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Tamil movies 2019 latest

The Movie Channel shows you the magic of the silver screen and behind the scenes. Find out how movies are made and why some scripts turn into cinematic masterpieces. Moving to content A profusion of religious architecture extends over an ancient agrarian landscape in Tamil Nadu, the deep south of India. Guy Trebay takes care of it. We descend south on the road to the east coast of Chennai, going far too fast, on the lam of the so-called Indian economic miracle. The first time I drove on this highway, there were more ox carts than cars. It was in the old days of 1995. Now the country's growth rate is 9 percent a year, and there are tolls along the impeccably paved road, and traffic jams from chauffeur-driven SUVs. Now the jungly periphery of Chennai give way to clover leaves highway and Hyundai factories. I was new to India in the 1990s, and the country I met was quite new to the globalized economy. Amid the tumult of first impressions, I didn't quite see that much of what I found attractive was related to some government-induced economic backwardness. India may have already been a nuclear power, but TV stations have still played black and white Bollywood movies featuring the 1960s vamp Hindi Helen, and finding a decent bar of soap has taken work. There were fewer billionaires at the time, and satellites had only begun to radiate empty entertainment into India's middle-class homes, already 200 million strong. Not all major cities could boast surprising glass shopping malls. There were almost none of the suburbs that looked as if they had been transplanted from Orange County, California. There was no Indian edition of Vogue. In the decade since I began to travel to India, the gap between its nucks and nantes, its urban and rural populations, its deeply religious roots and its relentless secular trajectory continues to widen. And as it continues to do, I instinctively find myself moving away from so-called modernity and to places where wealth and progress are less often measured by Western norms. Here, for example, in the southernmost state of the country, in the teeming, bustling, vibrant and touristy temple towns of Tamil Nadu, part of India remains that the hordes have not yet invaded. Here, the pace of life is largely dictated by agrarian rhythms unchanged for centuries. Even the existence of hardscrabble is enriched by the belief and great cultural opulence left by the Chola, Pandya, Vijayanagar and other ancient dynasties that have disappeared. Until this at the tip of what looks like a map like a huge language that settles into the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal, one can trace the roots of classical dance of Bharatanatyam and Carnatic music, two of India's essential cultural innovations, and a very aromatic cuisine barely changed in a thousand years. Here are the cities of Thanjavur, Tiruchirappalli, Mamallapuram, Kanchipuram and Madurai, and the incomparable incomparable Victorian museums are full of masterpieces depicting the abundant deities of the Hindu pantheon. Here too, is one of the oldest European colonies on the subcontinent, a place where the inhabitants, not too eager for his efforts to convert them, martyred Thomas, the holy apostle, in the year of his lord 72. And here, now, out of nowhere, comes a wild procession of men licked with sweat, beating drums and carrying a bronze idol of Kail atop a painted wooden palanquin. Barging through a screen of high reeds along a rice paddy, they walk happily on the highway as our driver blocks on the brakes and we three passengers are jessed around like dice in a box. Sorry for that, said Muruges, the driver. Far from being nervous, the Indian among my fellow travellers politely asks him to park on the edge for a while so that we can all jump and chase the goddess on the road. Kail, after all, is a deity not often encountered, at least not outside of Calcutta, where the cult of this incarnation of Shiva's wife is particularly passionate. There, she is worshipped like a wraith with malevolent black skin, a gory goddess dripping with blood, her neck garland of snakes and skulls. This Kail takes a more placid and benevolent form: the gentle ways, the Source of The Being, the Redeemer of the Universe. Whatever its spiritual orientation, it seems only civil to pay tribute to local dignitaries, human and others. And so we arrow back to the car to catch a bunch of fruit and handfuls of rupees, then run along the procession to lay them at the feet of the idol. It is not easy to keep pace with devotees, who move briskly on small wiry legs, almost trotting as they cut a sandy path towards the seaside, then disappear amid the drumbeats and tootling horns. Scenes like this are anything but rare in Tamil Nadu, where crumbling ancient temples are so abundant that some have not yet been inventoried; where the living incarnations of the sacred nandi bull are ubiquitous and