

TAWAIF

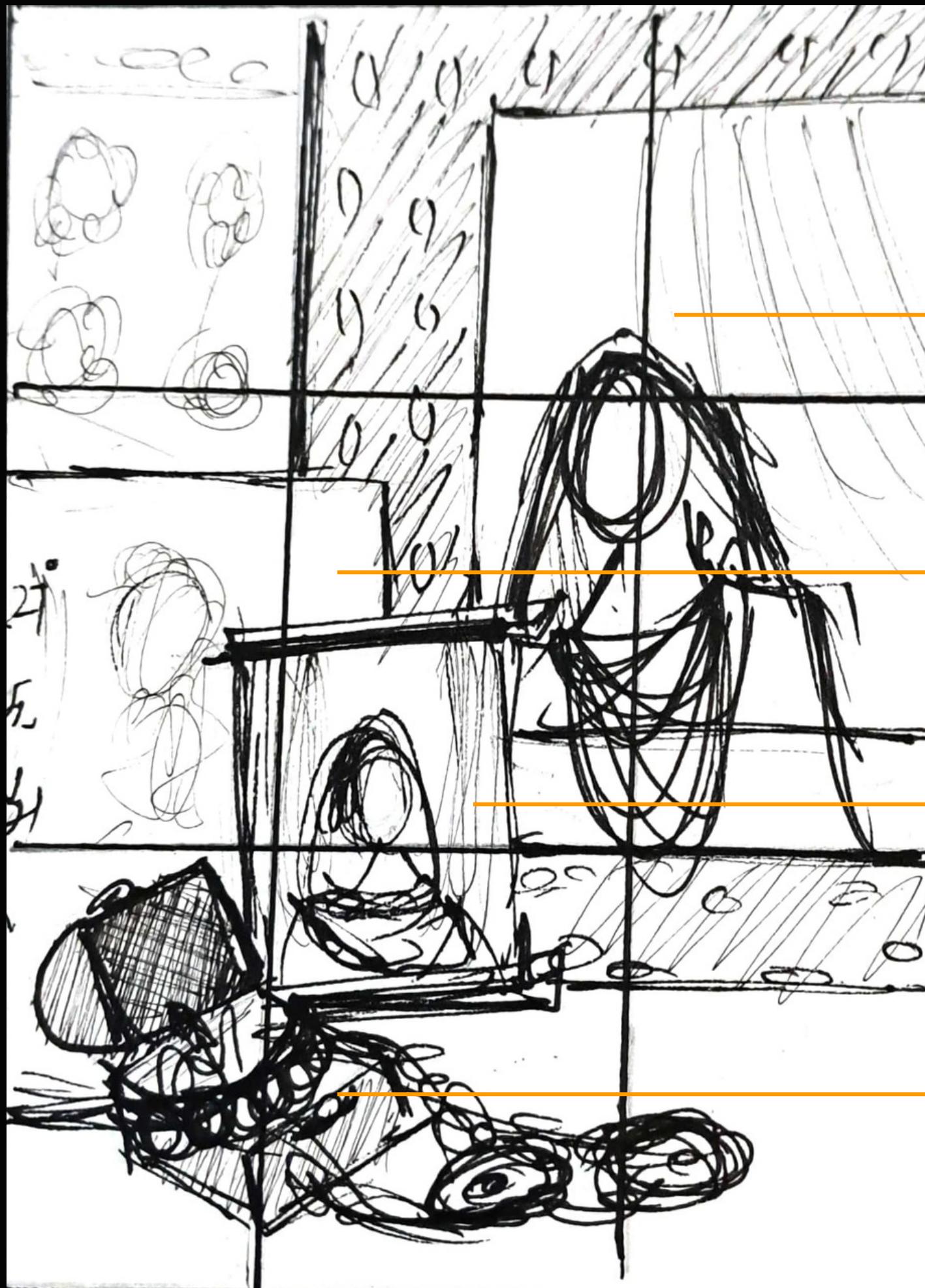
SEQUENTIAL IMAGES - KSHAMA ANAGODUMATH - BURBERRY

As I am getting ready, I see my reflection on the mirror smile back at me with respect. People from the East India Company are waiting outside to witness a tawaif dance.

I see my grandmother's jewelry as soon as I open my jewelry box. The moment when young nawabs were sent to her to learn "tameez" and "Tehzeeb," which included the capacity to distinguish and appreciate good music and literature, perhaps even practice it, especially the art of ghazal writing, strikes me when I simply look at them. It is not her that they remind me of, rather, it is her knowledge. She had made a name for herself in the 18th century as the embodiment of North India's polished, polite culture. I saw my own identity evaporating little by little as I chose each piece of jewelry to wear, from the hefty necklace she owes to the stunning fan-shaped jhoomar that symbolized purity. I started to feel discomfort from every piece of jewellery that showed her knowledge. My current situation is hurting me from the inside out because the knowledge I have gained is constantly becoming heavier and no one respects it any more. All that glitters is not gold.

As I am going for performing because I am forced to, not because I want to. Attempting to preserve my respect. All I want to say is that Not all that starts good, must have a good end. I feel myself fading away as all of the jewelry I'm wearing shines as brightly as my grandmother's frame. That just serves to highlight how powerful history was at the time, but now.....

I am awaiting the rebirth of this art where we can write our own fate.



Her reflection

Book to show knowledge

Grandmother's picture

Grandmother's jewelry



PROCESS



INITIAL FRAMES



FEEDBACK

Received a feedback saying that the shift in color wasn't progressive, which didn't fit with the narrative I was trying to tell. The flow is broken