A TRIBUTE TO A LIVING LEGEND!

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Have you ever had an opportunity to spend an evening with any of the legends of our country? Say, A.R.Rahman or Sachin Tendulkar. No? Sadly enough neither did I. But fortunately I have had the opportunity to be the student of one such legend for the past so many years. I have always been awestruck by A.R.Rahman's music or Sachin's cricket and have wanted to meet them, not for their photographs or autographs but only to ask a very simple yet pertinent question 'How do you do it?'

The other day, I was in dance class, listening to my guru's yet another new composition., and needless to say I was awestruck, as usual. And it hit me, as hard as a stroke of lightning that I have wasted my time day dreaming about Rahman and Sachin all along, when I get to be in the presence of the most dynamic and multi-faceted person I have ever known.

Pride i.e Mada, one of the shat ripus (and you thought I never paid attention in yoga classes, tsk! tsk!) is something that has to be destroyed for peaceful, content filled living. But when I say I'm proud to be his student (and almost rip my non-existent-collar off in an attempt to lift it as highly as possible!), trust me I'd rather take this ripu with me to the grave than let it get destroyed alone.

You know, at times when you listen to some songs, you are totally spell bound. Its simply magical and leaves you wondering how on earth did some one come up with something so bewitching like that. I'll tell you how, all such master pieces are brewed in the minds of geniuses while driving their car, traveling in a flight or even while wandering around an unknown city after missing the flight (no kidding, I'm serious!). Well at least that's how my sir works out his magic.

Watching him compose a song is truly a magical sight. He bewitches you into a trance-like silence, demanding your undivided attention, and then sits there coolly conjuring words and rhythms out of thin air. Music just flows out of his mouth as effortlessly as breathing, floating around you, reverberating in you ears and binding you to the place like a spell. The entire process look so natural and easy, which makes you think, "Hey! May be I could do that too." And it doesn't end there, he keeps improvising them, giving them a new dimension every minute.

When he is choreographing, he is more like a child brimming with energy and bubbling with innovation. At times, he goes scarlet with frustration when the beats and steps don't synchronize. He almost rips off his hands for messing the taalam... again. But of course, he wouldn't give up, never does. Not until he gets them right, which eventually he does.

I have been in quite a few dance classes before. They can be compared to a typical mega serial, totally stereotypical. You never have to worry about missing classes, because composing and choreographing is/was never (will be) a part of the class. Besides there are just so many distractions, that more often than not, the distractions take front seat, pushing dance back.
But au contraire, his classes are like mystery filled action thriller movie. You miss one class, and by the time you come next day, an item would have been composed an choreographed or else an already finished item would have undergone such improvisations which renders it unrecognizable. And you'll be left standing, at the far end of the room utterly clueless wondering if you were indeed absent for only one day (been there, done that!). Nobody can be as fast a teacher as he is (and as absent minded as we are).

You know, he is just one of those people who utilizes all of his 24 hours, just because it is not a crime to do so. He does a myriad of things, that leaves me wondering is there really anything as not having enough time? He is a doctor, gives lectures, seminars and interviews, writes books, articles, takes dance and yoga classes, goes on world tours, composes, choreographs (no less than 10 songs, just for us dance students, every year (I make sure of that) and other songs for the sheer pleasure of it), plays mridungam, gives concerts, organizes international courses, manages one of the finest institution for yoga and fine arts, so on and so forth. Not to forget he is a family man with two (adorable) kids demanding his attention, in-spite of which he has time for social networking.

I could just say I’m proud to be his student and wrap it up, but proud seems like such an inadequate word to describe the feeling. I’m one of those limited edition hand-picked-by-god-himself people on earth who has the great fortune of being his student. I’m truly gifted to be one of those people who has watched, with reverence, him compose soul-touching stunning songs, choreograph master piece dance items and most of all extremely blessed to have had the opportunity of presenting his composition to the world. I hold the record of the only student to have learned all of his songs and danced to them, a record I hold with great gratification. I swear I’m not exaggerating at all.

In short, he is a man of million words and zillion emotions, filled with passion for his work, love, affection and care for everybody, has a word of appreciation for everything you do and not to forget a great sense of humor.

He is the Dumbledore of our mundane modern world, who goes by the name Dr. ANANDA BALAYOGI BHAVANANI. Quite a long name huh?? Now I did say he is Dumbledore*.

Sir, this is for you! I wrote this a long time back, but was apprehensive about posting it.. with a few words of encouragement, I have posted it. Hope you like it :)  

*PS: ALBUS PERCIVAL WUFRIC BRIAN DUMBLEDORE is a fictional character in Harry Potter series.

PPS: CLAIMER:

All characters/incidents mentioned above are very much alive/true. All emotions “displayed” above are true, honest and sincere to the best of my knowledge.