

9-1-2012

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Marie Garlock
University of North Carolina, marie@itisinyou.org

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Recommended Citation

Garlock, Marie (2012) "The Performance and Expansion of Global Storytelling in “It is In You”," *Storytelling, Self, Society*: Vol. 8: Iss. 3, Article 2.
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.wayne.edu/storytelling/vol8/iss3/2>

The Performance and Expansion of Global Storytelling in “It is In You”

Marie Garlock

Alongside the script of “It is In You: Health Justice Performance in Tanzania,” this article explores oral history and critical ethnography performance as dialogue-based methods of global storytelling. A cross-cultural performance project engaging the politics of development, HIV, and the body, “It is In You” hopes to host otherwise difficult dialogues by centering invitation and health justice. I consider three key groups of global storytelling participants—experts, tellers, and contributing listeners—as essential to an ethic of mutuality which cycles through stories to mobilize communities, confront neocolonialisms, and situate research in our bodies.

Two common descriptions arise from pairing “global” and “storytelling.” The first is based on *access to stories*. Stories are drawn from a “global lineage” and shared with audiences who otherwise might not have heard them. The second is based on *location of storytellers*—performers who travel internationally and valuably *traverse* cultural boundaries. But what constitutes and differentiates the genre of *global storytelling*? More than touring with, or “telling” others into being, global storytelling, as traced by performance ethnography and oral history, has the potential to *mobilize* people across cultures *in relationship*.

“It is In You: Health Justice Performance in Tanzania” is an experiment to bring together people invested in public health, development politics, and performing arts in the United States and Tanzania, to offer the possibility of reciprocal health and social change. I engage global storytelling as a living *translation of research*, performed by, as much as drawn from, acts of border-shifting collaboration. This “collaborative one-woman” performance is driven by three key questions:

- How do we encounter one another across cultures from an *assets-* versus *deficits-*based perspective?
- What are the possibilities for performance to act as a vibrant and legitimate site for health and social change?
- How can “reciprocities of knowledge” between countries such as the United States and Tanzania engage the politics of international development, HIV, and the body?

As I have learned from the generous mentors of “It is In You,” global story performance implicates three groups:

- The **experts** who first share their work, in this case Tanzanian activists, mentors, and health justice performers;
- The **teller(s)**, in this case me, a researcher and artist in the United States; joined by openly invited fellow artists local to each “It is In You” performance venue (For a surprising post-graduate “tour” of the project—see Appendix: Script); and
- Her **audiences**, whom I term “contributing listeners,” in this case, people at international development, public health, and arts-centered conferences and residencies, throughout the United States and East Africa.

Performance as an embodied mode of “contextualization” is at the heart of “critical ethnography” and its performance. In fieldwork and art alike, we can either animate or resist “constructed identities,” choosing to encounter others and ourselves as either singular, or “plural” beings (Madison 104–5). During “It is In You”’s performance oral history interview excerpts from Tanzanian mentors—gathered during a semester of study at the University of Dar es Salaam and curated into the arc of an honors thesis and play—are contextualized in voice, dance, music, and interactive improvisation.

The “It is In You” project encounters oral history performance that becomes the site of *creating*, as much as relaying, history. Listeners and tellers are “strung between . . . recollection and anticipation of historical change” (Pollock, *Remembering: Oral History and Performance*, 7). Story practitioners know, perhaps most intimately: this genre is one of hosting history in our bodies, in order to evaluate its role in our present and future, from *within* the partnerships live performance creates. By design, “It is In You” is joined by a “chorus” of invited interdisciplinary artists specific to each performance site. This chorus is established by radical hospitality in every iteration, and a deep, refreshing, and mutual trust in a collaborative artistic process among rappers, drummers, singers, dancers, and storytellers. During one or two days in residency, the unique and often global perspectives of composers, choreographers, and poets are curated to weave together and engage the space between stories I perform. These same artists assist me in devised and improvised invitations to audience members to physically partake in and respond to the unfolding performance. By keeping performance fresh, and inviting story to expand always into new bodies, “It is In You” hopes to engage what Conquergood terms “dialogic performance”—a form of “intimate conversation” between two people and cultures that orchestrates “two voices, two sensibilities,” while at the same time reminding us of the integrity of each voice (“Performing as a Moral Act” 10).

PERFORMANCE AS CROSS-CULTURAL

As you read this script, I hope you will see and hear some snippet of the passion, political will, and diverse perspectives shared with me by Tanzanian health, justice, and performance experts through oral history and critical ethnography research. Notes prior to every adapted “interview excerpt” illuminate choices for grounding each story in the sound and space of live performance. I also hope to situate an approach to bodily performance; for example, in the ways Director Joseph Megel asked me to discover each person’s “center of gravity” in my own body, as the storyteller. Thus, I share minimal movement/dance direction, and notes about invitational and interactive moments with each audience. “It is In You” is transcribed “ethnopoetically” (Rothenberg 388), or as responsive to the beats, breaks, and rhythms of speech and circumstance in interviews and

original storytelling. This technique attunes us to oral poetry as emergent in dialogic research—shaping both a text and a “researcher” who meet participants “as they are, not as who the researcher wants them to be” (Trujillo 75).

This performance that is often, and ultimately *about* performance includes as its lineage the “materialist poetics” espoused by dramatists Bertolt Brecht Augusto Boal. It also hopes to bring Western and African performance traditions into productive, more than reproductive conversation. Brecht and Boal’s works—which reimagine spectators as actors (or “spect-actors”)—are consonant with a more ancient East African conception of story performance as an emancipatory, rather than merely reflective, mode of communication. Instead of an observer who laments what she experiences as the “given” plight of a story’s tragic hero, an observer infers that “the suffering of this or that person grips me because there *is* an escape for him” (Brecht). The objective is therefore “not only that of interpreting the world, but also of transforming it”; performance occurs under the “obligation” of actually “showing how” the world can be transformed (Boal 103). By its very nature in public forums, an East African legacy of story performance requires audiences to question the “stabilities” of dominant cultural narratives (Mugo 94) through practices of performative witness. Such a dramatic forum of cultural performance is built on both *spontaneity* and centering *traditions* of social and political reflection.

At a local as much as transnational level, “emancipation becomes possible”¹ as people from all economic and social backgrounds “act together to build [communicative] capital and free themselves from oppressive relationships” (Papa, Singhal, and Papa, 56). From this impulse and charge, the idea to develop “It is In You” emerged.

