

ADDS COLOURS TO YOUR IMAGINATION

## Editor's Note

**TEJEESH NIPPUN SINGH IS AN ACCIDENTAL JOURNALIST AND AN ART CURATOR. AS FOUNDER OF 1000 WORDS ART GALLERY, HIS SOLE ENDEAVOUR IS TO HELP BRIDGE THE DISTANCE BETWEEN ART, ARTISTS AND ART LOVERS.**



IS ART LIFE? ASK ANY ARTIST AND THE ANSWER IN ALL LIKELIHOOD WILL BE AFFIRMATIVE. THE THOUGHT CROSSED MY MIND WHILE WATCHING A RECENT MOVIE AMAR SINGH CHAMKILA, BASED ON THE LIFE OF THE SLAIN PUNJABI SINGER OF THE 1980S. I DEAL WITH ART AND ARTISTS ON A DAILY BASIS AND SOMETIMES IT'S HEARTBREAKING TO SEE THE STRUGGLE THEY ENDURE WHILE REMAINING COMMITTED TO THEIR ART (MANY FACED FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES DURING THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC AND HAVE STILL NOT RECOVERED). HOWEVER, NOT ONE OF THEM EVER ENTERTAINED THE THOUGHT OF GIVING UP ON THEIR ART.

WHY, YOU MAY ASK? WELL, SOME DID ADMIT THAT IT WAS ALL THEY KNEW BUT FOR MOST OF THEM, THEY COULDN'T IMAGINE THEIR LIFE WITHOUT BEING THE ARTIST THAT THEY ARE. IN CHAMKILA'S CASE, AS DEPICTED IN THE MOVIE, HIS PASSION FOR HIS ART - SINGING - BECAME GREATER THAN HIS PASSION FOR LIFE FOR WHICH HE WAS PREPARED TO PAY THE ULTIMATE PRICE.

EVEN IF ARTISTS HAVEN'T LOST THEIR LIFE IN THEIR COMMITMENT TO THEIR ART, THEY HAVE ENDURED SEVERAL SACRIFICES - SOMETIMES, EVEN IF IT ADVERSELY IMPACTS THEIR PERSONAL LIVES.

MAYBE THAT'S WHAT MAKES AN ARTIST TRULY GREAT - . THE WILLINGNESS TO ENDURE EVERYTHING THAT SOCIETY AND THE WORLD AT LARGE THROWS AT THEM AND STILL PLOD ON. THAT IS PERHAPS THAT PASSION THAT SEPARATES THE TRULY GREAT ACTORS FROM THE MEDIOCRE ONES, THE TRULY GIFTED WRITERS FROM THE ORDINARY PROSE PUSHERS AND THE MAESTROS FROM THE ALSO-RANS.

ARTISTS THOUGH DON'T LIVE IN A VACUUM - THEY SPROUT FROM SOCIETY AND OFTEN ARE A MIRROR FOR IT. THE IMAGE THEY REFLECT MAY NOT ALWAYS BE PALATABLE BUT IT'S ALWAYS THE TRUTH. THEN AGAIN, SOCIETY ISN'T ALWAYS ABOUT THE METAPHORICAL - THERE'S COLD, HARD COMMERCE BECAUSE AN ARTIST TOO NEEDS HIS/HER BREAD AND BUTTER WITH MAYBE THE OCCASIONAL MARMALADE, WHICH IS ALL SO VERY NECESSARY TO KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER. THE TWO APART AREN'T OF MUCH USE TO ANYONE, LEAST OF ALL THE ARTISTS THEMSELVES!

THE IRONY OF COURSE IS THAT THE ARTIST ALSO KNOWS THE ULTIMATE TRUTH - WHETHER OR NOT HE/SHE LIVES OR DIES, THEIR ART WILL CERTAINLY LIVE ON.





# Showstopper

MADHULIKA LIDDLE IS A NOVELIST AND AWARD-WINNING SHORT STORY WRITER. SHE IS BEST KNOWN AS THE AUTHOR OF THE MUZAFFAR JANG SERIES, ABOUT A 17TH CENTURY MUGHAL DETECTIVE



## LOST IN TRANSITION?

### WHY BOOKS AND THEIR MOVIES RARELY GEL - PART 2

I LIKE TO THINK I AM BROAD-MINDED ENOUGH TO NOT BE STUBBORN ABOUT EVERY ELEMENT OF A FILM BEING EXACTLY AS IT WAS IN THE CORRESPONDING BOOK. CHANGES ARE INEVITABLE, AND EVEN, FOR IT TO BE A GOOD FILM, DESIRABLE.

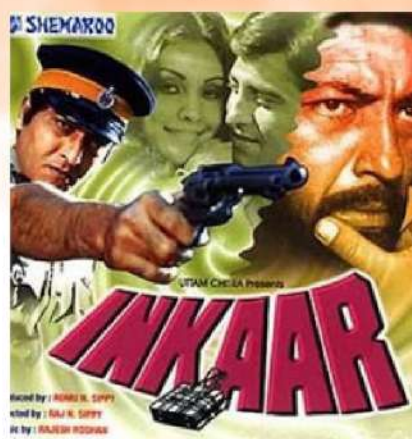
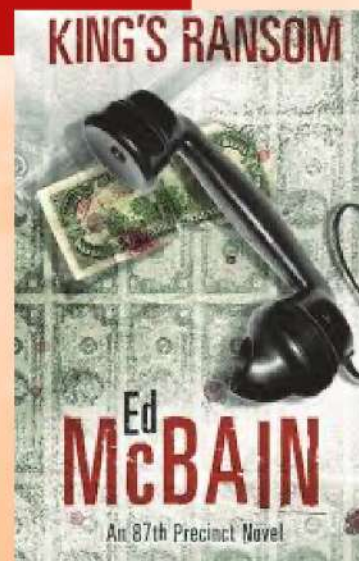
WHICH BRINGS ME TO MY MAIN POINT: THE ELEMENTS OF A GOOD ADAPTATION. I AM WILLING TO ACCEPT THE FOLLOWING CHANGES BEING MADE TO A BOOK THAT I LIKE, WHEN IT'S MADE INTO A FILM:

(A) THE REMOVAL (OR SHORTENING) OF SCENES, EVENTS, ETC THAT DO NOT ADD TO THE PLOT OR TO CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT.

(B) VERY JUDICIOUS CHANGES WHEN IT COMES TO CHARACTERS—A MINOR ONE WHO DOESN'T REALLY CONTRIBUTE TO THE PLOT, AND I'M FINE WITH THEM BEING REMOVED FROM THE SCRIPT OR THEIR ROLE BEING SHORTENED.

