

Congratulations Delhi!

Foundation stone of Water treatment plant of a daily capacity of 47.7 crore litres to be laid in Chandrawal

Drinking water produced from the new plant will cater to 22 lakh residents of the city



Laying of Foundation Stone ceremony

Monday, 24 June, 2019 at 11.30 A.M.

**Venue : Behind Delhi Vidhan Sabha,
Between Chandrawal I and II**

**"We will make Delhi
the best city in the world"**

- Arvind Kejriwal
Chief Minister, Delhi



Highlights of the project

- Equitable and Continuous water distribution in the command area of Chandrawal WTP.
- Plant will treat high ammonia in raw water and supply uninterrupted water to the residents.
- The work to benefit about 22 lakh residents of the city.
- Command areas include area of Old Delhi, Chandni Chowk, Pahari Dhiraj, Idgah, Civil Lines, Karol Bagh, Kamla Nagar, Malkaganj, Rajinder Nagar, Shadipur, Patel Nagar, Naraina, partly NDMC and Cantonment areas.
- Completion of work will provide better living conditions to the public.
- Total cost of project is approx. Rs. 599 Crore and is to be completed in 3 years.

Magazine



60 MINUTES

Raghu Rai feels a picture has to stand the test of time, says his daughter, director Avani Rai **p3**

FRAMED

How the famously gleaming metal mirror from Aranmula emerges from soot and mud **p16**

