

AKHILESH'S 'MAYA LOK' - TWENTY-EIGHT SENTENCES

In Akhilesh's 'Maya Lok' I wish to look for my 'Maya Lok', and try to see an abstract illusory form of its or its transformation, and in my 'Maya Lok' search for a premonition of Akhilesh's 'Maya Lok', try to see some semi-concrete, semi-illusory facet of it.

This wish has to be suppressed, not because I see no point in his attempt but because it will lead me astray and deprive me of the magic of Akhilesh's 'Maya Lok'.

I wish to see the magic of Akhilesh's 'Maya Lok', not its root. If the root of magic is showing, the magic turns rotten or it disappears, and then Akhilesh's 'Maya Lok' does not essentially have a root. If it's there, it could be in my 'Maya Lok', or if it's there in his 'Maya Lok', it's not certain that it's visible to me.

Forgetting my 'Maya Lok', I wish to enter Akhilesh's 'Maya Lok', plunge into it. I think that in order to do this, it's essential to forget my 'Maya Lok', not to let it come between me and Akhilesh's 'Maya Lok', and if it insists on it, then it's essential to order it to go take its own seat and let me alone to see Akhilesh's 'Maya Lok'.

Akhilesh's 'Maya Lok' is not Akhilesh's, my 'Maya Lok' not mine. I want to see and not understand the magic in 'Maya Lok'; understanding is not essential for seeing though seeing could be essential for understanding. I want to be awe-stuck by the magic of 'Maya Lok', not to be impressed by it, not be merely impressed. I want to lose myself in it, not find it.

If you figure it all out, magic isn't magic any more, it is reduced to a magic-show. I know that magic and magic-show can't be separated, that the magic of 'Maya Lok' can't be separated from magic-show. But still what I want to see in magic, not magic-show.

I do want to play with the magic of 'Maya Lok' but not reduce it to the play of magic-show, since it is magic and not the play of magic-show. This moment 'Maya Lok' appears as a sort of inscription to me that I wish to see and not read, since I know that I can't read it, and if I coax

myself to read it, I won't be able to even see it.

The 'Maya Lok' that is configured and disfigured by the various forms and 'dubious' objects inscribed on it is visible to me, and isn't, since it is and yet isn't.

The silent music of the tension and balance between these forms and objects is something that's visible to me, and audible.

The silent music of the mutual tension of these forms and objects is also a part of that silent music.

As places this balance staggers deliberately, the tension threatens to snap deliberately. But if I stand facing it, watching it with rapt attention, then the balance turns into staggering, the form turns into objects, objects into form, and then everything seems to be suffused in the play of colours, and in that 'everything' I begin to look like a 'no-thing'.

The third eye of 'Maya Lok' is blind, and so it won't blink, it won't see any difference between everything and every 'no-thing'. Everything and every no-thing seem implicit in it; it seems to pass itself off as the heart of 'Maya Lok'.

The third two eyes of 'Maya Lok' seem to be split between splintered glass and buried shells.

Watching it now I find myself standing next to the wonderful magician sitting outside my school who used to sell dried mango-strips sixty years ago.

I need the same eyes to suck 'Maya Lok'.

This moment I see 'Maya Lok' as a card of hearts on which some *pauranic* bird stringing some lost broken orphaned modern objects in mysterious spiritual configuration has now taken flight into some *pauranic* tree.

The numerable objects and the possibilities of 'Maya Lok' seem innumerable to me - as if I had seen the river in a wine-cup, the sea in a drop, the universe in a speck, the whole in a fragment, the many in one. On the surface everything seems clear and well-planned - to the

extent that you can't believe your eyes. Under the surface everything seems unclear and unplanned - to the extent that the eye is reassured.

Green is not the colour that lures my heart but the primary colour of 'Maya Lok' is green and lures my heart - this miracle could only be ascribed to its magic.

A delightful patina green copperleaf, the scripts etched on which may or may not be innumerable, but they create the sweet illusion of being innumerable.

This creation is not of day but of night, not of reality but of dream, not of wakefulness but of somnolence, not of the conscious but of the unconscious.

A play enacted on the hide of an age-old animal.

A lush green face behind which there's no other face.

A piece of cow-dung plastered wall on which a tribal or a child had served everything lying scattered all around.

Looking at 'Maya Lok' I'm constantly reminded of that difficult work of Duchamp with an equally difficult title - 'The Large Glass, of The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even'.

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