in 1930. The school was open from 5:30 to 6:30 – this was meant to be a time when school going kids to attend and study authentic classical music. There were about 15 boys and girls who came to this school. It was clear that they had passion for the music and wanted to learn but there was no formal curriculum for the school. So I went to many music schools and studied their curricula. I wasn't satisfied with any of them though. I thought that they all lacked the modern vision of how music should be taught.

So I decided to fill this void myself. I studied and contemplated on what my goals for teaching music were. I realized that there was a two sided problem with the business of teaching classical music. If music is taught as it is supposed to be sung – the mature, authentic version, it is too hard for young students to understand and learn. On the other hand, if it is made too simple, it loses its intricacy and sophistication. So I tried to find a golden middle between these two extremes and created a curriculum of my own. I then compared my new curriculum with the others I had found. Once I was convinced that what I came up with was more useful and without the flaws I recognized in the other curricula, I got my version printed. This was 1932.

Shrimant Sarkar had multiple goals in starting this music school. He wanted the students of his music school to learn authentic classical music, and become connoisseurs of good music and continue their love of music for the rest of their lives. He also wanted them to learn the business of music so that they can make a living as musicians, and take up the baton of spreading the music and creating able students when they grow up. I was bent on making every effort to make these ambitions come true.

A year after I was appointed as the Darbar musician in Ichalkaranji, I submitted my resignation to my clerk job in Sangli. Coincidentally, at the same time, my older brother got a really good opportunity. He became the music teacher at the Karve Mahilashram in Hingne *. So both of us were rid of our 9 to 6 clerk jobs and we set out on an idealistic path.

The very next year, in 1933, I sang in the music conference at Solapur. This was my first experience of singing at a conference. There are always a lot of artistes and the inevitable cliques. It is that much harder to have a successful concert. However, all in all, the reviews of my concert were good.

Around this time, I started to dabble in another field related to music. This was the analysis, interpretation and writing about music. Typically, singers do not attempt to be musicologists but I did it deliberately because music was my entire life and I wanted to make sure that I had approached it from every direction. My first publication was an article in the magazine "Bharatiya Sangeet" from Pune titled "What is the foundation of the art of music?"

This article gave me a name in musicology in addition to singing. In the next two years, 1934 and 1935, I kept publishing. I did my best to analyze and interpret music and wrote articles such as: "On What does the Beauty of Music Depend?", "How to Get Swara Dnyan?", "What can make you well versed in rhythm?". These and many other articles were published in magazines and newspapers such as "Bharatiya Sangeet", "Pratibha", "Prabha", "Sakal" etc. With these articles, I started to become well-known in wider music circles and soon my accomplishments started to reach Sarkar. He was pleased and proud of me.

In October 1935, I went to Mysore to sing at their famous Dasara festival. I achieved first class in the initial audition. As a result, I had a concert in front of the Maharaja of Mysore. I got rave reviews and felicitations. On December 10, 1935, I wrote an article in "Saptahik Sakal" titled "Maharashtrian Honored at Mysore Darbar". I was happy with that article not just in the story I told but also for its literary quality. Following is the original article:

Maharashtrian Honored at Mysore Darbar

I had heard that the Maharaja of Mysore is a connoisseur of music so I always wanted the opportunity to go to Mysore and sing in the Mysore Darbar. I knew that they have a huge music festival for Dasara and lots of artistes get heard on that occasion. So I decided to go to the Dasara Festival this year. I started to make arrangements for the journey.

The train travel was quite expensive. I had with me two tanpuras, tabla and my accompanying artistes. We started at night and spent the whole night on the train playing cards and chit chatting. We arrived at the "Harihar" station at 7:30 AM. We all had a craving for tea. Two of us were tea fanatics and two were coffee fanatics. I went to the refreshment compartment and ordered a cup of tea. But he shrugged his shoulders and said "ille" – meaning no. I felt like there was no refreshment here if they didn't have tea but I went ahead and ordered coffee.

We got our coffee in a little while but instead of a cup and saucer, it was in a little brass pot. The pot was so hot that we had to just sit there looking at it while it cooled. Finally, losing our patience, we drank it even though it burned our tongues and waited for our destination.

Finally, at 1:30 PM, we got off at the "Arasikeri" station. We had to change trains at this station. You can change here or in Bangalore but changing in Arasikeri saves about 100 miles in the trip and so it is less expensive. So we got off the train and very carefully moved the tanpuras and tabla to the next train. By this time, we were

famished. We had some food with us and we bought some fruits at the station. We had a wonderful lunch in the train.

The train started from Arasikeri at 2 PM. Now, we were surrounded by men in lungis. The backdrop of the train journey was beautiful. Both sides of the tracks were full of huge palm trees spotted by rice fields. There are small ponds and lakes and hills all around. The hills are very peculiar and different from back home – they look like they are a bunch of rocks stacked up on each other. We often thought that they may fall on the train or the track.

Luckily, we drew close to Mysore without incident. As soon as we were near Mysore, we saw huge lakes everywhere. The Sagarkadi lake is awe-inspiring. All we could see from the train was water like an ocean on both sides of the tracks. Slowly, we witnessed the richness of Mysore. There were electric lights everywhere – especially the Chamundi Hill was lit up by electric lights. It looked like a beautiful gold border on a beautiful silk cloth to look at the rows of electric lights along the sides of the hill. The whole town was bright with lights and color. We lost track of time as we were admiring the scenery outside the train and it felt like the train pulled into Mysore train station in no time at all.

There were lots of coolies at the station. They surged into the train and tried to get our business. There was a huge crowd and commotion. Agents from two hotels called “Bombay Anand Bhuvan” and “Krishna Bhuvan” found us in that chaos and gave us their cards.

We had heard that there are a lot of Dharma Shalas (hostels) in Mysore so we hired a Victoria (horse carriage) and started towards the Jaggulal Hostel. When we arrived there, I went inside by myself and checked on room availability. Unfortunately, there was a lot of demand and the manager was missing in action. It was getting dark and we had to find accommodation so we decided to go to the hotel called Bombay Anand Bhuvan. We finally got a room at 8 PM.

We were tired from our journey so we bathed and ate dinner. We slept quite soundly that night. We had been warned by many people back home that we would not be able to get proper food in Mysore – that all we would get would be rice and saar (rasam). However, one advantage of staying at the Bombay Anand Bhuvan was that we got a proper maharashtrian meal of chapatti, bhaji, koshimbir etc. There was a charge of 6 anas for a meal and up to 1 rupee for the room. This meant that we had to spend one and a half to two rupees per person on room and board alone.

Given this expense, we decided to try getting a room at a hostel again. But we weren't successful so we resigned to staying at the Bombay Anand Bhuvan. So between all of us together, we were spending about 6 rupees per day. We accepted this because even though it was expensive, at least we had a proper room, hot water and proper meals. Once we were settled with our accommodations, we turned to the main reason for which we had come to Mysore.

The process for the Mysore Dasara Festival was that all singers had to go first to an officer by the name of Darbar Bakshi. Singers could get to Mysore by Ghatasthapana or the first day of the Navaratri festival. I had a note from Shrimant Dadasaheb Hebalikar of Dharwad which I presented to Darbar Bakshi. He read it and asked us to come back in 3 or 4 days. So we went back in 4 days. This time he told us that the

Maharaja had ordered there be auditions and we should present ourselves at 3 in the afternoon in Motikhana.

So we went there exactly at 3 PM with the tanpuras, tablas and the accompaniments. There were about 60 artistes there. Out of these, there were about 15 or 16 Hindustani singers and the rest were carnatic. There were three examiners – two singers and one beenkar (rudra veena player). Even though they couldn't perform Hindustani style of music, they were quite well versed in that style and were very knowledgeable. The beenkar, called Subbanna, used to play raags from both carnatic and Hindustani styles. In short, it was a committee of educated and well-informed artistes and scholars. They started with the carnatic singers. Because there were so many artistes, each person only got 15 minutes to showcase their talent. After a few hours, they shut down the auditions for the day and the remaining artistes were asked to come back the next day at 8 AM.

As was announced, the auditions started back again at 8 AM the next day. My number was up in the morning. I tuned the tanpuras well, evoked the memory and blessings of my father and Guru as well as God and started. I only had 15 minutes but they asked me to sing a khyal. I started a khyal in raag Todi. In the first 10 minutes, I sang complex and sophisticated alapi and I was able to create the atmosphere of Todi all around us. I was able to show them the map of Todi. The expressions on the examiners' faces told me that they were pleased. However, after about 10 minutes, the beenkar Subbanna stopped me and asked me to sing something in teental in Multani. I understood the meaning of his request – both raags have the same notes but the difference is in the chalan or the movement of the two raags. He obviously wanted to see whether I could successfully show the chalan and whether I had sufficient command on raags to be able to show the distinction. However, I had studied raags in great depth from the beginning and felt confident that I could deliver exactly what he was asking for. I avoided the dhaivat and rishabh (prominent in Todi) and gave more prominence to shadaj and pancham as in Multani. As soon as I did that, it was as if the train had changed tracks. It was evident from their body language that they were satisfied about my ability. Subbanna smiled approval at me and exclaimed "bahal chalo" meaning – very good! He asked me to finish the bandish. As a result of this, I ended up singing longer than others, for about 20 minutes.

The examiners wrote down my name and where we were staying and continued with the auditions of the remaining artistes. I listened to these artistes till about 11 AM and then left. The examining committee finally finished their work and they sent their recommendations to the Maharaja.

It wasn't until 10 or 12 days after the audition, that I got an order from the Maharaja. It really was true that things were busy during navaratri. I was told that those who are new to the festival do not get the opportunity sing at the Darbar. However, those who got the recommendation of "first class" from the examining committee, get a private concert in front of the Maharaja.

So I got the order to come for a concert the day after Dasara. All artistes other than myself, a pakhawaji from Mumbai and a lady singer from Calcuatta were excused from this year's festival. They were all given 20 or 30 rupees for their trouble.

The pakhawaji from Mumbai was staying at the same hotel as me. He was also a Brahmin. However, we didn't really get along. He was a student of the late Nanasaheb

Panase and he was in his sixties. He had the opinion that most artistes in the world were no good and he made fun of many renowned artistes. This bothered me. He told me that not only Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar but even the world famous Kudosingh had no sense of rhythm. It was clear that he and I could not be friends.

Coincidentally and unfortunately, the Maharaja ordered that he was not in the mood to listen to pakhawaj as a solo concert but that he would be willing if the pakhawaj accompanied a singer. There were only two singers left – the lady from Calcutta and me. Out of these, he did not want to play and wrestle about rhythm with a woman – so it was decided that he would accompany me instead. He told me, “whether you sing khyal or anything else, I will play choutal like dhrupad”. I tried to convince him that that would not do. I said, “When I sing khyal, you have to play the appropriate taal. I will sing a dhrupad just for you and then you can play choutal.” But he would not budge. I was very worried about my concert and how it would go.

About 4 or 5 days after Dasara, the lady from Calcutta had her concert. The day after that was my turn. I was instructed to wear court clothes. So I wore a white pair of pants, a long coat on top and a head cover with a sash around my waste. I was able to rent the court clothes. I also got passes from Darbar Bakshi which are needed to enter the palace.

In the meantime, while we were waiting for two weeks for my concert, I met the famous shahanai player from Pune Shri. Devalankar. He and I became good friends. He used to attend the Mysore festival every year and was well connected. He put in a special request for me and got the pakhawaji off my back and brought about a compromise. This avoided the sure ruin of my concert.

So, as compromised, I sang at 4:30 PM in the palace for the Maharaja of Mysore. I sang one bandish for 10 minutes and then the pakhawaji played for 5 minutes. Then, I sang one more piece and a thumri followed by 5 minutes of his playing. All together, the program was about an hour long. This compromise worked out well because my music wasn't ruined by his playing and he got an audience with the Maharaja too. It was a bit odd but we made it work under the circumstances. We got our remunerations the next day.

There was something that I noticed while I was singing for the Maharaja – that he was keeping beat with his hand. At first I was surprised but then later I found out that he was well versed in music and sang a little too. He also played the rudra veena. In general, we noticed that in the south, people are quite clear on taal and always keep the beat whenever they attended concerts.

We used to sing for a couple of hours in our room at the Bombay Anand Bhuvan. Other people staying at the hotel came to listen. We were surprised by their reactions in some cases. If they were pleased by a particular alap or taan, they would say “arerere” instead of what we were used to – wah! This always made us think that something was wrong. But then soon we realized that this was their way of praising the music. I did worry that I may burst out laughing by this arere instead of singing.

The hotel manager heard my singing once and instructed the clerk to only charge us half the cost of the room. So we ended up paying only 8 anas instead of one rupee. I am now convinced that the reputation of the Mysore Dasara Festival is well deserved. The court convenes every day starting on the day of ghatasthapana. There is a contingent of mounted soldiers outside the palace. They loosen the requirement for

court attire at this time and men and women are let in by different doors to see the Darbar. Court starts at 7 PM. As soon as the Maharaja takes the throne, all the electric lights are turned on. Everything is brightly lit and music comes through from the court. You think that you are in heaven and you are lost in the revelry.

The pageant on the day of Dasara is also very entertaining. It starts at 4 PM sharp. Thousands of people line the streets. There are platoons of khaki, black, green, red and many others. There are bands and thousands of horseback riders. There are 50 – 75 elephants. The elephants are adorned with beautiful designs and jewels. Two of the elephants had golden carriages on top – one carrying the Maharaja and one carrying the crown prince. The pageant that starts at 4 doesn't end till 10 at night.

We were in Mysore for a total of 22 days. We saw many incredible things during this time. The palace is beautiful. The Chamendraraya statue and the meghadambari architecture is really something. There is a gold foil on the roof of it and it seems to shine day and night. There is a tower across from the statue on which there is an electrical fountain during the Dasara festival.

Chamundi hill is very pretty. Chamundi devi is the family deity of the Maharaja and so he has a few bungalows built on the hill. He goes to stay there from time to time. There is a road all the way to the top in addition to the stairs – which are about a thousand. There is a humongous Nandi statue on the way. They have a fair here for two days after Dasara. It is very crowded during this time and a lot of fun.

We also visited the museum which has a lot of different species of animals. There are also vines which are manicured in different shapes – shapes of birds and animals.

There are also couches and chairs made out of bushes. We also visited Jagmohan Palace, Town Hall, Sanskrit Pathashala, Technical Institute, Hospital.

One day, we hired a taxi and visited Shriranga Pattan. It is about 9 miles from Mysore. There is a beautiful temple which has a Sheshashahi (sleeping on the snake) statue of Shriranga carved out of stone. There is a floating bridge outside the temple which is said to be built by a French engineer. It is a lot of fun to jump on this bridge and have it move up and down like a spring.

We also saw the Krishnaraj sagar. This is a dam about 12 miles from Mysore. The dam is on the rives Kaveri and Sharavati. The water here is about 125 feet deep. There are gardens and fountains next to this dam. They have also used electric lights in a very artistic way to shine many colors on the fountains or on flowing water over marble steps. The beauty and wonder of Mysore is really beyond words for me to describe.

When we were done with our stay in Mysore, we returned back home. On the way back to Ichalkaranji, I gave concerts in Bangalore, Hubali, Dharwad, Belagav and reached home on November 7, 1935

This is the end of the article Keshavbua wrote for Saptahik Sakal. The chapter isn't done yet – this is about half of it. But I wanted to give you this much.

(*) – the Karve Mahilashram was started by Annasaheb or Dhodo Keshav Karve. It was a school for bal vidhavas (young girls who are widowed many times they were teenagers). Annasaheb Karve was exiled and shunned for his actions of making girls literate and that too bal vidhawas who in those days were not even allowed to show their faces in public. Often they were forced to shave their heads. The Karve family has an unparalleled place in the social fabric of Maharashtra. Annasaheb Karve's son Raghunath Karve was the first to publish and teach on the subject of family planning for

which of course he was excommunicated by the powers that be. His grandson D. D. Karve was a principal of Ferguson College (which was started by Lokamanya Tilak and Agarkar and is my alma mater ☺). D. D. Karve's wife, Irawatibai Karve was a scholar and professor of Sanskrit. Today, the school that he is talking about in this book is called the "Karve Institute" – that's where my mother got her Masters of Social Work – sorry, I couldn't resist.

As soon as we got back from Mysore, I got back to my work with enthusiasm and renewed dedication. I had an opportunity to publish a historically important book during the November of this year – that book was titled "Gokhale Gharaneki Gayaki". The expenses of the publication and printing were footed by Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar. In addition, he also gave me Rs 100 for my efforts. In those days, that amount felt like 20,000. Sarkar was such a connoisseur of music and the arts and was a great judge of talent as well that at the publication of this book, he called the Kolhapur Darbar musician Pandit Sadashivbua Gokhale who was a descendent of Pandit Mahadevbua Gokhale to Ichalkaranji for felicitation. He honored him with a shawl, coconut and Rs 250.

This kind of interest that Sarkar took in music was always very encouraging to me. As I did more and more, his interest increased. About six months after I published this book, in April of 1935, I published Sangeet Bhishmacharya Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar's autobiography in Saptahik Sakal. This story was written down by his student Dattopant Kale as Balkrishnabua dictated it to him. Unfortunately, he died before the story could be finished. I edited and added to what was written by Dattopant and published it in Saptahik Sakal – a little each week for 4 weeks. It was very well received.

But Sarkar wasn't satisfied with this so he gave me the task of finding information, photos, papers and other things about Balkrishnabua's life. I gathered not only these kinds of materials, I will also talked to people who shared their memories of him. With all that information, I published a small biography called "Biography of Gayanacharya Pandit Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar". I started the book with his family life and ended with his death. In the second part of the book, I presented memories of him told to me by Sadashivshastri Bhide, Vasudeoshastri Paluskar, G. H. Ranade, Dattopant Kale and Sarkar. This book was published on January 31, 1936.

Just as before, Sarkar footed the expense of publishing and printing this book and gave me Rs. 50 for my efforts. This book was published with a line on the cover saying "endorsed by Mumbai, Madhyaprant and Badode Sarkars".

The very next month, I was invited to Mumbai by the Maharashtra Sangeet Samiti and I went to the conference in Mumbai on 15, 16, and 17 of February. In December of the same year, I was invited to a music conference in Lakhnow at the Morris College. I sang so well in Lakhnow that the Nabab wrote directly to Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar. In his letter, he said that my singing was even better than Faiyaz Khan Saheb. This was quite a compliment. Naturally, Sarkar was filled with love and pride for me. I wrote an article after this conference too. It was published in Prabha – the weekly from Pune on February 16, 1937.

