Avalon's 'Magnum Opus'-Krishna: Where devotion embraces innocence



Avalon's 'Magnum Opus'- Krishna: Where devotion embraces innocence

They may not know "lights, camera, action!" They may be unaware of the complicated stirring terms, 'spotlights, props and stage angles,' they may not have heard of prolix 'gestures and postures and the so-called methods of acting' but one thing that they seem to have earnestly grasped is — 'KRISHNA the makhanchor.' The little children of Avalon Heights International school (Vashi — NAVI MUMBAI) displayed a savant innocent wisdom beyond compare when on the auspicious occasion of Jaya Ekadashi 8.2.2025) they presented a play (in Vishnu Das Bhave auditorium-Vashi — Navi Mumbai) on the divine endearing Lord of countless people, the one and only 'Sri Krishna' who resides in the hearts of his devotees like the spirit dwells in the body.

One in a million times do you see such a remarkable exhibit of excellence with the children understanding their roles with such immaculate precision that it becomes easy for the spectators to admire their cuteness mixed with their truly

amazing understanding of the characters. This identification with the roles that they were playing made their performances assume appreciable quality beyond words.

From the beginning with the apt Ganeshvandana with which the tiny tots of nursery began followed by a rendition of Bhajans of Rama and Krishna, the children ideally set the platform for this devotional play; mind it...it was not a religious drama. It was a presentation anointed with the adoration for a LORD who has been our friend, philosopher and guide since time immemorial.

The play begins with the introduction of THE ATYACHARI KANSA who is more than a villain, a demon with merciless traits. He enjoys torturing one and all. This inception sets up an ideal stage for the audiences to wait for justice. The Kroor Kansadances with huge strides complementing each word of the song recital that recounts his demonic character. It is done with such exactitude that it becomes almost impossible to underestimate the little boy playing the role as merely a child artist; he is the formidable, the awe-inspiring KANSA indeed!

Thus, when the actor exudes both pride and selfishness of Kansa who does not hesitate to imprison his sister and brother-in-law when he learns that their 8th son would be responsible for his death, it becomes highly credible for the audiences. Moreover, the next scene where Devaki and Vasudeva's marriage is being interrupted by an Akashvani or the divine forecast and Kansa imprisons both of them, the play gives us the reason that at times, evil does become indomitable and all we need to do is to wait for the Lord to restore Dharma and destroy the invincible evil.

Followed by the same is the birth of Krishna in jail transported by Vasudeva to Nandbaba's house wading through the powerful and thunderous Yamuna overflowing due to the tumultuous rain. The children make it sublime with the snake-

God entering and providing a shade on to the newborn Krishna until he is deposited safely to Nandbaba's home. When he carries the newborn yogamaya to Mathura in Kansa's domain and she manifests herself as the omnipotent Goddess informing Kansa about the birth of Krishna. The presentation becomes aweinspiring with the same being telecasted as an audio-visual representation on the stage.

The BALLILAS of Krishna become the highlight of the play. Pootnas...both pretty and ugly become the show stoppers! The unparalleled wickedness they bring in their dialogue recital and body language is what I found the most unbelievable! Especially, pretty putana's vicious facial expressions and admirably cute gajagamini walk, certainly hypnotic. Another exciting feature was the choice of the song for introducing Pootana. The song said it all! She was insanely cruel and devilish and the small little girl dancing wildly aped the scariness ingrained in the song so well that she almost manifested the demoness in front of the eyes. Her destruction comes as a pleasant relief as she comes twirling around from behind a tree with the baby Krishna on her chest whining in pain. Beautifully executed! Followed by this is Krishna killing the other demons sent by Kansa. The story is displayed with the use of dance-dramatic presentation and adds echoes the ancient Indian theatrical tradition of sangeeta natya.

The Lila's or magical deeds of the slightly grown-up Krishna bring an incredible glory to the play. We want to sing in praise of the Lord when Yashodamaiya becomes witness to his immensely powerful all-encompassing form wherein he shows himself as the master of the universe by opening his small mouth as his mother scolds him on eating mud. This scene, once again depicted using the audio-visual form appears majestic on the screen. Furthermore, the introduction of Krishna as the natkhat butter thief, makhanchor forming a human pyramid and stealing butter from the houses of the Gopis brings a smile on our face when the little girls in their glittering costumes

and jewelry walk through the stage adjusting their ghaghras and uttering their dialogues so adorably "Yashoda, tere gharme makhan ki kami ho toh keh dena, aur bhijwa doongi." And, the tiny Yashoda maiya looks equally attractive with her colorful blue and golden apparel and trinkets, especially the elongated nose ring that makes her look exactly as we conceive Yashodamaiya in all her glory. Her astonishment on listening to the complains of the Gopis about her Lalla- (her son) seamlessly convinces us that a mother can be both, stringent as well as benevolent at the same time. The same is the preaching that we hear as the child playing Lord Vishnu appears on the stage standing inside his lotus throne and saying, "Ma ke pyar ki koi seema nahi hoti...apni maa ki daant ka bura nahi manna chahiye."

Krishna, destroying the Kaliya Naga- the dangerous snake of Yamuna and saving the lives of the brijvasis as well as his avatara as Govardhandhari who demolishes the vanity of the majestic Indra sitting on his airavat (the elephant) and challenging the prowess of the Lord indeed appears admirably grand. The scenes have been conceived with such theatrical skill that one hardly wants to reckon that it is just an enactment with artificial cut outs of the venomous Kaliya snake and Indra's elephant far from being real. Similarly, Govardhan Parvat made artistically out of the available props by the art team of the school appears real on the stage not because it is designed with any special technical adjustments but simply because the little Krishna who seems to be holding it on his little finger seems to be the resurrector of the entire humankind; what an aplomb and style does the boy portray the scene with! It is more than a wonder...it is something that only someone who is truly blessed by the Lord himself can execute with such confidence!

