

# 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.<sup>[3]</sup> In the following years, Tamasha primarily consisted of singing and dancing, expanded its range.

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## Faiz Forever / Kanika Aurora



Gulon mein rang bhare

Baad-e-naubahaar chale

Chale bhi aao ki

Gulshan ka karobaar chale

Come bahaar or spring and we all end up quoting Faiz Ahmed Faiz conjuring up evocative and tantalizing images of a riot of flowers bursting with a million hues beseeching your beloved to come so the garden can get on with its business of blossoming.

Faiz Ahmed Faiz , the romantic, revolutionary poet extraordinaire was born in Sialkot a hundred and ten years ago on February 13th, 1911 . He shared his hometown with Pakistan's national poet, Allama Muhammad Iqbal.

Linguistically, and culturally he belonged to Urdu, but Faiz Saheb was also well-acquainted with Punjabi and English; he composed some poetry in Punjabi and earned a Master's degree in English literature as well as served as a lecturer of English and British Literature for a time at the Muhammadan Anglo-Oriental College in Amritsar (in present-day Punjab, India).An uncle of mine was recently speaking about the junoon he caused when he came to visit.

Interestingly, during his time in Amritsar, Faiz also met his future wife Alys in 1938 at the house of a colleague at the college.Faiz and Alys shared the ideals of freedom and love for humanity and justice, and even though in some ways they had the opposing temperaments, they eventually fell in love.They married in Srinagar in October 1941 and their nikah was performed by Sher-i-Kashmir, Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah, the leader of the National Conference.It is a little known fact that Alys had been christened Kulsoom, by Faiz's mother and 'Dast e Saba' which was written during his imprisonment with the above mentioned ghazal was dedicated to her making everyone wonder about the identity of this mystery woman.

Ishq dil mein rahe to rusva ho

Lab pe aye to raaz ho jaaye

Typical Faiz. Once an emotion or an idea is rendered into poetic expression, it perhaps acquires a multiplicity of meanings and gets shrouded in ambiguities,

During his lifetime, he was nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature and even received the Lenin Peace Prize, awarded by the Soviet Union, in 1962. Posthumously, he was conferred his nation's highest civil award, Nishan-e-Imtiaz, in 1990 although during his lifetime he remained in conflict with the Pakistani government.

Faiz's early poems had been fairly conventional, romantic treatises on beauty and love, but while in Lahore he began to expand into politics and community concerns. In 1942, he left teaching to join the British Indian Army, for which he received a British Empire Medal for his service during World War II. After the partition of India in 1947, Faiz resigned from the army and became the editor of The Pakistan Times, a socialist English-language newspaper.

Poetry has the ability to rouse and soothe, lull and awaken our weary souls. Faiz's poems especially, have a remarkable ability and the potential to transcend borders, religions, language and culture. They are an important thread that attempts to suture the hopes and beliefs of peace seeking souls of the sub-continent helping us imagine how to create new futures.

Yeh daagh daagh ujaalaa, yeh shab gazidaa seher  
Woh intezaar tha jiska, yeh woh seher to nahin  
Yeh woh seher to nahin, jis ki aarzoo lekar  
Chale the yaar ki mil jaayegi kahin na kahin  
Falak ke dasht mein taaron ki aakhri manzil  
Kahin to hogaa shab-e-sust mauj ka saahil  
Kahin to jaa ke rukegaa safinaa-e-gham-e-dil

These immortal lines expressed his anguish and dismay at the colossal cost the Indian subcontinent had to pay for freedom from the British Empire in 1947. The poem is entitled *Subh-e-Azaadi*.

This stained blemished light—this dawn  
Surely this wasn't what we've all been longing for.  
Not the morning we had set out to find  
In the wilderness of the skies, the stars final resting place  
Somewhere there was hope that weary waves will find their shore  
Our sorrow laden ship would at last come home to anchor...  
Faiz ended the poem with these lines:  
Abhi giraani-e shab mein kami nahin aai  
Nijaat -e-deeda o dil ki ghadi nahin aai  
Chaley chalo ke wo manzil abhi nahin aai.

