

# Folk Arts of India: Madhubani

Madhubani paintings find their origin in the Mithila region of Bihar. The tale of Madhubani paintings goes back to the times of Ramayana where it is said that when King Janaka, the father of Sita, had asked the painters of his kingdom to create paintings for his daughter's wedding, the art form came into existence.

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# Folk Arts of India: Gond

The Gond art form in contemporary times has reached the global scale with the efforts of modern artists and the steps of the government to preserve the art form. ....

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# 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 is 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 paining 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.

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# **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..

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# **The General having crossed a Torii boundary – Drawing with a Torii and a figure**

The trajectory of my art practice takes on a zigzag path sometimes; and at other times a circuitous one or a U-turn that I didn't expect to take.

The work "The General" is one such. I started off with figure sculptures and then went on to study life drawing at Boston University.

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# **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.



# **The Exodus Needs a Companion / Gouri Nilakantan**

I see the human mind seeking and wandering eternally in the search of this unerring habitat. If our birth homes can define and allow such unconfined liberties, uncontested uncontemtuious ways, will only then, this never ending.....

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## **Abstractionist Prabhakar Kolte's Exhibition, 'The Mind's Eye' opens 9th Oct**

The Preview will be followed by wine and cheese

The exhibition will be on view until 10th December, 2021.  
Monday-Saturday, 11am-7pm

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## **About Amrita Pritam / Kanika Aurora**

The bonds and conventions of society are certainly reflected in my poetry, negatively, of course. But I think every intelligent person has to suffer...Suffering is the price the intelligent person has to pay. As for women, I feel that women in literature are different from women in other fields...Basically; there is a prejudice against women in

literature. Men take women's writing lightly; they doubt a women's sincerity. For example, when I got this Sahitya Akademi Award, and with it fame, the leading English daily in Delhi wrote that I got my popularity in Punjabi literature because of my youth and beauty. I felt very sorry to read that. Why not talent? They can admire a beautiful woman, but not a talented one."

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## **Bookmark: New Age Theories for Architectural Practice by Prof. Sagar Desai**

Preface by the Author

It gives me great pleasure to introduce this book for Architecture students studying Professional Practice. Often, I have observed that the professor in the class keeps talking about contracts although he may be explaining it very well but the students does not seem to understand. After thorough introspection I realized that its now time to add few more topics to the entire subject like, to understand contract and its formation better. One needs to understand what a company is? What banking and financial markets are?