When I came back to the United States from my direct exchange at the University of Dar es Salaam, I returned to worlds of assumptions about public health and health communication approaches, as well as African political economies and “development”. As a professional health educator, I again encountered the all-too-simple narratives of HIV/AIDS in my own state of North Carolina. As an Africanist student (as well as person of faith), I was inundated with problematic products and advertised images devoted to “African orphans in need.”²

Now, the more complex stories my Tanzanian friends shared began spilling out in conversations with curious family, colleagues, and American classmates. East African mentors taught me about not only the danger and the beauty, but the *practicality* of stories. Stories, including how and *whether* we perform them, can interrupt codes of dominance. Warmly or slyly, with humor and honesty, they also invite us in to new political investments, in and among witnesses, and across otherwise assumed cultural boundaries. I began to reckon with the four questions, or starting points, Linda Alcoff poses in “The Problem of Speaking for Others” (24–26):

1. We must critically analyze our *impulse to speak* in the first place,
2. We must interrogate the bearing of our location and context,
3. Speaking must carry an accountability and responsibility for what one says, and
4. Beyond the location or qualifications of the speaker, we must look at “where the speech goes, and what it does there.”

WHAT AND WHY: WHY GLOBAL STORYTELLING?

Fueled by intra- and inter-cultural practices of resistance to reductive or destructive representations, global storytelling has the potential to become an ethical medium in and of itself. This

is particularly true in the case of African-Western relations, where assumptions about African identity, capability, and social context abound.³

With "It is In You," I hope to de-center traditional economic development and public health narratives and create companions in new dialogue about progress spoken on a community's own terms. I hope not to back away from the tangled web of trade, diplomatic, and corporate interrelation that links Americans and Tanzanians, in ways most Americans can technically live without ever knowing. I hope we will consider public health initiatives on the African continent—and intersecting, often depoliticized issues of HIV/AIDS and poverty—differently than does mainstream American media. From these considerations, "It is In You" asks: whose insights get to count where? Who is a storyteller, and what counts as a "story" worth performing? These questions traverse the intersection of *global* and *storytelling*, taking a consideration of *politics* to heart. Performance of critical ethnography does not "justify" as much as it "questions" why things are the way they are. Holes in representation are not covered over, as much as they are turned inside out, or threaded together. Performance thus has the potential to see from the inside-out what Crenshaw (1241) calls *intersectionality* in, for example, black feminism, or Africanist independence movements, or HIV- and youth organizing.

It has never been clearer to me than in Tanzania that community mobilization becomes possible through art. Rather than live in the "problems," or ply audiences with easy "answers," "It is In You" follows the lead of Tanzanian friends I came to know as "health justice performers"—those who construct a different reality about health and development, through collective story established on dialogue. Audiences gather *in order to* analyze and personally connect across cultural, gender, ethnic, and economic segregation. Story-, song-, poetry-, and movement-based performance builds tangible solutions to not only local but also globally positioned health and economic dilemmas wrapped up in social symptoms of issues like HIV and AIDS.⁴

At the same time as it confronts larger forces of corporate and geopolitical neocolonialism, "It is In You" also hopes to honor and share the nuances of Tanzanian communities of artists and activists with whom I trained in "health justice performance." Tanzanian health justice organizer John Kessy tunes in accordingly: "The community, it is made up of *people*, it is not like a *stone*. Many people [in rural areas] have the hope dragged from them every day. So if one [the health justice organizer] gives up the hope, what will that mean for them?"

WHO AND HOW: TANZANIAN EXPERTS, CONTRIBUTING LISTENERS

When first constructing this script, I wondered, in the spirit of my Tanzanian mentors: is it possible to invoke hospitality *and* critical engagement at the same time? What is the difference between highlighting a dire "need for foreign aid" and highlighting "indigenous solutions" to health and development crises, converging in HIV/AIDS? What is the difference between approaching persons who(m you think) need "help" and approaching persons from whom you desire to "learn"? With "It is In You" the desire was thus to engage performance ethnography as a method of global storytelling that does not "teach" answers but *asks* artists and audiences what is left to learn (Freire 29), particularly in concert with one another. Critical ethnographic performance, particularly in a cross-cultural context, resists the tendency to simply dig deeper into our own pre-existing ideologies about ourselves and others. Rather, the idea is to illuminate

the very foundations of ideological stances themselves, for what they are, that is, interrelated, co-dependent, and as Freire (12) puts it, the “fruits of historical labor”.⁵

This mode of global storytelling complicates the notion of a story as simply its own “object” to be placed in front of an audience for viewing. Listeners and tellers live in a call to action beyond the passive experience of hearing and being heard. The live performance of each element of this script seeks to share the *lifeblood running through* every excerpted story and adapted live interview. The lifeblood that moves through from the original expert who shared their story—in the form of political and vernacular insight, conversational anecdotes, or methods of activist training—also moves into my body. It does not stop here, to be repeated or simply “imitated,” but instead finds its way out in a new form. This is story-performance which itself performs *how* this story sits, moves, and remains anything but settled in me, as now-teller.

Indeed, one of the curious, powerful, and potentially dangerous aspects of ethnography and oral history is that they join experts, tellers, and listeners who are from different life-backgrounds. Of course, the very act of hosting Tanzanian perspective in an American body begins (or starts in the middle of) conversations that tug at the lines between black and white, marginalized and powerful nations, between female and male, and “mzee na vijana (elders/youth).” Multiple choices now rest with an audience, as to whether or not, as well as how to take up complex questions of race and gender and “societal status”; questions which pass into their own present bodies and relationships. Through oral history’s *performance* we “reckon with our place in the network of social relations story invokes” (Pollock 7). Physicality and presence help us to “draw new lines”⁶ between people and places often over-defined and drawn shut. Our creative capacities for dialogic relationship put into conversation *multiple conceptions* of global mentors and friends, and ourselves.

In dialogic performance, the lifeblood of a story explodes past traditional notions of “entertainment,” or story aiming to reach only the *observational sphere* of its audiences. Engaging instead a group of contributing listeners, we confront what Freire (4) calls “lived conflict” between “human solidarity or alienation; between following prescriptions or having choices; between being spectators or actors”. Collaborative storytelling becomes the nexus of connection for experts, tellers, and contributing listeners who are offered the chance to *participate in* embodying multiple layers of the stories they have come to see. By invitational methods of audience interaction, the story has the potential to move into these listeners’ very bodies and *mutually-imagined spheres* of understanding. Performance based in oral history and ethnography is thus an in-the-moment act as much as it is a remembering.

Through the process of “It is In You” residencies in schools, national and global conferences, and in religious, public history, and women’s centers, collaborators and I discovered performative language that builds solidarity. In “It is In You”’s performance, this unfolds in East African forms of “image theatre” and guided physical movement in the stage-space, call-and-response song and greetings, and poetic creations built for listeners’ input, unique to their skills and life-experiences. The *contributing listeners* comprise both the live audience, gathered for the first time to see—and then interact with—these stories, and local artists who have joined in rehearsals prior to the performance, and contributed their own compositions. This form of mutuality in global storytelling rests on not just “what” the story is, but how its lifeblood moves, and circulates through diverse participants. For listeners, the *story circles back to offer more*: including possibility for deepened understanding of, and continued relationship with (a) the experts whose

insights the performance engages, and (b) fellow listener-contributors with whom participants explore during the performance itself.⁷

WHERE AND WHEN: GROUNDING PERFORMANCE AND SITUATING RESEARCH IN THE BODY

In curriculum workshops and rehearsals for "It is In You", participants and I engaged performance as a way to both conduct and translate *embodied research*. To engage critical ethnography, Madison (172) describes a process of "storying" ethnographic "data" with the purpose of "challenging and resisting conclusions." Cultural performances—the material at the root of "It is In You"—not only reflect "what we are" but also "shape and direct who we are and what we can become" (Madison 154). Performance functions to join original research partners, audiences, and performers to enact research as embodied experience.

