

Mainstreaming The Marginal With Reference To Contemporary Indian Marathi And Hindi Films

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Here the idea of literature is more about assertion of human rights, self-pride, revolt against social injustice, chronicles of personal and collective suffering, and hopes and aspirations for a new society devoid of discrimination. It definitely is a weapon for the struggle for selfhood

Inequality is the main source of marginality, as it gives insecurity, injustice and Exploitation. Marginalized sections of society are generally beyond the pale of dominant culture. Their existence is by and large peripheral. All cultures and societies, advanced or dissadvantaged, have power centers in their corpus. The marginalized groups of sections are consciously or unconsciously distanced from the power centers.

Following is the detailed analysis of two different sections of society A poor Dalit boy Jabya In the Marathi movie –Fandry and a common girl Rani from the male dominated Indian society in the movie Queen

Fandry is the story of Jabya, a teenage boy from a village in the Indian state of Maharashtra. The plot opens with Jabya and his school friend hanging around the village trying to catch a bird. The duo keep trying to catch the bird in the entire film the reason for which is explained later. As untouchables, Jabya and his family live in a segregated part of the village. The family does odd jobs, but earns their livelihood by catching pigs. Jabya too helps his family by working after school hours, selling ice candies in neighboring villages. While in school, jabya falls in love with a girl named Shalu, born in an upper-caste family. He tries to hide his family's menial job and his caste-status from her. The film then revolves very poignantly around the life of Jabya, his family, love, and caste

The protagonist, a boy named Jabya (Somnath Avghade), is written and performed with careful attention to detail, and so is everyone else in the film: Jabya's family and friends; the scornful (or wary) upper-caste people in the village; the girl, Shalu, whom Jabya watches shyly, like a version of Gatsby staring at the green light. Even

the black pigs – which have become a local menace and are considered so filthy that a student must go home from school because she accidentally brushed against one of them – are an organic part of this setting, though their symbolic function seems obvious when you think about it (this is very much a story about the dangers of being contaminated through touch).

Through a series of languid, slice-of-life scenes, we learn things in increments. The way Jabya uses his proper name (the imperial-sounding "Jambawant") while signing a love letter to Shalu. How traumatised he is at the thought of having to join his family in catching pigs just outside the school, where his classmates might see him.

His relationship with a man named Chanakya (played by Nagraj Manjule himself), who could be an oddball living on society's fringes, or a savant who wants the boy to continue dreaming and hoping Or a marvelous little throwaway moment where we realise (though we really should have known if we had stopped to think about it) that Jabya's father cannot read. At

Intervals, Jabya and a friend try to catch an unusual bird that lives around a tree in the wilderness just outside the village. They speak of the "need" to catch it and wonder if what they have heard about it is true. It isn't until more than halfway through the film that we learn why this bird is so important to Jabya, and when the revelation comes it isn't presented in big bold letters, it is simply dropped like a pebble in a lake – but the ripples travel a long way.

Throughout, there are reminders of the huge gulf between the fantasies and realities of the unprivileged, and they arrive just when you're in danger of getting complacent as a viewer and thinking Jabya isn't so badly off (at least he is getting to go to school, he has a good friend he spends time with, and this is a sweet coming-of-age tale after all). When a truck runs over the cycle he has been using to peddle ice lollies, the suddenness with which this quiet, dreamy-eyed boy is reduced to a wailing wreck comes like a bucket of cold water in the face, as does the shot of the mauled vehicle being carried aloft as if in a funeral procession. The contrasting emotions of love and hatred repeatedly to bring out the differences in life experiences of the oppressor and the oppressed. Through such differentiation the writer highlights the chasm that exists between the perceptions of the dalit and that of the caste-Hindu.

IN THE WORDS OF MEENA KANDASAMY

Esteemed Father of our Nation. His Samaadhi speaks: