

Celebrating Art and Culture: The Vibrant Tapestry of 5th 'Tafreeh' Festival in Delhi



"Tafreeh" is a unique celebration of the world of art and theater in Delhi organized by Silly Souls Foundation. It is the first garden arts festival known for plays, readings, mushairas, interviews, and musical performances. Its fifth edition is taking place from 16th November to 18th November at Silly Souls Studio, 29/1 Civil Lines, Delhi.

This year's event is dedicated to the memory of Tripurari Sharma and will run from 2 pm to 9:30 pm every day. The main attraction this time is the plays performed every evening, including the comedy play "Stree Subodhini" on the first evening. Apart from this, this time "Mushaira" is also going to be held for the first time in "Tafreeh".

The festival will have daily conversations with renowned personalities from the field of theater and art, including Silly Souls directors Priyanka Sharma and Naveen Choudhary. The first day's discussion is "The Growing Distance between Novel and Stage", which will feature Devendra Raj Ankur, Diwan Singh Bajeli, Pratap Sharma Somvanshi, Aditi Maheshwari and Rama Yadav. The guests on the first day of Pratyaksha will be Reena Aggarwal and Naresh Sharma.



The Mushaira to be held on the second day will include Farhat Ehsaas, Tarkash Pradeep, Vikas Sharma Raaz, Irshad Khan Sikandar and Pallav Mishra. Professor and motivational speaker Vijendra Tafrih will be the guest of Pratyaksha. On the second

day of the festival, you will experience a special and unique musical performance in the form of “Wife’s Letter”. After the open mic on the last day, our direct guests will be Hema Singh and Kushal Dubey.

The evenings of ‘Tafreeh’ are famous for their musical performances. Presentation by Subhradeep Sahu and musical rendition of poetry by Sahir Ludhianvi, Faiz Ahmed Faiz, and Kaifi Azmi by Raabta Group are the attractions of this time. Watching the “Tafreeh” festival will be a unique and enjoyable experience. At Tafreeh Utsav, you will not only immerse yourself in the roots of theater but also enjoy sharing the wonderful art and literature of Delhi.



Director Priyanka Sharma

Silly Souls Foundation



SILLY SOULS FOUNDATION PRESENTS



Dedicated To:



Tripurari Sharma

16 Nov



STREE SUBODHINI

Dir: Tripurari Sharma

Writer : Mannu Bhandari

6:30 PM

MEHFIL -E- SUKHAN

Dir: Shamir Khan

Musical Shayri

8:30 PM



DAASTAAN -E- GURU NANAK

Dir: Kuljeet Singh

Writer : Kuljeet Singh

6:30 PM

PATNI KA PATRA

Dir: Priyanka Sharma

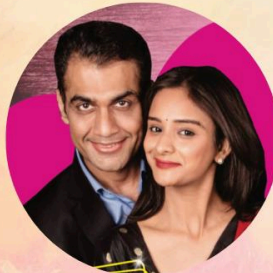
Writer: Rabindranath Tagore

8:30 PM



17 Nov

18 Nov



JAB WE SEPARATED

Dir: Rakesh Bedi

Writer: Rakesh Bedi

6:30 PM

GHAZAL

Vocalist : Subhradeep Sahoo

8:30 PM



Sponsors:



Dreams Land
Production



Social Media:



SILLY SOULS STUDIO, 29/1, ALIPUR ROAD, CIVIL LINES, DELHI

Call: 8882703746, 9560488860 | EMAIL: TAFREEHFESTIVAL@GMAIL.COM

bookmyshow

TICKETS AVAILABLE ON BOOK MY SHOW

RAMAYANA: FRACTURED, FIXED AND FORETOLD Oglam Presentation- Janardan Ghosh's Narration.

The Concept:

Ramayana has been told and retold over centuries but the difference lies in the way it is reiterated. Not with the perception of recounting a tale but with an intent to reinvent it to unleash the hidden secrets of this unbound narrative we attempt to retell again and again taking the artistic liberty that it affords timelessly to revisit it with an innovative perspective. The project is an enterprise to endorse the epic as a narrative that is much ahead of its times in its intrinsic potential to dislodge our linear interpretations of this colossal tale as a religious account of Hinduism. The endeavour is to re-evaluate the learn by rote method through which we have perpetually studied this epic; any change in the script is a larger than life or a utopian idea. In a country like India where the myth goes beyond the circumference of the story and becomes a 'sacred tale,' to conceive certain alterations in the script is a indeed a formidable venture. Yet, this redoubtable interpretation on our part has been an outcome of our humble initiative of making the narrative appear different and hence more thought- provoking as it raises questions on the fundamental aspects of human existence without tampering with the organic theme in a unique way. The Ramayana is fractured, fixed and foretold for an audience of today that's intelligent enough to accept variations in established Literature if it offers food for thought. This

differently abled understanding of the epic cognitively sheds light on the presence of the elements that demystifies the glory of this mythological narrative making it a poignant tale of a King's sacrifice, struggle and his confrontation with the ultimate evil that is insurmountably challenging. Accompanying him is the divine feminine- the motherly prakriti, his consort whose worthiness being questioned every moment despite her inevitability in life is a tragic disclosure. When Nature is so serene and comforting, why do we exploit her? Is the question that resounds in every chant of the story teller who happens to have taken the onus of narrating the epic his own way without letting the cliché notions of propriety affect him. It is the kathavachna tradition that comes to the fore in the process wherein the kathavachak tries his level best to arrest the attention of the spectators who have gathered around him to witness his ability of telling a tale fascinatingly.

The alterations made in the tale are the result of an adaptation of the epic on which it is based. Nonetheless, the fact remains that these changes are made to inspire a generation of listeners to re-read the epic with an open mind without being influenced by the halo of divinity that revolves around it. This performance is towards giving Ramayana a form and shape that traverses the boundaries of conventions, religions and even Nations becomes a tale of global reality that surrounds human existence today. Our utilitarian approach towards nature, her exploitation under the garb of progress and development are universally undeniable truths that prevail in this tale of a magnanimous King who readily sacrificed everything in his life. His tales of heroism that prevail in our memory must not be confined to the deeds of valour but beneath there lies a purpose – to make the realization that the victory of good over evil comes with a price to pay. Divine Prakriti is insulted, hurt when the divine masculine shows his worthiness ascertains his valour and she ultimately chooses a silent retreat into the oblivion. Ramayana is indeed

fractured at this juncture but the fact remains that it has to be fixed and again told for the generations to come and the Kathakar takes up this responsibility. Everything we see is an illusion, it is just a dramatization of a popular tale but it aims at restructuring and reframing our often erroneous understanding of the tale as synonym of dictation of certain principles. It is therefore that often every time the tale adopts a new form and incidents do not coincide with the actual epic. Shoorpanakha becomes Mareecha and Sita Swayamvar takes place after the exile of Rama and Laxmana in the forest; only to make us comprehend that the kathakaar's choice to tell a tale remains uninterfered which opens up newer possibilities of engendering a CREATIVE PIECE- retold with a purpose: to enlighten. This is Ramayana – Fractured, fixed and foretold.

The Performative aspect:

The finer aspects of the kathakar's(Janardan Ghosh's) stage presence are intrinsically interwoven in the tale so inseparably that his gait, the gestures, the postures the expressions all depict a conceptual assertion of the Ramayana. The fluidity of the narration is indelible and the intonation is deliberately controlled to suit the parameters of excellent dialogue delivery which ought to have a thunderous proclamation of the epic coupled with a subtle yet effective volume that's verbose and yet aptly restrained. There is a performative glory inseparably blended with the musical beats of a folk rendition that invites the onlookers to participate in the performance. The Kathakar's splendid stage presence with his enormous voice modulations make the characters live in stage; needless to say- male or female. There's a quaint androgyny that Janardan Ghosh establishes on stage with his one man army – himself who appears as a reservoir of actors essaying different roles evocative of the Bahurupi artists that are used to playing diverse roles and yet one at a time. Slow and steady wins the race is the strategem that the Kathakaar deliberately adopts when he narrates simultaneously