(C) CHANGES IN LOCALE, CULTURAL BACKGROUND, ETC, AS LONG AS THEY'RE IN KEEPING WITH THE ORIGINAL STORY. I DON'T MIND TRANSLATED VERSIONS, WHERE THE ENTIRE MILIEU CHANGES TO ONE THAT'S FAMILIAR—AS HAPPENED IN INKAAR (1977), A HINDI ADAPTATION OF AKIRA KUROSAWA'S TENGOKU TO JIGOKU (HIGH AND LOW, 1963), ITSELF BASED ON ED MCBAIN'S BOOK, KING'S RANSOM (1959). TENGOKU TO JIGOKU IS VERY BELIEVABLY JAPANESE, INKAAR IS VERY OBVIOUSLY INDIAN—AND THEY BOTH DRAW FROM AN AMERICAN NOVEL. BUT THE 'UNIVERSALITY', SO TO SAY, OF THE ORIGINAL STORY IS SUCH THAT IT CAN TRANSLATE TO DIFFERENT CULTURES EQUALLY WELL.

(D) VALID REASONS FOR SCRIPT CHANGES. I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT CONSTRAINTS OF TIME, SPACE, BUDGETS, ETC CAN REQUIRE CHANGES IN SCRIPT. BUT WHY WOULD YOU CHANGE A VERY GOOD STORYLINE JUST FOR THE SAKE OF IT?





# Showstopper

## LOST IN TRANSITION?

### WHY BOOKS AND THEIR MOVIES RARELY GEL - PART 2

#### THE 'GOODIES':

NOW, TO MOVE ON TO A QUICK LISTING OF SOME CINEMATIC ADAPTATIONS THAT I LIKE, AND SOME THAT I DON'T.

1. **DON CAMILLO (1952):** BASED ON THE BOOKS BY GIOVANNI Guareschi, AN ITALIAN-FRENCH PRODUCTION. A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF A GREAT ADAPTATION, BECAUSE—WHILE NOT STAYING EXACTLY TRUE TO THE STORY (IN ANY CASE, THE DON CAMILLO BOOKS ARE MORE A SERIES OF VIGNETTES THAN A PROPER 'STORY')—IT MANAGES TO CAPTURE PERFECTLY THE SPIRIT OF THE DON CAMILLO BOOKS.

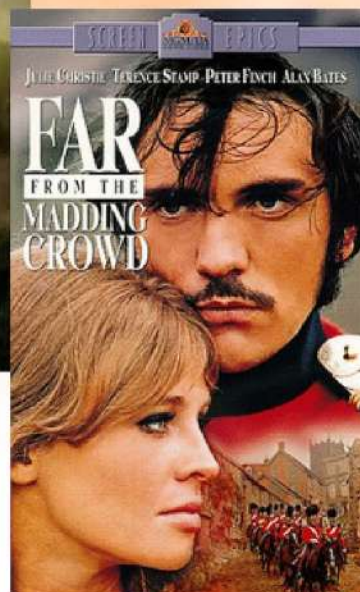
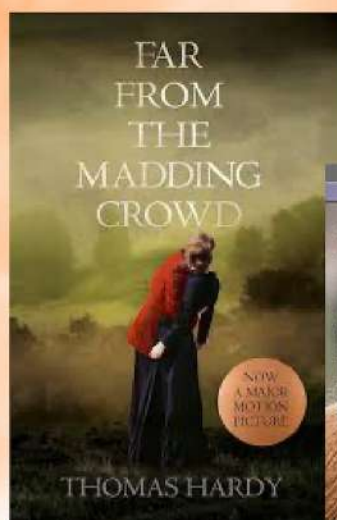
2. **A TALE OF TWO CITIES (1958):** BASED ON THE BOOK BY CHARLES DICKENS. WHILE CHANGED IN PLACES, STILL A GOOD AND MOSTLY PRETTY FAITHFUL COPY OF DICKENS'S CLASSIC NOVEL. INTERESTINGLY, THERE HAVE BEEN SOME VERY GOOD TV ADAPTATIONS OF DICKENS'S NOVELS: LITTLE DORRIT (2008), FOR INSTANCE, AND GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1981).

3. **FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD (1967):** BASED ON THOMAS HARDY'S BOOK, AND A FAITHFUL MIRROR OF THE BOOK. OF COURSE, SOME OF IT (LIKE THE LARGE CAST OF RURAL CHARACTERS) HAS BEEN TRIMMED DOWN, BUT THE CORE STORY HAS BEEN WELL ADAPTED.

4. **AND THEN THERE WERE NONE (1945):** BASED ON A PLAY ADAPTED, BY THE AUTHOR, FROM AGATHA CHRISTIE'S BOOK. WHILE THERE ARE A FEW CHANGES (ONE IMPORTANT ONE IS AT THE END), IT'S OTHERWISE A FAIRLY DECENT ADAPTATION. CHRISTIE IS PROBABLY ONE OF THOSE AUTHORS WHO HAS SOME SORT OF RECORD OF THE NUMBER OF TV SERIES, FILMS AND RADIO PLAYS HER WORKS HAVE GENERATED : THEY'RE OF VERY VARYING MERIT, BUT THIS, ALONG WITH WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION (1957) AND MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS (1974) ARE AMONG MY FAVOURITE FILM ADAPTATIONS OF HER BOOKS.

5. **BEN HUR (1959):** BASED ON THE BOOK BY LEW WALLACE. THE FILM, AT 212 MINUTES, HAD AMPLE TIME TO RECREATE THE NOVEL—BUT THEN, WALLACE'S NOVEL ITSELF IS A LONG ONE (IT ACTUALLY CONSISTS OF EIGHT BOOKS). THERE ARE CHANGES IN THE FILM; FOR EXAMPLE, AN ARAB PRINCESS WHO IS A FAIRLY PROMINENT CHARACTER IN THE BOOK IS MISSING FROM THE MOVIE. BUT, ON THE WHOLE, THIS EPIC FILM MANAGES TO BRING TO THE SCREEN THE SPECTACLE, ADVENTURE, EMOTION, AND RELIGIOUS NATURE OF THE BOOK VERY WELL.

SOME MORE, WHICH INCLUDE TV SERIES, NEW FILMS, ETC: SHERLOCK HOLMES (1984; TV SERIES); PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1995; TV SERIES); MYSTERY!: CADFAEL (1994-96; TV SERIES); THE NO. 1 LADIES' DETECTIVE AGENCY (2009; TV SERIES), AND THE DAVID SUCHET-STARRER POIROT (1989-2013). AND YES, EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE BY NO MEANS AN EXACT COPY OF TOLKEIN'S BOOKS, PETER JACKSON'S THE LORD OF THE RINGS TRILOGY.





# BETWEEN THE COVERS

PRATIBHA IS WORKING AS ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AT KISHANLAL PUBLIC COLLEGE, REWARI, HARYANA.