The play gives a rewarding treat to the eyes parallelly with Radha and Krishna's extremely honorable adoration. Radha's first visit to Krishna's abode during his birthday and her

offering him a rose as a gift is the introduction of the innocence ingrained in their love that is unmatched with the worldly feelings of love. As Krishna receives the rose fondly and treats it as supreme among all other gifts, the scene entrenches purity and divinity of true love in the human world. Followed by it is the beautiful dance rendition that displays the celebration of this lovely pair Radha and Krishna. The play does not bring the rasalila or Krishna's divine dance with Radha and the gopis but this dance serves to be an apt delegate of the same.

Kansa Vadha or the slaying of Kansa is kept very simple. Kansa invites Krishna for a mallayuddha or a duel and first Krishna destroys his attendants and later he kills Kansa. Though the scene has nothing spectacular apparently, the finale steals the heart. How beautifully does the scene imbibe Krishna's philosophy, 'Your Karma' is responsible for what you endure in life.' As he kills Kansa, Krishna makes him remember every evil deed of his and finally destroys him. Kansa is shown to have realized his mistakes and dies. The death of Kansa is the death of the vice and the evil that consume humanity. Vishnu thus appears and gives a loud and clear message making the spectators brood over whether they would like to choose the path of dharma or endure a fate like Kansa by choosing to do evil; the choice lies with the people. Vishnu's concluding lines are evidence of the fact that we have the freedom to decide the way we want to shape our life. Thus, the play does not give any fixed doctrine of dharma despite Krishna being the ambassador of righteousness. It retains the beauty of Lord Krishna's endeavors to make people own their deeds and be ready to accept the outcome.

The play ends with the death of Kansa but we are not contented and we want more as it closes it generates a greed — of Krishna's eventual journey towards the *Mahabharata* and his most serene preaching of the Bhagwadgita. It is only because performance of the children keeps resounding in our minds that

we do not want to accept the closure so easily.

Overall, from Kansa's loud voice projection that echoed peril in the entire auditorium to Pootna's heightened cruelty to Indra's unrelenting presumptuous attitude, to Devaki and Vasudeva's poignant emotional outburst, to the little Narada's pleasing rhythmical NARAYAN NARAYAN, to Yashoda maiya and Nand Baba's sober motherly and fatherly affection, to the gorgeous Radha's lovely love, to the staid akruraji's serious expressions that were enough to convey Krishna must not go to meet Kansa — each actor appeared fully immersed in one's role. Such inseparable oneness with one's role is doubtlessly an achievement par excellence. The supporting dancers who entered intermittently all decked up with dazzling apparels and makeup on the stage served to enhance the aesthetic splendor of the production. The lights were aptly managed and the amazing backstage duty doers who appeared after each black out on the stage adjusting different props for every upcoming scene did a commendable job; after all it was not easy to show the change of place so easily without a circulating stage. The only one thing that could have been taken care of is that the backstage prop adjustors could have appeared in Indian costumes and that would have made the overall appearance of the play organically 'Indian.'

On today's auspicious occasion of 'Jaya Ekadashi' Avalon's presentation made this religiously special occasion truly special. The play was indeed a treat to the eyes. Ms. Aarti Patt's hard work and dedication to her craft is truly visible; together the music and dance team excel in their creation. A must watch!

Dr. Payal Trivedi

For comments if any, please write it the comment box given below:

A HAMLET IN THEATRE

Prose



Its only a hamlet that we all wish to create. A sense of familiarity. a sense of being totally one and open with all, a place where no judgements will be announced and where all will be accepted with open arms. If that home can be integrated with art, music or theatre, an occupation that all are artistically involved in it will give much more meaning to our lives. We have heard of co-living spaces and co offices why no cultural hamlets. I have seen and heard of many artists who have reached their senior years of 55 plus wanting to create that for themselves. They all not only wish to create a co habitual place but are already in the process of doing so where the entire team meets almost on a daily basis, eat talk laugh joke and create a sense of shared belonging.

I personally also toyed with the same idea however I realised that I was not capable of carrying the mantle of keeping the whole group together. Perhaps I did not have the band with or perhaps the interpersonal skills needed to keep everything and everyone tied to my core. My core I seem to have kept distant as mine and others as others. It is difficult for me then to function as I have no member universally available into my core and people came and left. So many came and left I have forgotten many and I kept on directing plays with teams of actors almost like teaching schools. Yes I miss the ideas of theatre groups with members and fun but I don't know if I am even ready to take on that challenge. I lead an insular, hermit like life and my hamlet keeps to me alone.

I am here defending those who are keeping their hamlet in theatre for they are never alone nor truly lonely (though I despite not keeping a hamlet am not lonely). Those who keep homes within the discipline of theatre always seem to be there for each other and enjoy all moments of good or bad while I have my own hidden world within all the noise. I wish all the home creators only the best as they are providing safe zones to all who will to participate and be within them. The hamlet in theatre is a ready, comfortable, warm space that needs to be lauded and appreciated.

Theatre as an Academic Discipline



I have heard many times why should a theatre person continue in his academic life when he already has a degree in performance and why should we even read a book, is not acting enough? My answer is all that is you are wrong to discount academic pursuit's in a performative genre. The value is exceedingly high. I have always maintained a life of both a performer and an academician as I know that this will give me inroads to both worlds. Whenever I decide to take a break from pure performance I immediately settle into the life of an academician, I read and write papers attend conferences and create a parallel world where discourse, debate and decisions are made in a different vein. I seem to enjoy attending the conferences many times online where I meet a totally different set of people with different set of ideas and placed in different set of circumstances. The best part is I am able to make new friends and enjoy a new head space where I am able to read theoretical books on topics like feminism, globalisation, neoliberalism which are equally exciting.

