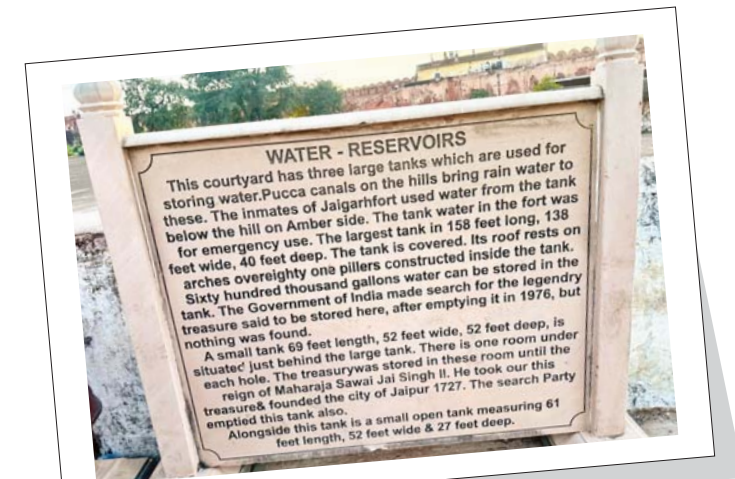




Glimpses of the kingdom.



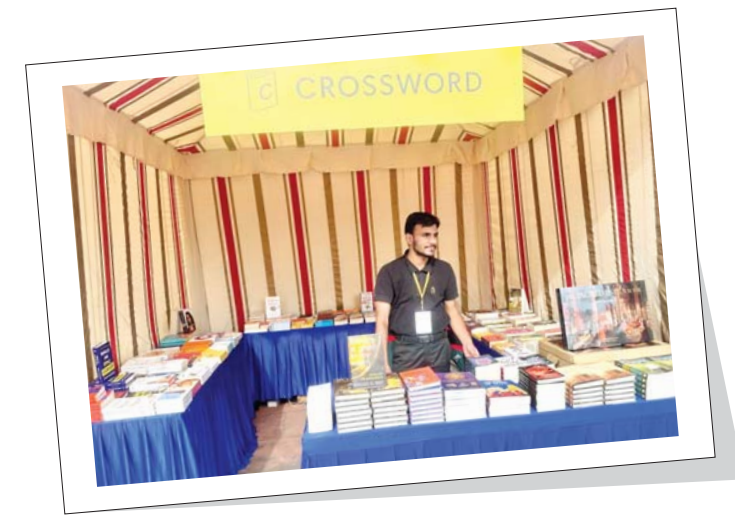
Story of the water reservoirs.



"Chattis Karkhanas memory: Jaipur's maker-heart, still visible."



Childhood memories revived.



The crossword corner.



Puppet making: workshop by Puppeshala.



Divyam x Khwaab performing at the JHF.



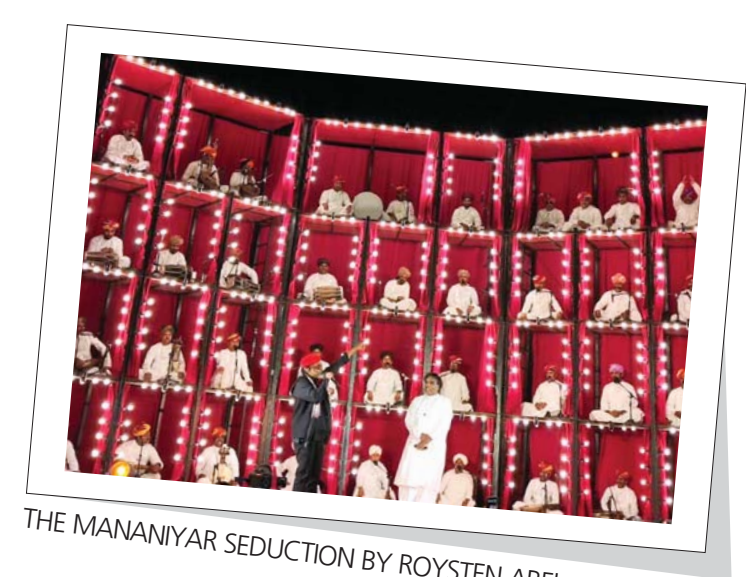
ONE SIZE FITS ALL BY SOUMIK DATTA.



