

Theater II in der Aula der Kantonsschule
Rämibühl 25. bis 27. September 20.30 Uhr

Mumbai marathi sahitya sangh, Indien

zeigt: Der Kaukasische Kreidekreis
von Bertold Brecht

Regie: Vijaya Mehta, Indien

Fritz Bennewitz, DDR

Musik: Bhaskar Chandavarkar

Indische Bearbeitung: Chim Tryam Khanolkar

Karten zu Fr. 10.—. Ermässigte zu Fr. 6.—.

Vorverkauf bei Kuoni Bahnhofplatz, Pianohaus Jecklin,
Jelmoli Kundendienst

Theater II im Schützenhaus Albisgüetli

The Performance Group New York

The Tooth of Crime by Sam Shepard

Inszenierung: Richard Schechner

Freitag, 27. Sept. bis Dienstag, 1. Okt., 20.30 Uhr

«Obie»-Preis für beste

Off-Broadway-Inszenierung 1973

Karten zu Fr. 10.—. Ermässigte zu Fr. 6.—.

Vorverkauf bei Kuoni Bahnhofplatz, Pianohaus Jecklin,
Jelmoli Kundendienst



Ajab Nyaya Vartulacha in Europe

A Marathi adaptation of Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* by Chintaman Tryambak Khanolkar was produced in Bombay by the Mumbai Marathi Sahitya Sangh in November 1973. Fritz Bennewitz and I were co-directors; Bhaskar Chandavarkar provided the musical score. We were invited to the Berlin Festival by the government of the German Democratic Republic as part of a programme of Cultural Exchange.

We were forty in all. Our first show in Zurich I regarded as a preview and it had me apprehensive. What would these audiences make of our performance denuded of the expressive power of Khanolkar's poetic script? But the response was electrifying. Theatre enthusiasts came to tell us that we had helped to rid them of Brecht-weariness. They said they liked the strange and unspoilt beauty of our performance, its directness and lack of sophistication.

In the eight performances that followed (at Berlin, Gere, Brandenburg, Arfurt, Potsdam and Weimar), the curtain came down and we had the same breath-taking applause. All the theatres (each accommodating an audience of about five hundred) were acoustically perfect. There was such a lot of wing space, and the black velvet absorbed sound and light so beautifully that the compositions took on a lovely and delicate shape.

It did not take us long to get used to stage conditions there, even to operating lights that were computerized or on one occasion seating the musicians on the stage itself when we found the orchestra pit too low and feared that the notes might escape into the depths below.

At Weimar, which is the heart of their cultural life, the audiences cheered every scene and movement. After repeated curtain calls, there was a spontaneous turning to rhythm which overflowed into dance. They said they were struck by the fluid grace of the Indian actors. They even thought that each one of our expressive gestures was a conscious *mudra*. The rapport with us was immediate. They were aghast that we had no actors' unions, or work regulations, that I did as many as five shows during a week-end. They could not believe that the members of the troupe were non-professionals. We, in turn, were impressed by their remarkable organization and the attention they paid to minute details, like the incense holder, the *kandil* lamp, the *bidi* used during the performance—simply as one of the many safety measures they took to avert a fire.

The heart-warming enthusiasm of the audiences and theatre people I attribute to what was human, elemental yet gentle in our interpretation of Brecht—something which they said had got lost somewhere on the way in their own theatre and more so in their lives. And to prove what the performance meant to them they invited the troupe to their Festival next year and me to direct a play for them in 1976.

—VIJAYA MEHTA