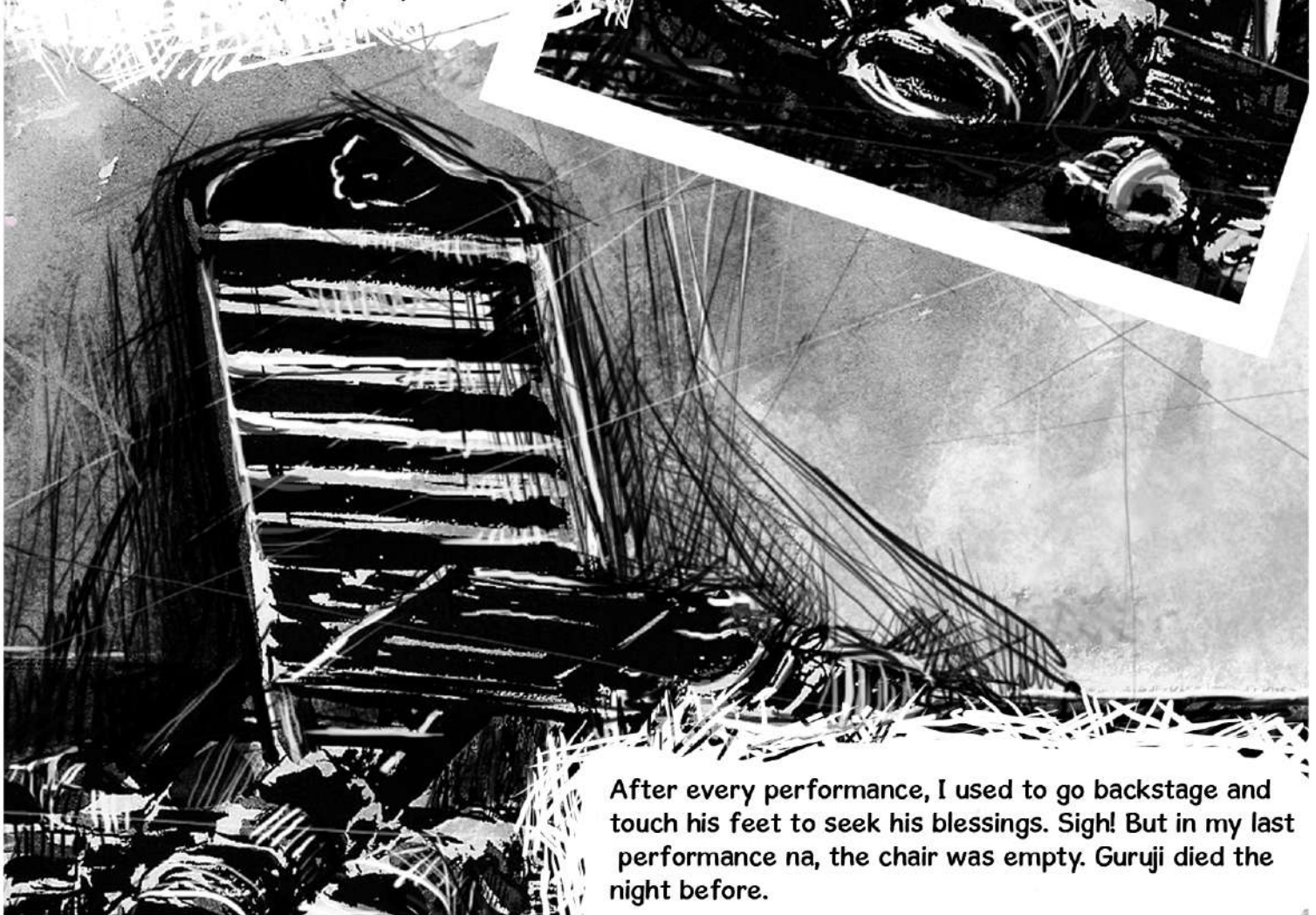
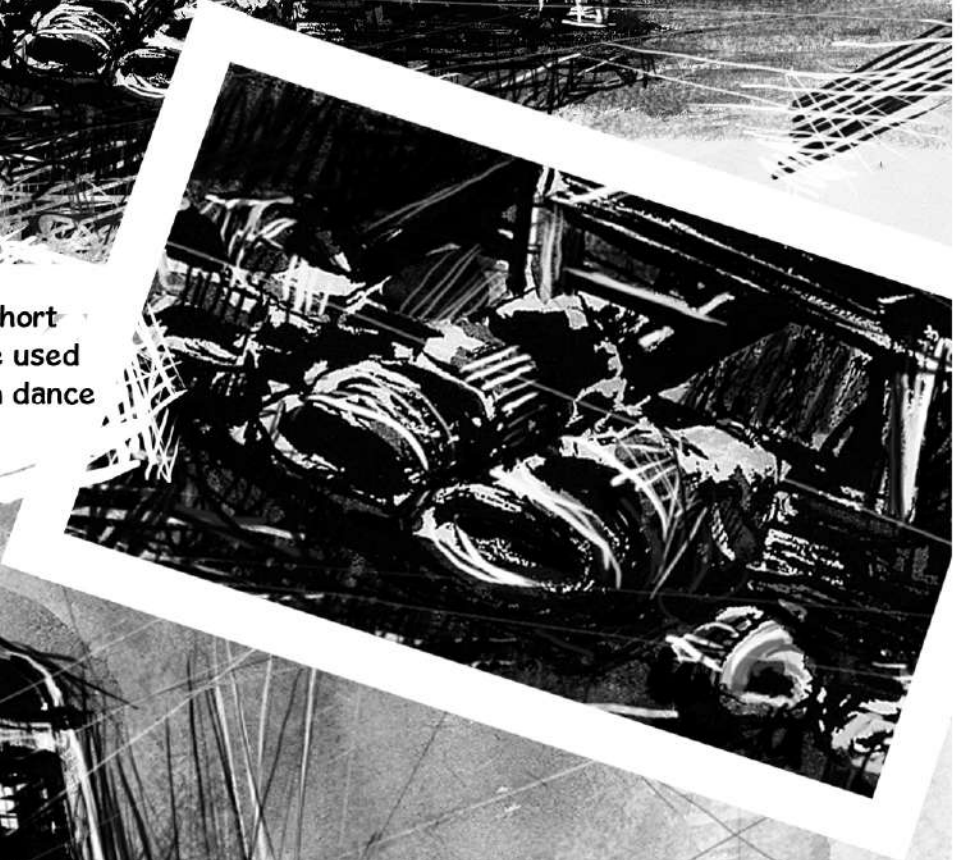