Noor-E-Khusrau : Rashmi Uppal



ANIRUDH VARMA COLLECTIVE



THE MANANIYAR SEDUCTION BY ROYSTEN ABEL.



GLIMPSES OF JHF.



REFLECTIONS ALL OVER WITH CHAI.



Craft bazaar / artisan at work.



KHARTAL WORKSHOP BY CHUGGE KHAN.

After Dark : When a Fort Starts Talking Back

PART:3

It wasn't only performances. It was also the texture of the space itself: the way light found a seam in stone; the way a corner of the fort suddenly felt like a stage; the way people shifted from taking photos to simply watching. At points, the evening had that rare quality where entertainment becomes communal attention, performers and craftspeople in one frame, and the crowd responding not as consumers but as participants in a shared atmosphere. The fort was not merely hosting activity; it was holding it.

"IF YOU LOOK UP AT THE STARS, YOU WILL SEE THEM WATCHING YOU AT THE JAIGARH FESTIVAL."



Pushpendra Bhargava

hat line stayed with me, because Jaigarh does that to you. You arrive expecting walls; you leave with sentences. There's something about the fort at night that makes even ordinary attention feel slightly theatrical, as if the city has stepped into a larger room. The evening at Jaigarh didn't unfold like a single show. It unfolded like an experience, built

of movement, pauses, corners, and sudden openings. Sound and light didn't feel like decoration so much as amplification. The fort wasn't being lit up; it was being translated.

A fort that takes to you

The first thing night does is alter the fort's scale. Jaigarh is massive in the day, but at night, the mass becomes mood. Light chooses what you see. Shadow decides what you don't. You begin to walk differently, slower, softer, receptive. And in that altered pace, the fort almost takes to you as much as you take to it. The path itself becomes narrative. The passageways feel labyrinthine, not because you are meant to get lost, but because you are meant to feel led: a corridor, a turn, a courtyard, a view, then another view. Jaipur understands the choreography of wandering. The city has always taught us that the best places are discovered by moving through them rather than simply arriving.

And that is where Jaigarh,

unexpectedly, becomes intimate. There is a strange phrase that fits the evening: a garrison fort, briefly domesticated. Domestication doesn't mean reduced. It doesn't mean the fort has been tamed into politeness. It means the fort has been brought into a human rhythm, into a shared public night where families, students, visitors, and habitual Jaipurites can all stand inside the same stone world without feeling like history is only for experts. That feeling, domesticated stone, was the heart of the evening for me.

Heritage with a bit of razzmatazz

Jaipur can be serious, but it is rarely solemn for long. We are a city that knows how to carry dignity and playfulness in the same hand. The festival leaned into that civic personality: heritage with joy, heritage with colour, heritage with razzmatazz. It wasn't only performances. It was also the texture of the space

#JAIGARH

itself: the way light found a seam in stone; the way a corner of the fort suddenly felt like a stage; the way people shifted from taking photos to simply watching.

At points, the evening had that rare quality where entertainment becomes communal attention, performers and craftspeople in one frame, and the crowd responding not as consumers but as participants in a shared atmosphere. The fort was not merely hosting activity; it was holding it.

Craft without souvenir culture

A festival bazaar can easily slide into the predictable, objects as quick purchases, craft as décor. But here, the stronger feeling was of craft as continuity. Not a marketplace you pass through, but a reminder that Jaipur's maker-life is not a theme. It is a foundation.



Somewhere below, the contours of water and settlement become legible in the night. One line still captures the geometry cleanly: Sagar Dam below, Jaigarh above, water held under stone, the city held under the fort, memory held under sky.

There is another line that returns, almost like a mantra: Rajasthan is an emotion. Whether you treat it as poetry or civic psychology, it contains something Jaipur knows well. Place here is not only geography. It is attachment. Inheritance. Reflex. A certain way of standing in the world.

Ending where the fort remains

By the time people began to drift back, the night had loosened into social warmth. The intensity of watching turned into conversation; the spell became communal. Yet, the fort didn't fade. It stayed present, as if it had been listening too.

