

## **Charisma of Figurative Language in Folklore Adaptations: A Case**

### **Study of *Dilemma* And *Paheli***

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#### **Abstract**

Oral tradition of storytelling has had an enticing and everlasting impact that has kept this art alive and thriving to this day; either adapted in a written fictional form, theatre performance, animation, graphic tale or a film. The paper has picked up traits that have become trademarks of the two story telling artists; Vijaydan Detha and Amol Palekar, discovered in the course of savoring their artistic renditions. Detha's *Duvidha*, a folklore, retold as Rajasthani short story, translated as *Dilemma* in English and adapted into Palekar's *Paheli* a feature film in Hindi, each revived in refreshing style, is the focal point of this paper. How far the two have been able to bewitch the contemporary readers and spectators respectively, in their own inimitable style, the paper would further strive to find out. It would be interesting for academicians to figure out and determine whether it is just to re-tell the story stylized differently, adorning it with idioms, conversation, words of wisdom, scathing comments, witty dialogues, puppetry, and soliloquies, and to be reminded of a bygone tradition or whether the real worth lies in exploiting their existing revival into some constructive relevance.

**Keywords:** folklore, storytelling, oral tradition, enticing style, art form, *Dilemma*, *Paheli*.

Folklores are artistic expressions of human "habits and traditions" handed down from one generation to the other orally. As an interesting literary genre the study has embarked upon an arresting feature which makes it an enticing storytelling art. The valuable "relics of unrecorded past" defined by (Burne 2) and literally coined as "the learning of the people" by W. J. Thomas in 1846 (Burne 1) are inheritances that have managed to survive, existing in many communities across uncivilized and not so advanced world, to use a much earlier terminology as, "popular

Indexed, Peer Reviewed & Refereed Journal

antiquity”, to this day. In the same way they have established themselves in the civilized world and to a major extent grown to be vital for various forms of cultural studies and scientific research. The fringe of the canvas has room to hold the art of the ever engaging Rajasthani folklore *Duvidha*, retold by Vijaydan Detha, who enlivened rural folklore, translated as *Dilemma* in English by Christi A. Merrill, and re-filmed into *Paheli* by Amol Palekar in Hindi.

Any artistic rendition is an art when it stirs the senses to unrest, when it leaves a lingering taste longer than usual, when it appeals straight to the heart, which is the result of a refreshing perspective made indispensable with a matchless style, conveying barely discernible message/s inadvertently. It is for the pleasure seeker, for the one curious, for the constructive academician, to scarp and find out the hidden treasure beneath the craftsmanship of storytelling.

Excellence in story lies in the concise and precise styling of the warp and woof of all essentials; plot, character and environment, that contribute to a distinct aim of a final impression, the total effect. This is exactly why a brilliant story is vastly remembered and fondly retold, not because it follows norms laid down for its writing. This is also why the stories of Chekhov, Poe, O’ Henry and Maupassant and similar others are also remembered, as according to Somerset Maugham, they are personal, with a style entirely their own. And this is also exactly where this search aims; in tune with Birjadish Prasad’s apt remarks that, “style [. . .] should be a means to an end. The form of the Short Story precludes indulgence in stylistic elegance or ‘fine writing’ for its own sake.”(164)

Bijji, as Detha is affectionately known, relates that he built upon the plots, listening to the curious anecdotes told by village women replete with idioms, gossips, wisdom, sitting in his courtyard surrounded by them. Thereafter he used his own imagination to retell the lores. “My village was my university and my literary education” says he, to which he owes his style. He evolved as a great folklorist by directing the deft strokes of his pen to fill it with a hue of wit and sarcasm. (The Hindu Sept.9 2013).

Bringing the traditional traits of Rajasthani rural life to the fore Detha identifies himself a story-teller rather than a story-writer. He was a listener first because the basic need of a storyteller is that there should be someone to listen to it. Appropriately, the style he has adopted has come from listening to the rural women of his village first and then using the same characteristics of language, he retells them. As Sapna Mahesh comments about his story telling

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style in Hindi, “*aisa adbhut lekhan jaise koi naya vyakaran, naye gaon ki maati se lipte shabd aur naye muhaware kuch khoob pahle bole jaane wale, kuch roj ke.*” (Aha Jindagi 40) [trans. “such amazing literature , as though it’s a new grammar, words coated in the soil of a new village and new proverbs, some age old ones and some of everyday use”] What more can one ask for, than his translated *Duvidha* as *Dilemma* and the film by Palekar as *Paheli*, one of the most popular stories, to be tested on the floor of charismatic figurative language.

*Dilemma* is a usual love story involving the *seth*’s son, his wife and a ghost. Because it is a folklore, re-crafted and retold, so the use of supernatural element as a major character is also archetypal. In any case, the idea of the tale is material life versus love. The riddle in Detha’s *Dilemma* centers around the confusion regarding the real husband, where the wife has no say, ending up curbing her desires under the pressure of social taboos, traditional norms and patriarchy. Whereas Palekar’s *Paheli* voices the wife’s choices, courageously holding love above materialism. The analysis does not involve the style of both the storytellers for its own sake but as a means to the end; the development towards the final impression, the total effect, that creates the charisma. One is a written form and the other, a film.

The magnetism of an array of figurative language is experienced as the story advances. The son of a *seth* gets married to an extremely beautiful village *beendni*. While on their way home the *baraat* (wedding procession) rests under the shady *kair* tree, incidentally the dwelling of a ghost. This ghost falls in love with the bride no sooner than he gets a glimpse of her face. “As if lightning had abandoned her place in the clouds and come down to earth.”(Chouboli and Other Stories Vol.1 148) Nature has a beautiful role to play at this juncture, where the style of Detha is concerned. It’s an obvious reminder of Hardy’s novels as an active participant, a character in the story, who is instrumental in the story’s development; Nature personified has other roles too; as though all movement and commotion amounted to the turmoil that had started in the ghost’s mind:

And such a gentle breeze. As if it were rocking all the leaves on an invisible swing. [. . .] As if nature had adorned the sheerest of veils so that you could glimpse both the fabric and the face behind it at the same time. And the very next moment nature had changed, so she was wearing a dark veil studded with nine lakh stars. [. . .] Never before had nature appeared so sublime. (154-155)

Indexed, Peer Reviewed & Refereed Journal

And this is not all. A mental turmoil rages in the *seth's* son's mind too, while the wedding procession is on its way back, where business to him is foremost. Eyes dug into the ledgers to set the expenses of the wedding accounts straight, he is puzzled while he objectifies nature:

Bhagwan himself was a supreme accountant! He counted every single breath every living being breathed. Counted every drop of rain, every gust of wind, every grain of sand, and his books came out exactly right. If nature had never made a mistake in her ledgers, then how could a baniya permit any? (149)

At night the husband tells the newlywed bride of his departure at daybreak for five whole years, to carry out family business. Despite the bride's pleas he chooses to go. The ghost grabs the opportunity, disguises as the husband and enters the *seth's* house. The two page long illustration of nature's fury is a majestic example of the ghost's intense desires. Personified with metaphors, nature's violence manifested as malafied intentions of the ghost is a supreme work of art:

The aandhi began its slow spiraling climb, higher and higher. [. . .] what kind of dream does nature dream? Where else except in such dreams would the sand under our feet darken the face of the sun? The sand that lay upon the earth was now rising in force up into the sky. The whole realm seemed to shriek under the tremendous pressure of the storm. A dust storm so fierce it shook the mountains to their roots. The huge trees so tall and proud began groaning and toppling over one by one, [. . .] No harm at all came to the grasses [. . .]. As if the storm had come down merely to ask after their health, to tickle and caress their blades. (156)

And a milder and calmer face of nature is depicted thus:

What kind of magic was this? Then suddenly came a loud sharp "taraatar" as the sky cracked open and a burst of torrential rain hurled down. [. . .] Nature was having a bath. [. . .] How lucky the sun must have felt to catch nature in the midst of her shower! (157)

This "leela" of nature left the ghost to wonder, whether or not "the storm churning in his mind could have suddenly manifested itself outside". (157)

Earlier, during the *baraat's* return, brusque conversation ensues between the newlyweds when the bride wants her husband to pluck wild berries for her that she spots on their way; a fine

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illustration of wit and mild humour. She is a bit perturbed seeing him completely engrossed in his accounts, snubbing her at her fondness for wild berries. Hitting back she wittily remarks, “I was just thinking, if I decorated the *ker* bushes with nine lakh necklaces in place of the *dhalu* berries, it would hardly be an even trade.” (151) Likewise, wit formulated in a single phrase becomes a splendid model of irony when the *seth*’s son tells his bride that such an “auspicious astrological moment won’t come [for business] for another seven years.” (151) The disguised ghost loses no time using the same phrase “auspicious moment” to enter the *seth*’s house for his love. “If such an auspicious moment were disregarded, another such moment wouldn’t come for the next seven years.” (155)