generally well-fed, unlike the sad bony carcasses that are so often seen living on road dividers in northern Indian cities; and where the animist roots of shiva worship, the first formal expression of Hinduism - are so naturally linked to everyday life that even an uninitiated can begin to grasp the basics of a deep philosophical system that in the West has turned into competitive yoga and Madonna chanting Om shanti shanti with his foot behind his head. My companions and I undertake an eccentric loop of route and airspace through the temple towns of Tamil Nadu, from Chennai (formerly Madras) to Madurai by plane, then to Thanjavur and (also called Trichy) by car, with a detour to an arid region of clustered villages that together form Chettinad, the homeland of the caste Nattukkottai Chettiar. There, over the last two centuries, a close-knit community of merchants and bankers has built mansions as opulent as they are improbable in their setting, which, to put it simply, is the back of the afterlife. Before leaving on our tour, I visit an important outpost of the late Raj, the Government Museum complex, located north and west of the former seaside fort in a grid-built part of the city, an early example of urban planning in British India. He would expand here to attempt a complete account of the treasures of this little-visited attic of the empire: his collection of ancient sculptures is matched only by that of the Palace Museum in Thanjavur. Most people visit in search of the famous bronzes of the multi-armed Shiva known as Nataraja, or Lord of Dance. But every time I'm in Chennai, I find myself drawn here to see the 11th-century statue of Ardhanareswara, a bi-sexual form of Shiva and his wife Parvati, cut in two vertically. One half is supple and masculine, the other rounded and with a simple and succulently full breast. A marvel of plastic expression and ideas that are both anatomical and psychosexual, the statue is just one masterpiece among many. And the room where it is located is only one in a complex of structures that, on the whole, provide a study of 19th century knowledge and which unintentionally reveal the discomfort induced in British minds by the expressive art of ancient Hindustan, which they tended to disdain as sinister, pagan, and the corruption of Victorian morality. One could spend days here following around barefoot attendants like the one who explains for my benefit that taxidermy specimens are all only original skin, inside the cotton stuffing. After having educated me, my cicero registers his name in my notepad, then raises her hand for a tip. Above his head hangs a stern warning against gallery guards accepting baksheesh. The attendant and I understand that the sign is an empty formality. I'll give him 50 rupees. It gives me a toothless smile and a friendly goodbye. My companions and I set off on the short air jump in Madurai, where we arrive in the late afternoon in the heat of the oven and the vantine of the temple processions, a sound almost impossible to escape into this legendary temple city. Our hotel, the Taj Garden Retreat, a series of hiking structures on one of the city's four leading hills, was built in 1891 to house a British tycoon who ran a global merchandise trade from local cotton mills. It is hard to imagine anyone doing business from a place as spiritually and virtually labyrinthine as Madurai, a seat of Hindu learning and the cult and incessant ringing bell at least since Augustus took Rome. It is said that the Pandya kings built the city, whose name refers to a drop of nectar that fell from the locks of , more or less, in the Third Century. Although the Chola kings briefly conquered it, and the Vijayanagar kings followed suit in 1371, it was the Pandya dynasty and their governors, the Nayaks, who were credited with erecting its most important monument, the ecstatic and chromatically exuberant 16th century temple called Meenakshi Sundareswara. There are those who refer to as a center of power, claiming that the earth around the ancient temple emanates from supercharged vibrations. I understand them vaguely, having experienced distinct energetic tremors at places in volcanic Hawaii and at the great Gothic cathedral of Chartres. For the millions of pilgrims who flock there to pray, meditate, prostrate, and perform the ritual offerings of puja, Madurai is surely a center of power. Yet, curiously, of all the temple towns of South India, it touches me the least. It is true that the relief sculptures of deities and mythical figures and erotic contortionists, gods and goddesses who deport are breathtaking and tumultuous. But a non-believer can get more or less the same visual shot by visiting the Hindu Iskcon Temple in New Delhi, with its high-tech robots from Krishna, Arjuna, and the patron saint of the temple, all made about 10 minutes ago. (Well, 1998.) Like the feather-waving brothers in Wes Anderson's The Darjeeling Limited, I try to create a kind of spiritual feeling. The