

# Thespians honoured ceremoniously at Natsamrat Theater Awards 2023



Renowned Theatre Personalities of the country were honoured by Natsamrat. Like every year, this year also the 15th Natsamrat Theatre Award was organized, in which 12 theatre artists of the country were honoured by Natsamrat. Natsamrat's director **Shyam Kumar** has always believed that it is a matter of pride for us to honour those who give their whole life to theatre.

This year the Best Writer Award was given to Dr. Harisuman Bisht, Best Director Satyabrata Rout, Best Actor Amit Saxena, Best Actress Rekha Johri, Best Backstage (Lighting) Souti Chakraborty, Best Critic Kamlesh Bhartiya, Theater Promoter Dayal Krishna Nath. Lifetime

Achievement Award was given to Daya Prakash Sinha, Dr. Jaidev Taneja, Diwan Singh Bajeli, R.K. Dhingra and Bharat Ratna

Bhargava. All the honored personnel were given the Natsamrat Samman by Sh. R.K.Singh (former M.P.) and (Eminent Writer) Sh.Surendra Verma.

After the award ceremony the play Kadwa Sach was staged, by a troupe from Assam and the director of this play was Dayal Krishna Nath.



Mr. RK Sinha said that it is a big thing in itself that an organization has been promoting this genre for 15 years and has been honoring the artistes, for this Natsamrat's director Shyam Kumar deserves congratulations. Dr. Jaidev Taneja said that Shyam Kumar's contribution to Hindi theater is commendable. The entire festival took place on 12 March 2023 at 6:30 pm at Muktdhara Auditorium, Gol Market, New Delhi and entry was free.

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**Natsamrat Natya Utsav 2023,  
Opens 4th March**

25<sup>th</sup>  
ANNIVERSARY  
CELEBRATION

75  
आज़ादी का  
अमृत महोत्सव

20th

**Natsamrat  
Atya Utsav**

(4th, 5th-12th March, 2023)

**Teen Bandar**

Translation - Meenakshi & Vikas Vasudev  
Writer - Prabudh Joshi  
Director - Nagendra Kumar Sharma  
Group - Maskhare Rangmanch, Haryana  
On 4th March, 2023. At 4:00 pm

**Chukayenge Nahi**

Writer - Dario Fo  
Adaptation - Amitabh Srivastava  
Director - Chander Shekhar Sharma  
Group - Mask Players Art Group, Delhi  
On 4th March, 2023. At 7:45 pm

**Kuchh Tum kaho  
Kuchh Hum Kahen**

Writer - Ashish Kotwal  
Direction - Shyam Kumar  
Group - Natsamrat Theatre, Delhi  
On 5th March, 2023. At 6:30 pm

**Birsa Munda**

Writer & Designer - Sanjay Bhasin  
Co-Director - Gaurav.  
Director - Vikas Sharma  
Group - New Utthan Theatre Group, Haryana  
On 4th March, 2023. At 6:00 pm

**Bali**

Writer - Girish Karnad  
Lyrics - Vashisth Upadhyay  
Design & Direction - Vashisth Upadhyay  
Group - Common People, Delhi  
On 5th March, 2023. At 4 pm

**Kadwa Sachh**

Writer - Kushal Deka  
Translation - Ravi Verma  
Concept & Direction - Dayal Krishna Nath  
Group - Abhinav Theatre, Assam  
On 12th March, 2023. At 6:30 pm

**15th Natsamrat Theatre Award**

On 12th March, 2023. At 6:00 pm

**Entry Free**

**Please Follow the Covid-19 Rules**

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**Festival Director**

**Shyam Kumar**

**Venue**

**Muktadhara Auditorium**

18-19, Bhai Vir Singh Marg, Gole Market, New Delhi

**More Details:-**

shyamkumar08@yahoo.co.in / shyamkr08@gmail.com

9811232072 / 7982598635 (Shyam Kumar)

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**Keeping up with its two decades old tradition, the 20th Natsamrat Natya Utsav is going to be inaugurated this weekend**

Natsamrat is going to organize 20th Natsamrat Natya Utsav which will be held on 4th, 5th and 12th March 2023 at Muktdhara Auditorium, Bhai Vir Singh Marg, Gol Market, New Delhi.

*Like every year, this year too many plays are going to be staged on one stage, where the audience will be able to enjoy the plays of different provinces free of cost.*

Three plays will be staged on March 4. The first play "Teen Bandar" written by Prabudh Joshi & directed by Nagendra Kr. Sharma, which is a presentation of Ambala (Haryana) will be staged at 4:00 PM. The next performance is "Birsa Munda" written by Sanjay Bhasin & directed by Vikas Sharma at 6:00 PM and this is the performance of Kurukshetra (Haryana). On the same evening at 8:00 pm, the drama of Delhi will be presented "Chukayenge Nahi" written by Dario Fo, adaptation by Amitabh Srivastava & directed by Chader Shekhar Sharma.

The next day on March 5 at 4:00 pm the Play "Bali" written by Girish Karnad & directed by Vashisth Upadhyay will be staged. At 6:30 pm, The Play "Kuch Tum Kaho Kuch Hum Kahen" written by Ashish Kotwal & directed by Shyam Kumar will be performed.

On March 12, Assam will present the play "Kadwa Sachh" written by Kushal Deka & directed by Dayal Krishna Nath.

**Along with this, Natsamrat is going to organize its 15th Natsamrat Theater Award in which Theatre Personalities will be honored in eight different genres.**

This year the best writer award is being given to Harisuman Bisht, the best director is Satyabrata Rout, the actor award is going to Amit Saxena and actress Rekha Johri, award for

Backstage (Lights) is going to Souti Chakraborty and Critic is Dr. Kamlesh Bharti, Theater Promoter Award is going to Dayal Krishan Nath and Lifetime Achievement Award is being given to Bharatratna Bhargava. This grand finale will be organized on March 12 at 6:00 pm at Muktdhara Auditorium and the entry for the entire theatrical festival is free.

