

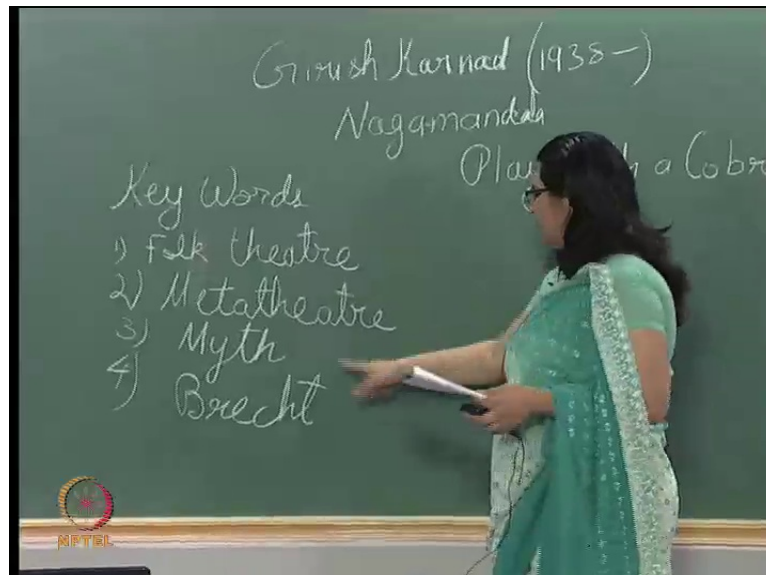
Contemporary Literature
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Module No. # 01

Lecture No. # 22

Good morning. We will begin with Girish Karnad's play Nagamandala subtitled play with a cobra.

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The key words in today's lecture would be folk theatre, meta theatre, mythical elements in Girish Karnad's plays and Brechtian techniques as employed by Girish Karnad. So, like all traditional plays, Karnad is extremely fond of using traditional structure and techniques in his plays. He is obviously inspired by the modernist like Strindberg and Brecht, but he also occasionally looks up to the classical Sanskrit theatre from our country and prologue is one way of asserting that.

So, the use of prologue. So, consider the set and the tone and the moon in the first lines itself, it is extremely surrealistic. It is the inner sanctum of a ruined temple. Look at the

stage directions all given in italics. The idol is broken. So, the presiding deity of the temple cannot be identified.

Now, we are looking at the unidentifiable nature of objects. It is a broken idol, it cannot be identified. And more will come, it is night naturally. It is night so you cannot really identify whose idol it is and it is also broken. Moonlight sweeps in through the cracks in the roof and the walls. Now, imagine a play where moonlight sweeping in through the cracks in the wall and the roof. A man is sitting in the temple, long silence. Suddenly he opens his eyes wide, closes them, then uses his fingers to pry open his eyelids. Obviously, he is very sleepy, he is forcing his eye eyelids to remain open. Then he goes back to his original **morose stands**. He yawns involuntarily, then reacts to the yawn by shaking his head violently and turns to the audience.

So, now this technique of addressing the audience face to face, it is very Brechtian. A Brecht uses that technique of alienation effect. So, which is in order to make the familiar unfamiliar and vice versa. So, addressing that audience directly was one of the features or one of the characteristics of the alienation effect. We will look at it in detail soon.

The man addresses the audience. "I may be dead within the next few hours. I am not talking of acting dead". So, you see there is a reference to acting. He is talking to the audience and he is telling the audience that it is a play. So, a play is going on, but I am real. I am not an actor, I would not be acting dead. When the pretend to act dead on stage or in a film. But he is not going to act dead, he is actually going to die on stage, actually dead. "I might die right in front of your eyes". A mendicant, mendicant is a sage, is a beggar. Mendicant told me, "You must keep awake at least one whole night this month. If you can do that, you will live, if not, you will die on the last night of the month". I laughed out when I heard him. I thought nothing would be easier than spending a night awake. I was wrong, perhaps death makes one sleepy. Every night this month, I have been dosing of before even being aware of it. I am convinced, I am seeing something with these eyes of mine, only to wake up and find I was dreaming. Tonight is my last chance. But tonight is the last night of the month.

So, see look at the suspense. He has been told, he has been cursed that unless he stays awake one full night within a month, he cannot expect to go on living. And today is the last night of the month and for some reason or the other he has been dosing of every

night of the month and today he has no other choice but to remain awake and that is the problem.

For tonight is the last night of the month, even of my life perhaps. Because if I do not stay awake the whole night I am going to die. For who? How do I know sleep would not creep in on me again as it has every night so far? I may doze off right in front of you and that will be the end of me. I ask the mendicant, "What I had done to deserve this fate?" And he said, "You have written plays". So, the nature of writing, the nature of being a writer is now discussed here. You have written plays, you have stage them. You have cast so many good people who came trusting you to fall asleep, twisted in miserable chairs. That is the writer's dilemma, that is the playwright's curse.

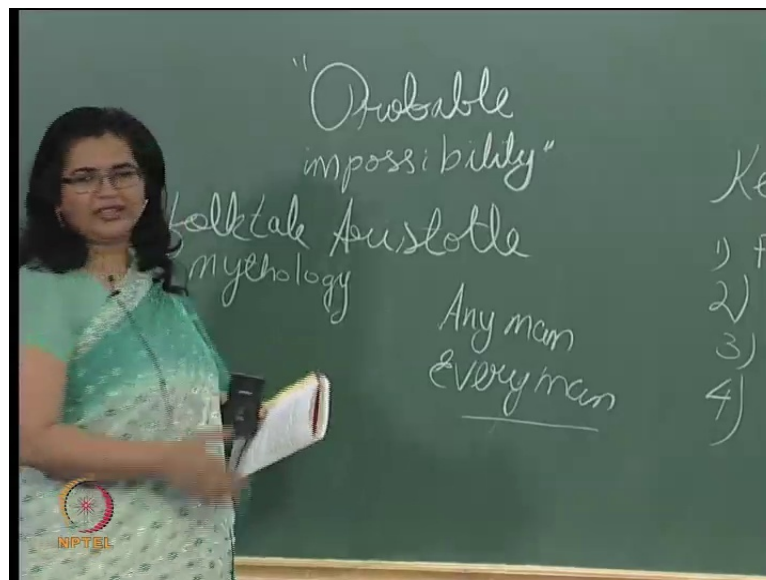
People come, people expect something from a playwright and if they feel they are not being entertained enough, they get bored. And here we are told that people come by trusting you to keep them entertained, but what do your plays do to them? It makes them fall asleep. Twisted in miserable chairs and that all that abused mass of sleep has turned against you and become the curse of death. I had not realized that my plays had had that much impact.

Karnad has a fondness for using elements from folk theater and this is a Kanadan folk tale where a writer is cursed with curse of death and he is cursed to sleep every night. So, this is actually a folk tale which is used by Karnad to a wonderful effect in this particular play. So, Karnad, as we were talking about, he uses time in again elements from folk theater, from our regional theater and then he employs them. And then he not only asserts or reasserts the thematic elements as contained in those folk tales, but also subverts the contemporary trends, the contemporary established notions about many things, about a general issues, about social issues, about social political issues. So, using elements from folk theater, while asserting their essence at the same time subverting them and interrogating the contemporary themes and issues. So, that is what he is doing here.

Tonight may be my last night. So, I have fled from home and come to this temple, nameless and empty. That is the very nature of the place. The place itself is nameless, it is empty, the idol is broken, they have not enough light. That is a good commentary on the writer's life as well. For years I have been **a lording** it over my family as a writer. I

could not bring myself to die a writer's death in front of them. So, he is being very ironical here, writer's death. He has bored people and therefore, he is going to be curse with death, writer's death. As sway by this (()) God. If I survive this night I shall have nothing more to do with themes, plots or story. So, he has taken a vow. God just let me live and from tonight I would not be writing anything anymore. I abjure all the story telling, all play acting. Female voices are heard outside the temple he looks. Voices here, at this time of night. likes Who could be coming here now? He hides behind a pillar. Several flames enter the temple giggling, talking to each other in female voices. So, now look according to Aristotle, when he talks about his theory of poetics and drama. So, he talks about, he uses the term like probable impossibility.

