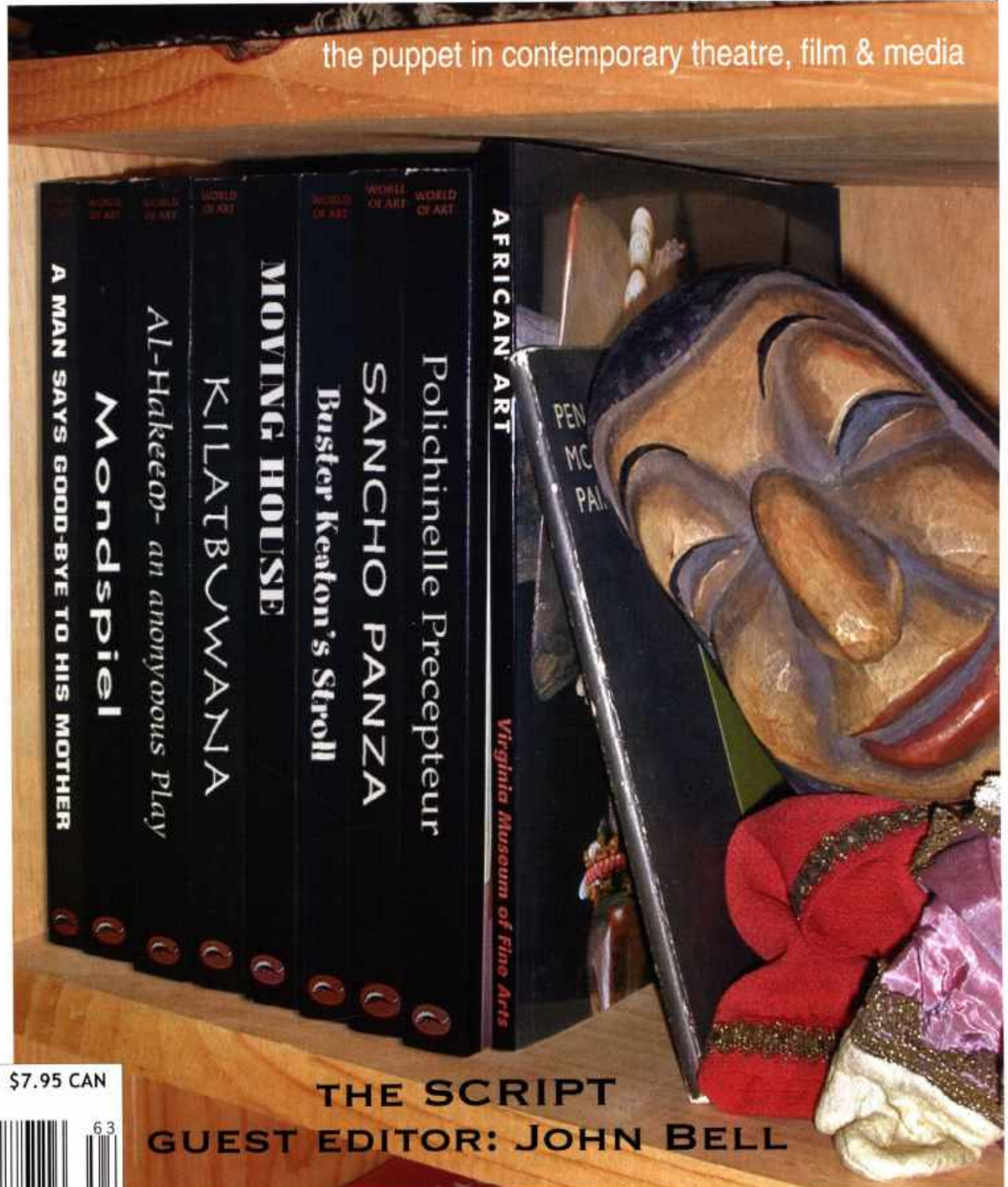


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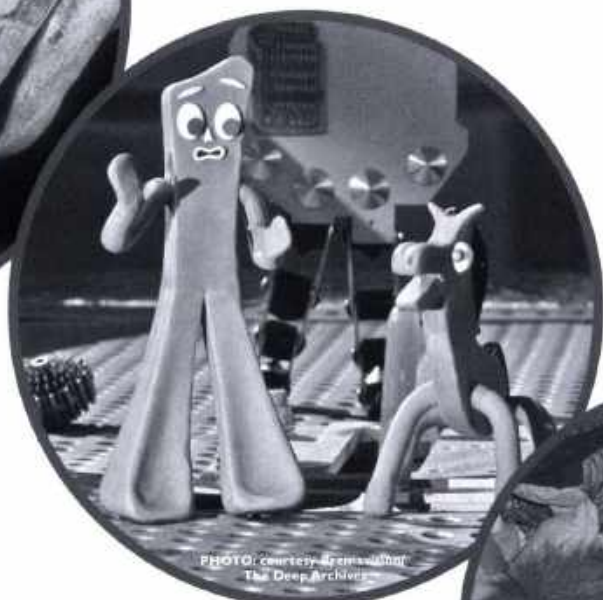
THE SCRIPT
GUEST EDITOR: JOHN BELL

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PUPPETRY INTERNATIONAL

the puppet in contemporary theatre, film & media

issue no. 20

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Hand Puppet by F.H. Bross with
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this issue.



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FOR THE ARTS

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From the Editor—

*"In the Beginning was the Word."
And the Word was... "Boom!"?
"Om..."?
"Yahweh..."?*

One might well wonder: What worth words, when there are no ears to hear? Still, there's plenty to ponder in that sentence, which is, after all, a translation and therefore an interpretation. Certainly Faust (as the instrument of J. W. von Goethe) gives it a thorough mulling in Act I, Scene I— an agonized internal polemic, which Kathy Foley uses as a framework for her consideration of Japanese puppet scripts [page 22].

There are lots of other words for you to ponder in this issue of *Puppetry International*, dedicated, as it is, to the puppet script. For this endeavor, we've enlisted the aid of Dr. John Bell as our first ever Guest Editor. John is not only a theater scholar (PhD, Columbia University, presently on the faculty of Emerson College), but is a puppeteer as well (a longtime associate of Bread and Puppet and a founding member of Great Small Works). John has also been an advisor to PI since the first issue, and is a frequent contributor as well as being our Historian and Book Review Editor. We couldn't have found a better candidate to shepherd this issue.

In addition to all the scripts, there are reviews of some terrific new books. Film Producer and director Joe Jacoby's memoir, *Boy on a String* has some fascinating stories of working for both Maury Bunin and Bil Baird in the fifties and sixties. *Sandglass Theater—From Thought to Image* is the story of this beloved theater's origins and their twenty years in Vermont. *Hazelle and her Marionettes: Creating the World's Largest Puppet Company* is the fascinating tale of Hazelle Hedges, a puppeteer turned manufacturing mogul.

Finally, plans are underway for the Puppeteers of America 2007 national festival, which will feature some very exciting puppetry from distant lands. So, whether the universe was initiated with a "Word," an "Act," or an "Idea," Hanus Hachenburg foretells how it will end for us—

End of performance. We invite you again tomorrow at twelve o'clock. Entrance free!*

* See Gary Friedman's moving account: "Looking for a Monster," page 18.

Guest Editor, John Bell—

This issue of *Puppetry International* is devoted to scripts for puppet theater, and it presents a conundrum, because to a large extent puppet theater and the written word are antithetical to each other. By this I mean that, in fact, puppets don't need words to do their work, since they work primarily as moving sculpture, moving image. In this sense, puppet theater is like dance, music or the visual arts, in that words might connect to or sometimes adorn such works, but are not essential to the art forms themselves. Ultimately, puppetry is not a text-based form.

But, having said this, one must admit that words and puppets often seem inextricably connected, above all by the voice connected to a puppet: Jim Henson's affable and simply nuanced voice for Kermit; Frank Oz's bumptious comic tone for Miss Piggy; and, going farther back, Punch's reedy, menacing, swazzle-inflected chirping as he proclaims "That's the way we do it!" after one of his preemptory murders. It's the *voice* which marks the puppet, no matter what words are being said; it's the tonal and inflective qualities which complete those characteristics begun in sculpture, rather than the literary content of a particular puppet show.

And yet, finally, yes, the words in puppet shows do matter beyond their simple aural qualities, and words do very interesting things in puppet shows, which the many different scripts in this issue will show.

Whereas the tradition of "The Drama" supposes and promulgates a process beginning with a playwright, passing through producers, directors, and actors to the realization of a play onstage, puppet theater is more often "devised" (as a contemporary theater neologism has it). It is the combination of "image—music—text," as Roland Barthes put it, in which all three elements share equal credit. This aspect of puppet scriptwriting comes to the fore in the script for Bread and Puppet Theater's *A Man Says Goodbye to his Mother*, which presents the play as the succession of different particular moments of "action," "music," and "narration." Likewise, Jerry Juhl's script for a sketch from the last episode of *Fraggle Rock* makes one realize how much the work of Jim Henson's Muppets was primarily a succession of images and gestures. In Juhl's script one can see how a short Muppet sketch is a combination of camera angles, sound effects, and puppet gestures, among which Juhl's words rest delicately, as if punctuating the visual and other aural effects. Other methods of writing puppet scripts understandably place great importance on stage directions, for example the transcription of Great Small Works' *Terror as Usual, Episode 9: Doom!*, which includes elaborate descriptions of toy theater imagery.

— Andrew Periale



Tit, Tot, Sergeant and Usuret-Torniquets, made by "Didó," from *Moving House*, a Catalanian puppet show. (page 46)

On the other hand, in many spectacularly stunning puppet traditions, words can take on their own intense political and religious power. Kathy Foley explains the power of words in puppet shows through an analysis of Japanese bunraku theater as the articulation of samurai values in eighteenth-century Japan. One can see echoes of this in Daniel McGuire's transcription and translation of a Javanese *wayang kulit* scene performed by dalang Tristuti Rachmadi, which is not only the presentation of a "branch story" from the sacred Javanese epic based on the *Mahabharata*, but also a personal statement from an artist (Tristuti) doing his work at a very difficult political moment. In this case, the words of a puppet show operate on many different levels, not simply because of the hierarchy of different languages employed in *wayang* performance, but because such spectacles involve constant interplay between the artists and audience members as members of a community of the present moment. Here, the words of a puppet show are not simply important as dramatic literature, but also as a multi-faceted communication system full of nuance, ambiguity, and multiple meanings.

The puppet scripts in this issue also bring up the larger subject of puppet dramaturgy: what stories do puppet plays show us, and how exactly do they do so? Four scripts here based on traditional sources—*Polichinelle Precepteur*, *Moving House*, *The Adventures of Petrushka*, and *The Doctor*—are connected by their serial structure and Punch-and-Judy style violence. That is, all four feature a trickster main character (Polichinelle, Titella, Petrushka, or Karaguz) who meets up with a series of regular folks whom he tricks, swindles, or, in some cases even murders. This puppet dramaturgy of serial duets can be explained quite practically as a necessity rising from the limited possibilities of the solo puppeteer with only two hands; but beyond that important physical limitation, the series of one-on-one scenes assumes its own power as a repetition of charming mischievousness (or evil) visited equally upon all strata of society—a quite complicated and morally ambiguous message, which must be part of these stories' constant appeal around the world.

In the early twentieth century, puppet theater stirred the interest of many avant-garde artists, the beginning of a trend which still marks puppetry today. In this issue, we present a translation of Lothar Schreyer's expressionist attempt at a ritual celebration of procreation, *Mondspiel*, in which the chopped telegram-style poetry of expressionist drama is used to create an intensely emotional and erotic world. The show

was performed with life-size puppets at the Bauhaus theater in 1923—could it have achieved what Schreyer hoped it would? Likewise, the Spanish poet Federico Garcia Lorca, in *Buster Keaton's Stroll* invented a kind a surreal puppet world (quite different from the other puppet plays he wrote, which seem tame in comparison) where random acts of beauty and violence flow from the puppets' speeches right into the stage directions themselves, creating impossible challenges which a contemporary puppeteer, Blair Thomas, was only too happy to take on.

A different kind of avant-gardism is represented by Robert Bromley and Al Carthe's 1930s *Sancho Panza* marionette play for the Los Angeles puppet unit of the Federal Theater Project. Here, the currents of modern California puppet theater, initiated by Blanding Sloan and Ralph Chessé in the 1920s as an outgrowth of the Little Theater Movement, emerge as part of a nation-wide effort to make live theater play an active role in national cultural life, not so much by stunningly new and different techniques, but by straightforwardly claiming the puppet stage as a forum for the most serious stories the theater can offer.

The political dimensions of puppet theater (which are never far from puppetry's strong roots in religious ritual) can be seen in Bread and Puppet's street theater piece, which sought to re-tell the experience of Harlem mothers during the Vietnam War in the frame of an international moral struggle. It is also present in the political ends of bunraku, which Kathy Foley elucidates, and (as Gary Friedman tells us) in Hanus Hachenburg's teen-age persistence. The latter left us a record of life in a Nazi concentration camp as an allegorical puppet show of outrageous dimensions, even as the outrage was taking place all around him.

Although words aren't the primary focus of puppet theater, they can sometimes assume a power even greater than that of actors' theater, because they are somehow separated from the characters who voice them. The separation is based on the practical knowledge we all share—that puppets themselves are incapable of speech—but we leap over that flat impossibility with the wild desire to believe that puppets can indeed talk, and that what they say (while we *know* it's really the voice of the puppeteer) is in fact—by some magic feat!—the actual voice of a wooden, paper-maché, plastic, or cardboard creature who is both of this world and beyond it. That element, which pertains to puppet theater but not to actors' theater, makes the words puppets say that much more intense.

A MAN SAYS GOODBYE TO HIS MOTHER

A STREET THEATER SHOW BY BREAD AND PUPPET THEATER

While the war in Vietnam of the 1960s and 70s led to a resurgence of political theater in the United States, the most dramatic and potent examples of that theater appeared in American streets, not in playhouses. Peter Schumann's Bread and Puppet Theater produced the most striking images and performances of the Vietnam War years, reinventing puppet and mask theater as a modern means of ritual performance with strong cultural power. *A Man Says Goodbye to His Mother* was a central element of Bread and Puppet's antiwar dramaturgy, "a small masterpiece," as Stefan Brecht put it, "lasting about a quarter of an hour." Another theater historian, Ron Argelander, described the show as "narrated in presentational style by a symbolic figure (Death) and then translated into a series of symbolic actions performed in a slow and deliberate manner by masked puppet-like figures. There are no wasted movements, no superfluous dialogue, and no extraneous political rhetoric."

According to Peter Schumann, *A Man Says Goodbye to His Mother* was created rapidly in 1967, in response to an invitation from a community group of mothers from New York City's East Harlem whose sons were serving in Vietnam, and for whom the arrival of a letter beginning "We regret to inform you" was a commonplace notification that one more of those sons had died in combat. The show, incorporating masks and such simple objects as a puppet airplane, a pair of scissors, a flat cut-out house ("the village") and a gas mask, could be performed almost anywhere, in any situation by a narrator and two puppeteers. The Narrator, the Woman, and the Musicians wore black hooded costumes modeled after the Japanese bunraku tradition, while the Man wore some semblance of an army uniform. In 1968, Bread and Puppet performed the show as *Reiteration*, in which the piece was played again and again, without stopping.

The script is interesting and innovative as a method of documenting puppet theater because it sees the performance as the combination of three equal elements: action, voice, and music.

— JOHN BELL



Action: The woman gives an army bag to the man. He puts it on and they embrace.

Voice: A man says goodbye to his mother.

Music: Melody on drum and trumpet.

Voice: He goes to a country far away.

Action: The man begins walking in place.

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: It's a dangerous country, the man needs a gun.

Action: The narrator gives a wooden rifle to the man.

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: It's a dangerous country, the man needs a gas mask.

Action: The narrator gives a gas mask to the man.

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: It's a very dangerous country, the man needs an airplane.

Action: The narrator gives the man a small wooden airplane.

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: While the man is marching... he gets shot in the arm.

Action: The man grabs his arm and the woman wraps a bandage around it.

Music: A cymbal crash, then the melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: He gets a medal.

Action: The narrator gives the man a medal.

A MAN SAYS GOODBYE TO HIS MOTHER

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: The man comes to a village. This is the village.

Action: *The narrator shows a white Vietnamese face mask. The woman removes the mother's mask and puts on the village mask.*

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: The women are cooking soup.

Action: *The narrator gives a pot to the woman who mimes stirring soup.*

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: The man takes his airplane and looks for his enemy.

Action: *The man flies the small airplane around and above the woman. The woman slowly lowers the pot to the ground.*

Music: The man makes an "ahhhhhhh" sound.

Voice: The village is afraid.

Action: *The woman moves her body in a slow expression of fear and holds a final pose of fear.*

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: The man is afraid.

The Man: I am afraid.

Action: *The woman returns to standing pose.*

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: The people go into the fields to gather their crops.

Action: *The narrator gives some grasses or leaves to the woman.*

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: The man poisons the crops.

Action: *The narrator gives a grey cloth to the man. The man throws the cloth over the crops. She drops the crops.*

Music: Ratchet sound of the length of the action.

Voice: The people are afraid, they hide in their houses.

Action: *The narrator gives a piece of paper painted like a house to the woman. She hides her head behind it.*

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: The man burns the houses.

Action: *The man tears the paper house into pieces.*

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: The children are afraid, they hide with their mothers.

Action: *The narrator gives either a doll painted white, or a white sheet rolled up like a bundle, to the woman who holds it like a baby.*

Music: Melody on trumpet and drum.

Voice: The man takes his airplane and looks for his enemy.

Action: *The man flies the small plane around and over the baby in the woman's arms. The woman has been rocking the baby and stops as the man stops.*

Music: The man makes an "ahhhhhhh" sound.

Voice: He bombs the children.

Music: Single drum beat.

Voice: The children die.

Action: *The woman very slowly lowers the baby to the ground.*

Music: Very slow melody on trumpet only.

Voice: The woman takes her scissors to attack the man, and Death leads her hand, and she stabs him.

Action: *The woman picks up a pair of scissors, raises them like a weapon, the narrator puts on a skull mask, grabs the woman's hand and stabs the man in the back. The man and the scissors fall to the ground.*

Music: Building drum beat, starting slow and soft and building to fast and loud.

Voice: And the man dies.

Action: *The woman returns to standing and removes the village mask, and puts on the mother mask.*

Music: Three slow drum beats.

Voice: And a letter is sent to his mother.

Action: *The narrator gives a folded piece of cardboard to the woman. It is black on the outside. She opens it and reads, then shows it to the audience. It says: "We regret to inform you."*

Voice: And his body is brought to her.

Action: *The woman walks over to the body.*

Voice: And she takes a white sheet...

Action: *The narrator gives the white sheet to the woman, who opens it and lays it over the body of the man.*

Voice: And she covers him with the sheet.

Action: *Everyone is still.*

END

FRAGGLE ROCK “CHANGE OF ADDRESS”

SHOW NUMBER 96 © TRANSCRIPTION SCRIPT

BY JERRY JUHL

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As the head writer for Jim Henson's Muppets, Jerry Juhl was perhaps the most influential puppet dramatist of the twentieth century. A native of St. Paul, Minnesota, Juhl began making puppet shows at the age of nine, and continued doing so as a theater student at San José State University in California. Juhl met puppeteer Frank Oz when both were members of the Vagabond Puppets, a troupe that performed in Oakland city parks. Juhl and Oz met Jim and Jane Henson at a 1961 puppet festival, after which he became the Jim Henson Company's first full-time employee, working as a puppeteer with the Hensons on *Sam and Friends*, and then continuing as a writer, creating sketches for Henson segments on *The Jimmy Dean Show* and other television variety shows.

Juhl's humor and humanistic insights became central to *The Muppet Show*, *Sesame Street*, various Muppet movies, and finally *Fraggle Rock*, the Muppet television show whose purpose, as Henson put it, was "to make world peace." *Fraggle Rock* was an allegory of human relations among different races and ethnicities, including Fraggles, lead by the character Gobo, Doozers, Gorgs, two rats named Philo and Gunge, and Madam Trash Heap (also known as Marjory), an all-knowing source of wisdom. In the world of *Fraggle Rock* human beings were known as "Silly Creatures," who live in "Outer Space." The show ran for five seasons, from 1983 to 1987, comprising 96 episodes. "Change of Address" is a sketch from the last show of the last season.

— JOHN BELL

SCENE NO: 8

EXTERIOR THE TRASH HEAP DAY-TIME

CLOSE UP: The TRASH HEAP

SFX:

TRASH HEAP: Ooo, I think...

SHOT WIDENS

TRASH HEAP: (cont) ... you need something!...

GOBO comes into view.