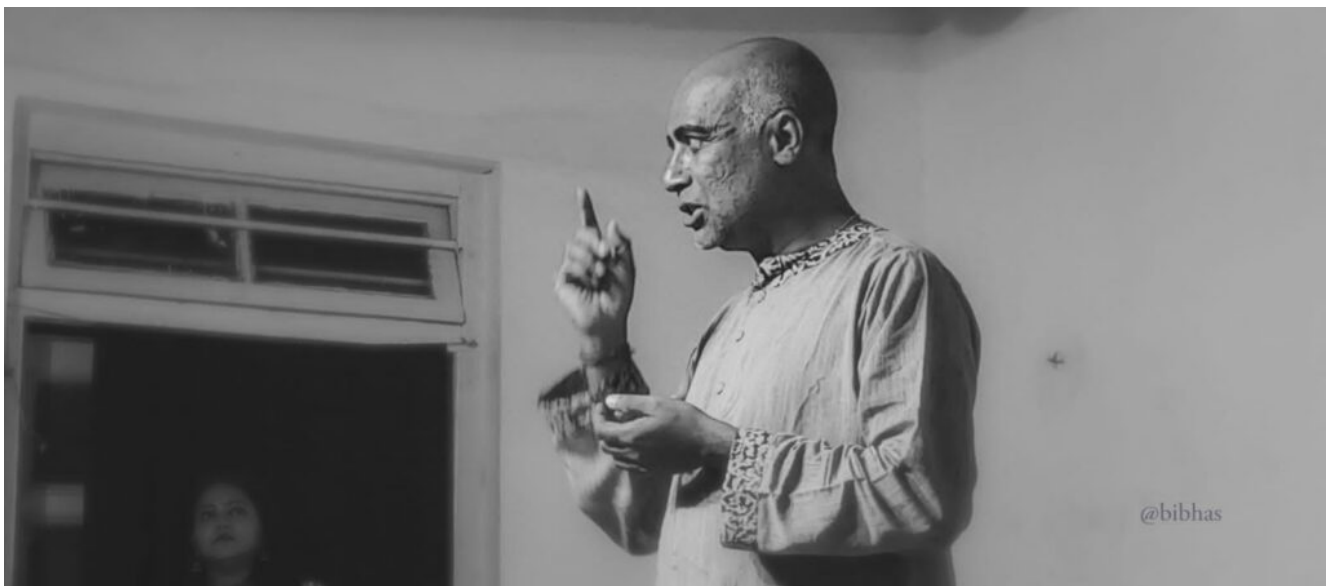
playing varied roles- Rama, Sita, Shurpanakha and above all the colossal Ravana. The entry of Ghosh defines folk narration that's charming endearing and at the same time prudent in its discretion of becoming stern when the narration becomes the somber from the recreational. It is a folk teller whose telling of the tale exploiting all the assets of performative aspect become more than conspicuous. He cries and groans and shouts and screams and laughs and proclaims and sits and stands and jumps and circumambulates the stage as if capturing it from all its directions. Yet he releases the stage equally well and comes back to himself as he knows the tale will speak for itself. The brilliance of a learned actor becomes visible in Ghosh's choice to be Indian in his compassionate and anxious mannerisms of flourishing a folk tale of his nation and yet intelligently global in his approach towards narrating it objectively putting up a universal concern: Eco feminism. A subject matter of relevance for all across ages, Sita... a woman of education he so confidently he says and ends it so poignantly saying and in the end she immersed herself in the earth. And we automatically question " Why? Why do we hurt her – the one who nurtures us so fondly? The divine feminine. Ghosh brings the ties together: Of Sita's separation from Rana and of her being deserted in the end: Both are aligned. Whether she got accidentally separated from him when Ravana abducted her or when he sent her away, in both cases, she is the sufferer. The performative narration impresses upon re-reading the epic independent of the notions of divinity attached to it.

Dr. Payal Trivedi

For comments(if any) please use the comment box given below.