The plot of the story is woven with words of wisdom, scathing remarks, idiomatic language and proverbs that not only depict observable truth but also support evidences in character study. The *beendni*’s mental arguments after arguments on her husband’s decision to proceed on business, is not a result of a muddle head but wittiness from someone who can voice the meaning of life as she comprehends. “Then what was all this wealth for? [. . .] what happiness did it bring if you didn’t use it when alive? Once you were dead what could it do except buy wood to burn you?” (152-153) Together with, “All the wealth in the world cannot bring back time past.” (153) and repeating her husband’s advice, “What was the use in awakening the desires of their bodies for just two days?” (153), shows that such stylization is not mere adornment but is to lead the theme of love verses materialism, ahead, aptly furnished in the story line. Subtle use of these beautifying tools merge effortlessly in the plot without allowing the reader to detect that it ceases to be mere decoration, appearing more as links to essential features. When the *seth* voices his vexation, mistaking the ghost for his son, who’s returned to his doorstep, he is unintentionally projecting the central idea as well as registering his mark of a typical *baniya* (characteristics). “Men are useless after marriage! This was all the *sethani*’s doing. So much for earning so much wealth! Either you dance attendance on your business, or on your woman!” (157)

Fabricating a tale of having been blessed by a *sadhu* on his way with a promise of a gold coin every day, the ghost convinces the *seth* and his family but is unable to hide the truth from the bride. Idioms like, “Her words pricked him like needles” after his revelations, he carefully considers her “innocence” not ready to “blemish” his love to “mix mud with milk”. (159, 160,

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161) are poignant. She recognizes his true deceptive less love, offering her choices. Idiomatic language for ardent love turns to gratefulness and sublime wisdom. “[. . .] my love for you has turned the poison in my heart into immortal nectar. This is the supreme tribute to a woman’s beauty and a man’s love.” (162) Comparing the sufferings of labour pains and joys of child birth he further reiterates wittily that by avoiding truth he could have avoided pain but would have been denied joy too. Her decision depends on answering the riddle, the crux of the story, which raises curiosity to the zenith. She puts an end to the tormenting “conflicting voices” with scathing arguments that shows her early life; “Once she had fit inside her mother’s womb, and now she didn’t even fit into their aangan!” (163) On her legally married husband’s indifference her remarks are wisdom personified; “[. . .] he couldn’t tell a woman’s face from the bottom of a pot. Or youthfulness bursting its seems from clay cracking dry in the sun.” (163) Reflecting back on her life she continues to use biting similes and metaphorical expressions in soliloquies, “a daughter’s body grows as fast as a pile of trash” and “asking for a girl’s hand is as easy as demanding butter milk”. (163) Her final decision is her refusal to “standing alone midstream”, following the adage, “to master one’s dreams would be to master love” (164), with which she accepts his ardent love for her.

Proverbs like, “Time doesn’t slow down when each night is so precious. And the days too flew by in the wink of an eye” and “where language ended, silence took over” signified the couple’s happiness, at the same time indicated anxiety (164). She becomes pregnant with the ghost’s baby. Similarly proverbs like, “the days raced along swifter than a horse” and “The night slipped by as smooth and silky as hairs spilling through fingers” supports mounting curiosity to the complications ahead. (165, 166)

The news reaches the original husband, who thinks that the people couldn’t “swallow his success” so “envy was driving them to throw a stick in the spokes.” (166) But after hearing of the circumstances back home he hurries and arrives at the nick of time when his wife is about to deliver. It is here that the riddle becomes knotty and it is from here that the curious element of unraveling it begins.

The father refuses to entertain him as his son and the mother’s “tongue” is pathetically “stuck to the roof of her mouth.” (169) He was not allowed to meet his bride in the chamber, who was writhing in agony, while news spread like wildfire “as if every tongue had sprouted

