

KARNATAKA TO SET UP CHALCHITRA ACADEMY AND GIVE GREATER SUBSIDY FOR CHILDREN'S FILMS A Report by our Roving Film Critic B.B. Nagpal



Bangalore , 24 January: The Karnataka Government is to set up a Chalchitra Academy shortly to help the Kannada film industry and will also seek to increase the budgetary grant for promotion of good cinema in the next financial year.

Chief Minister B S Yeddyurappa said during the Third Bengalooru International Film Festival here that his government was also considering doubling the number of children's films to which it gives a grant every year. At present, only two children's films are given a grant of Rs 2.5 million each every year.

The Chief Minister also said the state government was drawing up an appropriate programme to mark seventyfive years of

Kannada cinema.

Festival Committee Chairman V N Subba Rao, noted filmmaker Girish Kassarvalli, and others sought greater help from the State Government to help the growth of good Kannada cinema. Others present on the occasion versatile actor Prakash Rai, Kannada film stars Ramesh Arvind and Puneet Raj Kumar, Mr. Jayaramaraje Urs who is Secretary (Information, Kannada and Culture), former Film Federation of India Vice-President A. R. Raju, and Karnataka Film Producers Association President K. C. N. Chandrashekhar. Dr. Vijaya, Associate Chairperson and Mr. N. Vidyashankar, Executive Director of the Festival, were also present.

A total of more than 150 films from about thirty countries were screened in various sections of the Festival, in six screens spread over four venues.

The Festival was organised by the Suchitra Cinema and Cultural Academy in collaboration with the Karnataka government, and was supported fully by the Kannada film industry.

The Kannada section of the Festival, a highlight of which was a two-hour long DVD film on the evolution of Kannada film music over the year, was inaugurated yesterday by the noted singer and music director, C. Aswath, at a function presided over by former Karnataka Film Chamber of Commerce President K. V. Gupta.

The Indian Panorama Section was inaugurated by Prakash Rai – who has starred in the film 'Kanjeevaram' by Priyadarshan which is part of the Panorama -and K. V. R. Tagore, Additional Director General of Police, who presided. Mr. Suresh Heblkar, noted actor, director and environmentalist, inaugurate the Documentary and Short Films section, in the presence of Dr. Ajay Kumar Singh, Additional Director General of Police, who is himself a filmmaker.

The four-day Animation Workshop organized by ABAI and ANTS,

was inaugurated by noted actor director Ramesh Arvind and Mr. Ashish Kulkarni, CEO, Big Animation, presided.

As part of the Festival, six children's films were screened and this section was inaugurated by Master Kishan, who directed the film 'Care of Footpath' and entered the record books as the youngest Indian director. The screenings had been organized for school children from designated schools. In all about 1200 students watched films. Discussions about the films viewed were arranged after every screening. Distinguished personalities who work with children took part in the interactions.

A Photo Exhibition on 75 years of Kannada Cinema compiled by the Department of Information of the state Government was inaugurated at the main venue Vision Cinemas by the celebrated cinematographer Mr. V. K. Murthy.

To mark the platinum jubilee of Kannada cinema nearly 40 landmark films, both in 35mm and digital format, were screened in all the festival venues in vision cinemas, K. H. Patil Auditorium, Badami House and Suchitra, Twenty Eight documentaries – all from India – and nearly a dozen children films from various countries, are also being screened during the festival.

Entry to the public was by delegate passes for Rs. 500 for the entire Festival, while students of journalism and communication in all colleges and film schools and members of all film societies can get entry at a concessional rate of Rs. 300.

Renowned French Photographer To Exhibit True, Untainted-By-Technology Works A BANG PR REPORT



Art never ages, if it is expressed with truth and conviction. And even the entry of newer forms of art or technology cannot dilute the magic of purity that emerges from true art.