In real-time, global storytelling and performances-as and -of research allow audience participants to bring their own expertise into contact with original storytellers' expertise through embodiment. In every artist's residency of the "It is In You" project, I was blown away by interdisciplinary postshow panelists and audiences whose rigorous dialogue began to map asset-based approaches within their own present and future work. Contributing listeners invested in Tanzanian mentors' expertise as a result of their own participation in each performance. Panelists from across disciplines—Nursing to African Studies to Development Communication, Dance to Conflict Transformation to Economics—discovered together the spontaneity which enables, rather than erases, *collective choice* about the terms of cross-cultural relationships.

Indeed, in cross-cultural situations, perhaps our greatest fear, as Salverson (71) puts it, is to not be able to "be ourselves witnessing" to one another (Salverson 71). As a result, many of us simply remove ourselves from chances for reciprocal acknowledgement of dignity across cultures. We assume it is not our job to connect, to interrogate, to hold up and possibly re-fashion our cross-cultural bonds. In response, oral history and ethnographic performance offer a different opportunity for the three groups of global storytelling "participants." Experts, tellers, and contributing listeners mutually envision and act beyond the assumption of cross-cultural relationship as utopian impossibility, and into the *reality* of our interdependent worlds.

As I have encountered it, cross-cultural storytelling is an art form grounded in physical space, filled with live bodies, and performed invitations to interaction. Global storytelling may not only spark but also ably *host* otherwise very difficult dialogues about class, race, gender, and sexuality. This work does away with the "needless dichotomy" of programs as "either entertaining or educational" (Rogers and Singhal, 289–90). At the same time, it confronts all manners of difference—whether socially-incorporated or "undesired" (stigma-related) — orienting internal awareness and external environments toward mutually desired social change (Rogers and Singhal 289–90, 248–9).

Oral history-based global storytelling is rooted in mutuality constituted by overlapping relationships, and interchanges of "information" contributed from multiply located "expert knowledges." As this play writes together American, international, and Tanzanian audiences, global storytelling performance does not just reflect, but, excitingly, produces boundary-breaking interaction. As participants discovered through "It is In You," stories do not simply *traverse* the borders of one culture to "arrive" in, "inform," or transport some kind of "authentic voice

of" another culture. Instead, the heart of global storytelling is *transverse* relationship—where cultures are situated, embedded, or extending *into each other* (as if in an engineer's design of "transverse beams"), to actively shore up a range of one another's realities. Everywhere we seek to define ourselves in "parallel" lines as seemingly separated peoples, we in fact cover over the intersections and perpendicular relationships among us, which support larger structures of cultural and historical production. Rather than moving us from point A to point B, or illuminating the distance between points A and B, global storytelling engages dynamic interconnection among variously-located perspectives. Confronting the choice to see or ignore our relationships, performance ethnography and oral history performance bring together bodies and perspectives, across assumed divisions and cultural bounds. As forms of *global storytelling*, ethnographic and oral history performance are thus methods of peacebuilding as much as critical analysis. Indeed, "elicitive approaches" (Lederach 73) rather than "resolution" or "compromise" among differences are the only thing that builds possibilities for transforming social division. In "It is In You," global storytelling joins experts, tellers, and contributing listeners in a series of co-creative discoveries. These are made differently by each who receives the invitation to listen in, and to witness/to the prospects of radical mutuality in research, performance, and dialogue. This is an embodied practice, into which you, too, are now welcomed.

Marie Garlock is earning a Communication Studies Ph.D. at UNC-Chapel Hill, connecting Performance Studies, Health Communication, and Communication for Development/Social Change. Her research explores displacement of the body in health and social crisis, and the dynamics of performance and healing in resulting cultural response. She joins mentors and fellow artmakers in storytelling facilitation, dance, film, and theater installation for healing and peace, <<http://itisinyou.org/>>. The author thanks all collaborating artists, hosts, and editors who radically inspire our diverse communities' investments in one another.

NOTE

1. See *MAMA KIWIA, IT IS IN YOU script, PART 3*: "It is a forum / . . . In drama, / all people / are equal."
2. See *TOURIST, IT IS IN YOU script, PART 1*: ". . . Don't you feel bad / that you're IN Africa / and you're not / helping people?"
3. See "*CHUPA*," *IT IS IN YOU script, PART 1*: "Who told you / you were superior? / . . . the mirror?"
4. See "*UPENDO*," *IT IS IN YOU script, PART 2*: "When we do the performance (. . .) we ask them to / break the silence (. . .)"
5. See "*STORYTELLER*," *IT IS IN YOU script, PART 1*: "Mzungu! Wewe! / You ever heard the saying? / In the beginning, / the African man, he had the land (. . .)" Note: all but two script-pieces are adapted from direct individual interviews in Tanzania. The *STORYTELLER* and *TOURIST* – as "guides" at seemingly opposite poles of attunement – are woven together from multiple conversational threads with interviewees in both North Carolina/Tanzania.
6. See "*MOVEMENT CHORUS*," *IT IS IN YOU script, PART 1, 2, 3*: original choreography with participants explores being drawn by others' "lines" or *drawing* lines (about identity, economy, health) on a community's own terms.
7. See "*MZEE*," *IT IS IN YOU script, PART 3*: "Wewe. / Why / do / we / per-se-cute / this / girl (. . .)?", for examples of centering *invitation* in audience-interaction, and *physicality* in proposed audience response to story.

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APPENDIX: SCRIPT
 {It is In You}
 Health Justice Performance in
 Tanzania

In collaboration with Tanzanian Partners at:

University of Dar es Salaam

Dance, Theatre for Development, Music, Development Studies Faculty: Daines Sanga, Drs. Herbert F. Makoye, Godfrey Mungereza, Imani Sanga

University of Dar es Salaam scholars, artists:

Law, Literature, History, Sociology, Fine Performing Arts, Lusajo Israel, Gertrude Moragwa, Abudu Sallam Waiswa, Lyimo A. (thanks Catherine Paul, Kherly Mbiro, Thomas-Utawala, Masole Cleophace, Grace Nchuka, Abdul Mursaly, Robert Hizza).