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Now, it is impossible to have flames coming and talking. Flames coming as females and taking a female form and coming and talking, looking, taking the form and shape of a women, but here they are. And it is a play and it is a story. And we are suppose to accept that and that is what we are talking about Aristotelian concept of probable impossibility. So, why not in a story everything is possible. And therefore, willing suspension of disbelief. That is what is happening. We have to accept that that flames can come and take a feminine shape and talk.

Man: "I do not believe it. They are naked lamp flames. No wicks, no lamps, no one holding them, just lamp flames on their own floating in the air, is that even possible?"

Another three or four flames enter among talking themselves. Flame three addressing flame one, which is already in the temple. “Um, Hello, what is pleasant surprise. You are here before as tonight?” Flame one: “The master of her house you know what a skin flaunt he is. He is convinced his wife has a whole in her palm like she is a spendthrift. So, he buys all the glossaries himself. This evening, before the dark was even an hour old, they ran out of kashi oil. The tin of peanut oil did not go far. The bowl of castor oil was empty anyway. So, they had to retire to bed early and I was permitted to come here.” Laughter. Flame two is nearing. “Kashi oil, peanut oil, how disgusting. My family come from the coast, we would not touch anything that coconut oil.” Flame one: “But at least I come here every night, what about your friend the kerosene flame? She has not been seen here for months. She is one of the first tonight”.

You know, Karnad is very cleverly commenting on the Indian caste system, the famed Indian caste system, where there is a hierarchy among people of different castes. And here to even among flames you have a kind of hierarchy. So, you have the kashi, the flame which goes on on the basis of kashi oil, then you have a flame which burns with peanut oil. And then kerosene is at the bottom of the hierarchy. And a coconut, the flame which you uses the coconut oil is perhaps it belongs to the higher order. So, there all discussing their status, their hierarchy, their positions in society.

“Actually from today on I do not think I will have any difficulty getting out in early.” “Why? What is happened?” My master had an old ailing mother. Her stomach was blotted, her back covered with **bed source**. The house stank of cough and flam, puss and urine. No one got a wink of sleep at night, naturally I stayed back too. The old lady died this morning leaving behind my master and his young wife. I was chased out fast”.

So, this is again a reference to the physical pleasures of between a husband and wife and that also tells you, that sets the tone of the play, what the play is all about. You can expect from this conversation the tone, the essence of the play.

All flames giggle. Flame three: “You are lucky my master’s eyes have to feast on his wife limb by limb, if the rest of him **pastorate**. So, we **limbs** have to bear a witness to what is that is left to the dark”. They all talk animatedly. New flames come and join them, they group and regrouped chattering. Man to the audience. Now, again this talking directly to the audience, a very brechtian technique. “I had heard that when **limbs** are put

out in the village the flames gather in some remote place and spend the night together gossiping. So, this is where they gather”. A new flame enters and is enthusiastically greeted. :You are late it is well past midnight”. New flame: “There was such a to do in our house tonight”. “What happened? Tell us”. New flame: “You know I have only an old couple in my house. Tonight the old women finished eating, swept and clean the floor, put away the pots and plants and went to the room in which her husband was sleeping. And what should she see, but a young women dressed in a rich new sari step out of the room. The moment the young women saw my mistress, she ran out of the house and disappeared into the night. The old women woke her husband up and questioned him, but he said he knew nothing. This started the rumpus”.