The world-renowned French photographer Bernard Faucon, who gave up photography in 1995 because he was 'convinced that it was over and that this period in the history of photography to which I had subscribed, "photographic staging" or "photographic settings" had come to an end.' He also felt that 'it was the swansong of photography, the last stage before the reign of pure, digital advertising images. It was a time when

one still believed sufficiently in the power of truth of photography, when one could permit oneself the luxury of creating "true fiction". However I do not disown anything, either the images, or the period in which they were created, or even the poetry which is my own and that I will continue to express in other ways.'

The works of this cameraman are being presented in a special exhibition in the capital by Alliance Française de Delhi and the French Embassy to showcase his retrospective selection photographs in Galerie Romain Rolland. The exhibition will open on 3 February and continue till 12 February.

About his exhibition in India, he says: "What can I say about my first individual exhibition in India and my first journey there? I feel apprehensive! I, who have been traveling ceaselessly, especially all around this huge country without having ever dared to enter, fearful of facing a country that is far too big, far too complex and far too beautiful!"

The best of Bernard Faucon is being displayed in a retrospective collection of photographs over the 20 years and is divided into eight sections: "Summer Holidays" (1976-1981); "Probable development of time" (1981-1984); "The Chambers of Love" (1984-1987); "The Chambers of Gold" (1987-1989); "Idols and sacrifices" (1989-1991); "The Writings" (1991-1992); "The End of the image" (1993-1995); and "The Happiest Day of my Youth" (1997-2000).

Despite his pessimism, in the last phase he invited young girls and boys from more than 20 countries to stage this happiest day.

Bernard was born in 1950 in Provence. After philosophic and theological studies, he began producing his photographic work in 1976 and stopped voluntarily in 1995.

Over the period of 25 years, Bernard has shown in nearly 250 solo exhibitions and as many group shows, from Leo Castelli in

New York City to Yvon Lambert in Paris, in large museums as well as small institutions. In 1989, he received the French National Prize for Photography.

Bernard is a singular artist; his work is poetic, metaphysical and highly personal. Diverse people are inspired from it, from the most classic and orthodox in the photographic world to avant-garde artists, as well as novelist, directors, psychoanalysts, Japanese fashion designers.



Are You A Happy Camper? by

Sharon Moist



What makes you happy? I mean really, truly happy. Have you ever given any thought to what makes you the kind of “*jumping for joy, singing in the rain*” happy, that leaves you grinning from ear to ear for no apparent reason?

When I was younger, it was material things: new shoes; a new purse; the latest CD by my favorite musician, a new car. You get the picture.

Now, it's the simple things in life: spending quality time with my parents'; good conversations with friends; great water pressure in the shower; playing with a puppy; nicely fragranced soap; spending the summer at my home in Montana (where I am even as you read this); grapefruit scented candles; a beautiful garden of wild flowers; new baby ducks learning to swim in the stream off my dining room patio (see the enclosed picture); a really good thunderstorm; jumping in a really big rain puddle afterwards. Those are the things that truly put a smile on my face today.

What about you? What's on your list?

In today's fast-paced world, it's so easy to get caught up in the day-to-day stress of our lives that we forget to stop and enjoy the little things that make life so wonderful.

So now, after you're done reading this article, I would

challenge you sit down and make a list of those things that make you truly happy – and I’m willing to bet that they aren’t material things.

Then, when life becomes a little too crazy or too stressful to handle, pick an item on your “Happy List” and take the time to enjoy it – even if it’s just for a few minutes. You’ll be amazed at how great you feel during the rest of the day.

GEETIKA AND MANTIKA – AN ARANGETRAM TO REMEMBER A Review by Suryakanthi Tripathi (Former DG ICCR)



A Perfect Pair

The two sisters, Geetika and Mantika Haryani, sixteen and thirteen years old respectively, had their Bharatanatyam Arangetram at the ISKON Auditorium in Delhi on 1st February 2009. For the young dancers, it was an evening to demonstrate how well they had learnt the classical dance over the past seven years.