Health Justice Organization Leaders:

White Orange Youth Centre, Moshi, TZ. John Kessy (with John Mbandu, many peer educators)

Kilimanjaro Wizard Arts Group, Moshi, TZ.

Upendo Mwaluswa (with many co-performers)

Kimara Peer Educators, DSM, TZ. Pifirael Kiwia, Willbroad Manyama, (peer educators Jambia, Hawa, Gideon)

Hananasif Children's Center, DSM, TZ.

Bwana Hezekia, Joann (and all children).

Kiwakukki Women's Center, Moshi, TZ. Mama Shabuni

University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill:

Mentors Drs. Della Pollock, Eunice Sahle, Renee Alexander Craft, Alphonse S. Mutima

Director: Joseph Megel, Artist-in-Residence

By: Marie Garlock

<http://itisinyou.org/tanzania>

919 607 5533, marie@itisinyou.org

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Live Performance Notes

Length 70 minutes

East African Feast, Discussion 20-30 min following

Space: Room for dancing, audience seated accessibly (non-raised or non-proscenium stage)

Projection screen diagonally upstage left,

tape marking 3' x 8' rectangle at its base

Two blocks mid-stage, 10-ft apart

Behind these, clothesline tied between two coatracks ("trees"), holding 13 fabric swaths, costume materials

Performers

Marie Garlock in collaboration with artists at each venue

Drummers/Musicians from lineages in:

Iran, Senegal, Tanzania, India, Kenya, DR Congo, Rwanda, Hawaii, Sweden, Sudan, US Rock, and CME Zion Gospel

Dance Ensembles and Dancers from lineages in:

Inversions Modern Co., TALL University Dancers (ESL Popular Education Arts Program; Dominican Republic, Haiti, Puerto Rico), UDMSM FPA Dance Ensemble, Kilimanjaro Wizard Arts Group, Hanansif Children's Choir, CFS Adv. Dance Collaborations, Dickinson College Dance-Theatre, CommDev Dancers (Guyana, Nigeria), Calafia Collective (African, Modern, Ballet), St. Joseph's Youth Dance Choir, North-Park Artists (Nigeria, China, Poland, Sweden)

Poets from lineages in:

Southern African-American, South African, Nigerian, Kenyan, and Tanzanian Oral Poetry Traditions

Original Tech Design Andrew Synowiez, Dance Partnerships Graciela Seila, Set/Lights Rob Hamilton

Performance Hosts (in order)

Joseph Megel (UNC, PS, PTO, AF, B), Dr. Della Pollock (UNC, PS, OHA, NCA, JCMSH), Dr. Eunice Sahle (UNC, PS, AF, SC), Frank Stasio (NPR), Reed Colver (CC), Exec. Dir. Arts Emil Kang (CC), Dr. Joseph Jordan (CC), Dr. Roberta Ann Dunbar (AS), Gayle Henry (CS), Dr. Patricia Parker (LC), Dr. Mari Ann Graham (PTO), Kimberly Hardy (UB), Dr. Kim Chapman Page (DGH), Carolyn Lane, Vera Warren (WC), Stacy Grove (HSR), Vanessa White, MPH, Dr. Ronald Strauss (UNC CFAR), Rev. Dr. H. William Green (NBS), Pifirael Kiwia, Willbroad Manyama (AF), Bwana Hezekia (B), Lusajo Israel, Abdul Mursaly (AF, B, SC), Robert Hizza (AF, B), Upendo Mwaluswa (B, CP-N), John Kessy, Mike Msoka (CP-N), Dr. Marjorie Mbilinyi (AF, SC), Dr. Madelyn Campbell, Dr. Alicia Rouverol (OHA), Dr. E. Patrick Johnson (NCA), Annie Dwyer, MFA (CFS), Dr. Susan Rose (DC), Dr. Karen Greiner, Dr. Arvind Singhal (CDSC), Dr. David Terry (SJSU), Dr. Devendra Sharma (CS-F, NCA), Pastor Troy F. and Bernice Harrison, Rob Stephens (JCMSH), Dr. Robert Hostetter (NPU), Beth Dehghan (WNC)

Performances

Thesis Performance (UNC) and **Process Series: New Works in Development**, Chapel Hill, NC, w. Schools of Medicine, Public Health, Social Work, Office of Global Health, Depts. of International, African, African-American, Communication Studies (PS).

Pedagogy-Theatre of the Oppressed Global Conference, Minneapolis, MN (PTO).

Global Health, Human Rights Joint Conference at Alliance Francaise, Dar es Salaam, Tanzania (AF).

Bagamoyo College of Arts, Bagamoyo, Tanzania (B).

Community Performance-Njoro, White Orange Youth Center, Kilimanjaro Wizard Arts Group, and Mshikamano Chawamaki (Kilimanjaro Region Persons with AIDS), Moshi, Tanzania (CP-N).

Oral History Association, National Conference, Evening Keynote Performance, Louisville, KY (OHA).

National Communication Association, Chicago, IL (NCA).

Carolina Friends School, 5-day Residency, Advanced Dance, Art-Social Change, African-American History, Service Learning, Mythology, Music, Civil Rights, Durham, NC (CFS).

Dickinson College, 2-day Residency, Dance-Theatre, African and Postcolonial Studies, Carlisle, PA (DC).

Communication for Development and Social Change International Conference, Evening Keynote Performance, Athens, OH (CDSC).

San Jose State University, 3-day Residency, Performance of Ethnodrama, Communication and Culture, San Jose, CA (SJSU).

California State University-Fresno, Communication, Rhetoric, Social Change, Fresno, CA (CS-F).

Jackson Center for Making and Saving History, 4-day Residency, Living Black History Series, St. Joseph's CME Zion Church, Chapel Hill, NC (JCMSH).

North Park University, 3-day Residency in Conflict Transformation Program and Communication Arts; Nursing, Theatre, African, Global Studies, Chicago, IL (NPU).

*Excerpt performances:

NPR-WUNC 91.5, *The State of Things*, Durham, NC.

Creative Campus Initiative, Doris Duke Foundation UNC Artist-in-Residence, Washington, D.C. (CC).

UNC/Duke Curriculum Performances: Upward Bound Minority Youth Delegation (UB), **Duke Global**

Health (DGH), Communication Studies (CS), Leadership Communication (LC), African Studies (AS), Chapel Hill, NC.

Triangle Community Sendoff, St. Francis United Methodist Church, HeartSpace Spiritual Resources, UNC Center for AIDS Research, Raleigh NC.

Network of Biblical Storytellers, National Conference Performance-Hour, Black Mountain, NC (NBS).

Alliance for Peace, Interfaith Youth Forum among Muslim-Christian-Traditional Beliefs, Alliance Francaise, Dar es Salaam, Tanzania.

Soma Cafe, Education Celebration, Dar es Salaam, Tanzania.

The Woman's Club, International-Affairs Keynote, Raleigh, NC (WC).