So, there is a mysterious person in the house. “But who was the young women?” the other flames ask. “How did she get into your house?” New flame: “Let me explain. My mistress, the old women knows a story and a song, but all these years she has kept them to herself. Never told the story nor sung the song. So, the story of the song were being choked, imprisoned inside her. This afternoon, the old women took her usual nap after lunch and started snoring. The moment her mouth opened, the story and the song gemmed out and hid in the attic. At night, when the old man had gone to sleep, the story took the form of a young women and the song became a sari. The young women rapped herself in the sari and stepped out just as the old lady was coming in. Thus the story and song created a feud in the family and were revenged on the old woman”.

Now, see this is again what we are talking about Aristotle’s probable impossibility. And again taking elements from our own folktale and mythology. If you suppress a story, it gets stifled inside. So, stories are for telling to people. We are talking about the oral story tradition, story telling in the orality of stories in our country. The stories have to be told, not to be suppressed. So, if there is a story inside, let it be told. The stories can survive only by way of oral tradition. They have to be transmitted from one generation, from one person to another, from one generation to another. Because you learn a lot from your folk and mythical traditions. And this women, this old lady who had in story inside her, she has committed a cardinal sin. She has suppressed a story which she is not supposed to do and there was a song also. So, these are all parts of our oral traditions, our folk traditions, stories and songs. And the moment they had the opportunity, both the story and the song, they came out and turned into a young women, dressed in a **res-pended** sari. And there

was a feud over that. So, stories also have the power to create a feud in the family, to cause a commotion in the family. That is the power of a story. So, if you tell them there is a there is a problem, if you suppress them, then it may be worse. They have to be told and they have to be passed on from one generation to another.

So, if you try to gad one story, another happens. Flames: “But where are they now, the poor things? How long will they run around in the dark?” They are referring to the story and the song. “What will happen to them?” New flame: “I saw them on my way here and told them to follow me and they should be here any moment”. :There they are, the story with the song”. The story in the form of a woman dressed in a new colorful sari enters, acknowledges the enthusiastic welcome from the flames. With a languid wave of the hand and goes and sits in the corner looking most despondent. The flames gather around her. New flame: “Come on why are you so despondent? We are here and are free the whole night. We will listen to you”. Story: “Thank you my dears! It is kind of you. But what is the point of you listening to a story, you cannot pass it on”. Flames: “That is true what can we do? We wish we could help”. While the flames make sympathetic noises, the man you know who is sitting there, jumps out from behind the pillar and grabs the story by her wrist. Man: “I will listen to you”. The flames flee, **helter skelter** in terror.

The story struggles to free herself. “Who are you? Let me go”. Man: “What does it matter who I am. I will listen to you, isn’t that enough? I promise you I will listen all night”. The story stops struggling. There is a new interest in her voice. “You will?” “Yes”. “Good, then let me go”. He does not. “I need my hands to act out the parts”. He let us her ago. “There is a condition however”. “What?” “You cannot just listen to the story and leave it at that, you must tell it again to someone else”.

So, see this is the nature of a story, it has to be told and retold. It is not anyone’s property. That is the charm of oral literature of folk theater or folk tales. They have to be passed on. And you have to narrate it to someone, you have to retell it someone. That is the only condition I am going to tell you my story. “That I certainly shall, if I live. But first I must be alive to oh that remains me I have a condition too”. “Yes”. “I must not doze of during the day. If I do, I die. All your telling will be wasted”. Story: “As a self respecting story, that is the least I can promise”. “All right then start, but no it is not possible. I take back my word, I cannot repeat the story”. You see, he has taken a vow. If

he goes on to live that night, he is going to abjure all plot making, all story telling, all playwriting. And he has taken a vow and he cannot break that.

“And why not?” “I have just now taken a vow not to have anything to do with themes, plots or acting. If I live, I do not want to risk more curses from the audience”. “Good bye then, we must be going”.

So, Karnad may as well be commenting on his own craft, his craft of playtelling, plot developing. That he is extremely conscious of the fact that some members of the audience may get bored with what he has to say and he apologizes, he is aware. So, this consciousness of a playwright, this awareness about the craft of writing a play, this is known, this is an aspect of meta theatre. Making self references, being a self referential, being self conscious about one self, about one’s art, about one’s craft, that is one aspect of meta theatre and will discuss it further.