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## **RIKSHAW DRIVER AND LADY– AN ABSURD PLAY (ONE ACT )**

In the middle of LINTON road, a rickshaw comes and stops in front of the woman. She intends to hire it for going to a destination. The rickshaw driver looks at her and assents to take her to the desired stop.

Sc –I

Woman – Will you drop me at this address?

Driver- Yes madam. Please sit.

Woman- Be quick. I don't have time.

Driver- yes madam..

Woman- Thank you.

Driver- No thanks. I am there to take people to their desired stops. But...

Woman- But? Are you worried about your fare? Do not worry. I will give you cash.

Driver- No. I am not worried about money. I am thinking that

YOU are going to give my your life.

Woman: What?

Driver- No madam. Nothing. I just said nothing at all. Don't worry. Come, it's going to be night soon and this road becomes quite isolated. It is not safe to be here for a long time.

Sc II

(The rickshaw starts with a jerk. The woman gets a strong jolt)

Woman- Oh! Driver what's this? Be careful.

Driver- At times, it isn't in our hands madam.

Woman-But it is in our YOUR hands only!

Driver- No. I have to take many abrupt decisions while driving. This was one of them. I did not intend to put sudden jerk otherwise. The road's quite open to receiving jerks when we start off.

Woman- Whatever. Let's go.

Driver (speaks softly)- Go. This word has the implication of going and when I am going, I have to be on the go and when I am on the go, none disturbs me. Get Set Go!

Woman- What are you muttering?

Driver- Nothing madam. Yes, you said go. But...

Woman- But what?

Driver- We cannot GO.

Woman- What! Just a moment ago you said you are ready to go and now you are denying.

Driver- I am ready to go madam. But not ready to go now.

Woman- What? What are you talking?

Driver- Just wait madam, wait for some time. We need to. Or else, it might get too late.

Woman- What nonsense is this? You said we must start off quickly as it might get isolated here soon and now you are telling me to tarry?

Driver- Life is unexpected madam. The clutch wire just broke when I gave the jerk.

Woman- Oh! Now it would be needless delay. Never mind. I will hire another rick.

Driver- Not possible madam. It is not going to be easy for you to get another vehicle here.

(She stands there and tries to call other rickshaws. None of them stops. Comes back to the same rickshaw driver. Stands there.)

Woman- Ok. I am waiting here. Be quick.

Driver- Am trying my best. At times things are not in our hands madam.

Woman- But the wire is in your hands.

Driver- But its intention to get repaired or not does not lie in my hands madam.

(After almost an hour's time, he is able to repair the clutch wire)

Woman- Now let's go. Enough of waiting here.

Driver- Yes madam. Sit inside the auto.

(As she moves towards the auto, her foot twists unexpectedly while walking and she cries in pain.)

Woman- Oh God! I did not notice this stone in the middle. My foot got twisted! I am feeling awful. I never did think anything of this sort would happen. Thought I would hire an auto and reach home quickly.

Driver- At times, life shows us what we do not expect madam. Do not worry. I will support you and help you to get in the auto. Come, lean on my shoulder.

(He supports her)

Woman- ok. Now finally should we set off!

Driver- Yes madam.

(He starts the auto and takes it off. The woman sits quietly in the seat at the back. He keeps driving.)

Woman -(calls her friend) I will reach in no time. Actually, I can explain ( suddenly, there's a speed breaker and the rickshaw crosses it very quickly. Once again, she gets a heavy jerk.)

Woman- Drive slowly. Will you. Can't you see the speed breaker?

Driver- Madam. At times we are forced to drive quickly. You said you need to reach fast. I thought...

Woman- So that does not mean you drive haphazardly. Drive carefully.

Driver- Ok madam.

(Suddenly stops the auto)

Woman- What? Why have you stopped?

Driver- Madam. It is dinner time for me. I need to eat my food. You need to wait.

Woman- What?

Driver- yes.

Woman- But you drop me first then have your dinner. What are you up to?

Driver- Up to nothing madam. I am telling you one simple thing. I cannot drive ahead without my food. I need to finish my dinner. Wait in the auto. I will come in no time.

(She waits reluctantly and knows well that no rickshaw was available in that area. He comes after almost forty five mins)

Woman- Now should we go?

Driver- If you ask me madam, it means you are taking my permit. I am nobody to decide.

Woman- But you are the DRIVER. Driving me is in your hands.

Driver- No madam. Driving both of us is in someone else's hands.

Woman- What absurdity is this? You drive take me to my destination.

Driver- You think you have a destination. (Laughs.) Everybody thinks so. But none has any.

Sc III

(She looks at him almost frantically.)

Woman- Why are you talking wierd?

Driver- Nobody makes any sense in the world madam. Especially lower class people like us, we often become senseless in front of everyone.

Woman- See right now it is not the time to check whether you are sensible or senseless. Now is the time to drive safely and

help me reach my destination. I am wanting eagerly to reach at a place.

Driver- That's what I am doing madam. Helping you reach your destination.

Woman-With the kind of slow speed that you are driving, I do not think we will reach there ever.

(stops the auto. The woman looks at him irritatingly.)

Woman- Why did you stop the auto?

Driver- I need to get the CNG filled.

Woman- Listen, do it afterwards. I do not want to be late.

Driver- Madam. There is no fuel left.

Woman- What? Why didn't you tell me earlier. I would not have hired your auto.

Driver- Madam, it will take 5 mins.

Woman- Ok.

(Gets the fuel tank filled. The woman waits.)

Woman- Now can we get set go?

Driver- Madam, wait. I need to get the change to give them money.

Woman- Wait, here I am giving you change. Take it. Give it to them. Let's leave.

Driver- Ok madam.

(He makes the payment at the petrol pump. They start off and come at crossroad)

Driver- Madam. Two roads diverge. Which one to take?

Woman- The left one. Wait, perhaps, I would have to check on my phone. Ok , here it is the right one. That's the direction it shows.