Smt. Mala Murli of Nritya Geetanjali, who has distinguished herself as a Bharatanatyam guru, had instilled in both her students a level of confidence that allowed them to give of their best. Her own sensibility and individuality was also very evident in the dances performed by the two sisters.

The accompanying musicians enhanced the dance performance, particularly Shri K. Venkateshwaran, who had a rich voice and proved to be an able and versatile singer for the recital.

The recital followed the traditional order beginning with the Alarippu, followed by a Jatiswaram, Shabdam, Varnam, Padams and finally the Tillana.

The Varnam, as expected, was the piece-de-resistance of the evening. The dance, set to the Sanskrit composition of Maharaja Swati Tirunal and describing the ten avatars of Lord Vishnu, required skill in abhinaya, tala and in the execution of intricate adavu jatis. With their graceful movements, neat footwork and good coordination, the dancers drew the spontaneous applause of the audience more than once.

Their recital concluded with a fast-paced Tillana, in Ragam Hindolam set to Adi Talam, in which the sisters performed the complicated adavus and tirmanam with joyful élan.

The Arangetram came together in all aspects – the guru, the dancers, the musicians and the dances. The dedicated enthusiasm of both the teacher and her talented disciples was very evident that Sunday evening. Their debut on stage is

something both Geetika and Mantika can justifiably be proud of. If they continue to train and practice with the same degree of commitment, we will have, in the coming years, two very fine exponents of this great dance form.

The Sense of an Audience- Keval Arora's Column



Most discussions – *and* demonstrations, now that the next edition of the Bharangam is upon us – of what ails contemporary theatre rarely take into account the role of the audience. In an environment where the audience's contribution to the making of meaning is barely acknowledged, it is unlikely that its responsibility for the state of the theatre will ever be admitted. Audiences do of course get noticed, but only in the context of dwindling attendance at plays, or strategies to entice spectators back to the theatre. Such 'concern' for the audience masks a worryingly patronising attitude. It sees spectators as little more than passive receptors of other people's intention, dry vessels waiting open-mouthed for the filling. One may as well not invoke the audience for all the insight that such invocations offer.

At first glance, it seems logical to exclude the audience from analyses of the theatre, for the audience does not concoct the brew being poured down its gullet. In fact, it often resists being bottle-fed and sometimes even resents the after-taste. So, on the face of it, no audience can be held *directly* responsible for the spectacle that theatre often makes of itself.

However, theatregoers cannot thereby wash their hands of the matter. The sense of an audience – an expectation of whom the play is being performed for – creeps into the decisions that performers make, both before and during the enactment, to such an extent that it shapes the final outcome as directly as if the audience had sat in on the creative process. This happens all the time, regardless of how accurate or credible the group's idea of its target audience may be. There is, therefore, a point beyond which audiences can no longer claim 'innocence'. Spectators cannot escape responsibility for what is performed for them. Or, put more accurately, for what they accept as passable in performance. Complicity is structured into the relation between performers and spectators, even if the relation is a silent one.

Perhaps, the fact of complicity stems from such silence. No complicity is as demeaning as that in silent acquiescence. This is especially glaring in the theatre where performers and spectators inhabit the same physical space, and where exchange is immediate, tangible and therefore possible. It can be argued that it is naïve to expect a dialogue between patrons and performers when there is so little traffic between theatre groups themselves. Some groups attempt to reach out and 'talk' to its spectators beyond the footlights, but most are content or resigned to interpret their audience through ticket-sales and applause.

Nevertheless, I'd imagine that the responsibility for creating a stimulating theatre rests equally – if not finally – on those who dole out good money to see these performances. The failure of a play is often the failure of its audience, especially when spectators are unwilling, whether through politeness or indifference, to call a spade a spade. When was the last time a Delhi audience collectively protested against the quality of a production? In silently ingesting whatever is on offer – or, in protesting quietly and privately – spectators do a great disservice to those who have stopped

going to the theatre, as also to those who stay away from it.

