

Produced by The Board & Staff of Kalapriya
Center for Indian Performing Arts

Script, Direction, Choreographic Design
Gowri Ramnarayan
JustUs Repertory, Chennai, India

Stage & Technical Support Manager
Ahila Devi Vigneswaran
Kalapriya Foundation, Chicago

Dance, Dialogue, Acting
Bhavya Kumaran, Nrithya Sangeeth
School for Performing Arts, Naperville, Illinois

Devika Dhir
Kalapriya Foundation, Center for Indian
Performing Arts, Chicago, Illinois

Vocals Mridangam, tabla, nattuvangam
Nisha Rajagopalan **Sheejith Krishna**

Violin Flute
Easwar Ramakrishnan **JB Shrutisagar**

Recorded, Mixed, Mastered by
Rakesh Pazhedam, Sahrday

Thank you to our Sponsors & Partners

amazon smile

POLK BROS
FOUNDATION

Columbia
COLLEGE CHICAGO

THE CHICAGO
COMMUNITY TRUST
FOR ENTREPRENEURSHIP

Rebecca and
Fritz Kaegi

MILLENNIUMBANK

DRIEHAUS
FOUNDATION

Mark and David
LOGAN
CENTER
FOR THE ARTS

WÄLDER
FOUNDATION

CHI | DCASE

nefa

GOVERNMENT
OF ILLINOIS
"We did it"

GAYLORD AND
DOUGLASS DONNELLEY
FOUNDATION

UNITING
VOICES
CHICAGO CHILDREN'S CHOIR

IHOUSE

Chicago
Public Schools

Josh Randall Builder

Asian Giving Circle

Staffed by the team at Kalapriya and
Sherwood Music Hall of the Columbia College

KALAPRIYA
CENTER FOR INDIAN PERFORMING ARTS

presents

MITRA
THE POETRY OF FRIENDSHIP
A Dance Theater Performance

PROGRAM NOTES

Friday Nov 4, 2022 * 7:00 pm *
Sherwood Recital Hall of Columbia College Chicago

Hold a true friend with
both your hands.

-Nigerian proverb

If you judge people, you
have no time to love them.

-Mother Teresa

Walking with a friend in
the dark is better than
walking alone in the light.

-Helen Keller

Don't walk behind me, I
may not lead. Don't walk
in front of me, I may not
follow. Just walk beside
me and be my friend.

-Albert Camus

Celebrating the
universal theme
of Friendship

In advancing
Kalapriya's Mission
to build bridges
between the diverse
communities of
Chicago through
the performing arts





SCENE 1

“SOUTH AND NORTH...”

Chinese, Du Fu (712-770)

Translated by Vikram Seth

South and north of my house lies springtime water,
 And only flocks of gulls come every day.
 The flower path is unswept.
 No guests.
 The gate is open...
 You are the first to come this way
 The market is far:
 My food is nothing special.
 The wine, because we are poor, is an old brew –
 But if you wish
 I'll call my ancient neighbor across the fence
 To drink it with us two.



SCENE 2

MOREY AANGAN MEIN

Hindi, Mirabai, (1516-1521)

Come! Play the flute in my courtyard

I will give you toys, play games with you
 If only you play the flute in my courtyard

Dance! Dance for me, my sweetheart!
 I will sing sweet songs for you

O Lord of Mira! O **mountain bearer***!
 I lose myself as I surrender to you

***Mountain bearer:** he who sheltered
 people and livestock under a mountain
 during a cyclone



SCENE 3

MARAVEN, MARAVEN

Tamil, Kalki Krishnamurthy, (1899-1954)

O blue peacock! Will the **king*** who swore
 on his spear that he would never forget me,
 forget me after all? Will he know how my
 heart aches for him? How my life diminishes
 without him?

O you stupid bird! Here I am, waiting for my
 beloved to come, and what do you do but
 sashay like the swan! Bearing the Lord on
 your back as his **mount***, have you become
 so lost in arrogance as to lose your way?