Driver- But madam, this road is very long. It will take time.

Woman- My mobile does not lie. It is the most convenient road it shows.

Driver- So I should take this one right?

Woman- Of course.

Driver- So be it.

(He turns right. The road continues and has many lanes. After some time the woman gets annoyed.)

Woman- What is this? Lanes after lanes?

Driver- Madam, I told you this road is long but you did not listen to me.

Woman- Now what to do?

Driver- Let's go back.

Woman- Ok.

(He takes a reverse turn, in just a few mins, they come to a specific point where there is traffic jam)

Woman- O my God! We did not have it while we took this road, now where did this come from?

Driver- It is a procession that has just started madam.

Woman- We are stuck!

Driver- We are often stuck in the middle of roads madam.

(After almost an hour's wait, the traffic heals. They move

ahead.)

Woman- I wanted to reach there two hour before. Little did I know I would get so late!

Driver- We often do not know the future madam. But better late than never.

Woman- What do you mean?

Driver- Meaning, we would reach there some time, some day.

Woman- What? What are you talking?

Driver- Nothing madam. The fact of life. The crux of living this life is an eternal journey that never ends. Right?

Woman- Don't be philosophical. I do not have time.

Driver- None has time. Time has everyone.

(Puts a sudden break. Stage goes dark. The next moment we see bright light on the stage and many people having gathered there.)

Person I – Oh sad, very sad the accident.

Person II- The autowala is dead.

Person III- The passenger?

Person I- Nowhere to be found.

Person II- Let us inform the police.

(They call the ambulance and the police who come and do the needful in the case.)

The next day, a woman stands in the middle of the LINTON road. She stops an auto, hires him.

Woman – Will you drop me at this address?

Driver- Yes madam. Please sit.

Woman- Be quick. I don't have time.

Driver- yes madam.

Woman- Thank you.

Driver- No thanks. I am there to take people to their desired stops. But...

Woman- But? Are you worried about your fare? Do not worry. I will give you cash.

Driver- No. I am not worried about money. I am thinking that YOU are going to give me your life.

Woman: What?

(Next day in the newspaper. Linton road seems to be haunted. A driver with an auto is seen moving around and a lady comes and boards it. They both act as passenger and auto driver. After a while, people hear a loud shriek, an auto driver in the same locality is found dead.)

Lights off stage darkens. After a while there is light all around.

For any comments please write in the comment box below:

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# SO YOU GET WHAT YOU WISH a play by Gouri Nilakantan

SO YOU GET WHAT YOU WISH

A Children's Play by Gouri Nilakantan

(For performing this play, read the corollary at the bottom)

Characters

Zooli/Mr Anthony Lobo

Freeman/rahul

Wise guy/ Rohit

Fullon-rockon/ Puskar

(Anthony lobo enters the stage. He has a strange hairdo and is wearing a long red overcoat)

Lobo/Zooli: good evening and greetings my dear little friends and all their grownups. I know introductions are entirely unnessacry sometimes and the play should speak for itself but I need to explain why I am here. NO you don't want to hear...ok then let me tell you all a secret...I make...I make...I make wishes come true...yes yes...just like the fairy god mother of Cinderella or a fairy queen but only I am a man in this case...no not man...actually let me let you know my real name my name is Z000000000000LI...Zooli...from the nether nether world...the world that only I know...hey I can hear someone...its time for my disappearance but don't worry friends only to appear once again...

(A house setting. Three children on the stage, one child is playing on his train set and the other two enter)

Freeman: There he is (pointing to fullonrockon) hey pushkar

(Pushkar does not respond)

Fr: hey puskar... (Waits a second and then goes to him and gives

him a loud push, pushkar falls on the floor)

Fullon: what did you do that for my dear dear rahul?

Freee: because my dear dear dear Pushkar...what is your name?

Pushkar...yani push...karo...pushkar

(Wise guy also comes near and is eating a lollipop and starts laughing)

Wiseguy: hey that's funny...push...kar...push kar

Puskar: stop it guys...you all know I hate my name...why don't you call me what I am supposed to be called ...that's FULLONROCKON...I rock guys I rock

Wise guy: yes yes you do rock, you are as heavy as a rock anyway hahaha

Puskar: yes that's why we call you wise guy...you wise guy...

Wise guy: I am a wise guy...the wisest guy in this gang

Freeman: but listen I am the boss of this gang...I am the eldest

Pushkar: says who

Freeman: says me...that's who

Wise-guy: Rahul (freeman looks at him sternly)...sorry Freeman...

Freeman: guys don't forget the rules...in this club we have to only call each other by our code names got it...wise guy?

Wise guy: yes yes got it freeman

Freeman: what about you? Got it Fullonrockon? Yes ...or no

Fullon: yes yes got it. So whats our plan for today?

Freeman: well this week I think we have to draw out our plan for our club activities.

Wiseman: what about collecting insects this week?

Freeman: no we have done that last month, remember Chaluram our ant...how he died?

Fullon: poor little chap; he was suffocated, what an idea to keep him in an insect jar which had been an achaar jar poor fellow died of smelling all aam ka acchar.

Wiseman: now what do we do?

Freeman: what about getting all the dogs together and giving them a pet party?

Wiseman: my mother would never agree she absolutely refuses to part with her biscuits.

Fulon (looking very disappointed): now what do we do?

Wiseman: hey have you heard about that new neighbour of ours...he lives opposite my house.

Freeman: you mean that fat guy who keeps shouting at the drivers, yahan betne ki jagah nahi hain...bhaago

Wiseman: arre nahi that fat guy is in hospital...I heard that he had kicked a dog and the dog bit him

Fullon: arre nahi yaar, he ate too many old pizzas and the whole night he went (holds his nose) purr purr purr

Wiseman: how do you know?