The article was titled "What I Saw In the Luckhnow Conference". The travel expense for this conference was of course taken care of by Sarkar. On the way home, I stopped in Delhi, Agra, Mathura, Vrindavan, Kanpur and Gwalior and got the opportunity to see these cities. All in all, 1936 was quite fruitful for me.

There were a few things that didn't quite go my way during this year too. Financially, it wasn't great year. One reason for this was that my older brother quit his job in Hingne and started a school in Mumbai. This took up a lot of the family's resources. In addition to this, my younger brother enrolled in an art school in Mumbai. Both brothers lived together in Mumbai. Unfortunately, my younger got sick within a month of getting to Mumbai and became severely anemic. My older brother couldn't really do anything other than take care of my younger brother. There were accumulating bills for doctors and medicines. They were at the end of their wits with these problems.

So, I went to Mumbai and brought my younger brother home to Ichalkaranji with me. We took good care of him in Ichalkaranji and he was back to good health in no time. It looked like my older brother was also getting settled in Mumbai and the school was starting to do well.

Unfortunately, right at this time, there began communal riots between hindus and muslims. This was September or October of 1936. Not wanting to live through the riots, my brother closed his school and moved back to Ichalkaranji.

I believe that whenever there's an impediment in one path, another path opens up to us. That's exactly what happened about 5 months after my brother came back to Ichalkaranji. He was invited to go to Mobasa in East Africa by Dr. Shankarrao Karve. On March 17, 1937, my brother went to Mobasa. He started "Sangeet Samaj" there and everyone realized that he was a good teacher. He shortly became a sought after teacher and started to earn good money.

In the meantime, my younger brother went back to art school in Mumbai, passed the exams. He was given a scholarship of Rs 20 per month by Ichalkaranjkar Sarkar. And, now we come to another huge opportunity in my life – that was 1938. My older brother in Mombasa was by this time renowned as a music teacher but was not known as a concert singer. In contrast to that, I was getting famous as a concert performer and was constantly invited to music conferences. I was now getting a reputation as the standard bearer of disciplined and pure Gwalior singing. So, my older brother and Dr. Karve invited me to Africa along with two of my students. The idea was to have concerts in cities across Africa and make some money.

I was excited to get this opportunity. I got a passport and visa. I bought new clothes appropriate for "foreign travel" and we were ready to go. I was going to be accompanied by two students – Moreshwar Anant Mungekar and Seetaram Laxman Jog. Moreshwar left on a boat on May 11th. Seetaram and I left on August 3rd. we arrived in Mombasa on August 13th, 1938.

The first concert was on August 22nd. After this, we bought a car and travelled in this car all through Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania. We gave concerts in Mombasa, Nairobi, Arusha, Moshi, Campala, Jinga, Tanga and Dar-E-Salaam. These concerts included both instrumental and vocal performances. We had sitar, dilruba, jalatarang, tabla – nine instruments in all. All the performances were riveting. The people in Africa were not educated in music and as a result, they didn't really know how to enjoy and get the most from the music. In a concert, the participation and feedback from the audience is a very important aspect that makes a concert successful. A singer has to keep in mind the type of audience present.

We encountered mostly enthusiastic but uneducated audiences. It wasn't their fault of course, but the result was that the concerts didn't have the same kind of "rangat" as was

usual. We understood that it was too much to expect. But, in a way, we might have overestimated the audience knowledge. We gave our all to the concerts for sure, but the type of audience we encountered made our zeal decline as days went by. We travelled about 5 to 6 thousand miles through many parts of Africa including thick forests – those travels were very enjoyable. We enjoyed the natural beauty of everywhere we went. We also met many types of people. I wrote an article about our Africa travels titled “Hindustani Music in East Africa” which is republished below. This time, as before, Sarkar gave me 4 months off with pay. We arrived back in India at the end of November 1938.

Hindustani Music in East Africa

“Why are you singing and repeating everything? And, what is this tun-tun instrument? Take a harmonium and sing a nice kawwali” – this was the reaction of a Gujarathi listener to my singing in a small town concert in East Africa. He wasn’t happy about the tanpura and the sarangi we used for accompaniment.

In another concert, we had a similarly ignorant reaction – “he sings well but what is this aaaaooo in the middle?”

At a third concert, there was a punjabi listener who remarked “what kind of jalasa is this? These singers are not in women’s garb nor do they have any make up. There’s no dancing. This won’t fly for a jalasa”. Clearly, some audience members took music concerts as cheap dramas or dances.

From this, we can infer that authentic Hindustani music was not available in east Africa in those days and as a result, the audiences were not educated. In Maharashtra, music has a lot exposure to many people. So, the ex-patriots from Maharashtra, were exceptions to this attitude. Dr. Karve, Mule, Shri. Gogate from Kitolo were very knowledgeable and were lovers of music. There were some others in big cities such as Campala, Nairobi, Dar-E-Salaam but all in all, there were only a handful of such people. I have to say that I was disappointed by the ignorance of the general public.

However, when I think more about it, it is clear that it is not their fault. They have not been cultured in this authentic art form. They had the opportunity to even listen to classical music once a couple of decades. So how would they get the necessary exposure and understanding to listen to authentic music?

Even if Africa, they could see movies, but the music in movies is hardly the same as classical music. For the most part, action movies were very popular in Africa in those days. So, their exposure to music was limited to the occasional gazal or kawwali. So, it isn’t surprising that they had no idea how limitless classical music is. Nor is it surprising that they would have a liking for the kind of music to which they were exposed. So, I came to the conclusion that in order to make a knowledgeable audience, people must listen to a lot of classical music and we must make efforts to this end.

I found that Mombasa was the only city where there were educated audiences as far as classical music was concerned. This was the only city where we had a concert that went from 9 at night to 3 in the morning. This was a test of the performers as well as the audience. I thought about why Mombasa was the only city where this was possible. The credit went to the “Sangeet Samaj” lessons which were given by my older brother Shridharbua Ingle. In addition to the lessons, they also gave concerts once a month.

So, the exposure and education of the Mombasa public was helped by my brother. It is without a doubt, that both Dr. Karve and my brother had a big part in the sophisticated public in Mombasa.

There was a lot of interest shown in Nairobi for classical music as well. We even had requests for dhrupad and some rare pieces in Nairobi. There was a Punjabi man by the name of Labh Singh who had lived in Nairobi for years because of his trading business. He was trained in music and had even taught some of his friends. Some of his students such as Nasibchand do give informal publicity and popularity to classical music even now. However, there is no formal, disciplined way of learning for them. It would be good to start a school similar to Sangeet Samaj in Nairobi as well.

Come to think of it, Campala, Dar-E-Salaam, Zanzibar are all big cities but they have no music schools. I would say that starting such schools is a social and cultural need of East Africa and it is also a great opportunity for someone capable of teaching music. It is true that these cities are expensive. However, once a school is established, it is possible to live well as a music teacher. If the teacher lived frugally, he could also save money and send it back home. This is what my older brother was able to do in Mombasa.

The other important thing to note is that a music teacher does not have to give concerts. To teach music, you must have the knowledge not necessarily be able to perform. It is not clear that there is enough sophisticated public in East Africa to make an artiste happy anyway. So, it makes sense for those who have knowledge of authentic classical music and passion to teach it, should go to East Africa and teach it. There are too many music schools in Mumbai and Pune. Most teachers cannot even make enough of a living there, instead, going to Africa is a good option for such teachers.

In most cities in East Africa, there are a lot of Maharashtrians who are well settled and respected. They are very hospitable to anyone who comes to Africa from India and always help visitors. I experienced such kindness everywhere we went in Africa. Some of the notable marathis who helped us were Dr. Karve, Tambe, Barve, Dr. Juvekar, Dr. Abhyankar, Dr. Nadkarni, Shri. Thakur, Dr. Patawardhan, Shri. Ghodegaokar, Sule, Sable, Kurlle, Dr. Gore, Gokhale, Agashe, Gogate, Dr. Bodas, Dr. Kate, Devbhakta, Dr. Mhaskar and make more. I am eternally grateful to all these people for all the help they gave us during our tour in Africa. And, it wasn't just limited to Maharashtrians, other Indians such as Mr. Melaram, Nasibchand, Naththuchandra were also immensely helpful.

So, in conclusion, I would end this article reiterating that to popularize authentic classical music in Africa, is a great opportunity for music teachers. They have to be willing to leave India however and they must also have a passion for making music popular and available to masses. Any teachers who are willing to do this will benefit personally for sure but they will also add to the richness and recognition of Hindustani classical music.

Whenever I think of Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar, I cannot help but feel that we had a connection and a friendship that transcended this life. He had started a music school even before I moved to Ichalkaranji just because of his passion for music. He then appointed me the teacher the next year, on March 1, 1931. Once I started to work there, I studied the curricula at various other schools and created a curriculum for my school.

Sarkar was passionate that young boys and girls should not only develop a liking for classical music but that we should be able to produce a few dedicated students who will make music their career. I understood that passion very well and I tried to do my best to make that happen. Of course, it is not easy or fast to make that happen. I knew very well that I did not have a magic wand either.

It is indeed a lucky teacher who has capable and passionate students who want to dedicate their lives to music and I was lucky in this regard. By my good fortune and by God's grace, I had at least a few such students. The most senior of these students were Shri. Bhimrao Kulkarni and Jatratar. (Note – Jatratar is the author's guru). Jatratar left his farm and his family to come to Ichalkaranji. From about 1931, he was learning with dedication and devotion from me. In addition to music, he was also an excellent chess player and he had studied the Dyaneshwari to a deep extent. (Note – Dyaneshwari is the translation/commentary of the Geeta written in Marathi by Sant Dyaneshwar in the 13th century).

There was a Sanskrit school in Ichalkaranji where a lot of students came from out-of-town to study Sanskrit. I chose some of these students and registered them in the music school. I chose the students who had a liking for classical music. In addition to teaching them in the music school, I also invited them to my house for additional instruction. When they realized that I taught these students with passion and for free, word got around town and it increased enthusiasm towards the learning of music. Sarkar was very happy about this development. The students that I got from the Sanskrit school were: Shri. Moreshwar Anant Mungekar and Shri. Seetaram Laxman Jog. I took Mungekar and Jog with me when I went to Africa. During my tour, I left Jatratar in charge of the music school in Ichalkaranji. During this time, he came to know around town as Jatratar Master. Later, people switched to Jatratar Bua and that became his permanent name. Jatratar bua won over everybody by his calm, modest and sincere nature, and his spiritual outlook on life. Sarkar was also impressed by him and respected him. Jatratar admired the music of Abdul Kareem Khansaheb and his singing was also very similar to Khansaheb – peaceful, calm and surel alapi.

I taught Jatratar, Mungekar and Jog for about 12 years. All three of them passed the Sangeeta Visharad in 1939. Two others Shri. Damodar Chintaman Tamhankar and Shri. Ganesh Prabhakar Desai also passed the Sangeeta Visharad in 1943.

I wanted all five of these students to get experience in teaching music too. So I got Sarkar's permission to have them teach in the music school. They taught for 7 or 8 months and were given a certificate called "Adhyapan Visharad". Both Sangeet Visharad and Adhyapan Visharad helped them later in life to get jobs in other places. All together, I must have taught them 400 "cheeja" or compositions. I also arranged for them to sing for Sarkar so he could judge their progress. I was contented when Sarkar gave his approval to my students' talent. It is a great experience indeed to be appreciated for all my hard work, loyalty and dedication to my benefactor by him. Of my five senior students, two were very poor. I made arrangements so that Desai could get daily food from the palace and for Tamhankar to get a Rs 10 per month scholarship from Sarkar.

Soon after this, they all got good jobs – Jatratar became the music teacher in the Kanya Shala in Nipani, Tamhankar became a music teacher in Shahapur (Belgao), Jog

went to the Belgao Training College and Desai went to Mudgao (Goa). Unfortunately, Mungekar was struck by TB and passed away in 1944.

I felt that Sarkar's desire to train students in Ichalkaranji so that they could make music their careers was fulfilled by these 4 students of mine. There were consistently 10 to 12 students learning in the music school too so his other desire to inculcate music knowledge and passion in students was also slowly being fulfilled. His third desire was to listen to a lot of good music. This desire was being fulfilled too because I sang for him every day. I sang from the bottom of my heart and with the awareness of the responsibility that came with this job. I always remembered the raags and the compositions that he liked so my singing gave him the satisfaction of being perpetually exposed to music and I got the satisfaction of carrying out my duty well.

Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar was a rare person indeed. He was old fashioned but a visionary and progressive thinker at the same time. He treated me not as a hired hand but rather respected me as an artiste. He insisted that I always sit on the expensive rugs in the Darbar. Whenever Sarkar entered the Darbar, he always bowed to God first and then to the artistes and pundits present in Darbar before he took his own seat. I never felt like a servant in his Darbar. We both had true affection and respect for each other that lasted until the end. As a result, the 12 years from the time I came to Ichalkaranji in 1931 to 1943 was a very happy, fulfilling and satisfying for me.

The son of Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar, Annabua had a huge collection of compositions. That collection then went to Mirashibua. I knew that the compositions that my father did not get to teaching me would be in that collection. I wanted to try to get those from Mirashibua but didn't really know how to approach him.

One day, I finally expressed to Sarkar that I would like to get those compositions. He remembered that and later got them for me. He had a great knack for handling people and making sure that he didn't hurt anyone's egos. In 1942, he was going to Pune for some work and asked me to go with him. While there, he invited Mirashibua to meet him. Sarkar made great conversation with him and brought up the subject of old compositions and asked if it would be possible to have me learn them. He did it with such tact that Mirashibua gave me the collection willingly. He even sang about 45 of those compositions which were really rare for me. Sarkar gave him Rs 50 on the spot. Thus, my desire to get the treasure that belonged to Balkrishnabua was fulfilled because of Sarkar. I took this as a great responsibility and before anything else, I made notations of these compositions in my own handwriting. In this way, I was assured that the treasure which was handed down would not be forgotten.

Sarkar had a fund every year which was used to invited musicians from out-of-town for concerts in Ichalkaranji. He made sure that they were authentic classical singers before they were invited. In general, he had each artiste give four concerts – one each in the morning, afternoon, evening and night. Each concert would be about 2 hours long. We were thus able to really evaluate each artiste and they were able to showcase different raags and moods. These concerts were typically not held in large halls but rather in a small private hall in front of 15 to 20 knowledgeable connoisseurs of music. This also assured that the level and authenticity of the music was maintained.

These concerts always began right on time and there was perfect silence during the concert. Any work relating to the principality would have to wait until after the concert – that was Sarkar's rule. There were never any requests during these concerts because

Sarkar wanted each artiste to present whatever they wanted with an open heart and pour their all into the concert. He knew that that was the way to get the best kind of singing from an artiste.

There were several such concerts throughout the year. Sarkar liked the type of singing which had alaapi development rather than taanbaaji better. So he really liked the singing of the Kirana Gharana exponent Abdul Kareem Khansaheb. He had a keen intellect towards music – he paid close attention to how many authentic compositions the artistes present, how they treat the mood and the map of a raag, how the artiste handles taal and laya and many other such details. Not only was he someone who enjoyed music, he also was very knowledgeable.

He was very proud of the old school musicians who stuck to the authentic, traditional compositions and credited them for carrying forward the ancient knowledge. He considered this a debt on society. Twelve out of the 26 years that Balkrishnabua worked for him, Sarkar insisted that he and his family live in the palace. This was done because Bua had two small children when his wife died and Sarkar thought that his kids may be better taken care of in the palace. In addition to that altruistic motivation, Sarkar had Bua stay in a room right next to himself so that he could overhear the practice and the teaching of music all the time. This was a great arrangement for both – because Bua got good accommodations and Sarkar could hear music even when he was doing other work – night or day. The direct result of this was that he became very well versed in the methods and discipline of the Gwalior Gharana way of singing. He even had many compositions memorized.

Sarkar used to always tell me that when I sing with my mouth, he would always sing along with his head. He used to say that as a result of being exposed to so much music, he could always think ahead when I sang and predict what would come next. And, it's true that he had extreme intelligence and curiosity, especially about music. He would always discuss with me after every concert, no matter who the singer may have been. It may have been true that he wasn't formally trained but he had such a keen ear that he always identified when a singer went off the map of a raag or missed the mark in taal. At such occasions, even during the concert, he and I would exchange meaningful looks.

Even though he was so familiar with and proud of Gwalior singing, he was very open minded to other schools of music and liked many aspects of different gharanas. For example, he always listened to Abdul Kareem Khansaheb, Sadashivbua Gokhale, Ramkrishnabua Vaze, Shivarambua Vaze, Mirashibua, Rajabhaiya Poochchwale, Vishwanathbua Jadhav, Govindrao Tembe several times a year. In later years, Vinayakbua Patawardhan, Gajananbua Joshi, Nivruttibua Sarnaik, Vilayat Hussain Khansaheb, Nanbua Joshi, Padhyebua, Padma Shaligram, Shankarbhaiya Gurav and Mangalwedhekar were all artistes of the next generation I was able to experience because of Sarkar's insistence on giving them opportunities to perform and giving the people of Ichalkaranji opportunities to hear good music. This helped me to get a wider lens on music too. I understood by this exposure that there are many aspects to music and the art is so vast and complex that one lifetime is not enough to learn it, internalize it and propagate it.

Having said that, I do believe that artistes should remain vigilant about their own way of music and evaluate their own singing constantly. I also believe that all artistes must keep increasing the good in their art and reducing the bad on an on-going basis. From 1931 when I first got to Ichalkaranji to the end, I always concentrated on learning as much as I could and continuously believed that there was a lot to learn. I always thought my goal was above the pedestrian concerns. I also believed in self reliance for learning. Through this journey, I found some invaluable treasures about music which became the foundations of my singing.

The first and most basic of these was profundity and depth. Whether it be alap, taan or any other aspect of music, the presentation of the raag must always be done with careful sincerity. There should never be any fluff in the singing and it should not become cheapened. I would say that about 10 years after I came to Ichalkaranji, around 1940 – 41, my singing became mature, calm and complete.

I found several things to be important for a good presentation of a raag. It is not important to sing complex, acrobatic tans or phrases when showing the map of a raag or creating the mood of the raag. Rather, it is more important to have long and immovable notes and deliberate movement from note to note.