The argument that audiences are powerless to effect change is not as reasonable as it initially appears. Accomplices do not have power handed to them on a platter. What sullen accomplices do have is unlimited opportunity to seize power for change. 'Ticket-sales' and 'applause', for instance, are two vocabularies through which spectators can register their protest. Theatre groups understand these vocabularies, for no group can afford to alienate that miniscule minority which still visits the theatre. Can you imagine any group churning out tripe, production after production, if nobody sat through it all? (As the old Sixties slogan ran: 'Suppose they gave a war and nobody came¹/₄'.) It is all very well for us high-minded types to have criticised Aamir Raza Husain and his theatre group Stagedoor for having inundated Delhi with a particular variety of prurient bedroom comedy a decade ago. The fact is that the Kamani auditorium had then run to full houses, and night after night, you couldn't get tickets half an hour before the show. Husain was merely giving the audience what it wanted; it's the spectators who turned out to be the idiots and the fools.

But Stagedoor is a soft target, one about which it is impossible to disagree. A less obvious arena of disaffection is the NSD Repertory. With most of its productions bearing the *chhap* of vintage years, several of the Repertory's productions today seem like museum pieces that are not noticeably different from the memories of past productions enshrined in its theatre museum. Yet, the Repertory manages an audience, an army of the faithful that sees nothing wrong about being caught in a time warp. So, the NSD Repertory blithely continues on its narcissistic path of self-imitation.

In both these cases, the audience's uncritical acceptance of the plays pre-empts self-evaluation. Surely the idea that theatre ought to reflect the aspirations of the people is not intended as a re-formulation within aesthetics of the law of

supply and demand. But that is precisely how so much of so little worth gets by: after all, runs the argument, how can something be bad if the audience doesn't think it so? That old argument of supply & demand turns a contingent moment into a principle, and confers virtue upon the opportunist. Whenever there is a demand, there will always be somebody willing to supply the need. As to which is the cause and which the effect, you can argue yourself blue in the face and remain none the wiser. One way out of the trap, as some do-gooders have tried, is to unilaterally decide what is beneficial for the audience, irrespective of what the audience thinks is good for itself, and sanguinely offer just that for the edification and pleasuring of a benighted public. And, in the process, move from undermining the theatre from below to corroding it from the top.

Why should a group of seemingly normal people lapse into appalling taste when assembled? What is the combustion that makes otherwise alert individuals metamorphose into an uncritical, slumbering mass that is content to be led by the nose? A common explanation is that Delhi's theatre-going fraternity is a large club; and it is difficult to be honest, even with oneself, within these spiralling circles of friendship.

But social niceties alone cannot explain an audience's generosity of spirit when confronted by a poverty of imagination and taste. Of the other reasons, the feel-good factor is surely relevant. In the peculiar arrangements of our mainstream theatre, it is remarkable how a public that is lukewarm about the prospect of taking plays seriously, actually finds its anxieties evaporating into a careless geniality once it walks through the auditorium doors. The reasons for such geniality may vary. It could be a media-fuelled expectation of a good time, the grapevine recommendation of a place where "it's happening", or simply a forced attendance with obligatory smiles in tow. The

consequence, however, is always the same: a frame of mind conditioned by expectation or habit into evading any kind of alert and critical response.

Watching a play is not an autonomous activity. Peter Brook defines an act of theatre as, "A man walks across [an] empty space while someone else is watching him, and this is all that is needed for an act of theatre to be engaged". But his definition leaves out the vital dimension of community that characterises the theatrical experience. (Isn't that why watching a play all alone in an auditorium leaves you feeling so terribly lonely?) The act of collective viewing has its own rhythm, which is distinct from, say, the rhythm of watching the TV by oneself. We've all sensed, as part of an audience, how our responses have been imperceptibly but steadily shaped by the responses of others in the auditorium. This is exhilarating when you are one with everybody else, but it can become enormously repressive should you find yourself out of sync with the rest of the crowd.