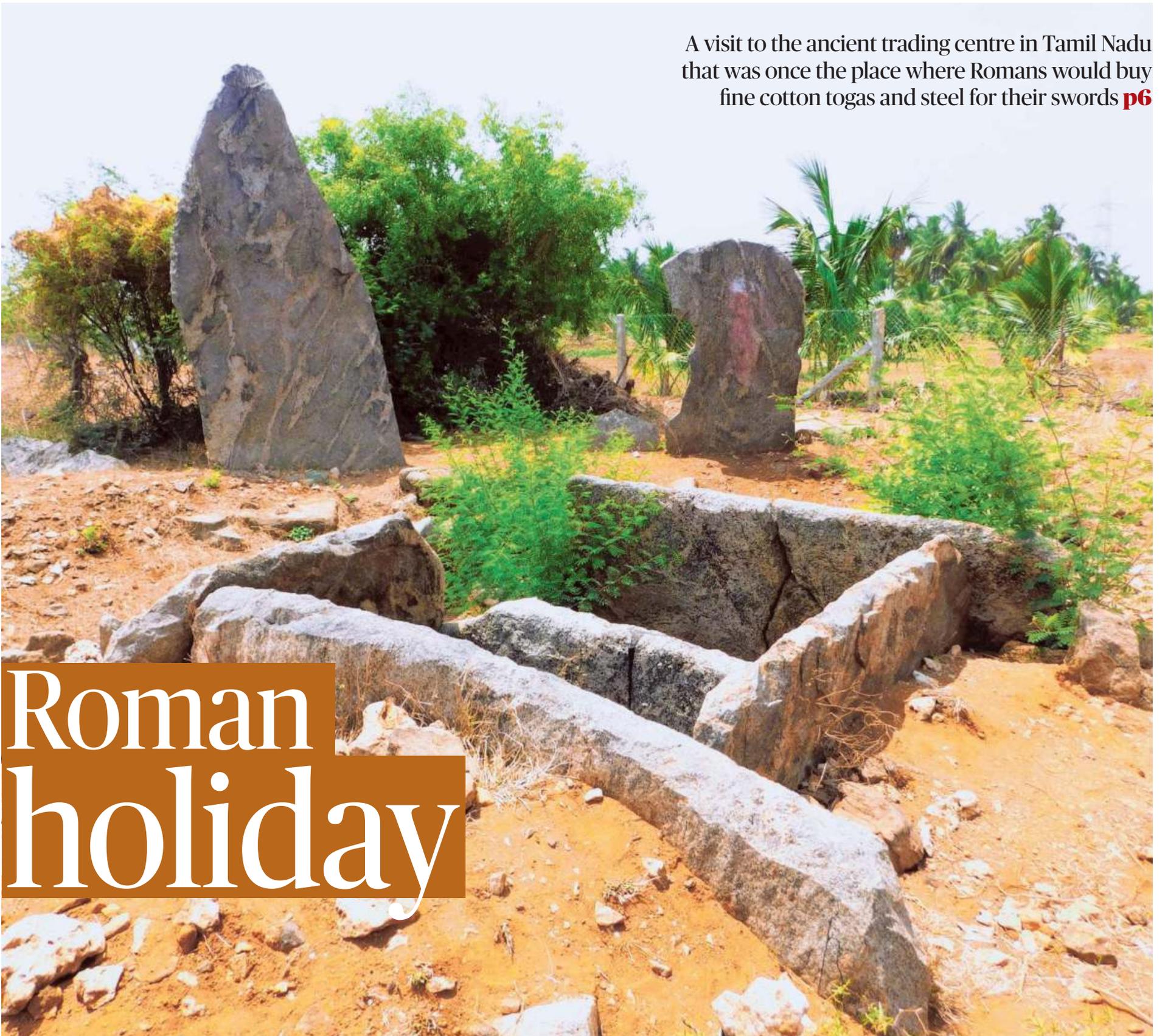


LITERARY REVIEW

A weekly round-up of essays, reviews, interviews and more **p18-25**

CULTURE

Meet Tal Betal, a puppet troupe that draws in children and adults with its universal themes **p9**



A visit to the ancient trading centre in Tamil Nadu that was once the place where Romans would buy fine cotton togas and steel for their swords **p6**

Roman holiday



First mass Notre-Dame Cathedral held its first mass since the devastating April 15 fire that destroyed its roof and iconic spire. The service was led by Paris Archbishop Michel Aupetit, who wore a hard hat for safety as the church is still extremely fragile.



Prehistoric wolf A well-preserved head of a prehistoric wolf, estimated to be 40,000 years old, was discovered in eastern Siberia, along with a massive mammoth's foot. This is the first adult frozen carcass to be found, which allows for more research using the wolf's DNA.

Out of Africa An aircraft built in three weeks, by South African teenagers as young as 15, took off from Cape Town and is headed for Cairo. Piloted by the 17-year-old Megan Werner, the plane made its first stop in Namibia.



Puppy-dog eyes A study revealed that dogs evolved new facial muscles specifically to rouse a nurturing response from humans. Researchers made this discovery by comparing domesticated dogs to wolves, and found the 'puppy-dog eyes' facial muscles present only in the former.



Cop convicted Sanjiv Bhatt, the former Gujarat IPS officer who filed an affidavit alleging then Chief Minister Narendra Modi's involvement in the 2002 Gujarat riots, has been sentenced to life by the Jamnagar Sessions Court. He was convicted in a 29-year-old custodial death case.



Massive blackout Several countries in South America, including Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay, were hit by a massive blackout that left over 44 million people without electricity for a day, taking a toll on public transport and healthcare.

No to extradition A wave of protests swept through Hong Kong in response to a law proposed by the city's top official, Carrie Lam, which would allow the extradition of people to mainland China. Lam has since delayed the bill and issued a public apology, but demonstrators dismissed it as too little, too late.



Gloria Vanderbilt dies One of the biggest names in the fashion world, Gloria Vanderbilt, died at 95. The U.S. icon — designer, artist, author — died at home surrounded by loved ones, according to her son, CNN anchor Anderson Cooper.



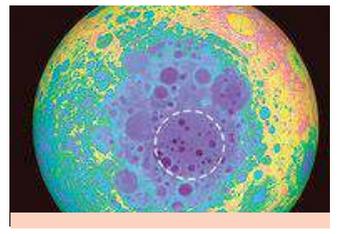
Magician disappears Chanchal Lahiri, aka Wizard Mandrake, died while attempting the famous Houdini trick. Lahiri was chained up and lowered into the Ganga, but never surfaced. Rescue workers later discovered his body.



Chandrayaan-2 in Sriharikota The mother orbiter spacecraft of the moon mission Chandrayaan-2 reached the launch port of Sriharikota from Bengaluru and will soon be joined by its lander and rover companions. The orbiter is set to be launched on July 15 to explore the lunar surface.



Dry run After four of Chennai's reservoirs dried up, the city's officials began scrambling for other sources of water in quarries and borewells. Chennai has endured the longest dry spell in a decade this year, with no rains for over 190 days since the northeast monsoon last year.



Far side of the moon Researchers discovered a massive 'mystery blob' underneath the far side of the moon, with mass akin to a pile of metal five times the size of the Big Island of Hawaii. The structure could be the remnants of an ancient impactor's metal core, said Peter James, co-author of a study.

Unicorn mantis Researchers exploring Brazil's Atlantic forest came across a new species of praying mantis: the unicorn mantis. This insect has a mysterious, hornlike structure on its head, which team leader Leonardo Lanna assumes is meant for camouflage.