Fullon: my didi told me ...puskar beta...pizza mat kha...pata hain bechaar arora uncle hospital main hain kyuki kitna pizza khaya ki per hi kharaab ho gaya...bechare arora uncle...ha ha ha

Wiseman: arre nahi not arora uncle this is one strange guy, Mr Anthony Lobo...really strange...keeps all his doors and windows locked and curtained even during the day and only sets out at night after seven when it is all dark

Fullon: really

Wiseman: and children say that he wears a dark red cloak in the night...

Fullon: baap re...dar lag raha hain

Wiseman: yes...and I also heard that he drinks the blood of cockroaches and hearts of frogs for dinner... (Makes an eerie sound)

Freeman: ok then decided...its Anthony lobo then. This week we have to enter his house and enter his bedroom

Fullon: baap re...enter his bedroom now that's tough

Freeman: alright alright just make sure that we can enter his house and search for his red cloak

Wiseman: you mean the magical one

Freeman: that is our mission...everybody with me...Wiseguy?

Wiseguy: yes sire!!!

Freeman: fullon rockon?

Fullon: well I am not sure...this week I have a history test

Wiseguy: liar! History test in class one? History starts in class V alright...you better come rockon...see you are the youngest and the cutest mr lobo will never suspect you...never

Freeman: that's right since you are the youngest you can make an easy entry and then we all can barge in...And while I keep talking to Mr lobo, you freeman try and get his coat

Fullon: and then...???

Freeman: we will decide that later...first we must enter Mr Lobo's house

Wiseguy: ok operation LOBO ...thumbs up

All three: THUMBS UP

(Freeze music is heard end of scene one)

(Music is heard enter Anthony lobo and goes to the dresser and pulls out a red cloak and removes his waist coat and mutters to himself)

Lobo: very good very good...I look fine...Zooli from zooli land...hahahah (hears a knock on the door) now who is hear let me check...first let me hide this cloak...no one should see it (looks through the window) three children...hmmm...interesting...three fine specimens for my next experiment...maybe I should call them in (door bell rings again)...wait a second...just coming (wears his coat and opens the door) yes...

Wiseguy: uncle uncle...we are children...

Lobo (sternly): yes of course I can see you are children...now what do you want

Rockon: uncle...I mean sir...sir...

Lobo: what sir...sir

Freeman: uncle we are selling raffle tickets...for our school party!

Lobo: school party

Freeman: yes sir...no sir...I mean school carnival

Lobo: so...???

Wiseman: so let us into your house

Lobo: into my what?

Freeman; sir ignore him...he is saying can you please please please buy our tickets

Lobo: ok

Freeman: sir sir...rockonfullon...i mean fullonrockon...I mean

puskar is thirsty

Rockon: hey I am not thirsty

Freeman: of course you are (winking at him)...are you not

Rockon: yes sir...I am dying of thirst...water water...

Wiseguy: sir I think he will collapse if you don't give him water

Freeman: sir he is fainting (holds him while he sways) can we take him inside your house sir

Lobo: ok ok...but make sure he is our as soon as he becomes better

Wiseguy: sir ham aaye aur gaye...I mean no problem sir

Rockon: paani paani paani chakkar aa gaya...paani

Lobo: ok ok before you faint at my doorstep come in...(Takes them inside)...you guys sit here...( turns to leave but comes back at once) and don't touch anything especially that cupboard...just no touching

(He leaves and rockon grins)

Rockon: hey guys how was I...super cool right

Wiseguy: tu cool nahi fool hain...why were you overacting like that paani paani...I am fainting

Rockon: listen just because I was looking so cure he let you all inside

Wiseguy: OK cutie pie

Freeman: hey you two stop fighting...quick let's try and find his cloak...you go there you search in that cupboard and let me see under the table

Wise guy: (finding the cloak) hey guys...I found it...here it is

Rockon: gosh it's big

Freeman: hey don't touch it...just let it be...it could be magical...

( Zooli enters and says in loud commanding tome)

Zooli: stop freeze all of you (the children look scared and see Zooli)...stop at once...come here (the children all come close to him)...did anyone of you touch the cloak

Rockon: sir...I...I

Zooli: you did! (he is pleased)...good good good

Freeman: good sir!

Zooli: yes good because you have broken the spell!!!

Freeman: spell what spell

Zooli: I think I better explain...I am actually a fairy god father...

Rockon: fairy god father...hahahah funny

Zooli: why can't guys be fairies?

Wiseguy: ok ok so you are a wizard

Zooli: well technically you can say that but I am a good wizard...

Wiseguy: so you are not Anthony Lobo

Zooli: Actually I was doomed to become a man by a wicked witch. I accidently stumbled upon a secret that she was working on...a magic potion so she cast a spell on me and turned me into a man.

Wiseguy: being a man is not such a bad thing

Zooli: try being a wizard...I mean fairy god father and then you will understand the benefits of being a wizard. Anyway let's cut the conversation short as I was saying

Freeman: we have broken your spell

Zooli: yes now that you have found my cloak and broken my spell I am only zooli Z0000LI no Mr Lobo shobo...how I hated that...so I need to give you something in return for this...SO YOU GET WHAT YOU WISH

Freeman: get what we wish

Zooli: yes your wish is my command tell me what you want and I will get you that, tell me where you want to be and you can go there, tell me what you want to become and you can become that

Rockon: wow three wishes

Zooli: sorry only one

Rockon: but fairy god mothers give three wishes to people and we found your cloak, broke your spell ...that's not fair

Zooli: no just one wish...so what do you guys want

Wiseguy: I would rather I became someone...I always wanted to be something like my life

Zooli: your wish is my command

Wiseguy: I wanted to become a star all my life

Zooli: a pop star, a rock star, a bollywood star...amir khan, salman khan, sharukh khan

Wiseguy: no a star...a star in the sky...a star that looks upon the planets something like interstellar

Lobo: are you sure that you want to become that?

Wiseguy: oh absolutely, infact that swat I want most of all

Lobo: ok then

Rockon: ok take out your magic wand then

Lobo: no need for the wand let me just read your charm

FEEEE FIIII FOOO FUMMM

LET THIS KID HAVE ALL THE FUN

MAKE HIM INTO THAT BRIGHT NEW STAR

TWINKLING, SHINING NEAR AND FAR

ZIPPPPP ZAPPPPP ZOOMMMM

Wiseguy: hey I haven't changed

Lobo: it will start working once your back home, don't worry. (Turning towards freeman) Ok now rahul...sorry free man what's your scene?

Freeman: I don't want t become some silly star...I just love candy...why don't you make me a taster in a candy factory. My mother will never scold me for eating so many lollipops then...yummy I can see such good times coming ahead...candy for day and candy for night...please that's what I want. Yes a candy taster...nothing more nothing less

Lobo: are you sure

Freeman: you promised

Lobo: yes yes so you get what you wish

FIDDLE DEE FIDDLE DOO FIDDLE DEE DEE

MAKE HIM THE CANDY TASTER FOR ALL TO SEE

LET HIM EAT CANDIES ALL DAY LONG

CANDIES FOR LUNCH< TEA AND DINNER WITH WINE AND SONG

Freeman: wow, thanks Zooli...you are amazing, marvellous and stupendous....A zillion, million thanks

(Zooli turns towards the last child, fullonrockon)

Zooli: so you are now the last and your wish is also my

command, what do you want to become

ROckon: well actually I can't tell you that since it's a big secret

Wiseguy: hey how can he make you into anything if you don't tell it?

Rockon: no people will alugh at me but I am really seious bout it I want to become that and nothing else

Lobo: go on speak your mind; no one will dare laugh at you while I am here

Rock on: well ok then...I want to become a rock

Wiseguy: a rock...hahahahah...

Rockon: see I told you that they would laugh did I not...now I am not talking to anybody...I don't to become anything

Wiseguy: hey sorry yaar...really sorry batana

Rockon: I want to become a rock because I have a reason...actually I really hate my name...people keep on making fun of it. So if l become a rock no one will be able to push me anymore. Infact if they tried I could just roll over and crush their legs...hahahah

Lobo: that seems only like a fair deal...I think it's high time you became a rock...that's right...

FILLIN FILL OUT FIIIII FIIII

MAKE HIM THIS HUGE BIG ROCK HEHEHE

SEE HIM CHRUSH ALL TO BITS

WILL MAKE YOU GO OUT OF YOUR WITS

So guys...happy now

All three: absolutely, you are the best...this is great

Lobo: remember one thing fellows; we will all meet in a week time. This spell needs weekly rejuvenation its needs its weekly dose. So do meet me next week, bye and best of luck

(Music is heard, and enters lobo)

Lobo: A so dear friend one week is over and it's time for my liittle buddies to start arriving. Hope everything will go according to my plan...fine little specimens I found and they all walked straight into my plan...good good wait I can see them

(Enter the three kids looking very very sad and downcast)

Lobo: hey kids how are you...

Three: (in a very small voice) hi Mr. Zooli

Lobo: so how has it been going for you all fine?

Freeman: hmmm ok I guess

Wiseguy: yes just fine

Rockon: (looks very upset)...hmmm fine...oh what do I say...and starts crying...not fine not fine...I can't stand this torture anymore

Lobo: why guys...look sit down relax and tell him what happened

Freeman: sir...sir

Wiseguy: sir we are not happy just not happy...infact we are not only sad but miserable

Rockon: please sir...I have my old self back...I don't like this get up...I hate this

Lobo: ok guys just relax first and then tell, you start freeman

Freeman: I was so happy being that candy taster at first...nestle, cadbury, lollipops, sweets, hajmola candy...life was perfect...but I had to eat only that for one whole week..(pulls out his tongue)...see this my poor taste buds...I hate the idea of anything sweet...I want to eat simple dal roti chawal and aloo ki sabji...mummy ke haath ka khana...never an chocolate again in my entire life...the idea of even a small piece of candy makes me want to... yuck

Rockon: sir sir...I hate being a rock, at first I was so happy that I could just sit and laze around, relax and chill in the sun...imagine no school, no homework just lie down and feel happy and I was so happy no one could dare push me. But all that sitting down has made me so sad, I want to walk normally, play and run

Lobo: and what about you wise guy

Wiseguy: I well...I wud hate to tell a lie but being star is actually no fun. I thought I was sooper cool guy in this whole galaxy...but I was in this huge space so far away from my home. I could only be seen in the night and i was far away from my friends, my mom dad everybody...and it was cold ...my gosh so cold

in the galaxy and I could not even wrap myself in something warm because I was too big. I want my old self back...please please

Rockon yes sir please sir

All three: pleaseeeee pleaseeeee

Lobo: ok ok...but this spell is permanent

Wiseguy: no you can't say that, you are a good fairy father not a wicked one, we will do anything

All thre: yes sir anything...

Lobo : anything

All Three: yes sir we swear

Lobo: well will you be good children, not fight with each other, help each other and be the best neighbours?

Three: yes sir

Lobo: will you be kind to mr.Arora and not barge in people's houses just to harass them and

Three: yes sirs never never never disturb the old and the sick?

Lobo: will you help your parents in the house and do your homework without winging and whining

Rockon: do homework...sir

Wiseguy: ignore him sir...sir I will dp jhaadu, poncha baratan, cook the food and do my homework...i promise

Lobo: do you promise to be generous and kind and share everything with other children...even your best toys

Rockon: my best toy

Wiseguy: ignore him sir

Freeman: yes sir, yes sir

Lobo: alright then...your spell will wear out as soon as you leave my house. Let me tell you a secret I came from the nether world looking for the best specimen for this experiment and now I can return back to nether world.

Freeman: experiment

Lobo: yes experiment, I wanted to teach children never to wish for something that they don't know about. Because YOU GET WHAT YOU WISH so one should only wish for the best and nothing but the best. Now that my job is done, I can return back happily

to netherland. Ok guys one last thing now what do you all want to become when you grow up

All three: A FAIRY GOD FATHER LIKE YOU OFCOURSE MR Zooli  
(Zooli laughs and the others join him and music is heard)

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The Playwright, permits theatre practitioners to perform this play Royalty free, with one request, please message us in the comment box if you are interested in doing this play. Also if and when you schedule your play, inform us and our readers in the comment box about it. Who knows someone might amble into your show after reading your message.