TRASH HEAP: (cont) ...Why are you so depressed?

SFX: BIRD

GOBO: Well, I-I was in Outer Space and I met a Silly Creature and we started to make friends.

TRASH HEAP: What are...

PHILO enters frame.

TRASH HEAP: ... you saying?...

GUNGE enters frame.

He and PHILO look at the TRASH HEAP.

TRASH HEAP: ... You and a Silly Creature are friends?

PHILO and GUNGE look at each other.

GOBO: Well, it...

PHILO and GUNGE look at the TRASH HEAP.

GOBO: ... seemed like we were gonna be...

PHILO and GUNGE look at GOBO.

GOBO: ... yeah.

TRASH HEAP: That...

PHILO and GUNGE look at the TRASH HEAP.

TRASH HEAP: ... is ...

She opens her arms wide. SFX:

TRASH HEAP: ... truly cosmic.

CLOSE UP: PHILO & GUNGE

PHILO turns to GUNGE.

FRAGGLE ROCK

PHILO: (behind his hand) What's "cosmic" mean?

SFX: BIRDS SINGING

GUNGE: (behind his hand) Snazzy.

PHILO: (impressed) Wow! No kidding?

GUNGE: Mm.

They look at the TRASH HEAP

GUNGE: I-I don't get it, Marjory. What's the big deal about...

SFX: BIRDS SINGING

GUNGE: ... a Fraggles making friends with a Silly Creature?

CLOSE UP: The TRASH HEAP

SFX:

TRASH HEAP: It's wonderful! Silly Creatures need to know about the magic.

CLOSE UP: GOBO

GOBO: What magic?

TRASH HEAP: (off) Your magic.

GOBO: Are ...

SFX: BIRD

GOBO: ... we magic?

CLOSE UP: The TRASH HEAP

SFX:

TRASH HEAP: Everyone is magic...

CLOSE UP: GOBO

SFX: BIRD

SFX: BIRDS SINGING

TRASH HEAP: (off) ...The Silly Creatures are just sometimes too silly... to remember that.

GOBO: O-oh, but...this Silly Creature is moving away. Er, he wanted me to come with him.

CLOSE UP: PHILO & GUNGE

PHILO: O-er, wait, wait a minute! You are moving into Outer Space?

CLOSE UP: GOBO

GOBO: Well, no...Well, that is, er, I'd love...

SFX: BIRDS SINGING

GOBO: ... to. Er, well, sort of. Er...but...well, Fraggles Rock is home...And...now I'll never see...

He looks up at the TRASH HEAP

GOBO: ... Doc again.

TRASH HEAP: (off) Oh...

CLOSE UP: The TRASH HEAP

SFX:

TRASH HEAP: ... what is all this "moving away" business, anyway? How ridiculous! You go to him...

SFX: BIRDS SINGING

TRASH HEAP: ... and you say this: "You cannot leave the magic."

CLOSE UP: GOBO *He's puzzled.*

A PAUSE.

GOBO looks up at the TRASH HEAP

A PAUSE.

GOBO looks up at the TRASH HEAP

GOBO: That's the message?

ANOTHER ANGLE, TRASH HEAP

Exactly! "You cannot..."

She sinks down. SFX:

TRASH HEAP: ... leave the magic."

PHILO and GUNGE look at GOBO.

PHILO & GUNGE: The Trash Heap has spoken!...

PHILO & GUNGE: ...Nyaah!

TRASH HEAP: Hmmm...

GOBO turns and walks away. He exits frame. ...

§

GREAT SMALL WORKS

PRESENTS

THE TOY THEATER OF TERROR AS USUAL!

EPISODE NINE: DOOM

CREATED AND PERFORMED BY

JOHN BELL, TRUDI COHEN, STEPHEN KAPLIN, JENNY ROMAINE, AND MARK SUSSMAN

The Toy Theater of Terror As Usual is a serial show, produced by the New York-based theater collective Great Small Works. Themes for each episode come from stories and images in current newspapers and magazines, as well as from philosophical and historical sources. The first episode was created in the fall of 1990 during the countdown to the first Gulf War, as a low-tech response to the everyday terror of the mass media's orchestration of war fever and patriotic sentiment. Episode One was created by John Bell, Trudi Cohen, Stephen Kaplin, and Jenny Romaine, then members of Ninth Street Theater, using a tiny, cardboard stage, later expanded to a larger, plywood structure. **Terror As Usual** episodes continue to be created periodically, written, designed, and performed by the collective. As of 2006, the company is up to Episode 12.

The phrase "terror as usual" comes from anthropologist and cultural critic Michael Taussig's essay "Terror As Usual: Walter Benjamin's Theory of History As State of Siege," which appeared in his 1992 book *The Nervous System*.

Great Small Works was founded in 1995 and has been instrumental in launching the Toy Theater Revival Movement in the United States, with seven international Toy Theater Festivals & Temporary Toy Theater Museums (produced in New York at Theater for the New City, Los Kabayitos Puppet Theater, HERE Arts Center, and St. Ann's Warehouse, from 1993 to 2005) and with Toy Theater programs and workshops that tour nationally and internationally.

Terror as Usual! Episode 9: Doom was first performed at the Great Small Works Monthly Spaghetti Dinner at Performance Space 122, New York City, in 1997; and later at the Jim Henson International Festival of Puppet Theater at Los Kabayitos Puppet Theater in 1998.

Overture

(The stage consists of a waist-high tabletop proscenium shrouded in sheets of newspaper, normally the New York Times from the day of the performance. The puppeteers enter from behind the stage and stand in the light of the single 150-watt floodlight clipped to a stand in front. They wear black pants under white gauze skirts, white shirts, neckties, and they squint into the flattening light with nervous faces and address the audience.)

ALL (whispering): Ladies and Gentlemen...

(They immediately step away, rip off the newspapers, and point to the revealed stage: a simple, black proscenium with a bright red, velvet curtain and the words "Toy Theater of Terror As Usual!" painted in white across the top. There is a shallow forestage lined with tiny white Christmas lights that act as footlights.)

The overture consists of all Puppeteers simultaneously laughing, crying, barking, coughing, screaming, etc. until Jenny cues them to stop. A pause. ALL then proceed to their next positions.

A small brass BELL pokes out of the slit in the curtain and begins to jingle. At the same time, a BOOK made of newspaper enters, also through the slit in the curtain, and slowly opens to reveal the title: "Episode Nine: Doom." It holds open, then closes. The BELL and BOOK exit.

Scene 1

(The curtain opens on two lines of smaller brass BELLS, jingling as they descend from above. A CHORUS of Greek actresses [flat cut-outs, multiple photocopies from the New York Times mounted on flat sticks] enters from the sides onto a series of raised steps trimmed in gold. The BELLS stop. Puppeteers sing the Balkan song "Erekina" twice, on the syllable "da." The bells accompany rhythmically on the second time through the song. The puppet CHORUS dances, sliding left and right in fast legato, then staccato movements. The song ends, with the Puppeteers holding the final note as the CHORUS comes to a stop in a symmetrical V formation.)

The ANGEL OF HISTORY enters. [A ticking metronome with white, translucent wings and a US 25¢ piece mounted on its ticking arm, the

TERROR AS USUAL

ANGEL is the signature common element of all the Terror As Usual episodes, the character that, following Walter Benjamin and Paul Klee, witnesses the train wreck of history. The ANGEL floats up and down as it ticks and gently flaps its wings, supported by JOHN's visible hand. Over the ticking, MARK recites a text from Georges Bataille.

MARK: In sacrifice, an object passes violently from the realm of common life into the world of the holy. For the sacrifice proper to begin, a propitious site and time must be chosen. While the victim is being led to the place of the slaughter, excuses are made for the act which is about to be carried out. The death of the victim is lamented. Now, all of the elements of the sacrifice are present. Only the supreme act remains to be accomplished.

(The curtain closes. Puppeteers begin a drone, on the syllable "ah.")

Entr'acte

(A CHORUS of Puppeteers walks counterclockwise around the stage, holding thin wooden dowels, tapping the floor, and self-flagellating in unison. They cover their eyes with one hand. The drone continues under each text.)

MARK: This is the story of a city;
Not here, not there, not far.

JOHN: And every four years,
the people of the city come together
to choose who would rule over them.

TRUDI: And those who rule over them
prepare a sacrifice for the city;
and the question is asked among them:

JENNY: What shall we sacrifice,
so that the city can continue?

ALL (3X): It must be spent
Willingly or not
Gloriously or catastrophically.

(After the first chorus, they break formation and move to positions for the next scene. At the end of the third chorus, a crash of prerecorded thunder and the sound of rain on a city street is heard.)

Scene 2

(The curtain opens on a city scene at night, rear-projected onto the back wall of the stage. In the foreground, four cutouts of 1920s New York City skyscrapers surround a larger cutout of the old Bronx courthouse. The rain and thunder sounds continue.)

A sequence of tiny cars, buses, and people with umbrellas pass, pulled on strings in front of the buildings, which tower above them. The mood is foreboding.

The scene is broken by an acetate with the words "EXTRA EXTRA" abruptly replacing the rear-projected city street. Four cut-out RATS enter from the sides, tapping on the stage floor as they advance, and take positions in front of each of the four buildings.

The word "AUCTION" appears diagonally over the words on the screen. JOHN yells over the thunder sound.)

JOHN *(quoting a New York City official, cited in a Paula Young article from the New York Times):*

The city has many beautiful buildings in its portfolio, but we are getting out of the landlord business.

(The RATS, working in pairs, remove the downstage pair of buildings.)

JOHN: If these community centers want to keep their buildings, they should bid on them, like everybody else.

(The RATS remove the upstage pair of buildings, leaving only the Bronx courthouse.)

ALL *(in harmony):* AH!

(A CHORUS of the Greek dancers from Scene 1 instantly appears above the Bronx courthouse.)

ALL *(chanting in harmony):*

The city built this public building
with public funds for the public,
and now they want the public
to buy its own building back
so it can be kept public.

AH!

TRUDI: That's not democracy as we know it.

(The CHORUS disappears and is replaced by a solo RAT, who slaps a handwritten "SALE" sign onto the courthouse.)

The curtain closes. During the following set change, Puppeteers hum "Erekina" from Scene 1.)

Scene 3

(The back wall of the stage is replaced by a collage of newspapers. FLAGELLANT puppets, dressed like the Puppeteers in white paper skirts, pass in front of it in a counterclockwise circle. They have articulated arms that carry small whips for self-beating. From the waist up, these are cutouts of politicians: Strom Thurmond, Phil Gramm, Bob Dole and Newt Gingrich (joined by clasped hands), and Hillary Clinton. [TRUDI's texts belong to the figure of Hillary.] They are operated from above, and tap on the stage floor with each "Huh!")

JOHN: Going negative!
 ALL: Huh!
 TRUDI: It takes a village.
 ALL: Huh!
 JOHN: Going negative!
 ALL: Huh!
 TRUDI: It takes a village.
 ALL: Huh!
 MARK: There he goes again!
 ALL: Huh!
 TRUDI: It takes a village!
 ALL: Huh!
 JENNY: Opportunity!
 Responsibility!
 Community!
 ALL: Huh!
 TRUDI: I'm glad we're not angry!
 ALL: Huh!
 JENNY: Opportunity!
 Responsibility!
 Community!
 MARK: There's a great deal of cynicism out there!
(ALL Gasp. Pause.)
 JENNY: Liberal!
 JOHN: Liberal! Huh!
 TRUDI: Liberal! Huh!
 JENNY: Liberal! Huh!
 MARK: Liberal! Huh, Huh!
 JOHN: Sometimes, in order to make progress
 and move ahead, you have to stand up
 and do the wrong thing.
 ALL: Huh! Stand up and do the wrong thing!
 Huh! Stand up and do the wrong thing!

Huh! Stand up and do the wrong thing!
 Huh!...

(ALL exit. The lights dim. The sound of thunder and rain returns. A series of doors in the newspaper backdrop open, revealing identical sets of eyes peering out at the audience. When all the doors are open, and many sets of eyes are visible, the eyes begin to shift in their windows from side to side. After a moment, a color photocopy puppet of Bill Clinton enters.)

MARK *(quoting Clinton)*: On balance,
 the Welfare Reform Bill
 is a step forward for our country.
(He steps backward. Curtain closes.)

Entr'Acte

(A puppet with the head of New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani, dressed in a pope's mitre and liturgical cloak, appears above the proscenium as John sings the first verse of a slightly modified version of "The Lord of the Dance.")

JOHN: I danced in the morning when the world was young
 I danced with the moon and the stars and the sun
 I danced up in heaven and I danced on earth
 In Sunnyside, Queens I had my birth.

(The front curtains are stuffed into two turquoise leather cowboy boots, forming the lower half of the puppet's body. MARK and JENNY operate the boots from the side, while JOHN operates Rudy's head and sings two more verses.)

JOHN: I danced on Friday when the sun went black
 It's hard to dance with the devil on your back!
 They buried my body and they thought I'd gone
 But I am the dance and I still go on.
 They cut me down but I lept up high
 For I am the light that will never, never die
 I'll live in you if you'll live in me
 For I am the lord of the dance, SAYS ME!

ALL: Dance, dance, wherever you may be
 For I am the lord of the dance, says ME/HE
 And I'll lead you all, whoever you may be
 And I'll lead you all in the dance, says ME/HE!

JOHN: OR I'LL FIRE YOU! HA!

(All hum the tune as Giuliani exits and Puppeteers move to positions for the next scene.)

TERROR AS USUAL

Scene Four

(The curtain opens on the raised steps and the Greek CHORUS puppets from Scene 1, arranged symmetrically. Spoken text in this scene is excerpted from "Uncle Fishhook and the Sacred Baby Poo Poo of Art," an interview with Jack Smith by Sylvère Lotringer in Semiotext(e) 3, no.2 (1978): 192-203. It is delivered by narrators positioned at music stands DL and DR of the puppet stage.)

JOHN: What do you mean exactly by landlordism?

*(Small strips of masking paper are torn off the overhead projector deck to reveal Jack Smith's phrase "**Fear Ritual of Lucky Landlord Paradise**" projected onto the back wall of the stage in large black type. Nonspeaking Puppeteers start humming "Erekinia" underneath the remaining text. They set up the four buildings and Bronx courthouse from Scene 2. Gradually, all the puppets from the previous scenes are added into a giant tableau that keeps growing throughout the scene.)*

JOHN & JENNY: Fear ritual of lucky landlord paradise.

That's what supports the government.[...] The whole fantasy of how money is squeezed out of real estate. It supports the government; it supports everything. And it isn't even rational. When is a building ever paid for? The person that built the building is dead long since, and yet it can never be paid for, it has to be paid for all over again, every month. That's as irrational as buying a pair of shoes and then going back as long as you wear the shoes and paying for them again.

(Puppeteers gradually add additional puppets, transforming the tableau into a festive and pastoral scene: multiples of butterflies, naked babies, and fuzzy yellow ducklings – all cardboard cut-outs – are added until the stage is very full and colorful.)

MARK replaces JOHN as narrator.)

JENNY: Would there be any money?

MARK & JENNY: Yeah, I don't mind.[...]

Buying and selling is the most natural human institution; there's nothing wrong with that.[...] Buying and selling is the most interesting thing in the world. It should be aesthetic and everything else. But capitalism is a perversion of this. Nothing is more wonderful than a marketplace. It gives

people something to do... and it can be creative. Wonderful things come from commerce... but not from capitalism.

*(A blue glass mandala lens replaces the "**Fear Ritual...**" projection. TRUDI replaces JENNY as narrator.)*

MARK: Have you ever thought of another type of society?

MARK & TRUDI: I can think of billions of ways for the world to be completely different. Like in the middle of the city should be a repository of objects that people don't want anymore, which they would take to this giant junkyard. That would form an organization, a way that the city would be organized.[...] I think this center of unused objects and unwanted objects would become a center of intellectual activity. Things would grow up around it.[...] [T]here could be exchange, that would start to develop. You take anything that you don't want to this giant place, and just leave it and look for something that you need.

(Pause. Singing continues. Puppeteers place the central element of the tableau: a revolving circular platform with toy cars and cut-outs of coins covered with US dollar bills, all surrounding a central pool of water out of which rises a circular, gold altar.)

MARK & TRUDI: I never had sunlight. I was always so naive I just kept taking places that had no sunlight. But the next time I move there will be some sunlight involved, somehow, coming through a window, or anything. Everything to do with water would be in one place and it would be in the form of a waterfall; and it would be enclosed, and plants would be happy there; washing the dishes would become a polynesian thing, it would not be an ugly thing washing the dishes; and washing clothes, taking a bath would also be done in this place; the dishes would wash themselves. It would be in the central part where the sunlight is. The water would be mixed with the sunlight, a steamroom would then be created, steam is very healthful, it cleans your lungs.

And I can imagine anything on earth like that.
But if I try to build it there would be a million
laws saying I can't build it.

(JENNY reaches into the stage with a lighter and lights a small, metal can of Sterno set in the central pool of water. During the final lines of Jack Smith's text, an American dollar bill flies down from above, catches a corner in the flame, and burns.)

Pause. The singing stops, and the offstage ticking of the ANGEL OF HISTORY is heard.)

MARK & TRUDI: I can think of billions of ways
for the world to be completely different.

(Lights gradually fade on the stage, leaving the puppets in the light of the flame. The ANGEL OF HISTORY appears in a narrow spotlight above the center of the proscenium arch and hovers, ticking, gently flapping its wings. The ticking stops, as the lights go black.)

END



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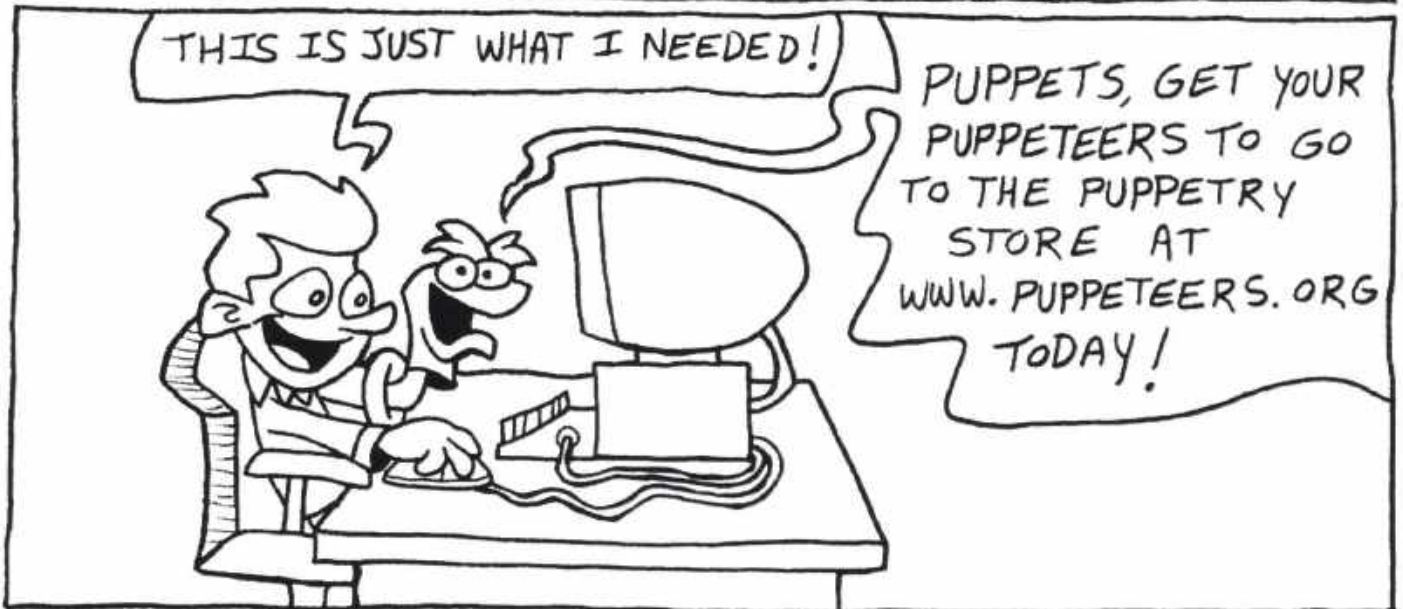
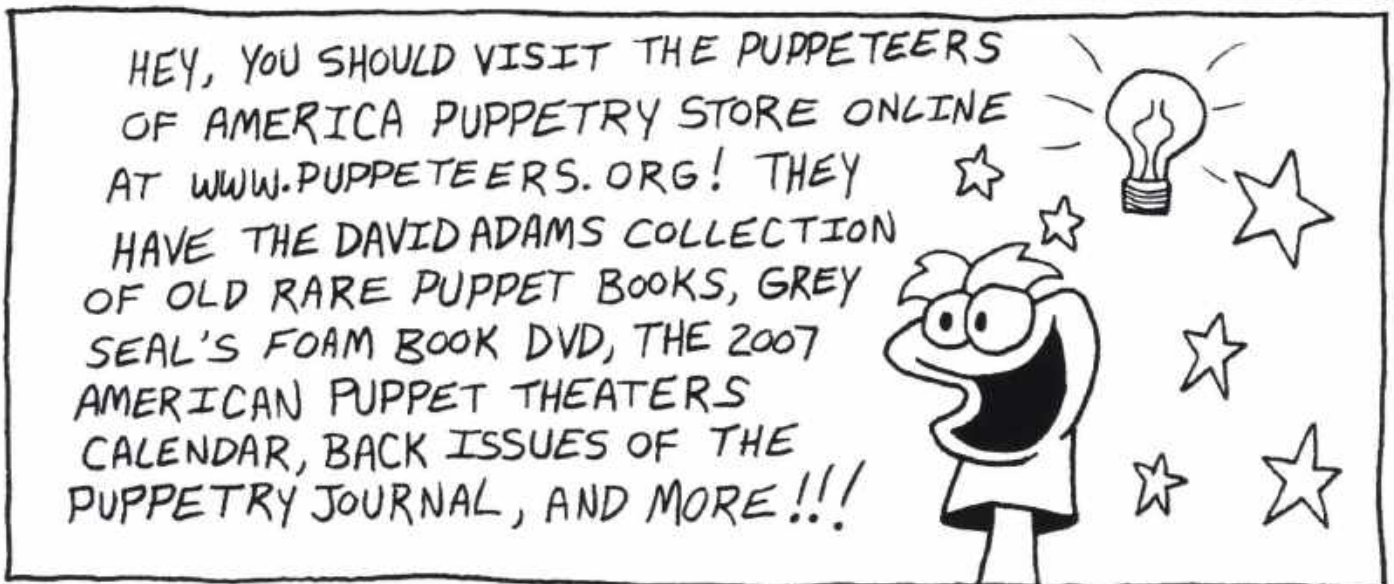
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BUSTER KEATON'S STROLL

BY FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

TRANSLATED BY CATHERINE BROWN

AS PERFORMED BY BLAIR THOMAS

I came across *Buster Keaton's Stroll* when I was combing Lorca's work in translation for short companion pieces to include with *The Puppet Show of Don Cristobal*. First published in 1921 in the journal *Gallo (Rooster)*, *Buster Keaton's Stroll* was written not as a play to be performed but rather as a play/poem using the theater script format as a literary device. Lorca himself was never a surrealist, though this text is clearly influenced by the surrealists' agenda. It also has a certain cultural richness, with Lorca providing a unique perspective on the U.S. through the cultural images of our great comic film actor, the city of Philadelphia, and more ("A black man eats his straw hat").