In non-consensual situations, collective viewing constricts free response by jostling and eroding individual stances of resistance to the performance. The invidious push 'n' shove between people of different persuasions and profiles reduces an audience's collective potential for reading a performance against the grain. This is why the spectator, as a member of that amorphous collective, has less interpretative control over the text than the single reader engaged in a private act of reading. Sanity is restored only when the individual spectator withdraws into looking upon his neighbours as another kind of text.

Surprisingly, spectators are often unwilling to exercise even a minimal control: witness our readiness to vocalise our appreciation of plays but not our dissent. Laughing and applauding are okay, but booing is out. By a similar compact, spectators happily exchange evaluations of the performance's technical features – acting, costumes, etc – but are far more

circumspect in reacting to the meaning of the play.

Nowhere do we find a better instance of such degradation of individual spectator response than in the mass hysteria evident now when an entire nation of TV-gazers has been turned into one huge audience of the grand theatre called Mumbai 26/11. Such is the pressure of the people's response (as selectively promoted through privately-owned media channels) that the bloody, messy business of killing and revenge has been cleansed and glorified through the quavering rhetoric of patriotism and sacrifice into a superior civilisational activity. (Interestingly, the hawks talk of killing, while the doves talk of sacrifice. The distinction between the two remains blurred because for both, war as a routine response is here to stay.) There are a few sane voices that refuse to be swept up in this general feeling. But where are these to be heard in the clamour of the warmongers who glibly espouse counter-violence as a simple solution to complex problems?

Be it the larger theatre or the small play, failings in public discourse can usually be traced back to the failure of audiences – and, to our irresponsible habit of lapping up whatever is served. So much then for our audiences' ability to make sense.

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News Flashes

As they Happen

the following events at Habitat World, IHC this month have been cancelled:

Jan 24th |7:30pm|**THEATRE**|Theatre World & The Valaya Magic Foundation present Untitled, a solo performance by Lushin Dubey. Dir. Arvind Gaur. Music by Dr. Sangeeta Gaur.

Jan 29th |7:00pm|**DANCE**|Kuchipudi Dance Academy presents Omkaram Viswarupam.

IHC regrets the inconvenience caused.

Persistence Resistance 2009 – Festival Schedule

100%

Persistence Resistance 2009

Festival Schedule

India International Centre, 40 Max Mueller Marg, New Delhi

Auditorium 1: IIC Auditorium								
Friday, 17 April, 2009		Saturday, 18 April, 2009		Sunday, 19 April, 2009				
09:30 AM	Registration		09:30 AM	Registration	09:30 AM	Registration		
10:00 AM	Inauguration	by Vijaya Mulay. Felicitation by Sri. Kuldeep Sinha, Director, FD	10:00 AM	Hidden History of the Indian Documentary	Films from Films Division	10:00 AM	Hidden History of the Indian Documentary	Films from Films Division
10:45 AM		Tea	10:45 AM		Tea	10:45 AM		Tea
11:00 AM	Hidden History of the Indian Documentary	Films from Films Division			Presentation and discussant: Paromita Vohra			Presentation and discussant: Paromita Vohra
		Presentation and discussant: Paromita Vohra						
	LOCATING RESISTANCE			LOCATING RESISTANCE			LOCATING RESISTANCE	
02:00 PM	Mahua Memoirs	Vinod Raja, India, 82 min	02:00 PM	Bishar Blues	Amitabh Chakraborty, India, 79 min	02:00 PM	A Million Steps	Pankaj Butalia, India, 22 min
	Manipur Song	Pankaj Butalia, India, 60 min		Scribbles on Akka	Madhusree Dutta, India, 57 min		Cosmopolis: Two Tales of a City	Paromita Vohra, India, 13 min
							Salata Baladi: An Egyptian Salad	Nadia Kamel, Egypt, 105 min
	Listener's Tale	Arghya Basu, India, 76 min		Word Within the Word	Rajula Shah, India, 74 min		Rewind	Atul Taiashete, India, 9 min
							Death on a Full Moon Day	Prasanna Vithanage, Sri Lanka, 74 min
	LOCATING RESISTANCE			LOCATING RESISTANCE			LOCATING RESISTANCE	
06:30 PM	Ujje Safed Kabootar	Poetry on Palestine, by the Jana Natya Manch	06:00 PM	IMAGINE PEACE: workshop organised by KHOJ International Artists Association in collaboration with Design2context (Zurich)	Presentations by participating artists. Followed by a discussion	06:00 PM	Cinema City: Bombay / Mumbai	A curtain raiser of an interdisciplinary project to archive timelines of cities in cinema and cinemas in the city, by Majlis Productions