Drama students hence must be encouraged to go beyond the

script. If the engage with the material that makes a space in their heads they will truly be able to become a totally developed individual. The day the drama schools of India encourage academic papers also to be written and published by the students a new chapter will emerge in theatre and drama studies. We all will be able to talk in a new language and engage in strong academic discourses that will also put us in a category of other disciplines like history, political science or philosophy. Let us only unite in joining with our fellow academic brothers and sisters and make sure that theatre is a vivid discipline beyond its vibrant performances.

Kala Sankul's Seminar Unites India's Diverse Folk Traditions



A monthly art seminar was organized on 27 October 2024 at the 'Kala Sankul' of Sanskar Bharti, Delhi, in which a unique confluence of India's cultural diversity and unity was seen. Padmashree Ramdayal Sharma ji, who is a reputed Nautanki artist and guru, was present as a special guest in this program.

The program started with the lighting of the lamp where Sanskar Bharti's Rashtriya Sangathan Mantri Abhijeet Gokhale, Ashok Tiwari, Digvijay Singh, Padmashree Ramdayal Sharma, Shyam Kumar, Raj Upadhyay, Deputy Registrar O.P. Sagar, Shruti Sinha were present.

The program started with captivating presentations of various folk dances, in which Manya Narang, Divya Kumari, Lavanya Sinha, Avya Tiwari and Katha Vachika Ruhi Jaiswal, under the leadership of Ms. Sneha Mukherjee, presented the folk dances of Rajasthan and Haryana in a very lively form. After this, Ms. Prabha Dubey's group Rashmi Singh, Pooja Tripathi, Vaishnavi, Akshit Pratap Singh, Durga Bashakh, Jyoti Sharma, Gargi Savaria, Nitya Bansal, Bhavya Bansal and Megha Jain mesmerized the audience by presenting a unique amalgamation of Garba, Dandiya and Bengal's Dhunuchi dance.

Padma Shri Ramdayal Sharma Ji in his speech highlighted the antiquity of Nautanki and its Indianness. He told that Nautanki is basically an expression of religious and Indian consciousness, and maintaining its purity is the need of the hour. Initially, Nautanki art was known as Swang and Bhagat.

In earlier times, there was no stage art without Indian consciousness. If the sufferings faced by King Harishchandra for the truth are shown through art, then the new generation will have Indian consciousness.

The program was conducted by Garima Rani Ji, while the vote of thanks was presented by Shruti Sinha Ji. This seminar emerged as a symbol of Indian culture, folk art and national unity, in which art teachers, researchers and art lovers participated in large numbers. Raj Upadhyay, Shyam Kumar, Pradeep Pathak, Raman Kumar, Aanchal Kumari, Tarushi, Anjali Kumari, Sakshi Sharma, Saurabh Kumar, Harshit Kumar, Raman Kumar, Brajesh Vishwakarma, Satyam Kumar along with the manager of the Kala Sankul Digvijay Pandey, Mrityunjay Kumar, Sushant contributed to making the program successful.

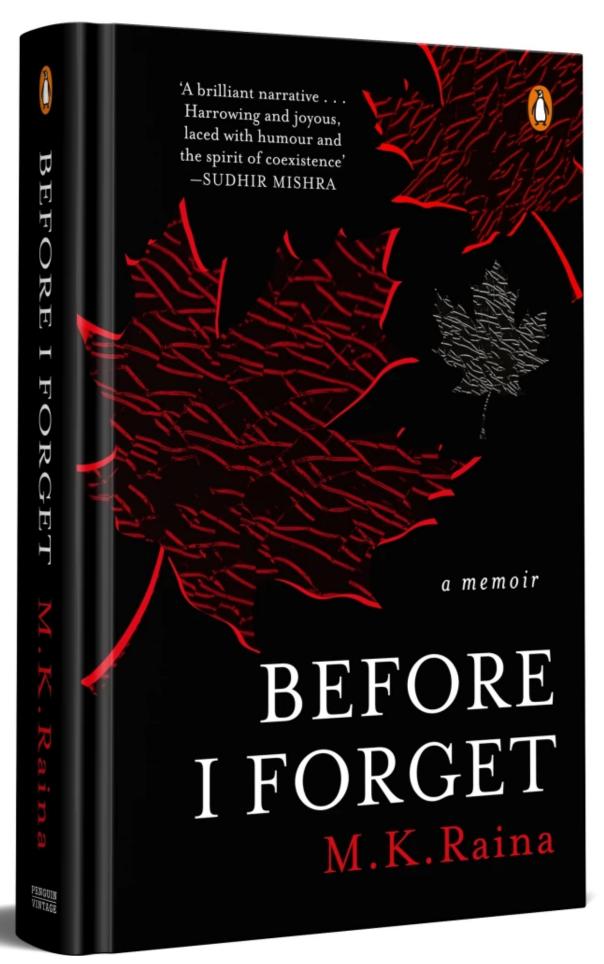
Gulammohammed Sheikh's Kaarwaan and Other Works

Images, information, and narratives from memory, of the lectures delivered by Gulammohammed Sheikh for our art history courses in Baroda form into a display of artworks at the exhibition Kaarwaan and Other Works

An Unforgettable Book Discussion Conducted by Sujata and Oroon

Conversations: Before I Forget

Reviewed by Manohar Khushalani



M.K. Raina's memoir, "Before I Forget," is a deeply moving chronicle of his multifaceted life as a theatre actor,

director, and cultural activist. The memoir weaves through various stages of his life, from his serene childhood in Kashmir to his influential role in Delhi's theatre scene, and his poignant experiences during the turbulent periods of Kashmir's history. At IIC,



Sujata Prasad and Oroon Das, conducted an extremely engaging and memorable conversation with the author.