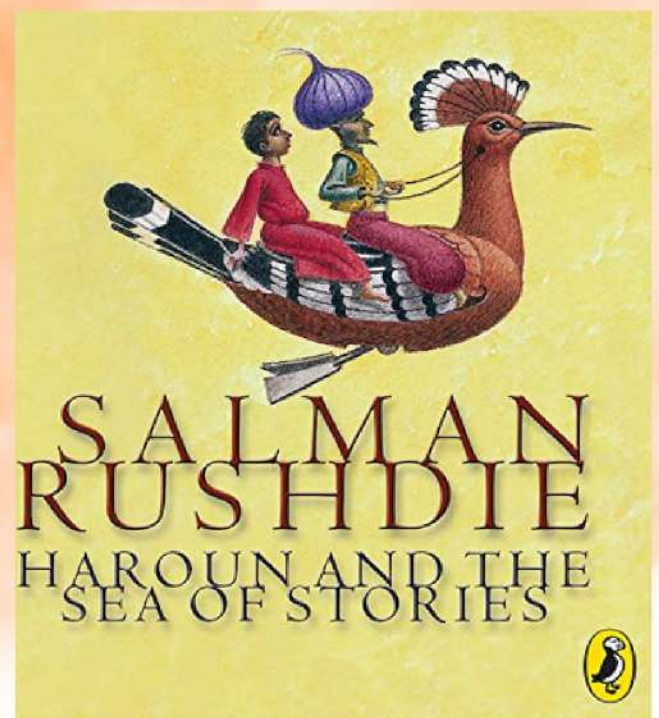
## A REVIEW OF HAROUN AND THE SEA OF STORIES BY SALMAN RUSHDIE

A PHANTASMAGORICAL TALE WOVEN IN MAGICAL REALISM, HAROUN AND THE SEA OF STORIES IS A BOOK LIKE NO OTHER!

THE PLOT GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS: RASHID, THE STORYTELLER( OCEAN OF NOTIONS FOR HIS FOLLOWERS AND SHAH OF BLAH FOR HATERS - TRUST RUSHDIE FOR COMING UP WITH THESE) LOSES HIS 'GIFT OF GAB' SUDDENLY ONE DAY AND CAN'T COME UP WITH ANY STORIES TO TELL! HAROUN KHALIFA, THE SON, DETERMINED TO BRING THE LOST GLORY OF HIS FATHER UNDERTAKES AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY TO THE SEA OF STORIES - TO GET THE CUT SUPPLY OF HIS STORIES RECONNECTED FROM THE UPPITY, IMPLACABLE WATER GENIE! WHAT FOLLOWS IS A NEVER-SEEN-BEFORE ACCOUNT OF THE MOST AMAZING PLACES AND ENCOUNTERS WITH CREATURES BEARING MOST UNUSUAL NAMES! GUP (GOSSIP) CITY AND CHUP (SILENT) LAND ARE AT LOGGERHEADS WITH EACH OTHER OVER THE ISSUE OF STORIES!! THE CLEARLY SYMBOLIC NAMES GIVE OBVIOUS HINTS OF THE FEALTY OF BOTH SIDES..

IT'S A WAR OF OPPOSITES — GUP AND CHUP ( LOVE AND HATE, LIFE AND DEATH, LIGHT AND DARK) BUT IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS THAT AND THESE BINARIES ARE NOT SO RIGID — THERE'S FLUIDITY, THEY'RE AS LIQUID AS THEY CAN BE BECAUSE "SILENCE HAS ITS OWN GRACE AND BEAUTY, JUST AS SPEECH COULD BE GRACELESS AND UGLY!" WRITTEN IN THE YEARS FOLLOWING THE PUBLICATION OF THE CONTROVERSIAL SATANIC VERSES AND THE RESULTANT FATWA AGAINST RUSHDIE, THIS BOOK IS CLEARLY A REACTION ON THE DISPLEASURE SOME MUSLIM MAJORITY NATIONS SHOWED FOR RUSHDIE.

THE VERY SYMBOLIC SMATTERING OF HINDUSTANI NAMES VERY APTLY DESIGNATED TO CHARACTERS FOR THEIR TRAITS AND FOR THE PURPOSE THEY SERVE IN THE STORY MAKES THE TALE EVEN MORE AMUSING: PRINCE BOLO, PRINCESS BATCHEET, KING BEZABAAN, THE FIELD OF BATTLE BAAT-MAT-KARO, GENERAL KITAAB, THE MOON KAHANI, AND ABOVE ALL, THE ARCHENEMY OF STORIES AND LANGUAGE & THE PRINCE OF SILENCE—KHATTAM SHUD ( MEANING 'THE END' OR 'IT IS FINISHED') - TRULY HELP THE WRITER ACHIEVE HIS PURPOSE, WHICH IS TO MAKE THE STORIES, LANGUAGE AND WRITING WIN AGAINST THE ODDS OF OPPOSING FORCES!





# TRAVELATOR

SANDEEPAN MONDAL WORKS IN KPMG GLOBAL SERVICES AND LOVES TRAVELLING TO OFFBEAT DESTINATIONS, READING MOSTLY NON-FICTION BOOKS, AND WATCHING WEB SERIES AND MOVIES.



## THE 'HUNT' FOR A TIGER

THE DRIVE FROM GURGAON TO PILIBHIT WAS LARGELY SMOOTH, SAVE FOR A FEW ROUGH PATCHES WHICH HELPED PROLONG OUR JOURNEY TO ABOUT SEVEN HOURS. FOR THE UNINITIATED, PILIBHIT HAS VERY LIMITED STAY OPTIONS, SO IT'S WISE TO OPT FOR A PACKAGE. EARLY MORNINGS WITHIN THE PILIBHIT RESORT (EARTHOMES) GAVE GOOD SIGHTINGS OF VARIOUS BIRDS, INCLUDING THE PARADISE FLYCATCHER, ROAMING AROUND THE NUMEROUS MULBERRY TREES PLANTED WITHIN THE RESORT.

THE NEXT DAY WE STARTED EARLY FOR THE MORNING SAFARI. THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS ONE GETS ABOUT THE PILIBHIT TIGER RESERVE ARE ITS CLEANLINESS, THE EXQUISITE GREENERY, THE BIG WATER CANAL (BUILT BY BRITISHERS), AND THE RED BRIDGES SPANNING THE CANAL. PILIBHIT ALSO BOASTS OF CHUKA HUTS BUILT BESIDE THE RIVER BEACH DEEP INSIDE THE JUNGLE, RESERVATIONS OF WHICH NEED TO BE MADE MUCH IN ADVANCE.

TIGER SIGHTINGS, OF LATE, HAVE INCREASED IN PILIBHIT OWING TO ITS SMALLER AREA THEREBY GUARANTEEING A HIGHER TIGER POPULATION DENSITY. SO, APART FROM SIGHTINGS OF DEER, NILGAIS, BIRDS, PYTHONS, AND MONKEYS, WE HAD THE FORTUNE TO GET A DISTANT GLIMPSE OF THE TIGRESS NAINA WHEN, IN THE LAST 10-15 MINUTES OF OUR MORNING SAFARI, SHE DECIDED TO TAKE A LONG WALK TO THE CANAL. THIS WAS THE ONLY HIGH MOMENT – THE EVENING SAFARI DID NOT YIELD ANY TIGER SIGHTINGS THOUGH WE DID CATCH A GLIMPSE OF A LEOPARD SUDDENLY CROSSING OUR PATHS, AND THEN QUICKLY HIDING BEHIND THE BUSHES.