Osian's launches the Publishing House with the release of *Bachchanalia: The Films and Memorabilia of Amitabh Bachchan*



Osian's Connoisseurs of Art is announced the official launch of a full-fledged Publishing and Design House. The first publication to be launched post this announcement is Bhawana Somaaya's and Osian's Centre for Archiving, Research & Development's *Bachchanalia: The Films and Memorabilia of Amitabh Bachchan*, a book dedicated to the life and works of arguably one of the greatest personalities of Indian and world cinema – Mr. Amitabh Bachchan. The book is a collector's item and a unique documentation of the megastars filmography illustrated through rare and exclusive film posters from the Osian's Archive Collection.

The Osian's Archive & Library research team has put together this most comprehensive visual homage to the supreme energies of the actor by representing his aura through all the 150 odd films he has acted in, in the last forty years. Osian's archives hold the largest collection of Indian and world film memorabilia as well as the largest collection of popular cultural art inspired by Mr. Bachchan.

An exclusive exhibition of film memorabilia associated with Mr. Bachchan will be on display at the launch. The experience of being in such close proximity to some of the finest original film posters, lobby cards and photographs of the legend will be unique and unparalleled.

The Most Magnificent Palace in the East: The Red Fort of Shah Jahan, the King of the World – A lecture delivered at the ATTIC, New Delhi By Anisha Shekhar Mukherji



Good Evening. I would like to begin my talk today on the Red Fort of Delhi, once called '*The Most Magnificent Palace in the East*', with an image, which most of us present here—if not *all* of us—will instantly recognize. In fact, so would four year old children across the country who have just entered formal school!

This image is a part of the Red Fort's outer walls. the Lahori Gate, to be precise, atop which the Indian Flag proudly waves. Each Independence Day, it is this view of the Fort that we salute, that is telecast through the country and routinely printed on the front pages of our newspapers. Ironically, however, this overwhelming focus on the Red Fort as a *national icon* bound so inseparably with the identity of independent India and its struggle for freedom against British rule, has actually directed attention *away* from its unique design. A design which has inspired at different times and varying levels, all manner of art and architecture within and beyond the Mughal Empire. Sikh religious buildings, Rajput palaces, residences of noblemen and of ordinary people.

Nonetheless today, despite the fact that the '*Lal Quila*' is so deeply symbolic of not just Delhi but also of India, used to advertise products from Basmati rice to restaurants in Soho in London; for many of us the 15th August view is all there is to the Red Fort. We literally and figuratively stop short at its Lahori Gate, rarely bothering to proceed within it or wonder about its long and chequered historical existence. For instance, how many of us realise that even the familiar view with the mound and the ramparts from where the Prime Minister addresses the nation, is actually the *antithesis* of the Fort's original design?! The original entrance to the Lahori Gate built **three hundred and fifty years ago** in the reign of the 5th Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan, was straight and open to view. It was not hidden by a wall or by a mound, in keeping with Shah Jahan's actual and metaphorical accessibility to his people. The outer wall in front of the Lahori Gate which we see today in fact, reverses the very notion of the Fort's original function and appearance. This wall as well as that in front of the other main public Gateway into the Fort, the Delhi Gate was made on the orders of Shah Jahan's son, Aurangzeb, shortly after he defeated his brothers in the battle for the Mughal Throne, and imprisoned his ailing father at the Agra Fort. Shah Jahan is reported to have then written

to him, "Dear Son, you have made the Fort a bride and put a veil upon her face.."



All representations of the Fort since then, whether in drawings of 19th century Delhi that we just saw, or the Delhi Tourism's official calendars in the 20th century, have been defined by this forbidding veil in front of its public Gateways, which was made even more opaque by the British during their takeover of the Fort. This occurred in 1857, a little more than two hundred years after the founding of the Fort. I would like to draw aside this veil, which has obscured not just the physical view of the Red Fort's interior, but also changed its relationship with its city of Shahjahanabad, and take you within the huge Fort today. To revisit the spaces in it and give you some idea of what it contained originally, what it symbolized in the Mughal way of life, why the pioneering British historian-explorer James Fergusson termed it the most magnificent palace in the East, what is its relevance today and how it should be regarded and conserved. This understanding of the Fort that I am going to present has been pieced together after sifting through the various depictions of its past existences available today including the Mughal dynasty's court routine recorded in official court chronicles and Mughal miniature paintings, and personal diaries of individuals associated with the Fort, European travelogues, photographs and drawings and after studying the original Mughal structures that presently exist in the Fort. Interestingly, a map dating from the eighteenth century exists in the Oriental and India Office Collection at the British Library manner in which they exist today, with the original configuration.



The built structures have been shaded black in the plans of the Fort, before and after the destruction. A photograph of

the area from the top of Jama Masjid shortly after the demolition also shows the empty spaces around the Fort, making it an island severed of its connecting links to Shahjahanabad.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Are You an Open or Closed Book? by: Sharon Moist



Are you open to learning something you already know? They say that “you can’t teach an old dog new tricks.” But what about people? Do you think it’s possible to teach someone something new, even if they feel like they already know it?

My father is a voracious reader, reading the New York Times

and the Wall Street Journal every day, along with the stacks of books he has by his bedside. You see, my dad's of the belief that just one good idea is the worth the price of the book. That philosophy has now stuck with me; thus the stacks of books alongside my own bed, as well! (In fact, I swear that between the two of us, we could open our own library!)

When I first started out in my career, I was always buying whatever acting book caught my eye. Yes, I probably had 2 or 3 others on the same subject already, but if I didn't have this particular book, I would add it to my collection. Why? Because a new book often gave me a different point of view – especially if it was written from a different author.

For example: Right now I have about 4 or 5 books in my library, from different casting directors, on the casting process. Now some people may say, "Well, wouldn't one book do the trick?" And my response would have to be "No" because there are hundreds of casting directors out there, all with different thoughts, opinions and processes they use in casting a project. Therefore, if I just read one book, from one casting director, I could (potentially) miss out on information from another casting director that may actually help me land a job. Make sense?

The same situation applies to workshops. I recently attended a workshop on marketing, and as I introduced myself to the two people sitting next to me, I experienced two very different conversations. The gentleman on my right told me that this was the third workshop he had attended this year on marketing, and that he was really enjoying these workshops because even though he knew most of this information already, he had gotten a couple of new ideas that he was now using in his business and these ideas had already doubled his rate of return – in effect more than covering the cost of the workshop and all of his travel expenses.

Next, I spoke with the woman on my left, and she, too, told me

that she already knew all of this information. She also told me that the only reason she was there was because it was another tax deduction for her business and it was a great way to play hooky for a few days without having to do any work.

Two very different people with two very different mindsets, and I would be willing to bet that you could guess which of these two people had a successful career and which one did not.

Remember: All it takes is one really great idea to change your life, and when it comes to your acting career, the one question you need to ask yourself is this:

Am I open to learning something I think I already know?

Only you can answer that question.

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