Story: “Good bye then, we must be going”. Man: “Wait do not go please. I suppose I have no choice”. To the audience: So, now you know why this play is being done. “I have no choice. Bear with me please, as you can see it is a matter of life and death for me”. Karnad is making a very self conscious attempt here referring to himself. A playwriting is a matter of life and death, for any playwright. There is no getting work with that. You do not have a choice. For a writer does not really have a choice, he has to write, a story has to be told, a play has to be returned. Whether the audience receives that well or not, it really does not matter because for a playwright, for a writer, it is a matter of his life and death, it has to come out.

Musicians play, please musicians enter and occupy the mat. The story and the song. Throughout the rest of the play the man and the story remain on stage. So, this is again a very Brechtian element. Thus the narrator, the story teller, the so called playwright, they remain on the stage throughout the play. The flames too listen attentively, though from a distance. Go on and the main story begins.

So, now the prologue has just ended and the story begins. The locked front door of a house with a yard in front of the house. A very typical village set up. And on the right an enormous ant hill. Ant hill is a place where snakes reside. The interior of the house, the kitchen, the bathroom as well as Rani’s room is clearly seen. Story. Now, this story is

telling us the setting, she is talking about who the actors are, who are the principle characters in this play.

A young girl, her name is, it does not matter it could be any woman. But she was an only daughter. So, her parents called her Rani. Queen of the whole world, queen of the long tresses, for when her hair was tied up in a knot, it was as though a black king cobra lay curled on the nape of her neck, coiled upon glistening coil. When it hung loose, the tresses flowed. A torrent of black along her young limbs and got entangled in her silver anklets. I found father, found her a suitable husband. The young man was rich and his parents were both dead. Rani continued to live with her parents until she reached womanhood. Soon her husband came and took her with him to his village. His name was, well and any common name will do. So, it is a story about any man. So, this is another aspect of the play. Any man or every man. So, this is a very common, a kind of household and they could be any one. There is a touch of universality about them. Appanna, let's call him Appanna. That means, any man every man.

Appanna enters followed by Rani and they carry bundles in their arms, indicating that they have been travelling. Appanna opens the lock on the front door of the house, they go in. "Have you brought in all the bundles"? "Yes". "Well, then I will be back tomorrow at noon. Keep my lunch ready I shall eat and go". Rani looks at him **nonplussed**. He pays no attention to her. Goes out, shuts the door, locks it from outside and goes away. She runs to the door, pushes it, finds it locked.

So, he locks her from outside. It also tells us that he is a very indifferent uncaring husband. She does not know what is happening. She stands perplexed, she cannot even weep. She goes and sits in a corner of her room talking to herself indistinctly. Her words come distinct as the lights dim. It is night. So, Rani asks him, "Where are you taking me?" And the eagle answers, "Beyond the seven seas and the seven isles. On the seventh island is a magic garden and in that garden stands the tree of emeralds. Under that tree, your parents wait for you". So, Rani says, "Do they?" "Then please take me to them immediately. Here I come". So, the eagle carries her clear across the seven seas.

Now, see this is the power of a story. She is all alone and even in her loneliness she can recall a story that must have been told to her by her parents, by the elders of her family and she remembers it. And there is no other way for her to spend these lonely hours. But

to recall and keep herself occupied by remembering or retelling those stories. So, again we are looking at the power of a folk tale, a power of a story that has been transferred from one generation to another. Stories have a power not just to entertain, but also the strength to heal and that is what Karnad is trying to tell us.

She falls asleep and mourns mother father in her sleep. It gets light, she wakes up with a fright. She looks around, then runs to the bathroom. Mimes splashing water on her face, goes into the kitchen starts cooking. Now, mimes splashing water on her face, again a very Brechtian technique. Miming and activity, not actually splashing water, but miming it. Just creating that touch of distance between the happenings on the stage and the audience. The audience are fully aware that they are watching a play. They are not supposed to get involved with the happenings of the play, they have to think, that is what Brecht tells us. And that is what Karnad, Karnad being an ardent admirer of Brecht, he uses this technique in order to force his audience to think, rather than get emotionally involved.

Appanna returns, Rani listens. "I feel frightened alone at night". Appanna: "What is there to be scared of? Just keep to yourself. No one will bother you". "Please you could" "Look, I do not like idle chatting. Do as you are told. You understand". He is very rude to her, absolutely inattentive to her needs to what she has to say.

He finishes his meal, gets up. I will be back tomorrow for lunch. Appanna washes his hands, locks her in and goes away. Rani watches him blankly through the window. And then story says, and so the days rolled by. So, this became Rani's life. She had an uncaring inattentive husband, who really is not there. He comes just for his meals at regular intervals. But that is it, there is no other communication.

Mechanically, Rani goes into the kitchen starts cooking, talks to herself. Then Rani's parents embrace her and cry. They kiss her and caress her. At nights she sleeps between them. So, we now learn that she is a pampered child. Even after attaining womanhood she used to sleep between her parents. She had been extremely protected and now suddenly she is thrown into this alien environment. And this uncaring husband and she is scared she cannot cope with it.

So, she is not frightened anymore. “Do not worry, they promise her. We would not let you go away again ever”. In the morning, the stag with the golden anklets come to the door. He calls out to Rani, she refuses to go. “I am not a stag”, he explains “I am a prince”. So, she has been fed on this diet of myths, legends and fairytales and that is what she sits there imagining, thinking of the stories, thinking of the good old times, when life was like a dream, just like a fairytale for her.

Rani sits starring blankly into the oven. Then begin to sob. Outside in the street Kappanna enters carrying kurudavva on his soldiers. So, we have another two characters. They can be seen as a comic interludes, also commentators on what is going in the play. Kurudavva is blind. He is in his early 20's. So, mother and son.

Kappanna: “Mother you cannot do this, you cannot start meddling in others people affairs the first thing in the morning”. “That Appanna should have been born a wild beast or a reptile. By some mistake he got human birth. He cannot stand other people”. :What do you want to tangle with him?” So, they are on the way to Appanna's house and Kappanna obviously, does not like Appanna. Kurudavva: “Whatever he is, he is the son of my best friend. His mother and I were like sisters. Poor thing, she died bringing him into this world. Now, a new daughter in law comes to her house. How can I go on as though nothing has happened? Besides I haven not slept a wing. You told me, you saw Aparna in his (()) court yard”.

So, now we know the reason for Appanna's indifference to his wife. “He has got himself a bride and he still goes after that harlot”. “I knew I should not have told you, now you have an insomnia and I have a back ache. I have to carry all the way”. “Who has asked you to carry me around like this? I haven not, have I? I was born and brought up here. I can find my way around”. “And do you know what I asked for when I pray to lord hanuman of the gymnasium every morning? For more strength, not to wrestle, not to fight only. So, I can carry your around”.

So, Kappanna happens to be a very sincere, very obedient son, a very loyal son. So, he is an ideal kind of a son that we are told in our mythologies and in our legends. And he knows his mother is blind, but he would not let her walk. He carries her around. So, that is another ideal of a son, an idealised character. Kappanna: “It is just that I can see Appanna's front door from here. Oh for a moment I was worried it was that, who is that

again that witch or fairy whatever she is, who you say follows you around”. “Mother, she is not a witch or a fairy, when I tried to explain you would not even listen and then when I am not even thinking of her, you start suspecting all kinds of”. “Enough of her now, tell me why we have stopped”. Kappanna: “There does not seem to be anyone in Appanna’s house. There is a lock on the front door”. Kurudavva: “How is that possible? Even if he is lying in his concubines house, his bride should be home”. “Who can tell about Appanna, he is a lunatic”. “You do not think he should have sent his wife back to her parents already, do you? Come let us look in through the window and check”. “Of course not mother. If someone sees us?” “Listen to me. Go up to the house and peep in, tell me what you see”.

I refused. “I would not have asked you if I had eyes. I do not know why God has been cruel to me, why he gave me no sight”. Kappanna: “Okay, mother”. They go near the house. Kappanna peeps through the window. Kappanna: “The house is empty”. “Of course it is silly, how can anyone be inside when there is a lock outside on the door. Tell me, can you see clothes drying inside?” “What kind of clothes? I cannot see a thing”. “Who is it? What is that outside? Oh my God, there is someone inside the house, a women”. “You do not have to tell me that. So, what if there is a women inside the house? We have come here precisely because a women is supposed to be in the house”.

“Mother, what does it mean when a man locks his wife in?” “It means he does not want anyone to talk to his wife”. Rani comes. You know she hears all these noises and she comes out and she comes to the door and asks who is it. Kappanna: “Let us go”. Kurudavva: “I am coming child, right now. He keeps his wife locked up like a caged bird. I must talk to her. Let me down instantly”. “I will wait for you here under the tree, come back soon, do not just sit there gossiping”. Rani: “Who are you?” “Do not be afraid, I am kurudavva”. So, now, you have a sympathetic character and you know Kurudavva and Kappanna’s characters, they are there to create a sort of conflict in the play. What is a conflict? You know Rani’s life as days rolled by, it was all static. Nothing much happen in her life. Her husband he would return from his mistress’s house, take his meals, wash himself and then go back, locking Rani in. Nothing changed in her life, her days were all monotonous. And then through Kappanna and Kurudavva there is a change in her life. It is because they want to know what is happening.

“Where is Appanna?” “I do not know”. “When he did go out?” “After lunch yesterday”. “When will he come back?” “He will be back for lunch later in the day”. “You do not mean he is only once home in a day and that to only for lunch? Are you alone in the house all day? Do not cry child, do not cry, I have not come here to make you cry. Does he lock you here every day like this?” “Yes, since the day I came here”. “Does he beat you or will treat you?” “No”. “Does he talk to you?” “Oh that he does, but not a syllable more than required. Do this, do that, serve the foot”.

Kurudavva is concerned. “Apart from him, you are the first person I have seen since coming here. I am bored death, there is no one to talk to”. “Did not any one explain to you before your wedding, your mother or your aunt”. “Mother started shedding tears the day I matured and she was still crying when I left with my husband. She is probably even crying even now”. Kurudavva: “Dear girl, it is no use crying, do not cry, come to the window let me touch you. My eyes or all in my fingers”. She feels Rani’s face, shoulder, neck through the bars of the window. Rani tells her, “At home I sleep between father and mother, but here alone. Kurudavva, can you help me please? Will you please send of word to my parents that I am like this here? Will you ask them to free me and take me home? I would jump into a well, if only I could”.

Kurudavva wants to take matters in her hand because she believe that Rani can go to any drastic lengths to free herself from her situation. She knows obviously, Rani is very unhappy, very frighten and extremely alone. So, she calls her son and asked him go home and bring some roots. “Just above where you keep the plough behind the pillar on the shelf. There is an old tin trunk, take it down it is full of ((C)), but take out the bundle of cloth and tie it. Inside there is a wooden box. In the right hand side of the wooden box is a coconut shell wrapped up in a piece of paper. Inside two pieces of a root, bring them. Now at once, before Appanna returns home”. And then after sending Kappanna off, Kurudavva tells her story, what is the secret of the roots. “I was born blind, no one would marry me. My father worn himself out going from village to village looking for a husband, but to no avail. One day a mendicant came to our house. No one was home, I was alone. I looked after him in every way. Cooked hot food especially for him and served him to his heart’s content. He was pleased with me and gave me three pieces of a root”. “Any man who eats one of these will marry you”, he said. “And then feed him the smallest piece first, he said. If that gives no results then try the middle size one. Only if

both feel, feed him the largest piece”. Rani is entranced. “And then one day a boy distantly related to me came to our village and stayed with us. That day I ground one of the pieces into paste, mixed it in with the foot and served him. Can you guess which piece I chose? I was in such a hurry, I barely noticed the small one, the biggest scared me. So, I used the middle size root. And then he finished his meal, gave me one look and instantly fell in love, married me within the next two days, never went back to his village. It took the plague to detach him from me”.

So, that is the magic of that root which has been blessed by a mendicant. So, our oral tradition, our legends and myths, they are full of such stories. We are talking about the probable impossibilities. And we have to believe that there is, in Shakespeare for example, *midsummer night's dream*, we have pucks juice, the love juice which is dropped on the eyelids of the characters and whoever they see first after waking up, they fall in love with that particular person. So, the same way we have to expect this as well, by having a root of certain plant, love happens.

“Ah There he is. Have you brought them? Here, take this smaller piece, that should do for a pretty jasmine like you. Take it, grind it into a nice paste and feed it to your husband and watch the results. He will make you a wife instantly”. “Go now Kurudavva, but come again. I shall do”. “But do not forget what I told you”. Appanna comes. “Who is that?” Kurudavva: “How are you Aparna, it has been a long time”, “What are doing here?” So, his customary rude, customarily rude to everyone and that is what we see. “I heard you had brought a new bride, thought I would talk to her, but she refuses to come out”. “She would not talk to anyone and no one need talk to her”. “If you say so”. “I put a lock so those with sight could see. Now, what does one do about blind meddles. I think I will keep a watch dog”. Opens the door and goes into Rani.

“I am lurching out today, I will have my bath and go. Just heat up a glass of milk for me”. Rani hurriedly mixes the paste into the milk, comes out and gives Appanna the glass of milk. He drinks it in a single gulp, hands the glass back to her, goes to the door ready to put the lock on. She watches him intently, he tries to shut the door. Suddenly clutches his head slides down to the floor, stretches out and goes to sleep on the door step, half inside and half outside the house.

Rani is distraught. Runs to him, shakes him, he does not wake up. He is in a deep sleep. She tries to drag him into the house, but he is too heavy for her. She sits down and starts crying. Appanna groggily, “Water, water”. She brings a pot of water, splashes it on his face. He wakes up slowly, staggers up, washes his face, pushes her in, locks the door from the outside, goes away. Rani watches stunned, slowly goes back to her bedroom, starts talking to herself. So, the demon locks her up in his castle, then it rains for seven days and seven nights, **impose** the sea floods the city. The waters break down the door of the castle. Then a big whale comes to Rani and says, “Come Rani, let us go”. She falls asleep midnight. Kappanna enters carrying Kurudavva. They stumble on a stone, they fall. So, again she takes resort, she takes refuge in her old stories.

And we are all familiar with the stories of princes being captured and imprisoned in castles by daemon. So, that is what now she associates her husband with a demon, with a monster who locks, who takes pleasure in torturing her, locking her up. So, that is what she thinks of her husband as. And the root of course, does not have much of effect on the husband.

Kurudavva, she comes. “What happened child? Why is the lock still there? Did you feed him the root?” “Yes”. “And what happened?” “Nothing, he felt giddy, fainted, then got and left. That is bad, this is no ordinary infatuation then. Now, there is only one solution to this. Feed him the larger piece of root. No, that little piece made him sick”. “This one, it will do good believe me. I am telling you from my own experiences. Go in, start grinding it, make a tasty curry, mix the paste in it. Let him taste a spoon full and he will be your slave. And then, just say the word and he will carry you to my house himself”. Obviously, he is under the spell of mistress and he does not want to give her up that easily. The root does not have an effect on Appanna. The small piece just does not work on him. So, next morning Kurudavva comes again and asks Rani this time to give her the larger piece. And we will see what happens after that, in the next class. Thank you.