

THE MUSICKER'S TRIBUNAL



No. 1

A WALKING BOXES PRODUCTION

ABOUT THE SHOW

"The Musicker's Tribunal" features Paul Cameron as the Tribunal and Jeremy Roth as the Musicker. The original script was conceived by Jeremy Roth with Paul Cameron contributing valuable input.

ABOUT THE SCORE

Similar to the script, the score for the show was created by Jeremy Roth with Paul Cameron bringing in worthy contributions on a number of songs. The songs as they appear in the show are as follows:

- "Gum Ball" by Lorance Johnson
- "The Reticent Trumpeter" by Gylych
- "But a Small Matter in the Kara Kum" by the Musicker
- "Bala" by Dmitri Andreyev
- "Chikuzan/Awa Odori" by Tomita Kyu
- "No Farther" by J Roth
- "Waitin' on Sister Saturday" by J-Mo

SOME DESERVED THANKS

Numerous people deserve thanks for their efforts in making this show happen. Mama Roth for costuming and set design help; Papa Roth for promotional and moral support; Svetlana Chebotayeva for Russian translations; Brian Bedell for Japanese translations; Kelly Frankenberg for Musicker drawings and photos; the Center for Independent Artists for this opportunity to perform.

A DISCLAIMER

"The Musicker's Tribunal" draws upon names and events from history, but the characters appearing in the production are fictitious and not meant to resemble any actual person either living or dead. Any resemblance is purely coincidental.

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TESTIMONY OF GYLYCH THE SUONA TRUMPETER (EXPANDED)

I was born in 1186 on the edge of the Kara Kum desert in a city called Merv. Merv at this time was one of the administrative, economic and cultural centers of Central Asia. Among the population of over 700, 000 were many scholars who had come to the city to take advantage of the extensive libraries there.

I am of the Turkmen race descended from those who intermingled with the occupying soldiers of Alexander the Great's army 1500 hundred years earlier. Merv had withstood and persevered through many empire shifts and at the time of my birth was part of a soon-to-be-forgotten empire called: Khwarazm.

Taking after my father, I became a trader on the Silk Road. The caravans I was part of traveled east toward China journeying at times as far as Hami. It was there that I acquired my suona horn from a Chinese trader.

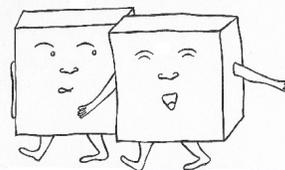
In the year 1218, I was staying in a caravanserai outside of Kashgar. I and some of my cohorts were creating quite a musical revelry as we often did in the evenings. The other guests, most of whom were traders of a variety of different races, sang and danced late into the evening with us. It turned out that one of these, a Mongol trader, was a spy of Genghis Khan's. This man heard me playing my horn and got it in his head that I could be used to help the Mongol army. He reported his idea to one of Genghis Khan's generals who immediately had me captured. I was put before this general and made to play my horn. I was frightened for my life and played as fervently as I could. The general agreed that perhaps I could be used in the Mongol army.

I soon learned that the Mongols were marching toward my homeland; I did not wish to help them. When I heard I was to play in front of Genghis Khan I devised a plan to play the saddest, most unwarlike song I could.

There I stood before the mighty Khan himself in his great, round yurt. His

eyes were incomprehensible as they gazed upon me. He never spoke a word, but his general told me to play. I started into my sad melody and the general bellowed at me to play something more lively. I played all the sadder and then noticed Genghis was crying. I had done it! I had shaken the mighty Khan.

He grinned through his tears after I was done playing and told the general it was true – that my horn was powerful. If it could move him to tears, it could surely give strength to his army. Genghis knew I would not want to help lead his army against my own people so he made a promise to me – if I played for his army he would spare my home city of Merv. I soon found myself among the Mongol troops, playing my horn and guiding them into battles. We captured Samarkand, Bukhara, and Balkh. Unfortunately, outside of Balkh Genghis's grandson was killed in battle. Genghis had every citizen of Balkh killed, but he was not satisfied with this massacre. He wanted more of the Khwarazm Empire to pay for the life of his grandson. He commanded his son Tului to lead an army to Merv. I was sent with him. Tului knew of Genghis's promise to me not to attack Merv. Tului told me if I could play in a way to get the citizens of Merv to surrender peacefully, he would spare them. I knew he was lying to me so I lied to him and told him I would try. As we approached the defenders of Merv, I played my horn as loudly and menacingly as I could trying to scare and push them away – trying to warn them to flee for their lives. I tried to warn them...I tried...