Look up: the stars can feel like an audience at Jaigarh. That's the strange reversal the fort performs at night. You come to see Jaigarh, and

somehow you feel seen back, by stone, by sky, by the sheer accumulated attention of place.

Jaigarh after dark isn't only spectacle. It is training. It trains your attention to hold two truths at once: that heritage can be joyous and serious; that it can entertain and correct; that it can be public without becoming shallow.

A fort, briefly, becomes a civic room. And walking down, you carry the feeling that the city has spoken, not loudly, not didactically, but in the quiet way Jaipur does best when it wants to last.

The Highest Pedestal

This is the story of the flag and the title 'Sawai.' In 1585, Raja Man Singh of Amer defeated five Afghan tribes. It was common practice back then to take away the enemy's flags to declare victory; so, those five colors together became the Jaipur Pacharanga.

The flag that the Jaipur family, the Kachwas, used originally was then given to the Nathawats of

Chomu, and they continued to use it. That old flag had a Kachnar tree, the Jhadshahi, on a white background. They drew inspiration for that design from the original flag that Sri Ram is supposed to have carried. It was not a Bhagwa flag.

So, that is the origin of the Pacharanga. Because this is the highest point, we fly the Pacharanga atop it. It also has a smaller version flying above it, which is one-fourth the size of the main flag.

Now, there are two beliefs about this. One says that the rulers of Jaipur have always flown it as an ode to the title of 'Sawai,' which was recognized by the Mughal Emperor Aurangzeb in an imperial edict in 1712. However, I haven't found the smaller flag in older pictures. So, probably, flying this smaller one along with the big one is a relatively recent practice, but it alludes to the same concept: they hold the title Sawai.

Concluded.

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DARIYA DEVI ON DHOL PRESENTED BY VEDANTA: SHE SANG ON MY REQUEST 'KESARIYA BAHAM AAO NI PADHARO MIHARE DESH.'



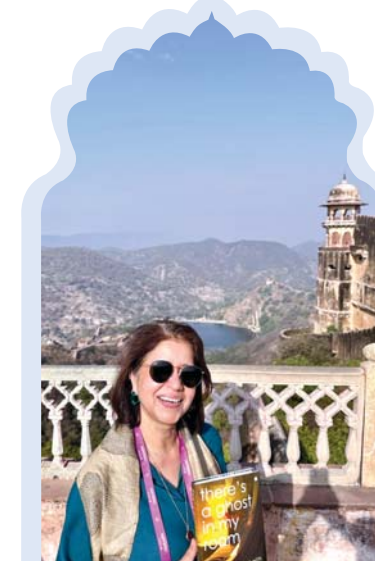
JAGDEEP SINGH WITH BHAVNA JAGWANI. MOHAN FOUNDATION WITH JAIPUR CITIZEN FORUM HAD A NOTICEABLE PRESENCE.



KOMAL FROM GERMAN CHAINWALLI WITH HER PHILOSOPHY Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam, a Sanskrit phrase meaning "the world is one family."



MASHAK BY SHYOPAT JULIA WAS A SHOW STOPPER.



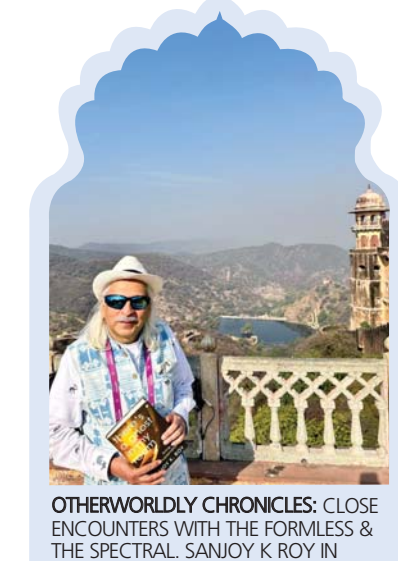
PUNITA ROY WITH 'THERE'S A GHOST IN MY ROOM'



DADI PUDUMJEE: LARGER THAN LIFE.