WITH AVANI RAI

‘I am not Raghun Rai and I’ll do it my way’

The photographer and director on making a film about her legendary father — a personal and ultimately cathartic project



DURGANAND BALSAVAR

Avani Rai’s film *Raghu Rai: An Unframed Portrait* captures the experiences of her father, one of the most celebrated of photographers, who has chronicled India over the past five decades. Father and daughter were in Chennai for a screening at Goethe-Institut/ Max Mueller Bhavan early this year as part of the Chennai Photo Biennale.

A film on one’s father can be paradoxical, since it requires a certain detachment. How did the idea emerge?

I didn’t really set out to make a film about my father. There were a few cameras at home that I picked up and started filming with. I was capturing these moments for myself, with no idea of making a film. While I was filming him, he would either correct me or say I was wasting my time. I was at college in Mumbai, doing a journalism course. Making films was never on my mind. It was a few years later that the idea emerged. Anurag Kashyap promised to support me as long as I did it on my own. It’s when I discovered a Finnish producer, a Dutch editor, and an Austrian distributor that Raghu Rai began to take this seriously.

Rai’s photographic oeuvre, more than five decades long, runs alongside the unfolding of India’s history, also recalling memories of Indira Gandhi, Mother Teresa and the Dalai Lama.

■ He had a very different relationship

with Indira Gandhi. There existed both closeness and a distance. He always felt that a picture had to stand the test of time. When I look at that phase from today’s perspective... For me politics is important as well, but today I don’t think I can attempt the same, with the kind of protocols and security in place.

In our times, we seem to be regressing. Journalism needs to be respected, be more objective and responsible. We are in a zone of hype and infotainment, fake propaganda and biopics, Bollywood-like news, etc. That era of the 70s, before I was born, looks so different. It appears as if media at that time was not so obsessed with the glitz we see today.

This film had to be through my eyes. Of course, I was not going to tamper with his way of looking at India over the past five decades, but we decided it was a personal film, not something distant. So it’s not only about Raghu Rai, but also about how I see him. It’s a reflection of him, a reflection of India, as I perceive it. It has layers of many incidents — the lives of Indira Gandhi, Mother Teresa and the Dalai Lama. Kashmir has often been misrepresented, so I did feel a responsibility to represent that reality through the camera.

Rai has had deep, but very different, relationships with Mother Teresa and the Dalai Lama.

■ If he had not met the Dalai Lama or Mother Teresa, I think he would probably look at things very differently. It changes the way we see and

understand life. I do feel connected to the Dalai Lama as well. I think it’s a lot to do with our own lives and our inner energies, rather than religion per se.

There is a paradox when a photographer documents war, civic strife, or disaster. Rai has often referred to himself, metaphorically, as the photographer of the street. At a human level, a photographer desires to reach out and help — but as a photographer he needs to be an objective chronicler of the strife he sees.

■ He has balanced his roles in these difficult situations, often helping people and reaching out whenever he could. At the same time he believes his responsibility is to film the moment of truth and share it with the world at large. So often, when he is in a situation where there are doctors around, he cannot interfere and play a doctor’s role. It just doesn’t make sense. But at other times, in Kashmir, when there is nobody around, he reaches out to people in moments of strife.

You have to make a choice while being sensitive to the circumstances. A photographer has a responsibility to be the eyes of the rest of the world.

Anurag Kashyap says at 18, you probably did not really know your father. And through the process of the film, you evolved to see Rai differently.

■ My father has reached a certain pinnacle and is now sure of himself. On

the other hand, I was doing this film when I was 18. A lot of things were happening in my life. When the camera is rolling, you have to look into the viewfinder; you have no choice. So when you look at your father through a viewfinder, you intuitively observe many different things that you normally don’t notice.

I think there has been a transformation, both personally and professionally. Personally, it happens naturally as you go from teenager to adult, with all the emotions. But professionally, there was a kind of rebellion where my father would tell me to do something in a certain way and I wouldn’t want to do it that way. I am not Raghu Rai and I’ll do it my way. So I had to find my way. I could not get away with hollow arguments, but had to search for what I really wanted. I figured out where we were similar, where we were different, and our different perspectives on life.

What does the future hold?

■ When the film was released, there was a feeling of completion within myself too. I could start afresh. I had said whatever I had to say to my father. I had seen him closely at work through this film. Maybe others will make more researched documentaries about him, but that was not my objective. It was a personal viewpoint. So for me it’s now a clean slate in my mind, to begin anew. I am free to think what to do next and how I want to do that.

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The writer is an architect and academician.