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TESTIMONY OF DMITRI ANDREYEV
(EXPANDED)

I was born in 1895 in Russia. My father was Russian and my mother was half-Russian, half-Roma(Gypsy). When my father died my mother took me to live with her parents in Moldova. Thus I grew up around Gypsies and their music. The Gypsies had been slaves in Moldova until the 1860's and I discovered my grandparents had been among those enslaved. I struggled with pride and shame of my Gypsy heritage. When the Soviet Union took over Moldova in 1940, I was taken into the army away from my family. I wanted to stay and defend Moldova from the Nazis, but I was sent to Russia to fight.

I was in Stalingrad in 1942 when the Nazis attacked us there. The orders had been given to hold the city at all costs. At all costs that is what we did. My platoon was surrounded and cornered into a single apartment building in the city center. Our sergeant, by the name of Pavlov, would not let us surrender. We set up machine-guns at the windows and turned the public square outside the building into a mine field. For twenty-five days we held off the fierce attempts by the Nazis to drive us out of there. Our spirits began to sink wondering when help would come.

It was on that twenty-fifth day that a balalaika was found in one of the apartments. Some of the soldiers had heard me mention I could play and they came to me where I was sleeping. They woke me and pleaded to me: "Dima, please play us a song." I was so exhausted, but could not refuse. I played and the soldiers sang and some even danced. Those fighting heard us singing and became enheartened. We were not to be defeated. We held that house for another thirty-four days until reinforcements finally came. We went on to win that battle and the war.

I continued with the army until the end. When I returned to Moldova, I found that my family had been taken away with all the other Gypsies – taken to the Nazis' death camps...

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TESTIMONY OF TOMITA KYU
(EXPANDED)

I was twenty-one years old when I was sent from my home in Tokushima to a base in Hiroshima. I had only been there two days when the bomb was dropped. I was outside on the drill-ground when came a sudden, bright flash. I was thrown to the ground. I felt that I was burning, but when I looked at myself I could see no fire upon me. My commander came and helped me. He told me to persevere; that I was needed to help survivors in the city. I was in pain, but I went with him and other soldiers into the city.

The city was burning and wherever I looked the only colors seemed to be red, black and brown. My face was swollen and I had to hold my eyes open with my fingers to be able to see. I remember seeing people burned so badly I couldn't tell the back of them from the front. When we came to a river I was so hot I wanted to jump in, but there were many dead bodies floating in it.

Then it started to rain – big, black pelting drops. I was so thirsty, I tried to catch them in my mouth, but I only caught one or two.

A young girl came crying to me asking

me to help her mother. We found the woman unconscious under a roof beam. We tried to lift it off of her, but it was too heavy and the fire was coming. Finally I had to apologize to the woman and the girl and left them. These memories are painful to me...

After the war, I returned to the city of Tokushima and spent almost a year in recovery. One day in August, I heard the city was going to have a dance festival. I couldn't understand why anyone would want to dance. I knew about this festival – how for years the leaders had banned it or tried to make it as insignificant as possible. Traditionally it had taken place at the time of bon, when the spirits of the ancestors return to their homes. But I felt the ancestors had surely left Japan never to return; and why would they? Before the war the leaders didn't like the

people dancing, but now after the war they wanted us to dance. What fools. I felt angry and with a scarf to cover my scarred face, I went to go watch the dancers. There were many people gathered, but there was no spirit in their dancing. I watched thinking what fools they were – what fools all of us were. I took one of the shamisens and began to play it maniacally. I shouted out at them: "You are fools! We are all fools!" Suddenly many of them were dancing around me and we started off through the streets shouting at everyone that: "Fools are dancing and fools are watching too. Both are fools, why not dance!" Soon there were thousands of us dancing. We danced for three days. I don't remember the exact moment it happened, but my anger left me and never returned...but the bomb's touch...I would never stop feeling that...

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