His narrative began with memories of his early years in Kashmir, painting a picture of harmony and cultural richness. He describes the idyllic days in the Sheetal Nath Sathu Mohalla, where Hindus and Muslims lived together in peace, and his nurturing education at Lal Ded Primary School. This nostalgic recounting provides a stark contrast to the later chapters, which detail the descent of Kashmir into violence and chaos in the 1990s.

The core of Raina's memoir focuses on his efforts to use

theatre as a tool for social change and healing. Despite the insurgency and violence in regions like Kashmir and the North-East, Raina set up theatre workshops aimed at reviving folk traditions and fostering community spirit. His work often put him in danger, yet he persisted, driven by a cause greater than activism—a belief in mending the fabric of society. One of his significant achievements was the successful theatre workshop in Kashmir in 2000, where he taught young locals not just theatre, but values of rationality and responsibility.

Raina's reflections on the political and cultural history of India are profound. He recounts witnessing turbulent times, the Emergency period, Indira Gandhi's assassination, the Delhi riots, and the death of playwright Safdar Hashmi. These events are narrated with a historian's precision and a poet's sensitivity, capturing both the joy and sorrow of living through India's tumultuous times.

The memoir delves deeply into the traumatic period of the 1990s in Kashmir. Raina's mother's illness during the violence-ridden winter. Amidst curfews and security checks, he navigated the challenges of getting medical care for his mother, only to face the heartbreak of her passing. The exodus of Kashmiri Pandits during this period is another painful memory, highlighting the erosion of centuries-old communal bonds.

Raina's narrative does not shy away from the complexities and mistrust that grew among communities: How even brothers became strangers, emphasizing the profound impact of fear. His return to Kashmir in the 2000s to conduct theatre workshops marked a significant effort to rebuild trust and revive cultural practices like the traditional folk theatre, Bhand Pather.

Raina balances personal anecdotes with broader socio-political observations. His encounters with cultural luminaries in Delhi, such as Shabana Azmi, Naseeruddin Shah, and Om Puri, are interspersed with reflections on the decline of the city's

once-vibrant theatre scene

"Before I Forget" is a testament to M.K. Raina's unwavering dedication to his craft and his cause. It is a poignant reminder of the importance of cultural heritage in fostering understanding and unity in times of conflict. His declaration, "We should never forget but always forgive"

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World's largest literature festival concludes



Einstein World Records gives certificate of achievement

The last day was dedicated to the differently abled writers

More than 850 children of Delhi NCR More took part in the programme 'Aao Kahani Bune'

New Delhi, 16 March 2024: The Festival of Letters 2024, which is being organized by Sahitya Akademi as the world's largest literature festival, concluded today. The last day of this six-day festival was dedicated to differently abled writers. To provide national platform to differently abled writers All India Differently Abled Writers' Meet was organized. To awaken interest in literature among children many competitions were organized for more than 850 children at the programme 'Aao Kahani Bune'. Today's other important programmes included "Symposium on the Life and Works of Gopi Chand Narang", "Translation in a Multilingual, Multicultural Society", Indian Languages", "Translation o f "Preservation Rewriting/re-creation in the Indian Context", "Indian English Writing and Translation". Apart from this, the ongoing national seminars on "Indian Oral Epics" and "Post-Independence Indian Literature" also concluded.

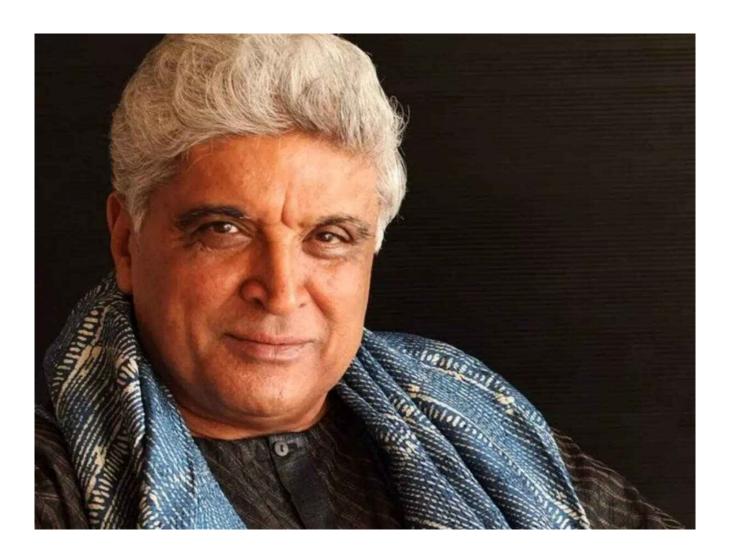
Considering this six-day festival as the world's biggest literary festival, today the team of Einstein World Records, Dubai, presented the certificate of a world record in ceremoniously to Sri Madhav Kaushik, Prof. Kumud Sharma and Dr. K. Sreenivasarao, respectively President, Vice President and Secretary, Sahitya Akademi. The certificate mentions the participation of more than 1100 writers in 190 sessions in this world's largest literature festival that lasted six days and over 175 languages were represented. Delivering the inaugural address at the inaugural session of the All India Differently Abled Writers' Meet, renowned English scholar Prof. G.J.V. Prasad said that we have to work with awareness and affection in connection with the differently abled. Disability is not congenital but many times we acquire it due to our own ignorance and carelessness. He requested all the differently abled writers to identify their special abilities and work on them, they must achieve their destination. In her presidential address, Vice President of Sahitya Akademi, Prof. Kumud Sharma, while discussing the achievements of the differently abled people in various fields, said that the differently abled people will have to move forward with the energy and courage, only then they will be able to achieve their desired destination.

