

பெரியார் நினைவு நிகழ்ச்சி

நாளை: பெரியார் நினைவு நிகழ்ச்சி



பெரியார் நினைவு நிகழ்ச்சி என்பது பெரியார் அவர்களின் பங்களிப்பை நினைவுகூர்ப்பதற்காக நடைபெறும் ஒரு நிகழ்ச்சி. பெரியார் அவர்கள் இந்தியாவின் மிகப்பெரிய சமூக சீர்திருத்த இயக்கங்களில் ஒருவராக இருந்தார். அவர் பெரியார் சமூக சீர்திருத்த இயக்கத்தை நிறுவினார். பெரியார் அவர்கள் இந்தியாவின் மிகப்பெரிய சமூக சீர்திருத்த இயக்கங்களில் ஒருவராக இருந்தார். அவர் பெரியார் சமூக சீர்திருத்த இயக்கத்தை நிறுவினார். பெரியார் அவர்கள் இந்தியாவின் மிகப்பெரிய சமூக சீர்திருத்த இயக்கங்களில் ஒருவராக இருந்தார். அவர் பெரியார் சமூக சீர்திருத்த இயக்கத்தை நிறுவினார்.

මහජන සංවිධාන අතර ඇති වන පවුල් සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රධාන වශයෙන්ම මධ්‍යම පන්තියේ සාමාජිකයන්ගේ සහයෙන් පවතී. මධ්‍යම පන්තියේ මානව සම්පත්, දැනුම සහ සම්පත් අතිරික්ත වශයෙන් මධ්‍යම පන්තියේ සාමාජිකයන්ගේ සහයෙන් පවතී. මධ්‍යම පන්තියේ මානව සම්පත්, දැනුම සහ සම්පත් අතිරික්ත වශයෙන් මධ්‍යම පන්තියේ සාමාජිකයන්ගේ සහයෙන් පවතී.

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“你为什么要穿这件衣服？”
“因为它很漂亮，我很喜欢。”
“你喜欢就好。”
“你为什么要穿这件衣服？”
“因为它很漂亮，我很喜欢。”

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Every Human is an artist

Every human is an artist, a storyteller with a unique point of view.

When we see ourselves as artists, we no longer feel the need to impose our views on others or to defend what we believe.

We know that every artist has the right to create his/her own art, their own story.

–Don Miguel Ruiz

This is a great message from our very own contemporary Toltec Mexican shaman, Don Miguel Ruiz. So often, we get carried away with our own stories. Stories of how miserable, sick, pissed we are, what a rotten world this is, etc. Or, more violently, stories of our own religion, region, nationality, sexuality, that we try to impose on others—or else, I'll shoot you?

–Raj Ayyar

Beastly Tales: Animal and Human Fables



Naseeruddin Shah and Ratna Pathak Shah performing in *Beastly Tales*

Beastly Tales : Animal and Human Fables

A review by Manohar Khushalani

READINGS: Beastly Tales

Poems by Vikram Seth with Stories by James Thurber

Presented by Motley

Recitations by Naseeruddin Shah;

Ratna Pathak Shah; Heeba Shah; and Kenny Desai

Produced by Jairaj Patil

17 November 2022

Beastly Tales was billed as readings by the well-known performers, Naseeruddin Shah, Ratna Pathak Shah, Heeba Shah and Kenny Desai. Produced by Jairaj Patil for Motley, the heavily attended event included poems by Vikram Seth, from his book '*Beastly Tales with stories by James Thurber*', TS Eliot's poems from '*Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*' and Robert

Browning's Legendary poem 'Pied Piper of Hamelin'. The starkly designed presentation had no bells and whistles. Led by Naseeruddin Shah, the four performers stood behind their individual lecterns and read out the poems with a flair and perfect diction. Each one read their own piece individually and sometimes, in perfect synchronisation, in a chorus.

Spiced with humour, the content of the performance was deftly curated to reflect idiosyncrasies of contemporary times with follies and foibles of its people juxtaposed against an animal world which reminds you eerily of 'Fables of Aesop' and 'Panchatantra'. The animals were near human too, but unlike the complexities we fallible folks suffer from, the cat, the lion, the tiger, the elephant, the owl were more focussed with a single idiosyncrasy each. This curious fact, along with the pulsating rhythm of the poetry delivered with a punch and an aplomb by the actors brought out the message of each piece with precision.

Let's pick a few stanzas from here and there and see for ourselves the merriness of the mirth involved.

The Tortoise, in Vikram Seth's poem, initially maintained the original story with who won the race thus:

"And the cheering of the crowd
Died at last, the tortoise bowed,
And he thought: "That silly hare!
So much for her charm and flair.
Now she'll learn that sure and slow
Is the only way to go –
That you can't rise to the top
With a skip, a jump, a hop"

But here comes the twist in Seth's version, it is in fact the hare, who became the hero of the hour:

But it was in fact the hare,
With a calm insouciant air

Like an unrepentant bounder,
 Who allured the pressmen round her.
 “And Will Wolf, the great press lord
 Filled a Gold cup – on a whim –
 And with an inviting grin
 Murmured: “In my eyes you win.”