It seemed obvious to me that this text would make an excellent toy theater show – some of the best writing is in the stage directions, which I recite during the performance – and the toy theater form in which I perform it allows for easy inclusion of such self-referential material. Other than that, I didn't know how exactly to proceed. I didn't even really understand the text – though I enjoyed its playfulness. Then, as with all my shows, there is a stage design agenda that is more about what I think would be fun to make than anything else. In this case it's a toy theater with low brass instruments woven into the proscenium with the mouthpieces twisted up to where I could actually play them at the same time I operated the puppets. So we started with the obvious and built two-dimensional representations of most of the text's images. Then I tried to recite the text, move the puppets and play the horns at the same time. I worked with four different puppet and stage designers and a director to balance this all out to a presentable performance.

We made the show in 2002. I take it out and perform it a couple of times a year now, and it has molded into its own thing with a certain energy and clarity. Only in the past year have I arrived at a clear position on the text. I see this show as about 60% done. We rebuilt the main part of the stage a few years ago and now I would like to rebuild most of the puppets, including a redesign of the panorama scroll which serves as a moving backdrop. I now think about the piece as being about desire and its unattainable quality, and the play being a fantasy of fulfilled dreams that are ultimately destroyed by reality. I hope some day to return to this world striving for its perfection.

—BLAIR THOMAS

CHARACTERS:

Buster Keaton

Rooster

Owl

Black Man

American Girl

Girl

ROOSTER. Cockadoodledoo.

(Enter BUSTER KEATON with his four children by the hand)

BUSTER KEATON. (Takes out a dagger and kills them all) My poor little children.

ROOSTER. Cockadoodledoo.

BUSTER KEATON. (Counting the bodies on the ground) One, two, three, and four. (Takes a bicycle and sets off)

(Among the old rubber tires and gasoline cans, a BLACK MAN eats his straw hat)

BUSTER KEATON. What a beautiful day!

(A parrot hovers in the neutral sky)

BUSTER KEATON. How fine it is to take a stroll on a bicycle.

OWL. Hooo hooo hoo.

BUSTER KEATON'S STROLL

BUSTER KEATON. And the little birds sing so sweetly!

OWL. Hoooooooooooo.

BUSTER KEATON. So moving!

(Pause. BUSTER KEATON, ineffable, crosses the reeds and the little field of rye. The landscape shrinks between the wheels of the machine.

The bicycle has only one dimension. It can enter into books and stretch itself out in the baker's oven. BUSTER KEATON's bicycle doesn't have a candy seat and sugar pedals, as bad men say it does. It's a bicycle like any other, but the only one soaked with innocence. Adam and Eve would run away terrified if they saw a glass of water, but they would caress BUSTER KEATON's bicycle.)

BUSTER KEATON. Oh, love, love!

(BUSTER KEATON falls to the ground. The bicycle gets away from him. He runs after two gray butterflies. He goes along like a lunatic, half a millimeter from the ground.)

BUSTER KEATON. (Getting up) I don't want to say anything. What am I going to say?

VOICE. Idiot.

(He keeps walking. His eyes, infinite and sad like a newborn animal's, dream of lilies, angels and silken belts. His eyes, like the butt of a handblown glass. His foolish child eyes. That are so very ugly. That are so very beautiful. His ostrich eyes. His human eyes in the sure equilibrium of melancholy. Philadelphia is seen in the distance. The inhabitants of this city already know the poem of the Singer machine. They will never be able to understand the subtle difference between a cup of hot tea and a cup of cold tea. Philadelphia sparkles in the distance.)

BUSTER KEATON. This is a garden.

AMERICAN GIRL. Good afternoon.

(BUSTER KEATON smiles and looks in "gros plan" at her shoes. Oh, what shoes! We should not admit these shoes. It takes the skins of three crocodiles to make them.)

BUSTER KEATON. I would like...

AMERICAN GIRL. Do you have a sword adorned with myrtle leaves?

(BUSTER KEATON shrugs his shoulders and lifts his right foot.)

AMERICAN GIRL. Do you have a ring with a poisoned stone?

(BUSTER KEATON slowly closes his eyes and lifts his left foot.)

AMERICAN GIRL. Well then?

(Four seraphim with wings of gauze dance among the flowers. The young ladies of the city play the piano as if riding bicycles. The waltz, the moon, and the canoes make the precious heart of our friend tremble. To everyone's great surprise, Autumn has invaded the garden, like water into a geometrical sugar cube.)

BUSTER KEATON. (Sighing) I would like to be a swan. But I can't, however much I'd like to. Because: where would I leave my hat? Where would I leave my little bird neck and my moiré necktie? What a shame!

(A YOUNG GIRL with a wasp waist and her hair in a bun comes along, riding a bicycle. She has the head of a nightingale.)

GIRL. Whom do I have the honor of addressing?

BUSTER KEATON. (With a bow) Buster Keaton.

(The GIRL faints and falls from the bicycle. Her striped legs tremble in the grass like dying zebras. A gramophone plays in a thousand shows at once: "In America there are Nightingales.")

BUSTER KEATON. (Kneeling) Miss Eleanor, pardon me, it wasn't me! Miss?! (Quietly) Miss?! (More quietly) Miss! (Kisses her)

(On the horizon of Philadelphia shines the glowing star of the police)



MONDSPIEL

BY LOTHAR SCHREYER

TRANSLATED BY STANLEY RICHARDSON AND ANJEANA HANS

Lothar Schreyer was a dramaturg working at Hamburg's mainstream Deutsches Schauspielhaus when the wild currents of Expressionism led him to attempt his own version of expressionist theater. Schreyer began to see theater not simply as an opportunity to perform text with actors, but as "the spatial means of artistic expression: form and color, and the temporal means of artistic expression: sound and movement." Schreyer started a theater in Hamburg, the Sturm-Bühne ("Storm Stage"), where from 1919 to 1921 he produced plays relying on masks and over-life-size puppets which he designed. Schreyer came to believe that theater should be a spiritual and communal rather than commercial endeavor, and his performances took on the flavor of mystical cult rituals, an approach which continued in his productions at the Bauhaus in Weimar, where Schreyer was the school's first theater director. *Moon Play (Mondspiel)* premiered at the Bauhaus in 1923, using life-sized puppets (designed by Schreyer) and actors in abstract stage designs, but Schreyer's cultic, anti-technology mysticism was too much for the Bauhaus students, and he lost his job. Schreyer continued his experiments in theater for the next forty years, attracted to Christian mysticism and, at some points, National Socialism, but always convinced of the possibilities of puppet and object theater. He died in 1966.

Man: I am the moon / Moon is my Self / I rise silently / Come along / A Dream tree waxes / Gaze falls deep as the world / I wander all over the world / Mouth sings far from the world / World flower blooms / Come along / Mild is night / The gentle womb darkens / The sleeping seed sparkles / We wander up / Hovering we watch / The crystal flashes jump / The glowing barges surge / Stars over earth over ocean of oceans / Into the center of the birth / Circles drill basin rises / You are received / You are opened / You are embraced / Come along / I carry you home / Already your bleeding blooms gold / Already the flaming abundance flows / Womb shimmers moist / The eye sees the germ of the fruit / The mouth uncovers the word of the world / Out of the silence / Out of the fear / Circle after circle swings rises solidifies / You around You / And I glide gleam glow / Unfix the border of no shore / People drift people scatter //

Man Woman: Contractions wander / Miracles wound / Listen exchange / Home / Open widen / Flee fly / Scatter gather / Seeds stars / Deep earth / Drop drop / Home / Leave loose / Rocks flags / Streams ribbons/Heavy earth / Hearts fall / Eyes weep / Breadths glow / Chalices fill / Scatter seeds / Gather seeds / Drift stars drift / Home //

Man: Mine is night / Mine is center / Mine is reversal / Waken watch / Your hour / Implacable without plea / Burn your heart / Shine resplendent / Clear your heart / Become star-like / Stars beam into the earth /

Earth orbits in me / You beam / Flowers over animals over humans over / Out of you orbit all the heavens /

I am you / Feet surmounting hell / The afflicted howl / Cleave paths without error / Pale faces lighten / Yearn yearnings / Incessant blows from a hammer / Dig canyons / Forest fettered / The breath blows lament out

of the valley / The ocean roars to the ocean / Roll waves surge make rubble / People people people / Under you / You drift in the ring of the heavens you / Heavencircled / Heavenloosed / Over you / On you //

Man Woman: Forgotten land / Spilled ocean / Unbound bonds / No butterfly flutters / No blossom

withers / We / Light from the eyes / Unchangeable / Insurmountable / My heart glows / Your heart's eye looks / You womb / We / Waking remembrance / Find what is lost / Devoted growth / Secretly marry / Abundance fulfills / Quenches the flame / We carry the beloved light / the light love / Without deception / Unforgotten love / Love emptied out / Carry carry / We //

Man: I am the light of the night / The dark human glows within me / Womb weeps in soft beds / Prayers babble madly / Still children hunger on the earth / Still old men die in the frost of the city / Far is the sun / All the stars still sleep / My rays flow to the thirsty / My blowing feeds the hungry / The burdened I lift into heavens / My light transfigures the sick / The prisoners I untie / I loose love / All tired hands sleep / All tired feet rest / Feet of all helpers bring glad tidings / Hands of all helpers console grief / Wanderer wake / Dreamer, rest you / Rest wanders / Peace peace / Peace for all / Heavenly peace / Earthly peace / Heaven over Earth / Earth in Heaven //

Man Woman: Born low / Resurrected / Purify Purify / Amplitudes sound / Song of the heights / High time / World reverse / You / Arisen arisen / Let us love each other / Peace to us / Let us free ones be glad / Quiet joy / Quiet suitor / All the world released / Light love / In deep night / In the midst of earth's night / We love you / We illuminate you / Peace to you //

MONDSPIEL

Woman: I am the Mother Virgin I / Flower of pure womb / I bear fruit / I heal you / I carry you tenderly / You hold me in your breast / To you I sing the joyous song / I am your heart / See seer listen / Lean you into yourself / Kneel down before you / Embrace me quietly / All the animals are already silent / All the flowers already bloom / The sleeping enemies smile benignly / The hater kisses the hated / Reconciled are you my son / You blaze in my heart / Merge with all the world / Scatter seeds of light / Secret sparks sink in the breast of the fallen / Collect the lost / Cleanse your dust / Glow in yourself / Healing womb / Holy womb / Swirling mists pass away / Crowns orbit bright / Between evening and morning comes felicity / On your mouth the kiss rests / Under your foot the fruit germinates / Out of your womb burns the starry blossom / Beloved world / Heavenly virgin / Loving earth / Heavenly Mother / Accept / Give yourself / Embrace the creature / Do no harm / All beings wait already / Bear me anew / All the poor believe already / Heaven is new / All children love already / Earth is new / Give birth / Born to me / You who were born / Begin to glow / Light up around everything / Light up everything / Up rises the star / Light descends / Mankind glows / Love glows / And you you are / You and you / You are you / My you //

Man Woman: In all the world / Deep into the stone / Deep into the dust / Stardust Earthstone blows / Beam / Splinters Clouds Heaven / Through the space / Through the grounds / Fill emptiness / Empty ones fall / Roars the abundance / Beam / All hearts grasp / Blood shattered / Brain decayed / Sow deep deep birth / Awestruck / Beam //

Man: Upwards //

Woman: Downwards //

Man: To all ends //

Woman: Hell and heaven //

Man Woman: Human of the earth //

Man: Circle circle //

Woman: Awaken wanderer //

Man: Stay //

Man Woman: Light //

Man Woman: I bear / Death and life / All tongues flame / All eyes look / Opened breast / Opened womb / Sinless sinners / Scatter crops / Sinners / Seeds bless / Guards grow / Guards stand / Guards announce / Guards beam / Guardians attend / Guardians judge / Difficult loving / Love with no drive / Love with no human / Drives the wheel of the judge / Judges human love / The judge loves / Severe judge / Beaming judge / Judge judger / Break on the wheel breaker / Turn turner / Beam beamer / Circle circle / Love light //

Man: Bend yourself //

Woman: Sacrifice yourself //

Man: Prepared //

Woman: Conceived //

Man Woman: For all //

Man: We raise //

Woman: We cleanse //

Man: We change //

Woman: Deep in us //

Man Woman: Sacrifice sacrifice //

Man Woman: Come / The one who calls calls in you / Once you the caller / Your heart listens in you / Once you listener / Strip off the burden / Put light to your feet / Enter into yourself / Open is the door / Come home / Heaven womb of the world / You little humankind / You child of stars / Drink the clear milk of the moon / Virginal Mother imbues you benignly / Play in the hair of the heavenly woman / Pearls roll about on the earth / Rest gently in the body of the depths / Drops rise into life / Hold in yourself child-like / Trust of the loyal / Religious human / Out of the lamentation of humankind / Set loose love //

Woman: Dear solver //

Man: Human //

Woman: Light in night //

Man Woman: Awakening //

Man: You in you //

Man Woman: Deep out of you //

Woman: Be your you //

END

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Looking for a Monster:

The Discovery of a Young Genius from the Holocaust

by Gary Friedman

Terezin (Theresienstadt in German) was a fortress town sixty kilometers north of Prague in the Czech Republic. During the Second World War, the Nazis converted it into a prison and Jewish ghetto. Created as a propaganda bluff, Terezin was promoted to the world as a “humane solution to the Jewish question.”

In fact, of the 150,000 Jews sent to Terezin, fewer than 32,000 survived. For its inhabitants, it was a thriving transit hub on the road to extermination. But under the harshest of conditions, prisoners in the ghetto created unique literature, music, theatre and art. Described as “dancing under the gallows,” cultural resistance was virtually the only weapon of the human spirit. Of the 621 performances at Terezin, only a 2.5-minute film remains. Nonetheless, many texts, drawings and songs were miraculously preserved.

I am a puppeteer and film maker, originally from South Africa, and now based in Sydney, Australia. In 1999, while researching in Jerusalem, I discovered a prophetic puppet play written by a thirteen-year-old boy in Terezin: a writer, poet and aspiring puppeteer named Hanus Hachenburg. The play was called *We Are Looking for a Monster*, and it is an allegory of cruel life in a camp, in which Hanus revealed the lies behind the façade of events taking place in Terezin itself. The play was never performed!

I found Hanus’s play attached to a file containing 800 pages of *Vedem* (Czech for “in the lead”), a handwritten magazine created by children in Terezin, which was read out loud in the boys’ dormitory every Friday night. Hanus, one of the magazine’s main contributors, wrote *We Are Looking for a Monster* for a *Vedem* contest in 1943, the year after he was imprisoned in Terezin, but nothing more about the competition or its results is known. The following year, Hanus was murdered at the Auschwitz-Birkenau death camp.

I had to confide in someone, so I confided in paper.
Paper is silent, it can take anything. I could pour out my
anger, I could weep, and I could rejoice.

Let me live till I’m too old to suckle the breast,
To fight like a man in this age-old struggle
I want to live! I’m hungry. I thirsted after knowledge...

—Hanus Hachenburg, 1942, Terezin magazine *Vedem*

In *We Are Looking for a Monster*, Hanus looked behind the façade of events taking place in Terezin to show how the Nazis created a so-called “Paradise Ghetto” which allowed the world to believe that their “Jewish problem” was being dealt with in a most humane way.

According to Jerusalem writer Elena Makarova, who has written extensively about cultural life in Terezin, *We Are Looking for a Monster* “is an allegory, in which the King Illiterate I represents the supreme power of a nation at risk. In his desperate attempt to retain authority, the king decides to frighten his people into submission by constructing a monster, using the bones of his older citizens.” Makarova explains that Hanus’s parable had a direct connection to the daily lives of children in Terezin: “Hanus’s ideas,” she writes, “reflect the cruel circumstances of his brief life. In Terezin, children saw their grandfathers and grandmothers lying cramped on straw mattresses in dusty attics, then dying of disease and starvation. Their bodies were carried along the streets in carts.”

In the play itself, a shrewd Jew, Mordechai, embodies the idea of Jewish self-rule, and says to the King: “And now, my king, let me serve you body and soul and collect all the bones, skins and rags in the whole wide land.” The character of the Minister is probably Hanus’s vision of an SS officer of the Terezin Kommandatur. He says to the King, “Your Highness! I will set up camps where people will forget how to think.”

King Illiterate I himself is an allusion to Terezin’s camp commandant. His reply to the Minister is, “We don’t need non-thinking people – we need thinking ones – the way I want them to think. Otherwise whom shall I rule in my old age?”

Monster’s first pages were written calligraphically, but the last two pages reveal nervous haste. Some pages are numbered incorrectly. Having his own transport date declared, Hanus obviously had no opportunity to elaborate the style or finish the plot.

At the end of his play, Hanus presents us with a dance of Death, during which the King and Death blame each other for the fate of the empire. But while the King and Death argue about who is responsible, a small boy, Jenichek, says, “No one is to blame!” Jenichek understands that neither the King nor Death are ultimately guilty, since they too are victims of a terrible Fate. Life is a circus, a farcical show, unjust and brutal.

The end of play is, oddly enough, its turning point. A character called the Jew declares, “End of performance. We invite you again tomorrow at twelve o’clock. Entrance free!”

But why do we have to attend this play again? Why at twelve o'clock? And what does "Entrance Free" mean? According to Elena Makarova, it can only refer to death, since any "free entrance" at Terezin certainly did not lead to life—it could only be an entrance to hell. "Child, poet, prophet," Makarova calls Hanus: "his prophecies come true much too quickly. The Monster whom Hanus tries to denounce in his play, comes in person and drags him along – the entrance is free." In his play, Hanus saw that history is made up of repeating events—circles capturing the universality of life under totalitarianism.

Since discovering the play, I have been on a journey to "find" the spirit of the young Hanus Hachenburg and bring his play and life story to the world. As a puppeteer and filmmaker, myself on a life journey, I travelled back to the Czech Republic in 1999 to find my old Puppet Master from twenty years before. He gave me an old puppet head and symbolically placed it on my head so that I became the character. He told me the head "came from during the war." I heard him mention the word "Terezin" and it immediately made me feel that the puppet head was one of the characters in Hanus's play.

This started me on my own journey with the puppet head, back to Terezin, where in the museum I found the original play, at the back of an issue of *Vedem*, handwritten by Hanus sixty years ago.

I then returned to South Africa and wrote a play about the lives of two puppeteers, Hanus Hachenburg and myself, and how we meet sixty years later, across the barriers of time and space. This was performed for the first time at the South African Jewish Museum in Cape Town, in 2001. Soon after this, I moved to Australia, and two and a half years later, I've decided to continue my work on the memories of Hanus. I once again began collating the archival documents I had collected and decided to start making a documentary film about his life and work and about my journeys to find him. There have been many uncanny links uniting myself with Hanus that will be revealed in the film.

I have only recently completed the extensive shooting and interview process. Between 2001 and 2006, I have filmed interviews and found archival sources throughout South Africa, Israel, Australia, Poland, the Czech Republic, the United States and Canada. Experienced Australian filmmaker and producer Rod Freedman and I are co-producing a one-hour television documentary using all this material. Hanus's puppet play is being interwoven with the other elements, so that by the end of the film, the audience will have understood something of the experience of Terezin through the writings and poetry of this talented but doomed young visionary. Here is but one child who was lost. Who knows what he may have contributed had he survived? And what of the millions of other children lost to "the Monster?"

In 2004, there were exciting developments in our research. With the assistance of the director of the Museum in Terezin, I

first traced Kurt Jirí Kotouc, a close friend and room-mate of Hanus from Terezin, who still lives in Prague. We filmed an interview with Kurt in September 2004, which gave us deep insight into Hanus's life. We also discovered another great artist, Yehuda Bacon, who also shared Room 1, Block L 417 with Hanus in Terezin. Bacon, who now lives in Jerusalem, gave us his interpretation of Hanus and described the Friday night meetings of the boys in Terezin L 417, where they read aloud their weekly issue of *Vedem*, and Hanus became a short-lived star.

With these crucial interviews, invaluable insights into Hanus's life have been provided—a depth unparalleled by any other footage available so far. We have now traced more of Hanus's room-mates—from the Jewish Orphanage in Prague; from Room 1, Block L 417 in Terezin; and from the family camp in Auschwitz-Birkenau—who survived the war and who still carry the memories of Hanus and his co-writers. Five of these "Birkenau Boys" are still alive and living in the United States and Canada, and we have recently interviewed them, discovering a wealth of new and invaluable archival material and invaluable information about Hanus and his colleagues.

In the Czech Republic, I filmed my eighty-year old Puppet Master, Honsa Dvorak, just before he tragically passed away last year. His gift of the mysterious puppet head was a catalyst for my search. Honsa provided a personal link and a perspective on the use of the puppets and the nature of the play. I also interviewed Dr. Jan Munk, Director of the Terezin Museum, who took us into the archives to show us Hanus's original writings.

In September 2004, we filmed once again in Auschwitz-Birkenau, documenting the remnants of the family camp, and the gas chamber of Crematorium No. 4, where Hanus and the other members of the family camp were murdered late on the night of July 10, 1944.

Two months later, while interviewing three of the surviving "Birkenau Boys" in Melbourne, Australia, we discovered a diary ("pamatnik" in Czech) which Emil Kopel had hidden in the bottom of his wardrobe for the past sixty-three years. The *pamatnik* revealed texts the boys had written while living in a Prague orphanage in 1942, just prior to their deportation to Terezin on October 24th of that year. Hanus and twelve of his friends had secretly celebrated their Bar Mitzvah ceremony in the orphanage, and to commemorate the event, the boys wrote dedications to Emil in his diary, and Hanus contributed one of his short poems. This document brought many of the missing pieces of the puzzle together for me.

The Holocaust generation, sixty years on, is all but disappearing, and it is an invaluable resource for our lives and culture to learn everything we can from them, while the opportunity still exists.

The film is currently in post-production.

SANCHO PANZA: A MARIONETTE PLAY FOR ADULTS

BY

ROBERT A. BROMLEY AND AL CARTHE

The 1930s Federal Theater Project is, after the Little Theater Movement of the previous two decades, probably the single most important development in twentieth-century American theater, and puppetry was central to its purpose. Most of the United States' important puppeteers were part of the FTP, whose regional puppet units across the country created innovative modern puppet shows while also preserving older forms. The FTP puppet shows were popular and successful, oftentimes attracting larger audiences than FTP acting productions.

Bob Bromley and Al Carthe were Los Angeles-based puppeteers who had long and full careers creating and performing marionette theater. Al Carthe was performing marionette shows based on Chinese fables as early as 1928. According to Alan Cook, Robert Bromley worked with the famous Yale Puppeteers and the Olvera Puppeteers (both companies located on the same block on Olvera Street) in the early 1930s. Bromley became director of the Federal Theater Project's Los Angeles puppet unit, which, according to Gregory P. Williams, produced about ten shows from 1935 to 1939, including *Petrouchka*, *Don Quixote* (using the same puppets as *Sancho Panza*), *Snow White*, *Captain Kidd* and *The Marionette Parade*, a variety show which included portrait puppets of W.C. Fields, George Bernard Shaw, and other luminaries.

After the demise of the Federal Theater Project, Bromley continued his work as an active member of the Los Angeles Guild of Puppetry, and edited its publication *Puppet Life*. According to Alan Cook, Bromley also performed to acclaim in France.

The following excerpts from *Sancho Panza* are taken from the complete script, one of twenty-five Federal Theater Project puppet plays now housed in the Harry Ransom Center at the University of Texas at Austin.

— JOHN BELL

Note [by Bromley and Carthe]: The underlying idea of this play is the same as the original Cervantes idea; that is, *DON QUIXOTE* is a satirical but dignified figure, surrounding himself with a series of ridiculous characters and adventures, most of them products of his own imagination. In carrying out this original idea and popular conception of the character, *DON QUIXOTE*, here is a real man, not a puppet; and the knights, giants, dragons, pigs, etc., really all in his imagination, constantly surround the human *QUIXOTE*. They sit on his shoulders, stand on his up-turned hand and slide down his legs. Most of the business in the play is implied in the script, rather than detailed descriptions of each move given.

-- ACT TWO --

SCENE ONE

PLACE: A field in the Country.

AT RISE: Before the curtain rises, the same laughter from the HOUSEKEEPER. Curtain opens slowly, disclosing a simple exterior, a large cutout tree in the center of the stage, against the cyclorama. Beneath it, Don Quixote, the real man in the same old battered armor, is stretched out, sleeping. He snores.

DON QUIXOTE: (As the laughter dies out, he tosses and half mumbles. A bee flies down and annoys him. He finally awakens and yawns broadly; as he does so, SANCHO comes running in, shouting.)

SANCHO: Good morning, Master! The sun is high in the heavens and thou art at this moment awaking.

DON QUIXOTE: 'Tis true, Sancho, but I have had a very bad dream indeed. I seemed to hear the voice of my sweet Dulcinea.

SANCHO: Hurray.....hurray.....

DON QUIXOTE: But, wait, Sancho, she was not giving me her blessing as is the custom of fair maidens to their knight-errant; but do you know, Sancho, what she was doing?

SANCHO: No....no.....no..... (Jumps up and down)

DON QUIXOTE: She was laughing at me.

SANCHO: Laughing....?

DON QUIXOTE: Making fun of me, if you will.

SANCHO: Ah...master, that is indeed a situation to be remedied immediately.

DON QUIXOTE: You are right, Sancho, and my dream convinces me that I must send to her this letter I have written.

SANCHO: (Questioningly) Send.....to her?

DON QUIXOTE: Yes.....

SANCHO: That means me, I suppose?

DON QUIXOTE: True, Sancho, and this is what I have written.

(He reads) "Most high and sovereign lady, I greet thee, I who am stabbed by the point of absence and pierced by the arrows of love....I do ask thy blessing. Thy blessing on my journey of chivalry. If thy beauty despises me, if thy disdain still pursues me, I shall always suffer under the affliction. My good squire, Sancho, will tell thee, oh fair one, to what estate I am reduced on thy account. If it be thy pleasure to relieve me, I am thine.....if not....do what seemeth good to thee, for by my death I shall at once appease thy cruelty and my own passion.

(He looks at SANCHO and nods. SANCHO also nods. QUIXOTE continues reading) "Until death, I am thine. The Knight of the Woeful Countenance." What do you think, Sancho?...

Read on- this script is continued on our website at: www.unima-usa.org

Puppets and Text:

Buddhism, Class, and Censorship in Early Bunraku

by Kathy Foley

Alone in his study, Goethe's *Faust* translates St. John's Gospel into the vernacular. "In the beginning was the *Word!*" he writes, but then decides, "I cannot possibly rate the *Word* so highly." He tries again, writing, "In the beginning was the *Power*," before Mephistopheles ("The spirit who always denies") manifests himself. (Goethe 1981: 37-38). I cite *Faust* both because Goethe was inspired by *Faust* puppetry, and because words, religion, and power are my themes.

My examples are drawn from Asia, especially Japan, but correspondences exist to Euro-American traditions. I believe the authority we give to "script"—even in modern, Western secularism—links to old ideas of religious truth as textually established and eternal. Political powers, inspired by religion, use texts to fix one perspective of truth. Finally, textuality and censorship are linked.

While the genesis of puppetry in Asia is complex, I believe correlations of the Word of God, the power of class, and the spirit that denies are partly responsible for creating strong text-based puppetry in countries like Japan, where religion and politics molded puppetry to create works of enduring value. The texts in Asian puppetries are often considered their greatest strength (for example Kamban's eleventh-century *Ramayana* or Chikamatsu's eighteenth-century *bunraku* scripts), and while they have prompted preservation efforts, they have also delimited the movement of puppet genres toward modernity.



Three master artists from the Japanese National Bunraku Theatre demonstrate manipulation of a figure. Without the armor, the manipulation tasks of the artists can be seen more clearly. photo: K. Foley

In the Beginning was the Word!**RELIGION AND TEXT**

Where traditional puppetry is not the purview of rabble-rousing jokesters and gypsy tooth-pullers, there is a relation between religion and public display: Solomon and Sheba puppets of the Renaissance fairground, Christmas displays of Eastern Europe, and even Christian puppetry of contemporary America are Western examples of religious puppetry. In India, puppets present stories of Vishnu or Shiva. In Indonesia, puppeteers are associated with the *wali* saints of Islamization. In Japan, puppetry begins with Buddhism. Arts have often found a home—morally, financially, and culturally—with religion. Until the Protestant Revolution's anti-iconic campaign set Western theatre searching for aesthetic and secular truth rather than religious verity, Christianity was the great art patron of Europe.

The essence of truth in world religions has been conveniently condensed into texts—a Christian Bible, an Islamic Koran, the Hindu Vedas, and the Buddhist Tripitaka ("three baskets") are examples. Texts set amorphous personal understanding of "truth" to bind a larger group

and last through generations. Yet due to general illiteracy or the use of "holy" (and obscure) languages, religious specialists are often required to make texts understandable. The Latin-speaking priest, Arabic-speaking *iman*, Sanskrit-speaking *pandit*, or Pali-speaking *biksu* (Buddhist monk) were linguistically elite individuals who through language competence, could access the *ur-text*. Sermons, storytelling, and theatre—often puppet theatre—were modes through which ordinary people could access the truth of distanced texts.

Sometimes narrators delivered cuttings from actual religious sources. But often these were too sacred—consider recent confrontations about images of Mohammed or Christianity's recurring iconoclasts to see why one might alter materials to make ideas less controversial. Miracle stories of European Christian saints appeared at religious festivals. Islam's Amir Hamzah (Mohammed's uncle) was presented by Indonesian *dalang* and Indian storytellers. The Hindu *Mahabharata* (the tale of Pandawa heroes beset by vindictive cousins) or *Ramayana* (the story of God Vishnu incarnated to save the world) are popular puppet material in India and Southeast Asia. In Burma, Laos, Thailand, Bhutan and Tibet Buddhist *Jataka* (tales of the previous

lives of the Buddha) are performed in puppet or mask displays. In China, the Monkey King (Sun Wu-Kong) attains enlightenment by helping carry Buddhist scriptures from India. Stories show how ordinary humans (even those who start by monkeying around) can earn salvation by hearing the Word.

Puppetry, with its flexibility to portray demons more terrifying than those we face in our every day, and heroes more refined than those with whom we live, was an ideal medium for religion. Medieval picture showmen explicated circles of hell—Bosch's painting is one such sophisticated visualization. In Asia, hell scrolls were presented by Buddhist and Taoist performers. In Chinese puppetry, Mulian (Sanskrit: Maudgalyayana) travels to find his mother, Lady Niladi, who was sent to the most gruesome of hells, named "Avici." In Bali, *Bima Suavarga* shows how the *Mahabharata* hero Bima releases his parents from hell. Even today, these stories outdo *Friday the 13th* in horror effects.

In each of these instances, the text (religious story) gives the performer an imprimatur, which he uses to translate clerical texts into accessible modes. This Word has a power which goes beyond Aristotle's sense of tragic actions.

In the West, the relation between religious specialists and puppeteers is not direct—most puppet shows are presented by laymen. However, in Asia there is a historical correlation between Buddhist monks and storytelling with scrolls, puppets or masks (Mair 1988: 17-51).

Japanese *gidayu* narration by the *tayu* (narrators) of *yoruri* (doll theatre, or *bunraku*) derives, like *nô* mask theatre, from Buddhist story-singing. First came the *biwa* (lute) played by blind monks relating Buddhist narratives, who soon sang epics with Buddhist lessons. In 1550, either Sawazumi Kenkyo or Takino Koto (monks who praised the deaths of Heike warriors) popularized the *shamisen*, a new Okinawan instrument. Their disciples worked with Shinto *ebisu-kaki* (religious doll) puppeteers and Buddhist *hotoke maruashi* (Buddhist scroll) presenters. *Tayu* expanded vocal techniques rooted in Buddhist chant and told more modern stories. The *tayu* held the title of *jô*, associated with the imperial court, and were honored, unlike manipulators who originated from outcasts (Ortolani 1990: 214). *Tayu* and text had status and their genealogies linked them to religious truth.

It was considered blessed to hear stories of the Amida Buddha (source of the oldest puppet texts). Amida's calm Buddha visage was the model for *wagoto* (refined) heroes. Wonder and terror came from hearing of Furious Fudo, a Mahayana (great vehicle) aspect of Buddha. Fudo was model for Kimpura, the ferocious hero of early puppet theatre, and all the larger-than-life *aragoto* (strong) characters. Though performances were no longer in ritual contexts, links to religion remained in theme (transience of worldly things), iconography, and singing. The *tayus'* respect for text was the legacy of monks who brought divine words to ordinary citizens.

In the Beginning was the Power:

CLASS AND TEXT

Text is also associated with class. Literacy, once enshrined in religion, next moves to the political elite, and texts reflect the worldviews of rulers, while the texts of opponents are suppressed. In Asia and the West, the second-best support of the artist after religion is the patron. In Asia, elites themselves often became the literati responsible for puppet texts. Their class endowed puppetry with status that the puppeteer seldom found in the West.

In China, a nobleman who failed to pass the Mandarin exam might find refuge in novel writing, playwriting, and even puppetry. Zhang Yimou's 1994 film *To Live* shows a high-class man in the early twentieth century who becomes a puppeteer and thereby lives through the Communist revolution. Theatre and puppet artists are linked with the literacy of the lord-patrons. In Japan, some samurai-class authors created puppet texts. While they wrote for merchant audiences, their texts helped instill samurai values.

The great *yoruri* author Chikamatsu Monzaemon (1653-1724) was a samurai. While still called Nobumori, he lived at the Chikamatsu Temple, from which he took his name. (Ortolani 1990: 221). He served a nobleman who wrote for *tayu* Uji Kaga no *jô* as puppetry was transitioning from oral-aural to print medium. Texts, *maruhon*, were printed so that amateurs could sing/read them.

Chikamatsu wrote for *kabuki* actors, but then became the first professional puppet dramatist. His preference for puppets is usually ascribed to the narrator/reader's faithfulness to text. At the time *Kabuki* was dominated by stars like Danjuro I, who bent text in order to display himself: the *performer* was the thing. Chikamatsu allied himself with Take-moto Gidayu (1651-1714), a chanter in the Osaka theatre where the *play* was the thing, and the *tayu* did all voices and would not go "off book."

Chikamatsu's texts responded to the events of his time (including recent gossip of the pleasure quarter) but his stories also conveyed Buddhist and samurai ideals. The Buddhist idea of transience was meaningful for this samurai in a world where merchant money ruled. Chikamatsu is best known for plays about merchant-class heroes, their hapless wives, and their faithful geishas. Caught forever in the irreconcilable nexus of *giri* (duty) versus *ninjo* (human feeling), his characters find consolation in poetic *michiyuki* (flower journeys) en route to suicide. During one such journey the chanter sings:

Farewell to the world, and to the night farewell
We who walk the road to death, to what should we
be likened?
To the frost by the road that leads to the graveyard,
Vanishing with each step we take ahead;
How sad is this dream of a dream! (*Love Suicides at
Sonezaki*, Keene 1961: 51)

Chikamatsu's dichotomy of duty vs. feeling still resonates in Japan's Buddhist-infused culture. Consider Takeshi Kitano's film *Dolls* (2002), where the hero bows to family by contracting an economically advantageous marriage (*giri*). But when he learns his true love has suffered a mental breakdown, he returns (*ninjo*). The lovers' *michiyuki* takes them through changing seasons toward death's apotheosis. In the final scene, their *bunraku* representations hang lifeless. Kitano's story, like Chikamatsu's love suicide plays, is a narrative of *ronin* ("wave men" who are tossed about like waves in the sea) trapped in the illusive "floating world" of materiality. Death is paradoxically the release.

I have noted relations between literacy and class, showing puppet authors have often been literati. They borrow ideas from religion, but communicate values via parables drawn from history or life, rather than religious *sutras*. Story aligns commoners with aristocrats' values.



The articulated hand of a *yoruri* (*bunraku*-style) puppet. From the collection of the Imada Ningyo Theater, Iida City, Nagano Prefecture, Japan.

photo: Brad Clark

The Spirit that Always Denies:

CENSORSHIP AND TEXT

Texts are set so that repetitions fall within definite bounds. Written texts allow censors to control what is said. Governments that are nervous demand texts in order to monitor them. France's Louis XVI, England's Walpole, and many others knew this. Japan's Tokugawa government also imposed strict controls. Censors required puppet scripts be distanced from the real world, so events had to take place in past worlds (*sekai*).

Take *Chushingura*, a play inspired by a 1703 event. Some *ronin* (masterless samurai) executed an official who caused their master's death, and were ordered to commit *seppuku* (ritual suicide). Japanese were amazed that the samurai ethic lived on in the bourgeois-dominated eighteenth century. The first play, appearing two weeks after the incident, was quickly banned, even though it set the incident in the twelfth century.

In 1706, Chikamatsu wrote a puppet version set in a fourteenth-century world, using Lord Morano as villain. A 1748 *bunraku* version by Takeda Izumo and others elaborated on Chikamatsu and set the text eternally. *Kabuki* borrowed this puppet text. In it, Yuranosuke, the leader of the *ronin*, takes the dagger from his doomed master at his *seppuku* as a remembrance. He deludes his opponents by drinking with geishas, and reassembles the rag-tag *ronin*. In the final scene, the disparate men finally come together in perfect order, their alignment like the letters of the Japanese alphabet:

The seven men stand in a row, the letters on their cloaks spelling out *i-ro-hu-ni-ho-he-to*. (*Chushingura*, Keene 1971:171).

Letters are no longer random but ordered by the poet, thus making sense of the universe. Sound, narrative, men—all aligned to show the power of text.

As a "fourteenth-century" text/story in praise of samurai values (and thus no longer an attack on the government), *Chushingura* became acceptable to rulers and a perennial work of Japanese literature, until American forces censored it in the years after World War II. General Douglas MacArthur was afraid imperialists would use the play as propaganda against the Allied occupation.

Texts allow artistic structure and polish that are impossible in oral theatres. Textual composition opened new possibilities for Japanese puppetry, but it carried baggage. Because of its associations with religion, text defines "truth." The literacy of Buddhist monks helped to create the authority of text, and rulers then patronized text to cement their control. In Japan, samurai such as Chikamatsu authored puppet texts which conveyed class values. Censorship demanded texts as tools of control, and Tokugawa censors tailored texts to their requirements, prompting authors to think metaphorically in order to cast current events into "worlds" of the past.

While links to religion, power, and censors have made Japanese puppet theatre rich, they have also made the genre more conservative than human theatre. Puppetry has texts of profound beauty, but the *tayū's* delimited repertoire has made puppetry slower to respond to modernization, which is better represented by many voices and differing takes on life.

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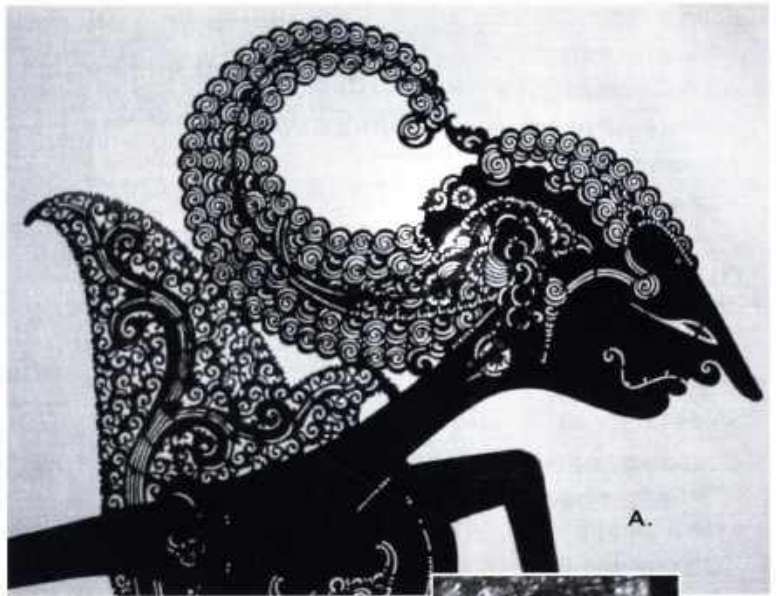
A. A SHADOW FIGURE FROM TRISTUTI'S PRODUCTION OF KILATBUWANA. [PAGE 29]

B. DALANG TRISTUTI RACHMADI, THE PERFORMER OF KILATBUWANA.

C. THE HEAD OF A JORURI (BUNRAKU-STYLE) PUPPET. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE IMADA NINGYO THEATER, IIDA CITY, NAGANO PREFECTURE, JAPAN. [PAGE 22]

PHOTO: BRAD CLARK

D. A MUSEUM VERSION OF THE TRADITIONAL STAGE OF A SYRIAN KARAGUZ PERFORMANCE. FROM A POSTCARD IN THE COLLECTION OF FADI SKEIKER. [PAGE 38]



**A. POLICHINELLE AND PIERROT,
FROM POLICHINELLE PRÉCEPTEUR.**

[PAGE 34]

PHOTO: PASCAL PRUVOST

**B. PETRUSHKA AND THE GYPSY (WITH
HIS HORSE), FROM A TRADITIONAL
19TH CENTURY PETRUSHKA SET.**

[PAGE 42]

C. GOBO, FROM FRAGGLE ROCK.

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PHOTO: ROB LONG

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B.

TOY
-OF-
THEATER
TERROR AS USUAL!!

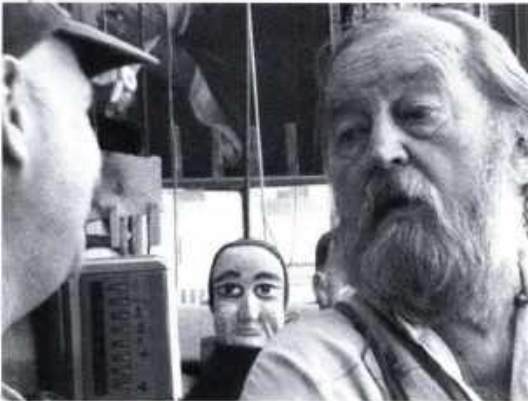




A.

A. MURRAY LEVY AS "THE MAN" IN A PERFORMANCE OF BREAD AND PUPPET THEATER'S **A MAN SAYS GOODBYE TO HIS MOTHER**, SAN FRANCISCO, 1968. [PAGE 4] PHOTO: G. GSCHIEDLE.

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C.

KILATBUWANA

AN EXCERPT FROM A *WAYANG KULIT* PRODUCTION

PERFORMED BY TRISTUTI RACHMADI, UNDER THE PSEUDONYM OF SURYAPUTRA.

TRANSLATED BY DANIEL MCGUIRE AND LUKMAN ARIS

The Javanese shadow puppet theater, or wayang kulit, is a unique form of theater that has been the subject of a great deal of academic scholarship. Missing from the scholarly canon, until fairly recently¹, have been translated texts that would allow non-Indonesianists and interested western puppeteers to gain an appreciation of the form's narrative tradition. Much of the problem stems from the difficulties of the Javanese language, which has several speech levels that are difficult to translate into English. Still, if one wishes to gain an appreciation of this form of theater beyond rhapsodic musings that the wayang kulit's impressive, evocative, visual presentation engenders, entering the lexical minefield of translation is unavoidable.

Typically, performances are held in conjunction with weddings, births, and other events. The performance translated below, however, was specifically commissioned in 1984 for the purpose of academic research by scholars at the Indonesian Arts Academy in Solo, with funding from the Ford Foundation, and in collaboration with Laurie J. Sears of the University of Washington, Seattle. The idea of the Branch Story Documentation Project was to document regional variations of the same shadow theater story. This context no doubt put pressure on dalangs to put their best foot forward, and differentiate their individual skill and regional style from the other puppeteers' efforts.

One dalang was quite literally liberated by this situation. Tristuti Rachmadi had, just two years earlier, been released from prison for the "crime" of holding membership in a leftist artist's group in 1965, when the military took over reins of the government, murdering up to a million innocent Indonesian citizens in the process. After surviving nearly two decades under truly hellish conditions in prisons and penal colonies, Tristuti was released to an uncertain fate – his wife and children had emigrated to Australia, he was blacklisted and unable to make a living as a puppeteer. Tristuti was chosen as one of the eight performers to be included in the Branch Story Project because he was known to be a great puppeteer and had been recognized as such by Indonesia's first President Soekarno. The day of the performance, one of the Academy's administrators became nervous about Tristuti's performance and tried to get it called off because Tristuti had been a political prisoner. The organizers had to go to the Mayor of Surakarta to get the permission to hold the performance in the interest of the historical documentation.²

The performance excerpted here was Tristuti's first in public since 1965. He did not squander the opportunity. Kilatbuwana is not found in the *Mahabharata*. It is a "branch" story, which takes characters from the Indian epic and puts them in a decidedly Javanese narrative. The basic story involves a

mysterious, charismatic wise man that arrives in the kingdom of Astina, and becomes a teacher to the Pandawa and Kurawa brothers. In this scene, early in the performance, Kilatbuwana establishes his intellectual and spiritual authority by presiding over a Q+A with the assembled royal characters. This situation is mirrored in the context of the dalang's relationship with the audience: having been called to perform for perhaps the toughest audience – his peers, students of puppetry, and academic experts – Tristuti had to deliver the goods or risk public humiliation.

The central challenge of any wayang performance is embodied in the oxymoron "contemporary tradition." A dalang must somehow make the ancient traditional form relevant and meaningful to a modern audience. A superficial way of doing this is to make an overt reference to a current event that resembles the ancient myth being told. Another is to acknowledge that the wayang is, in fact, an anachronism, and 'play' with that idea – for example, having a clown character pull out a gun and kill an ogre.

More difficult, and more meaningful, is to use the timeless, ancient form of the wayang to hold a mirror up to the lives of the audience – and connect their condition with that of the ancient heroes in a way that deeply resonates. In essence, the audience finds himself in the role of Arjuna to the dalang's Kresna, who, in the Bhagavad Gita, strips away the illusion of time to reveal the continuum of the human condition, freeing the hero to act in the name of honor, ethics and duty, and not merely in reaction to the mirage of "current events." A dalang will go back and forth, pushing and pulling the audience from a timeless and meditative state of mind to self-conscious realizations set in the Now.

This translation attempts to rework a highly stylized form of Javanese into readable and evocative English. This requires the literary equivalent of pounding square pegs into round holes but hopefully the reader will get something close to the puppeteer's original message.

For those unfamiliar with the *Mahabharata*, a viewing of the Peter Brook's film adaptation would help provide context and introduce the characters. There are also a number of videotapes available at public sites such as YouTube if you have an interest in the visual presentation of a wayang. The full text of Kilatbuwana has not been published, but I can offer it to interested parties (contact me at petruk1@mac.com). The Javanese original text, along with the audio on CD, is also available in exchange for a donation to dalang Ki Tristuti Rachmadi.

— DAN MCGUIRE

KILATBUWANA

It is an auspicious evening, and being *Friday* night, it is appropriate to hold a meeting for the purpose of promoting clarity of thought. I will give my son King Duryudana the first chance to ask. Go ahead and seek my wisdom, my son, while I still live.

DURYUDANA

Very well, perhaps you can shine some light on this question. How can I inspire respect? How can I attain dignity and honor in this life?

KILATBUWANA

It is written that three things are required: *wirya*, *harta* and *tri winasis*. *Wirya* is associated with vocation, position and social status. *Harta* refers to property, *tri winasis* means knowledge. To have dignity or to be respected in this life,² if it is possible, you must attain all three, or at the very least, one of them—vocation, property or knowledge. A life without vocation, property or knowledge is not worth more than a dry teak leaf. Nevertheless, there is something more important, my son. Though one may attain a fine occupation, good property and wisdom, he will not receive respect if his behavior is bad. Therefore, *wirya*, *harta* and *tri winasis* must be complemented by good behavior and good speech everyday.

DURYUDANA

I see. Thank you.

KILATBUWANA

Therefore, in your case, you clearly command respect as the King of Ngastina. Certainly you are rich in *banda* and rich in *bandu*. Rich in *banda* means you have many possessions. Rich in *bandu* means you have many relatives and warriors. But you must make it complete, my son, with good behavior and speech. This is how you attain real dignity and respect, not just through your occupation, property or knowledge.

DURYUDANA

I see. Thank you very much, Penembahan. For the time being, that is enough. Let me turn you over to the Pandawa brothers.

KILATBUWANA

My son Yudistera. Do you have any questions, son?

YUDISTERA

Yes, I do. As your son from Ngamarta has been given insight, I, too, wish to receive your wisdom. I would like an explanation of an esoteric expression I have heard—

“Clothes for the body” and “Clothes for the soul.”³ What is meant by that?

KILATBUWANA

The “Clothes for the body” are not property, not fine apparel. They are conduct, actions and speech in daily life. These can be a means by which one may attain happiness in this life.

YUDISTERA

I see. Then what are the “Clothes for the soul?”

KILATBUWANA

The “Clothes for the soul” are thought, sensitivity, character, and intention: *Cipta*, or thought, through which we gather knowledge, *Rasa*, sensitivity, through which we consider or value something, *Budi*, character, through which we control something, and *karsa*, intention, through which we act. Those are the “Clothes of the soul,” my son.

YUDISTERA

Thank you. I have been listening carefully. What you have said is only a small portion of your knowledge, yet it enriches my understanding.

KILATBUWANA

That will have to be enough for now, my son. Do not expect too much at first, son.

YUDISTERA

Of course.

KILATBUWANA

Werkudara, what do you have to ask me, son?

BIMA

If I may, I would like an answer to a riddle that was once posed to me. “What should be surrendered if one wishes to acquire friends, what is it that, if thrown away, allows one to live in peace?”

KILATBUWANA

Ha, Ha, Ha! Are you asking me, or are you testing me, Bima?

BIMA

As a teacher, you should be like a well. You should allow others to draw from your wisdom. Don't be suspicious.

KILATBUWANA

Alright, alright. I am ready whether you wish to ask or test me, my son, since I've been around and seen a few things in my time. That which should be surrendered in order to develop strong friendships are those personality traits known as *anggep-anggepan*. Those of this character display arrogance, pride, boastfulness, ill-temper, snobbishness, belligerence and self-righteousness. Those are the characters that people try to avoid. These people never participate in community activities, which is why we often refer to them as "loners." If one wishes to avoid becoming such a character, my son, he should be well behaved, kind, open to contrary points of view, well spoken, aware of his own shortcomings, diligent in his search for knowledge, and willing to help others without expectation of reward. As a result, many people will love him and he will have many companions.

BIMA

I see. Wow! That... that was quite an impressive little speech!

KILATBUWANA

Well, I've been practicing for over a month!¹ I'm a proud old man, and I couldn't stand it if people stopped listening to me. I have to stay sharp, in case some smart-ass punk tries to stump me!⁵

BIMA

Fair enough. Now what is it that has to be thrown away in order to live in peace?

KILATBUWANA

What must be thrown away in order to live in peace is selfishness, since that is the quality which makes a man hesitate, worry, prejudice, get into trouble, and act inappropriately. Selfishness, defined as the pursuit for personal pleasure, is what makes us hurt our fellow man. We forget that God is beneficent and just. If you are willing to gain control over your passions by performing asceticism day and night, if you are willing to work hard, then you will be given peace in this life. He who lets go of his selfish personal interests will work for the greater good. And such a person will be patient, humble, divine, open-hearted and as good as gold. Yes means yes, and no means no. Therein lies eternal peace, Bima.

BIMA

Cool.

KILATBUWANA

Anything else?

BIMA

That's enough. When I need something else I'll come over to your house.⁶

KILATBUWANA

Ahem!... Moving on... Arjuna. Any questions, son?

ARJUNA

I would like to ask, hmm, how shall I put this? Well, since I am so famous for my love life, I would like to know what is actually meant by the word "love."

KILATBUWANA

For simplicity's sake, my son, I will say that there are two kinds of love. The first is true love, and the second is love *mirunggan*. True love wants for nothing, it is self-sustaining, whereas love *mirunggan* is qualified, and unsustainable. An example of true love is a mother who gives birth to a child. Although she sheds her blood, gambles her life—often losing—she has no specific intention or ulterior motive. She is the mother of the child and that is enough. That is true love, my son. A child can never fully return the intensity of his mother's love since the mother risks her life to create the child's life. In the case of love *mirunggan*, however—that is the type of love we give domestic animals. We "love" them but one day we hope to make money from them. That is love *mirunggan*. Therefore, whenever possible, seek true love everywhere. For example, your relationship with your wife. Be sure that it is true love and not love *mirunggan*. Your love should come from the love of God who governs the universe. Your love should be without specific intention or ulterior motive, but rather the natural bonding of man and wife. Love and protect your wife, that is true love. Stay away from love *mirunggan*. An example might be marrying a woman in order to improve your station or your income bracket. That is love *mirunggan*.

ARJUNA

I listen and understand.

KILATBUWANA

Anything else, my son?

ARJUNA

For the time being, that is enough.

KILATBUWANA

Nakula, Sahadewa, what are your questions, sons?

NAKULA

I would like to ask Holy man Kilatbuwana... I want... because I lost my parents when I was just a little boy, so what I would like to know is... what or who is meant by the word “father” and “mother.”

KILATBUWANA

What is meant by a “father” is a man who sires a child. But, more than that, a man who protects and nurtures and clothes a child, that too is a father, even if he does not sire. A third type of father is a man who is your teacher. A teacher is also called a father. So, although your father King *Pandu* has passed away, your brother Yudistera has protected you since you were a little boy. So until you are fully grown, you should refer to your elder brother as father. And a teacher, who gives you words to live by, he too is your “father.”

NAKULA

I see. What then is meant by the word “mother?”

KILATBUWANA

What is meant by the word “mother” is one who gives birth. Secondly, one who protects, cares for, nurtures, heals, and clothes is also called a mother. And thirdly, a woman who leads a child into adulthood is also called a mother. As an example, there is the case of the *Minister of Ngacangga*.⁷ While the woman who gave birth to him was *Devi Kunthitalibrata*, his aunt *Nalha*, the wife of *Adirata*, has the right to be called his mother since she took care of him, looked after him, and led him into adulthood.

NAKULA

I see. Thank you very much for giving us, Nakula and Sahadewa, insight.

KILATBUWANA

Sangkuni, what are you going to ask me?

SANGKUNI

I have no questions. I’m happy just listening to the music. I try not to think too much.⁸

KILATBUWANA

We will talk later, then. My son Duryudana and brothers Kurawa, and also my Pandawa sons, that concludes today’s lesson, and it must suffice for now.

(Introduction Notes)

¹ See the 5-part Lontar-series of Indonesian puppet performance translations. www.lontar.org

² For Tristuti’s recollections of this period, see www.international.ucla.edu/cscas/article.asp?parentid=21804.

(Script Notes)

² “In this life.” The dalang uses the Sanskrit word *Manapada*, which means “life in this world, at the present time, that you are now living”. Alternative spellings are *Madhyapada*, *Mayapada* and *Acapada*.

³ Translated from *sandhanganing raga* (*sandhang*: clothes, *raga*: body) and *sandhanganing jiwa* (*jiwa*: soul)

⁴ The first big laugh of the performance. The dalang makes a subtle reference to the fact that, knowing he was going to perform in front of a large audience, he practiced intensely with his musicians in preparation. This type of allusion is called a *sindiran*, and the dalang’s ability to make reference to the topical context while not disrupting the flow of the story is an essential skill. Here, the dalang himself is the butt of the joke, but *sindiran* can refer to the host, a noted guest, a political issue, in other words, anything.

⁵ “Smart-ass punk” (“cengengesan kaya ‘cah-’cah,” or “sneering children”). This is the second big laugh. It refers to the audience, made up of many of the young student dalangs from A.S.K.I., the art academy which co-sponsored the performance. The phrase reads literally, “In case one of these sneering children thinks I’m not invulnerable.”

⁶ Bima always gets laughs during the opening scene because he is the only character to insist upon (and get away with) using low Javanese to anyone, no matter what their social status.

⁷ Otherwise known as Karna. His mother, Dewi Kunthitalibrata, is also the mother of Yudistera, Bima and Arjuna.

⁸ This line got a big laugh as well, and I suspect there are two reasons. The first is that the music he refers to is the music of the gamelon, and the second reason is that Sangkuni, a Machiavellian, scheming political insider, always has something up his sleeve. Much of the humor comes from the dalang’s and the audience’s subtle knowledge of each of the characters.

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POLICHINELLE PRÉCEPTEUR

A FRENCH GLOVE PUPPET PLAY

BY LOUIS DURANTY, 1862
 THEATRE OF THE MARIONNETTES, THE TUILERIES
 ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY SEAN KEOHANE, 2006

Louis Duranty, 19th-century French novelist, critic and proponent of Realism, wrote charmingly *surreal* plays for the Théâtre des Marionnettes, his glove puppet theatre in Paris' Tuileries Garden. Using stock characters derived from Commedia (and advice from friends like the writer Charles Baudelaire and artists Edgar Degas and Honoré Daumier), Duranty created slapstick comedies of manners intended to improve the quality of children's entertainment. In the following script, edited for length, trickster Polichinelle, the Gallic version of Mr. Punch, is hired as a preceptor, or tutor, for a rich man's son, with darkly comic results.

– SEAN KEOHANE

(A park; *Cassandre, Pierrot.*)

CASSANDRE: Pierrot, my son, you will never amount to anything... except an idiot!

PIERROT: Like father, like son! Everyone calls me a fool. But it's your fault, papa!

CASSANDRE: *Mais oui*, you can't help it if you cannot learn. Do you even know what two and two makes?

PIERROT: It don't make nothing.

CASSANDRE: It makes five... or three... no... four.

PIERROT: Why?

CASSANDRE: Because I say so, that's why!

PIERROT: You don't know any more than me. Why does our *cook* say she could teach you how to spell?

CASSANDRE: She's an idiot, *i-d-e-t*, and you're a mooncalf, *m-o-n...*, calf! Here... tell me what the moon is, if you can.

PIERROT: It's a cheese.

CASSANDRE: Do you want me to die of shame?

PIERROT: What is it, then?

CASSANDRE: A balloon!

PIERROT: Oh. Have you been there?

CASSANDRE: Of course not! But it's simple enough to understand: a cheese cannot hang suspended in the air, while a balloon....

PIERROT: Ah! Do you know why the moon shines in the evening?

CASSANDRE: Why?

PIERROT: It puts on a nightlight.

CASSANDRE: That proves it's a balloon! Who could get a light inside a cheese? Ah, Pierrot, my poor, half-witted, nincompoop of a son! My favorite child! How I would like to find some honest preceptor to tutor you, someone who'd take pains penetrating your spongy brain with dollops of learning!

PIERROT: Let him penetrate you with his dollops first! (*Polichinelle enters.*)

CASSANDRE: Here's an upstanding-looking fellow. I'll ask if he knows a suitable tutor. (*Bows, Pierrot, bowing, knocks Cassandre's rear.*) Watch out, ninny! (*Bowing to Polichinelle.*) *Monsieur!*

PIERROT: (*bowing.*) *Monsieur!*

POLICHINELLE: (*bowing.*) *Monsieur!*

CASSANDRE: (*bowing.*) *Monsieur!*

PIERROT: (*bowing.*) *Monsieur!*

POLICHINELLE: (*bowing.*) *Monsieur!*

CASSANDRE: Now this is how a respectable man makes a greeting.

PIERROT: (*slapping Cassandre.*) Papa, there's a fly on the end of your nose!

CASSANDRE: Will you stay still???

POLICHINELLE: This lad has a most pleasant look. One sees immediately that he is your son, *monsieur*; the resemblance is uncanny.

CASSANDRE: Alas, he is my son, but a complete simpleton, too.

POLICHINELLE: So much the better!

CASSANDRE: What?

POLICHINELLE: He'll never lose that... carefree spirit... one detects about the eyes.

CASSANDRE: Here's the situation. This boy is going to be very rich one day.

POLICHINELLE: Really? I've taken a liking to him already!

CASSANDRE: I want to give him a tutor before he begins running my affairs!

POLICHINELLE: Good idea. You'd pay well?

CASSANDRE: Anything, if it makes my son a man of spirit!

POLICHINELLE: Be more specific. As to what you will pay....

CASSANDRE: Well, room and board, of course, and six thousand *écus* in salary... New Year's presents, teaching subsidies, surprise packages on a regular schedule... Sundays off, loose coins wherever he might find them, Christmas bonus twice a year... not to mention my undying gratitude. *Monsieur*, if only you knew a tutor!

POLICHINELLE: I do.

CASSANDRE: Who?

POLICHINELLE: (*looks from right to left before answering.*) *Moi, C'est moi.*

PIERROT: You?

POLICHINELLE: *Moi, moi, moi!*

POLICHINELLE PRÉCEPTEUR

PIERROT: But you're as red-faced as a drunkard!

CASSANDRE: Obviously the rosiness of health and virtue.

POLICHINELLE: He's a tough case, but I charge myself with his proper education. What's your name, boy?

PIERROT: Pierrot.

POLICHINELLE: A propitious name for a child.

CASSANDRE: He is twenty-five years old!

POLICHINELLE: Then he can't be a complete jackass; jackasses don't live that long.

CASSANDRE: I warn you, he has a hard head.

POLICHINELLE: P-shaw! I'll break that for him!

CASSANDRE: His head?

POLICHINELLE: Just an expression we use at the university. I mean I'll break him of bad habits... soften his head up... make it easier to knead learning into it.

CASSANDRE: How prettily you put things.

POLICHINELLE: Let's see him take instruction. Pierrot, pick up that stick! (*He does.*) Now give your father a good blow to the head! (*Pierrot strikes Cassandre.*)

CASSANDRE: What's this?

POLICHINELLE: I have rendered him obedient!

CASSANDRE: Render him intelligent!

POLICHINELLE: Soon you'll be asking for miracles!

CASSANDRE: Pierrot, listen to your preceptor; fill your brain with his counsels. (*Exits.*)

POLICHINELLE: First lesson, call me Polichinelle, not "monsieur." I'm your friend! (*Pierrot hands the club to Polichinelle.*)

PIERROT: Well, then, Polichinelle, *friend*, I'd prefer to end the lesson and go home with my father.

POLICHINELLE: The first duty is obedience. (*Strikes him.*)

PIERROT: Was that a lesson?

POLICHINELLE: If you want to learn to do nothing but have fun in life, don't listen to anyone except **POLICHINELLE**: We'll have a blast. When the time comes that your father asks you to take over his affairs, you'll send the idiot packing!

PIERROT: Any fool can learn to do nothing.

POLICHINELLE: That remains to be seen. What do you think of geography?

PIERROT: I don't know!

POLICHINELLE: It isn't hard. What's a street?

PIERROT: I don't know.

POLICHINELLE: Ignoramus! A street is simply a way to go, at the end of which one always finds a nightclub.

PIERROT: Bah!

POLICHINELLE: Manners! And what, pray tell, is a nightclub?

PIERROT: I don't know.

POLICHINELLE: This kid really is backward. A nightclub is a place where you sit before dancing girls, drink good wine, and have fun from the wee hours of the morning until the

next night when it's late again. It's the kind of place you go into walking on two feet, but walk out of... on your head!

PIERROT: That is a good place!

POLICHINELLE: Now... what's a city?

PIERROT: I don't know.

POLICHINELLE: A city is a marketplace, where, if you're hungry or thirsty, you take whatever you want from your neighbor's house. As long as he's not home. You'll remember all this? (*Strikes Pierrot.*)

PIERROT: Ow! *Oui, oui!*

POLICHINELLE: Then we'll skip the pop quiz. Now for calculus!

PIERROT: With or without blows of the stick?

POLICHINELLE: That depends on how you apply yourself. Say you take twenty *sous* from your father —

PIERROT: Good!

POLICHINELLE: And thirty *sous* from your uncle —

PIERROT: Good!

POLICHINELLE: What does that make?

PIERROT: Two poor relatives.

POLICHINELLE: My boy, it makes what you need to buy wine, pies, and firecrackers!

PIERROT: I never thought of that.

POLICHINELLE: That's an example of both addition and subtraction. I will now teach in just one blow multiplication, division, and the rule of three!

PIERROT: The rule of three!!!

POLICHINELLE: First, you take the cash hidden in your father's desk.

PIERROT: *Oui.*

POLICHINELLE: Then you sneak a basket of wine from your aunt's cellar....

PIERROT: *Oui.*

POLICHINELLE: And finally, you steal your cousin's watch. Three operations in total. Then we divide the loot into three shares, and I take two of them!

PIERROT: No, one and half!

POLICHINELLE: Sneak, you've known arithmetic all along and just played dumb. Well, your education is nearly complete. (*He gives Pierrot a blow.*)

PIERROT: Hey! Why'd you hit me, then?

POLICHINELLE: Graduate school. Now let us pass on to ethics. Are you listening?

(*Gives blow.*)

PIERROT: *Oui, oui!*

POLICHINELLE: Then here's ethics: so long as nobody's watching, take anything that isn't nailed down! When you eat, eat so much you give yourself a bellyache. Never loan your money to anyone. Never let anyone take it from you. And, when you're stronger than the other guy, fight like a tiger. When he's stronger than you... run like hell.

PIERROT: Good morals make good advice!

POLICHINELLE: And your father said you had a hard head....
(*He caresses Pierrot's skull with club.*) Now you can be
launched into the world! (*He strikes Pierrot on the back.*)
Go!

PIERROT: I'm going!

POLICHINELLE: Wait! We forgot a subject!

PIERROT: Which?

POLICHINELLE: Fencing! The man who cannot deliver
proper blows with a stick is not a man. Your last and most
essential lesson: first there's the wind-up... one, two, three!
(*Nails him.*)

PIERROT: Aiiii!

POLICHINELLE: (*striking from various positions.*) The right.
The left. In front — behind — the tippy-top—the "saw"
— turn and — (*spins*) return! Okay? Test time.

PIERROT: I've had enough! (*He takes the stick.*)

POLICHINELLE: Come on, then! (*Pierrot misses.*) Try again.
(*Pierrot misses.*) Not even close! (*Taking the stick.*) Watch
how it's done! Dodo, dodo! (*Striking him.*) Catch! (*He
tosses the stick to Pierrot.*)

PIERROT: Hello!

POLICHINELLE: Do you think your father will be pleased
with your development? All you have to do now is join
practice with theory.

PIERROT: I like that idea. In theory. (*Cassandre enters.*)

CASSANDRE: Progress, *monsieur*?

POLICHINELLE: He's a prodigy!

PIERROT: Papa, I learned fencing! (*Striking Cassandre.*) On
the right, the left, the behind, the top... everywhere else!
(*Striking repeatedly.*)

CASSANDRE: (*taking the stick and thrashing him.*) Rascal!

POLICHINELLE: Sorry; did you find his execution lackluster?

CASSANDRE: *Au contraire.* The ruffian has quite smashed in
my ribs!

POLICHINELLE: That's my boy!

CASSANDRE: *Monsieur le professeur,* I must ask you not to
teach Pierrot anything too advanced for his age!

POLICHINELLE: Have no fear: Rousseau, Jacotot...
Pestalozzi¹ — amateurs compared to me!

PIERROT: Take that, Papa! (*Misses Cassandre and strikes
Polichinelle.*)

POLICHINELLE: Have some respect for your tutor!

PIERROT: Let's go to a nightclub!

CASSANDRE: A nightclub?

PIERROT: For geography. (*Pierrot shoves Cassandre.*)

POLICHINELLE: (*shoving Cassandre back towards Pierrot.*)
Geography!

CASSANDRE: *Monsieur!*

PIERROT: Geography. (*He beats Cassandre.*)

CASSANDRE: You've been making a fool of me with your
"schooling." Show me his diploma!

POLICHINELLE: (*striking him.*) Voilà!

CASSANDRE: Perfidy!

PIERROT: Geography! (*Cassandre is beaten offstage.*)

POLICHINELLE: Good job! (*With the stick, Pierrot taps on a
nearby house.*) What are you doing?

PIERROT: Going to a nightclub! I'm thirsty! Open up, you
devil of a tavern keeper!

POLICHINELLE: He's a little Buridan!² (*Harlequin enters,
bumping into Pierrot.*)

HARLEQUIN: Oof! What can I get you gentlemen?

POLICHINELLE: A drink! (*Harlequin gets a bottle. Pierrot
tries to drink.*)

PIERROT: Ooh, oral exams!

POLICHINELLE: When you can grow a beard, then you can
drink first! Lucky I grade on a curve! (*Drinks.*)

HARLEQUIN: Gentlemen, you've had your drinks; now pay
for them.

POLICHINELLE: What?

HARLEQUIN: Pay for your drinks!

POLICHINELLE: Pierrot, pay the man.

PIERROT: I don't have any money!

POLICHINELLE: Pay him in philosophy!

HARLEQUIN: Gentlemen, the money?

POLICHINELLE: What money?

HARLEQUIN: Zounds! (*Goes from one to the other.*)

POLICHINELLE: Go on, Pierrot, pay the man!

HARLEQUIN: I'll have you arrested!

PIERROT: How much is it?

HARLEQUIN: Thirty francs.

PIERROT: (*hitting him.*) Keep the change! (*Polichinelle
laughs.*)

HARLEQUIN: You villain! (*He takes up a stick of his own.
They battle. Harlequin thrashes Pierrot. To Polichinelle:*)
What do you say to that, thief?

POLICHINELLE: I must defend our school's honor!
(*Retrieving Pierrot's stick, Polichinelle batters Harlequin
offstage.*)

PIERROT: Ohhhh... I'm pounded to a jelly!

POLICHINELLE: The student of life needs a thick skin. And
bandages. Your exercise in nightclubbing left our purse
empty. We must apply the rule of three!

PIERROT: Let's go home and see if Papa has anything worth
stealing. (*They exit. Harlequin and a Gendarme enter.*)

HARLEQUIN: This is where those robbers beat me.

GENDARME: How many robbers?

HARLEQUIN: Two!

GENDARME: Two? I'd better hide!

HARLEQUIN: That's no way to stop them!

GENDARME: No, but I'd get a good look at them!

HARLEQUIN: The law must protect tradesmen!

GENDARME: Don't nag or I'll lock you up!

HARLEQUIN: But I'll help you!

POLICHINELLE PRÉCEPTEUR

GENDARME: That's a horse of a different color. Trying to round up Polichinelle alone, a copper catches too many bumps! Let's both hide; then we'll nab them separately. *(They exit. Polichinelle and Pierrot enter, dragging a mattress.)*

POLICHINELLE: This stuffing will fetch a good price!

PIERROT: There's more upstairs! *(Exits.)*

POLICHINELLE: He does his tutor proud. *(Pierrot returns with another mattress.)* Let me find another treasure. *(Exits.)*

PIERROT: That will make one... two... three. Calculation is a beautiful science, and profitable, too! *(Leaves. Pierrot enters, dragging trunk.)*

POLICHINELLE: He'll empty the place! *(He exits. Pierrot returns with a pot.)*

PIERROT: We can pawn this. *(Gendarme enters.)*

GENDARME: Villain! You may pilfer, you may plunder, you may pawn, but I will catch you... subsequently!

PIERROT: I just do what my preceptor teaches.

GENDARME: Follow me, rapidly!

PIERROT: Where?

GENDARME: The gallows!

PIERROT: He never taught that.

GENDARME: Then he was remiss, definitively! The gallows is the good friend of thieves, speaking substantively! It hugs them about the neck, then gives their final kiss, superlatively!

PIERROT: After you! *(Delivers blow.)* Give my regards to your gallows.

GENDARME: *(grabbing Pierrot).* Brute! I've got you, permanently!

POLICHINELLE: *(entering).* Uh, oh! That Gendarme plans to string up my pupil! Let's matriculate. *(Exits.)*

GENDARME: Since you won't come to the gallows willingly, the gallows will come to you, finally! *(Calling offstage.)* Landlord, bring the gallows, if you please, while I guard the culprit, watchfully. Even... mercilessly. *(Pierrot tries escaping; the Gendarme drags him back.)* Don't move... injudiciously! *(Pierrot tries again, but is dragged back.)* I said stay put!

PIERROT: Let go!

GENDARME: Chin up. Meet your Maker straightforwardly!

PIERROT: I'll give you anything you want!

GENDARME: You're not doing yourself any favors trying to bribe an officer of the law, and that so... belatedly!

PIERROT: I beg you!

HARLEQUIN: *(entering carrying scaffold and noose).* Here's the gallows. Looking good, eh? Sturdy.

GENDARME: All right, young man, ups-a-daisy. Smile, now. No need to meet your end so grimly.

PIERROT: Oh, my tutor! My tutor!

GENDARME: Neck in the noose. Gently, gently; I'm knotting your last tie for you!

PIERROT: I swear I won't steal any more!

GENDARME: Too late now... seriously! *(Hangs him.)*

HARLEQUIN: Next time, Pierrot, maybe you'll pay your bills! *(Harlequin and Gendarme exit.)*

CASSANDRE: *(entering).* My son! What manner of tutor did I give my child? I will avenge you! *(Polichinelle enters.)* Aha! I must speak with you, *monsieur!*

POLICHINELLE: What's up?

CASSANDRE: My son! Your abominable teachings have led him up there!

POLICHINELLE: Up there, down here, what's the difference?

CASSANDRE: He's dead!

POLICHINELLE: Yes. You know, he was very stupid.

CASSANDRE: You're a wretch!

POLICHINELLE: No, I'm Polichinelle!

CASSANDRE: You are the terrible Polichinelle!?! It was to Polichinelle I entrusted my son? Mongrel, you won't live to enjoy your fool's paradise! *(He lifts a club.)*

POLICHINELLE: Relax, Grandpa!

CASSANDRE: I won't! *(Lunges, misses.)*

POLICHINELLE: Don't lose your cool!

CASSANDRE: I will! *(Same game.)*

POLICHINELLE: *(disarming him).* Take that! *(He beats him.)*

CASSANDRE: I'm dead!

POLICHINELLE: That makes the whole family! I hope they remembered the college in their wills! *(Harlequin enters.)*

HARLEQUIN: Quick, gendarme; I've discovered the other robber!

POLICHINELLE: No, I've discovered you, tattletale! *(Slays him. Gendarme enters.)*

GENDARME: Polichinelle's in a blood rage! Better decamp, immediately!

POLICHINELLE: *(keeping him in place).* Halt, bully! You hanged Pierrot?

GENDARME: No, no! Assuredly!

POLICHINELLE: Go make your adverbs in hell! *(Kills him.)*

GENDARME: I die, headed southerly.

POLICHINELLE: *Tra deri dera!* Time to find another student. *(Peers into crowd.)* How about one of you kiddies?

DEVIL: *(appearing in smoke).* Stop! *(Devil battles Polichinelle, wins, and throws him over his shoulder.)* Ladies and gentlemen, I beg you: don't entrust your children to this clown! It's crowded enough down here with all the graduates we already have! *Adieu, mes amis!* *Adieu!* *(Exits, carrying Polichinelle.)*

END

[Footnotes]

¹ 18th and 19th century philosophers and educators.

² Jean Buridan, 14th century French Catholic logician and professor of philosophy.

THE DOCTOR

AL-HAKEEM, AN ANONYMOUS PLAY

FROM THE SHADOW THEATER OF ALEPPO

TRANSLATED BY FADI SKEIKER

Shadow theatre in the Middle East was traditionally performed in coffee shops, weddings and feasts between the twelfth and nineteenth centuries. Each script was traditionally performed by one puppeteer who changed his voice for each character. He used his two hands, chest and stomach to control translucent colored puppets held by sticks, casting their shadows on a piece of white fabric.

The texts in Middle Eastern shadow theatre were not finished literary works, but instead served as starting points, leaving plot gaps for the performers to fill with their improvisation skills. All texts shared similar topics revolving around political and social criticism, as well as sexual subject matter. In Syria, most shadow plays had two main characters, Karaguz and Aiwaz, in addition to other recurring characters. In recent years individual Syrian puppeteers have attempted to revitalize this shadow theatre tradition; however, these efforts currently receive no governmental support.

The following anonymous text of *The Doctor* was first published in *Theatre Life*, a leading Syrian theatre journal. The show was performed during the end of the nineteenth century in the northern Syrian city of Aleppo, which at that time was a commercial center of the Levant area. Several versions of this text exist in Syria as well as in Lebanon, and the play is sometimes titled *Afranji (The Foreigner)*. Although slight changes mark each version, they all share the same main plot. Karaguz takes ill, and his mother (in some variations, his wife) consults the recently-arrived European doctor, who supposedly gives money to poor patients. (In one version, he takes money only from those he cures completely.) The doctor's visit brings about a spate of linguistic misunderstandings with amusing consequences.

– FADI SKEIKER

CHARACTERS:

Karaguz's Mother

Aiwaz

Karaguz

Franjon

Aiwaz: God is the only healer! Why would you go to a doctor and pay him at least five lira³ knowing that God is the only healer? Why do not you bring Karaguz here to hang out instead? My company will surely speed his recovery!

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

(*The oud² plays.*)

Aiwaz: Hey, welcome! Most revered, respected mother. How have you been?

Karaguz's Mother: You are such a hypocritical guy; you know only how to flirt! Why have not you come to visit your sick pal Karaguz yet?

Aiwaz: Is Karaguz sick?

Mother: He is sick, neither living nor dying! He is as sick as a person who has just eaten fifteen hundred pieces of cake!

Aiwaz: What?! Where are you going now?

Mother: I am going to get him a doctor.

SCENE 2

Mother: (*yelling*) Karaguz, rise and shine!!

Karaguz: Who is shouting?

Mother: I feel you are getting better. You can not be that sick if you can scream that loud!

Karaguz: Mom, I could get better if I went back to sleep. Did you bring Aiwaz?

Mother: No, he was not at his house.

Karaguz: Damn it!

Mother: I ran into Hassan. We were talking and he told me a European doctor named Franjon is here. Franjon is very kind, and if he finds poor sick people like us, he will treat them *and* give them money!!!!

Karaguz: Great! I can be a full time sick person then.

Mother: (*Shouting*) Let us go and meet the doctor, hurry ...

THE DOCTOR

Karaguz: Stop it; I can not hear you when you shout.

Mother: Are you deaf? Let us go.

Karaguz: *(Aside)* I bet Franjon is a quack.

SCENE 3

Mother: Doctor Franjon!

Franjon: Yes! I am.

Karaguz: Are you Franjon?

Mother: Indeed, he is Franjon.

Karaguz: Franjon, I have to tell you that seeing you, I feel even sicker and sicker!

Mother: Franjon, I have brought you a sick person.

Franjon: Excuse me?

Mother: I brought you a patient.

Franjon: Where does it hurt?

Mother: All over.

Franjon: All over, all over?

Mother: Yes.

Franjon: All over, all over, all over?

Karaguz: All over!!!

Mother: Do not scream or your fever will get worse!

Karaguz: What?

Mother: Let me talk! You be quiet.

Franjon: Hey, you!

Mother: Yes

Franjon: Bring the patient to my office.

Mother: Come in!

Karaguz: Where?

Mother: Come in here so he can examine you.

Karaguz: Fine.

Franjon: Let me hold his hand and hear his heart beat.

Mother: Let him hold your hand and hear your heart beat.

Karaguz: Why does not he address me directly? *(To the doctor)* Who the hell do you think you are to hold my hand?!

Mother: Just give him your hand, he is rich! Give him your hand!

Karaguz: Mother?!

Mother: What?

Karaguz: He is going to rip my nails out when he gets my hand! Please, let us get out of here.

Franjon: Tell him to give me his hand.

Karaguz: I will not.

Franjon: Hey, you!

Karaguz: Yes?

Franjon: If he does not want to give me his hand, ask him to give me his head. I will take his pulse from his head!!