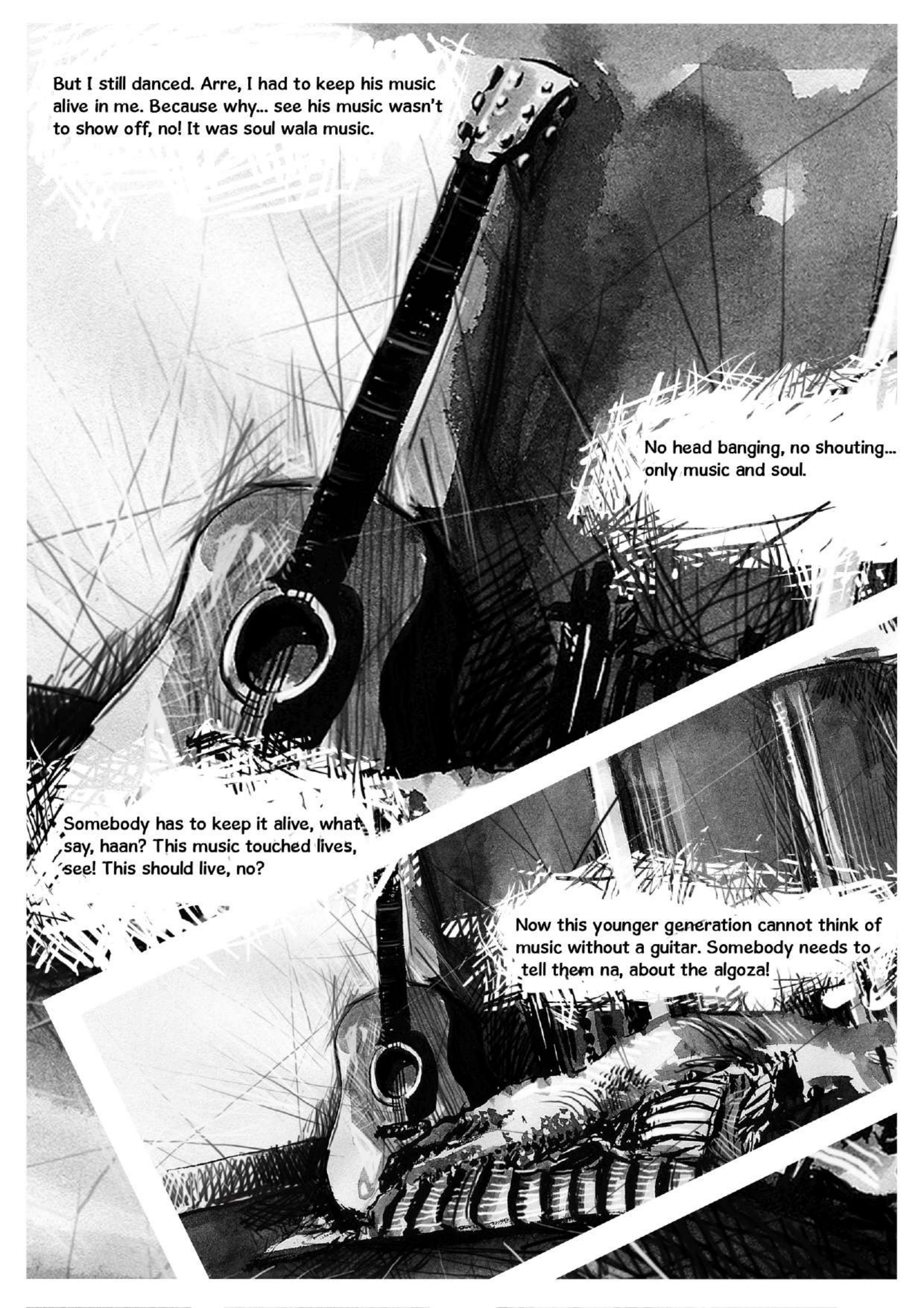
Oh! I love dancing. It is so freedom giving! Back in Nagaur na, I used to go wild on stage during my performance. People used to say, I dance like Hema Malini!