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## **AGARBATTI – THE SEXUAL INCINERATION ON STAGE – SO ARRESTING!**

Sexually Explicit Content – Well, the phrase itself provokes many intelligent communities to either hide their face behind the four walls of the house or to protest against it in loud volumes. I must say, the opening scene of the play AGARBATTI - (**Directed By:** Swati Dubey **Produced By:** Samagam Rangmandal Written by Ashish Pathak, the play has bagged four awards at Mahindra Excellence in Theater Awards META)is been so intelligently devised by the director that it resists both these reactions in the most convincing manner. The scene is brutal in its explicit provocation of sexual act openly but, in spite of the same, it forces admiration for the craftsmanship that works behind making such a sensuous implication bold and yet appreciable in its own right.

Women who are the major participants of this scene inviting and enacting sexual insinuations manage to extract the susceptibility that stimulates sexual urge and receptivity towards sexual matters in the feminine gender. The most significant part of the reality about women especially those in the conservative Indian rural areas (now I am not generalizing here though) who despite being apparently uninitiated in the matters of sex, as the world knows it, display their repressed sexual urge through such innuendos. Primarily, this sort of depiction on the proscenium in front of an apparently cultured urban audience accompanies the predicament of these women being stereotyped as flagrant on account of the evident unconcern about propriety. The consideration that the lack of urban literacy in these ladies may provoke them to comply with blatant projections of the kind they choose to engage into in such private gatherings exclusively for women may or may not be the conscious level of acceptance in the midst of the educated audience. The same being represented in a rural set up amidst village audience also may not offer a neat solution for the participants. This is because, the onslaught of orthodoxy may not give it a fair chance to explain the social reality that forces the play participants to opt for such depictions that escape revering societal taboos against phenomenon like sex.

Witnessing the scene, it seems the director makes a bold choice; the one that lets him the freedom to outdo inhibitions that often mar the essence of the play despite an interesting script. That sexual acts do often have the potential to be synonymous with brutality is the implication one explicitly gathers when one watches the sexual act being symbolically represented through the means of an enactment and gives a feel of the supposed theme (Now I need to watch the play to comment more on this) this play perhaps would be dealing with coercion the women often encounter with respect to overbearing masculine tendencies. It is this very intent that makes the apparent sexual content in the scene worth watching

(particularly for those that know its content) as it emblematically proclaims the reason to justify its inception on the stage. It works as a foreboding of a gruesome massacre that is perhaps supposed to occur next. However, for someone (as I) who has no knowledge of the subject matter on which the play is based nor has access to the entire script of the play, this entire scene comes as a jolt for the manner and the extent to which a sexual intercourse is celebrated elevates curiosity to construe the reason that it has been done this way. Therefore, the scene appears relevant to those that know the reason and interests those that do not know the reason for the explicit proclamation of sex in the opening scene of this drama. This (I feel) makes it a justifiable attempt in spite of its radical nature and helps it survive the jeopardy of questions or objections that accompany a presentation of such an explicit kind. When you explicitly dramatize "let's have sex" for the people, you are required to maintain a symbolic decorum which does not exclude the need to be barefaced. This paradox is a difficult challenge and to a great extent it has been managed very well by making women participants cover their visage (full/half) with veils that douse their brazen nature in spite of its openness- and it's supposed to be so in conventional milieu(supposedly). Moreover, the mannerisms of theirs in terms of aping a sexual intercourse are well regulated in spite of the recklessness because every time you see the actor in disguise of a man attempting to assault, there is an obvious emphasis on the mode of representing it as a part of a dramatization than a realistic event. There is a dramatized attempt, extremely effective by the women to thwart him from the shameless act.

When you witness the entire dramatization, since it appears 'dramatic', it convinces that it is not ruthless in spite of obviously trying to show the ruthlessness that accompanies such acts which embody forceful subjugation of women. A well balanced attempt which certainly shows how tactfully a vigilant and responsible theatre practitioner can manage the

repercussions that are invariably a part of such a portrayal which intends to upset many brand ambassadors of decency and propriety. Well, admitting the fact that sobriety is an essential responsibility to be observed in artistic endeavours, I also feel that the needful depiction of violence and sex may not be essentially curbed but rather could be exposed taking full advantage of the scope that theatre offers; to dramatize the dramatic content. I felt, this scene is a vital to construe the relevance of histrionics that must be in close proximity with reality but not lose connect with the genre of "performance". It is this distanced involvement of this scene with 'realism' that erases all issues pertaining to decorum instead of avoiding it entirely as a tabooed matter or criticizing its candour, watching it makes one rethink about the societal indifference towards certain realities that has ushered the need for art to penetrate into such explicit rebuttal of the so-called morality. As a result one cannot help but admire its intensity apart from anything else...therefore; the dramatized sexual havoc on stage appears so arresting!

For comments (if any) please post in the box below.

For more information on the play please visit:

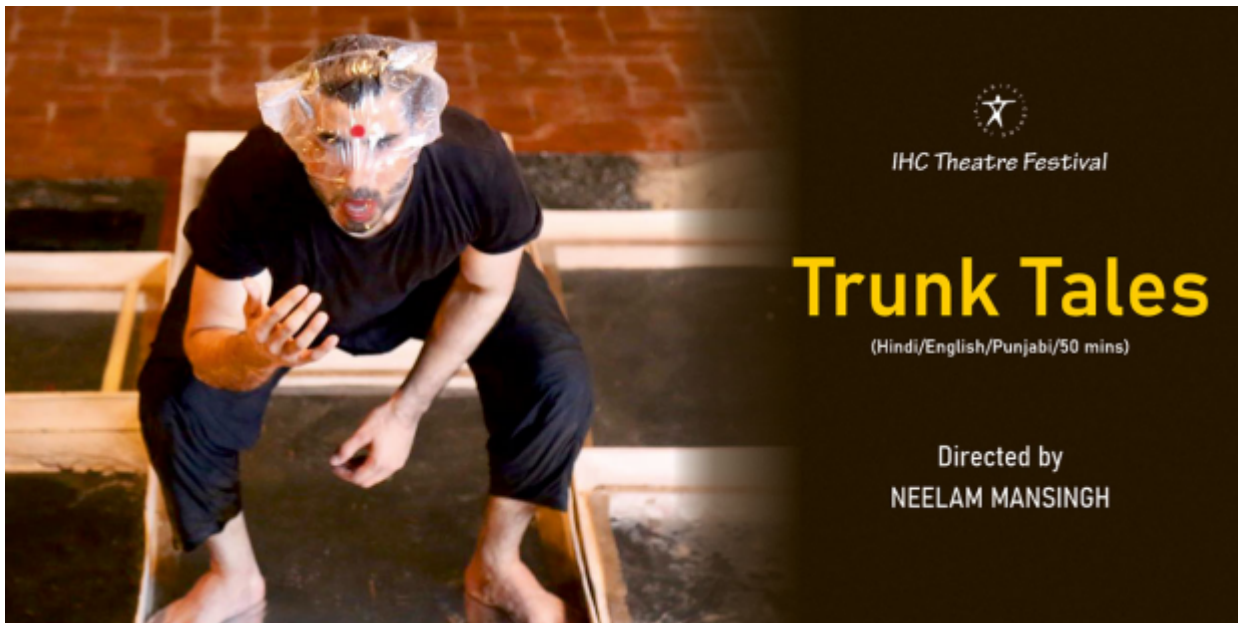
Sources:

Agarbatti: The Play – <http://metawards.com/plays/agarbatti>

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**'TRUNK TALES' lives up to  
Neelam Mansingh's unique**

# presentation style



Neelam Mansingh Choudhry is a well-known name in Hindi theatre world. A student of Ebrahim Alkazi at the National School of Drama, she has been running her group, The Company in Chandigarh since 1983. Her work always shows the high standards of production in her presentations, displaying the values inculcated by Alkazi in his students. Her plays like Kitchen Katha, Yerma, Naked Voices, Nagmandal etc. have received loud applause from the public, as well as received rave reviews from the critics. Her work has also earned her well-deserved international recognition.

Recently she brought her Hindi/English/Punjabi play 'Trunk Tales' to the IHC Theatre Festival in Delhi. It was a solo performance, although bearing the same old well-known mark of hers on the production. Her plays are generally based on her everyday observations and experiences of day-to-day life. She is master of creating magical moments out of the daily mundane chores of household. Remember the childhood games... 'Akkad bakkad bambe bo assi nabbe poore sau...', or 'Machhli jal ki rani hai...'? That innocence of the childhood was present on the stage in this play... the innocence, which remains with us through our life-time, but which also becomes the 'other' thing of our life as we grow old!

A non-scripted performance piece, the play 'Trunk Tales' revolved around telling stories in a Dadi-Nani style, bringing out stories out of their 'potlis'... only that, here, the 'potlis' have been replaced in this play by four trunks kept on the stage. Stories tumble out of these trunks one by one, bringing us face to face with that 'otherness' in life. The point she wanted to stress upon was that we generally live within certain boundaries, as per the set rules of behaviour. Anything not conforming to these sets of rules creates a sense that the person going beyond these boundaries of rules is not one of us... he is the 'other' person in the society. She takes support of poems, childhood stories and little play-songs, small episodes, some memories for presenting her 'non-linear' stories, to tell about the people who don't really fit in," she said to someone in an interview.

These stories strived to present the 'otherness' in life... stories on politics of water, body-abuse including rape and child abuse representing no control on one's own body, hunger, and finally trans-gender behaviour... It is difficult to present the 'otherness' in gender in a palatable way, but Vansh Bhardwaj deserves applause for performing this difficult task so well... he knows how to use his body on the stage. "I had to develop different body languages and understand the psychology of the characters." Vansh said in an interview some time ago! I have seen Swatilekha Sengupta performing a full two and a half hours long solo 'Shanu Roychoudhury' on this very stage many many years ago. I hope to watch Vansh repeat that wonder some time, under the direction of Neelam Mansingh Choudhry sometime in future.



### A Scene from Trunk Tales

In 'Trunk Tales', she had kept a few trays filled with water on the floor of the stage. With water, she wanted to present an essential element of life, which has a flexible nature, a fluidity, and gets easily moulded to take any shape. Water worked as the element of life represented in the stories told by the actor on the stage, who presented stories full of vigour and vibrancy of every daily life! Keeping the sets to a minimal is her known style as well as the need of the hour in today's constrained situations as far as presenting a play in an auditorium is concerned. Keeping the sets to a minimal also helps her create the ambience through the props and the activities of her actors on the stage.

She has done a play 'Kitchen Katha' on the theme of fire (although she concedes that the theme of fire was not on her mind when she did 'Kitchen Katha', neither was water on her mind while doing this play). Now she has done a play with water as its theme. We hope she comes out with the remaining three elements of life, earth, air and pran!

The thing that we missed the most in this play was live music by the folk singers of Punjab, her famous hallmark. She has done a lot in the past to revive Punjab's folk music, which had suffered a severe blow in the troubled times of Khalistani terrorism in Punjab in the eighties of the twentieth century. She tells that it is Corona to be blamed for missing on music... our theatre-persons have not been able to come out of the after-effects of Corona still. She avers, "we are still coming out of the effects of Corona, and it will take some time before we can come back to our own basics".