# TRAVELATOR

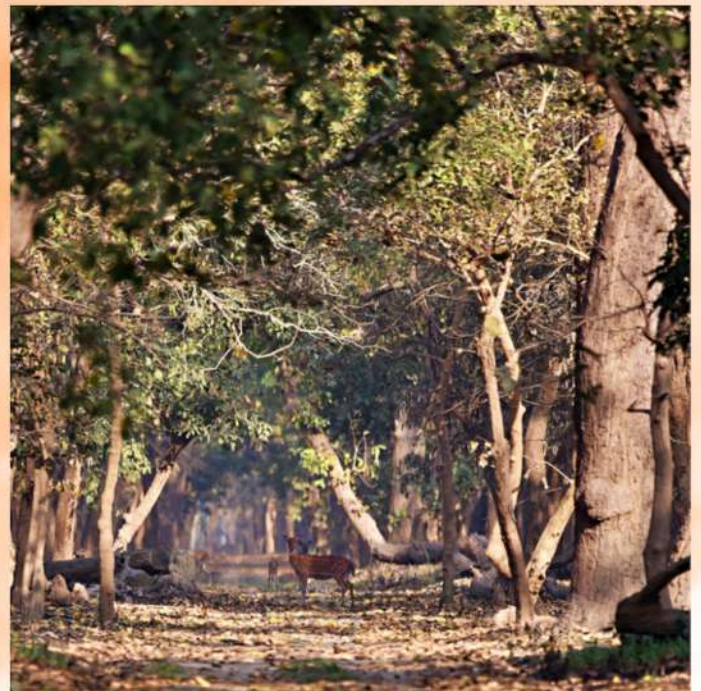
## THE 'HUNT' FOR A TIGER

THE NEXT DAY, WE WENT TO DUDHWA NATIONAL PARK. THE ROAD FROM PILIBHIT TO DUDHWA IS NOT VERY WELL-MAINTAINED AND THAT IS WHY DESPITE A SHORT DISTANCE OF 90 KM, THE TRAVEL TIME IS 2.5 HOURS. NEVERTHELESS, THE NEXT MORNING WE DID THE ELEPHANT SAFARI (HIGHLY RECOMMENDED) WHICH GAVE GOOD VIEWS OF THE DUDHWA TIGER RESERVE, ELEPHANT HERDS, AND ONE-HORNED RHINOCEROS.

AFTER CONCLUDING THE ELEPHANT SAFARI, WE DID THE REGULAR JUNGLE SAFARI BUT DID NOT GET ANY TIGER SIGHTINGS – MAYBE BECAUSE DUDHWA HAS A LARGER AREA, DENSER FOLIAGE AND A SMALLER TIGER POPULATION THAN PILIBHIT. THE MORNING SAFARI CONCLUDED AFTER WE VISITED THE NEW WILDLIFE MUSEUM WHICH DISPLAYS INFORMATION ON ALL FLORA AND FAUNA WITHIN DUDHWA.

IN THE EVENING SAFARI THE VERY SAME DAY, WE DID ENCOUNTER THE TIGRESS BAILDANDA HIDING BEHIND THE THICK BUSHES, WAITING FOR A GOOD HUNT GIVEN THE DEER POPULATION WAS NEARBY. THIS EVENING SAFARI WAS DONE AT A DIFFERENT ENTRY GATE (KISHANPUR) AND THE OVERALL FEEL OF THE JUNGLE HERE WAS QUITE DIFFERENT THAN THAT IN THE SONARIPUR ZONE (OUR DESTINATION FOR THE MORNING SAFARI IN DUDHWA).

THE GENERAL ADVICE FOR FIRST-TIME WILDLIFE ENTHUSIASTS IS TO HAVE AT LEAST THREE SUMMER-TIME SAFARIS IN A TIGER RESERVE OR NATIONAL PARK TO NOT ONLY GET A GOOD FEEL OF THE FOREST BUT ALSO INCREASE CHANCES OF SPOTTING TIGERS IN THE WILD. IT IS ALSO ADVISABLE TO CARRY BINOCULARS OR/AND A TELEPHOTO LENS (ALONG WITH DSLR) SINCE MOST SIGHTINGS ARE DONE FROM A DISTANCE WITH TIGERS OR WILDLIFE RARELY CROSSING PATHS.





# Assorted

RAHUL GAUR IS A MARKETING PROFESSIONAL WHO NOURISHES HIS SOUL WITH THE WRITTEN WORD APART FROM BEING A CLOSET POET, RAHUL HOSTS A LITERARY PODCAST MAJHDHAAR, WHERE HE READS OUT INTERESTING PIECES OF LITERATURE FOR A DISCERNING AUDIENCE.



## TIME TRAVEL

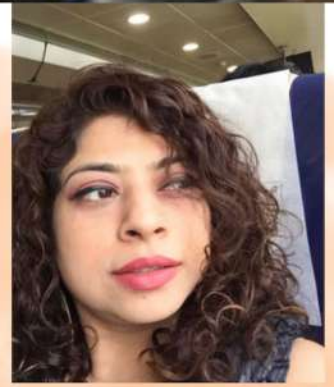
“ACHHA JI”,  
I MUMBLE BY FORCE OF HABIT,  
AS I HURRIEDLY HAUL UP  
THE TWO LARGE ATTACHÉ CASES,  
MY KEYBOARD FRIENDLY FINGERS  
ACHING FROM THE STRAIN,  
AND MY TEMPLES STARTING  
TO POUND, BOOM BOOM,  
FROM THE OPPRESSIVE DAY  
LOOMING AHEAD.  
MY EVER CONCERNED PARENTS,  
WEAK IN BODY BUT STILL STRONG  
IN MIND (AND IN HEART)  
STAND AT THE CARRIAGE DOOR  
WATCHING OVER ME  
AS THE TRAIN CREAKS AHEAD  
AFTER ITS TWO MINUTE HALT.  
I STAND TRANSFIXED,  
AT THE PLATFORM,  
WHILE A PART OF ME  
APPARATES ABOARD,  
HOPEFULLY TO COME OUT UNSCATHED  
WHEN THE TRAIN REACHES  
THAT EL DORADO OF  
FAMILIAR NOTHINGNESS,  
ON THE OTHER SIDE.