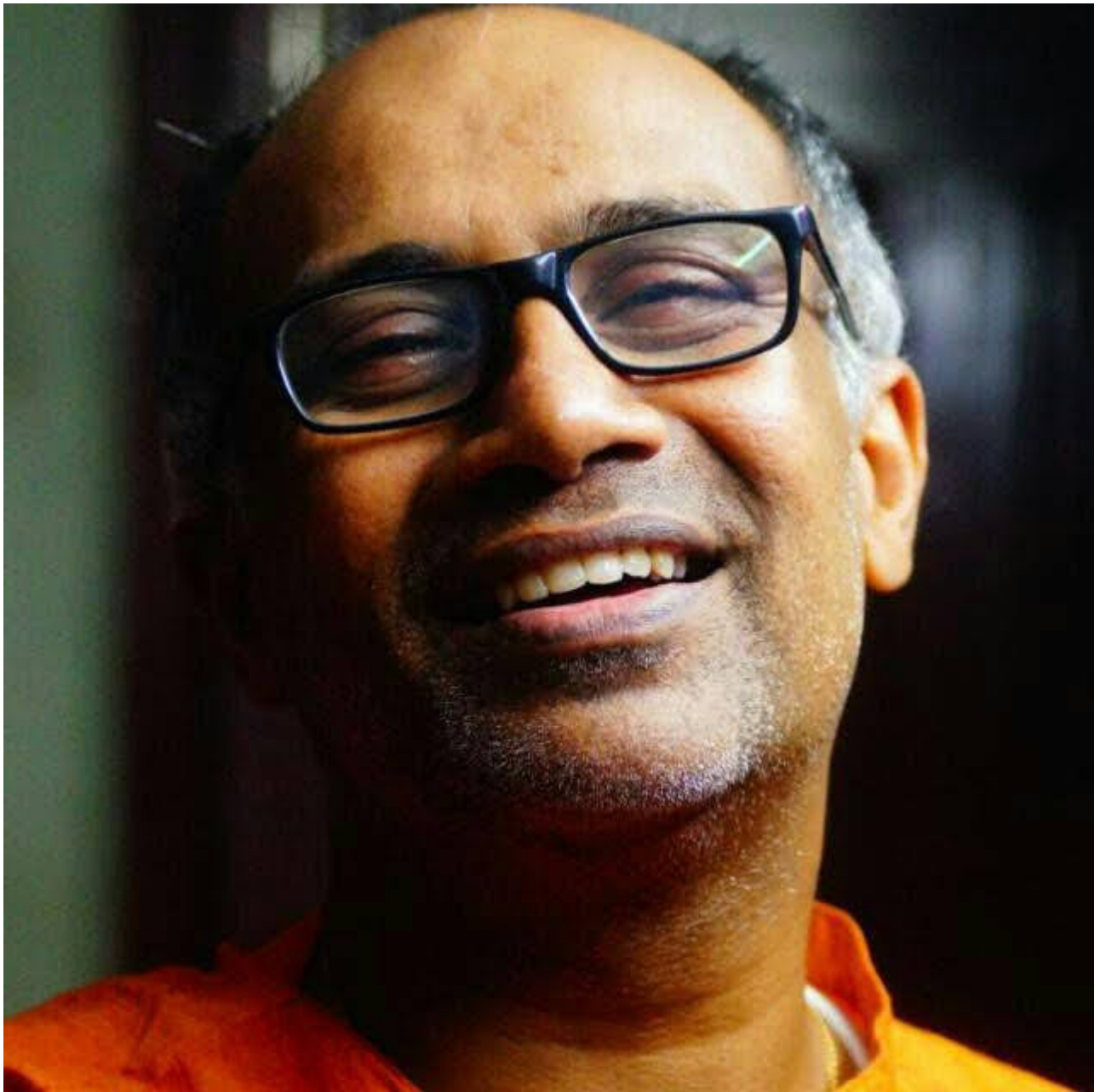
@bibhas







@bibhas





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...

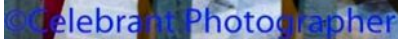
Woman- But? Are you worried about your fare? Do not worry. I will give you cash.

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.

$$\square\square\square\square\square\square\square - \square\square\square\square\square\square\square$$
[illegible]

[illegible]

1902 年 1 月 1 日，清政府正式宣布实行新政，这是中国历史上第一次大规模的改革运动。新政的推行，标志着中国开始向现代化国家迈进。在这一过程中，清政府采取了一系列措施，包括设立新式学校、引进西方技术、改革官制等。这些措施在一定程度上促进了中国的现代化进程，但也面临着许多困难和挑战。



0000 00 0000000000 00 0000 00 00000000 000000 00 00000000 0000 0
 000. 00000 0000000000 00 00000 00 00000 0000000 0000000 00 000000

[illegible]

00.00. 0000 00 0000 00 000 0000 00 0000 0000000000 5 00000000
2022 00 000000 00 00000000 00000000000000 000 00. 00 0000000000 00
0000 000000 00000000 0000000000 0000 00 00 00 00000 0000. 00 0000
00 0000 00 00 000000000000-00000000 00 00 000000 00 00 000000
0000000 00 000000 00, 00 00 0000000 0000 00 000000 000000 00 000
000.