To perfect the sur, it is vitally important to listen to the tanpura. Listening to the tanpura and concentrating on it, lets you meditate on the sur and sur becomes a part of your very being. Anyone who wishes to sing in perfect pitch, must become one with the tanpura. Similarly, I realized that it is not necessary to sing fast taans instead, taans should also be sung with deliberate movement. It must have the weight of fidelity to pitch and must reveal the secrets of movement of the rag. To achieve all this, one must practice, practice and practice.

Finally, during this time, I thought a lot about what was the purpose of music. I realized that the main purpose of music is to make one forget the world with all its trials and tribulations. There are of course minor functions of music but I feel that the main purpose is peace. The peace of mind and purpose you feel when you sing is paralleled by nothing else. If a singer is distracted by worries of everyday life, which is only natural, but it is very important for the artiste to set those aside and achieve peace of mind and a oneness with the music. The same also applies to facial expression and body language. All these things together work for a great experience for the audience. A singer must work on perfecting all these internal and external aspects of himself or herself in addition to the singing itself.

There are many heads of principalities around who virtually make those who work in their darbars prisoner. Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar was very different from this norm. He used to take me with him whenever possible. If I was ever invited to music conferences, he would not only enthusiastically let me go, he would foot all the expenses for me to attend. Sarkar thus took care of all expenses when I went to the Solapur conference in 1932, the Mysore concert in 1935, the Mumbai and Lucknow conferences in 1936 and the Africa tour in 1938. In 1939, I was invited to be an examiner at Indore. He was very proud of the fact that a community as immersed in music as Indore thought enough of me to invite me and took care of all the expenses. He always desired that I, as his darbar musician should excel in every musical way, I should be recognized for my talents and be monetarily compensated as well. It was from this motivation that he acted to get the rare compositions from Mirashibua in 1942.

During this visit to Pune, 15 – 28 March 1942, he also wanted me to sing for the famed “Punekars”. He surprised me in this regard. He arranged for my concert in his “wada” (his house or haveli). This was March 25, 1942. There were many prominent citizens of Pune – Abasaheb Mujumdar, Sardar Bawadekar, Principal Gharpure, Dr. Lele, Dadasaheb Ranade. He introduced me proudly to all the who’s who in Pune. My concert that day was not exceptional but there was consensus that it was very good. During this same trip to Pune, by the insistence of Vinayakbua Patwardhan, I had a morning concert at Gandharva Mahavidyalay on March 22, 1942. I sang for almost two hours and whatever the reason, it was very good. One reason might have been that in the audience were students of Gandharva Mahavidyala, all the teachers, Vinayakbua Patwardhan and Mirashibua. When there are such connoisseurs and knowledgeable people in the audience, it is very easy to be immersed in the music. Any artiste will attest to this truth. I must have impressed the audience that day because three more concerts were arranged in Pune. At these concerts, all the teachers from GMV and their students were present. Some of the students even accompanied me on tanpura or sat behind me. All of them as well as Vinayakbua himself were at our beck and call during this whole trip.

After those concerts, I gave a private concert at the home of my childhood friend Shri. Shripad Vinayak Gadgil on March 24, 1942. Shankarbhaiya accompanied me on tabla for that concert. He and I were in perfect harmony at this concert and the resulting music was quite memorable. I then gave a concert at the New Poona Club. It was a night time concert. I sang for about 3 hours and I was given a whopping Rs 50 for this concert – it was arranged through P. G. Patil.

The last notable thing about this Pune trip was my concert on the radio. I had to go to Mumbai for a 15-minute trial on March 6, 1942. Dinkarrao was present at this trial. In about 8 days after the trial, I got a letter in Ichalkaranji offering me three short (20 minutes each) concerts on radio – one in the morning, one in the evening and one at night. On July 13, 1942, I sang Todi, Poorvi and Kedar for those three concerts.

This same year, I made friends and a good connection with the eminent singer Shri. Balubua Kasar Ijare. In reality, by this time I had been in Ichalkaranji for 10 or 11 years but we had never met, even though we were in the same town. We just hadn’t had the opportunity until this year. But, once we met, we became great friends. It was as if we had known each other all our lives. We developed genuine affection towards each other and this led to collaboration as well. We used spend many an hour talking, discussing music and learning raags and compositions from each other. The credit for introducing me to Balubua goes to Shri. Jatrakar.

I used to give a “concert” at home every day from July 1, 1941. Balu Gurav used to accompany me on tabla during these “home” concerts. The purpose of these concerts was for Jatrakar to get to listen to formal concerts and he would get exposure to how to perform in public. After about three months of this routine, Balubua started to come every day and started to participate during these concerts as well.

It was a win-win situation for all of us – Jatrakar most of all. Balubua’s music had a unique character all its own. Jatrakar picked this up from Balubua quite well. In later years, I used to leave Jatrakar in charge of teaching other students. Between May and September of 1942, I taught Jatrakar the rare compositions I got from Mirashibua. After all this, he went to Nipani to become the music teacher in the Kanya Shala there. He

also started to give private lessons. He was really well established as a musician and a music teacher in Nipani. That was a source of great satisfaction for me.

One of the most memorable concerts in Ichalkaranji was presided over by Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar on October 14, 1943. It was the 60th birthday of Gayanacharya Mirashibua. Music fans in town took up a contribution for the birthday celebrations and came up with Rs 100. We gave Rs 61 to Mirashibua and used the rest for the refreshments and flowers. Sarkar gave Mirashibua a silver cup and a ring made of navaratnas. He performed in the clubhouse at night – even though he had completed 60 years of life, his singing was still young and vibrant.

My older brother was visiting me from Mombasa at that time. Sarkar knew that he played Dilruba very well. So he performed as well. Sarkar was so impressed that he custom ordered a new Dilruba for him.

I played Dilruba and Satar as well. In addition to that, I had developed a knack for teaching music. Sarkar knew that and hired me to teach both his granddaughters to play instruments. I started to teach Shrimant Akkasaheb the Satar and Shrimant Taisaheb the Dilruba. I taught them until they were married and in that time, they had made a lot of progress.

In addition to the regular salary I got, Sarkar always gave me gifts for special occasions – sometimes money, sometimes something of silver or gold or sometimes, shawls and dhotis. When Sarkar turned 70, he gave me an expensive embroidered pheta (turban). We had a special program for him at the music school to celebrate his birthday. We had a great keepsake group photo taken on this occasion. All in all, my time in Ichalkaranji was very well spent in the company of a great patron in the person of Sarkar.

However, in 1943, two devastating events changed my life. I had my first radio program on July 17th. Four days after that, my four year old daughter Leela succumbed to typhoid. This was extremely demoralizing for all of us. Not long after that, Shrimant Sarkar passed away. I felt orphaned by his passing. I felt lost.

Who would have thought at Mirashibua's 60th birthday celebration that within a week, Sarkar would have left this world? Destiny is truly beyond understanding for sure.

The day after Mirashibua's birthday, Sarkar got a stomach ache. Doctors diagnosed it as an anomaly in the intestines. They decided to operate on him and admitted him to the Mission Hospital in Miraj. The surgery was successful. Unfortunately, he got an infection and passed away within a week. My whole world was filled with darkness. All the people of Ichalkaranji were in sorrow. His body was brought back to Ichalkaranji and kept in state for darshan. It was the night of Friday October 21st 1943. But even in the middle of the night, everyone from Ichalkaranji came to pay respects – they cried at their great loss.

The funeral was the next day. It was a communal experience – hundreds of people cried out loud when the pyre was lit. We all mourned the death of a great king and I mourned the death of a great connoisseur of music.

I had lost a great deal personally which could not be filled by anything or anyone. I felt deep depression and couldn't concentrate on anything. I couldn't get into the spirit of anything at all and I didn't even unwrap the tanpura for days.

A few days after this, I was scheduled to give another radio program. I couldn't get out of that commitment so I pulled myself together and took out my tanpura. I tuned it and tried to sing but I kept getting welled up and couldn't get even a single sur out. So I just

played and heard the tanpura for a while and kept it back. I tried again in the evening and finally got a weak and vacillating “sa” out. This time, I kept trying and eventually, I was able to sing. So after the devastating blow of Leela and Sarkar passing, I was back to the music.

My radio program was scheduled for December 6th 1943 in Mumbai. Since I was there, I decided to meet other musicians and rasiks in Mumbai. I had a private concert at the home of Dr. G. N. Paranjape in Shivaji Park, Dadar. It was an evening concert and only 30 to 35 people were in attendance. But they were all very knowledgeable about classical music. The concert was from 5:30 to 7:30 – I sang Puriya Dhanashree and Marwa. I was accompanied by Shri. Thakurdesai of Dadar Music Circle. It was a really good concert – almost beyond my imagination given the circumstances of the last few weeks. The result of this concert was another concert at the Dadar Music Circle on December 18th. I sang from about 10 PM to 2:30 AM – it seemed that people couldn’t get enough. I started with Shankara and followed by Miyan Malhar and a pada (composition) in Tilang. We had a half hour intermission during which I got a lot of requests. I started the second half with Basant Bahar and sang one of the requests – Lalat. I ended with Bhairavi. Thanks to god that I had really success in Mumbai. But, when I came back to Ichalkaranji, the sadness and depression came back. As time went by the question of what next was becoming more and more pressing. This was not an easy question to answer.

Ichalkaranji was a principality but it was under the purview of the much bigger kingdom of Kolhapur. Even though, Sarkar’s last name was Ghorpade, he was not Maratha (the caste) but rather kokanastha Brahman. In contrast, the royal family of Kolhapur was a proud Maratha family and had a reputation of being somewhat anti-brahman sentiments. It was inevitable that these two principalities had constant conflict due to this reason. It seemed that the Kolhapur Sarkar and his officers left no opportunity to insult or otherwise show up Ichalkaranji Sarkar. It was a past that was filled with communal hatred and unnecessary enmity. This history is certainly something to be ashamed of. The whole affair was quite unproductive.

Ichalkaranjikar Sarkar was not only intelligent and a good politician but he also had good relations with European officers. Whether because of this or other reasons, the English officers always sided with Ichalkaranji whenever a conflict came up between Ichalkaranji and Kolhapur.

However, it is true that politicians swing with the winds and are short sighted and often stupid. As soon as Sarkar passed away, it would have been good to let bygones be bygones and move on. But, it soon became evident that Kolhapurkars were bent on continuing the feud. I was one of many in the employ of Ichalkaranjikars who felt that we were lucky to not have to tangle with Kolhapurkars. I decided to leave. However, where would I go – that was not easy to figure out. So I decided to stick it out in Ichalkaranji for as long as I possibly could. It was impossible to tell what was in store for any of us and waiting, I decided, was the best policy for the time being.

As soon as the news of Sarkar’s passing reached Kolhapur, the Prime Minister from Kolhapur Namdar Peri came to Ichalkaranji. His first action was to seal the treasury and appoint a care taker by the name of Karnik. The interesting thing at the time was that the “king” of Kolhapur at the time was a minor and he was adopted. The kingdom was being run by a regency council. A side effect of the council was that personalities were

kept out of the dealings with the Ichalkaranji affairs. So, in a way, to be patient and keep my current job was a good decision. I did decide however, that at the first opportunity I should move to Pune or Mumbai and make a name for myself in a bigger place. To start on this plan, I took a leave of absence for two months and went to Mumbai for an extended stay from July 15th to September 12th. I wanted to get an idea of how living in Mumbai was like. But I decided that I couldn't live in Mumbai because of the humidity, the mechanical lifestyle and the fast pace of life. I then decided to give Pune a try and waited for the right opportunity.

The next few years were quite mediocre. I was following my regular routine and taught music. But my spirit wasn't in it. I went to the Ajmer concert in 1945. I gave a concert there on March 11th 1945. On the way back, I visited Jaipur, Ujjain, Indore, Badoda, Ahmadabad, Mumbai and Pune. During the Ganapati festival, in September 1945i travelled to Nasik and gave several concerts in Nasik and Trambakeshwar (note – that's the beginning of the river Godavari).

In 1946, politics took over again. While he was alive, Ichalkaranjkar Sarkar had decided to adopt a boy as his sole heir but the Kolhapur royal family was resisting this and had filed a court case to stop the adoption. The legal troubles continued after Sarkar's death. After many months, the English court in charge sided with Ichalkaranji. So, on August 29th, 1946 Ranisarkar adopted the son of the Ghorpade family from Chitrakut and named him Govindrao aka Abasaheb. Thus, Ichalkaranji, just like Kolhapur now had a minor for the ruler.

Up to this point, I had never charged for private music lessons. On the contrary, I taught Mungekar and Jog for free and let them stay with my family. However, times were changing and I was having a hard time making ends meet. So, in April 1947, I started the Balkrishna Sangeet Vidyalay. That and a few private tuitions complimented my income.

This same year, the pay scale for most employees of Ichalkaranji darbar. So I applied to be given the increased pay scale. After many requests, I was finally given a raise of only Rs. 6.

This was an important year in the politics of Ichalkaranji – it was the year of the Ichalkaranji revolution. Indian Independence gained on August 15th 1947 had the opposite effect on Ichalkaranji. After independence, Kolhapur was given full control of Ichalkaranji. The minor ruler of Kolhapur had died in the meantime and Ranisaheb had adopted the prince of Devas and named him Shahajiraje. As soon as his adoption was official, he ruled the adoption of Govindrao by the Ranisarkar of Ichalkaranji invalid. He also declared Vinayakrao Ghorapde as the ruler of Ichalkaranji. He convened the darbar to make the announcement on August 22nd, 1947. Ranisarkar chose to leave the palace and go to Pune and file a case in front of the new Congress government. Her fortunes had turned.

In the meantime, Vinayakrao took over the reins in Ichalkaranji. The norm in town now was that sycophants would survive by deriding their old benefactor. I was not involved in this internal politics. I decided to stick to my job and not pay attention to the rest. Even when Sarkar was alive, I only involved myself in music, now with such undesirable company, I kept myself even more isolated.

I couldn't avoid Vinayakrao completely though. It was part of my duty to sing in the palace temple every day. During this time, I ran into Vinayakrao. Luckily, my encounter

was limited to just a greeting. I did get the feeling that he was observing me closely though.

I had no overt trouble from Vinayakrao though. I knew that he drank and ate meat. He also did some other things which cannot be mentioned. There were shameful displays of some awful behavior in the palace from time to time. However, I personally did not have any troublesome encounters with him. Vinayakrao knew that I was a favorite of Sarkar, but even so, he did not act personally with malice towards me. He showed me nothing but respect. An example of this came soon. The school where I taught music was registered as a primary school. This meant that teachers were not eligible to receive bonuses. But Vinayakrao designated the music school not as a primary school but as a special school and ordered all of us to get our bonuses. I wasn't sure why he was so good to me and that's a question that remained unanswered but I certainly benefited from this.

Another benefit I got from this order was that I was able to get full retirement benefits after taking voluntary retirement in 1950. But more on that later.

The new Ranisaheb, the wife of Vinayakrao learned to play the sitar from me for a month. I got paid a whopping Rs 50 for this month. All the events were going so well for me that in a way, I was scared of what could go wrong. I had thought that Vinayakrao coming to power would mean terrible times for someone like me but it turned out to be a good thing for me personally.

It is true, however, that the action that brought Vinayakrao was unjust. I truly felt that Govindrao should be reinstated as the ruler of Ichalkaranji. Surprisingly, the Congress Government sided with Govindrao and on May 30th, 1948, Vinayakrao was removed from power. Of course, my personal experience aside, it became clear later that Vinayakrao was an extremely conniving person.

While Vinayakrao was still in power, Gandhi was assassinated in January 1948. This resulted in a lot of rioting in Ichalkaranji and homes and other property belonging to Brahmans were burned. (Note – Ichalkaranji is in Kolhapur district but right next to Sangali. As you know, Nathuram Godse – Gandhiji's assassin was from Sangli. There were allegations that the royal family of Sangli (who was Brahman) were involved in the assassination plot and were members of the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangha. The backlash against Brahmans in that whole area after Gandhiji's assassination was considerable). It was certainly unjust to burn homes of regular people who were innocent bystanders. It was almost as if the Marathas were looking for an excuse to get even with the Brahman headed principalities of the time. During the riots, trucks full of people came from Kolhapur would come into Ichalkaranji. They would join with the Marathas from Ichalkaranji and would go through town and burn down Brahman owned homes chanting "Mahatma Gandhi ki jay".

Vinayakrao sat by and watched all this happen in his jurisdiction. He did not take any action to save his subjects. For three days from January 31st 1948 to February 3rd 1948, the town burned and people had to leave with the clothes on their backs. I am not sure how my home was spared – I wonder if that was Vinayakrao's doing. I was thankful for whatever reason I was spared. The Brahmans of Ichalkaranji sent letters and telegrams to the Congress courts against Vinayakrao and that may have had something to do with the decision in the court case. The Kolhapur cabinet was disbanded and a man by the name of Captain Nanjappa was sent as the administrator. All the rights of the ruler were

taken from the king of Kolhapur and given to Capt Nanjappa. This was a god sent for the Brahmans of that whole area.

This was the same year that Bharatiya Sangeet Prasarak Mandal of Pune and Gandharva Mahavidyalaya of Mumbai invited me as an examiner. I started to go to the various examination centers. This gave me a great idea of the current status of Hindustani music in the various parts of the state – in a way, I was able to get a survey of the musical ability in parts of Maharashtra.

I remember that in 1941, my older brother had made plans to live in Pune and had tried to live there for 6 months. He did not have a good experience and it was quite costly and it hard for him to make ends meet.

One reason for this is that music is not appreciated as a worthwhile activity by most people. Music does not have a special place in their lives. They do not consider that it is important to be learned in music and so most people look at musical training as a hobby or a prestigious thing to do. So to have music as a livelihood is difficult.

Another reason is that there is a lot of petty competition and jealousy among musicians and music teachers. Forget about those who are learning music, but at least those who teach it should understand that music lives on a higher plane where such petty concerns should not exist. But I am not sure they do.

From all this thinking, I came to the conclusion that “rajashray” was necessary for making a difference as an artiste. To be reliant on people for this was not enough. I was in a very precarious position because I had spent most of my adult life as the darbar musician and during that whole time, I was increasing the quality of my music. With the passing of Sarkar, I felt like the value of music and artistes diminished somehow. Of course, independence also resulted in all the principalities being integrated into India and a bad side effect was that a lot of artistes were out of work. They all of a sudden had to worry about making ends meet and couldn't give their art the full and total attention they could before.