harder I do, the more I feel like a boob. I feel empty or, more precisely, as if I were about to pass out. It is so hot here that the pigmented oil of a tilak used by a temple priest to anoint my forehead has melted in my nose. Notoriously, South India would have three seasons, warmer, and warmest. And as my fellows travel and I walk on the temple grounds, gawking to the multistory gopuras; beggars daubed with ashes; the sheds where the sacred cows are housed; the fascinating coin-counting thresher used by temple staff; we find ourselves hopscoching towards any shade exists, our soft soles burning on the hot plate sidewalk. It is weaker, a little, in the inner sanctuary of the temple, but no less stifling. This sensation is significantly enhanced by the dozens of pillars carved with twisting scenes to the twists of the soap opera life of a Princess Madurai who, among many other exploits, changed sex and miraculously lost the third breast with which she was born by meeting the good man, who was, it turned out, a god in disguise. Just follow the trail to sweat. I am happy to return to the air-conditioned hotel and, truth be told, happy to leave Madurai and head northeast for the drier and less sweltering April heat of Chettinad. On our way to the village of Karaikudi, we stop at a large commercial flower market where garland makers peddle their goods from metal sheds. It is almost noon and the tuberous garlands we buy are already slightly soft. They relive a little in the coolness of the car, however, and are much cooler than us by the time we reach our hotel, the We put on our shoes at the entrance, as we do in most private households, and are led by a member of staff to a large square second floor room that overlooks a modest garden. We take cold showers, then drink cold beers and start a short stay that, even at the beginning, we do not want to finish. From time to time this happens to the traveler. There is a town or hostel that one one be hesitant to quit smoking. I feel like that at the Oriental Hotel in Bangkok, and in New Delhi at the Taj Mahal, and in Berlin, wherever I stay. Now, in Bangala, it's easy to imagine many mornings waking up to a steaming cup of coffee from southern India that, as a man with teeth of neon whiteness Hollywood explains, is decoated drop by drop, then filtered and mixed with milk to become very good. The hotel itself is a collection of simple stucco structures, 13 rooms in a former men's club located on the outskirts of the village and owned by a septuagenarian widow named Meenakshi Meyyappan and her parents. A woman worthy of a large family, Meyyappan is astute and gentle, obviously used to running a beautiful household. The hotel's marbled terrazzo floors are immaculate and fortunately dust-free. The wood-panelled doors are polished to a mirror reflection. The staff, almost all men, are dressed in dhotis and well-pressed shirts and a kind of welcome that is rarely encountered in the age of guest relations and computer-programmed friendliness. And there is, of course, food. One is lucky enough to eat like a Chettiar, they say in southern India, and members of this old banking caste and money lending are properly proud of their kitchens and cuisine. To coconut and rice, which are staple foods in southern India, meat-eating Chettiars add quail, chicken and sheep, as well as fish and shellfish trucked inland from the Bay of Bengal. In Bangala, cooks use millstones to spray regional spices, deploying them in masalas for dishes such as a sinus-clearing black pepper chicken, a sour-scented tamarind crab curry, royal shrimp flavoured with spring onions, and, in a fed at the nursery palaces of British memory, Raj-era dishes such as mint and croquettes. Meals are shared at a teak dining table and eaten on banana leaf plates with their hands. Then the finger bowls are brought to the table, and it's a good thing they are. We drive away from Bangala every day in the relative cool of the morning, drive to villages with unpronounceable names to ruminate around the large Chettiar mansions, then return at noon to nap. At dusk, we venture again to wander the alleys of Karaikudi of antique dealers, their stalls teeming with paintings bejeweled Thanjavur, chromolithographs of Krishna, laque still labeled with an image of a merchant of Ava, a river port in Burma from which The Chettiar wives traditionally ordered their kits. Among the lesser-known architectural quirks of India, Chettiar are so fanciful and hyperbolic that they compete with Disney. Crammed into dusty villages, each seems to have an even more ornate façade than the other, an even larger pillared portico, an even more populated ledge of guardian statues representing variations on the goddess Meenakshi or the British helmet police. Each has its own dozens of rooms and acres of tile roof tiles miles of marble floor and teak doors and pillars. And everyone is in danger, as Ms. Meyyappan's sister-in-law, the conservative Visalakshi