Indexed, Peer Reviewed & Refereed Journal

wings.” (170) Typical idioms and proverbs from rural life abound in the people’s reaction styled as a cliffhanger to the situation. Samples like “It’s not often that one’s tongue gets to sample such a savoury morsel!” and “People brought up the cud again and chewed on it with relish over and over.” (170) are only a small fraction of the much enjoyable literary imagery that is used to develop the plot to the nail biting stage. Amidst the ruckus of village folks, “That milk be called milk and water water.” (171) heated talks between father and son started crossing all limits. The son retorted back at his father’s denial to accept him; “You’re calling the sun a frying pan and a frying pan the sun?”(171) “Circling the haveli like bats in a ruin” the crowds couldn’t leave the “berry man” to fend for himself and the ghost to figure out for himself about the early arrival of the husband, “How did lightning strike a whole year early?” (172) paralyzing his better judgement. For them it “[. . .] would be as good as dousing a raging flame just when you’ve sparked it going. You may as well toss grit into a deliciously spiced meal!” (173)

The elders became sarcastic as the husband became more and more adamant on proving himself as the real guy, “Sethji, once you see a fly in your dish, you don’t gulp down the food all the same. [. . .] you can’t wrap water in a cloth bundle.” (173) The women of the household too could not bring out the truth from the bride, mysteriously uttering, “[. . .] there is something sour in the flow of this milk.” (174)

“Intelligence becomes sharp as a blade at such occasions.” comments Detha, when finally the village folks decide to take the matter to the king. (174) However, the confusion regarding the real husband is sorted out by a local shepherd on their way, who tricks the ghost and traps him in his leather water pouch with his wit. The ghost philosophizes to the *seth*’s son, on his last journey, when asked to reveal his mysterious identity, thus; “A business is something you can own, not love. But if you start buying and selling love, then these are the profits you are bound to reap.” (176) The husband relates the entire episode and consoles his bride on the pretext that it was not her fault so she shouldn’t bother. When even his parents couldn’t recognize their son, so how could she. It all happened in ignorance. “Each word felt like a furnace-hot-spear thrust into her heart. This was a thousand times worse than labour pains.”(182) The story ends where the bride’s silence signifies the compromise for a loveless live that lay ahead of her. Detha’s practical words of wisdom, and scathing comments spiced up with the message of the loss of true love completes the circle. Before leaving, the ghost brings back the thought provoking central

Indexed, Peer Reviewed & Refereed Journal

theme; value of love, where the story had started, hinting at the unfortunate destiny of a woman at the same time, where she has no say. “But when did a woman ever get a chance to do what she wanted? For her it’s just the bridal chamber and nothing beyond . . . Until the day she is taken away to the cremation ground.” (183)

Although Vijaydan Detha has highlighted his contempt for traditional social structures by projecting the minds of women characters yet he could not give them enough strength to voice their protest out rightly. Palekar on the other hand gave the bride in *Paheli* an upper hand showcasing her empowerment at the end. But that is not the point in focus presently. The study focuses on the ‘means’ to reach the ‘end’. What is involved in the storytelling art to captivate the viewers and readers alike, is the overflow of figurative language.

Amol Palekar has not just altered the end, thereby giving it a refreshed orientation, with a different purpose suiting contemporary times. He has in fact made it visually enticing. Having exploited additional means of filmmaking, the picture perfect words of Detha have been transformed to a tantalizing charisma by Palekar. The basic art of storytelling that Forster speaks of is enhanced. It is the element of suspense and curiosity, by which the stories told by Shaharjadi kept her alive and made the thousand stories of *Arabian Nights* so mesmeric and loved world over.

Likewise, with the traditional Rajasthani puppets as a prop, Palekar has done that, which only a good narrator of a tale could have done. He has not simply revived puppetry, the folk art of a region through this film but has used it as a very effective background narrative voice. A very attractively and colorfully attired couple puppet is prominent among many other puppets, hanging from the same *kair* tree; the original dwelling of the ghost. From the beginning to the end they act as interpreters. The function of reading the lines between lines is performed by them. Their charm lies in their short, crisp conversation, sarcastic remarks, and display of anxiety, idiomatic expressions, philosophy, ridicule and poetry. The same means that Detha has used, as far as language is concerned, but with the innovative venture of using the puppets as props. Their real value lies not in visual attraction but in the ‘various means’ just identified, in developing the theme to progress effectively to an enriching end. To illustrate the point, it would be apt to quote the male puppet’s sarcasm from the episode where the ghost decides to disguise as the *seth*’s son (Kisna in *Paheli*) and cannot control his emotions for his object of love. “Heard

Indexed, Peer Reviewed & Refereed Journal

of ghosts entering humans. Since when did humans begin entering the ghost? He has started talking nonsense like man. Take care of him. Arre! He's also composing poetry like them! He's become a fool. Ha! Ha! ” (Paheli) They are like the Greek chorus, commenting and conversing at each significant turn of event. When Kisna proceeds for business in far off lands, they utter thus; “The colour of the bride's *mehndi* has not faded and he's on his way.” Trying to stop him they call out, “Listen O fool! Is wealth for man or man for wealth?” and then considering their efforts futile they recite poetry, “*Jo pati ki marji wohi uski marji, jo babu ki marji wohi bete ki marji, aur jo lachmiji ki marji wohi babu ki marji.*” The conversation continues with idiomatic expressions, “*Preet ka bawandar kisi ke roke nahi rukta.*” (Paheli) In a significant turning point, the puppet duo play a very crucial role discussing the ghosts amazing stance it takes on declaring his real identity to the bride, moved by her innocence and fidelity. The conversation spells the key issue of the story; the “dilemma” and the “riddle”. “Why is he telling her the truth when she thinks him to be real? Look at this ghost, who, even though a ghost cannot even lie; a dilemma indeed! Contrary to the husband, who hasn't lived with her at all! Love has made him a fool. Treachery and betrayal are child's play for men. Why does he have to tell the truth? Even Gods are not devoid of committing sins. No woman must have ever come across such a riddle!” (Paheli). Besides, the puppets also express anxiety when the bride is pregnant and also how the typical attitude of the village folk surface, regarding the gossips and rumours they love to relish when Kisna arrives distressed and claims his identity. At the end the puppets also seem to warn the ghost forbidding him to exercise his miracle of entering the water pouch, the shepherd tries to trap him into. “*Insaan ke chhal kapat ki itti see bhi jankari na hai tanne.*” (Paheli)

The dramatic effect of *Paheli* is created by Palekar in the use of visuals like Nature, miracles of supernatural elements and soliloquies. The employability of visuals is one of the real tests of story-telling in films. Miracles create a world of fantasy and needless to say, fantasy is an enticing art. This fantastic “primitive” and basic to human nature storytelling art according to Forster (52) can be illustrated through *Paheli*, where the ghost is a supernatural being – who performs miracles by disguise, not only as the fake identical *seth's* son, Kisna, but as a beautiful bird and a squirrel, that attracts and also scares the bride initially. Disappearing and reappearing, spreading rose petals romantically, all around the feet of the bride, making the opponent's camel fall and bite the dust in the village race are few very effective means.

Indexed, Peer Reviewed & Refereed Journal

Visual effects of Nature and soliloquies create an impact by the same means; the language of Detha. An oft exploited audio-visual effect of Nature is the creation of tempest, thunder and lightning. Turmoil, emotions and gestures of the ghost are depicted through these elements of Nature very effectively with a simultaneous effect of the ghost's and the bride's soliloquies. The same idiomatic language full of witty comments and philosophy creates an impact on the audience. After the revelation of ghost's truth, the bride experiences momentary dilemma and is for a while unable to solve the riddle between her choices of life. Should she spend her life with him or wait for her husband for four years? When she wittily utters in desperation; "When I couldn't stop one who left, how can I stop one who wants to come." thunder and lightning in the background creates a climatic impact in the foreground. (Paheli)

A significant aspect of *Paheli* is absent in Detha's *Dilemma*. It is observed that the story is inter-spread with minor sub-plots with the familiar purpose of providing comic-relief, supporting to develop confusion in the plot, carrying the theme of materialism verses love forward and at the same time creating thought provoking wisdom and biting dialogues, which once again entraps. After a short span, Kisna in the film, feels the bite of separation and wants his assistant, Mangilal to visit his house with news of everyone's well-being. Discussing the *seth's* anger, he finally decides to send Bhoja, a simple villager, with a letter. When Bhoja meets the ghost in the garb of Kisna in the *haveli*, and finds the same person on his return, he's confused. Repetition of request by Kisna to deliver another message and encountering the same situation makes Bhoja act crazy. The confusion is very artistically handled creating lot of hilarity. Similarly, Kanwarlal, the *seth's* assistant is suspicious of the ghost's real identity. He spy's on him but the ghost manages to trick him enjoying himself at the same time. The *seth* too is irritated by Kanwarlal's spying activities. Proverbial outbursts come from the *seth* at such moments, "*kaam ki baatein tujhe kabhi nahi sunai deti Kanwarlal, hawa ke babule phodne wali baat tujhe jhat se sunai deti hai*". (Paheli)

The camel race and the *jamindari* rivalry is another sub-plot addition to the ensuing village gossip, heightening the effect of the confusion. Picturing the lone life of Kisna and the ghost's welfare works for the village folks, like getting wells dug and crafting miracles to produce water are full of witty dialogues and words of wisdom. Moreover, the guest appearances of characters like the disappearance of the *seth's* elder son, Sunderlal, and his re-appearance at

Indexed, Peer Reviewed & Refereed Journal

the end, his lone wife's scathing utterances, not only take the theme forward, but is also a bold attempt to give voice to women in general. Instances of messages these characters convey are underlined by the very serious note and real philosophy in the terse dialogues. Lachi, the bride in the film is distressed at her husband's departure. Sunderlal's wife console's her with words like, "*akelepan ki peeda mahre se jyada koi nahi jaanta.*" Bitterness in her words could pierce the heart of an emotional audience. Lachi is tongue tied at Sunderlal's wife's rejoinder when asked to accompany her to the temple to pray for her husband's return; "*jo apni marji se chale jaye, use bhagwan se jora jori karke bulane se kya fayada?*" (Paheli)

While the story unfurls at the end, giving way to resolving the confusion, there are three crucial moments with the most amusing and tilted sarcasm and philosophical irony manifest with the art of Detha's remarkable language drawn on by Palekar with deft graphic strokes. During her pregnancy, the ghost shares his emotions to Lachi in a conversation that has mild sarcasm questioning human integrity;

Ghost: *kabhi socha bhi na tha hamari is preet ke bare mein. Aurat hi pura karti hai mard ke adhurepan ko*

Lachi: *bhoot ho na. tabhi aisa keh rahe ho. Insaan hote to kabhi aisa na kehte*  
(Paheli)

Then there are the ghosts' amusing replies given to the distressed Kisna while on their way to the king to solve the enigmatic predicament of the real husband. On the question of his identity he says, "Genuine or fake, the truth or a lie, what hollow faith we do believe in! . . . What comes out of marital vows! These vows do not work lifelong! I – the love that is there in a woman's heart – that is what I am! I am love!" (trans. Paheli) Further up, when the shepherd claims the problem to be a child's play for him and proposes to solve it, it is the simple turn of rustic expression that has the ironical charm doing wonders at the end. His words, "*jo kaam talwar na kar sake, sui hi kar de*" pricks the *seth* and also serves as an eye opener at the end. About the ghost the *seth* befittingly utters; "*meri aankh mein sone ki parat ka parda daal diya*". The real entertainer is the ghost who has his last laugh, the final offbeat twist to the story. Fulfilling Forster's celebrated aspect of curiosity, styled with the flavor of dramatic irony to what the shepherd had said earlier, the ghost miraculously enters the body of Kisna uttering

Indexed, Peer Reviewed & Refereed Journal

amusingly. “There’s no need of a dagger when a needle can accomplish the job.” (trans. Paheli)  
Thus the story ends happily.

Comparing the constructive and contemporary relevance on the art of these two eminent storytelling artists, the study can be faithfully concluded on the following observation. That Detha had optimally penetrated into the storytelling art form. He has listened attentively to the lores of surrounding village women sitting unreservedly in his village courtyard. He had then retold these stories using his own imagination. This primary function of Detha befittingly supports Charlotte Sophia Burne’s words – “A folklorist too fulfills this purpose. He collects it and retells it in his own style. For this he has to be honest, sympathetic and create a relationship of respect for the source and most importantly be a silent listener.” (6) Moreover, employing the regional figurative language he has not only revived the tradition and culture of his homeland but taken the art to the height where it lures the reader within the limits of the written form.

Palekar alternatively has done more to the story told by Detha. He has taken the imagery of the existing figurative language and placed it on a higher pedestal of visual effects in a film. The conventional modes of both are the same. For instance the story is supported by fantasy of the supernatural, soliloquies, Nature personified and disguise. To this Palekar has added the convention of comic-relief through his sub-plots. He has also revived the art of puppetry and camel-race giving the traditional culture a novel dimension. The exploited modes have done more to the story. By the twist in the tale, he has created awareness towards progressive attitude. The ghost is not as money minded as his supposed father, the *seth*. He utilizes a major share of the *seth*’s business profits in welfare deeds for the benefit of the village folks. Moreover, he’s the symbol of a woman’s mind and strength illustrated through Lachi and her elder sister-in-law. The humanization of the ghost is like arousing human consciousness, into bringing the fast receding value of love to the surface and reminding the audience its real worth, the real relevance.

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Indexed, Peer Reviewed & Refereed Journal

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