I realized that my financial problems were not unique to me but rather were shared by all the artistes from all the now defunct darbars. Independence, at least in the short term, was not good for art and artistes. When Kolhapur was integrated, the Congress government allowed people to retire and get pension. I intended to retire at this point and applied for voluntary retirement on March 21st, 1949. However, the rule was that only government employees could get their pension benefits. In the original budget of Ichalkaranji, my music school was registered as a primary school. I kept trying to get my case heard and kept at it for more than a year. I submitted many applications and supporting documents. Finally, the order given by Vinayakrao that the music school is not primary school helped to establish music school employees as darbar employees and my application was approved. I got a lot of help from Kolhapur Grampanchayat special officer Raosaheb Vichare and Education officer Raosaheb Kolhatkar.

I gave my charge to June 5th, 1950 and from the 6th, I was voluntarily retired from the job I had for most of my adult life.

My retirement did not please Ranisarkar. I had had that job for 19 years by this point and I had a tremendous connection with the family of Sarkar. However, once she found out that I was going to Pune to make a name for myself in a bigger arena, she gave me her best wishes. She gave a big feast my honor at the palace and gave all my family members parting gifts. She gave me Rs. 100 and my wife blouse pieces up to Rs. 10.

She gave Madhav Rs.10 and my younger kids Usha, Manohar and Sudha Rs. 5 each. She treated all of us with much respect and affection.

I was very emotional when leaving Ichalkaranji. I looked around the palace – realizing I wasn't coming back. I remembered Sarkar acutely. In my heart of hearts, I thanked him and paid my utmost respects. In my mind, I said good bye to him and left the palace. Thus ended my time in Ichalkaranji – now the question was – what was in store for me in Pune?

Chapter 6

Pune: The Avaroha of My Musical Career

I had wanted to move from Ichalkaranji since 1949 and the more I thought about it, the more I was convinced that Pune would be the place for me. My inner voice was telling me this with no doubt. I had two revelations during this period of uncertainty.

First, I started to practice four hours a day. After all is said and done, I believe that public mehfil singing is the final goal of music as a performing art. Mehfil is the throne of music and it is the greatest place for classical music. So, there is no escaping daily practice to achieve greatness as a performer – whether it be Tansen or Baiju Bawara. Second, I realized that the world had changed quite a bit since the demise of principalities. The days of respect and name for artistes under the patronage of the likes of Sarkar were not history. This new world was a world of democracy of everyone being equal. I wasn't quite sure how I was going to cope with this new age of people's rule. My upbringing and early influences were quite different from today's world. I was

sure I would have to struggle. The only question that remained was whether I would be wiped out by this struggle or whether I would slowly succumb to it.

I had realized that talent wasn't enough in this world – along with talent, sometimes even more than talent, politics was the way. In addition to politics, there was a special skill of marketing oneself that was also needed. By whichever means, it was necessary now to be in the lime light. This meant compromises and I wasn't sure I would be able to do that. My principals, personality and upbringing would probably stand in my way to success in this new world. I was sure that my lack of political connections and inclination for minding my own business and music would surely be detrimental to me. I kept thinking along these lines.

I also kept a positive outlook and kept trying to convince myself that everything will be alright. But my subconscious was telling me that hard days were ahead. I didn't show this worry even to my family and inside, I was convinced that my best days were behind me.

The most conspicuous result of this thinking was that on February 11, 1949, I finished writing my autobiography in Ichalkaranji even before I left for Pune. I did not have grand views of myself or unjustified pride but I also did not think that I was a nobody. I had been thinking on these subjects from a very young age. I had tried to balance between deep and rational thinking about music, the material usefulness of the art form and the transcendental quality of music that is presented well all my life. Thus, I have tried to avoid both grandeur and self deprecation in this short memoir. My only goal in writing this was to keep a record of my days in Aundh, Sangali, Ichalkaranji. I wasn't sure if this would be useful to anyone in future but I had felt instinctively that I should write it.

I had decided to start a new music school when I got to Pune – there really wasn't anything else I could think of to start with. I knew very well the pros and cons of teaching in a school but it was good start. The first thing I needed was space for the school. I had to make sure that the school would be located in a good locality. Even in 1950, it was quite difficult to rent space in a good locality in Pune. I lucked out though because I was able to get a 4 room flat in Shivajinagar near Congress Bhuvan. The flat was in a bungalow called "Makarand" and I was to pay Rs. 100 per month. I inaugurated the school on June 30th, 1950 and the chief guest was the honorable Maharshi Annasaheb Karve. (note – Maharshi Karve got the Bharat Ratna later in life – he started the Hingane school for child widows). I also formed an advisory committee for the school. Six of the most well known, well respected members of the Pune whose who were on this committee:

- Dr. Dinakar Dhondo Karve, M.Sc. Ph.D. (note son of Maharshi Karve and Professor of Chemistry and Principal at Fergusson College)
- Dr. K. N. Watve M. A. Ph. D.
- Shri. S. V. Gadgil, M. A. L. L. B.
- Prof. Arvind Mangarulkar, M. A.
- Prof. S. K. Kshirasagar, M. A.
- Mahamohapadhyay Datto Waman Potdar

We advertised in the newspaper to let students know about the new school. The thing that had the most impact on publicity were the concerts I gave before and after opening the school. All the concerts were very good. I gave private concerts at the homes of

Principal D. D. Karve and the Barrister Dhananjayrao Gadgil. Many eminent people in Pune came to these concerts – such as Mukundrao Jaykar, Sardar Abasaheb Mujumdar, Vyankatrao Ogle, the whole Karve family and many others. I sang at the Karve residence on May 31st, 1950 from about 9:30 PM 2:30 AM – almost 5 hours. After these concerts, I gave concerts at all the well known music forums in Pune - Gopal Gayan Samaj, Phadtare Wada, Laxmi Krida Mandir, Nathibai Thakarsi College (SNDT), Guruwar Club, homes of Dhopeswar, Gadgil etc. All these concerts well very well. So, before I knew it, I got a good reputation in Pune. To top it all, once I had students in the school and they and their parents saw that they were getting quality education. So, there was a lot of good word of mouth publicity for the school as well. All in all, I would say that the “oral publicity” of the “vocal music” was the reason that the school was doing well and enrolling a lot of students.

It isn't usually easy to get good teachers for a school. Slowly, I started to identify the right people and inviting them to teach at the school and integrating them into the school. One of the teachers was the grandson of Balkrishnabua – Shri. Laxmanrao Chandurkar – to teach fiddle and dilruba. However, I soon realized that he was lazy and didn't do his work in a timely manner. I kept him on for about 9 months – but finally I decided to take some action, even though it may be harsh for the sake of the students and the school. I wasn't quite sure how I was going to talk to him because he was from my guruji's family. Unfortunately, before I could take any action, his asthma started to act up and he quit the job on his own. In a way I was grateful for not having to do what I didn't want to do.

During this time, my son Madhav had learned fiddle, sitar and dilruba enough to be able to teach elementary students. I was very proud of him because he used to always do whatever I asked of him with great care and dedication. He was willing to work as hard as it took to get the job done. As the school grew, the burden on Madhav grew too. I now knew that I had to have another solution.

Soon, the solution presented itself. When I was in Ichalkaranji, I had a student who lived with my family and learned music from me by the name of Vishnu Vatharkar. When I moved to Pune, Vishnu opened a music school in Ichalkaranji to make a living. I asked him to come to Pune – and he obliged. I gave him the charge of teaching music in the school. I limited my involvement to supervision and private tuitions. This is a good time to elaborate my system or method of teaching.

I sang the traditional Gwalior gharana music and I taught the same to my students as well. The first and most important requirement of Gwalior singing is that raag vistar has to be done in a systematic order. This to me meant it has to ascend as does the aroha. I kept this mind when I designed the syllabus of the school. This meant that the discipline and method elementary students were taught could be extended to make it more complex for advanced students. This resulted in the students getting the exact direction of raag vistar and a good illustration from the beginning which could be imprinted on their minds as soon as they start learning. As far as I know, there is no other teacher who has created this method of teaching music in or outside of Gwalior gharana. (Author's note: this is Inglebua's true contribution – more on this later). I should also give some background on Vishnu at this point. His family was keertankars. He originally came to Ichalkaranji to learn Sanskrit. I always kept an eye on the students in the Sanskrit school to see who showed interest and talent towards

music. I taught them music when I identified them. I picked out Vishnu in this process. Starting on August 15th, 1945, I taught him for ½ hour every day. As we proceeded, he became more interested in music than Sanskrit. So, I decided to let him board with us for free and taught him as well.

Things seem to be going well with Vishnu but things always change. There came a time when I had to drive him out of my house. I have always believed and do to this day that learning music is a very costly endeavor. The cost isn't monetary but rather in dedication and time. You must hold music as your most valuable treasure above all else. That's the only way to become a good singer and have Saraswati grant you the boon. I do believe that singers should stay away from politics and social work and dedicate their lives to music. This is the way I have always lived and expected my students to do the same. At this point, Vishnu was about 20 years old. He was immature and got involved with things that he should not have. On 9th December 1948, Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangha (RSS – which was banned at this time after the assassination of Gandhiji) had arranged a satyagraha. Vishnu participated in that without my permission. He didn't even inform me of his intentions. This enraged me and I kicked him out of my house and stopped teaching him as well. I did not want anything to do with politics or people involved in politics.

About 7 months after this, on 13th July 1949, the ban on RSS was lifted. By this time I had come to realize that he had acted more out of peer pressure than anything else. He came to me with apologies. I forgave him and took him back. After this episode though, he started to learn with the same old vigor and dedication. I also started to give him the responsibility to teach some of the elementary students to give him teaching experience. After this, he became a member of our family.

So, now getting back to Pune, when I realized the burden on Madhav, I called Vishnu from Ichalkaranji. I made him a paid employee of the school – this was March 1951. The next few months were quiet and uneventful. However, after about 3 months, I fell ill. On 10th July 1951, I got a boil on my back. Dr. M. L. Joglekar operated on me. It took about 4 ½ - 5 hours and was done in my home but it was successful. The operation extremely painful but I had no choice. It took until 5th November 1951 for my wound to heal completely. During this whole time, Vishnu and Madhav took over the music school. I was very proud of them. This was the same year, 1951, my music school was granted accreditation from the government.

On 23rd July 1951, Madhav had his first concert for Mumbai radio. This same year, my wife Indira participated in a competition arranged by Bharat Gayan Samaj. The competition was called Laxmibai Ranade Dilruba competition. Indira got the third prizes and Rs. 50. I was also proud of her for taking care of the family and learning to play so well.

This same year, I was diagnosed with diabetes. I had a lot of diet restrictions as a result. My health wasn't the best after this point and my voice became compromised as well. I also heard constant ringing in my ear. Although I didn't tell anyone about all this, I started to prepare myself for the inevitable.

Through these challenges, I kept doing my daily responsibility without fail. In fact, I did it even more enthusiastically as anyone who has gone through illness can appreciate. There was another remarkable event in 1953 that should be mentioned. The radio jury issued a new guideline for all radio artistes. The new process was that everyone,

including all artistes who had had radio programs before, had to audition again. This was an insult especially to artistes like me who had been invited and respectfully welcome to perform for radio before. Those artistes had not gone begging to AIR but AIR had sought them out. Now, they were going to test us. This naturally was considered a great insult. It is true that artistes have great egos and are sometimes overly sensitive and emotional but even so, all us regulars felt slighted. We decided to ban radio programs. The first thing we needed was an organization. We established an social entity called "kalakar Mandal" to make a communal stand. But, the result was that radio cancelled all programs by every artiste in the Kalakar Mandal. This was unexpected for all of us. We had lost our benefactors when the principalities were integrated into India. Radio was an important way of making a living for most of us. Now that path was closed. As with every organization, there were some artistes who crossed the picket lines to make side agreements with radio. It was all considered by us old timers as a sign of things to come in the new world order.

Eventually, the union and radio made a compromise. All first class artistes – 60 of us – were exempt from auditions and they continued to perform for radio. I was very happy that I was one of these 60. I was also happy that I did not have to compromise my dignity to get back to radio. During this ordeal, some artistes, including Manahar Barve, Vilayat Hussain Khan, Gajananbua Joshi went around the union and made arrangements with radio. Gajananbua got himself appointed "Music Supervisor" for Rs. 800 per month. But, we had to forget the politics and get back to business.

Ever since 1951, I had had a lot of health issues and I was sometimes winning the battle and sometimes not. By now, I had realized though who was going to win the war. But, I kept fighting and right now, I think I would rather not talk about that and finish telling you the rest of my thoughts about music and finish my autobiography.

Starting in April 1951, I was writing articles in a magazine called "Sangeeta Kalavihar". The articles were about meanings of compositions. The title of the series was "The Many Aspects of Khyal Singing". The idea was to elaborate on old khyal compositions – including their meaning and the raag details – and to guide singers in how to present them artistically. By the end of July 1954, I had written 18 articles. There were some articles especially about the meanings of khyals which I edited a little as per suggestions from Deodhar. Then, on 7th October 1954, those articles were compiled into a single book named "Geet Bodhini" and was published by Gandharva Mahavidyalaya. I received Rs. 100 for it.

Since we moved to Pune, from 1950 to 1955, I taught Madhav all I knew. I was religious about having a tabla player accompany him every day and it prepared him well for concerts with live tabla.

Madhav got an excellent job in Calcutta on 25th September 1956. He was given a permanent assignment in 1957 in Birla Hindi High School in Calcutta. He insisted and we gave in, both my wife and I, arranged a long tour to the east. We left Pune on 2nd November 1957. We visited Nagpur, Bhuvaneshwar, Jagannathpuri, Katak, Calcutta, Gaya, Kashi, Prayag, Ayodhya, Lucknow, Haridwar, Jalandhar, Amrutsar, Delhi, Mathura, Vrindawan, Agra, Fatehpur Sikri, Sohagpur, Jalgao, Ajantha, Chalisgao and Nasik and Trimbakeshwar (the beginning of the Godavari) and finally we came back to Pune on 14th January 1958 on Sankrant day. Our trip was great. During the trip, I gave

performances as a guest artiste at 6 different radio centers. I had two performances in Calcutta and a concert at the Harvallabh Sangeet Parishad in Jalandhar.

The very next year, Madhav was married on 10th May 1959. My new daughter in law was from Pen (in Konkan). Exactly a year later, their son, Milind, was born on 12th May 1960. (Author's note – Milind is a leading singer, music director and arranger today). Ever since I started the music school in Pune, I was a little worried about whether the school would receive grant from the government and if it did, how much it would be. Finally, for the year 1955-56, we got a grant for Rs. 340 and for the year 1956-57 we got Rs. 480. Even though that was true, all wasn't always smooth at the school either. On 1st June 1959, three teachers - Shri Marathe, Dabake, and Ms. Pangarkar all conspired and resigned from the school. They demanded their salaries be raised. Of course, their salaries were competitive and we couldn't afford any more. Where would I get the money to increase all the salaries? This was yet another example of changing times. People's mentality was changing along with the times and money meant more than ever before. I had the major problem of how to run the school by myself – especially at my age and coping with my health issues. I couldn't even afford my own medication, let alone more expenses.

But it was not in my nature to wallow in my misery. I accepted their resignations right away and asked them to leave. I appointed Nanda Gokhale, R. G. Joshi, Pavatekar and my daughter Usha in their place. Usha got great experience teaching because of this mishap. Luckily, we got a grant of Rs. 700 for the year 1959-60.

I did learn an important lesson from this. I realized that if politics can rare its ugly head in my own school, things like this can happen anywhere. I did not want anything to get in the way of the school getting the government grant. So in November 1958, I sat for and passed the Sangeet Visharad examination of the Gandharva Mahavidyalaya. In November 1959, I passed Sangeet Alankar and in 1961, I passed Sangeet Praveen. I felt that that was the prudent thing to do – and for the first time in my life, I collected certificates. Kalaya Tasmai Namah – what else can you say?

In reality, I was an examiner for the Alankar and Praveen exams, but I was reduced to giving the exams because of bureaucracy and red tape. To a government judge, the certificate matters more than the knowledge. I didn't want someone to come along and say that if I didn't have Sangeet Praveen, the school's grant would be denied. I didn't want to take the risk of being denied teaching in my own school or jeopardize my school in any way. It was a long learning process to cope with the times.

At times like these, I remembered Ichalkaranji Sarkar intently. I also acknowledged with pain that if it weren't for his passing, artistes would not have to worry about degrees and certificates and government bureaucracies and would be focusing on music and knowledge instead.

In any case, Usha was doing very well at school. Her younger brother Manohar was teaching fiddle. At the same time, Madhav had a concert at the Sangeet Kala Kendra Conference in Calcutta and it went very well. That was 1st November 1961, and this concert got him written up in Amrut Bazaar Patrika along with his picture.

Gandharva Mahavidyalaya appointed me the examiner for the Hyderabad and Nanded centers but I was having an especially hard time with high blood pressure so I couldn't go. Manohar passed Sangeet Visharad in Violin. He also wrote a radio play called "Jo

Rehem Na Samaze” and won first place in the inter-collegiate competition. I was overall happy with the progress my children were making.

In 1961, We celebrated the 60th anniversary of Gandharva Mahavidyalaya. I was honored on this occasion by the “king” of Sangali His Highness Appasaheb Patawardhan. I was presented with a kashmiri shawl, coconut and a felicitation certificate. I was happy to accept the honor and felt like my life’s work was being recognized on an important day. It was ironic that I, who always longed for royal patrons, was being honored by someone from a royal family that used to be. So anyway, this was my life. I have tried to put everything in writing honestly. The aroha and the Avaroha. The life that went from “Rajashraya” to “lokashraya”. The life that was stuck between the old times and the new. After all that is said and done, I am just an ordinary human being.

Author’s note: Pandit Keshavabua Ingle’s health continued to deteriorate after this. He passed away on 25th January 1965 at age of only 56.)

Chapter 7

Inglebua: Progressive Thinker of the Gwalior Gharana

The mathematics of Late Inglebua’s life span is as follows:

He was born on 3rd April 1909 and passed away on 25th January 1965. 22 of these years can be thought of as childhood and education. That leaves 34 years of which the last 4 were spent in ill health. So, we are left with 30 years of career. These years are roughly divided into the ascend (Ichalkaranji) and the descend (Pune). From 1931 to 1950 were the 20 years of great achievement in his career and from 1951 to 1961 were the years of decline. If you really examine these 30 years, you come up with three aspects which were important of Inglebua’s work:

1. Quiet introspection

He wrote down his autobiography which was never published until now. In this account, he wrote not only about the events in the world around him but also his thoughts, reflections and feelings about them. So, we get a view of how his thought process and how his values were formed. That makes his autobiography an important book.