The Night's heaviness has not yet lessened  
The moment of salvation for our hearts and eyes has not yet arrived;  
So let us go on, that destination is yet to come...

He was imprisoned twice (1951-1955, then for over 5 months in 1958-1959) for his support of leftist politics in Pakistan. He eventually fled to Moscow and spent some of his last years in Beirut.

Woh baat saaray fasanaay mein jis kaa zikr na tha...  
Woh baat unko bahut na-gawar guzri hai...

In his poem Intesab, he writes:  
Aaj ke naam  
Aur Aaj ke gham ke naam  
Aaj ka gham ki hai zindagi ke bhare gulistaan se khafaa  
Zard patton ka ban  
Zard patton ka ban jo mera desh hai  
Dard ki anjuman jo mera desh hai

Let me write a poem for this day

This day and the anguish of this day  
The sorrow that does not acknowledge life's beauty  
For the wilderness of dying. dry leaves which is my homeland  
For the carnival of suffering which is my homeland....

Some of his finest work, however was written during his imprisonment.

"Aaj bazaar mein pa ba jaulan chalo" ("Let us walk with fetters in the street") which has a rather fascinating incident associated with it.

It is said that when Faiz was being taken from the jail in Lahore, in chains, to a dentist's office in a horse cart (tonga) through the familiar streets, people recognized him and began following his tonga.

Chashm e nam jaan e shorida kaafi nahin

Tohmat e ishq e poshida kaafi nahin..

Tearful eyes and a restless soul are sadly not enough. Being charged for concealing love is also not enough, he wrote.

Another glittering gem of a poem, Zindaan ki Ek Shaam has been exquisitely translated by Agha Shahid Ali.

Shaam ke pecho-kham sitaron se  
Zeena-zeena utar rahi hai raat  
Yun saba paas se guzarti hai  
Jaise keh di kisi ne pyaar ki baat.  
Sahne-zindan ke be-vatan ashjar

Sar-nigun mahw hain banane mein  
Daman-e-aasman pe naqsh-o-nigaar.  
Shaan-e-baam par damakta hai  
Meherban chandni ka dast-e-jameel  
Khaak mein dhul gayi hai aab-e-nujoom  
Noor mein dhul gaya hai arsh ka neel  
Sabz goshon mein nil-gun saaye  
Lahlahate hain jis tarah dil mein  
Mauj-e-dard-e-firaq-e-yaar aaye.

Dil se paiham khayal kahta hai  
Itni shireen hai zindagi is pal  
Zulm ka zahar gholne wale  
Kamran ho sakenge aaj na kal  
Jalva gaah e-visaal ki shamein  
Vo bujha bhi chuke agar to kya  
Chand ko gul karen to hum jaane.

A Prison Evening trancreated by Agha Shahid Ali proceeds as follows:

Stars spiral into the evening –  
staircase the night descends –  
and the wind comes near, then passes,  
as though someone spoke of love.  
In the courtyard, the trees are exiles  
who keep themselves busy  
embroidering the sky.  
The roof shines; the moon  
scatters light with generous hands;

the glory of the stars mingles with dust  
and light polishes the blue sky silver.  
In every corner shadows ebb and advance,  
as though the heart were lifted

by a wave of separation.  
This is the thought the heart returns to:  
that life, in this moment, is sweet.  
Let tyrants prepare their poisons,  
they will never succeed.  
They may snuff out the lamps  
in the rooms of lovers,  
but can they extinguish the moon?

“Going to Jail”, Faiz once famously said, “was like falling in love once again”.  
And lest we forget, very few poets express love in its myriad

mysterious, mystical and mesmerizing moods as Faiz Ahmed Faiz.