# Scene & heard

**POULAMI BASU IS A SENIOR EXECUTIVE IN THE CORPORATE WORLD, YET HER TRUE ESCAPE LIES IN HER ARTISTIC SOUL, WHERE SHE FINDS SOLACE AND PASSION IN LITERATURE, VISUAL, AND PERFORMING ARTS.**



## LAAPATAA LADIES

"LAAPATAA LADIES" IS A DELIGHTFUL FILM THAT MASTERFULLY INTERTWINES HUMOUR, SOCIETAL TABOOS, WOMEN EMPOWERMENT AND THE ESSENCE OF RURAL INDIA INTO A HEARTWARMING NARRATIVE. THE FILM, BASED ON BIPLAB GOSWAMI'S STORY 'TWO BRIDES,' TRANSPORTS US TO A PRE-TECHNOLOGY ERA, WHERE CONFUSION ENSUES WHEN A GROOM MISTAKENLY BRINGS HOME THE WRONG BRIDE. THE SCREENPLAY, CRAFTED BY NEHA DESAI, KEEPS THE AUDIENCE THOROUGHLY ENGAGED WITH ITS BLEND OF HUMOUR AND SUBTLE SOCIAL MESSAGES. DIRECTOR KIRAN RAO'S ADEPT STORYTELLING ENSURES THAT THE FILM STAYS TRUE TO ITS CORE WITHOUT UNNECESSARY DISTRACTIONS. THE CINEMATOGRAPHY BEAUTIFULLY CAPTURES THE RUSTIC CHARM OF HINTERLANDS, ENHANCING THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE NARRATIVE. THE PERFORMANCES OF THE LEAD ACTORS, ESPECIALLY SPARSH SHRIVASTAVA (DEEPAK), PRATIBHA RANTA (JAYA), AND NITANSHI GOEL (PHOOL KUMARI), ARE OUTSTANDING, WITH EACH CHARACTER BRINGING DEPTH AND HONESTY TO THEIR ROLES. RAVI KISHAN'S PORTRAYAL AS THE CORRUPT DAROGA IS A STANDOUT PERFORMANCE, SHOWCASING THE CHARACTER'S SHADES OF GREED, CUNNINGNESS, WARMTH, AND RIGHTEOUSNESS WITH FINESSE. CHHAYA KADAM SHINES AS MANJU MAI, BRINGING A MIX OF WISDOM, HUMOUR AND STRENGTH TO HER CHARACTER. DESPITE A FEW MOMENTS WHICH DEMAND A WILLING SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF, THE FILM OVERALL ENGAGES THE AUDIENCE WITH ITS LIGHT-HEARTED TOUCHES.





# Scene & heard

THE SCENE WHERE DIPAK SHOWS A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS WIFE IN A 'GHUNGHAT' AND RAVI KISHAN COMPLIMENTS HER BEAUTY WITHOUT SEEING HER FACE IS A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF A SATIRICAL TAKE ON AN AGE-OLD PRACTICE OF COVERING A WOMAN'S FACE WITH A VEIL. ADDITIONALLY, THE INTERACTION BETWEEN RAVI KISHAN'S CHARACTER AND THE CONSTABLE REGARDING JAYA'S AMBITION IS BOTH COMICAL AND INSIGHTFUL, HE SAYS "YE LADKI BAHUT DUR JAEGI", TO WHICH THE CONSTABLE REPLIES "DEHRADUN DUR HI TOH HAI", HIGHLIGHTING THE CONTRAST BETWEEN URBAN ASPIRATIONS AND RURAL PERCEPTIONS.

"LAAPATAA LADIES" DELVES INTO SOCIETAL TABOOS WITH SENSITIVITY AND DEPTH. THE POIGNANT DIALOGUE, "GHAR KI MAHILAON KE MANN KA KHANA BANEGA KYA," RESONATES WITH THE AUDIENCE, HIGHLIGHTING THE PERVASIVE NOTION THAT WOMEN'S PREFERENCES AND DESIRES ARE OFTEN OVERLOOKED OR UNDERVALUED WITHIN THE DOMESTIC SPHERE. FURTHERMORE, THE EXPLORATION OF THE SAAS-BAHU RELATIONSHIP, AS DEPICTED THROUGH THE QUESTION POSED BY DEEPAK'S MOTHER TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW(DADI) - "AMMA JI, AGAR HUM AUR TUM DOST HOTE TOH?" AND THE MOTHER-IN-LAW SMILINGLY RESPONDS "TRY KARKE DEKHTE HAIN!"- INITIATES A MUCH-NEEDED CONVERSATION ABOUT THE DYNAMICS BETWEEN MOTHERS-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW IN OUR SOCIETY.

ANOTHER NOTABLE SCENE IS PHOOL'S TRANSFORMATION FROM WITHHOLDING HER HUSBAND'S NAME TO ASSERTIVELY CALLING HIM OUT REFLECTS HER PERSONAL GROWTH AND JOURNEY TOWARDS SELF-REALISATION.

THE FILM PROMPTS VIEWERS TO REFLECT ON THE DYNAMICS AT PLAY IN THEIR OWN LIVES, ENCOURAGING A MORE COMPASSIONATE AND INCLUSIVE SOCIETY WHERE VOICES ARE HEARD, RELATIONSHIPS ARE NURTURED, AND BARRIERS ARE BROKEN DOWN.





# Assorted

SAURAV RANJAN DATTA IS A RENOWNED AUTHOR, COLUMNIST AND LITTERATEUR REPUTED FOR HIS BOOKS AND ARTICLES ON HISTORY, TRAVEL AND FICTION. ALL OF HIS WORKS ARE BESTSELLERS ON AMAZON



## TU BHI BANJARA, TE SAAJAN MEIN BHI BANJARA – THE TRAVELLING PEOPLE

TRAVELLING IS A HOBBY FOR MANY, BUT WHAT IF TRAVELLING WAS A WAY OF LIFE? THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS FOR INDIA'S HOME-GROWN NOMADS, KNOWN AS THE BANJARAS, FOR WHOM TRAVEL IS LIFE. IN FACT, THE TERM BANJARA IS ALSO USED TO DESCRIBE ANYONE WHO LIKES TO WANDER IN SEARCH OF THE TRUTH. A TRAVELLER IN THIS LAND IS OFTEN DESCRIBED AS HAVING THE HEART OF A BANJARA.

THE TERM IS SO INGRAINED IN THE SUB-CONTINENT'S CULTURAL PSYCHE THAT EVEN POEMS THAT CELEBRATE LOVE IN ITS MANY MANIFESTATIONS FREQUENTLY INVOKE THE SPIRIT OF BANJARA TO ELUCIDATE THE BROADNESS OF THE HEART. BUT WHAT IS A BANJARA? WHY IS A BANJARA ALWAYS ASSOCIATED WITH A WANDERER WHO IS FREE IN SPIRIT AND MIND?

IN MY HOMETOWN, KOLKATA, WHICH IS A BUSTLING METROPOLIS, IT'S EASY TO SPOT BANJARA WOMEN, DUE TO THEIR COLOURFUL ATTIRE. THE BANJARAS ARE CONSTANTLY ON THE MOVE AND HAVE NO PREFERENCE FOR ONE LOCATION OVER ANOTHER. IN MODERN TIMES, THE BANJARA TRIBES ARE SCATTERED ALL ACROSS THE SUBCONTINENT IN MULTIPLE STATES AND LOCATIONS. HEY SPEAK A LANGUAGE THAT IS CLOSE TO MANY NORTH INDIAN DIALECTS. THEY ORIGINATED IN THE NORTHWEST PART OF THIS SUBCONTINENT, ACCORDING TO MANY EXPERTS. FOR A LONG TIME, THEY HAVE SUBSISTED ON TRADING. THAT HAS LED MANY EXPERTS TO PRESUME THAT, ETYMOLOGICALLY, BANJARA MIGHT HAVE THE SAME GENESIS AS THE WORD BANIYA MANY OTHERS HAVE CONJECTURED THAT BANJARA MIGHT HAVE MEANT FOREST DWELLERS

ONCE. IN REALITY, THE BANJARA TRIBE HAD MULTIPLE VOCATIONS FROM THE BEGINNING. NOT ONLY DID THEY TRADE IN GOODS, BUT THEY ALSO ACTED AS COURIERS FOR ITEMS FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER.