Each of the selections had interesting, and sometimes mind blowing twists and turns, that be made you realise that, as in real life, in these fairy tales too you cannot take a happy ending for granted
 First Published in IIC Diary Nov-Dec 2022

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Animal and Human Fables

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■ MANOHAR KHUSHALANI



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वर्ष - 1 अंक - 2

जनवरी - मार्च 2022

शब्दायतन

शब्द से संवाद



मूल्य - ₹50

Courtesy: Shabdytan/Ed.Partap Sehgal

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First Published in Shabdyatn (Ed. Partap Sehgal)

In Cricket – Look before you take the leap

The most important feature that everybody should bear in mind is that if you opt for cricket as a career then not being successful, is not an option and you stand nowhere.

The Universe within the Womb / Gouri Nilakantan



Does the cold womb speak to the warm vagina, are we meant to be bound and knit into the body, so much so we do not seem to belong, not to have any identity ever? The guess is not in the mystification nor in the pontification of the “female” in the eyes of society. Nor it it amongst the peering eyes of manhood and by keeping them as some elusive or exclusive superior race. It lies in the individuality and the recognition of the self amongst all. For once let us not see ourselves only through the wombs , the vaginas, or paling

breasts but only as having separate yet same voices. This through which we can declare strongly enough to be defined as all belonging to each other.

The time to be in categories of gender has long gone, it needs to be attacked and discarded as worthless. These binaries and super binaries that do not see women as individuals first but use the safety net of phrases of gender are to be shot down as fallacies. We have been honoured enough by given powerful names by our ancestors. We have been given recognition for sounding phrases strong. Enough of gendering, enough and more than enough, it's time to think ahead, as "you and me", and "we all", "as all of us" that belong entirely to each other.

This will allow us to love unconditionally, to let go unconditionally and remain forever within the societal definitions of a "wife" "mother" "daughter" or "sister". It will thus also not negate the man as a "husband" "father" "son" or "brother" and bondages will only only grow stronger and stronger. Such singular terms of unity therefore allows one to outgrow force and coercion that often come within societal relationships. The urge here I see to all of us only as me and you and forget the male, female, alpha male, alpha female etc. The society will then accept unconditionality in loving and wanting to be loved.

For once live only for you and me and forget all expectations from each other, not because god says so, or you have enlightened and seen Buddhahood, or emerged victorious from the caves of inner meditation, but only because you truly and truly believe in the selfhood of each person. Wombs will then create the universe with its totality and spirit of mind. Enjoy and embark in this unconditionality of living and letting to live.

Where Time is Non-Existent / Sanjiv Bobby Desai

As I waited with Tripti, I looked around at all the rest of the passengers waiting with us. Some were squatting and smoking, some chattering, some busy on their phones, some cooing and chatting with the baby and her mother. 15 minutes of this. Once the driver announced the all clear, we all got back into the jeep and set off again

Tete-a-tete with the Sighting Shadows / Gouri Nilakantan

Shadows of course are hazy, difficult to pin as someone true, and further becomes even more not worth a glance, if it belongs to mere passerby. However, for once it is important to..

Memories of the Recitative Past



All of us are born with memories that we wish to forget and discard like faded photographs having hazy blurry images or the thrown pennings of blue inland letters and creamy pages fading with endearing attachments. We would rather regurgitate the past than carry it within us. Are we in the real sense of failing to remember or do we wish not to hear the words of the recitative past and not get the truthful recollection of the echoing sights? To be called only as a witness is easier than to bear and pour out the visions we wish not to see. The ability to see things as they are, are so difficult to break, that to escape into the light hearted day seems much easier and much more uncomplicated.

No one wants to resound pain, express trauma or grieve for a loss. The identity of the self to happily live only within the confines of the day, going from hour to hour and knocking down the doors of the minutes that dissolves then into seconds, is true serenity and peace. However, many times we need to challenge the tranquillity we have falsely created and listen to the polyphonous sounds of the dead and buried. The graves of the bygone as much as you bury, as much as you decide the deepest depth the coffin should lay, needs the embalming, only and only to cleanse your soul.

To gain the convincing reincarnation of this lost spirit, is only possible if we allow ourselves to cry, lament and mourn for the forgotten memories. Just by dismissing the bygone and not evoking the emotions of sorrow, by not shedding the salty reservoir, we are creating only adulterated personifications of what we term as today. Its reason is enough to moisten the sodden earth of the buried past, so that the watering down can reach the submerged coffins. One has to sometimes open to see the enclosed skeletons and beat one's breast to lament for the faded photographs or tethered inland letters or torn creamy papers that are screaming to be heard.

So, hear the cries within, grieve for the past, sob along with the beats of your heart and let your tears become the pulse. It will only allow the recitative past to become beautiful, melodious verses of songs of your life you will want to hear again and again.