■ Studied journalism in Mumbai, where she continues to be based

■ Has worked as a cameraperson for a number of short films, such as *Uski Baarish* (2013)

■ Has contributed as a photographer to several leading publications

■ *Raghu Rai: An Unframed Portrait* has been shown at numerous documentary festivals and competitions around the world, including the International Documentary Film Festival Amsterdam

TOGA TOWN

Kodumanal: the city that clothed Rome

The nondescript village of Kodumanal has a remarkably strategic location, which explains why it was such an important centre of commerce in ancient times

ZAC O'YEAH

Feeling slightly lost, I get off the train at Tiruppur in Tamil Nadu's heartland. Pankaj Mishra, the only other travel writer to set foot here (as far as I know), dismissed the town as being "to underwear what Sivakasi was to firecrackers" in a couple of hours and as few pages in his 1990 travelogue *Butter Chicken in Ludhiana*, before scuttling on to a bus bound for Kerala.

It's one of those places where no tourists go, there's virtually no information online, no guidebook recommends it, my trusty TTK road atlas only knows it as 'famous for hosiery products' and it never occurs to my bucket-listing friends, who go fashion hunting in New York City, to stop and shop in India's world-famous 'Banian City'.

The streets are lined with export surplus showrooms with chic names like *Homme & Femme* or *Tee Totaler*, interspersed with low-budget business lodges, which I guess is Tiruppur in a nutshell. At any point of time, garment importers from scores of countries are visiting the thousands of manufacturing units here that employ half a million labourers (practically the entire population of Tiruppur). They produce knitwear, innerwear and sportswear for the likes of iconic American brand Ralph Lauren, trendy Scandinavian H&M, dowdy Marks & Spencer of the U.K., and youthful Italian fashion house Diesel, to the value of a billion dollars per year, which constitutes about half of India's total knitwear exports.

In historical times, the methods for producing iron were an industrial secret and high-grade Indian steel was sought for its quality

Harish Damodaran states in *India's New Capitalists* (2008), in a chapter analysing this unheralded wonder, that Tiruppur "has displaced traditional knitwear export clusters such as Mumbai, Ludhiana and Delhi to storm into the numero uno position." Hold that thought. A curious coincidence is that a pristine Roman coin from the reign of Julius Caesar (mid-1st century BCE) was once dug up in Tiruppur, and it has further been concluded that two millennia ago, the village of Kodumanal, 20 km downriver, was a prominent exporter of cotton which clothed Rome, maybe even supplying the fabric for those togas they wore when they partied. This area was numero uno already then.

On the radar

Despite that, few people in Tiruppur know of Kodumanal – neither my hotel manager nor the taxi driver he books for me have heard of it. Luckily, I've been in touch with Prof. K. Rajan at Pondicherry University, the eminent archaeologist who excavated the site, and he suggests I seek out Ramachandran who owns the actual farmland where ancient Kodumanal was situated, about one kilometre



Monolith One of the menhirs; (facing page, top) some finds from the site; and (below) Ramachandran with his excavation album. ZAC O'YEAH

Cover photo Two imposing menhirs and three deep cist tombs have been left in situ at Kodumanal for visitors to inspect. ZAC O'YEAH

southeast of the modern village by the same name. Rajan explains in his email: “The entire excavations carried out in several seasons constitute merely 1% of the site. In that sense, our understanding about the site is just 1%. Irrespective of these limited works, the site yielded voluminous data on gemstone technology, textile technology, copper technology, iron and steel technology, conch/ shell technology and many others.”

Although it's been on the radar since the 60s when test digs by the Archaeological Survey of India established its antiquity, it was only decades later that scholars identified it with the Kodumanam mentioned in the classical Sangam literature of Tamil Nadu. During the excavations that have been going on intermittently since the 80s, after Rajan first visited Kodumanal, his team has reported finds of cotton material, terracotta weaving implements, ornaments of various kinds and, most importantly, evidence of iron manufacturing such as crucibles and furnaces. In historical times, the methods for producing iron were an industrial secret and high-grade Indian steel was sought for its quality, especially to forge swords for the Roman empire.

Dressed to kill

Simply put, Kodumanal saw to it that the ancients were dressed to kill and armed to the teeth. Hence, every Indian historian worth her salt writes about Kodumanal, from Romila Thapar (“an important inland centre... with excavated evidence of working semi-precious stones” in *The Penguin History of Early India*) to Upinder Singh (“Kodumanal gives important evidence of the transition to the early historical phase in South India, especially with reference to the beginnings of literacy and the development of centres of craft production” in *A History of Ancient and Early Medieval India*). The latter also discusses Prof. Rajan's findings at length.

Eventually, my driver finds his way to Kodumanal, thanks to Google Maps. After half an hour's driving past ginning mills and curious shrines full of terracotta horses, we're in the village of about 1,100 people and two small temples. Ramachandran awaits us. He cheerfully tells me that I just missed the excavators who packed up and left two months ago. He hops into the taxi and we drive out to his fields, where he grows maize.