Arts in One World Conference, Brown University, TALL University, Big Nazo Productions, RI.

WomenNC UN Delegation M.C., w. Secretary of State Hon. Elaine Marshall, Raleigh, NC (WNC).



FIGURE 1 Students, Ngorongoro (Andrew Synowiez).

IT IS IN YOU: HEALTH JUSTICE PERFORMANCE
IN TANZANIA
PART 1

PRE-SHOW

Music: "Bongo-Flava," Daz Nundas

MAMA SANGA

Music: "All is Full of Love," Bitone Uganda/Bjork

Image: House lights up, no projection

Movement: Entering audience seating to greet, bodily. Laughing while instructing in English and Kiswahili.

High, loving expectations. Strong, vibrant, holds people and the space by listening, asking. Hand held to heart positions soft pashmina shawl around shoulders.

(pointing for all audience's attention)

Eh, eh, eh, eh:
Now You Know.
Right?

(smiling to someone specific)

if I say
MAMBO! (what's up!?)
you say
POA (cool)

(ad-lib "Mambo" "Poa" exchange with audience member across aisle)

if you say MAMBO! (what's up!?)

(ad-lib to someone who's "looking peaceful")

you can say SA_LAMA (I am at peace)

(moving, pointing to others)

you say
MAMBO!
you say SAFI (it's all straight)

eh
and this.

you do the handshake
the T-Zed handshake

(requires physical explanation: high-five handshake ends in thumbs pressing together 3x, in "thumb war")

you take the hand

you take the thumb and ah-ah-ah

(another audience member)

you take the hand you take the thumb and ah-ah-ah

(Ad-lib - "Okay, now everyone try T-Zed handshake - greet your neighbor!" Watch eruption into handshakes, "Mambo-Safi" exchanges just learned. Enter again.)

you get excited, eh!?

you say, oooh I like your cloth-es,
ME-PEN-DE-ZA *(look someone up-and-down)*
(you fascinate!, you please me!)

the women, when they are talking,
heh!, the men too

(lean into someone, forearm-to-forearm)

they hold hands,
while they are walking and talking
while they lean to each other, in confidence

(now to all)

We have words for this, you know?

He-shi-ma. Respect.

Utu. – the spirit of human dignity. Utu – holding every life in equal value.

in Tanzania

we take the time

to say hello

we take the time to say:

(eye contact, flurry of greetings)

habari yako, habari gani, habari za siku, habari za siku nyingi, habari za familia, habari za nyumba, habari za shule, habari za kazi?

(In Kiswahili. Smile, follow up).

how are you, what is the news, how is your day, how have your many days been, how is your family, how is your home, how is your school, how is your work?

(Ad-lib weaving with questions among seats. If response is "good," instruct "Ndiyo: yes, njema: good." Wait for someone to respond "It's okay/It's bad" or look hesitant.)

oh!, did you hear this?

no no, no you do not say you have been bad.

when somebody asks you how you are

you do not say

sawa – okay

you do not say

baaya – bad, oooh, you do not say bad!

you say, njema

mzuri! I am good!

(Turn to leave. A few steps in, turn back)

...you can explain later!

(Hang blue shawl on clothesline strung upstage SL-SR, between "tree" coatracks)

BEGINNING

(Lights down. Film Starts. DRUMMERS join its rhythm. DANCERS enter. Warrior Dance.)

MOTO!

Music: Drumming (artists' compositions played live)

Image: VIDEO CUE Kilimanjaro Arts Group's MOTO! Dance/Theater/Music Performance.

Movement: Film of MOTO!, written/ performed by Kilimanjaro Arts Group, May 2007. A woman (Upendo Mwaluswa) dances/speaks the text; two men, Simon, Shabani dance across stage-space, thrusting sticks of fire sharply into air. They begin to speak the rest, entire ensemble (12 drummers/singers) joins by end.

Live dance: Choreography by Marie Garlock, with adaption from Vincent Mantsoe's T'ai Chi/African Dance Project "SUNDUSA." Performed by MG, 1-2

fellow dancers. SR of projected video-dance, live DANCERS move fiercely, breath/bodies linked.

Kiswahili-to-English reference text in print-program, translated by Dr. Alfonse Mutima. *MOTO!* means both "Fire"/"War."

"It is necessary that you will answer the day of judgment, you who are brutal. With your bullyism you have turned the world into a house where people slaughter cows. Listen to the crying of children and women who do not know where to hide. You, this small group of human beings, why do you oppress the person and the right to life?

See, children are raped by war: Look at the ISRAELI children, the PALESTINIAN children, the LEBANESE children. IRAQ is being destroyed in a fire. The beginning of it is a small charcoal of fire -and then the whole world burns.

What kind of revolution is just war? Your fellows, are playing chess, cards. And they can play, why not? Because they have found a market for weapons, they can relax now. The struggle for money and minerals has overcome and stifled you, to kill each other. While by us, the weapon sellers are making their own place clean and shining.

AFRIKA! If we stop fighting, they will go bankrupt, where will they sell the weapons that they pile up? We will be finished for sure if we do not gasp and awaken. Peace, peace, where is the peace?"

Extinguish the fire, who will extinguish the fire? Fire/war Fire/war Fire/War! (Zimamoto Zimamoto Zimamoto nani atazima moto moto moto moto!)"

STORYTELLER

Music: Drumming, stopped by Storyteller

Image: Small Tree in sun, Lake Manyara

Movement: *MOTO!* still playing, dance ends. Storyteller ceremoniously dons large bhatik-shirt, lifted from "tree" coatrack SR. Observing *MOTO!* film, Storyteller interrupts DRUMMING, other DANCERS with outstretched hand. Chest big enough to encompass whole audience. Smile with something behind it, always-traveling eyes. Articulate, sweeping arms, elbows, fingers.

(Spin to audience, large-bodied torso-undulation punctuated by speech)

Hah! Mzungu!!

(Raising eyebrows, hands beckon)

Come. Kuja, Come.

You thought this was going to be all about War in Africa *didn't you?*

(Point to someone specific; they're not "bad," only "silly.")

Mzungu, *what do you know!?* (We lament the wars you have started!).

(Point to someone else.)

You thought it was going to be about chaos, *downspiral* – what do you know about the chaos that has been caused? Hmmm? *(shoulder-shrug)*
 Funny Mzungu. *(Wave of dismissal, walk away. Pause. Head tips sideways.)*

Okay, then, wewe, **instead, I will tell you a story:** story of the **Baobab** Tree, we call it "Babo." Upsidedown tree.

(Using entire stage-space, climbing blocks, illustrating head-to-toe the animals' orientation, tree's breadth, collapse, growth)

Its trunk is thick, its branches like roots (they say it has been overturned!) It is ancient, the life-giver.

The baobab tree, it began as a **small, thin, thing**, from a **tiny, tiny seed.**

(body shrinks, compact)

It was the first seed, so did not yet have anybody to grow huge against. It grew steadily, but was not yet strong.