At the beginning of the inaugural session, Sahitya Akademi Secretary Dr. K. Sreenivasarao while giving the welcome address said that Sahitya Akademi is feeling proud to have differently abled writers from 24 Indian languages present here today. Remembering the great writer and critic Gopichand Narang, a symposium was organized on his literary contribution. The chief guests of which were Sri Gulzar and Narang ji's wife Manorama Narang. Sri Gulzar in his inaugural address said that the personality and work of Gopi Chand Narang is a beautiful combination of his talent and greatness. The key-note was given by the eminent Urdu scholar Nizam Siddiqui. Sadiqur Rahman Kidwai delivered his speech as the

special guest. Sahitya Akademi President Madhav Kaushik presided over. Introductory remarks were made by Sri Chandra Bhan Khayal, Convener of the Urdu Advisory Board. Important writers and scholars who participated in these programmes were — Harish Narang, Damodar Khadse, Anvita Abbi, Rita Kothari, K. Enoch, Debashish Chatterjee, Udaya Narayana Singh, Mamang Dai, Sukrita Paul Kumar, Shafe Kidwai, Shamim Tariq.

(K. Sreenivasarao)

Jadunama - The Power of Time in Literature



First Published in IIC DIARY

India International Centre New Delhi, recently organised an evening evening with Javed Akhtar, where the celebrated poet recited his outstanding poetry and conversed candidly with Anil Shrivatav and audience.

Shri Shyam Sharan, President India International Centre introduced the legendary poet and writer Javed Akhtar as apart from being an author and a poet, was also an outstanding lyricist, script writer who has been awarded with several awards and honors from home and beyond.

Anil Srivastav, engaged with Javed Akhtar in a candid conversation as he talked against casteism and fundamentalism. He used the metaphor of toy very appropriately and said most of us are happy with toys as a child and not when grown up.

He said lineage, heritage didn't give any pride as the genes are not as important as the environment of poetry that made him. He recited wonderfully with great sensitivity two of his brilliant poems, waqt(Time) and Anshu(Tears) to the appreciative audience overflowing in the auditorium.

He took it as a compliment when asked by Allok Srivastav that though he calls himself an atheist still he wrote of Lord Shiva's tandava, He went on to say that an author has to write differently in different situations that the script demands. He made an extremely significant statement that , "We have to surrender to time and norms." And also mentioned that we are living in a bubble and everyone wants to be victorious. Instead we have to look for yesterday's innocence, respect, honesty and surrender. He talked of the golden era of Hindi film songs with great appreciation as common people don't attend philosophy classes but learn from good film songs.

One very significant statement the erudite poet mentioned is that Hindi and Urdu are of the same origin . Urdu is written in Persian script while Hindi is written in Devanagari and eventually the script is just Hindustani .According to him Hindi and Urdu merged together bringing the best poetry and literature though only time will tell what is good literature. With ghazals, nazm, shayari and splendid conversation a splendid evening passed in an overflowing auditorium with Jadunama or journey of Javed Ji in hands of the captive audience.

Mandira Ghosh

Note

Jadunama is about a writer, poet, lyricist, and political activist. It is also about this one man's struggle since childhood to become what he is today and to create a hallmark of success in everything he does. Named Jadu at birth, it was Javed sahab's father, Jan Nisar Akhtar's poem, 'Lamha, lamha kisi jadoo ka fasana hoga (Every moment will be the story of a certain magic)' that was the inspiration behind the name. When the little boy was in kindergarten, everyone realised that Jadu was not a serious name and to have a word as close to Jadu as possible, he was renamed Javed (meaning 'eternal'), Akhtar (meaning 'star')—Eternal star! Not only has he remained in the limelight ever since, he continues to shine brightly like the eternal star!

Javed Akhtar (born 17 January 1945) is an Indian screenwriter, lyricist and poet. Known for his work in Hindi cinema, he has won five National Film Awards,[1] and received the Padma Shri in 1999 and the Padma Bhushan in 2007,[2] two of India's highest civilian honours.



RAMAYANA: FRACTURED, FIXED AND FORETOLD Oglam Presentation- Janardan Ghosh's Narration.

The Concept:

Ramayana has been told and retold over centuries but the difference lies in the way it is reiterated. Not with the perception of recounting a tale but with an intent to reinvent it to unleash the hidden secrets of this unbound narrative we attempt to retell again and again taking the artistic liberty that it affords timelessly to revisit it with an innovative perspective. The project is an enterprise to endorse the epic as a narrative that is much ahead of its times in its intrinsic potential to dislodge our linear interpretations of this colossal tale as a religious account of Hinduism. The endeavour is to re-evaluate the learn by rote method through

which we have perpetually studied this epic; any change in the script is a larger than life or a utopian idea. In a country like India where the myth goes beyond the circumference of the story and becomes a 'sacred tale,' to conceive certain alterations in the script is a indeed a formidable venture. Yet, this redoubtable interpretation on our part has been an outcome of our humble initiative of making the narrative appear different and hence more thought- provoking as it raises questions on the fundamental aspects of human existence without tampering with the organic theme in a unique way. The Ramayana is fractured, fixed and foretold for an audience of today that's intelligent enough to accept variations in established Literature if it offers food for thought. This differently abled understanding of the epic cognitively sheds light on the of presence of the elements that demystifies the glory of this mythological narrative making it a poignant tale of a King's sacrifice, struggle and his confrontation with the ultimate evil that is insurmountably challenging. Accompanying him is the divine feminine- the motherly prakriti, his consort whose worthiness being questioned every moment despite her inevitability in life is a tragic disclosure. When Nature is so serene and comforting, why do we exploit her? Is the question that resounds in every chant of the story teller who happens to have taken the onus of narrating the epic his own way without letting the cliche notions of propriety affect him. It is the kathavachna tradition that comes to the fore in the process wherein the kathavachak tries his level best to arrest the attention of the spectators who have gathered around him to witness his ability of telling a tale fascinatingly.