My first observation as I get out of the car is that despite it being inhabited since at least 400 BCE and well known as one of the most important prehistoric industrial sites ever excavated, Kodumanal keeps a curiously low profile. There's no site museum or even signposting at the spot where one set of three deep cist tombs and two imposing menhirs have been left in situ for visitors to inspect. The granite slabs that make up the underground tombs are colossal. Says Ramachandran, “They've been here for 2,500 years.”

Were there any skeletons, I ask, as I peek down into the pit of death.

“Only bone fragments, coal and pearls,” Ramachandran says.



Hundreds of similar tombs lie hidden under the earth, covering tens of acres, and nearby, on the north bank of the Noyyal river, remains of an equally big town have been excavated. We continue down the road and I stare at an empty field, doing my best to picture the industrial units it housed – the spinners and weavers who perhaps ran clothing stores where Romans picked up togas, jewellers' shops surrounded by gemstone polishers and artisans who cut bangles out of conch shells that Romans might purchase for their wives, and, of course, the multiple furnaces at which, braving the blazing heat, ironsmiths forged steel known in Tamil as *ukku* (Anglicised as ‘wootz’), a procedure described in the *Purananuru*, one of the eight great anthologies of the Sangam age, as “*the anvil which combats the hammer brought down on it with great force by a blacksmith with his strong hands trying to mould iron!*”

Some say that the famously incorruptible Iron Pillar in Delhi must have originated here, although that's mere speculation, but it is known that swords of South Indian steel were coveted in the West already in 400 BCE, as related by E.H. Warmington in *The Commerce Between the Roman Empire and India*.

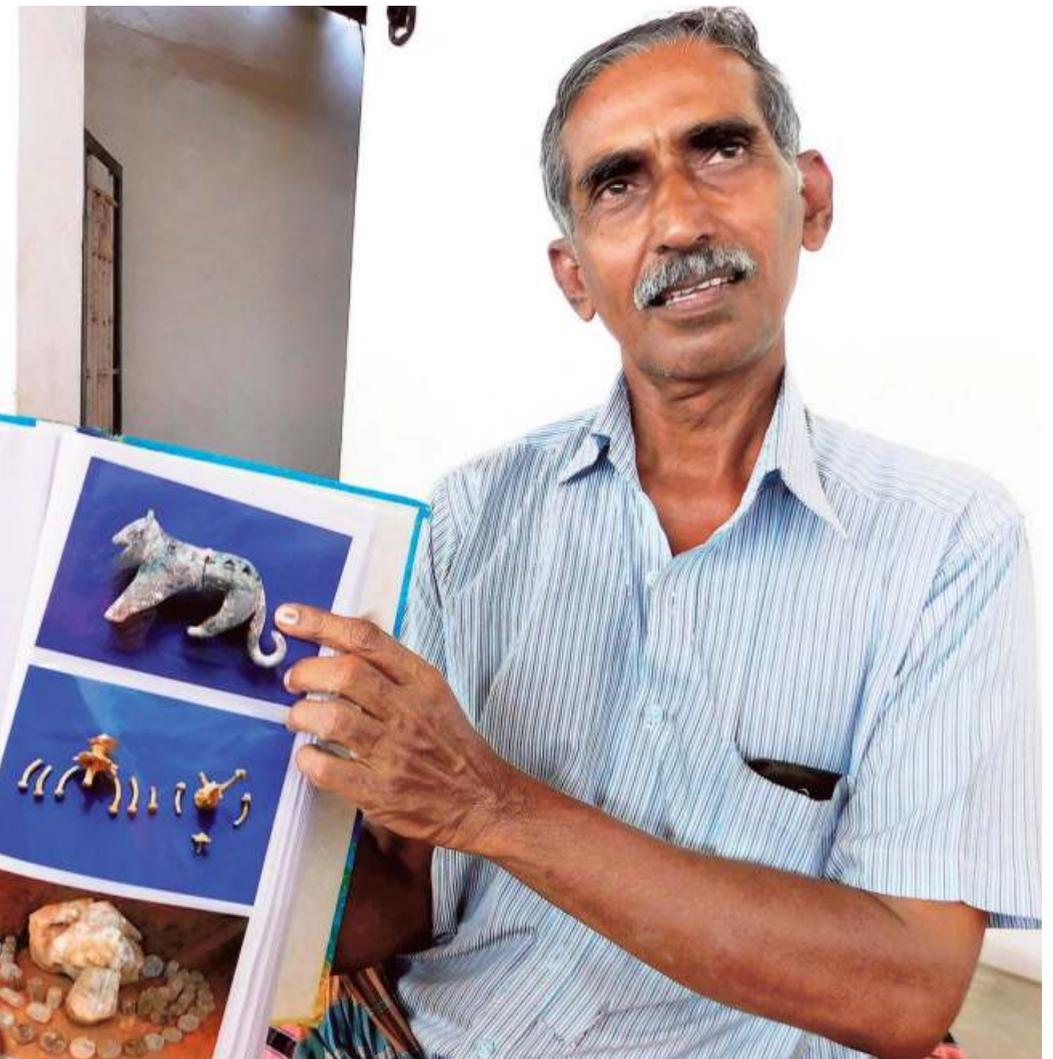
It's curious how one of Asia's foremost industrial sites can vanish with so few traces; a humbling