Mother: Hey, my son?

Karaguz: Yes?

Mother: He said that if you do not want to hand him your hand then give him your head.

Karaguz: But doctors take a pulse from the hand, not from the head!

Mother: It's the way they do it in his country.

Karaguz: OK!! I'll do it. Here's my head.

ACT TWO

(Oud plays.)

Franjon: Hey, lady!

Mother: Yes?

Franjon: Tell the patient to uncover his head.

Mother: Uncover your head. *(Karaguz takes the hat off his head)*

Franjon: Oh my! He is a bald one!

Mother: He certainly is.

Franjon: *(To the mother)* Are you bald too?

Karaguz: How long have you been here?

Franjon: Almost four days.

Karaguz: *(Aside)* He acts as though he has been here forever! He speaks the language so well! *(To the doctor)* I am bald, so what?

Franjon: This patient is bald, hmmm.

Mother: So?

Franjon: We should put a hole right through the middle of his head.

Karaguz: Ouch, a hole??

Franjon: *(To the mother)* Hey you!

Mother: Yes?

Franjon: He needs a hole...

Karaguz: What would I do with a hole in my head?

Franjon: Are you arguing with me? Answer my questions and you will understand.

Karaguz: OK...

Franjon: What are these?

Karaguz: These are my eyes.

Franjon: Yes, I see.... And what are these eyes for?

Karaguz: The better to see you with, sir.

Franjon: And you walk, right? Why do you walk?

Karaguz: So I can see the road?

Franjon: Yes, and why the road?

Karaguz: Look, are you trying to ask what my eyes are for?

Franjon: Your eyes are causing a lot of troubles.

Karaguz: What do you mean by that?

Franjon: If we could just stick something into your ears, and pull it out through your eyes, I think that would take care of a lot of your pain.

Mother: What an interesting treatment!

Karaguz: Hey, damn the both of you!

Franjon: Hey ...Are you arguing with me? Answer my questions and you will understand.

Karaguz: OK.

Franjon: OK, now what is *this*?

Karaguz: That is my nose.

Franjon: Ah. And this?

Karaguz: My mouth.

Franjon: Hey, lady?

Mother: Yes, sir!

Franjon: His is a hopeless case!

Mother: No please, do not say that!

Franjon: I have to say it. It is true.

Mother: Please, please!

Franjon: He will not recover from this.

Mother: Please, please!

Franjon: Nope.

Mother: Please, please!

Karaguz: He is a cuckoo. Have you ever heard of such doctor who would say to his patient, "Sorry, no chance for you!?" Ask him what his diagnosis is.

Mother: Doctor Franjon?

Franjon: Yes.

Mother: What is your diagnosis?

Franjon: Well, he has a bit of ass on him.

Mother: Karaguz, are you an ass, son?

Karaguz: If I were not an ass, do you think I would come to an ass of a doctor like him?

Mother: Franjon?

Franjon: Yes.

Mother: Would you write him a prescription?

Franjon: What do you eat for breakfast, Karaguz?

Karaguz: Tell him I have some milk and soup

Mother: Franjon?

Franjon: Yep.

Mother: He drinks some milk and some soup.

Franjon: No, no, no, I can not write him a prescription then!

Karaguz: OK, then tell him I have watermelon for breakfast.

Mother: Franjon?

Franjon: Yes?

Mother: He eats watermelon for breakfast.

Franjon: Now, I will write him a prescription.

Karaguz: Tossing me into the stables? Is that your prescription?

Franjon: Hey you...

Mother: Yes!

Franjon: Have him lie down so that I can give him something to drink.

Mother: Lie down so that he can give you something to drink.

Karaguz: If I do that, will you let me get out of here?

THE DOCTOR

Mother: Well, after you tip him, of course!
Karaguz: What the hell did you just say?
Mother: Please be nice to him, and tip him. He might give us some money!
Kargauz: You have to be kidding me!
Mother: Please!
Karaguz: You are killing me,
Franjon: *(To Karaguz)* What do you say?
Karaguz: Please spare me from this treatment, doctor!
Franjon: By God you will be cured.
Karaguz: By God? What kind of God do you worship?
Franjon: *(He touches his head)* You are healed. Take him away!
Mother: Thank God!
Karaguz: Yes, thank God!!

END

(Footnotes)

¹ In the original text, the Doctor speaks in proper Arabic, while the other characters speak in slang. I chose, however, to translate the text into Standard English, leaving room for English-speaking performers to improvise their own slang.

² A traditional stringed instrument similar to a guitar.

³ Syrian currency.

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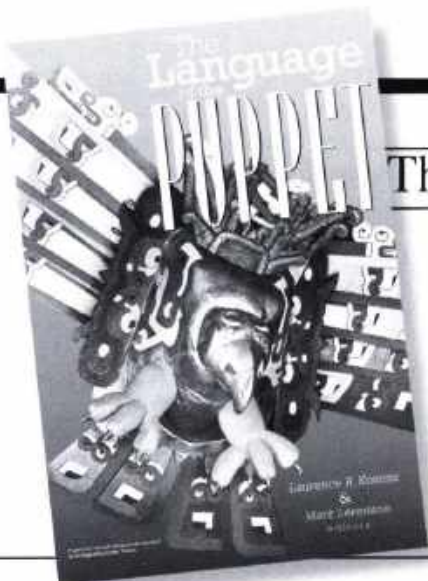
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THE ADVENTURES OF PETRUSHKA:

A TRADITIONAL RUSSIAN HAND PUPPET SHOW

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY COLLEEN LUCEY

An entertainment by hooligans, for hooligans.

—Russian puppeteer Nina Simonovich-Efimova on Petrushka shows

The comedy of Petrushka developed in Russia from European street theater traditions around 1880, and was arguably the most widely known and popular form of entertainment in Russia until its demise shortly after the Russian Revolution of 1917. Like Punch in England, Kasperl in Germany, Guignol in France, and the Kasperek of Czechoslovakia, Petrushka is a folk hero whose bawdiness, thirst for destruction, and homicidal tendencies are excused and condoned by his audience. Petrushka's status as a folk icon was later used by Communists as a tool for propaganda to reach massive audiences through literacy programs. Most of these initiatives, sponsored by the Ministry of Cultural Affairs, promoted the new Soviet regime by sanitizing the puppet shows and replacing former content with Marxist theory. But by the early 1930s the tendency for the comedy to turn anti-authoritarian was deemed unacceptable by authorities, and the street theater tradition was all but destroyed.

The following is a translation from the original Russian, and compiles scenes from various Petrushka plays by anonymous puppeteers from the late 19th century, which are anthologized in A. F. Nikrilovoi and N. E. Savushkinoi's 1988 collection *Russki Folklorinii Teater*. As in nearly all Petrushka shows, an actor, known as the "feed," or musician, remains outside the stage area to comment on the action and pass the hat at the end of the show. Essential to the Petrushka comedy in Russian is the rhyming verse upon which most of the humor is drawn, but which frequently gets lost in translation. In order to keep the intention of the original and make it more viable as a script for English-speaking puppeteers, I've followed the rhyming verse.

The "kvas" mentioned in Petrushka's dialogue with the German is a popular and mildly alcoholic drink made from the fermentation of black bread. — Colleen Lucey

MAIN CHARACTERS:

Petrushka Uksusov
 Musician
 Gypsy
 Horse
 Doctor
 German
 Corporal
 Wife
 Dog

SCENE I

Petrushka: Well hello! Hello! Ladies and gents good day! I'll say Bonjour to you if I may! Guten tag! Hola! And to you young lads my greetings, it's been a day or two since our last meetings. It's me, your dear friend, Monsieur Petrushka. I've come for your entertainment, to joke and have fun at your amazement. That's me! He, He, He!

(ENTER THE GYPSY WITH A HORSE)

Gypsy: Good day Petrushka Ivanovich! How are things going? Are you under the weather? You used to look much better.

Petrushka: What's it to you? You're no doctor!

Gypsy: Don't get alarmed, I'm no doctor... I'm a regular choir singer. I've a voice that's a bass, drink without waste, and eat whatever I taste!

Petrushka: Quit your chattering, enough with your blabbering! Say what you need, or leave with no heed.

Gypsy: A Frenchman I know, who's a bit touched in the head, said you need a horse that's very well bred. The word I heard is you're entering the races.

Petrushka: Yes, you're right on target brother. I've searched far and wide and am in need of a ride. How I'd like to gallop over the finish! To win the race and get in first place. Tell me, do you have a good horse?

Gypsy: It's no horse—it's a diva! She's a shaker, a hobbler, an everyday wobbler. When she blunders, one wonders will she get back asunder. Going uphill she whines, but downhill she's fine. If in the mud she gets stuck, you're quite out of luck. An impeccable horse I say!

Petrushka: Oh-Oh! That's some animal! What breed?

Gypsy: She's no regular mare: she's got shaggy black and white hair, with a hump on her back and an intelligence, which may lack... But she's a certified British breed, no doubt she'll take the lead.

Petrushka: Just one thing of course, how much you asking for the horse? A lot or a little, tell me I'm in a pickle.

Gypsy: Seeing as we're friends, I'll make a deal with amends: 300 rubles.

Petrushka: What are you saying, you foolish rascalion? You don't find it tasking to do such exorbitant asking?

THE ADVENTURES OF PETRUSHKA

Gypsy: Even if I'd said it in jest, you'd have found a reason to protest!

Petrushka: Take two fifty now and the rest I will pay. I'll grab my club and have my own way!

Gypsy: That won't do! Please, I'm in great need. I've got children to feed.

Petrushka: How about 100 rubles?

Gypsy: You're quite the miser! Pay up or get wiser!

Petrushka: How about 250 and five kopecks for good measure?

Gypsy: It's a steal, a treasure. Well, nothing comes of thin air, bring the money and I'll be fair.

Petrushka: First, let's see the horse.

Gypsy: The mare shall be yours, for good or for bad, but let's see the money before I get mad.

Petrushka: (UNEXPECTEDLY) Please, dear friend, hold on if you may. I'll run and make change without any delay. (HIDES)

Gypsy: (BRINGS IN HORSE) Hey, is he coming with a down payment?

Petrushka: (FROM OFFSTAGE) Hold your horses! Whoops, no pun intended. I'm searching for my wallet, don't get offended. (APPEARS WITH CLUB AND BEGINS BEATING GYPSY) Here's your hundred, your one-fifty! (PETRUSHKA KILLS GYPSY; DISPOSES OF BODY) If you give a down payment like that you'll be as fat as a cat. Musician! Bring the horse over here. Here, here little horsy. Whoa! Don't start getting fussy. She's not a horse but a heathen. Let's count the teeth in her head, then we'll know how long till she'll be dead. (LOOKS IN HORSE'S MOUTH) This mare will live to a hundred! She's toothless and ruthless and knows how to fight! So long friends! I'm leaving, musician.

Musician: Are you going far?

Petrushka: To St. Petersburg, to wander the great canals, then to Sochi in the south, to gander about. Then, if I still desire, I'll go east and work for hire. Keep my plans a secret, and you'll get a gift, you better believe it. (RIDES HORSE AND SINGS)

The Troika get ready, get ready of course

Tis' time to ride my hazel dark horse!...

(THE HORSE BUCKS) Hey! Whoa there! Calm down Vácenka, or I'll fall down and break my crown! (HORSE THROWS PETRUSHKA OFF HORSE EXITS) Oh! I'm done for my friends! I've smashed my head, looks like I'll forever be in bed!

Musician: Don't be a cry baby!

Petrushka: Oh, woe is me, a fine young fellow, brought asunder by such a blunder. Call for the doc! I can barely walk!

Musician: Right away, without delay.

SCENE II

(ENTER THE DOCTOR)

Doctor: Don't groan, don't moan, lay still if you will. I'm a well-known physician; some call me a quack, or even a hack, but I'm a doctor through and through. I've worked the big cities—Paris and Rome—and found myself here, not far from home. I've got talent and great skills. But patients who seek my advice, end up paying a great price.

Petrushka: Oh, dear sir, have pity on me!

Doctor: Tell me where it hurts! Here or there, on the outside or inside?

Petrushka: Lower.

Doctor: Here?

Petrushka: Higher.

Doctor: Here?

Petrushka: Lower.

Doctor: Ah! Higher or lower! Quite your pranks! Stand up and tell truthfully where it hurts ruthlessly!

Petrushka: Oh, looks like I'm fine.

Doctor: Ah ha! Then time to pay the bill!

Petrushka: What? Time to make out my will?

Doctor: Pay for the treatment, the treatment!

Petrushka: Okay, it's on its way! (EXITS)

Doctor: Ha, ha, the treatment!

Petrushka: (ENTERS WITH CLUB AND BEATS DOCTOR) Here's your treatment! Higher, lower, higher, lower! (KILLS DOCTOR AND DISPOSES OF BODY)

SCENE III

Musician, Petrushka, German enters

German: (DANCING AND SINGING): Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la! *Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*

Petrushka: My respects, dear sir.

German: (BOWS AND CONTINUES DANCING AND SINGING) Tra-la-la!

Petrushka: Musician, what's with the dummy? He just bows and sings?

Musician: This is a foreigner. He doesn't speak our language. Ask him something in German.

Petrushka: German!?

Musician: Ask him, sprechen zie Deutsch?

Petrushka: Spre-chen zie Deu-tsch?

German: Oh, ya, ya! Ich sprechen!

Petrushka: Yeah!

German: Ya, ya! Gut!

Petrushka: Huh? What's with this bird? He talks like nothing I've ever heard.

German: Das ist aber schade, Vas?!
 Vas?!

Petrushka: What, you found some Kvas? Give it here! Now be kind and share! Why won't you be fair? (GERMAN EXITS) Where did that Hun run off with my Kvas? I'm ready to get sauced! (PETRUSHKA WANTS TO LEAVE)

Musician: Wait, Petrushka! He'll be back before for you know it! He left in a piffy, but will be back in a jiffy! You're now his guest and he wants only the best. Some Sauerkraut and Schnitzel he'll bring just for you.

Petrushka: Ew! Pee-yew! Well, all right. While he's gone, I'll sing us a song!

Once upon a summer day
 A young girl was on her way
 A fellow followed and did say
 I'd like to kiss you if I may!

(GERMAN APPEARS AND HITS PETRUSHKA WITH SCHNITZEL; QUICKLY EXITS)

Petrushka: Hey, musician, what the hell was that?

Musician: Pay that hard smack no attention! It's not even worth it to mention! The German will be back soon with some treats! Some fine delicacies and smelly meats!

German: (ENTERS DRUNK AND SINGING)

Ach, aus dieses Tales Gründen,
 Die der kalte Nebel drückt,
 Könnt ich doch den Ausgang finden,
 Ach, wie fühlt ich mich beglückt!

Petrushka: Wow, German, your song is quite puzzling. Let me have some of what you're guzzling!

German: Nein!

Petrushka: Mine!

German: Nein!

Petrushka: (HITS GERMAN WITH BOTTLE; PETRUSHKA BEGINS DRINKING) Ha ha! Nin esta mine! (LOOKS AT GERMAN) Musician, what's with the foreigner?

Musician: I think we need the coroner. He's as dead as a doornail!

Petrushka: Oh, what a shame! I thought we'd make amends, that in the end we'd be friends. Musician, call the priest! It's time for the funeral feast! (PETRUSHKA EXITS WITH BODY)

SCENE IV

(CORPORAL ENTERS)

Corporal: Musician, where is Petrushka? Tell me the truth! Give me some proof!

Musician: He went to the left, or maybe the right. I've told ya what I know so get out of my sight!

(EXIT CORPORAL. ENTER PETRUSHKA)

Petrushka: Oh dear lord! Musician, he's come to take me away! For everything I've done I'll have to pay! Tell him I've left for the coast!

(CORPORAL APPEARS)

Corporal: You're gonna roast! You've been up to no good, doing the worst that you could! That's enough of your stealing, your dealing, your reeling. For my outfit you're suited. Surprise! You've been recruited!

Petrushka: What! What kind of soldier would I make?

Corporal: It's those like you that I'll take. Stand straight and march! (CORPORAL STARTS BEATING DRUM) Right, left, right, left!

Petrushka: (MIXES UP DIRECTION) Left, right, left, right!

Corporal: No, no, no!

Petrushka: Ahhh! I'm so confused!

Corporal: You're so dumb, I'm amused! Take the drum and I'll show you.

Petrushka: (STARTS BEATING DRUM) Left, right, left right.

Corporal: Hey, Petrushka, you're not such a dope! You could be a soldier; I still got hope!

Petrushka: (SMASHES DRUM OVER CORPORAL'S HEAD) I hope you can cope! (BANGS CORPORAL'S HEAD) Right, left, right, left! (THROWS CORPORAL OFFSTAGE)

THE ADVENTURES OF PETRUSHKA

SCENE V

Petrushka: Ha-Ha-Ha!

A soldier's life, a soldier's life

Just isn't for me, just isn't for me,

I'd rather have a soldier's wife! A soldier's wife!

He, He, He, He, Heecccc!!!

Musician, I served well wouldn't you say! I almost had to give up and pay! But the smell of victory is sweet! Now I wouldn't mind something to eat. Oh, and did you hear the big news? I've lived enough of a bachelor's life. Now I've decided to have a wife!

Musician: Who did you get hitched to?

Petrushka: A rich man's daughter! He's as bald as a coot, but got lots of loot!

Musician: Show her to me!

Petrushka: Here little wifie!

Wife voice from offstage: Oh, Petrushka! Pccccccetrushka!
(WIFE ENTERS AND PETRUSHKA KISSES HER)

Petrushka: Oh, my little ragamuffin! Bye-Bye (WIFE EXITS). Well, musician, what do you think of my new bride?

Musician: Well, in the hips she's rather wide, and her nose leans to one side, but all in all it seems a good match. She's quite a catch.

(DOG ENTERS)

Musician: Petrushka! Who's this mangy scoundrel belong too?

Petrushka: Don't worry, it's wifie's little mutt, Fu-fu. She's as gentle as a dove and needs lots of love. Here, little Fu-fu. Show the musician a trick. Fu-fu. Here, little bitty Fu-fu. (FU-FU CHARGES PETRUSHKA; FIGHT ENSUES; FU-FU EATS PETRUSHKA)

Musician: Well, that's the end folks. It's sad, I know, but something must come to an end for something new to begin.

THE END

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MOVING HOUSE

(1937-1938)

BY EZEQUIEL VIGUÉS (“DIDÓ”)

TRANSLATED BY CARIAD ASTLES

The following play was written/devised and performed by the puppeteer Ezequiel Vigués, popularly known as “Didó,” who is perhaps the best-known of the post-Civil War puppeteers in Catalonia, although he was also very active during the 1930s prior to the war, and also during the war itself. When collecting archive material for his work and asked about the thirties, he said that there was “nothing of interest” from these years, which may indicate that much material was lost or destroyed as a result of the war.

Didó was a skilled textiles worker who emigrated at an early age to Paris, where he developed an interest in puppetry, although he did not work as a puppeteer until the age of fifty, when he returned to Catalonia and dedicated himself to working as a professional puppeteer. He was active during the Catalan Republic and, during the Spanish Civil War, performed short plays in Barcelona and thereabout, to Republican meetings and pro-Catalan organizations. Performances were also given to refugee children who arrived in Barcelona from other areas of Spain. The traditional Catalan puppet was the glove puppet “Titella” (also the Catalan word for “puppet”) and had a carved wooden head requiring three fingers for its operation. The name Titella was often shortened to “Tit,” as in the play here. It is interesting to note that this play is dated 1937-8, during the heart of the Civil War. The central figure of “Tit” is unusually represented as a painter, reflecting perhaps the interest among Republicans in harnessing artistic and creative skills in educational initiatives during the war. Didó also makes nostalgic reference to his knowledge of Paris, where he was involved both romantically and professionally with a dancer for a number of years. *Els Quatre Gats* was a well-known Barcelona café hosting and supporting performances, including experimental puppet shows, by artists and intellectuals. The brevity of the play is also likely to reflect local conditions during the war. Following the war, Didó was energetic in keeping the tradition of the Catalan puppet alive; there is a square named after him in Terrassa (Plaça Didó), outside the Theatre Institute where puppetry courses are taught, as well as a monument to him.

—C. ASTLES

(Characters: Tit, Tot, Usuret, Agutzil, Guards)

(Props: donkey, truck, bedding, cooker, various pieces of furniture)

SCENE II

(Usuret; then Tit; later, Tot.)

SCENE I

(Enter Tit. Tit is painting a picture: he is trying to get a grant from Els Quatre Gats. His model is a goldfinch that can be heard singing at the top of a tree.)