(led by one finger, slowly expand entire body)

Because its branches were so low, the lions would yawn and climb easily into it, for their afternoon naps –

(whole-body yawn, collapse head)

and so the tree never got to rest on its own,

(trudge forward, arms wide)

always carrying the weight of the sleeping lion.

And the elephants would come (!), with **energy** to play from the water hole,

and hope to make a friend with the baobab –

(swinging arms as "trunk," prancing over to encircle tree)

but when their elephant trunks wrapped around the thin trunk of the tree, the poor baobab would come **uprooted!**

(sudden whole-body lift on toes, torso folds sideways)

Having to **crawl** along the **ground**, to **find** its place in the soil again, all the **water** would **leak** out from its **middle.**

(hands drag body back, a "hole" in ribs)

And the tree grew very thirsty.

When the **rain** would finally come, *(run, arms up)*
 the giraffe was **always taller** than the Baobab,

(climb on block, extend neck, smile)

so its tongue would reach the drops before they could fall to its roots.

(catch rain in hands, before hits ground)

The baobab grew very thirsty, and very tired.
(climbing down, body limp)
 One day, when the **elephant came to play**,
(trunk/arms swinging to uproot tree)
 and the baobab was again **on its side**,
(up on toes, torso folds sideways)
 it thought, **heh!** *(lift head, wide-eyed, one finger in air)*
I will turn my branches upside down into the earth, so
 I will be **stronger rooted**.
*(hands first, torso tips toward ground, feet meander
 heel-toe across stage, girding body to earth)*

And when the lion came to make his daily climb
 for napping, *(huge yawn, head/torso collapse)*
he kept *(thwap to ground)*
falling to the ground through the short roots,
(fingers flutter overhead)

not **thick enough** for resting his body.
 ...And so the Baobab began to grow strong.
*(climb on block, arms as branches,
 articulating through every muscle)*

It grew tall, and the **giraffe** could no longer take the **rain
 drops** with its tongue.
 Out of thankfulness the **Baobab** began to grow small,
soft leaves at the ends of its **upside-down roots** –
(fingers bloom, and twist)

and **now** the tree was so tall, the **giraffe** had to strain its
 neck to reach the baobab leaves.

With all its **new rain drops**, the tree began to make
stores in its **thick trunk** for times of drought.
*(Arms stiffen around torso, step off block. Palms
 scan audience, lean forward, eyebrows raising)*

And now, the **Baobab** is the **ancient tree**,
 some many thousands of years old.
*(Eyeing audience, walk away. Ceremoniously place
 Bhatik shirt on clothesline)*

LYIMO

Music: Drumming out / "Bitone Excerpt" in
Image: Small baobab tree, mountains
Movement: After very carefully putting on glasses
 (lifted from "tree" coatrack), stands, peering out, not
 much motion. Small, gentle, heart-filled frame. So much
 emanating from eyes.

*(Leaning in with eyes, left fingers
 pressed to right palm)*

...well,
 in my community,
 people look at me
 and listen
 to what I have to say

with some bit of respect now,
 that I am coming from the chuo kikuu, university
 and if I can talk
 to ten people
 to one
 hundred
 people
 and they will live
 their lives differently because of it
 then
 that
 will help bring about
 change.

yes:
 it is when people lose hope
 when their hearts are angry
 or hurt
 that there is a problem
 with H
 I-V

Yes, they must know their own worth because
 to know their life
 is worth protecting
 you know, the teachers,
 they are dying with HIV
 their salary is not easy to get, not
 forwarded to them in a timely manner
 they need the money, they
 associate with the men or women with money
 the money – you take it, it will kill you
 but if you go hungry, actually, poverty, it kills you slowly
 you know, it is one in ten
 having H IV here,
 when they know the HIV-positive status
 they don't use cohndahm
 any more
 when they discover
 there is no need
 to protect themselves.
 it is the HOPE LOST.
kukata linaa. *(Ku-Kahtah-Lee-na. "to cut hope")*
 (. . .the university students, they do not want to know,
 yes)
 – to think
 you may have twenty years
 left
 and then:
 it is
 so
 much

less

it does not help
to know.

people here don't want to get tested.
because

*(Pause, shoulders-up,
holding someone's eye contact)*

what then?

(breathe back into shoulders, forward into hands)

we must put the hope in their hearts.

(Gently return glasses to clothesline)

MOVEMENT CHORUS

(DANCERS/ENSEMBLE ENTER for GREETINGS)

Music: Loud Bongo-Flava (Kiswahili Hip-Hop)

Movement: DANCERS, MUSIC abruptly, vibrantly fill space. Dancers share-weight hand-to-hand, greet in many languages (Mambo-Poa, "What's Up" equivalents in Kiswahili, also Spanish, French, Arabic, per collaborating artists' own languages). Cross playfully SL-SR meeting CS.



FIGURE 2 Street scene, Dar-es-Salaam (Marie Garlock) (color figure available online).

VISITING TOURIST "Comments Overheard"

Music: "Yo, Yo," Daz Nundas

Image: Street Scene, Dar-es-Salaam

Movement: Grabs gigantic plastic shopping bag featuring screen-printed image of lion, with "AFRICA" emblazoned in gigantic yellow print. Pushes way through DANCERS still exuberantly greeting onstage (who now exit). Speedy speech, accentuated by eyerolls/bug-eyes,

shoulder-shrugs. Flings hair/neck often. Sits in exasperation on SL block, dropping "AFRICA" bag.

And she was like,
well I mean, don't you feel bad,
that you're you know, IN
Africa,

and you're not HELPING people? *(eyebrows raise)*
I mean. . . .

People were like:

You're going to Africa –

Be careful okay

Don't get AIDS. *(eyes wide)*

Tanzania, that's like 2 countries away from Somalia – are you going to be safe?

Tanzania: that's one third *(room-volume whisper)*

Muslim.

(And) Oh-my-God all those pictures, of little kids, it's so sad. . . I mean, it is **really hard** how all the kids come up to you, and ask for **change** - I hate being **objectified** like that. . .

This girl at church was like:

Tanzania? Oh yeah!, well, my uncle, he went on a mission trip in the 1970s, to Kenya, he said it was so cool – he went on Safari. *(laugh)*

I wonder if they called people mzungu then –

You know how people call out M-ZUN-GU!

That would not be okay to just **yell to people** in America or Sweden or something - You don't just yell to people on the street – I mean **everybody** does it, kids, parents, dala dala drivers, -

Mzuuuuunguu!?! MAMBO! –

(pointing to specific audience member)

Foreignerrrrrrrrr, what's up!?!?! – being called out like that – *(roll eyes)*

I know some people think it's a joke, everybody here just has a good sense of humor or whatever –

but really, it's just kind of **frustrating**. *(hair flip)*

(Lift AFRICA bag, promptly leave)

GERTRUDE

Music: "Jana Mteja," Daz Nundas

Image: Dormroom, Bweni 3/4

Movement: Tucks kanga around waist elegantly, checking in dormroom mirror. Razor-precise speech, perceptions. Holds up tiny frame up with confident chest. Emphasizes points with eyes, humored voice.

