

Vaali

वाला... हूँ जा० ।
जग का साला० ।
तेरी शहानी में कुनिया जमाला० ।
तेरे दिल में कई न कोई अरमान हूँ क्या० ।

वाला कुछ तो बोल तू० ।
बाला की गाठ थाल तू० ।
वाला हूँ करता हूँ व्या० ।
बंध करते हैं भरता हूँ व्या० ।

वाला कुछ तो बोल हू० ।
न कुनिया हुँ गाला० ।

Vaali of this world, you are its gardener
The world is brighter in your light
The world is full of wonder in your light
The world is more beautiful

There must be a desire in your heart too
Vaali, say something,

Vaali, are you also afraid?

Do you also choke in a closed room?

Vaali, say something,

Undo the knots of the heart

Vaali, say something,

Lest the world curses your silence

Vaali of this world, you are its gardener

Your desires?
Write it in the box.

Vaali von dieser Welt, du bist ihr Gärtner
In deinem Licht erstrahlt die Welt
In deinem Licht ist die Welt ein Wunder
Die Welt ist schöner
In deinem Herzen muss eine Sehnsucht sein
Sag etwas, Vaali

Hast du auch Angst, Vaali?

Schnürt auch dir ein geschlossener Raum die Kehle zu?

Sag etwas, Vaali

Löse die Knoten im Herzen

Sag etwas, Vaali

Damit die Welt dein Schweigen nicht verflucht

Vaali von dieser Welt, du bist ihr Gärtner

THEATRE IS A MUSICAL TREAT
Take the choreographed **TREAT** theatre at Fine Arts Tuesday night, is **ORIGINAL**, a different **Chanc**. only has a powerful musical combines it with sensitive clarity of pronunciation.

CREDITS

Within the four walls of the domestic, live many a women who are providers and care takers...but they are not just that. Often unseen, they are people with dreams, desires, aches, pains and many a song in their hearts. We all know these women... they are all around us. Sometimes, it IS us.

Across Indian cities the pressure cooker is the angry sad song of morning, and a constant companion of the kitchen maker - almost always a woman. Its whistle pierces through walls and makes its presence known. All pauses when the cooker decides to let out its sigh. It's weight, necessity and it's need to speed up the boiling, almost an exact reflection of women's household labour, at all times and costs. The cooker becomes a symbol of the daily domestic rigmarole... how many women watch their dreams turn to steam everyday?

The ladles fixed to the hand might serve as the perfect automated toy, forever smiling The woman as a server, pleaser, provider... always for others but what of herself? Can we make space for these somewhat forgotten voices, their song?

All songs reimagined with Bindhumalini

For Saras

National Drama Festival theatre goer FIRST CLASS

CAST Jaan-e-Ghazal CREDITS
Old Is Gold folklore play