2. Publications

Inglebua carried out a lot of research as well as thoughtful learning and teaching during his life. He consistently wrote on Gwalior music and singing in particular and classical music in general in various publications. In 1935, he wrote and

published the valuable book called “Gokhale Gharaneki Gayaki” after researching the topic extensively. In 1936, he published “Balkrishnabuancha Charitra Ani Athavani” (Balkrishnabua’s life and Memories). In 1954, Inglebua wrote “Geet Bodhini” which was an elaboration on old compositions and was published as Deodhar. In addition to these three books, he also wrote many articles which are equally important.

3. Re-establishing the foundation of Gwalior Music

Inglebua got the inheritance of Gwalior singing from his father and Balkrishnabua. He was fortunate in where and when he was born in a way but he was also unfortunate in that he lost his father when he was very young. That was the time in his life when he really needed a Guru. But, ironically, losing his father gave way to his independence as far as his education was concerned. He trained himself early to think for himself rather than following his Gurus and tradition. Self education, self reliance, self realization and self inspiration was his way from the time of his father’s death. He went through all of this and still made his music into genuine, traditional, strong Gwalior singing to his credit. He established himself better than singers like Gajananbua, Vinayakbua, Vyas, Deodhar of his own generation and singers like Mirashibua, Kalebua, Balubua, Antubua from the previous generation. He was progressive did not shy away from experimentation. In this respect, he was a modern, progressive thinker of Gwalior Gharana.

(From this point on are the thoughts of the author)

Many have tried to make the case that Gwalior singing simplistic and immature but they have all failed. The main reason for this was that Vishnu Digambar Paluskar tried to make music accessible to the public and the public accessible to music. He did this because he felt that was the necessity of the times but it didn’t really work. In the process, he started the “vidyalaya” culture and the necessary change in teaching music in this system was that he conceived two parts to Gwalior singing: the first – beginner or fundamental and the second – advanced or mature singing. This made the way of Gwalior singing immature and lose its breadth and depth. To divide it up in basic and advanced and then try to join them together was an impossible job.

The worst books on the subject of basic singing are those written by Deodhar. Those written by Vyas and Rajopadhye are better and those by Vinayakbua are even better. But, in my opinion, Inglebua’s presentation of the subject is by far the best. It has almost no parallel which was even admitted by Vyas and Deodhar. The unfortunate part was that Inglebua did not publish his work on the subject while he was alive and when he passed away at a young age, that it was left undone.

On June 18th 1951, B. R. Deodhar visited Inglebua’s music school in Pune. He observed the systematic way in which music was being taught there and was thoroughly impressed. Deodhar had had an alliance with Vialyat Hussain Khan and Bade Ghulam Ali Khan but once he saw Inglebua’s capability, he accepted that Inglebua was superior. He then published a paper written by Inglebua in April 1952. The title of this paper was “Gayanacharya Pandit Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjkar’s Traditional Teaching System”.

Deodhar even wrote the foreword for this paper. That was as follows:

Pandit Keshavbua received the traditional music training from Balkrishnabua through his father Gundobua. With the intention of making it easier for his

students to learn this way of music, Pandit Keshavbua wrote out 32 raags with a great amount of effort. He included in that khyals in teental, alaps, boltans and many other specifics. I happened to come across that writing once and I requested him to publish one or two of those raags. This paper is the result of that request. I believe that this paper on raag vistar will be useful to not only his students to but to all students of music.

I think that Deodhar should have published his book of the 32 raags. Why the book "Geet Bodhini" was published but not the raag details is not clear. It is also clear to me that the name "Geet Bodhini" must have originated from Deodhar himself. He published his own books under the name of "Raag Bodh" making it obvious to everyone that they should learn from him. However, it is not apparent why he uses the word "Geet" instead of bandish or cheej.

In my opinion, it is time to rewrite the history of Gandharva Mahavidyalaya. It is time to let the world know what strings Deodhar pulled to get control of the GMV. In reality, Pandit Vinayakbua Patwardhan and Vyas brothers should have been the true heirs of V. D. Paluskar. Vinayakbua in Pune and Vyas brothes in Mumbai worked their hearts out for GMV. The foundation of GMV was laid in Mumbai by Shankarrao Vyas and he was the person who brought it fame and notoriety. However, Deodhar does not show gratitude or even an acknowledgement to them. This was the politics of the day. This kind of infighting is illustrated very well by the following letter written in the GMV letterhead by Shankarrao Vyas to Inglebua on 3rd July 1943:

3-7-1943

Shri. Gayanacharya Keshavbua Ingle
Darbar Singer, State Ichalkaranji
Regards

I met with your student Shri. Tamhankar in Sangli the other day. We had a good visit and chatted about many a thing. He told me that you have written quite extensively about music and have elaborated on Gwalior compositions with notation and rare raags and pieces. There is a misconception out there (partly propagated by several miyans who shall remain unnamed) that Balkrishnabua's music had limited raags and compositions. This misconception has been fed further by students who did not succeed in getting the true knowledge. In the next generation, there were so few compositions that survived that students had no option but to learn from the miyans of the day. It is a shame that they had to go outside the Gharana even though Gwalior music is so rich. I can give you the following illustration of what I mean:

My Guru bandhu B. R. Deodhar did not get very many bandishes straight from the Guru. He is the kind who makes a lot of noise like what's expected in today's day and age. He has made himself quite famous in Mumbai through his School of India Music. But, he has been assuming from the fact that he did not learn certain raags that they are not taught or sung in Gwalior Gharana. He once sang for me a raag by prefacing that this raag does not get sung in our Gharana. I not only told him that absolutely it gets sung and taught in Gwalior, but I also sang for

him an old traditional composition. This should illustrate that the old treasure is being lost day by day.

We were always told by Vishnubua (V. D. Paluskar) that you and your father had rare raags and compositions. Your father was at GMV for a long time and he taught us a lot of those compositions with utmost love and care.

So I had of course assumed that you would have a good collection of the old bandishes. My conversation with Tamhankar verified it. I am very happy that you have put in a lot of effort to write down the notation for those compositions. I really wish for this treasure of our Gharana should be published as a book and should get use in teaching music. If you want the same, GMV will help you in any way we can. The purpose behind this is to get the appropriate notoriety for Gwalior singing and to get students to realize that there is plenty to learn within the Gharana and they should not abandon us. You are quite a progressive thinker so you know what's required from a responsible artiste and I do not presume to tell you.

I want to now request that you become a member of the GMV Mandal and get involved in the running of GMV. We want many points of view and many people involved in the GMV mandal and its running. We should meet in person to discuss this further.

In conclusion, I would like to say that old school, knowledgeable person like you would be an extremely valuable addition to the GMV. I would also like you to publish the book and make yourself and your Gharana proud. Please let me know whatever financial help you may need.

With warm regards,
Shankar G. Vyas.

Unfortunately, this book was never published as Vyas had wished mainly because of the politics of Deodhar. Deodhar declared himself the heir of Paluskar and he certainly made GMV the premier institution in Gwalior music. His values were compromised because he gave more importance to the certificate and less to the mehfil and the art of performing music. But he did make GMV famous.

Inglebua and the Gwalior Darbar singer Krishnarao Pandit both were talented musicians but neither could handle the politics and the modern age. Inglebua coped better than Krishnarao but I can't help but think that if he had published his works on the raags – bandish and badhat, he would have secured his rightful place in the history of Gwalior music.

His life's work was to lay the foundation for traditional singing and he pursued it relentlessly. He went from "Fundamentals of Music" to "The Many Aspects of Khyal Singing" in his life time. He documented his research and gave us a lot of learn and think about.

In my opinion, we have study his writing closely in order to understand Gwalior music better. Thus, I am including the following papers written by Inglebua in the remainder of this book:

- Gokhale Gharaneki Gayaki – November 1935
- Balkrishnabua’s Biography – January 1936
- Various other papers – 1933 through 1962
- The Many Aspects of Khyal Singing – April 1951 to July 1954

I urge all students of Gwalior singing to study these writings.

Chapter 8

Gokhale Gharaneki Gayaki

Balkrishnabua was a Deshastha Brahmin and Mahadeobua Gokhale was a kokanastha Brahmin. But both got their musical traditions from muslim teachers. This shows that at least as far as music is concerned, caste, creed or religion are irrelevant. Inglebua wrote the book “Gokhale Gharaneki Gayaki” in hindi, the book has a foreword in English written by Prof. Jathar and it has the dedication and author’s note written in Marathi. This shows that music does not consider language either. Inglebua started his introduction to this book by saying “the story of how this book to be is an entertaining story so I will tell you about it in short” and the introduction goes as follows:

My benefactor is the Sarkar of Ichalkaranji Shrimant Narayanrao Babasaheb Ghorpade. It is well known that he is very well educated in classical music and knows good music. For the last 50 years, he has been listening to Gokhale Gayaki and he respects it immensely. Currently, Shri. Sadashivbua Gokhale is in Kolhapur right now. His father and uncle used to come to Ichalkaranji frequently and try to convince us that “the Gayaki of their Gharana is very distinct in that it is well composed and written down. This Gayaki also has a strict foundation where singers cannot just do whatever they want”. Of course, the older generation of musicians never would let anyone get their hands on these treasures. Sadashivbua was in Ichalkaranji once and Sarkar asked him about these writings. He without hesitation handed over two volumes of these old compositions written in impeccable penmanship to Sarkar. One volume had commentary on raag vistar and the other had bandishes. It was very uncharacteristic of a musician of that time to hand over all this knowledge that would have been considered proprietary to the Gharana by many others. Sarkar read through both those volumes and then gave them to me. I studied them closely. I was struck by the usefulness of these volumes and thought that they should be published for the benefit of the public and students of music. This was the beginning of this book.

I thought it might be nice to add some rare and anavat raags to this collection in addition to the bandishes. So I called Sadashivbua to my house to stay for a few days. I requested him to sing those bandishes and I transcribed the notation for each of them and published those in this book.

I am sure that readers have inferred how deeply Sarkar felt about music and its propagation. It was Sarkar’s idea to ask Prof. Jathar to write the foreword to this book. This was mainly because Prof. Jathar was not only a lover of this Gayaki but also had training. He not only agreed to write the foreword but also was eager to see the notations I had written out.

I travelled to Mumbai to show my work to him. When I was with him, I realized that he had mastered three or four hundred bandishes from this Gharana. That made his review of my notation even more important.

No matter how well trained musicians are, it is difficult to get credibility with the public. Having someone like Prof. Jathar, who had studied abroad and had taught at Dharward’s Karnatak College and Mumbai’s Elphistan College, write the foreword to the book made it more valuable. This foreword written in the analytical style of western writers makes it precious also. Both Sarkar and I are grateful to Prof. Jathar.

Prof. Jathar’s father Raobahadur Jathar was also extremely knowledgeable and he played the sitar. Raobahadursahab heard Mahadobua Gokhale’s second son Vishnubua singing once and he was so impressed that from that point on, he used to call one of Mahadeobua’s sons to stay with him for a few months. He used to learn from them. Prof. Jathar inherited all this treasure from his father. He is carrying out the tradition of his father after Raobahadur’s death.

The written word of the Gokhale Gayaki was originally written 200 years ago in 1700. According to Mahadeobua, all this was written down even before his own guru. This original text is in hindi and even though old, the language is very

simple and easy to understand. Being in hindi, this book can benefit people all over India, that's the reason I am writing this book in hindi as well.

My music comes from the Gwalior Gharana exponents Haddu and Hassu Khan. I got it from Balkrishnabua. Balkrishnabua taught my father Gundobua Ingle, Vishnu Digambar Paluskar, Anant Manohar Joshi and Mirashibua and many others. All those he taught also taught many others and created able singers. A systematic way of teaching and guru-shishya tradition has made Gwalior music popular. However, this book does not contain Gwalior singing. There was an excellent singer by the name of Miyan Jainul Abdeen Khan from the Lucknow Gharana. Mahadeobua Gokhale got the tradition of the Miyan Gharana (later known as the Gokhale Gharana) from Miyan Jainul Abdeen Khan. It will be clear from this book that this music also has a systematic foundation and strict rules of raag vistar. Unfortunately this Gharana is not as popular as it should be. I hope to remedy that situation with the publication of this book.

There are all together 110 raags in this book out of which 40 are frequently sung and 70 would be considered rare. It should be said that there are many places where the names of the raags in Gwalior and Gokhale Gharana may be the same but the presentation and details of the raags may be completely different. I have created a table from Mahadeobua's own work which will help illustrate the differences. There are also more microtones in this Gharana. They sing the uncommon spectrum of "komal, ardha komal, teevra and teevra tar". This particular aspect of this Gharana is being researched right now by Madhambua Gokhale, the younger brother of Sadashivbua Gokhale. Hopefully that research will be published in book form some day. (Author's note – that book was never published).

It is difficult to get and describe bandishes from anavat raags. That's why I have included notation for 33 bandishes in 33 such rare raags.

I am grateful to the Principal of Rajaram College, Kolhapur, Dr. Balkrishna for translating my original manuscript from Marathi into Hindi. I am also grateful to the proprietor of the Aryabhushan Press, Pune, Shri. Wamanrao Patawardhan for painstakingly carrying out especially the typesetting of all the notation in this book.

----- end of the introduction

Inglebua titled the above introduction "On the subject of this book". I have edited it a little to publish here. After this introduction came a page from Mahadeobua's original manuscript. The manuscript is written in impeccable penmanship – as we say, the letters are as beautiful as pearls. The analysis and detailed description of the raags is very precise. For example, the description for the ragini "bihagada" is stated as "when you add the spirit of alhayia in bihag, you get bihagada". This is an excellent description which requires deep analysis. This in some ways, goes beyond what Pandit Bhatkhande accomplished. The manuscript simply proved that Mahadeobua was an artiste of the highest caliber.

After this, Inglebua included a brief biography of Mahadeobua. Reading this biography, you can imagine that if Inglebua had not become a singer, he may have made a great writer. This was the beginning of the biography:

“what does this say?” screamed Jainul Abdeen Khan, pointing at some writing on the wall. An innocent young Brahmin boy came forward and confessed, “I used the key in my janaiv (sacred thread) to etch that into the wall – they are words of bandishes. I look at them whenever I have time and memorize them”.

Khansaheb was impressed by the initiative and the dedication showed by his student and told him to write it down on a piece of paper and do it without hiding from the teacher.”

Mahadeo ran to get paper and wrote down words as the teacher was saying them. This was in the days when teachers were unwilling to give words and kept as much information secret as possible so as not to dilute the art form. However, this story tells us that not all teachers are cut from the same cloth and not all students let it go.

Just such a boy, Mahadeo was born in 1813 in a small village called Khol in Ratnagiri district. He had an unrelenting desire to leave home and learn music. In those tradition Brahmin families, this was no easy fete. But, it happened quite by happenstance. One day his grandfather was angry at his father. Mahadeo tried to defend his father and his grandfather became uncontrollably angry at Mahadeo and threw him out of the house. This was a blessing in disguise for Mahadeo.

He went straight to Miraj. One day he was eating with some other Brahmins in the palace of the Miraj Sarkar when he chanted a shlok in such melodious voice that Sarkar decided to become his patron and send him to school and music lessons.

Mahadeobua started to learn dhrupad dhamar from some unknown singer in Miraj but he was not satisfied with what he was learning. He went to Satara and started to learn from Bapusaheb Budhkar. At one point, he heard that Bapusaheb’s guruji Jainul Abdeen Khan was going to give a concert at Kurundvad. He went to listen and was sold. He decided that he would only learn music from Jainul Khansaheb.

Mahadeo, along with another boy Antubua Apte, went to Hyderabad. Jainul Khan instructed him to listen to the 9 darbar musicians from 9 gharanas in the Hyderabad court and then decide who he would learn from.

Mahadeo followed this advise and listened and studied these gharanas carefully and came back Jainul Khansaheb. The learning was slow in the beginning – he would learn sthayee for 6 months and then move on to the antara for another 6 months. Thus, he learned only 3 bandishes in 3 years. Mahadeo’s dedication and perseverance was tested and finally, the teacher gave in.

After many years, Jainul Khan gave Mahadeobua permission to leave and propagate what he had learned. When he was ready to leave, the teacher said to him, “Mahadeo, you learned a lot of music from me but I am afraid you are still blind. In a few more years, you may develop sight”. So Mahadeo stayed on with Jainul Khan and Khansaheb proceeded to teach him many subtleties of their music. Mahadeobua wrote it all down. He wrote down these 110 raags, the descriptions and also added his own commentary on them. In the second volume, he also transcribed the notation for over 1200 bandishes.

When all this was learned, Mahadeobua left Hyderabad and worked as the darbar musician in many states – Miraj, Jamkhindi to name a couple. Mahadeobua handed down this tradition to all 4 of his children and instructed them to continue the tradition. (author's note – their descendents did the same). Mahadeobua was the darbar singer in Kolhapur towards the end of his life. However, he came back to his home of Miraj and in Miraj, he passed away at the age of 88.

I credit Mahadeobua with bringing khyal Gayaki into Maharashtra. We are fortunate indeed that he recognized the importance of transcribing the notation in those days and has passed down this treasure in written form to us.

----- end of the biography

The foreword to this book was written by Prof. Jathar. Although well written, I do not necessarily agree with Inglebua that it is analytical. In contrast, it is light in spirit. Prof. Jathar started, "I am honored that I was asked to write the foreword to this book. It is a pleasure indeed to write for a book that is well researched like this book, even if the writer is not well versed in the subject. I won't take up your time by describing how unqualified I am to write this foreword".

Describing the difference between Gokhale and Gwalior, he states that the Gokhale version of Bihag allow both nishaads and Lalat has a pancham, Deskar has all 7 swaras. So you can see, that in a way, he was right as to his qualification. However, Prof. Jathar does say that the Gokhale Gayaki is of high caliber and also expresses his thanks to Ichalkaranji Sarkar for publishing the book. Prof. Jathar also states that it is due to the hard work Inglebua put in as editor that this book could ever be published. We can also understand from him that Inglebua had nothing but the advancement of musical knowledge as his motivation.

At the end of the foreword, Prof. Jathar goes back to his light hearted ways again where he talks about the fact that his photo that was included in the book was awful. It is true that I have learned a lot of music and I enjoy singing, but whether my audiences do as well, is still questionable. Thus, I will end the foreword here.