000000 00.00. 0000 00 00000000 000000000 000 0000 000 00000000
 000, 0000 00 000 00 000000000000 00 0000 000! 000 00000000 000000
 0000000000 000 0000 00 0000 000 00, 00 000000 00 0000000 0000000
 000000000 000 0000 00 0000 000000000 00? 0000 000000 000 00 0000000
 00 000000 00 000 00 00000000 0000 000000 00 000 0000000000 00 00 00
 0000 0000 00. 000 00 000000000000 00 00 00 0000 0000 000 000 00,
 000000 00 0000 000 00. 0000000 0000 000000 00 000 0000000000 00
 00000000 0000 0000000000 000 0000000000 0000 0000 00. 000 000,
 0000000000 000 0000000 00 00 0000 000000, 0000 000 00000000 0000 00
 0000-000 00 0000 00 00 0000000 00 000000 00 0000 00, 000 00
 0000000 0000000 000 000 0000 00 000 000 0000 000 00 000 0000 00.
 000 000 0000000 0000000000000 00 000000 00 000 00 0000 000000 000,
 000 0000000000 000 000 00 0000 000 0000. 000000 00 00 0000 00, 00
 000 000 000 00 0000000 0000 00 000 0000 0000000000 00 000000 0 00
 00 00 0000, 00 000000000 00 0000000000 00 00 00 000000 00 0000 00



मैंने अपने दोस्तों-दोस्तों को बताया कि मैंने अपने दोस्तों को कैसे बताया. मैंने
को बताया कि मैंने अपने दोस्तों को बताया कि मैंने, मैंने को बताया कि मैंने
मैंने अपने दोस्तों को बताया कि मैंने अपने दोस्तों को बताया कि मैंने अपने दोस्तों को
मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को, मैंने, मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को
मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को
मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को
मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को
मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को
मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को
मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को मैंने को

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 Z0000000000000LI...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 achar 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 clock 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...S0 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: allright 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)

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.

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>

Playwriting for Children

10 golden pointers to be kept in mind while writing children's plays.

1) Do not be afraid of using contemporary language and one can even throw in few phrases in Hindi, if the need be. Make it Hinglish if you want.

2) Children love comedy. They might not have the same taste as adults and might find things like "farting" "throwing up" comic. Add them to the script, they just add to the flavour. Please do not become prudish.

3) Another thing that fascinates children is the idea of mystery and surprise, you can use them too.

Read the rest.....

Folk Theatre of India: Nautanki

Nautanki is one of South Asia's most famous folk theatre performances, especially in northern India. Nautanki was the most significant source of entertainment in most of the cities and villages in north India. Nautanki's rich musical compositions and humorous storylines hold a strong influence over rural people's imagination. Nautanki, also known as svang, originated in the late 19th century in Uttar Pradesh and steadily gained popularity. Nautanki's origins lie in the

Saangit, Bhagat, and Swang musical theatre traditions of Northern India. One Saangit called Saangit Rani Nautanki Ka became so popular that the whole genre's name became Nautanki.□

Folk Theatre of India: Yakshagana

Yakshagana is a traditional folk art developed in the western parts of Chikmagalur districts in Karnataka and Kasaragod district in Kerala. Yakshagana comprises music, dance, theatre, costumes, and makeup with a blend of unique style and forms.□ It is said to have evolved from pre-classical music forms and theatrical arts during the Bhakti movement. Yakshgana is referred to as 'Thenku thittu' towards the south from Dakshina Kannada to Kasaragod in Tamil Nadu, whereas it is referred to as 'Badaga Thittu' north of Udupi.□

Folk Theatre Forms of India: Tamasha

Tamasha is considered a major traditional dance form of the Marathi theatre, which includes celebration filled with dancing and singing and is performed mainly by nomadic theatre groups throughout the Maharashtra region. Marathi theatre marked its journey at the beginning of 1843.□3□ In the following years, Tamasha primarily consisted of singing and

dancing, expanded its range.