

The presentation of an art and culture programme by the Toos foundation in London



The Toos Foundation sponsored a special



programme on the 29th of November in London which concentrated on the history of classical music, ballet, and opera in Iran. In this programme, there were famous musical artists such as Dehlavi and Baghcheban present. Other artists who would also perform on stage will be Pari Zangeneh, Farboosh Behzad, Pari Samar, and Mario Taqqadusi. The Persian and English speakers will be Mrs. Fakhri Nikzad and Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield. This time too, the programme attracted too many people and even the bad weather and the heavy traffic of London

could not stop the enthusiasts to fill the hall. Miss. Jamileh Kharrazi started the programme by

giving a speech, saying she would still make all possible efforts to improve the quality of the future programmes and that she has always had in mind to present an event

in celebration of Suhrab Sepehri and Dr. Sadr al-Din Elahi. Miss. Kharrazi added in her speech: It is a pleasure and a blessing that one is able to use the words of great masters of

utterance in one's speech, these words are not mine,





but I always live with them and am proud to be

able to use them over and over again.

The full speech of Miss. Kharrazi is as follows:

*At the gate of your path,
all night my job is to plea
like a destitute*

*I swear to God, that this
state, I shall not change
for any kingdom*

*I am not in the mood for
flowers, why should I go
to a rose garden.*

*For I have heard the
roses have the scent of
disloyalty*

*What nation is this?
What order is this? That,
They slay a lover, for
being in love!*

Miss. Kharrazi adds I do not know what state Iraqi was in when he composed the above verse; however, I know how excited I am to be able to read and feel those words. The words of love, wherever is heard is beautiful. The art was created by love and

the artist by being in love. Love is the manifestation of differences. Differences that cannot be measured by any standards. Artists are like spring clouds that are filled with rain, and are searching for a territory on which they can pour. It is hard; it is very hard to plant fruit trees on an unsuitable soil, expecting them to become fruitful. An artist must continue to create until the end of his days, an artist who concludes his work and



stops is not an artist, and he is a dead individual.

These words are small children of the world of my mind with whom I have played for years in the rainy orchard of youth; however, one day

the rain stopped and the orchard became filled with rainbows, this was the birth of a newborn child, called the Toos. I am proud that over the past few years we have been able to celebrate and commend our artists for

what they have done and for what they are about to do. They are going through difficult times and are alone and tired in exile, we must bring joy and happiness to those sad feelings and make them feel appreciated.