Ramaswamy, points out. What we saw the first year disappeared in the third year, she says, referring to her research for a book on chettiar heritage. We had been together to see a small museum that she runs in her family home, the Chettinad Museum, and also to see Ms. Meyyappan's imposing residence, which is a short distance from her hotel near Karaikudi's main road. Vast and multi-room, both are living houses, unlike most ghostly mansions in the region, deserted by owners who consider them too heavy and far from urban centers to be maintained. Amid the frenzy of India's prosperity, tens of dollars have been sold to merchants who raze them and strip precious building materials, especially old wood can no longer be obtained legally - for sale to decorators serving the new rich of New Delhi, Bangalore and Mumbai. The transition from the arid landscape of Chettinad to the Thanjavur Rice Delta seems less subtle than Dorothy's transition from Kansas to Oz. For a moment we are in a monochrome region of barren views and stunted trees; then we embarked on a journey in Technicolor acid. So much green on the eye has a druggy effect; the landscape radiates fertility. And it is this same lush, well-watered soil that has provided the wealth to feed the Hindu kingdoms of antiquity. Each successive dynasty seems to have been built with more abandon; temples are scattered everywhere, in palm groves, at the top of hills, in caves and rice paddies. Some, such as the much-photographed 7th century shore temple in Mamallapuram, are poetically intimate in scale. Others are as garish as McMansions in Beverly Hills. On the way to Thanjavur, we briefly stop at a pair that, while barely justifying mention in most guides, are examples of what I think of as the sublime Hindu. In the candlelight gloom of the first is a large recumbent statue of Vishnu, and a priest anoints the idol with oil. The statue was hand-carved into the living rock of a cave, probably 10 centuries ago. From his eyes, the priest has been here almost as long. In the second temple is a pillar room populated by figures of flamboyant sexual ambiguity. Effeminate and swashbuckling at the same time, they have kewpie-doll eyes and coiled whiskers. Who or what is represented is not entirely clear. Who cares? The statues are reminiscent of the Cockettes, a dredging troupe from San Francisco in the 1970s, and the biblical aphorism about novelty under the sun. The royal families of the Nadu do this, says Babaji Bhonsle, referring to the maintenance of the temple, when we call upon the rajah of Thanjavur in his apartment in the palace thanjavur in ruins. A barefoot servant brings a tray of hot soda to bottled lime; electricity sparkles on and off. Some may have a temple, says the 39-year-old prince, a direct descendant of the Maratha rulers, who was trained as an engineer and coming into adulthood, came into possession of huge collections of sculptural and architectural masterpieces as well as perhaps the world's largest library of palm leaf manuscripts, but unfortunately not madeover large enough to maintain its heritage. We have 88 temples. It is my spiritual responsibility to maintain them, but it is not a burden for me, says the rajah. It's my dharma, or cosmic task, he adds with a smile. Of course, if Tamil Nadu took advantage of the income generated by tourists flocking to Agra or the congested pink city of Jaipur, it would simplify its work of maintaining temples, building shelters for pilgrims, feeding elephants and priests, rewarding the restaurateurs who deploy and oiling thousands of palm manuscripts by hand. But there's not a lot of awareness of us here, says Rajah Bhonsle with a shrug. People who come to India want to see the Taj Mahal. They do not realize that we have a history here in Tamil Nadu that is over three thousand years old. It would be a mistake, however, to think of it as a region of relics and deposits. Almost all places of worship in Tamil Nadu are active centres where the faithful perform the rituals of birth, marriage and death, and where a visitor can hear verses in Sanskrit first chanted a hundred generations ago. In few places is this collapse of the past in the present brighter than in Tiruchirappalli (his other name, Trichy, is a British improvisation on the Tamil twister language). Located 35 miles from Thanjavur, this place formerly called the Three-Headed Devil City is famous for its Temple of the Rock Fort, built around a dizzyingly high citadel, fought by the Pallavas, Cholas and Pandyas, and the Ranganathaswamy Vishnu Temple Complex, one of india's largest. Because the weather is short and the April heat brutal, we limit ourselves to a short walk through the seven concentric perimeter walls of the temple city, each traditionally inhabited by a separate caste, and re-establish with a blur of mostly superficial impressions of the room of 1,000 pillars (there are actually 953). Apparently, hundreds of thousands of pilgrims pray, fall and sleep and