The alterations made in the tale are the result of an adaptation of the epic on which it is based. Nonetheless, the fact remains that these changes are made to inspire a generation of listeners to re-read the epic with an open mind without being influenced by the halo of divinity that revolves around it. This performance is towards giving Ramayana a form

and shape that traverses the boundaries of conventions, religions and even Nations becomes a tale of global reality that surrounds human existence today. Our utilitarian approach towards nature, her exploutation under the garb of progress and development are universally undeniable truths that prevail in this tale of a magnanimous King who readily sacrificed everything in his life. His tales of heroism that prevail in our memory must not be confined to the deeds of valour but beneath there lies a purpose — to make the realization that the victory of good over evil comes with a price to pay. Divine Prakriti is insulted, hurt when the divine masculine shows his worthiness ascertains his valour and she ultimately chooses a silent retreat into the oblivion. Ramayana is indeed fractured at this juncture but the fact remains that it has to be fixed and again told for the generations to come and the Kathakar takes up this responsibility. Everything we see is an illusion, it is just a dramatization of a popular tale but it aims at restructuring and reframing our often erroneous understanding of the tale as synonym of dictation of certain principles. It is therefore that often every time the tale adopts a new form and incidents do not coincide with the actual epic. Shoorpanakha becomes Mareecha and Sita Swayamvar takes place after the exile of Rama and Laxmana in the forest; only to make us comprehend that the kathakaar's choice to tell a tale remains uninterfered which opens up newer possibilities of engendering a CREATIVE PIECE- retold with a purpose: to enlighten. This is Ramayana — Fractured, fixed and foretold.

The Performative aspect:

The finer aspects of the kathakar's (Janardan Ghosh's) stage presence are intrinsically interwoven in the tale so inseparably that his gait, the gestures, the postures the expressions all depict a conceptual assertion of the Ramayana. The fluidity of the narration is indelible and the intonation is deliberately controlled to suit the parameters of excellent dialogue delivery which ought to have a thunderous

proclamation of the epic coupled with a subtle yet effective volume that's verbose and yet aptly restrained. There is a performative glory inseparably blended with the musical beats of a folk rendition that invites the onlookers to participate in the performance. The Kathakar's splendid stage presence with his enormous voice modulations make the characters live in stage; needless to say- male or female. There's a quaint androgyny that Janardan Ghosh establishes on stage with his one man army — himself who appears as a reservoir of actors essaying different roles evocative of the Bahurupi artists that are used to playing diverse roles and yet one at a time. Slow and steady wins the race is the strategem that the Kathakaar deliberately adopts when he narrates simultaneously playing varied roles- Rama, Sita, Shurpanakha and above all the colossal Ravana. The entry of Ghosh defines folk narration that's charming endearing and at the same time prudent in its discretion of becoming stern when the narration becomes the somber from the recreational. It is a folk teller whose telling of the tale exploiting all the assets of performative aspect become more than conspicuous. He cries and groans and shouts and screams and laughs and proclaims and sits and stands and jumps and circumambulates the stage as if capturing it from all its directions. Yet he releases the stage equally well and comes back to himself as he knows the tale will speak for itself. The brilliance of a learned actor becomes visible in Ghosh's choice to be Indian in his compassionate and anxious mannerisms of flourishing a folk tale of his nation and yet intellugebtly global in his approach towards narrating it objectively putting up a universal concern: Eco feminism. A subject matter of relevance for all across ages, Sita... a woman of education he so confidently he says and ends it poignantly saying and in the end she immersed herself in the earth. And we automatically question "Why? Why do we hurt her - the one who nurtures us so fondly? The divine feminine. Ghosh brings the ties together: Of Sita's separation from Rana and of her being deserted in the end: Both are aligned. Whether she got accidently separated from him when Ravana

abducted her or when he sent her away, in both cases, she is the sufferer. The performative narration impresses upon rereading the epic independent of the notions of divinity attached to it.

Dr. Payal Trivedi

For comments(if any) please use the comment box given below.

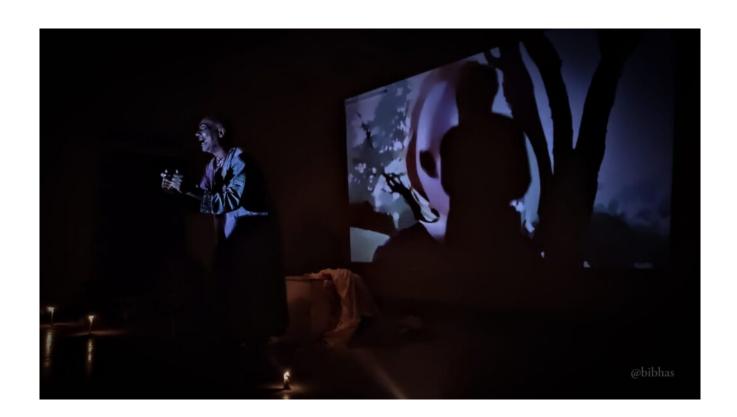








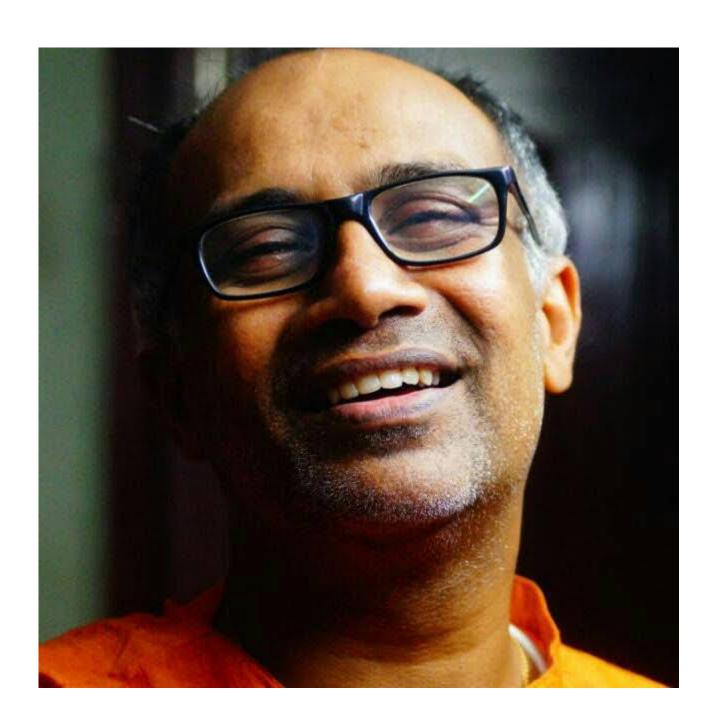






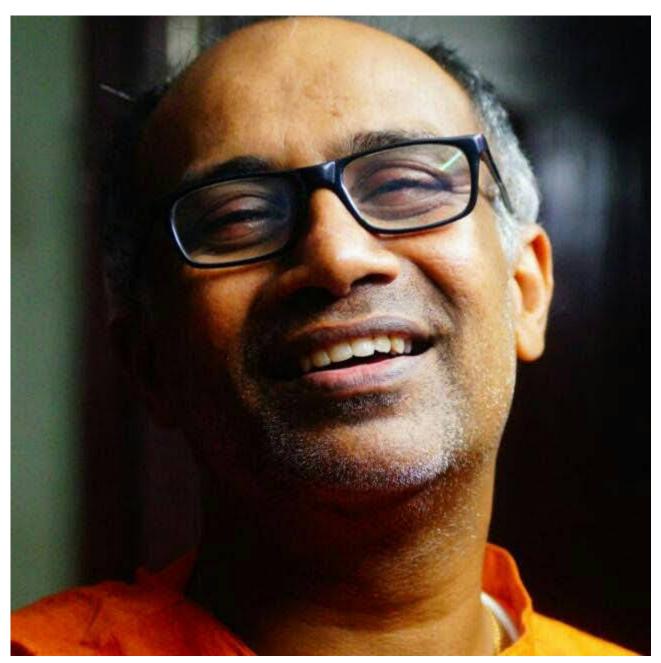








Janardan Ghosh's Kayantar — Towards the need for Transformation



KAYANTAR- A film co-directed by Rajdeep Paul & Sarmistha Maity

The lead actor in the film, Dr Janardan Ghosh, is really versatile and multi talented. He is a performing artist, academic, theatre director, film actor, playwright, performance coach and storyteller (Katha 'Koli, a new art of storytelling) whose practice includes the use of traditional theories, contemporary performance vocabulary, and interactive media. His research-based work engages the indigenous practice methods in urban spaces exploring the perspectives of historicity, spiritual consciousness, intertextual dialogue, and body-space dynamics of myths, tales and gossips.

Kayantar- is a poignant tale of religious discrimination that leads to repenting circumstances for those that are forced to quietly endure and hence implicitly exploited to endorse conformity to the extent of losing their identities and eventually their lives. Moreover, it is a tale that has a subplot dealing with the pathos of the Bahurupi artists who beg in front of the people for their survival; their art not being recognized as a respectable profession but being condemned as a demeaning activity, pursued by those that are financially underprivileged and become nomadic thus imploring in front of the people for alms in order to make both ends meet.

The film is heart-wrenching as we see how the Bahurupi Muslim artist (played by Dr. Janardan Ghosh) dressed as the Hindu Goddess Kali appears in front of his two children; only to consecutively become crippled and hence forcefully passing on his legacy to his son who dislikes pursuing his father's profession. The son has a point. He being a Muslim roaming around in the apparel of a Hindu Goddess is disparaged by the religious stalwarts of his community, is mocked at by the children of the village and is boycotted by many conservatives as 'Bhikhari' — a pauper. These facts reiterated in an overtly painful and innately stark undertone are enough evidences to make the pangs of the young man believable and evocative of the viewers' empathy for him.

That the innocent youth who has not acquired this profession by his own choice and it has been rather forced on him comes as a harsh and undeniable truth that grills our thinking capacities to the extent of questioning all our modern theories of global indivisibilities of culture and religion. When the young lad takes an anomalous decision to choose a girl of the rival community and loses his life because of being engulfed in the holocaust of communal riots that take place in his village, our conscience gets stirred and we as viewers of the film are compelled to revise our notions of living in an industrialized, progressive world. We are made to

rethink whether the circumferences of culture, creed, race and religion only exist on national borders or are they still prevalent somewhere within our psyches and we are only ignoring these under the pretext of being the civilized community.

Within the framework of a story that so effectively becomes pertinent with the theme of universal relevance as we still find the world divided into castes and communities and people identifying themselves through their religions, there is a very intriguing story of Asia, the young girl who wishes to adorn herself as Kali and pursue her Bahurupi father's profession with confidence and dignity. The tale comes as an pleasant surprise when Asia is founded engaging herself in painting her body coal black and rejoicing to see herself in the gruesome look. It seems a woman's reclusive identification of the other dimension of the divine feminine that exists within her apparent demure image of a meek girl.

That Kali chooses Asia's body to be her abode is also a fact that demands our prudent understanding of the fact that religious differences prevail only on the superficial level as the Bahurupi keeps singing "Apanar Apni fana hole shei bhed jana jai"- Means that realization comes only when the distinction between mine and yours gets erased. Such an indubitable truth of the oneness of divinity is fondly repeated as a backdrop of the entire film makes the theme of the movie apparent- It is not by dividing but it is by uniting that humanity can realize in the oneness of this universe wherein every entity is the fragment of that supreme energy that we call God. The philosophical context in the film does not let the film lose its ties with an integral theme of gender discrimination.

Asia takes the permission of her father to dress up as Kali and pursue her profession as a Bahurupi. Nonetheless, the Bahurupi, her father, gets annoyed with her and says that he cannot allow his daughter to wander on the roads as a

prostitute. Why the man who has earned a living with the same profession disallows his daughter to follow his footsteps? The film gives us a jolt when we hear these words of the Bahurupi. If it were such a demeaning profession, why on earth did he adopt it? Was he also forced by his family to adopt it and with great reluctance he went on from door to door dressed up as Kali and asked for money from the people? The film does not answer these questions but raising these queries in our minds the film acts as a thunderbolt when we see a Muslim girl adopting her father's profession ultimately when her brother dies in the communal riots and she has to earn a living for her home ultimately as her father is crippled and is unable to do anything to make a living. Though she finally opts to become Kali, the intimidating figure of the bloodthirsty goddess who is so venomous becomes the most pensive image of pathos; she has to become Kali only to support her family and this time her father is helpless and cannot stop her even if he wants to. She walks on the railway track fearlessly continuing her journey on the route that has her brother's remnants that remind us of the gruesome ending that the young boy faced due to his unfortunate choice.

Diluting the conformist image of Kali as a fearsome goddess, Kayantar presents another facet of hers as a sad feminine figure who wanders helplessly for recognition. When she walks on the road men do not fear her ghastly appearance. They in fact dare to tease her which undermines her ferocity only to expose the truth that a woman's frightening exterior cannot dismantle the atrocities meted out to her in a man's world. She may be regarded as an epitome of Kali and the goddess may have chosen her to manifest her form but the fact remains that she is an ordinary woman confined within domestic sphere that does not allow her to operate according to her will and discretion. Her life is what a man wants it to be. She may dress up as Kali but she will never be regarded equal to the formidable goddess of the temples and the cemeteries. She will remain as an ordinary woman. When the Bahurupi tries to

disclose the truth in front of her thus refusing her to wander on the roads as Kali, it is this harsh reality that he tries to explain to her which remains unadulterated truth pertinent to all times.

That a woman is exploited under the pretext of granting her equal rights and overt sexual violence and tacit manipulation are indeed a part of this so called man's world even today are not hidden realities but are undeniable truths. Kayantar shows that if Kali wanders as an ordinary powerless woman Asia, she will be shamed. The film aptly demystifies the wrathful image of Kali and extracts the ordinary femininity in her that seeks recognition till date.

When the goddess Kali accidently stepped on Kala- Lord Shiva as per the mythical account, she was unhappy and wailed for the fact that she had made a grave mistake of putting her feet on her husband's chest; a sinful conduct for a woman as per the conventional theories of Hinduism. It is not Kali's pathos that is underpinned in the temples when we worship her as the mother goddess. It is her ire that is being continually recognized and the red tongue that lolled accidently out of her mouth due to her unconscious act of putting her feet on Shiva's chest is ironically regarded as a mark of her fearful image. Kayantar shows the other aspect of this horrific Kali and that is — Kali as the one that resides in the domicile of an artist who earns his morsel of food by emoting her from door to door. When the Kayantar takes place and the Bahurupi allows her to possess him, the possession is just on the level of the exterior. There is no internal possession because the artist cannot afford it. He is supposed to be submissive and not exert his redoubtable image in front of others. He is a beggar.

The film talks about the pathos of the village artists that pursue their profession only as a means of earning the basic necessities in life. With the advent of complex technologies in the realm of entertainment, these artists are deprived of

their due recognition. Kayantar — the transformation is of the body and not the soul but this is what the film seems to have intended. The ardour of transforming one's soul is explained through the restraint that the Bahurupi imposes on himself and his son who both dress up as Kali only because they have to earn money to win their bread and butter. There is no philosophical enlightenment in the process of transforming themselves. It stays at the superficial level even after the Bahurupi keeps singing the song 'Apnar Apni fana hole shei bhed jana jai- which talks about the need to escalate beyond the boundaries of time and space to realize divinity.

The song remains merely a song and the spiritual message ingrained in it is only a matter of speculation. In the end, the Muslim girl Asia adopting Kali's image does undermine religious discrimination but it does not become prominent because; the extremely painful state of a girl who takes up a vocation on account of a drastic change that occurs in her life of losing her own brother is a telling tale that completely dilutes the fury in the image she adopts and brings out the agony of an ordinary woman incarcerated in the prison of conformity that she is unable to challenge or disown.

All in all, Kayantar is a film that stimulates us to understand religion beyond the confines of the right and the wrong and urges us to revise our cliché associations of Gods and Goddesses as intimidating figures of the temples who possess their disciples that invoke them in the temple rituals. It certainly is an eye-opener to the fact that the transformation of our soul is needed but is often occluded by our senses governed by selfish motives that thwart the spiritual awakening which engenders the realization of truth.

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