Best thing about her plays is that she does not try to make them a make-believe world... she actually brings the reality to the auditorium. Some of you might have enjoyed hot jalebis prepared by the 'halwai' in the auditorium itself while watching her play 'Kitchen Katha'! Alas, the jalebis did not reach me, as I was sitting in the sixth-seventh row on that day! She had taken inspiration from her childhood impressions of the tradition of 'langar' in Punjab for 'Kitchen Katha', where community cooking used to take place. In 'Trunk Tales' also, Vansh has a thali full of real food, and enjoying it actually on the stage, instead of empty thalis, cups and glasses, through which the directors ask the actors to pretend eating or drinking ... this adherence to 'reality' makes Neelam's plays a REAL treat for the eyes!

She plans to do Girish Karnad's Hayavadana in Hindi coming February. It is being planned to be done on a big scale. She avers that the actors from across the country will be a part of this production. She is using Karanth's translation for this production, although with some new insights into the play, keeping in mind the sensibilities of the modern times.



Neelam Man Singh

On the issue of the trends in play-writing these days, she does feel that more new plays are needed with newer sensibilities in mind. She feels that there should be deeper connection between the writer and director while developing new plays. Making one's own script by the director, in collaboration with the actor/s, is a new trend according to her, although it is not new... it has always been resorted to by the directors and writers. She quoted the making of Mohan Rakesh's plays by Alkazi, and also pasting of the new plays on the walls of Paris by Moliere, to solicit the response from the public directly during the writing of the play!

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## **Folk Theatre of India: Koothu**

The term Koothu refers to two performing arts viz. Terukuttu and Kattaikkuttu. In contemporary times, the two terms have an

interchangeable usage. However, in medieval times, the two terms referred to two entirely different dramatic art forms. Kattaikkuttu consists of performances that take place overnight at a stationary fixed place. Terukuttu often refers to mobile and non-stationary performances that usually take place in a procession.

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## THE LOCKDOWN LOVER that LOCKS YOU DOWN!



Lockdown Lover

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Well, any theatre performance is meant to entertain is an understatement today because we have all come to terms with the fact that theatre is much more than simply a mode of

refreshment. Investing our time and energy in beholding any performance ought to enable us enough food for thought not just by being didactic but by helping us realize our weaknesses, our flaws and misdemeanours that may have led us to falsely believe in the material notion of scepticism that seems to have crept in all our walks of life today. We tend to always engage in self doubt, of essentially questioning the obvious and of incessantly negating all possibilities of giving stability to our lives. All that today's worldly compartments of propriety and impropriety have given us is a bizarre set of meaningless precepts. These we follow mechanically with the fear of being ostracized by the so called normal society or flout entirely as a means of blatant rebuttal against the stringent myopic framework that often surrounds rules made for whom we label the 'Normal Man'. The category of the 'normals' includes those that bear the onus of proclaiming 'acting' according to the stipulated socio-cultural norms as a mark of sanity. This excludes any kind of aberration which may disturb the so called normal setting of a 'settled home and family' we humans often propagate as an insignia of 'orderly mental health'. Unfortunately for us, anything anyone does different from having a perfectly settled home is conventionally considered unhealthy and the primary cause of mental illness.

Well, the message is simple and clear but is conveyed through an essentially 'vague' motivation towards choosing 'absurd' mode of theatrical performance that leads the motto of laying bare this extremely vital issue hay ways. First and foremost, the disorderly array of character shifting that we come across mars the charm of this rendition at its very onset. That stage cannot capture the nuances of facial expressions is a matter of common understanding and therefore, it is obvious that when the actor shifts from one character to another, the performance does not seem to deal efficiently with this change simply because it is not required prominently to showcase the difference. When there is an overbearing energy that tries to

dominate or suppress the other and the explicit resistance of the other is being displayed with repressed tendencies, it obviously should impart a lesson of a 'toxic relationship and its repercussions' when in this performance it comes out as an 'enforced torture' upon the audience to make them forcefully assent to the 'failure of values'. This failure is so anointed with the cumbersome obsession of anomaly that can be seen in the character using the 'whip' that acts as a paradigm of inexplicable violence that puzzles due to the lack of clarity. A more structured absurdism (If I am permitted to use this expression) would have made it intelligible rather than prolix one, the performance chooses to adopt the 'heightened potency of absurdism' that is needless and I feel is so overwhelming that it almost nullifies the importance of conveying at least, 'some' meaning.

I do feel that proportionate dose of the vaccine called 'absurdism' can boost our immunity but an overdose may completely lead to multiple organ failures and not being sarcastic at all as a viewer I definitely felt that this performance is beyond my level of comprehension. It is possible that this is 'heightened intellectual apex that perhaps an ordinary theatre person as I may not be able to reach; definitely possible and I accept this with all humility!

A talented and popular theatre artist as Tathagata Chowdhury fails to cast a long lasting impression with his extraneous attempts to correlate absurd theatre with Indian bourgeois set up. This is simply because; the hypocrisy of today's English speaking Indian families with ultra modern outlook ultimately boils down to having a settled home with children. This is not dual mindset I suppose but is an outcome of the age old Indian mentality of being culturally rooted to one's customary adherence to tradition that seldom permits anomalous living. When Chowdhury tries to target the contemporary Indian society with its loopholes that disallow normalcy to them, he does not

take into account the fact that the apparent aberration of tradition in India is equally a facade like its retention of its values is. That's the reason that he cannot think beyond a 'shattered morality' tendency of the Indian modern class and is unsuccessful in his attempt to impress with his absolutely vague acting. In my opinion, it is a failed attempt of displaying absurdity 'par excellence' that gets ruined due to the pressure of creating an intellectual feast that often becomes tasteless when the ingredients are overused. We get a feel of being LOCKEDDOWN by absurdity of this lockdown lover who seems to have lost completely his senses in the motif of explaining the senselessness that prevails in our lives today; a fact that certainly cannot be denied but such bizarre engagement with the theme? I leave it to the viewers anyways.

Finally, I do acknowledge that drama is a means of self analysis that forbids insinuating anyone under any circumstance. This review is simply meant to give an unbiased outlook towards a performance and does not intend to dictate any opinion. Rest assured, it's simply my personal perception folks!