eat in these rooms adorned with sculptures of snarling tigers and men on the breeding of horses and devadasi breasts, or young girls of the temple, preparing for divine seduction. There is no doubt that Trichy would reward a longer visit, perhaps during the 21 days of the Vaikunta Ekadasi festival, which takes place around Christmas. But we can't wait to return to Chennai, where the first mangoes of the season are due to appear on the vendors' stalls. Before taking off from the Taj Coromandel in I had obtained a commitment from the chef of the hotel's good restaurant, Southern Spice, to prepare a thali surveying the range of Tamil cuisine. What he does during a long and forgiving evening, which begins with motchaikottai soup, a vegetable broth flavored with lablab beans, and switches to preparations like nandu nandu chettinadu, a dry marinated crab claw cooked Chettiar style; broccoli and banana flower with lentils; another delicate dish made with a vegetable called lady's finger; fried quail and thrown into a spice mixture typical of coastal Cuddalore; and side dishes of sambar, rasam, and appam, thin paper pancakes of a fermented rice flour paste, prepared at the table by a sous chef with the quick hands of a dealer in Las Vegas. As is the case with many Indian festivals, the recitation of these delights seems indulgent. And it is. We eat well, so careful of gorging, because we know what's in store. On the way from the airport to the hotel in Chennai, the driver we hired had taken us to a market known for the quality and variety of its products. Wandering among the stalls where the merchants had piled their goods in neat pyramids, we went a little overboard. For much of the year, mangoes are not available in India, and their arrival tends to produce some early consumption frenzy. The popular Alphonso, grown around Mumbai, is considered the king of mangoes, but there are others as fine and sweet. We bought small green hesagar mangoes, grown in Bengal, and the tart langra variety, transported by truck from West Bengal. We bought small football-shaped Ratnagiri mangoes, tinged with green and orange, from Maharashtra, and the Banganapalli type from neighbouring Andhra Pradesh. In total, we delivered eight varieties to the hotel kitchen. The chef promised an ad-10 to our evening meal. To suggest that when the moment of truth comes, we are not disappointed at first would be less than true. Where the imagination had evoked mango mousse, moss and ice cream, reality delivers a platter of sliced fruit. Sensing our confusion, I suppose, the chef appears on the shoulder of the waiter and says that he has actually thought a lot about dessert. Concepts such as regional cuisine and Slow Food are not theoretical abstractions in Tamil Nadu, he explains. In increasingly westernized mumbai, perhaps, a good dinner might require a confectionery exclamation point. But in Chennai, where the cultural tradition remains strong, and where people are less sensitive to this error of judgment that confuses complexity and luxury, instinct tells the chef that a perfect ripe mango does not need improvement. Simplicity is wealth, he suggests. We lift our ranges and are rich. British Airways, Lufthansa, Air India and Air France fly from major US cities to Chennai International Airport via European or Indian routes. The time of Tamil Nadu is the best from January to April. In summer, temperatures can exceed 100 degrees. Le Bangala Value. Double from \$179. Fisherman's Cove An 88-room seaside resort. Double from \$253. Taj Coromandel doubles from \$314. Taj Garden Retreat Great Value. Double from \$150. The rules and hours in the many temples and museums of Tamil Nadu vary. In some cities, the temple is essentially the city. Visit tamilnadutourism.org. Brihadishwara Brihadishwara Brihadishwara Brihad Brihad Thanjavur; 91-4362/31421. Chettinad Kanadukathan Museum, Chettinad; 91-4573/221-371. DakshinaChitra Near Chennai, a village of reconstructed houses typical of southern India, where Muslim silk carpet weavers practice and sell their craft. E. Coast Rd., Muttukadu, dakshinachitra.net; 91-44/2747-2603. Government Museum 486 Pantheon Rd., Egmore, Chennai; 91-44/2819-3238. Meenakshi Sundareswara Temple Madurai; 91-452/ 234-4360. Ranganathaswamy Temple Srirangam, Tiruchirappalli; 91-431/243-2246. St. Andrew's Church A British colonial church built in 1821, modelled on St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Church in London. 37 Poonamallee High Rd., Egmore, Chennai; thekirk.net; 91-44/2561-2608. Shore Temple Mamallapuram; 91-44/2846-1459. Thanjavur Royal Palace and Museums Thanjavur; 91-4362/31421. Victoria Technical Institute Opened in 1887 for the Queen Empress's Jubilee; especially fine goods are found in the workroom of Southern Indian women. 765 Anna Salai, Chennai; 91-44/2852-3141. © copyright . All rights reserved. Printed from this link is to an external site that may or may not comply with accessibility guidelines. Guidelines.