And my Guruji na, used to sit on a short wooden chair close to the stage. He used to keep the chappals aside! For him dance and music was very very holy kind.



After every performance, I used to go backstage and touch his feet to seek his blessings. Sigh! But in my last performance na, the chair was empty. Guruji died the night before.



But I still danced. Arre, I had to keep his music alive in me. Because why... see his music wasn't to show off, no! It was soul wala music.

No head banging, no shouting... only music and soul.

Somebody has to keep it alive, what say, haan? This music touched lives, see! This should live, no?

Now this younger generation cannot think of music without a guitar. Somebody needs to tell them na, about the algoza!

And you know, I even came on the television once! Doordarshan had a program on folk art... arre Tuesdays no, between 4:30 and 6:30 pm! They requested our troop for a performance. I said, chalo...so many people would watch my performance.

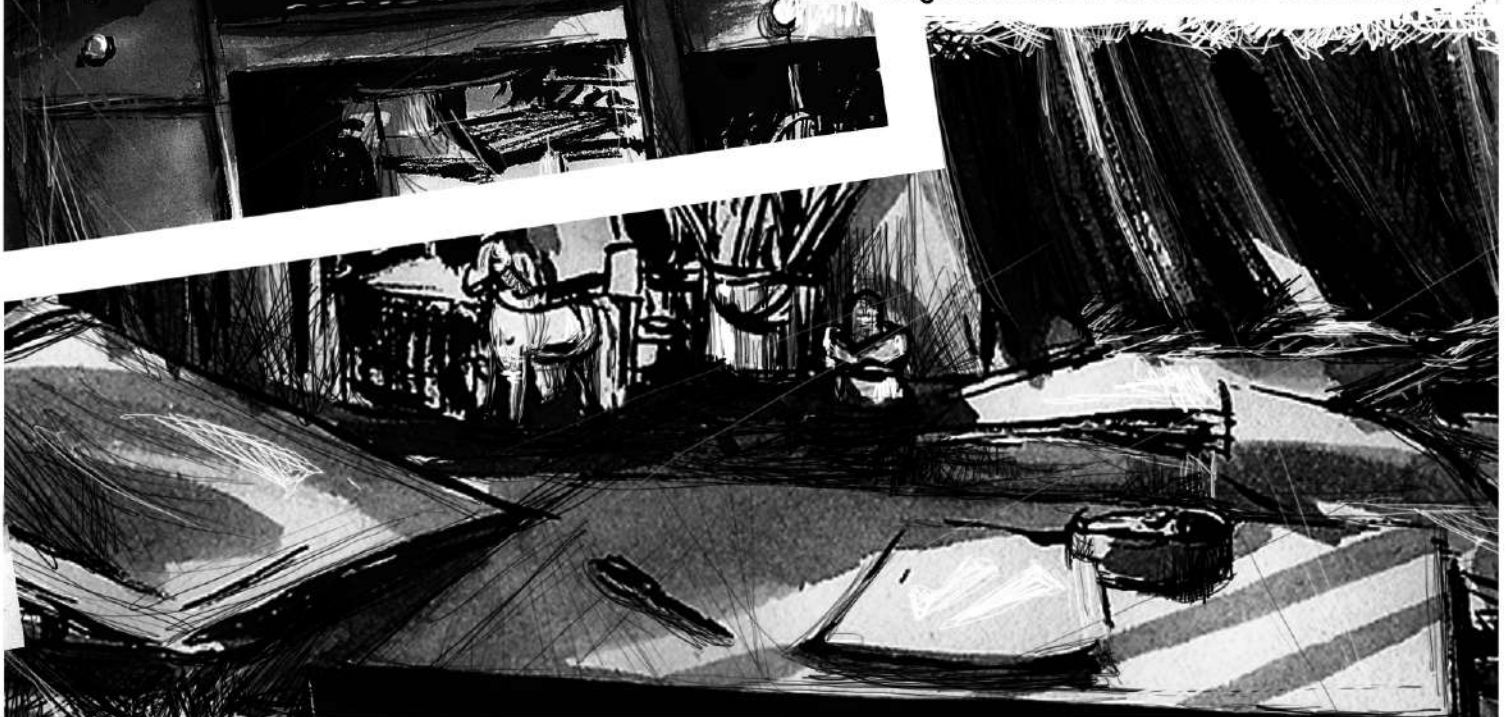


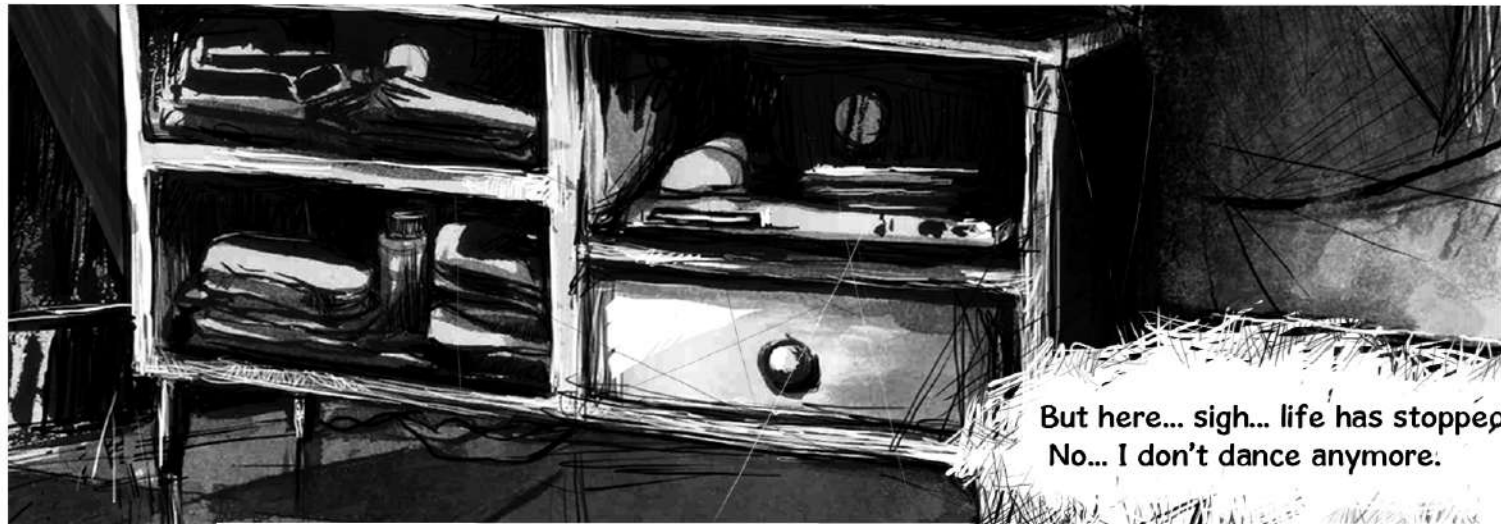
Arre haan, artist reminds me... I met an artist once- a painter. He attended one of my performances, and the very next day came up to me to ask if I would allow him to make a portrait.