(Plant feet/squat, hips near ground. Referring to foreign students who just left dormroom.)

What did they think, coming here?
 They knew where they were coming.
 Why would they complain so much?
 There is no water for a little while – okay, where do you think you are?
 This is not Canada, this is not Europe, why did you want to come to Dar es Salaam if you were going to talk about the water all the time? Spend all your time complaining.

(explaining with hands)

...It cuts off. It comes back on. You are okay.

(stand)

You know, so many of the mzungus, international students, they come here to stay at chuo and they think they come here just to help they have in their mind all these plans for helping Tanzania.

And that is nice, but –

(Walk toward clothesline. Turn back, eyes/hands wide)

Oh, and the Americans.

They want to help so much!, more than any other people that come here

(walking back, with "Women-as-Wage-Earners" t-shirt)

that is very nice you know, why does it happen that way, that so many of the young Americans, they have the idea of service getting in their head? More than the Europeans, more than the Canadians, than any of them, they come thinking to help, to help-

(fold shirt, hold to chest)

And that is nice but –

(look up)

so how does that mean you are thinking of us?

(no eye-contact, putting away shirt)

like they see us as helpless. this is a third world country, this may be a third world country,

(put shirt down, look up)

but we are not helpless.

(Walk to clothesline, meticulously remove light-blue waist-wrap, shake across)

CHUPA

Music: "Nunca, Jirushe," Daz Nundas

Image: Night/Downtown

Movement: A brisk walk, putting on "Women-as-Wage-Earners" t-shirt. Strong shoulder and outstretched hand punctuate every point. Completely

brilliant mind, always going. Knowing humor, crisp intellect, nearly rapping these words.

(walk span of audience with 3-4 paces)

yeah (the mhindi, Indians, the shop owners) they call us kitani. it's a motherfuckin insult yeah.

(turn to someone specific)

like: who told you you were superior? Who told you that? Who told you?

I mean, shit, the mirror?

(turn right, "see" mirror)

What do you see in that mirror?

(turn left to audience)

Your-self.

And who's behind it?

(back to mirror)

You can

see you need to change your clothes

in that mirror,

but it can't tell you you're better than someone shit. you can see you need to comb your hair straight.

(fix hair, brush shoulders)

but I don even

need a mirror for that shit. I can comb my hair straight myself.

(Shirt back on clothesline. Bongo-Flava fades)

MOVEMENT CHORUS

(DANCERS/ENSEMBLE ENTER)

Music: Drumming

Image: Black

Movement: Performing original choreography dancers devise for these words, filling stage

We break through your lines, the lines you've made,
we break through your lines,
we break through your lines.

MOVEMENT POEM / duet

Music: Drumming continues, local Poet reads

Image: Black

Movement: Duet among Marie, 1 other dancer (highly-physical, inversions, weight-sharing/lifts). While poet reads, DANCERS move in relationships which explore power reciprocities/deficits, dominance/guilt, defiance/uprooting. *Movement Chorus may fill space with own, slower versions of weight-sharing partnerships, also built on poem's text.

We are proud of our peace
 and in step with ourselves
 we move to meet the beats
 of each one the other to meld
 as a force of forward motion
 in the pattern of a circle
 in life lived for the sake of being full

you are
 always choosing goals, lines
 that are up, up, UP, and never down
 but you fail to see the beauty of
 moving
 as around
 of meaning as connection
 instead of money as time
 the purpose in one to reach the other
 instead of just the front of the line

... here is where we know
 being as together
 and space as shared
 giving as breath,
 taken in and exhaled
 because, yeah,
 money is scarce
 but time can expand
 to let
 people
 fill the place of where things could have been

you've sown knots in our ground
 that grew into thread
 to string us along
 til our harvests were dead
 we see soil eroding,
 and earth to replenish
 our roots are still there,
 our journey unfinished

we are proud of our peace
 and in step with the world
 moving to the pulse of one another
 the sight of bodies unfurled
 in motion as expression
 and knowledge as claimed
 by the feeling of torsos,
 limbs, cores
 learn-teaching
 the world as re-framed

STORYTELLER/JOKER

Music: Drumming in, playful
Image: Beautiful Green Land

Movement: After dance, drums fade. Donning blue bhatik-shirt ceremoniously lifted from clothesline. Vibrant, a surprise.

Mzungu! We-we! (*"Foreigner! You!", smile*)
 You ever heard the saying?

(*smile; tracing each sight with full body descriptions*)
 In the beginning, the African man, he had the land – the beautiful green land, the tall mountains, vast hills, thick trees, blue coasts.

The African man, had the land.

(*stiffening, elbows stuck to ribs*)
 The white man (*robotic walk, waddling to a stop*)
 he came. He came with **nothing**. (*shoulder shrug*)
 But in his hands he had the **Bible**. (*opening palms*)
 The African man celebrated his land, because together
 on it all the hands were working

(*dancing, tilling earth*)
 and the white man revered his Bible, because in it, he
 said was the **power** of the almighty hand.

(*pointing repeatedly to "book" in palms, overhead*)
 When the two met,
 (*pointer fingers like magnets, apart then together*)
 the white man said to the African Man, (*gasp*)
here is the answer!:

(*nod, arms circle to join palm-to-palm*)
 Let us close our eyes together and pray.

(*pause, smiling, eyes closed*)
 ... and when they **opened their eyes**,

(*eyes open, palms unfold beneath view*)
 the African man had the (*head down – gasp*)
Bible, and the white man (*head up – gasp*)
he had the Land!
Haah.

(*Turn to leave. Circle back, eyebrows raised*)
 Mmmm?

(*Bhatik-shirt ceremoniously on clothesline. Drum out.*)

PART 2

(*Lights down, up*)

DR. MICERE GITHAE MUGO

Music: Drumming

Image: Black, soft light CS

Movement: DANCERS cross, passing small black book to each other before handing off, centerstage. Poem by Dr. Micere Githae Mugo, "On this Tenth Milestone," **My Mother's Poems and Other Songs**. Done in honor of strong spirits (as one jailed, exiled for her art). Orange/pink scarf threaded purposefully about neck. Ferocity of focus, at once healing and, by the end,

consuming. Something beyond the body moves through it. Elegance, held in collarbones.