BECAUSE OF THEIR NOMADIC LIFESTYLE OVER MILLENNIA, THE BANJARA TRIBE HAS BEEN COMPARED TO A BAND OF GYPSIES. BUT THE BANJARAS ARE A TOTALLY DIFFERENT BREED. DESPITE THEM BEING NOMADIC, THEY TRADED GOODS LIKE ANY OTHER BUSINESS COMMUNITY. EVEN IN THEIR NOMADIC WAYS, THEY HAVE REMAINED QUITE ORGANISED WITH THEIR DISTINCT CULTURE, LANGUAGE, MUSIC, AND ATTIRE. THEIR CONSTANT MOVEMENT HAS ALSO MADE THEM UNIQUE.

AT THE END OF THE DAY, PERHAPS EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE A BANJARA, AT LEAST IN SPIRIT.





# Mom-ents

**SHAKILA MAKANDAR, FOUNDER ORANE INTELLI SOLUTIONS  
AND BROMIDE ENTERTAINMENT PVT LTD, CORRESPONDENT  
EDITOR OPINION EXPRESS**



## **AMMA I MISS YOU!**

SUDDENLY I GOT SO FREE, I FELT LIKE THE WORLD HAD COME TO A STANDSTILL. FEELS LIKE YEARS SINCE I FELT AN ABUNDANCE OF TIME. YEARS SINCE I ENJOYED THE QUIET. BUT AM I REALLY ENJOYING IT OR IS THE PAINFUL URGE TO DO SOMETHING SLYLY CREEPING IN? AM I A GUILTY WORKAHOLIC OR A CRAVING-FOR-ACTION MOM. WHAT SHOULD I DO? SHOULD I JUST ENJOY THIS MOMENT OF SILENCE, OR SHOULD I WAKE MY LITTLE BABY UP AND SAY - AMMA IS MISSING YOU!

ALL THE CRAZY THINGS HE DOES SEEM TO HAVE ALSO TAKEN A NAP THERE'S NONE ROAMING AROUND THE CORNERS OF HOME. AND THERE'S NOTHING SPILT IN HIS TOY ROOM. THEY MUST BE BORED, JUST LIKE I AM. OR ARE THEY RELIEVED THAT THERE'S SOME RESPITE. HIS USUAL AFTERNOON ACTIVITIES LIKE "I AM POLICE NANA" AND "WILL YOU BE DR AMMA" ARE MORE ENGAGING AND INTERESTING THAN THIS NAP TIME WHICH TURNED INTO SLEEP TIME.. WHAT SHOULD I DO? SHOULD I JUST ENJOY THIS MOMENT OF SILENCE, OR SHOULD I WAKE MY LITTLE BABY UP AND SAY - AMMA IS MISSING YOU!

LITTLE DID I KNOW NOT HEARING HIS VOICE FOR SO LONG WOULD PUT ME IN SUCH A DILEMMA. I WOULDN'T HAVE WISHED FOR ANY ME TIME AT ALL, OR MAYBE I AM JUST USED TO SO MUCH HUNGAMA THAT THIS STILL HOME IS BORING ME. AFTER ALL, HE'S JUST A BABY WHO IS TUNING TO HIS PHYSICAL NEEDS. BUT HERE I AM - A DESPERATE AMMA, MISSING HER TODDLER. WHAT SHOULD I DO? SHOULD I JUST ENJOY THIS MOMENT OF SILENCE, OR SHOULD I WAKE MY LITTLE BABY UP AND SAY - AMMA IS MISSING YOU!

HOW DID MY AMMA MANAGE WHEN SHE HAD ME? DID SHE LOVE ME AS MUCH OR JUST HANDED ME OVER TO HER KIN? AM I BEING POSSESSIVE OR SULKING LIKE A KID? AFTERALL THAT'S WHAT I'VE BECOME AFTER LIVING WITH ONE. SHOULD I ACT LIKE HIM AND BRING HIM BACK TO WORLD, OR SHOULD I JUST LET HIM BE IN HIS LALALAND, IT'S A WEEKEND AFTER ALL? TOO TEMPTED TO KISS HIM AND SAY - WAKEY MY LITTLE MONKEY WAKEY - AMMA IS MISSING YOU! JUST LIKE HE ALWAYS SAYS AMMA, IT'S MORNING TIME WAKEY, I MISS YOU!





# REFLEC-TALES

MALATHI GAUR IS AN HR PROFESSIONAL IN AN MNC. INCESSANTLY ON AN INNER JOURNEY OF SELF DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION, SHE ENJOYS SOULFUL MUSIC, EXCITING AND REALLY INTERESTING OTT CONTENT, READING AND QUALITY THEATRE.



## OH, THOSE SOUTHERN SUMMERS!

EVERY SUMMER VACATION WE'D TAKE A LONG ARDUOUS JOURNEY TO SOUTH INDIA. DEEP INTO THE ESTATES IN VILLAGES WHERE SURNAMES ARE YOUR ESTATE NAME OR YOUR VILLAGE NAME.

AND THERE ARE SMALL BROOKS RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE. THERE ARE COWS AND BUFFALOES TO BE MILKED AND DOGS AND CATS TO PLAY WITH- NEVER JUST ONE. THERE ARE MULTIPLE HUTS OF THE TENANTS WHO TIE BIDIS - WE'D VISIT AND WATCH THEM MAKE BUNDLE AFTER BUNDLE OF BEEDIS. THEN SOME FARM HAND WOULD BRING A BASKET OF TENDER COCONUT TO DRINK AND FIGHT FOR THE 'MALAI' AND ANOTHER BASKET OF COCO PODS - WE ATE IT LIKE YOU WOULD A SEETAPHAL.

WE HAD VISITS TO COCO FACTORIES, COCONUT OIL FACTORIES, SAW ELAICHI HARVESTS AND HOW TO GET A KAJU OUT OF ITS SHELL WITHOUT GETTING BOILS AND BURNS. ATE YUMMY JACKFRUIT AND KAJU FRUITS AND SOMETHING CALLED JAMBU. THERE WAS ALWAYS COCONUT SHERBET - ANNA SARU, MAJJIGE, CHAKKULI, COFFEE, VERY BAD TASTING TEA (NOTHING EVEN CLOSE TO REAL TEA) AND A WEIRD HARD SUBSTANCE CALLED KOTAMBADI SNACK. THEN THERE WAS A JELLY LIKE BOMBAY HALWA AND AN ICECREAM SUNDAE CALLED GADBAD.