And then while I was dancing na, I forgot that I was in a performance- it was like me and my art were one... it was magic- I was the art, I was the artist

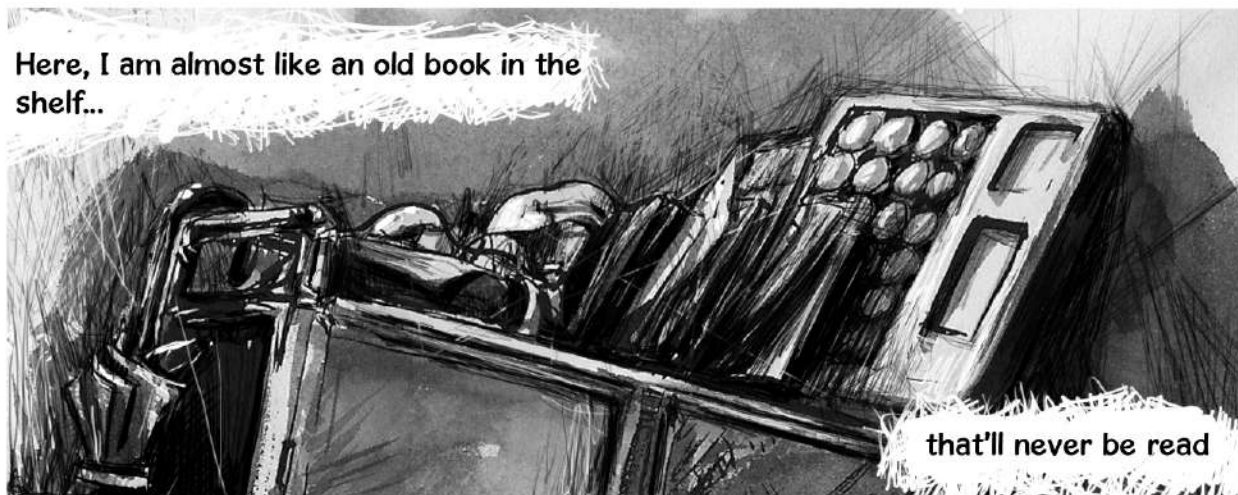
I said straight bhai... "See I can't sit on a chair for more than 10 minutes... if you can still paint me, then it is alright" And you know what, he agreed! Ha ha! He used to come to the performances. But before he could complete the painting I had to leave Nagaur. I had to come here to Mumbai.





But here... sigh... life has stopped
No... I don't dance anymore.

Here, I am almost like an old book in the
shelf...



that'll never be read

or like an old shoe... ..



in the rack



that'll never be worn again!





I feel lonely sometimes- I miss Guruji, Keshav sa, Munni, but mostly I miss my mother.



You know what- I sometimes try to imagine that my mother is behind the kitchen door- making gatte ki sabji or maybe she is in the bathroom- washing clothes.



Ha ha! I even close my eyes and try to listen to all the sounds. And the sounds are the same- the beating of clothes or the gas ki seeti. Someway... it connects me to maa!



But I haven't forgotten dance. It is still there in me... I live it here- every moment. Can't you feel it? Ha ha! Well, if ever you feel like dancing na, you can come here again. Arre baba! Don't feel shy na.



My dance will live in you too that way! I'll like that.

