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.

Ma Aak Nirvik Soinik by Koushik Kar

The Play

A mother is a woman. She gives birth to a new life, which is why she cannot take away a life. Maybe for this reason, there is no woman-martial group worldwide. Men fight and exhibit their strength and power and rule over the world. They willingly dedicate their youth to mass slaughtering and cherish the crude political gamble. The mother is the only loser in this whimsical primitive game as she has to empty her lap every time.

Anaturi is one such mother who tries to inflict in her only son, Kohen, the seed of the eternal virtue of love. It is her continuous fight to protect her son under the warmth of her safe apron strings from the ill-effects of war-loving King Bumbujang or against the shimmering of sharp weapons of the Souramati King. It is a war pledged against war.

Director Note

A warring world. Since the very dawn of creation, man has existed by applying only his strength and power. The entire world becomes afflicted towards establishing the rule of the most powerful and the mighteous. The state power is not only the sole origin of this exhibiting warring nature. This love for power & violence gets infected in every man, in every child. For of this millennium through the game of blood and war like Max Paine, Prince of Persia or Contra video games or to relish over the blood smeared screen and rejoice over killing, as in WWF Action TV shows. As the child grows up, his addiction to taste blood and violence also grows. This greed thrashes him into dirty politics in schools, colleges, which calls for inter country quarrels in the guise of narrow patriotism and thus nationalism culminates into nasty terrorism.Here, in my play, there is the story of a mother who struggles all-out to keep her only war-loving son away from the deadly weapons and bloodshed and imbibes the value of eternal love.Mother is a woman and she alone can give birth to a child. When a life is lost in war, it is only a mother’s lap that becomes void.

But at times, a mother needs to pick up arms in her hand to establish the virtue of love and mercy at the cost of giving up precious gem that is her only son. It is a war waged against war, a war to establish eternal love against crude violence.My play is dedicated to mothers world-wide who have lost their sons in war. A mother is actually ‘a fearless warrior’.

The Director & Playwright

Koushik Kar has been a theatre personality with over 12 years of experience as an actor and director. He is known for being a keen planner, strategist and implementer ensuring successful management of operations in theatre. His time- centric approach is coupled with a flair for executing

production. He has been the Founder–President of ‘Kolkata Rangeela’. He essayed many important roles in major productions of *Yuganata, Rann, Minerva Sangskriti Charchakendra* and *Nirnoy.* He was honoured with Best Director Award for *Terrorist* and*Dour.*

The Group

‘Kolkata Rangeela’ was founded last year under the leadership of Koushik Kar. It launched its first production, *Ma Aak Nirvik Soinik*, with the unveiling of its logo by the eminent theatre personality, Bibhash Chakraborty.

The organisation is ready for shouldering the responsibilities of offering a new focus on the Total Quality Theatre. While trying to fulfill the objectives of entertainment, education and information, it would pay special attention towards developing the thought process of the theatre workers and audience.

Playwright & Director **Koushik Kar**