WE'D RUN ALL AROUND THE GO-AROUND BALCONY OR PARAPET OR WHATEVER- IT IS CALLED JEGILU - WITH THE PUPS AND KITTENS IN HOT PURSUIT. THERE WAS A WELL FROM WHICH WE'D TAKE TURNS TO DRAW WATER MANUALLY - WASN'T REQUIRED AT ALL WE HAD TAP WATER BUT WHO CARES.

RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF THE WELL WAS A TREE OF DEE-GUJJE, SOMETHING SIMILAR TO JACKFRUIT, FROM WHICH FRUITS WOULD FALL INTO THE WELL MAKING HUGE SPLASH NOISES. COCONUTS WOULD ALSO FALL OFF AT ODD TIMES, SOMETIMES AT NIGHT, CAUSING MY MAMA TO GET UP AND CHECK. BECAUSE THAT INVITED THIEVES TO PICK THE FALLEN COCONUT ALTHOUGH DOGS WERE LOOSE AT NIGHT TIME. WE'D TRY TO CROSS THE BROOK AND HIDE FOR HIDE AND SEEK SINCE THE SEEKER WOULD HAVE TO WASTE TIME AND BE SPOTTED CROSSING THE 'PAPU-SANKA' (A SUPARI TREE JUST LAID ACROSS TO BE CROSSED AT OWN RISK 😊). WE'D COLLECT PEBBLES FROM THE BROOK.

I CAN JUST GO ON AND ON - WHAT MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD- ALAS THOSE DAYS WILL NEVER RETURN. THE HOUSE I WILL NEVER FORGET. LARGE, SPACIOUS WITH DEEP RED FLOORS AND SOLID WOOD PILLARS. AN ATTIC (SIMILAR NAME IN KANNADA - ATTA). OH MAN WHAT ALL CAN ONE RELATE - IT'S A WHOLE EXPERIENCE !! AND THE FOOD ..... THAT IS A STORY IN ITSELF, FOR SOME OTHER TIME 😊.



# SUMMER



# UNI-VERSE

AASHISHA CHAKRABORTY IS THE WRITE INDIA WINNER, PM YUVA AWARDEE, COLUMNIST, POET AND THE AUTHOR OF TWO BOOKS – MIS(S)ADVENTURES OF A SALESGIRL & THE 13-YEAR-OLD QUEEN AND HER INHERITED DESTINY.

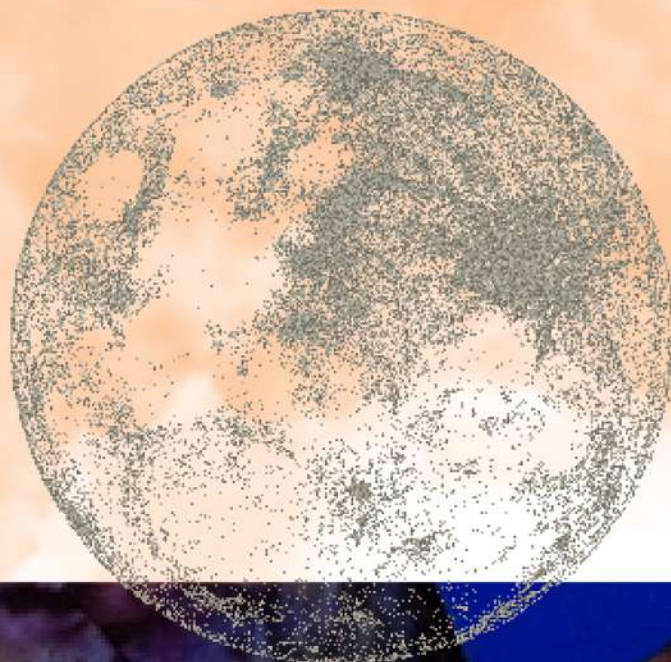


## MOON DUST & OTHER POEMS

DEAR SELENOPHILE

I WANT TO SAVE YOU FROM THE BATTLE OF BLOOD AND BONES WITH  
CREATURES OF DARKNESS AND GRIEF  
AND BITTER LONGINGS; YOU SEEM TO BE AT WAR WITH YOUR SOUL.  
THE COLOR OF SIN IS NOT TOO DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF LOVE.  
AND THE EARTH IS OLDER THAN YOUR SOUL.  
YOU ARE A NAÏVE STARGAZER, UNINVITED TO THE WORLD'S ORGY;  
UNMINDFUL OF THE FIRES LAPPING YOUR LANDS;  
A DREAMER WHO THINKS JUST BECAUSE YOU KISSED ME  
MANY MOONS AGO, YOU STILL ARE IN LOVE.  
THE WORLD WILL MOVE ALONG WITHOUT US.  
BEFORE IT COMBUSTS, WAKE UP AND JOIN ME IN MOONDUST.

YOURS,  
GANYMEDE





# UNI-VERSE

INDRA NARAYAN DAS IS AN ENGLISH POET AND HE PERFORMS REGULARLY IN THE POETRY FORUMS OF DELHI NCR. HE IS A SENIOR SALES LEADER WITH HINDUSTAN TIMES AND POETRY IS AN ESCAPE FOR HIM FROM HIS BUSY SCHEDULE



## PIECES OF ME

I AM MADE OF MANY PIECES,  
SOME ARE SMOOTH AND ROUNDED,  
OTHERS JAGGED AND SHARP.  
THEY DO NOT QUITE FIT IN PERFECTLY,  
AT TIMES THE JOINTS AREN'T SEAMLESS.

BUT I STILL CARRY THEM.  
AS I FEEL HALF EMPTY  
WITHOUT THEIR WEIGHT.  
AND THEN, THERE ARE A FEW CHUNKS  
TOO SERRATED AND ROUGH,  
PLASTERED TOGETHER TO  
GIVE ME A MASCULINE SHAPE.

EVERY NOW AND THEN  
WHEN THEIR SHARPNESS  
DIGS INTO MY FLESH,  
I LOOK THE OTHER WAY  
WITH A SMILE ON MY FACE.

I MOSTLY KNOW NOW,  
HOW TO HIDE MY PAIN.  
BUT THERE ARE TIMES  
WHEN IT HURTS BEYOND  
AND I WANT TO SCREAM,  
BREAK A FEW THINGS

SHOUT FOR HELP,  
SHUT MYSELF OFF,  
OR FIND A DARK CORNER  
TO CRY OUT LOUD.

THEN THE 'THINGS TO DO' LIST REMINDS ME,  
A MAN CANNOT BE SO MORTAL,  
HE HAS TO STAND TALL,  
HE HAS TO HOLD IT ALL TOGETHER  
ELSE THE PIECES MAY FALL.

SO I CONTINUE BEING A MAN.  
A MAN IN CONTROL,  
A MAN OF STRENGTH,  
A MAN WHO CANNOT FAIL.

I KNOW I HAVE MY BIASES.  
PERHAPS I SOUND A LITTLE SELFISH TOO,  
IT'S STUPID TO PRESUME  
THAT IT'S JUST THE SON, THE HUSBAND OR THE  
FATHER

WHO IS SOMETIMES IN PAIN,  
BUT BEFORE THE PIECES START FALLING APART,  
CAN WE START TALKING ABOUT MEN?