The book "Gokhale Gharaneki Gayaki" has 112 raags in the first 62 pages in hindi prose. After that, there are 103 aryas, 7 shlokas, and an additional 6 aryas which were composed by Mahadeobua. After that, the appropriate time to sing each raag is mentioned. Pages 79 to 145 contain the rare 33 raags and at the end, from pages 146 to 151 is an appendix written by Inglebua. That's the general layout of this book.

In the end, I was a little saddened because this book did not get the kind of use by students and connoisseurs of music that Inglebua anticipated and expected. He worked hard on it and Ichalkaranji Sarkar spent a lot of money for the publication, Prof. Jathar wrote a good foreword but all that resulted in simply documenting this style of singing. To my knowledge, not many people sang those raags and bandishes in concerts. In a way, that was also the fate of Bhatkhande's books. The main reason for this is that music is supposed to be heard not written.

I feel that Sadashivbua should have done more to teach this style to students so it could have been preserved for future generations. At the end of all the analysis and writing, music is to be performed and heard. That's was Gharana is – a system of passing down knowledge from one generation to the next.

There are two options for singers as far as the Gharana system goes – one is to create and start a new tradition which is rich and different from anything that exists out there. And second is to honestly pass down to the next generation what you learned from the previous generation. It is, however, important to be immersed in music – to think about music, to perform, to listen and hear, to discuss music. Writing about music is secondary, as we can see from the history of the Gokhale Gharana.

In this respect, Inglebua's life was quite different. He studied and performed music simultaneously. He created a systematic syllabus for teaching music, he wrote about music and he researched music but he did all this in addition to performing – which he considered the first obligation of a musician.

Next: the biography of Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar.

Chapter 9

Balkrishnabua's Biography

Balkrishnabua had gone through hard times to gain the treasure and vidya that he had. He was like a stone statue of a god that endures the blows of a chisel and those blows only make it more perfect. His unending efforts are an inspiration not only to students of music but to anyone trying to pursue anything that's hard. His life is also a great example of someone who worked hard to achieve personal goals, and then worked hard all his life to propagate what he had learned so the knowledge would survive for those who came after him.

That was the review written in the Marathi literary magazine "Kirloskar" of Inglebua's biography of Balkrishnabua. Before publishing this book, Inglebua had published Balkrishnabua's autobiography in a series in Saptahik Sakal starting on April 9th 1935. Bua's autobiography presents in great detail his intense desire to acquire musical knowledge, his relentless pursuit of it, his tremendous hard work and perseverance and finally, Gurukrupa. However, Balkrishnabua passed away before he was able to elaborate on the Gayaki, the many aspects of practice (riyaz) and many other aspects of this style of singing.

However, this shortcoming in his autobiography was addressed by Inglebua's book to an extent. The credit goes to both Inglebua and Ichalkaranji Sarkar. That's the reason I have added this chapter in this book. We can learn from Inglebua's commentary on Balkrishnabua's life and work.

As you can see in the copy of the front page of the book, the whole title was "Biography of Pandit Gayanacharya Late Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar". Below that, Inglebua was listed as the author and publisher. The price of the book was listed at 12 anas. The book was small in dimensions and used good paper. Printing was done at the Aryabhushan Printing Press in Pune. There are 94 pages in all including 2 pages for Inglebua's introduction, 4 pages of Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar's foreword and 2 pages dedicated to corrections and notes. There are 17 chapters in all. Interestingly, the titles of the chapters are worded like those of a novel. For example, "Childhood and running away" or "Keeping the Promise", "How did he beat asthma?" etc. in the last part, are memories of Balkrishnabua narrated by Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar, Sadashivshastri Bhide, Prof. G. H. Ranade and others. There are 11 photos included in this book, but none of Inglebua.

Balkrishnabua was born in a small village called "Chandur" about 3 miles from Ichalkaranji on the banks of the Panchaganga river. His original last name was Joshi and the family was Deshastha Brahmin. Bua's father was tired of his "Jospan" (it is hard to translate that – he was tired of making a living on bhiksha). So, he went to Satara and learned music from some unknown singer by the name of Balajibua. From this point, he was known as "Rambhat" or "Ramchandrabua".

Balkrishnabua was born on Shivashake 1771 Bhadrpad Vadya Panchami (AD 1849). As a child, he learned music from a kirtankar in Mhaisal by the name of Joglekar for a couple of years, he learned from his father for a couple of years. But unfortunately, his father passed away when Bua was only 15. He then went to the state of Jat and learned for a year from Alidad Khan but wasn't taught much.

As if by fate, Balkrishnabua met the priest of the state of Dhar Wamanbua Kawathekar in Mumbai once. Wamanbua was a friend of Bua's father. Wamanbua took matters into his own hands and took Balkrishnabua to Dhar and sent him to learn from the then famous singer Devajibua.

Devajibua had learned dhrupad Gayaki from a dhrupadiya named Chintamani Mishra in Brahmavarta for 24 years. He then learned only tappas for 3 years from Hassu Khan in Gwalior. He learned dhamar from Moglu Khan for about 4 years and then went back to Hassu Khan for Khyal for 4 years. Thus, Devajibua had spent 36 years learning music. Balkrishnabua stayed in Devajibua's home for 4 years but they were not easy years. Devajibua's wife used to make him wash clothes, get wood and water, work on the roof of the house and many other chores which kept him from his prime purpose of learning music. At the end, she kicked him out of the house.

After many other tries and gurus, he ended up with Vasudeobua Joshi in Gwalior. He took him on as a student on one condition – he would have to give the tappa style of Devajibua. He agreed and started his training for 4 hours a day. He was then expected to teach others, making teaching a part of the learning. Balkrishnabua would then get bhiksha from the town and eat and then practice in the evening on his own.

He did this for 6 years straight. At the end of this time, he was singing just like Joshibua. In those days, Gwalior used to have a huge festival for Vasanta Panchami which

showcased a lot of renowned singers of the day. One year, Joshibua was invited to give two concerts at the same time. So he sent Balkrishnabua to one and sang in one himself. Joshibua's concert was done a little earlier than expected so he went to the venue where Balkrishnabua was singing. The concert was in an upstairs hall which was overflowing so Joshibua stayed in the back and heard Balkrishnabua.

While he was listening, he realized that Balkrishnabua was singing exactly like himself. In fact, people were commenting that Joshibua had found his "place" that day. Joshibua was very proud of the student he had created.

After this, Balkrishnabua got permission from his Guruji to go back to the south. Along the way, he met up with the oldest son of Haddu Khan, Mohamad Khan (who was the older brother of Rahimat Khan). The two started a tour together and lived in Badoda for 2 years. Mohamad Khan made Balkrishnabua practice every day from before dawn to 11 in the morning and then again from 6 in the evening to 11 at night – 10 hours a day. From Badoda, Bua came to Pune and then to Satara. He worked in both places as a musician. When in Satara, he met a renowned singer of those times from Hyderabad, Balwantarao Nidhalkar. Balkrishnabua married Balwantarao's sister – he was 28 years old. He had spent less than a year in Satara when Joshibua came there and insisted that Balkrishnabua accompany him on tour to Nepal. So, they went to Nepal for 4 months but unfortunately, Joshibua couldn't tolerate the climate of Nepal and decided to come back to Gwalior. Once in Gwalior, he fell ill and Balkrishnabua took excellent care of his guruji. However, Joshibua did not survive this illness and Balkrishnabua returned to Mumbai with a new companion which he acquired in Nepal – asthma.

Once in Mumbai, he started "Gayan Samaj". He had a lot of prominent students such as Dr. Bhandarkar, Justice Telang, Vishwanath Mandalik. In Mumbai, Bua met the famous sitar player Vishwanath Ramchandra Kale and they became good friends. They started a magazine called "Sangeet Darpan". That was one of the first magazines in Marathi which was dedicated to music – and a progressive action indeed on the part of Balkrishnabua.

Even after coming back to Mumbai, he did not get rid of his asthma so he decided to move. He shut down Sangeet Darpan and published all the issues as a book. He moved to Satara and from there moved to Aundh as the Darbar singer. However, his asthma got worse and he moved to Miraj for a change of pace. His asthma was so bad at that time that he couldn't climb up 10 steps of a staircase without running out of breath and couldn't speak for 10 minutes after.

Miraj Sarkar Balasaheb gave him a secret herbal remedy for asthma which worked very well and he slowly started to get better. For the next two months, all he did was kharja practice – practicing his lower suras and got his old voice, singing back. From that point on, Balkrishnabua credited Miraj Sarkar Balasaheb with giving him back his life.

It was in 1887 that Bua came to Miraj and it was here that his student circle widened. This is where Gundobua, Aundhkar started learning from him. Within a year after that, Vishnu Digambar Paluskar came from Kurundwad. Gundobua learned from Balkrishnabua for 8 years before he went first to Aundh and then to Sangli. He is not as well known today as Paluskar because he stayed in small towns, however, musically speaking he was the true heir of Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar as he Bua himself always used to say.

In addition to the great students Gundobua and Paluskar, he also taught Anant Manohar Joshi, Neelkanthabua Jangam, Wamanbua Chaphekar, Sadashivbua Bendre, Sakharambua Mhaiskar and Chandabai Gowekar.

In 1898, Balkrishnabua's wife passed away and his children were ill taken care of. So, the "queen" of Ichalkaranji state, Shrimati Gangamaisaheb offered to take care of his children if he came to stay in Ichalkaranji – and that's how he became the darbar musician of Ichalkaranji where he stayed for 27 years and passed away in 1926.

As soon as he came to Ichalkaranji, he started to train his son Annabua and his neighbor Mirashibua. In addition, he started to train the sangeet natak artiste from Natyakala Pravartak Mandal Shri. Bhatebua. In later years, he taught Dattopant Kale, Balubua Kasar and Baburao Gulgunje.

His son Annabua was quite well trained. He moved to Kolhapur and started "Gayan Samaj" in 1916. But, unfortunately, he fell ill and passed away. Not long after this, Balkrishnabua's daughter passed away as well. This was a severe blow to Bua. He could not really get over the deaths of two children and passed away within a year after this in 1926.

In the last chapter of the biography, Inglebua states that systematic and step by step vistar of a raga was the fundamental principal of Balkrishnabua's singing. By doing this, he always created the mood of the raga extremely effectively. He had a deliberate and thoughtful quality to his presentation because of this. Balkrishnabua always said, that when he sang, he was really planting a tree of music which started with a small seed and blossomed into a beautiful organism with many branches and leaves.

There is a story that Sadashivshastri Bhide tells of Bua which illustrates this point very well. Bhideshastri recounts Bua telling him that Gwalior singing is so set and purposeful that if I sang an "upaj" today and you asked me to do the same in 6 months or a year, I would do it the same way without fail. That is how precise the Gwalior Gharana singing is. Each raag upaj, khyal patterns are well defined. Bua always contended that there should be a lot of improvisation in singing, but it should stick to the rules of the raga and the rules of raga vistar. Singers should not do as they pleased outside the framework.

In addition, he never changed the tunes of bandishes nor did he let his students change them. He insisted on total honesty to the raga. Singing classical music requires being able to sing within the framework of the raga – he always said those who want to do whatever they want should not sing classical music.

Ichalkaranjkar Sarkar has a good memory in this regard. Bua not only kept to this philosophy in his own singing, but he also insisted that his students should do the same. He worked hard for his students to understand that there should be no contamination of the classical style. For this reason, he never let Annabua sing thumri, tappa or natyageets. The thinking behind this was that khyal singing requires a certain kind of discipline and movement in your voice and it should not get bad habits from singing the other styles of music. When Balkrishnabua learned tappa singing early in his life, he was so good that he became known as "tappewale Balkrishnabua". But, Joshibua took him on as a student only after he promised to never sing that style again.

Balkrishnabua learned this lesson quite well and passed it along to his students – the weightiness your voice has to possess for khyal singing should not be compromised by singing other things.

I will tell you one last story as recalled by Prof. G. H. Ranade before ending this chapter. There was a father-son pair in those days who were jealous of Balkrishnabua and had started to publicly claim that they had the true secrets of Gwalior singing and not Balkrishnabua. They challenged Balkrishnabua in a concert. At this concert, Annabua sang the bandish in Multani Dhanashree “log chavav kare” and Balkrishnabua sang “so balma more” with amazing rangat. On tanpura at this concert was Gundobua Ingle. The whole presentation was one “jagah” by Balkrishnabua followed by another by Gundobua then back to mukhada and even more incredible “jagah”s. the father-son pair were left speechless at this concert – never to be heard from again. So, finally, I would like to consider why Inglebua wrote this biography. There was no personal gain from this for him. He simply wrote it to document what he considered to be the true Gwalior singing. He also wanted to give a notational platform in detail for the sake of those who would come after him. He wanted to give two invaluable lessons to others: 1. The vistar of a raga has to be done in the fundamental creative growth or upaj and 2. Raga vistar must be done step by step to create the mood. Inglebua considered purposeful description and step by step presentation as the two most important aspects of Gwalior singing. This book shows that he not only was a great performer but was also a deep thinker of music and its method of presentation. This book along with other publications gave him the authority, maturity and confidence to carry on and pass on this divine singing. In anything that you learn, a big part of learning is teaching yourself. From the age of 22, Inglebua did this with open eyes and an open mind. He started with the publication of “The foundation of Music” in 1933 and never looked back. He commented on and elaborated all aspects of singing for the next 30 years of his life. He was thus a great progressive thinker. In the next chapters, we will now look at his short articles to see if we can find this theme in those too.

Chapter 10

Free Thinking Commentary by Inglebua

From the young age of 24 when Inglebua wrote “The Foundations of Music” to the age of 46 when he wrote “Foundations of Traditional Classical Music” he thought on the same subject in depth. The last article he wrote was titled “Accompaniments of Traditional Classical Music”. This shows that he thought of music from the point of view of theory, tradition and performing art.

Let us look at the subjects he handled during these 24 years. It is quite beneficial to consider the articles he wrote chronologically. His second article was titled “What governs the Beauty in Music?” After that, he wrote “How Can You Gain Swara Dnyan?”, “What can Achieve Preciseness of Taal in Khyal Singing?”, “How best to enjoy Khyal Singing?”, “Why Is It Important to Practice Kharja?” and many other such articles. He

relied not just on theoretical knowledge when writing these articles but rather they based on experience and experimentation. That's what makes these articles and the thoughts expressed in them eternal. The academic value of these articles is enormous and sure to be useful to any student of music during any time.

In the article "Beauty in Music", he described four main parts of making beautiful music – cheej (composition), alap, taan and boltaans in 1933. Later, he elaborated on this topic and published a total of 18 articles between 1951 and 1954. These articles were entitled "The Many Aspects of Khyal Singing". This is longest series that Inglebua published. Parts of articles 1, 2, 3 and 12 were also included in the book "Geet Bodhini" which was published by Gandharva Mahavidyalaya in 1955. We will look at that book in more detail later.

In the series "Beauty in Music", Inglebua contends that beauty in music is not based on any one thing but rather is a combination of many aspects and how they come together. Let us consider his thoughts on the four aspects of khyal singing – cheej, alap, taan, boltaan.

The first part of this kind of singing is the cheej or the composition itself. The cheej must be well designed and proportional. It should be laid out so that the asthayee and antara could be sung on their own. Such a well designed composition cannot be sung simply by hearing it – one must practice it well so that one understands the proper places of emphasis and all the jaga must be well understood and must come from muscle memory. This takes a lot of dedication. The singer must also understand well the taal in addition to the sur of a composition. Taal is an extremely important aspect of singing well.

After the composition comes alap. Alap can be described in short as the drawing of a raag map slowly according to the rules of the raag. The main rules of a raag are the aroha, Avaroha, vadi and samvadi. The raag vistaar must follow these rules. There are five important places in almost all raags – shadja, pancham, vadi, samvadi and upper shadja.

In the journey of raag vistar, there are five important stops along the way. First, to show the lower shadja, then the vadi sur for the raag, then pancham followed by the samvadi and then the upper shadja. Alaps have an important job to do – to create the mood or the atmosphere of a particular raag. To sing taans right away does not accomplish this. There must be a deliberate wandering through these five stops to create the mood and to establish the appeal of the raag. There is a misconception that singing alaps is easier than singing taans – this is simply not true if you are to sing the alaps properly. The singer must be able to transfer between the two or three note patterns while being honest to the sur. Without that, alaps cannot be effective in presenting the raag to the listener. This is a task that must be done with the utmost responsibility and due respect. To go from one sur to the next with smooth and silky meend is a job that cannot be done without years and years of practice. Thus, alaps are the true test of a singer in terms of creating the proper atmosphere.

The next factor is taans. Because taans are fast, it is more difficult to rest on vadi and samvadi and the singer has to rely only on the aroha and Avaroha. Because of this, many consider taans to be the technically inferior part of singing as compared to alaps. It is important that every taan have fidelity to sur and taal – even if that means you must sacrifice speed. Equally important, taans should not be artificial or made up patterns –

they should reflect the mood of the raag and should be full of deep, perfect, ornamented surs (gamakas). This again, cannot be achieved without constant hard work.

Taans should also follow a sequence. They should be done in double, quadruple, octal etc. To change the sequence breaks the chain of the music. The singer must go from simple to complicated taans.

The last aspect of singing is boltaans. To sing a taan in aakar first and then sing the same pattern but with the lyrics of the composition is boltaan. The singer must make sure not the cut off words in half. Also, make sure that the words are pronounced correctly with proper attention to the short and long syllables. The singer should also use as many words from the composition as possible rather than repeating the same word over and over again.

As you can see from this, Inglebua handled the subject of what makes beautiful music with great thought and detail. Next, we will consider his article “How Can One Achieve Swaradnyan?”

In this article, Inglebua shows that sur is the soul of music and he also shows how to work towards getting it.

Students should learn swar first but not by singing them but by hearing them. They should be able to play the tanpura and listen to it. They should learn to space the strumming of the tanpura so that there is a continuous flow of swaras. This should be considered as the first step in the training of the student – to be able to strum the tanpura and hear it. This is where sadhana begins.

Once the student has mastered this step, they should practice matching the sa from the tanpura. If the student has difficulty getting to the sa, they should stop strumming the pancham and only concentrate on the two sa's. Once the student finds the sa, play all the strings of the tanpura and continue to sing sa, followed by pa and then the upper sa. The student should do this first with the name of the sur (sargam) and then in akar. It is important that the teacher sing this for the student and show them and make sure they can identify the swaras being played from the tanpura.