Tit: You are so playful today, my sweet. You're just like a dancer. Let me see, move away from those leaves so that I can see you better. Just there, that's it. *(The goldfinch sings.)* Now you're just showing off! If I win the grant, I'll take you to Paris. I'll get a comfortable hotel in the *rue de Rivoli*, and you opposite, in *les Tulleries*, full of trees and flowers. *(The goldfinch sings. Tit sees Usuret arriving. Speaks to the goldfinch:)* Please excuse me, I have to go in and hide, because he's coming to collect the rent. You're so lucky: nothing to pay for, no rent. *(Takes the painting easel indoors.)*

Usuret: Alas, what misfortune to be a landlord! What a headache! What a worry! With my savings I managed to build some little houses. I rented them out straight away. With the high prices that lodgers had to pay, I should really have built myself another little house. At the beginning it was all going well. Everybody paid, but not any more. Nobody has wanted to pay anything for ages, pretending that they have no money. They demand lower prices; they ask for doormen, lifts, central heating, incinerators for the rubbish, dishwashers, cold rooms, a gym on the roof, a swimming pool in the basement. In this house here, I have a sitting tenant who is a complete disaster: he never pays. He must live on thin air, because he never has two pennies to rub together. He's a snotty little beast: not only does he fail to pay his rent, but he makes fun of me every time I come to collect. But not any more; from today, if he doesn't pay, I will seize all his possessions! *(knocks on the door)* Mister Titella..., Mister Titella...

Tit: Who is it...?

MOVING HOUSE

Usuret: It's me.

Tit: Oh, it's you, is it?

Usuret: Yes, the very same. (*Aside.*) Now he will come and open up. I'll look really angry. He's not really that bad at heart; he's a nice young lad, like all artists. But you see, if he had told me he was a painter, I would never have rented the house to him. Enough waiting around! Open up!! (*Knocks on the door.*) Mister Titella...! Mister Titella...!

Tit: I'm not here; I went out a while ago.

Usuret: Oh, he's not in. He went out a little while ago. (*Makes to leave. Thinks again and comes back.*) Hang on, how can he not be in if he is the one who told me so? I don't like telling lies, but I'm going to tell one now. (*Knocks on the door.*)

Tit: Who is it?

Usuret: Be a good chap and open the door, it's the postman.

Tit: Oh, you're the postman are you? Push the letters under the door.

Usuret (*aside*): Let's see if this gets you out. (*To Tit:*) I can't. It's a registered letter, with something of value inside.

Tit: In that case, I'll come straight away.

Usuret (*aside*): Got him!

Tit (*aside*): Oh no, the landlord! He's tricked me properly!

Usuret: You seem surprised by my visit. You shouldn't be surprised. You know why I am here!

Tit: To stretch your legs..., to have a stroll..., to have a little sunshine..., to work up an appetite...

Usuret: I've come for the rent.

Tit: I told you I would pay you tomorrow.

Usuret: You told me that yesterday, so tomorrow is today!

Tit: What? Tomorrow is today? So that means the day-after-tomorrow must be the day-before-yesterday!

Usuret: Are you going to keep this logic up for long?

Tit: Don't worry, sir, no problem. How are you? How is your very-important health?

Usuret: My health is good. It's my tenants who are not good. They will make me lose my health.

Tit: Is your family well?

Usuret: They are all fine.

Tit: What about your daughter, is she already engaged?

Usuret: Yes, she is.

Tit: And what about your little dog?

Usuret: Her, too.

Tit: Engaged?

Usuret: I mean she is well.

Tit: She was wearing a lovely dress the other day.

Usuret: My dog?

Tit: No, your daughter.

Usuret: Oh! Yes.

Tit: She had a very pretty collar on!

Usuret: My daughter was wearing a collar?

Tit: No, the dog.

Usuret: This is quite enough! I have come for you to pay me your rent.

Tit: Yes, sir, yes. I want to pay you, but there is a problem.

Usuret: What?

Tit: I have no money.

Usuret: Then look lively and go and get some, now!

Tit: Now? Straight away? Immediately?

Usuret: Yes, right now!

Tit: How can I do that? (*Scratches his head.*) I know! How much do I owe you?

Usuret: You owe me for two months: that's \$7.

Tit: So if you could be so kind as to lend me ten, I will pay you right away.

Usuret: That's your good idea?

Tit: It's great, isn't it?

Usuret: I don't like it at all.

Tit: I love it. I'll just go and make a note of it...

Usuret: Don't go. Come here. You're trying to get away. (*Pulls him back by his jacket.*)

Tit: Stop, stop, don't pull me like that, you'll tear my suit!

Usuret: Are you going to pay or not?

Tit: Yes, sir, I want to pay, but right now I can't. I haven't sold anything for three months.

Usuret: Well then, if you have no money, you have to get out of the house.

Tit: It's almost certain that I am going to win a prize with my oil painting, *The Flying Bird*, and I promise I will pay you then.

Usuret: You with your artist's fantasies; and me, with my

sensible thinking! Do me a favor and vacate the house immediately.

Tit: Do you hear this, goldfinch?

Usuret: There is no goldfinch who is worth this. If you don't do it immediately, the furniture will be sent flying off the balcony, and I will make you clear it all up.

Tit: Do what you want (*goes in to the house*).

Usuret: So that's your answer? Now you will find out what I am like! I'm going to fetch the bailiff to catch you!

(*As Usuret leaves the scene, he bumps into Tot.*)

Tot (*entering*): Can't you pay attention to where you're walking, you blockhead!?

SCENE III

(*Tit and Tot*)

Tot: Not even done on purpose! And today when I'm trying out my new shoes! Clearly, stepping on people's feet is only for new shoes and those with bunions. (*Knocks on Tit's door*.)

Tit (*inside*): I'm not here.

Tot: You're not here, you say?

Tit: I'm not here and I'm very cross.

Tot: If you're not here, where are you?

Tit: I've gone painting.

Tot: But I can hear you! There's no point in telling lies. Come on, I have a surprise for you.

Tit: Oh, it's you, Tot! What's the surprise?

Tot (*shows him his feet*): Look...

Tit: Oh, what fine shoes!

Tot (*swelling up with pride*): Ho, ho...

Tit: I do like them!

Tot: You can try them on any time you like.

Tit: Thanks, Tot.

Tot: You look sad today. What's wrong?

Tit: The owner of the house has just gone away in a rage because I haven't paid the rent.

Tot: Oh, was that your landlord, that blockhead who just stepped on my toes? You're right not to pay him.

Tit: I don't know if I'm right. What is for sure is that I have

no money. Now he's gone to fetch the bailiffs to throw my furniture in the street and get me.

Tot: What a hassle! What are you going to do?

Tit: Move.

Tot: Where will you go?

Tit: Your house.

Tot: OK, come on then, I'll go and get the truck, you can start bringing the furniture out.

SCENE IV

(*Bailiff*)

Bailiff (*enters, marching*): According to my instructions and the address received, this is the house, the tenant of which I am to take to prison. (*Bang! Crash! Something falls on his head.*) Huh? What's this? (*Bang! Crash! More things fall on top of him.*) It's raining furniture! Faced with this particular situation, I do not know how to proceed. I will consult my Brigadier. (*Leaves with military step*).

SCENE V

(*Enter Tot, driving a truck. He gathers up the bits and pieces and puts them on the table. Knocks on the door. Bang! Crash! Something falls on his head.*)

Tot: It's me, Tot, open up.

Tit: I thought you were the bailiff. Come in, there's no time to waste.

(*Tit and Tot pile the furniture and other items up and load them into the truck. They start up the vehicle; as they go, the motor stalls. This situation can be repeated as often as required. The truck goes into reverse. It goes round and round the stage, and stops on the far left.*)

SCENE VI

(*Tit, Tot, Usuret, and Policemen. Enter Usuret and two Policemen.*)

Usuret: This is my house, where the artist lives.

Policeman: We'll catch him, tie him up and take him to prison.

(*They knock on the door: bang, bang!*)

(*Truck enters; with crashes and bangs, goes off in pursuit of Usuret and Policemen. They run. Usuret and the officers of law and order flee. The truck drives round the stage and disappears. Curtain.*)

END

BOY ON A STRING:

From Cast-Off Kid to Filmmaker through the Magic of Dreams

by Joseph Jacoby
Carroll & Graf, 2006,
336 pages, B & W photos.
ISBN 0-7867-1711-4. \$26.95 Film.

Boy on a String is a memoir that will be of interest to puppeteers, as Joe Jacoby worked for both Maury Bunin (his first Aniform operator) and Bil Baird (playing Carby Carburetor at the New York World's Fair) early in his career. Though the book is not primarily about puppetry, Jacoby uses the chance viewing of two marionettes on an early television broadcast (one of the author's first memories) as a potent image. He also credits his experience as a puppeteer for providing a kind of metaphorical understanding of his way of working—animating events and people (including his own public persona) while keeping his private self obscured from view.

The book is a kind of exegesis of a life crafted as if it were a sort of screenplay. It is both a means for Joe to penetrate the darkness in which his origins are cloaked as he attempts to make sense of his life, and a way for him to share that search. Given the early challenges he faced in a series of foster homes and a state institution, his gift to the reader is exceedingly generous.

This is a fascinating tale of a bright boy who, through passion and force of will, realizes his dreams of working in film and television. Along the way he works with and/or becomes friends with many in the industry whose names will be known to all readers: Scorcese, DeVito, Chayefsky. He also works with some figures behind the scenes, like movie mogul Joseph E. Levine—a powerful man who, like Jacoby, was all self made.

The people who start from nothing make their own rules; survival requires self-invention.

It's that simple. [page 279]

Jacoby comes across as both puppet and puppeteer—a sort of Frankenstein's monster that somehow succeeds in stitching his own being together and then pulls the switch (or the strings?) that animates his creation.

The bulk of the book details his life through 1973, when a meeting with Paddy Chayefsky indicates that Jacoby has "arrived" professionally, and then jumps ahead nearly thirty years to when he at last opens the vault of his past. Oddly (perhaps), it is in this final section that he leaps back a few years to the making of his film version of *Davy Jones' Locker* with Peter Baird. He sketches out an idea for



As Jacoby untangled puppet strings, an ornery Davy Jones (the character in the clam shell) squawked: "I hope you don't mess up your lines the way you screw up your strings."

a logo for the production company for this venture—Children's Video Theater. Only later does he realize that his sketch is the exact image from his childhood: he and his mother looking through a store window at a television screen where two marionettes dance. Thus he discovers that his work—like that of all artists—is at its heart self-portraiture.

Review by Andrew Periale

SANDGLASS THEATER

From Thought to Image

(Twenty Years in Vermont)

Sandglass Theater is one of the most influential ensemble theatres in America. They are certainly one of the most widely traveled. This book is more than a retrospective of Sandglass shows or a chronological history of the company. It is a look at the making of a career and what that career has meant to the individuals involved and their community. That said, there are many gorgeous pictures spanning the period from the early 1980s to the present, and there is a substantial essay chronicling the company's work over that time. Sections include the shows, guest directing projects, summer training institutes and more. In the interest of full disclosure, I was involved in this book's creation. Still, I think that anyone with a serious interest in puppetry will find this a welcome addition to their library.

—Andrew Periale

e-mail: info@sandglasstheater.org

Hazelle Hedges and American Puppet Modernism

Mike Joly, *Hazelle & Her Marionettes: Creating the World's Largest Puppet Company*. Independence, Missouri: The Puppetry Arts Institute, 2005. 199 pages.

In Kansas City, Missouri in 1932, Hazelle Hedges was a recent Fine Arts graduate considering a career in fashion design when an eleven-year-old neighbor boy asked her to construct a marionette for him, to complement an Italian figure he had recently been given. Hazelle built the boy a marionette clown (with a fine costume benefiting from her design sense), and then others to follow. Hazelle and her young friends began to perform puppet shows in their neighborhood (she painted the backdrops), then in local schools, and ultimately in major department stores in Kansas City. Hazelle began to give puppet-making workshops through a summer museum art program, and continued to build marionettes herself, in a home workshop that soon outgrew its space. In 1935, a department store toy buyer suggested she try to sell her puppets at the New York Toy Fair, and Hazelle soon headed east with her friend Berniece Rose and an array of marionettes. At the Toy Fair, Mike Joly writes, Hazelle and Berniece took orders by day, and slept on cots in the exhibit area at night.

After the fair, Hazelle stayed in New York a while longer, studying puppet building and performance with Tony Sarg, who was by this time not only a puppeteer and impresario, but also a canny entrepreneur who, as Joly writes, in the 1930s had “nine different businesses, specializing in a variety of products, from his beloved puppets to fabrics for children’s clothing.” Clearly inspired by Sarg’s combination of puppetry and business sense, Hazelle returned to Kansas City, and by the fall of 1935 had set up a puppet factory with seven women employees who were mass producing Hazelle’s Marionettes.

Over the course of the next forty years, Hazelle’s Marionettes became “the largest exclusive puppet manufacturing company in the world.” In 1941, Hazelle married John “Woody” Rollins, who had studied industrial engineering, and who soon took charge of the production aspects of an increasingly mechanized operation. By 1971, Hazelle’s Marionettes could produce vinyl molded puppet heads on an assembly line at the rate of 1,000 per hour.

Like many American women puppeteers in the early twentieth century, Hazelle wasn’t in it simply for the money. Instead, she shared the idealistic goals of Ellen Van Volkenburg, Helen Haiman Joseph, Marjorie Bachelder, and other Midwestern

women who saw puppetry as a positive social and artistic force; a parallel, in fact, to the Russian women Constructivists who were making puppet shows at the same time in the Soviet Union, and to Mexican women pup-

peteers such as Lola Cueto who also saw similar possibilities. Hazelle was a tireless and successful promoter of her work because, above all, she believed her mass-manufactured marionettes had important educational benefits for children. “To sell a toy,” she once instructed retailers, “you should know how it works, understand how it benefits the child educationally, and be able to explain these important selling points to your prospective customers quickly and with enthusiasm.”

Joly’s history of Hazelle’s Marionettes explains, in detail, how Hazelle and Woody set up and ran their factory, how she patented her designs, how they promoted the puppets, how Hazelle designed the packaging and advertising (winning design awards in the 1930s), and how she was always ready at the drop of a hat to perform with her marionettes; not only to increase sales, but to share what she considered their positive social function.

Joly’s chronicle of this family puppet business also elucidates how the changing times were reflected in the design and distribution of Hazelle’s Marionettes. An early emphasis on clown and fairy tale characters (as well as blackface minstrel characters) in the 1930s shifted to a socially conscious array of friendly international characters (“Carlos” and “Carmelita,” “Chinaman,” “Dutch Girl,” “Russian Boy”) reflecting Franklin Roosevelt’s “Good Neighbor” policies and then the Allies’ global solidarity during World War Two. The popularity of puppets on television, Joly says, offered consistent support



for Hazelle's enterprise, from the early fifties through the seventies, although Hazelle's Marionettes rarely produced licensed characters directly drawn from television shows. A fascinating feature of *Hazelle and Her Marionettes* is the appendices of full-color reproductions of sales catalogues showing the entire range of her creations through the decades. Also fascinating are Joly's accounts of the succession of materials used, from an early sawdust-and-glue composite to a cellulose acetate material called "Tenite," which was injected into copper or steel-die molds. Equally interesting are the simple corrugated cardboard stages (for marionettes, finger puppets, or handpuppets) which Hazelle's Marionettes sold, together with short scripts Hazelle and others wrote to inspire children to create their own theater performances. In many ways, Hazelle's Marionettes were a twentieth-century continuation of the toy theater craze which had characterized the previous century's home entertainment.

Just as in the case of commercial, political, and "artistic" puppet performance of twentieth-century America, the world of toy puppets was affected by changing tastes in manipulation style. In part reflecting the development of television puppetry from Howdy Doody to the Muppets,

the marionettes which were Hazelle's mainstay were augmented by handpuppets. Moreover, by the 1970s the popularity of puppets themselves as children's toys was being eclipsed by increasingly more complex computer games. By the time Hazelle and Woody retired in 1975, they had sold their business to a South Dakota puppeteer/businessman, but it soon became apparent that Hazelle's Marionettes was, as Joly puts it, a "Mom and Pop" organization, and no one else had the personal contacts or energy required to make it succeed. Finally, after a quick succession of four different owners, the business went bankrupt. The Puppetry Guild of Great Kansas City ultimately received what was left of Hazelle's Marionettes, and created the Hazelle Rollins Puppet Museum to house both her creations and the large international collection of puppets she had acquired.

United States puppet modernism involved a wide array of styles, techniques, and approaches to puppet theater that were particularly American because they combined commerce, art, technological innovation, and non-western as well as western puppet traditions. Mike Joly's book shows how wide and deep modernist puppet culture could be.

review by John Bell



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PUPPET RAMPAGE 2007:

The Puppeteers of America National Festival Brings International Flavor to America's Heartland
Concordia University, St. Paul, Minnesota, July 17-22



Cie. Coatimundi

The National Puppetry Festival is a biennial happening produced by The Puppeteers of America. It is a caffeine-laced endurance test of performances, workshops, symposia and late night shoptalk. Puppet Rampage '07 will be no exception, so mark your calendars.

This festival will bring together dynamic productions for every taste—cutting edge performances for adults as well as outstanding shows for kids and families. This is a great opportunity to enjoy performances both traditional and contemporary from across the USA, but it's also a chance to see some highly acclaimed foreign puppet troupes. Festival organizers already have verbal commitments from puppeteers in England, France and Mexico and are angling for Brazilian and Dutch performers as well.

From France, CIE. COATIMUNDI presents a sequel to their outstanding performance *The Archangel and the Animal Trainer* from the 1999 National Puppetry Festival in Seattle. *Household Alliances* is reminiscent of Keaton films where actors, puppets and machines all have a role.

Monty Python's Terry Gilliam has described the UK's GREEN GINGER as: "The deranged product of dangerously sick minds. For the sake of the nation they should be kept off the streets."

Their performance *Rust* portrays a bizarre offshore pirated radio station.

GRUPO SALTIMBANQUI from Mexico presents *Cuentos de la Tradicion Oral Indigena Mexicana*, a bilingual rod-puppetry piece told by two Mexican inchworms and *Legendas en Flor*, an exceptional hand pantomime blended with miniature Aztec masks in a love story for all ages.

Several stateside artists will present performances with foreign roots. The Greek folk hero Karagiosis will appear in his traditional form, performed by Greek Puppeteer LEONIDAS KASSAPIDES followed by a reinvented Karagoz from the high-energy virtuoso of political object theatre, PAUL ZALOOM. MEIS-TERKLASSE, a New York ensemble hand-picked by German Master Albrecht Roswer, will present vignettes they developed with this legendary artist. BALI & BEYOND will perform *Alice in the Shadows*, a reinterpretation of shadow tradition via psychedelic rock and roll.

From the state-of-the-art, air conditioned theaters perfect for puppetry, to the Late Night Lounge (open nightly into the wee hours), comfort and camaraderie will abound. Puppet Rampage 2007 is your passport to a world of puppetry, all on a single college campus. Space is limited, so early registration is recommended. For more information, visit:

www.puppetrampage2007.org



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PAUL ZALOOM

IN THE
HEART
OF THE
BEAST

BALO
&
BEARD



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QUINTRON
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SHADOWLIGHT IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THE DEBUT OF THE DVD SERIES:

explorations of the shadow world



IN XANADU

is an award-winning production that tells the epic love story of emperor Kublai Khan's journey to the underworld to rescue his wife, Chabul.

COYOTE'S JOURNEY

tells the adventures of California's native trickster, Coyote, narrated by Karuk elder Charlie Thom. The film has garnered awards for animation and excellence in national film festivals.



SHADOW MASTER

is a documentary about a family of artists in Bali revealing the cultural context of music, theatre and dance on the island. *Shadow Master* has aired on PBS and the Discovery Channel.



7 VISIONS

is the story of a young monk's forbidden love and hidden identity, revealed through a series of visions. Written by award-winning playwright Octavio Solis, the music and images honor the *Día de los Muertos*.

THE WILD PARTY

is a sexy, shocking classic poem of the Jazz Age, about a couple of quarreling vaudeville performers. The music and visual style reflect the American traditions of jazz and film noir.



AMBROSIA OF IMMORTALITY

is a larger than life tale from the Mahabharata involving gods uprooting mountains and demons churning the ocean, portrayed with intricate Balinese artistry.

DIRECTOR'S CUT

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INTERVIEWS WITH ARTISTS

BEHIND-THE-SCREEN MAGIC

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ShadowLight presents cross-cultural storytelling working with both traditional and contemporary artists, writers, composers, dancers and puppeteers to create original shadow plays on a giant screen. ShadowLight also trains and educates people of all ages in the art of shadow theatre through workshops, lectures, residencies and our DVD series.

TO PURCHASE THE DVD'S VISIT: WWW.SHADOWLIGHT.ORG