# UNI-VERSE

DIVAANSH RA IS IN 8TH GRADE. WRITING POEMS, STORIES, DRAWING AND READING ARE ALL HIS HOBBIES. HIS POEMS ARE MEANT TO PUT US IN THE SHOES OF INANIMATE AND LIVING ENTITIES ALIKE.



?

## DRAGON

LORE, LEGEND, CARVINGS, THOUGHTS,  
WINGS, JAWS, FINS, WHAT-NOTS.  
CULTURE AND TRADITION OF THE MOST STOIC,  
FLOW IN MY VEINS,  
MY MIND AND HEART AND BODY AND SOUL,  
ARE MADE FROM PENCIL LINES AND INK STAINS.  
MY EXISTENCE IS IMAGINARY,  
YET I AM AS MUNDANE AS I CAN BE,  
I CAN BE OF SCIENTIFIC FORMS,  
OR OF A TODDLER'S WILDEST DREAMS.  
I GLIDE INTO SWAMPS AND SWOOP OVER THE HORIZON,  
CRAWLING OVER MUD AND DUNES,  
I MAKE A HOME IN THE COLD, AMONGST THE ICE,  
EMBODYING MAGMA AND FUMES.  
I DANCE IN FLAMBOYANT FIRE,  
FRINGED IN FROST AND SNOW,  
THE WIND GROOVES WITH MY TAIL,  
HUMID OR DRY, HIGH OR LOW.  
HOWEVER, A DOUBT FLOATS IN MY MIND,  
THAT HAS ANSWERS TO FIND...  
IS MAJESTY A CRIME,  
OR JUST SUBJECTED TO MY KIND?  
FOR I HAVE SEEN COUNTLESS SLAUGHTERED,  
WHO ALL BELONGED TO MY TRIBE.

WE ARE THE ONES WHO SLIDE AND GLIDE AND FLY  
THROUGH HISTORY,  
AND EVEN WITH A MUNDANE PSYCHE AND STRIKE,  
THEY ALL FIND ME A MYSTERY.  
SUNNY MORNINGS AND DAZZLING NIGHTS  
PASS AWAY DUELING STOIC KNIGHTS,  
IN THE SENSITIVE SUMMERS AND WOUNDED WINTERS,  
THEIR PRIDE ROCKETS HIGHER THAN THEIR MIGHT.  
WAR-FILLED LIVES,  
FROM RUTHLESS MICE,  
WHERE ARE OUR DRAGON RIGHTS?  
THE MOST BIZARRE HAVE A CROWD TO HELP,  
BUT IN OUR CASE, THERE WAS NO ONE IN OUR  
CHALLENGING TIMES.  
WHY IS IT A FELONY TO BEAR SERRATED CLAWS?  
WHY IS IT ILLEGAL TO HOUSE POWER IN MY JAWS?  
IF MY TAIL'S SWIPE CAN LEVEL MOUNTAINS,  
AND MY ROAR SHAKES THE LAND,  
IS IT NATURE'S FAULT,  
OR AM I SUPPOSED TO TAKE A STAND?  
PERHAPS IF I COULD BE JUST LIKE MY HISTORY,  
FOR THEN THE LEAKING INK WOULD PAIN LESS THAN  
GUSHING BLOOD,  
AND THE FEATHERS WITH TIPS THAT DREW LEGENDS,  
WOULD ACTUALLY BE THERE TO APPLAUD US.





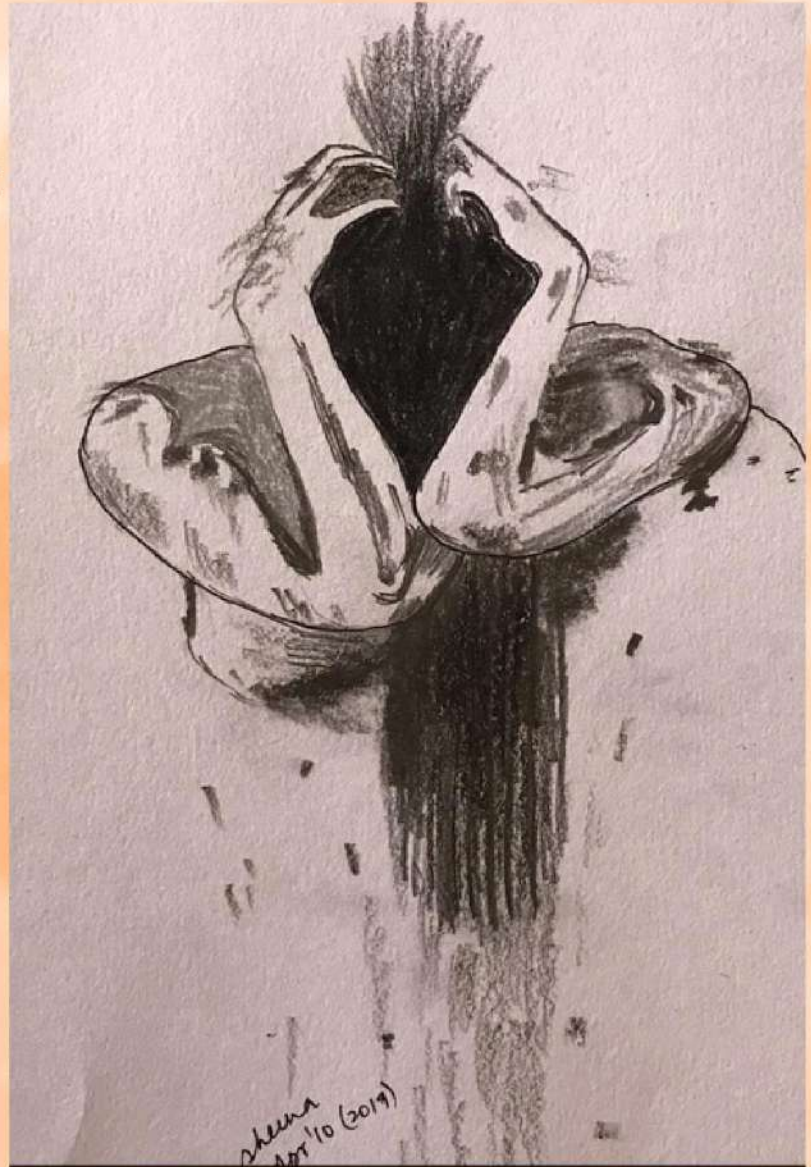
# THE EXPRESSION

SUJATA KAUL IS A PASSIONATE RECRUITMENT ENTREPRENEUR WITH HAVING INTEREST IN POETRY, PAINTING & PHILOSOPHICAL CONVERSATIONS, UNDERSTANDING EMOTIONS AND QUESTIONING WHY TO WHY.



## A HAIKU

LOST DEEP IN THE SELF  
LONG WAIT AND  
ROUGH SURVIVAL  
ENSLAVED AND  
GRUMPY HEART  
REVIVED TO FIND THE  
LOST  
MIND USHERED TO  
HEART  
FREEDOM IS WITHIN



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