thought, but as Ramachandran explains, the houses in those days were very basic. So there are hardly any ruins to speak of.

Back to the present

When the archaeologists first came to the village, there was nothing in Kodumanal, says Ramachandran, not even a tea stall, but now after over three decades of what may possibly be one of the most important and extensive archaeological excavation projects in the history of independent India, there are multiple daily bus services to the outside world, a telephone exchange and a small shop: one might say that archaeology brought the village from the past to the present.

So many visit, declares Ramachandran in his modest manner: government officials, scholars, students from as far away as Japan – and he has met them all, shown them around, served them tea in his home. “Free service,” he quips.



Back at Ramachandran's house in the village, he shows me an album with pictures from the excavations – images of necklaces, terracotta spindles for weaving, a toy tiger with inlaid gemstones, a skeleton seated in a meditation posture, pottery shards full of Brahmi graffiti giving a wealth of information about who lived here (several were North Indians judging by their names) and, most remarkably, what he calls the head of a Roman soldier. I later track it down to a private museum in Erode, the Kalaimagal Kalvi Nilayam's archaeological collection.

The staff tells me that students

Tiruppur's textile barons ought to find it in their interest to sponsor a heritage centre to highlight Tamil Nadu's early textile industry and other contributions to the world

found the head many years ago during a field trip to Kodumanal, where they saw a boy using it as a football. Some scholars identify it as the head of Greek god Apollo, patron of music and literature, but as I examine the 17-cm-tall head, I can't quite perceive any similarities between it and statues I've admired in museums in Italy and Greece, where the god is usually depicted as a young, beardless man. This dude has a punk hairdo and beard. However, its presumed antiquity is swiftly debunked by Prof. Rajan, who says in an email, “The terracotta figurine collected from the surface at this site is presumed to be a Roman soldier. However, the thermo-

▶CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



BIG SCREEN

Simmering in a repertory

Acting, writing, directing — Girish Karnad shone in the golden age of parallel cinema

ASEEM CHHABRA

There is a scene towards the middle of Shyam Benegal's *Nishant*. A very frustrated and exhausted Girish Karnad, a schoolteacher, returns to his village. He has spent the day appealing to the police, government officials, lawyers and journalists to take action against the four evil landlords who have kidnapped his wife Sushila (Shabana Azmi).

All attempts fail and the teacher is not able to shake up the fear that the landlord brothers (played with terrifying intensity by Amrish Puri, Anant Nag, Mohan Agashe and Naseeruddin Shah) have spread among the villagers and even those with power in a nearby city.

In a fit of anger Karnad lets out a loud cry, and starts slashing at wild bushes with his umbrella as he walks back home. It is a devastating scene.

Nishant was released in 1975, the same year as Ramesh Sippy's *Sholay* and Yash Chopra's *Deewar*. But the college student in me was far more interested in seeing Benegal's new film with its large ensemble of trained actors. A year earlier while I was in school I had seen Benegal's *Ankur* at Delhi's Regal Theatre, and experienced the power of cinema beyond what my young mind had imagined possible. I

was blown away by Azmi's acting skills and her beauty, and shaken up by her outburst towards the end.

In *Nishant* I discovered Karnad, tall, elegant and handsome even when he was mostly scowling and looking frustrated. (I did not know much about him before I saw *Nishant*. Years later I would see *Samksara* in New York, his first film as an actor.) In *Nishant* I also discovered two other actors who would change my life, how I would view cinema and my perception of what talented performers were capable of doing in front of the camera. I am talking about Shah and Smita Patil.

A magical time

What a magical and special time it was. In the 1970s, Benegal, supported by very able producers, was on a roll. Every year he would make a new film, each an event by itself, each an exploration of the class/ caste divides in India or on patriarchy and strong-willed women fighting for space in a world defined by men. *Nishant* would be followed by *Manthan* (1976, with a simmering Karnad, Patil, Shah and Nag); *Bhumika* (1977, Patil, Nag, Shah and Amol Palekar); *Kondura* (1978, Patil and Nag), and *Junoon* (1979, Shashi and Jennifer Kapoor, Azmi and Shah).

If Karnad wasn't acting in one of Benegal's films, he would be writing part of the screenplay. He is credited as

one the co-writers on *Bhumika*, which won the National Film Award for its screenplay. He also co-wrote the scripts of *Kondura* and *Kalyug* (1981).

But Benegal was not the only one who worked with this repertory of actors. It was the peak of the parallel film movement, and many young filmmakers were churning out a range of films dealing with social issues. And the same set of actors would work in different projects with filmmakers like Saeed Akhtar Mirza (*Arvind Desai Ki Ajeeb Dastan*), Muzaffar Ali (*Gaman*), and M.S. Sathyu (*Garam Hawa*). Some of these actors also graced the screen in Satyajit Ray's first Hindi film, *Shatranj Ke Khilari* (1977).

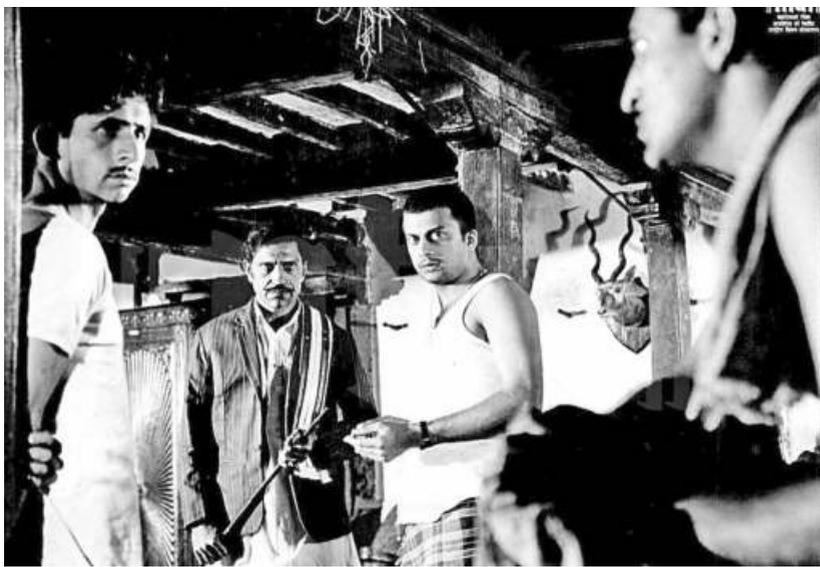
Much of my initial understanding of inequality, caste politics, and rural India came from these films. It was an important education that I would not have received from any degree course.

Tughlaq at Purana Qila

In the mid-1970s, Karnad's talent was even more evident on stage. There's one performance of his play *Tughlaq* that I'll never forget. Directed by Ebrahim Alkazi, it featured the late Manohar Singh playing the lead character amid the ruins of Purana Qila. I saw another performance last year at a Delhi theatre, but the Purana Qila setting had made the anti-authoritarian play so much more impactful.



Every year Shyam Benegal would make a new film, each an exploration of class/ caste divides or patriarchy and strong-willed women fighting for their space in a world defined by men



Ever elegant
 (Clockwise from left) Shabana Azmi and Girish Karnad in *Nishant*; Amrish Puri, Anant Nag and Naseeruddin Shah in *Nishant*; (facing page) Smita Patil in *Manthan*; and Karnad in *Manthan*.

Karnad was back on screen in 1977 in Basu Chatterjee's *Swami*, with the haunting thumri *Ka Karoon Sajni*. Here he plays a patient husband to Azmi's rebellious Saudamini, who is resentful of her family forcing her into an arranged marriage.

The film ends with a beautiful – albeit predictable – scene. Saudamini has decided to run away with her former boyfriend. But then she changes her mind and falls at her husband's feet as he (Karnad) says, '*ghar chalo Mini*' (come home, Mini).

Ancients and moderns

That same year, Karnad would also team up with B.V. Karanth to co-write and co-direct *Godhuli* (with Shah, Om Puri and Kulbhushan Kharbanda) – a clash of old and new ways in a village as the headman's son arrives from the U.S. with his American wife. And in 1979, Karnad directed a stunning period film in Kannada depicting ancient Indian martial arts, a homage to Akira Kurosawa's samurai films – *Ondanondu Kaladalli* (with Shankar Nag).