O my precious bird! With a heart full of
 vengeance and malice, perhaps you have
 fallen asleep on the way! Wont you have a
 little pity for the woman who is spellbound by
 the Lord himself?

***King:** Murugan, also known as Velan,
 the God with the invincible spear
***Mount:** Murugan rides and soars on
 the peacock



SCENE 4

PARIPAHI

*Malayalam, Vayaskara Aryan Narayanan
 Mooss (1890-1959)*

Please protect me, O Lord, the consort of
 goddess Lakshmi
 Listening to the words of my five husbands,
 you got yourself ready to leave at once and
 parley with those evil men, the Kauravas.
 I am overwhelmed by grief. What I have to
 say comes straight from my inmost heart.
 Please pity me and listen to me with
 compassion.

O **Hrishikesh***, Lord of the World, you
 remove every kind of distress! Listen to me!
 Those cruel men without the least trace of
 pity dragged me by the hair into the open
 court.

O **Keshava*** of the beautiful locks! Before
 you go, take a look at my long tresses
 hanging unbound still.

***Hrisheeksha, *Keshava:**
 Names of the god Krishna



SCENE 5

MOLLIKA BONEY

Bengali, Rabindranath Tagore, (1861- 1941)

When the jasmine wood in my heart
 bore its first buds
 I strung the blooms and offered them to you

At that time, O my friend!
 Young dawn twinkled with dew drops
 And my jasmine garland shone ruby red

O my friend! Even today, at this very moment
 The music in the jasmine wood has not ended
 Will you not come?

O jasmine wood! Your flowers have started
 wilting now!
 As if they may scatter at any moment!
 O my friend! Speak out what is left in your heart!



SCENE 6

BAARE PANDURANGA

Marathi, Tukaram, (1608- 1650)

O **Panduranga***! When will you come to meet me
 I am desolated without you
 I cannot see anyone but you as my friend
 I want to grab your feet (then you can't run away)
 I want to offer myself to you
 When will you meet me bearer of the **discus***?
 Says Tuka, please fulfill my wish
 O **Narayana***! Come running to me!

***Panduranga:** the deity (Krishna) in the temple
 in Pandharpur town
***Discus:** the weapon of the god Krishna
***Narayana:** Krishna is the avatar of the god
 Vishnu or Narayana



SCENE 7

A STYLE OF LOVING

English, Vikram Seth (1952-)

Light now restricts itself
 To the top half of trees;
 The angled sun
 Slants honey-coloured rays
 That lessen to the ground
 As we bike through
 The corridor of Palm Drive.

We two
 Have reached a safety the years
 Can claim to have created:
 Unconsummated, therefore
 Unjaded, unsated.

Picnic, movie, ice-cream;
 Talk; to clear my head
 Hot buttered rum - coffee for you;
 And so not to bed.

And so, we have set the question
 Aside, gently.
 Were we to become lovers
 Where would our best friends be?
 You do not wish, nor I
 To risk again
 This savoured light for noon's
 High joy or pain.



SCENE 8

ON FRIENDSHIP

*Arabic & English, Kahlil Gibran
 (1883-1931)*

Your friend is your needs answered.
 For you come to him with your
 hunger, and you seek him for peace.

And when he is silent your heart
 ceases not to listen to his heart
 For without words, in friendship,
 all thoughts, all desires,
 all expectations are fulfilled.

And let there be no purpose in friendship
 save the deepening of the spirit.
 And let your best be for your friend.

If he must know the ebb of your tide,
 let him know its flood also.
 For what is your friend that you should
 seek him with hours to kill?

Seek him always with hours to live.
 For it is his to fill your need but
 not your emptiness.
 And in the sweetness of friendship
 let there be laughter and sharing of
 pleasures. For in the dew of little
 things the heart finds its morning
 and is refreshed.