Raat yun dil mein teri khoyi hui yaad aayi  
Jaise veerane mein chupke se bahaar aa jaaye  
Jaise saharaon mein haule se chale baad e naseem

Jaise beemar ko bewajah qaraar aa jaaye

Translated by Vikram Seth it reads:

Last night your faded memory came to me  
As in the wilderness spring comes quietly,  
As, slowly, in the desert, moves the breeze,  
As, to a sick man, without cause, comes peace.  
Other iconic poems such as Raqib se, Rang Dil Ka Hai Mere and  
Mujh se pehli si mohabbat Mere Mehboob na Maang have attained  
almost cult status in the hearts and minds of his followers.

Faiz shall continue to be celebrated for his poetry, his  
ideology and his unmatched talent to include political and  
social issues within the traditional frameworks of ghazals and  
nazms brimming with passion and rebellion.

Words that can galvanize us into action and wake us up from  
our complacent stupor. Words matter. Words that ought to be  
spoken in defence of the downtrodden. Words that heal, words  
that nurture, words that continue to inspire and encourage us  
to speak up.

Bol ke Lab Azaad Hain Tere, said Faiz.

Speak up – for your lips are free!

Viva la Love. Viva La Revolution. Viva La Faiz.

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# NULL & VOID | OJASWINI TRIVEDI

You're lost in a fantasy  
A dream maybe  
Where I cease to exist.  
You seem peaceful,  
I seem greedy.

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## SLING SHOT: Let's say we loved each other! Ojaswini Trivedi

"Let's believe  
the two birds  
lived in a  
seamless crave for freedom,  
where the abyss  
melted into the horizon"

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## An Opportunity to Look East – IIC Experience | Manohar Khushalani

During the North East fest on Monday, the 29th October, at the Fountain Lawns, the audience was confronted by a disturbing



solo performance by actor director, Lapdiang Syiem from Meghalaya, called A Being Human. Earlier on the same day we had a presentation by Soli Roy about a Manipuri play, Crimson Rainclouds, written by his own mother, Sahitya Akademi Awardee, Binodini Devi

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## **An Ode to Sushant | Renu Mal**

In April, Sushant had deleted all his old pictures that he had posted since he created his account on Instagram. Yet nobody had time to look into his trauma. Read the touching Ode Renu Mal has dedicated to his memory

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## **The Forbidden Fruit of today: CLOSURE / Ojaswini Trivedi**

We spend years and years trying to find answers to the half spoken sentences and mid-air collapsed promises. The night teases us to insomnia, trying to replay the tape of those incidents, moments, gestures. What could have been, what should have been. We spend years and years trying to find answers to the half spoken sentences and mid-air collapsed promises. The night teases us to insomnia, trying to replay the tape of those incidents, moments, gestures. What could have been, what should have been. Were we real then

. Were we real then?

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# Under the Grid of Sub Reality / Susmita Mukherjee



Hag

The old hag lay face down,  
Her dried hair up in the air,  
Like dry twigs after harvest.  
Her scrawny left arm upturned  
at an angle, as if not sure,  
whether for alms or in benediction;  
Her other hand, mottled, was tucked way under, gripping her  
squashed belly bag.

She lay there for eons,

under the grid of the sub reality radars that were new in the neighborhood,  
their flickering light beams stinging her, serpent like, into convulsions.

Sometimes she moaned.  
At times she farted, and,  
noxious fumes  
volcano like, filled the air.

Too tired to be angry, she lifted her aged bum to pee,  
And out flowed waters  
that swirled and twirled in dizzy vortexes and caused  
unnecessary delay around the area.

Too tired to get up, she shook her head and colours,  
like flashing lightning,  
danced with the grid overhead and trapped her in place.

" I don't like being watched, you wretches"  
she said,  
But the soundless sound,  
rumbled into the countless clatter of car honks, and busyness,  
as another coin dropped into her upturned hand.

" Can't you spare an old hag who has done you no harm"?  
Her moan took the shape of a saliva drop that fell under her  
breath.

No, no, she must not give up! Not yet!

The hag knew that as long as she wrapped herself around her  
belly bag,  
her little ones would survive.