Many of the players from that era have left us. Patil died tragically in 1986, Shankar Nag in 1990 and Farooq Shaikh (*Garam Hawa* and *Gaman*) in 2013. Some of other key players in Shyam Benegal's repertory group are also gone – Vijay Tendulkar

(playwright and scriptwriter for *Nishant* and *Manthan*), Amrish Puri, Om Puri, Shashi and Jennifer Kapoor, Jalal Agha and now even Karnad. The bigger tragedy was that through the 1980s the parallel cinema movement also slowly died down.

Having lived in the U.S. since 1981, I never got a chance to meet Karnad. But I tried to interview him for a book I wrote on Shashi Kapoor in 2016. Karnad had directed *Utsav* (1984), produced by Kapoor. I had heard from someone that things were fraught between the producer and the director since the film had gone way over budget. Plus, Kapoor had already lost money on his previous productions.

Karnad sent me an email in response to an interview request I had sent through a common friend. The email read: "While the film *Utsav* was being made or since the day it was released, I have not said a word about my experience of making the film or of Shashi as a producer and actor, preferring to let him have his say. I should like to continue the arrangement."

I am heartbroken that I will now never interview Girish Karnad.

The author is an independent writer, film festival programmer and the author of *Shashi Kapoor: The Householder*, *The Star*.

BINGE WATCH

The gods must be macho

God doesn't wear a halo in today's web series. He's more likely to be a muscle-flexing Rambo

If you, like this writer, are a big fan of god being used as plot device – or even better, a character – in films and TV/streaming shows, these are interesting but also confusing times to live in. God no longer has a halo, he likely wields a harpoon instead.

In the recent Amazon Prime release, *Good Omens* (based on the novel of the same name by Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett), we see the forces of both Heaven and Hell rooting for the Antichrist (reincarnated on earth as a mortal boy), so that he can usher in the End of Days – and Heaven and Hell can have the decisive, no-holds-barred battle they always wanted. 'Tis all, as the Archangel Gabriel (Jon Hamm) says several times, part of god's plan. The Netflix show *Lucifer* has an equally trigger-happy god, who has no qualms about sending (divine) goons after his own son or banishing his wife (goddess) to Hell. As god's beloved son Amenadiel says, "He (god) has a bit of an overreacting problem." *American Gods*, another Gaiman adaptation, is all about the old gods (Odin, Loki, Kali and so on) fighting the new gods (Technology, Media, 'Mr. World' aka Globalisation) in an apocalyptic showdown.

Mighty smiters

Clearly, we're having a cultural moment where god needs to be more John Rambo than loving shepherd. Gone are the days of the hippie Jesus posters; you're far more likely to come across an authoritarian, muscle-flexing god in films and on TV/streaming shows. The world has never been more in thrall to the military industrial complex than it is today – this much is well-documented by now, especially through (non-fiction) books like William Hartung's *Prophets of War*. And there's nobody better than god when it comes to providing moral and theological justification for acts of unilateral aggression – almost everybody running for public office in America remembers the words 'One nation under god', right?

In India, however, visual representation of god is a bit of a contentious issue. And you can't just hire Frances McDormand's remarkable voice and hope for the best (as *Good Omens* did). People who play god are often trapped in that image – the actor Nitish Bharadwaj played Krishna in B.R. Chopra's 80s TV show *Mahabharat*. In 1996, he contested the Lok Sabha elections from Jamshedpur and won on a BJP ticket. There are still long-running Delhi plays where Bharadwaj dons the old Krishna gear and waxes eloquent about dharma for the zillionth time.

Desi Guantanamo

The pairing of god and authoritarianism isn't far from Indian screens, however. Two Netflix India shows in recent times have placed Hindutva-based dystopias as backdrop for the stories they want to tell. *Ghoul*, released last year, was a supernatural thriller set in a desi Guantanamo Bay of sorts, where Muslim 'undesirables' are 'rehabilitated' until they fall in line. And last week, Deepa Mehta's *Leila* was released – this is based on Prayaag Akbar's 2017 novel of the same name, the disturbing story of a mother searching for her estranged daughter in the not-too-distant future. *Leila* is perfectly timed, for several reviewers have noted the terrifying

similarities between present-day bigotries and the kind of dystopian setpieces the show employs. And much like how a lot of Republican politicians cloak religious beliefs under the tag 'will of the American people', the authoritarians of *Leila* apply the tag 'Aryavarta' to a lot of things that are actually Hindutva spawn.

In an old episode of *That '70s Show* I was rewatching recently, Fez (William Valderrama), the only Latino character on the show, tells his white friends, "I bet my god can kick your god's ass" – this seems to be the dominant mode in which we engage with all matters religious these days.



No holds barred Poster of *Good Omens*.



Aditya Mani Jha is a writer and journalist who is working on his first book of non-fiction.