After the student is comfortable with sa, pa and upper sa, they should be taught to hear the “swayambhu” or natural ga that comes from the lower strings. Once they can hear it, they should sing it. With this method, the student can master the four swar – sa, ga, pa and upper sa after which, they can fill in the other swars. The following sequence is effective:

Sa ||

Sa ga || ga re sa ||

Sa pa || pa ma ga re sa ||

Sa pa || pa sa || sa ni dha pa ma ga re sa ||

In this way, the student should practice these descending patterns first, then the aroha and then the full Avaroha. All should be practiced in sargam first and then in akar. This gives us sa re ga ma pa dha ni sa | sa ni dha pa ma ga re sa ||

This is considered as the first swara path or the first lesson in swara dnyan. The next two are also important:

Sa re ga | re ga ma | etc

Sa re | sa re ga | re ga | re ga ma | etc

Once the student is comfortable with these, they should learn to keep taal with their hands and then increase the speed of these swar paths.

The next article written by Inglebua which we will examine was called “Essential Practice of Kharja”. In this article, Inglebua speaks passionately about the fact that sur is the soul of music and to perfect it, you must practice kharja. He also describes how and how much practice is required. He also says that music cannot be taught by talking about it, rather it must be taught by illustrating by the teacher. It is only possible for students to emulate the perfect sur by hearing it sung. No matter how accurate and detailed the notation, music cannot be learned by reading it, it must be learned by hearing it. The weight of the sur and the pitch can be internalized when heard over and over again from the teacher. This is a tradition of “Gurumukhi”.

It is important for students as well as teachers to practice kharja every day. This goes to the core of khyal singing – which is at its base, deep, weighty and calm.

To keep with the deliberate and substantial way of khyal singing, a singer must present the asthayee and antara with vilambit rhythmic elaboration. Raag vistar must be done in sequence starting with the lower, then the median and then the higher octave. When doing this, each sur must be perfect and clear. In particular, the sa, pa, higher sa, vadi and samvadi must be sung clear, unwavering and long. That is the only way to present the true map of a raag and creates the right atmosphere.

It is paramount that the singer have total control of the sur and the way to get this control is by practicing kharja. This is the reason why even well known singers practice kharja for an hour and a half at 4 AM every day.

Balkrishnabua was afflicted with asthma while he was in his thirties and it was possible that he would not be able to sing again. However, when his worst attack was over, he practiced kharja for hours every day to get his voice to create clean, steady and perfect surs.

When one wakes up in the morning, the vocal chords are not stretched. This is the time to exercise the singer’s instrument. When this is done in the morning, it is easier to hit the perfect pitch later in the day. Singers should not compromise on this practice.

Next question is how should this be achieved?

First order of business is to figure out one’s pitch. The right pitch for a singer is that which allows him or her to sing up to the lower ma or pa comfortably and also sing up to the higher ga or ma comfortably. Once you have fixed your pitch, you should try to hit the lower ni, dha, pa, ma, ga re and finally the lower sa. This must be done very slowly. It is natural to be able to sing up to pa comfortably (that’s how you fixed your pitch) but in the beginning, it is also natural that going lower than pa is difficult. These surs might come out weak and unsteady but one must continue practicing. The first part of this exercise is to slowly hit the lower surs and then to sing patterns such as sa re ga | re ga ma || or sa re | sa re ga | re ga | re ga ma || etc. These patterns should be sung at a very slow speed.

Inglebua believed that these patterns or alankars are important in the lower octave just as they are in the main octave. He also believed that it is important to be able to sing these surs long and at a slow speed. This is a good way to get trained for effective alaps.

As we can see, each of his articles emphasizes a different aspect of singing. He was a deep thinker who wanted his experience to be useful to others who shared his passion for music. The descriptions he gives of how to learn and practice music has a basis in real life performance experience as well as theoretical knowledge. The book “Geet

"Bodhini" was published by GMV and had a foreword by Prof. Deodhar. Here is that foreword in part:

It is imperative that the lyrics have meaning and that the lyrics are pronounced so that the singer does justice to the words. A lot of maharashtrian singers do not pay enough attention to this. It is not entirely their fault because most lyrics are written in vraj, Maithili, rajasthani and Punjabi. Not knowing the language, the pronunciation is often wrong and meanings misrepresented. In many other bandishes, the words are Sanskrit or originate from Sanskrit which means that muslim singers cannot pronounce those words properly. As a result, most lyrics have been diluted and meanings lost.

Fortunately, listeners of good music have started to insist on understanding the meanings of what they hear. As a result, it is even more important that we gain back the words and their meanings. So, it is a great achievement that Pandit Inglebua has undertaken the enormous task of writing down 125 bandishes in 56 raags. He has also given the translation in Marathi which will make it easier for Marathi singers to sing them effectively. This work that Inglebua has finished is invaluable in the literature of Hindustani music.

Inglebua contends in this book that in khyal singing, lyrics don't have a central role to play but understanding the meanings only makes the singing more emotional and pleasurable. I had this in mind when I decided to publish the original 132 compositions. I have included 56 raags and 125 compositions in this book. These are divided into various categories. There are devotional compositions, compositions which describe the seasons or special occasions, compositions on krishnaleela, compositions which describe love in its many forms, special types of compositions such as horis and compositions that describe music itself. If these are found to be useful, I will be encouraged to publish the next volume.

Unfortunately, the next volume was never published for which there were many reasons.

First of all, the compositions were so contaminated that it was a lot of work to make them pure to be honest to a raag.

Second was that there was a lot of politics behind the pronunciation in each Gharana. For example, "bolana lagi" is pronounced as "balana lage" by agra singers and that too nasal. "paga lagan de" is pronounced by Kirana Gharana singers as "pogou logouno deo". There was a famous gazal thumari singer from faizabad who would pronounce "jabase shyam sidhare" as "jabbuse shyamu Siddhare".

There was an old joke about a guy named "borikar" who when asked to say his name clearly, said "bo ho ri hi ka ha ra ha". But in music, it seems that everyone thinks that adding "ha" is the way to pronounce words clearly. So it isn't just because of not knowing the language but for these other reasons too that words don't get pronounced properly.

In any case, Inglebua started on this job with good intentions without regard to the politics. Unfortunately, the second volume was not able to be published.

Eventually, the old compositions stopped being sung in performances. No one sang 2-3 antaras any more. This was the kind of efficiency as the 5 yard sari replacing the 9 yard sari or the pants replacing the ghoti. This is a time of efficiency and rush. No longer do we have the long all night concerts because other artistes are waiting their turns – and

the audience has to go to work the next day. So, we are reduced down to an hour long concert. We have all but lost aabhog and sanchari. Hopefully, antara won't meet the same fate at some point in the future.

Of course, Inglebua had not reconciled with the times and kept insisting on the old ways. He was extremely loyal to the musicians on whose shoulders he stood. He was always honest to the tradition and insisted the same from his students.

In the end though, sur and vistar has the central role in classical music. It is not the same as a poetry reading. It is inevitable that words would have an inferior place.

When the Dagar brothers sing Yaman Kalyan or Todi for an hour without any words at all, the audience is hypnotized – that's how effective alaps can be.

So, that doesn't mean that words aren't important, just that they don't hold the central role in classical singing. Finally, it makes sense to restate Inglebua's opinion on what's important in singing classical music:

It is important to sing sthayee and antara with alaps which draw the map of a raag and create the mood. This makes sthayee and antara the basic step of singing. Generally, sthayee travels in the lower octave and antara in the higher one. This shows not only the structure of the raag but also the movement. This prepares the audience to dive into the raag vistar. Just like any good news story, this is the lead for what's to come next. Once the sthayee and antara are sung, the vistar is done first in the lower and then progressively higher octaves. This is like the slow enjoyment of a perfectly prepared meal – it is a feast for the ears.

The bottom line is to make sure that sur, presentation, mood, vistar and words are all given their proper place. A singer who can do that can be an effective singer and give enormous pleasure to the audience.

This is why the pure sthayee-antara way of singing in the Gwalior Gharana is famous all over India.

In the next chapter, we will examine the system of teaching used by Balkrishnabua.

Chapter 11

Balkrishnabua's Teaching Style

Prof Deodhar visited Inglebua's school in Pune in 1951 and he was very impressed by his method of teaching. As was Prof Deodhar's style, he asked Inglebua to give him one raag and he later even published it in an article in "kala Vihaar" in 1952. In the introduction to this article, he gave two main points which are important:

Inglebua has gotten the heritage of this teaching methodology from Balkrishnabua and Gundobua. You can call this methodology "Khas-ul-khas". Secondly, Inglebua not only teaches his students according to this methodology but he also makes sure that all the musical training is written down by the students properly with khyal, drut, taans, boltaans.

Inglebua never held anything back when teaching his students. He also never played favorites (as was the way of old style ustad and ustads). He never held back something from one student or gave something more to one student that no one else got. Writing down the curriculum helped in making sure that all students had a chance to learn everything.

This author agrees completely with Prof Deodhar's assessment of Inglebua's school. I was taught according to the same methodology by the Late Jatrakarbua who was Inglebua's student. Inglebua makes it clear in his writings that what he has written down is simply the direction of the type of singing that was passed down from Balkrishnabua. It obviously doesn't mean that music is limited to what's written down – in fact, music is limitless. However, the curriculum that's written down should be considered by students as a model for good singing and expand on it. It is widely experienced that once a student has this foundation, they can expand on their own. Before this was published, there had been two attempts at writing down the Gwalior Gharana Gayaki. One was by Paluskar and the other by Anant Manohar. The third attempt was made by Mirashibua in 1953 and that was considered by most experts as the best. When Inglebua wrote this article (before Mirashibua) it was considered the defining text on Gwalior singing.

Now, in time, we have the opportunity to compare the two texts. Since both were writing about the same Gharana, it is not only inevitable to compare, it is also useful. The main difference between them is that Mirashibua is a traditionalist and Inglebua was a progressive. It becomes clear on examining the two styles, that Inglebua was successful in bringing good singing into modern times.

In his article "Beauty of Music" in 1933, Inglebua describes composition, alap, taan, boltaan as the four parts to Gwalior singing. In this article in 1952, he describes the first aspect as the "raag dhun" and says there are five parts. Raag dhun is the abbreviated look or introduction to the raag before the composition starts. It is a glimpse of the raag. It is clear that vaadi, samvaadi, aroha and Avaroha are a big part of the raag dhun because they define the raag.

Let us first look at the teaching methodology and then we will assess it critically. Inglebua describes five core parts of singing:

1. Raag dhun
2. Composition
3. Alap, bol alap
4. Taans
5. Bol taans

In this article, Inglebua has elaborated on these five parts. We will publish here an abbreviated version of this article. The sample he used is raag asavari.

1. Raag dhun
See section 2

The composition (bhali bajai) starts from pa so Inglebua instructs that we should rest on the last pa of the raag dhun. This kind of minute detail is particularly present in Inglebua's writing and absent from Mirashibua's.

After the raag dhun, Inglebua has written down the whole sthayee and antara. In addition, he also wrote the meaning of the lyrics in Marathi. We have not presented the notation of taal in this publication on purpose. There are two main reasons behind this – first, the students and readers should appreciate the “raagiyata” or the expansion and presentation of the raag and the other reason is that the composition should be learned with more emphasis on the swar and the raag first and then perfected with the taal.

2. Raag Asavari, bada khyal – vilambit ektaal

Sthayee:

Antara: see section 3

Meaning: Addressing Vanamali Krishna – you play the flute so well. You have presented so many sounds and moods that all the gopis are mesmerized.

Sthayee:

See section 4

Antara:

See section 5

After showing the outline of the raag using the sthayee and antara, Inglebua elaborates on the technique and the thinking behind alaps. He says that alaps should not be sung mechanically or in an overly restricted way. Alapi should be slightly free from the rigidity of taal. We should remember the taal simply to be able to come to sum but we should be restricted by taal for that purpose only. When we come to sum, we should cut or expand the alap to catch the mukhada again. The main purpose of alaps is to revolve around the same swar in many different ways. Singing alaps simply in akar all the time might make the singing single dimensional so instead, you should add bol alaps – which add the words from the lyrics to the alaps. That means you can use the “ee” or the “oo” sound from the lyrics and get variety in the singing. I am sure the readers can appreciate the benefit of bol alaps.

3. Alap/ bol alap (sthayee)

It is worth noting that when he brings the end of the mukhada on pa, he doesn't start the alaps by jumping to sa but rather, he slowly brings us down to sa to start the alaps. This blending is quite unique to gwalior and even within Gwalior singers, it is not seen very often. This way of singing, is his vision of beauty in music. Here is the "blending" alap:

See section 6

After this, he sequentially starts the bola laps:

See section 7

At this point, he finishes the alaps and starts the taans. He sings the taans in antara because as alaps progress, we go towards the high sa and you are already singing short ascending patterns. For example, the short taan sa re ma pa ni dha sa reaches all the way to the high sa so it can be used as a jumping off point to the fountain of taans. This again shows a particular beauty in his vision.

4. Taan phirat (antara)

See section 8

At this point, he says to finish the antara and come back to sthayee. Inglebua maintains that this finishes the first half of singing the raag.

The second half should be sung in a slightly faster speed and you should sing the rhythmic taans. Remember that this is hard and requires a lot of practice. It is important to keep fidelity not only to the taal but also to the theka (**) and each matra.

5. Rhythmic bol taans (sthayee)

See section 9

After rhythmic bol taans, you should sing fast taans. The taans that you may have sung in antara, you should sing here by entwining the words from the lyrics. These taans should be sung with fidelity to the words – without messing up pronunciations, without cutting off words, the words should be inconspicuously sung.

We will give one example of such a boltaan. Once a student has understood and perfected a taan like this, they can continue to expand on it.

See section 10.

To make a boltaan effective, the student must sing the same taan over and over again. This will work towards disciplining the vocal chords and the mouth and tongue. Once this is done, you can create your own. It is very important to learn the taans in akar first and then put words to them so that the surs are not compromised. There are no short cuts and laziness does not pay off.

The uniqueness of Gwalior singing is that it is extremely pure, beautiful and elegant presentation. Prof Deodhar was so excited to get the bada khyal that he forgot to ask the chchota khyal (or tritaal) and so it was not published at the time. What follows is what was taught to me by my guruji.

Raag asavari, chchota khyal trital (teen taal)

See section 11

After this, the singer should sing some alaps and long taans before ending the presentation of a raag.

This was Inglebua's description of the teaching methodology of Balkrishnabua. It may be useful to point out some of the aspects of this singing which make it pleasurable. This style of singing fills in more and more details as it progresses. The way to achieve this is to go from the low to the high notes and progressively rest on higher notes at each step. Similar to the swars, the taal also goes from single, double and quadruple. This way of vistaar also assures that the music does not stagnate anywhere or become boring or repetitious. This is the constantly moving way of singing.

As was said before, vadi, samvadi, aroha and Avaroha are the main pillars of a raag. The Gwalior singing is built on top of these pillars and so it is a strong building. The use of the essence of aroha, Avaroha, vadi, samvadi in every alap, taan, bol taan makes for an extremely effective presentation of a raag and creates the mood of the raag to hypnotize the audience.

Let us see what this means by taking the example of raag asavari. The aroha is

Sa re ma pa dha dha sa

So, let us see how the raag vistaar can be done:

See section 12

This is the purest form of raag vistaar. The aroha is divided into subdivisions – an alap up to re, an alap up to ma, alap up pa and then to the upper sa. This is a tree of asavari. That's what Balkrishnabua used to say when he said "I plant the tree of music". Now, the next step is to introduce variety in this. He then introduces many ways of getting to the same swar. See this pa alap for an example:

See section 13

So what does all this mean? To present a raag effectively, you must have a great command of the aroha, Avaroha. A student must sing the aroha, Avaroha for hours and hours.

Once the aroha is mastered, the student should practice patterns within the aroha. This is useful because these are the building blocks for alaps. This should be practiced in akar. There is something to note here about Inglebua's progressive nature. He realized that the akar alaps should be practiced before bol taans. Inglebua published another article in 1954 in which he gave raag bhairav in which he made sure to clarify that the akar alaps should be practiced and sung before bol alaps.

His thoughts are very logical in their sequence: a student must master the aroha, Avaroha first so that palatas can be learned. Once the palatas are mastered, alaps can be learned. Once alaps are mastered, bol alaps can be learned. Once bol alaps are learned, bol taans can be learned. This is the inevitable sequence both for learning and presenting raags.

I have a few thoughts on this teaching style and the musicians' life which I will elaborate on here.

Many have wondered why he started this publication with asavari. It was tradition to start with yaman in those days. But partly, he started the publication with asavari because Prof Deodhar asked for asavari. There is a misconception that yaman is a simple raag. Only those who don't know music think yaman is simple because it has no komal swars. Of course, those who know better, know that yaman is limitless like the ocean. One could spend a lifetime singing yaman and still find something new in it every time.

That's why it was customary to start training with yaman or bilawal which have mostly shuddha swars. These raags are also deep and strong. Singing these gives the student the opportunity to appreciate the richness and treasure that is embedded in music. This doesn't mean asavari is a lesser raag. However, it is not a good raag to start musical training, in fact, I would say it is not even good to learn it in the first year of training. Asavari has ga, dha, ni komal and odav sampurna jati. This all presents a lot of challenges to the beginner. Yaman is the right raag to start with – but keep in mind it takes a year to learn to sing yaman properly – it is no easy task.

Inglebua made clear that he did not think it important to learn raags to say that you have learned them. It is less important to collect compositions and raags without really understanding them or internalizing them. It is better to have one well made garment rather than many mediocre ones. If a student knows a hundred raags but can't sing any of them effectively, it is a waste of time. The sur, which can be gained by singing with the tanpura for hours on end and then knowing the mood and understanding the character of a few raags is the proper way of training a good Hindustani classical singer. None of this is easy to do – it is all difficult and time consuming.

Having understood Inglebua's methodology, I often feel that that sur and the fundamentals of Gwalior singing have been lost. Even though it is true that Inglebua worked hard at writing down these 32 raags with their vistaars, vilambit and drut compositions. However, this body of writing was not used to an admirable end by students. The main reason was that in those days, the main discipline of Gwalior singing was lost. The importance of the sur has been lost.

When I think about why people (teachers and students) give so much importance to learning raags and compositions, I think the only reasonable explanation is: examinations. It has become more important to complete the curriculum and get a certificate rather than "knowing" music.