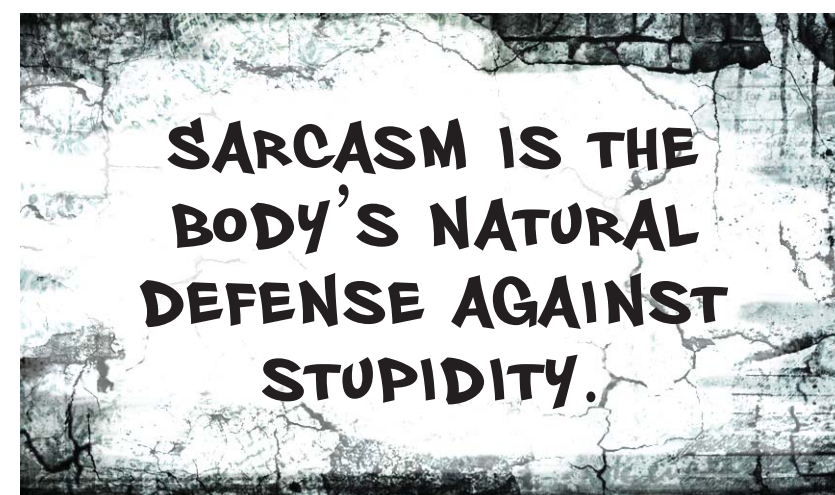


ECHOES OF RAJASTHAN: LAKSH MAHESHWARI.



OTHERWORLDLY CHRONICLES: CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH THE FORMLESS & THE SPECTRAL. SANJOY K ROY IN CONVERSATION WITH ARUNDHATI NATH KEPT EVERYONE AT THE EDGE OF THEIR CHAIRS. "MANY A NIGHT I WAS JOLTED AWAKE WITH THE SENSE OF AN OMINOUS PRESENCE LOOMING ABOVE ME..." SANJOY

THE WALL

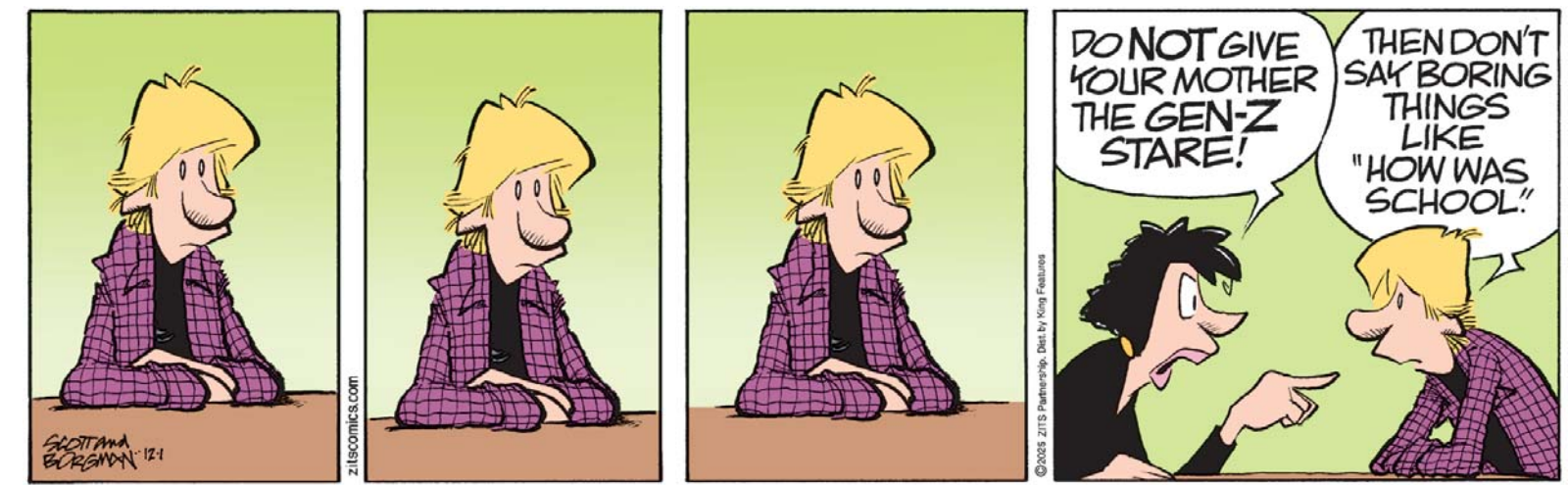


BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman