

Kanishkada

Alakananda Roy

Kanishkada has been ‘Kanishkada’ for generations— never Kanishka Uncle or Kaku or Mama— never Dadu— although age wise, he was qualified to be any of these. I always teased him as Sanforized Kanishkada. He hadn’t changed looks wise, size wise or nature wise ever since I remember.

He is instrumental in teaching us firsthand light operations in CLT. During CLT festivals, the days we did not perform, on my insistence, he allowed us to create moods on the stage with— “ebar lal kagoj ta nara” or “neel kagoj ta dhore thaak–narabina”. Little did I realize that this was such a hands-on learning process at that age. If I tried to be adventurous with my creativity with lighting, all he would say is, “korish na, Tapasda amake bokbe.”

Has anyone ever seen Kanishkada angry? I tried hard to remember but failed.

Lately, he would often tell people, “Do you know that she has sat on my lap when she was small?”

He has taken away a part of my childhood. Didn’t realize that, when he was around. He grew UP but never grew OLD.

My only regret is, a couple of years back he told me, not once but a few times, “I want to design one of your productions— taratari kor, kobe abar choley jabo.”

I am sure it will happen...next time!

Love you Kanishkada and thank you for teaching us so much, so quietly— just the way you left us.

Will always cherish your love and your beautiful creation which lifted our programmes to a different level.

With pronam and gratitude,

Anumpa (Munnie)