It may be useful to compare Inglebua and Krishnarao Pandit at this time. Both were darbar musicians but once the darbars ended, they both needed other ways of supporting themselves and their art. Krishnarao was naive and Bhatkhande presented him fired. Many others at that time were joining Bhatkhande or even became his students. But Krishnarao could not do that – his pride wouldn't allow it.

Krishnarao also started his own music school. However, it is inherent in operating a school that there should be a curriculum and a way of evaluating and promoting students, examinations and certificates. In this way, music was reduced to a certificate rather than a performing art. It was like rowing in a paper boat in the vast ocean of music.

Inglebua suffered a similar fate. As soon as he lost the patronage of Sarkar, he started a music school in Pune. Even though his own older brother had a bad experience with music schools, that was his only way of making a living.

He had to deal with exams, teachers, strikes, grants etc.

One other complication was that he was worried about people finding out that he did not have a degree or a certificate himself and he was the principal of the music school.

Times had changed and this could have resulted in his school losing its grant. Artistes were reduced to being judged by government workers.

Towards the end of his life, he had to give the sangeet Praveen exam and got a certificate from GMV. Ironically, the certificate was signed by Prof Deodhar. This was a great insult and disappointment to Inglebua.

In those days, many singers could not make ends meet by being only performance artistes. A prominent example of this is Vilayat Hussain Khansaheb Agrewale. He was a great singer but he spent most of his life taking the bus to teach unwilling students. Inglebua was one of those rare musicians who recognized the times and tried to compromise with the modern day.

It did give him satisfaction that at the 1961 GMV conference in Calcutta, Inglebua was felicitated with a shawl, coconut and a letter of commendation. It may be the last moment of his public life when he was contented. Inglebua passed away not long after this conference. I often think that not only Inglebua but rather the traditional Gwalior singing was felicitated by GMV at this conference.

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Teaching Methodology of Pandit Gayanacharya Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar
Written by: Pandit Keshavbua Ingle, Principal, Madhav Sangeet Vidhyalaya, Pune.
Every style (or Gharana) of singing has a particular way in which raag vistaar is done. By hearing a singer, the knowledgeable audience can make their judgment on how well versed the singer is in that particular style. We are going to look at a model of raag vistaar in the heritage of Balkrishnabua Ichalkaranjekar. It has been proven by decades of experience that when a student is taught initially in this manner can build a foundation that allows him to do raag vistaar in a much richer way. It should also be noted that the program described here is not basic but rather should be pursued after the student has gained an understanding of sur, raag and taal.

Raag Asavari

1. Ga, dha, ni komal; all others shuddha.
2. Notation is written in the Bhatkhande style
3. If a swar is underlined, it should be sung fast and if a swar has a S next to it, it should be sung in vistaar or slowly.

Raag Dhun

See section 1

Chapter 12

Gharana: Foundation not the Steeple

The most noteworthy quality of Inglebua was that he had the appropriate pride in his Gwalior Gharana but he was not arrogant about it. He did not consider his style of singing better than all else neither was he stubborn about how others must sing. He knew that music changes with times. So he truly believed that leaving the foundations and the core intact, you can change the marginal aspects of music and still end up with good music, and, in fact, these kinds of changes must be made. He not only believed that, he also practiced it. That's why I have called him progressive.

Because of this deep thinking and constant activism, his music became richer as he got older. He himself says in his autobiography that his music became deeper and more mature after the age of 40. This maturity also taught him that music isn't about singing the same constructions over and over again but rather the joy of creation. These are

his best attributes of his thinking. It was also rare in those days for a Gwalior exponent to be so progressive.

The only contemporary of his who recognized this quality was Shankarrao Vyas. Deodhar didn't quite appreciate it either. There is a story of Deodhar which illustrates this quite well.

There was a panel discussion on December 31, 1961 at S. P. College (in Pune). This was organized by Sangeeta Charcha Mandal (Charcha = discussion) and the panel was made up of knowledgeable and eminent singers and scholars. There were Aravinda Mangalurkar, Wamanrao Deshpande, B. Chaitanyadeo, Prof. Vasant Nulkar, Dr. N. R. Marulkar and Inglebua was the moderator. The topic of discussion was "Gharanas in Hindustani Music". In some ways, this topic is endless. The minutes from this discussion were later published in Sangeet Kalavihar. The transcript of this discussion gives a good glimpse of the thinking of the times.

Prof. Vasant Nulkar:

If you think about how the gharanas originated, you come to the conclusion that the gharanas were simply a way of categorizing musical styles. This is not different from other subjects where we learn by categorizing. There are characteristics that are unique to each Gharana. These gharanas distinguish one another not only by the musical characteristics, but also by geography and by the founders. So, if we consider the most popular gharanas, we can categorize them in three different dimensions as follows:

- Geographical: Gwalior, Rampur, Atrouli, Agra, Kirana etc
- Founder: Ghokhale Gharana, rangeele Gharana etc
- Style: dhrupadiye, khyaliye etc

There are many benefits of keeping fidelity with the gharanas. The main among them is that you can pick out a singer's tradition. Singers can also understand better what is and isn't good practice for what's acceptable in their Gharana. However, the Gharana culture also can lead to not having an open mind and can thwart creativity. However, I would say that gharanas are inevitable.

Dr. Chaitanyadeo said:

Music is a historical phenomenon. As a result, it is inevitable that learning a particular Gharana music would mean learning the practices and rules of the particular time when the Gharana was born. So, when trying to understand gharanas, one must understand the social atmosphere of the times. There are times when a particular singer of a Gharana who has a uniqueness or something new and unusual that becomes popular and becomes an integral part of the Gharana for the future. This has been going on for centuries and will continue.

Prof. Aravind Mangrulkar has a different point of view:

If you think of Gharana as an immutable tradition, how will it survive in an art form which is so personal and creative by its very nature. Even if it is possible for such a rigid to last, is it really good for the art form? It is very hard to reproduce a work of art. It is possible to imitate it or create cheap replicas but this is neither creation nor art. In my estimation, true art is one of a kind and cannot be put in a box of tradition or Gharana.

It is true that the art form known as "Hindustani music" has survived for centuries but music has changed a lot in that time span. The basics of compositions have

remained the same but their soul has changed. Abdul Kareem Khan, Alldiya Khan, Bade Ghulam Ali Khan have all added to the ocean of Hindustani music something of their own. Those who tried to imitate them didn't achieve much simply because imitation is not creation.

It is also important to see how different singers in the same Gharana have so many different styles. Gharana does not necessarily define that the music is good – each artiste should be evaluated on his or her own merit. Because of these reasons, I think gharanas are given unwarranted importance in the world of Hindustani music.

Dr. N. R. Marulkar said:

It is a modern thought that there is no need for gharanas in Hindustani music. But, the truth is that music as the art form or as vidya cannot be learned without tradition and methodology. To transfer this knowledge to the student, the guru-shishya tradition is very important. This tradition has kept the rich knowledge alive for all these years.

I define the Gharana as “a systematic method of teaching and singing which can be easily followed with finite rules and a well clear characteristics”. You can think of the rules defined for each Gharana as as the design drawn out and the individuality and creativity of each singer as the embroidery filled in. These days, it is very difficult for students to get good training and learn the true treasure of music. In this situation, I think it is inevitable that the gharanas must be preserved if we have any hopes of passing down music to the next generations. That is the most efficient and complete method of training musicians of the next generation.

After this, Vamanrao Deshpande spoke. However, he didn't have a new point to contribute to the discussion. He essentially agreed that gharanas are important and they should be preserved.

At the end, Inglebua spoke:

I do not consider it an important question whether there should be gharanas in Hindustani music. The more significant question is how important they are. It is indisputable that music cannot be learned without the guru-shishya tradition. The nature of this art form is that it must first be heard well, then imitated before new creation can be possible. Because of this, it is inevitable that there would be gharanas which embody the various guru-shishya traditions.

Having said that, we must think about whether music is limited to the sincere following of the Gharana rules or whether there is more to it. I think we have to accept that there is more to music than the mere following of the Gharana rules. Thus, I believe that Gharana is like the foundation of a tradition. But the building that is built on top of it is where the beauty of music lies. The building is what people see and admire and appreciate.

Even though it is true that artistes of yesterday and today have preserved the Gharana tradition, but those who made a name for themselves are the artistes who showed their individuality and flew outside the circles of their gharanas. Those are the artistes who added to the rich world of music.

We must always keep both these perspectives in mind when thinking about music, teaching music or learning music.

This discussion shows that Inglebua had the capacity to think beyond what was customary. That's what made him progressive. Of course in some ways, this kind of progressive thinking was also a tradition for Inglebua. His teacher Balkrishnabua was a progressive thinker and Vishnu Digambar Paluskar whose work had a lot of influence on Inglebua was also a progressive. Balkrishnabua, in those old fashioned days, started Gayan Samaj in Mumbai, he started a magazine dedicated to music and he taught the local tawaifs to sing as the same time as he was teaching some of the most prominent citizens of Mumbai at the time. This was definitely a man ahead of his time and this was the tradition that was passed down to Inglebua.

In reality, this subject is so vast that you could talk about it and think about all your life. In superficial terms, it is true that Inglebua worked hard to promote the Gwalior way of singing but his thought process was very intellectual and what he wrote and taught is applicable to any Gharana.

He chose not to concentrate on the Gharana but rather on the beauty of music in a broader sense. He was also very humble in writing and always maintained that he was a simple man and what was important was what he had to say about music.

I would say that he didn't become great because of Gwalior Gharana singing but rather, he helped make Gwalior Gharana great. His contributions to making Gwalior teaching a disciplined method were enormous and cannot be forgotten. He was not only an excellent singer but a thoughtful scholar. He was not the founder of his Gharana but he was one of those who added to the Gharana with his individuality and progressive thinking. He reached a level within the field that he sought from a very young age. Towards the end of his life, when he had given to the art form as much as can be expected from anyone, he was contented.

He passed away at the young age of 56 on 15th January 1965. All four of his children, Madhav, Usha, Manohar, and Sudha are happily settled in Pune. Each is a skilled singer or musician to varying degree. Especially Madhavgua is a top artiste of All India Radio and his son Milind Ingle is an accomplished singer and music director. I hope Inglebua is happy about his family up in heaven.

Chapter 13

In Goodbye: Inglebua's Life's Work

A student of the famous Agra exponent Khadim Hussain Khan who usually lives in Mumbai but stays near me whenever he visits Pune. He and I were talking on one of his visits once. He mentioned the name of a new singer and asked me if I had ever

heard him. I asked him how old he was. He was surprised by my question. I laughingly replied, "I don't listen to anyone who is younger than 40 years. Hindustani music is complicated enough that it takes up to 40 or 50 years to understand it. How many of those who got notoriety in young age really achieve something later in life? Not many. Why do you think that happens?"

He thought about this for a while and said, "you sound just like Bhaskarbua. He used to say that you cannot sing until 50".

I was reminded of my father who was a farmer. He used to give a comparison between crops and music. Some crops are ready to harvest in 6 months, some in a year, some every other year. Music is a crop that is ready to harvest in 40 or 50 years. "young artiste" is a contradiction in terms.

Balkrishnabua considered Gundobua as the one who carried his torch forward.

Inglebua had the benefit of strict disciplined learning from Gundobua for 8 years.

However, Inglebua was only 19 years old when Gundobua passed away. Even though he had practiced with his father for 6 and 7 hours a day, he understood that he had not arrived yet. He wasn't ready to declare himself the standard bearer at that point in his life.

He kept on listening to students of Balkrishnabua and comparing them to what Gundobua had taught him and practicing and discriminating among what's good or bad. He kept studying the principals behind Gwalior singing. Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar had heard Balkrishnabua for 26 years and after that, Inglebua was singing for him several hours a day. His search for the real music and his willingness to learn and change with his learning was the reason why Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar gave the honor of Darbar Singer to Inglebua.

After the death of his father, self education was the only path for Inglebua. His motto after this point was "atma deepo bhava". By 40, he considered his own singing as having the depth, the weight and the deliberate vistaar. This was of course the result of years of work and experimentation as well as making and correcting mistakes.

He definitely made mistakes but he also knew that there was no growth without making mistakes. One mistake that he himself admitted in later life was that he entitled his book on Gokhale Gharana singing as "Gokhale Gharaneki Gayaki" but in reality, it was a book of 33 compositions and so instead, he said later that he should have entitled it "Gokhale Gharaneki Cheejen".

I was reminded of the famous story about Radha and Krishna in this regard. Radha was longing for Krishna and was miserable so a friend of hers asked her to write to him and call him to her. She started to write the letter with "Dear Radhe" instead of "Dear Krishna". This is an illustration of Radha having no separation between herself and Krishna. In some ways, Inglebua had a similar situation with Gayaki. He thought about the subject so much and he couldn't separate it from himself. This was an emotional mistake or an oversight.

There were also some inaccuracies in Balkrishnabua's biography he wrote. He wrote that Balkrishnabua came to Miraj and that's where he started to get students. But, there was a little inaccuracy in this or rather an omission of an important student. When Balkrishnabua first came down south, he first settled in Satara and started to teach music from Pandit Ganapatibua Bhilawadikar. He learned for 3 years and internalized Balkrishnabua's music pretty well. Later when Balkrishnabua's Guruji Vasudeobua

Joshi came to Nagav for recreation, Bhilavadikar stayed with him to take care of him. He then went to Gwalior with Joshibua and learned from him for a year. He also learned from Krishnashastri Shukla. When Bhilavadikar came back south, he went via Chikodi, Belgao, Kurundwad to Kolhapur. There, he taught Tanibai Kagalkar and Krishnabai Kolhapurkar. Once when Kurundwadkar Sarkar heard Bhilavadikar, he thought he was listening to Balkrishnabua come back from the next world. D. K. Joshi master took Bhilavadikarbua to Pune, Bhatkhande took him to Mumbai and gave him a post in Gayan Samaj. However, Bua couldn't stay in Mumbai because of his asthma. He then moved to Nasik and then to Sangali. In Sangali, he learned music from Prof. G. H. Ranade, Master Deenanath (Lata Mangeshkar's father) and Ganapatrao Mohite. He later died in Sangali.

So, anyway, it is a little surprising that Inglebua omitted any mention of this first and important student of Balkrishnabua. Prof. Ranade edited the book and didn't catch this mistake either. In the biography, he describes Balkrishnabua's journey to the south as Mumbai, Pune, Satara, Aundh and Miraj and yet any mention of Bhilavadikar in Satara was left off. Later, in 1952, Prof. Ranade wrote a beautiful article on Bhilavadikar in Sangeet Kalavihaar.

In general though, except for these two omissions or mistakes, the rest of his writing is extremely honest and written with the utmost attention to detail.

Up to the age of 40 Inglebua was laying the foundation for his studies. After that, his music became more deep and rich. At this point, he said goodbye to the secondary aspects of singing and acrobatics. It was also at this point that he wrote his autobiography. He considered writing an autobiography as a way of introspection. The date he finished his autobiography was 11th February 1949 – he was 40 years old.

I will end this book by recapitulating what we saw of Inglebua's life in each chapter of the book.

In the first chapter, we saw that Gundobua got the inheritance of Balkrishnabua's music. Inglebua learned from Gundobua but just as Inglebua was starting to perform, Gundobua passed away. That's when he started to think deeply about music and what Gwalior singing was all about. He started to assemble in his mind what the true inheritance and tradition from Balkrishnabua was. At this time, he was given the honor of Darbar Musician and he took this as a new challenge. He gave extremely successful concerts in Lucknow, Mysore and other places.

He of course did not give up the theoretical study of music at the same time as performing. Kirloskar magazine said about him that he got the tradition from his father, but he not only made it his own but expanded it and made it rich. In the second chapter, we saw the opinions of others (Prof. Jathar, Ichalkaranjekar Sarkar) about his writing. Everybody who was involved with classical music in those days praised the hard work and thought that went into the writings of Inglebua.

Next, we read his autobiography. The four periods of his life – Aundh, Sangali, Ichalkaranji and Pune were republished in chapters 3, 4, and 5. These chapters also include his successful tours of Mysore Darbar, Mumbai Sangeet Parishad and Africa. Finally, in the 6th chapter, we saw his suffering after he moved to Pune. The struggle he had to go through to adjust with changing times and his declining health. We read about how he had to sit for exams which he would have created or administered and how he had to get a certificate from GMV.

In the seventh chapter, we took stock of his teaching style and curriculum creation. Then, his other published works, Gokhale Gharaneki Gayaki and Balkrishnabua's biography were in chapters 8 and 9 respectively.

We then took a look at what Inglebua considered to be the fundamentals of Gwalior singing in chapter 10 – the five parts of singing: raag dhun, cheej, alap, bol alap, taans, bol taans.

In the 11th chapter, we saw how Inglebua's attempt at writing down Balkrishnabua's music was far more successful than any other attempts. And, in the final 12th chapter, we saw his views on music and gharanas. We also saw in this chapter that he had a balanced view of what is important and what's valuable. He also had no problem changing with the times.

This was the life and work of Inglebua. It is fitting that I should end with the same progressive vision that was a signature of Inglebua. It is true that Abdul Karim Khan, Alladiya Khan, Faiyaz Khan, Bade Ghulam Ali Khan all went outside their Gharana (Gwalior) and in the process ended up enriching music in general and their gharanas in particular. In a way, this is the expanding universe of music and Gwalior singing. That makes the work Inglebua did for all of his life extremely valuable and worth studying. He is like a "Deep Stambh" – giving light to those who follow.

What is left to those who follow is to open our eyes and see the light. We need to heed the advice from Inglebua and fly high in the sky, work hard, be creative and progressive and dedicate yourself to music, learning and teaching. These are the essentials which light the path ahead for the rest of us.

To this day, there are six generations of Inglebua's family who have been immersed in music – Bhikubua, Gundobua, Keshavbua. After him, his son Madhavbua and his son Milind who is a leading music director and singer of today. Milind's son Surel is only 8 and a budding singer.

At the end of the movie "Saransh", Mahesh Bhatt gives the meaning of life according to him: "jeevan chalata rahta hain. Adami ate hain, jate hain, lekin jeevan chalatahi rahata hain. Jeevan amar hain, aur amarhi rahega"

Pandit Keshavbua Ingle is not longer with us but his work and his principals will live forever. Like a deep stambh, he will continue to light the path of others and we can say in the end, "Gwalior Gayaki amar hain aur amar rahegi"