

Jhumura: Harnessing the essence of folklore

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Abstract: Add to this visual stream the smoothness of music — provincial and smooth — and *Jhumura* turns into a trip for the faculties. You rise and fall with the slopes and streams, the sunrises and nightfalls, of Purulia, and feel your heart takeoff or sink with the profound *jhumur* tunes. Also, the craftsmanship's skirmish structure with advanced amusement choices throughout the decades has been depicted with clarity.

I. Jhumura: Synopsis

Rwik (Samadarshi) and Sahana (Sohini), two youthful writers from Kolkata, visit Purulia to uncover fascinating data on the withering society of fine art, *jhumur*. There, they meet an elderly couple (Kuchil Mukherjee and Gopa Sengupta), who recount to them the musical adoration story of Kanchan and Kusum and of *Jhumura*, a tribal town.

Jhumura is verse in movement. What's more, the credit for that generally goes to the moderate (a bit too moderate on occasion) yet smooth storyline penned by the executive himself and the fantastic cinematography by Mrinmoy Nandi. From coming to an obvious conclusion utilizing a quiet veil dealer to depicting the haplessness of Kanchan's first wife (Tania) with a dry leaf pushed around by a breeze, the film doubtlessly emerges for the straightforward superbness of every edge and the contemplations that went into making such a visual embroidered artwork.

In any case, everybody appears to be so caught up with making specialized enchantment that nobody appears to see the blemishes in the storyline. Yes, the stream is sans smooth of hops or hiccups, however it forgets basic pieces that encourage confounding musings once you leave the theater. Inside, you are excessively overpowered by the visual treat, making it impossible to think, yet no such ties exist outside. For one, the relationship in the middle of Sahana and Rwik is a befuddling untimely idea (*Jhumura*, 2015). The film neglects to build up their developing affection for one another. It hits you abruptly at one scene or two. Additionally, the story forgets about the requests of journalistic exploration. All things considered, no hard story can be composed taking into account an affectionate story of legend; writers need actualities and photos. The two youthful columnists appear to forget about that essential prerequisite as the film advances.



(source: <http://upperstall.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/04/Jhumura-Header.jpg>)

On the other hand, it's the confounding time spans. In the event that the story of Kanchan and Kusum is a piece of history (as made evident by the infertile slope on which once stood Kusum's town, *Jhumura*), then why hasn't the cover dealer matured? Regardless of the possibility that we expect him to be a typical yet quiet sutradhar, by what method can a flourishing town vanish in only a couple of decades and why? We are constructing these inquiries in light of the last ordered reference point in the Kusum-Kanchan story — the

screening of the Hindi film *Amar Akbar Anthony*. Accepting that the film came to the remote town, say, six months after its discharge, we can peg the time period around mid or late 1977. Things being what they are, in the interceding 38 years, *Jhumura* is wiped out from the world's substance, yet the veil merchant declines to age?

In addition, the destiny of Kusum and Kanchan is never uncovered. In the event that they are still alive, they would be in their sixties or seventies. Things being what they are, do the storytellers (Kuchil and Gopa) remember their own story of adoration? That, Mr Director, is excessively unpredictable a conundrum. You shouldn't have abandoned it to the gathering of people to make sense of such an imperative bit of the storyline. *Jhumura* is not precisely a Byomkesh story, is it? In this way, in spite of making such a varying media treat, we can't bear the cost of even a star more than over two. Somewhat more tender loving care would have most likely earned you no less than a star more (*Jhumura*, 2015).

Presently, going to the acting division, we must say that the specialized greatness of the film make an extra weight on the on-screen characters to keep their exhibitions on a standard. Sohini is very persuading, both as city young lady Sahana and town magnificence Kusum, and Samardashi nails it as photojournalist Rwik and town fellow Kanchan. However, by one means or another, the two ought to have worked more on their on-screen science. Their consistent contentions towards the film's start appear to be practically constrained now and again. What's more, however every single other performing artist have done complete equity to their parts, only one star for acting.

II. Lyrical Verse of *Jhumura*

This tune is the point of convergence of the expressive adventure called '*Jhumura*'. The society artistic expressions of country Bengal scarcely get noteworthiness in the purported advanced horde of city, however on occasion those wonderful specialties draw urban consideration by their sheer enchantment. This is the means by which the narrative of "*Jhumura*" develops.

Two youthful journos visit Purulia (in rustic West Bengal, India). Their sole point is to gather an examination on '*Jhumur*', the well known people work of art of Purulia. "*Jhumur*" is a type of people music, a strength of Purulia. In the cases' majority, the men perform *Jhumur* melodies alongside the move of nautch young ladies. They are called '*Nachni*'. The vocalists are prominently termed as '*Rasik*'. The recorded record of *Jhumur* has dependably seen a relationship in the middle of *Rasiks* and *Nachnis* which can't be characterized in words. The relationship's string is the heavenly nature of music. So regardless of the fact that the *Nachnis* never get social acknowledgment, yet the sublime tie-up between the *Rasik-Nachni* pair exists through ages. The entertainers of *Jhumur* are privately called '*Jhumura*'. Also, the film's account advances from the imaginary town named '*Jhumura*'.

The two youthful Calcuttans Riwk and Sahana reach Purulia and there they go over an elderly couple. They are customary *Jhumur* entertainers. For them, Riwk and Sahana find an unheard story of adoration, contempt and empathy that begin with the tune of *Jhumur* and come full circle in the peaceful district of Purulia.

The elderly's portrayal couple incorporates two town people Kanchan and Kusum and their blossoming sentiment. They are from two distinct stratas of society thus their adoration story is debilitated a few times by numerous chances. How they meet, get isolated and again re-united, that is the film's quintessence story. In any case, the route in which the easy story is dealt with in the film, that captivates the most. There is a wonderful round of time and space all through the film. A spiritualist time-traveler holds the harmony between two periods.

Over all, *Jhumura* is an enthusiastic film, a bit on the moderate side, yet at the same time locks in. Thus, for a change, go and watch something that is miles far from thoughtless viciousness and thing numbers and enjoy your better detects.

At present, the informed urban class of individuals influenced by 'people remote' disorder considers Mansamangal, Chandimangal, Bidyasundar or even Kasiram Das' Mahabharat to be old stories. We are mixing up anything of the past to be 'people'. Rabindranath Tagore remarked on the nature on society tunes and contrasted them and the free stream of a waterway. The stream doesn't take after a particular way; it generally changes. Likewise people stories additionally experience changes. Folktales are conceived even today. Indeed, even today!

Doubtlessly that catching such a subject on camera will definitely bring about a narrative. Be that as it may, Anindya Chatterjee's film titled "*Jhumura*" truly obscured the refinements between structures. It is not a narrative but rather an element film! What's more, since the subject is *Jhumur*, the background must be Purulia. *Jhumur* rules from Chhattisgarh in the west to Bankura region (West Bengal) in the east. The two most huge segments of *Jhumur* are the flute and the *Nachni*. Also, there is *Madol*. There are a few perspectives about this routine of tune and move in different spaces of society. In dominant part of the cases, the part of the *Nachni* is much the same as the special lady of the *Jhumur* craftsman (*Rasik* or *Naagor*). What's more, lion's share of the *Nachnis* are casualties of the *Rasik's* revelry and compelling monetary abuse. *Nachnis* are not by any means

considered as human by the rest. They are not even permitted their last customs after death. By what method can one make an element film on a subject like this? It is difficult to accept without watching this film (Jhumura, 2015).

III. Jhumura Storyline Interpretation

The plot is nothing remarkable. It is a typical standard for stories like Radha-Krishna or comparable legends being intrinsic inside Jhumur melodies. Before succumbing to the brigands of remote music, Bengali present day tunes or Kirtan were obliged to Jhumur. A couple of young fellow and lady touches base at Ayodhya Pahar in Purulia to cover the life and craft of Jhumur specialists for a city distribution. Their adoration despise relationship is obvious right from the word go. Their energy might at first seem to be a directorial gullibility. Furthermore, there was additionally a slight inclination towards an adoration triangle. Two ladies and a man; this triangle repeats frequently in Bengali old stories. These days even in the potboiler cleanser musical shows on Television, there is a wedding each day and the third's presence individual. Be that as it may, the chief's aptitudes lie somewhere else. At the point when the writer and picture taker twosome visits an elderly Jhumur craftsman couple, they started describing a contemporary adoration story. It is contemporary as the story highlight components like bike; police headquarters, nearby goon and the goon are still all that much present! At that point why is it a people story? Inferable from the story style, the shades of fables are now getting to be apparent. The outside casings caught by the executive and cinematographer are lovely. Shades of fables are obvious there also; simply like a fantasy world. In whatever way conceivable, there is dependably a mystical light (like a sudden cloud topped sky).

While keeping the subjects in the frontal area in sharp concentrate, in some cases the chief has settled on shallow center bringing about the background going thoroughly out of core interest. The reason is not caught on. And after that once more, periodically the camera was altered casing. Sliced to-cut; even that is additionally irritating. Furthermore, the story that transformed into old stories on camera is not splendid because of the way that the story is unprecedented. Stories are as a rule like this. It is a relationship between lower standing tribal young lady Kusum and Jhumur insane Brahmin kid Kanchan. Kanchan is compelled to wed a doomed young lady of same rank. Kanchan is hesitant to acknowledge it. Taking after the demise of his dad, he shapes his own particular band of Jhumur music with the tribal young lady, his adoration, Kusum as the Nachni. After that, as normal the scalawag shows up; the proprietor of a Jatra gathering and his understudy. As a consequence of their nexus with the nearby powers, Kanchan needs to endure delayed detainment. What's more, seeking after the arrival of her dearest, the young lady surrenders to the Jatra party reprobate. This story develops on camera in the middle of the continuous meeting. The movement of camera is a typical one. Be that as it may, it gets to be old stories when in the Police station just, the second significant other holds up hunching before the lock up for a considerable length of time or may be years, seeking after Kanchan's discharge since it will remember his cherished Kusum of the anguish. Mixing such unusual quality against a typical background repeats regularly. Once more, a Chhou cover seller wanders the business sectors and the glades. This merchant is similar to a versatile montage. There were a few covers. This picture could have been utilized considerably all the more interestingly. In spite of the fact that this is the place the story gets to be fables.

The author chief has utilized an intriguing apparatus of utilizing the same pair of performing artists to play the same characters of distinctive time and has effectively made a course of events where the feelings mix flawlessly between two unique times and spaces. The inquiry may emerge that whose creative energy is this? Most likely the old stories is the answer.

References

- [1]. Jhumura (2015). Directed by Anindya Chatterjee (Film). India: Ultimax Pictures