She remembers the hard years,  
when the singeing blast  
had ripped her right breast,  
her milk buds had scattered and mushroomed in the sky,

She remembers how her public rain forest had been blazed down  
by a careless cigarette.

She remembers not so long ago, bullets, bayonettes, bombs and  
blasts,  
whistling over her body, as she curled around her belly bag.

"Stop it"! she warned

"Stop it"! she wailed

"Stop it"! she whimpered a command.

But no one was listening  
to the old hag,  
Old Mother Earth,  
as she lay face down,  
Under the giant grid,  
Walked over, used and thrown,  
An old useless Mother.

Susmita Mukherjee

9- 4-2020

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# The Only Whole Thing / Susmita Mukherjee



I will give you a piece of my land,  
I will give you a piece of my kid's custody,  
I will give you the healthier half of the meal,  
I will give you the lions share of my earnings,  
I will give you freedom; credit for what you have not done,  
I will give you a piece of my jewels, my cars, my credit  
cards,  
I will give you a piece of maintance, legal fees, even  
alimony,

But I will not give you a piece of my mind,  
because even though you don't get it,  
It is the only whole thing I have,  
The only land where I will find my peace,  
Where I will pick up the pieces,  
Into peace...  
Soon, soon..  
That I promise!

Norma Torian

Susmita Mukherjee from the heart cave of mother wounds.

8th March.

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**A Sinister flight! Poem by  
Aneeta Chitale**



Birds over the sinister city  
I was a happy bird...with great  
Wings to fly ...thousands of miles  
In open skies....in cloudy pallets  
I flew in seamless oceans  
Across the seven seas and  
Five continents....in peace!  
I knew I was the best chosen  
By The Creator....God! Almighty!

I flew in all directions...untill  
One day, me and my friends  
flew to Wuhun....China.

The land of plenty  
The stuff the make..'.'made in China!'  
I flew no more....as  
I could feel and see sinister things one day...17 feb 2020  
I saw people in bio...suits wearing masks....  
These were the human beings  
Plundering in n out  
With Masks tied on their faces  
They rattled here and there...

Untill ...we saw many humans succumb to deaths ...in thousands!

No birds flew, no birds chirped, no peacocks danced, and no  
humans were seen ....  
In broad day light, as if the sun had not rose ....on those

days...

The deaths tolled but no one cried

Of pathos and woes!

Their were silent fickle cries

...no moaning of deaths...no sermons read...

when your

Beloved parts....suffocated breaths!

The hues...very stoic n still

Roads that roared of thousands of cars n speeding vehicles

Were barren ...all deserted roads

The people were sick....were quarantined by state n folks!

No birds chirped, peacocks danced, no church bells rang

No tombs clad with wreath!

No obscience no moaning pictures

Captured...

No ships sailed! No Airplanes flew

No tubes shuttled

All that rattled were people

On masks n deathbeds!

No Monk came to bless the departed!

No President read grieving speeches!

No Countries were told of

This pandemic and deaths charts read

They hushed up WHO !

Such is the gloom and cunning guise

All under the subterfuge , of a Corona Virus- Mask!

No people spoke in Chinese Lands!

Their markets closed in Wuhun!

Then....we all paled in the face of death....my friends went to  
far of lands ...

Thinking it were safe n happy,

But my friends the Corona Virus had plagued....more deaths in  
this pandemic....

Millions lay sick and fighting for life!  
The Leaders of Countries World Over, were shattered  
But uttered words of promise n hope for mankind!  
Cities are locked down, no ships catered on ocean routes  
No planes flew in blue skies  
No peacocks danced this Spring Season  
No Spring Equinox celebrated!

No birds flew in seamless skies...  
But birds and animals gathered in hooks and  
Prayed for all beings well being!

The shepherd's took a different route !  
Something is sinister down China road!

The old traders, turned their routes off- China routes!  
The Black Blanket Covered it all!

I flew away, away thousands of miles  
With my friends ...!  
I knew this....when I saw my reflection in crystal clear  
waters!