We shall build
 a roaring fire
 write the poem
 of a freedom fighter
 cutting the chords
 of enslaving culture
 with razor-sharp vision
 schooling the captives
 to cease being parrots
 and originate the word

dismantling the traps
 of abducting education
 and throttling culture

reminding survivors
 that breathing is politics
 and learning, combat

in celebration
 and vigilance
 we shall build
 a furious fire
 dispersing auctioneers
 of the air people breathe

reminding the vultures
 a volcano erupts
 a time-bomb explodes.

we shall encircle
 the furious fire

we shall catch
 its dancing flames

we shall hoist them
 high on a beacon

adorned with symbols
 of Afrikana struggles

telling the world
 we were **always there**
 and shall **always be here.**

(A breath. Turning, walk back, begin removing scarf)

DALA DALA: CONDUCTA and ABDUL

Music: "Nachasema," Daz Nundas

Image: Dala-Dala painted with words "Puff Daddy"

Movement: In silence, hand scarf to DANCER, who grabs AFRICA bag from tree-coatrack. Conducta lifts out large handful of Tanzanian change, Bongo-Flava starts.

CONDUCTA clinks dozens of coins in one hand, passing beneath audience's faces, expecting payment. One by one, DANCERS coax sum of 20 audience members

onstage, into 3' x 8' "Dala-Dala" (taped-off rectangle, beneath projected image of brightly-painted Dala-Dala mini-bus). Participants positioned in close physical proximity. Sharp edge, directive presence.

ABDUL walks between "dala-dala" area and screen, emerges by donning green hat, standing on block behind audience members who are "inside dala-dala." Warm intelligence, everything's in his smile, which is purposeful, luminescent, open.

CONDUCTA emerges from behind dala dala/audience configuration onstage, once ABDUL steps down (hands hat to DANCER in Dala-Dala, retrieves coins). Loud Bongo-Flava music signifies dala-dala's "ride."



FIGURE 3 "Puff Dady" Dala-Dala minibus/van (Marie Garlock) (color figure available online).

CONDUCTA

(Clinking change, motioning for audience to arise.

Ad-lib: dala-dala can't go until they get in it.

Owning expanse of space, loud voice over music)

Mwenge, mwenge!

Eh, eh, come, come!

Hapa, hapa, hapa, hapa

Mwenge-Ubungo, Mwenge-Ubungo,

Mwenge-Ubungo

(referring to bus-stand locations)

here, here, mzungu!

Tuende, tuende, let's go

Tafadhali, please, go to the back

we will do

1,2,3,4,

in one row, 4 in one seat.

(motioning to audience: join closely)

maybe by the end, we will have Ishirini na tatu, ishirini na tano? 23, 25, 27?, in sum in the van

(take in stride the van dwellers' surprised looks)

Eh, EH: You see her, she has a BABY. Mzungu, don't you know?

(DANCER enters, with cloth held as baby,
AFRICA bag over shoulder)

When she comes on with a baby, you are in the front
seat: you **HOLD** the baby while she gets in.

Eh, and you, can you take her bag?! (Mzungu!?).

Ah: Tuende.

(motion "time to go," walk behind van,
put coins in DANCER's hand, grab hat)

ABDUL

(emerging from behind Dala-Dala, standing on block,
speaking to everyone inside)

Heeeeh, — Mambo — oh, you are going to Mwenge!

You see the back of the dala dala?

"Puff Daddy" — yeah, I saw another,

(ad-lib jokes about famous U.S. rapper "50-Cent")

like G-Unit, but instead it was G-Complex!

You know, or they have love of God or Allah on the back.

(referring to handmade paintings on Dala-Dalas)

My favorite, the bumper said, (arms lift)

"Pull Up Your Socks!!"

(pointing to huge numbers of people now in van...)

Ah, you know,

they say, the dala dala is never full!

You know, it is like the issue of human rights
we learned in the law class, Why don't we speak up for
ourselves?

People do not know their rights.

They do not feel empowered to say, heh!

Stop cramming more people into the dala dala, we have
waited long enough,

You have made enough money from us, now go! It is
bad when we become ashamed to discuss reality.

You know, like we were saying the other day
(thumb back)

- it is like the women — they don't know to stand up to
their husbands, or the older mizees (elders), they

suppress the information on HIV — like I was saying,
(looking up)

"Yes, we need our traditions, but we need our boys more."

(look down, dismount block)

... Ah!, but this is a long conversation, I will let the dala
dala take you off — kwaheri! Bye, bye, kwaheri, bye!

(hat to DANCER, grab coins as Bongo-Flava music
signifies "ride" to new location with audience. Leave

Dala-Dala, stare blankly at audience, who await
appropriate direction)

CONDUCTA

Hapa, hapa, hapa, hapa. (We are **HERE**).

(eye-roll, motioning everyone off Dala-Dala, to seats)

You have to **MOVE**.

Tuende. (Tuende-Tuende-Tuende). **LET'S GO**.

(As audience sits, place coins in taped-off rectangle by
SL screen, atop AFRICA bag, fabrics. Music fades)

JOHN KESSY

Music: "Naambambaazom'wana," FPA-UDSM
Tanzanian Music Ensemble, Feat. Beatus Nsiima, Grace
Gachocha. (Translation: "Two youth dream of dancing
together")

Image: Town, sunny.

Movement: Deeply knowledgeable. Wide, caring spirit.
Leads community justice programs with White Orange
Youth Center. One foot up on block, puts on dark-blue
WOYC t-shirt about a local HIV/AIDS Memorial,
reading "WE ARE THE LIGHT." Gravelly voice, neck
tipped up, remarkably calm. Straightforward insights,
volume/physicality of intimate conversation.

We are an **agricultural economy**, not a service economy.
(walking, stop front-center, paint picture with hands)

The idea of **time** is different, that is why
You know, the **service** economy, you have to count on
something **being on time**, the bus, the food,
or you will not get it again, and they will lose business.
In the **agricultural** economy
it does not **matter** which time you go to the market or get
there on the gravelly dala, because you are **working** for
yourself, to feed **your family**.

(looking up)

It is the agricultural economy (here), you know — but I
think the government,
they are **eating the seeds**.

The **money**, it flows through them, to get to us,
the White Orange Youth Centre —

(breath in, string of words)

we cannot do the **peer education** for condoms, we
cannot **do the HIV testing**,

we cannot **do the school scholarships** for the
orphans-vulnerable-children

if the **money** (it) never comes. But

(look down, up)

we don't know what else to do — it is **like** with women
against men, it is the culture of silence.

you know, and the external funding,
that is how everything — well they say the government —
federal budget —

(tip chin up)

it is **40% external**... World Bank, US A-I-D, you know
these

contingencies, conditionalities:

we cannot **rely** on anything - it is not steady

we will have so much momentum behind the program,
and then
it will fall out

(hand wrapped around chin, lift away again to speak)
they are controlling the seeds

(Place t-shirt face-up in rectangle SL by screen)

(MAMA)

Music: "Uhuru/Freedom," FPA UDMS, Dir. Dr. Imani Sanga (from Poet M.M. Mulokozi, "Freedom in poverty is better than slavery in luxury")

Image: Kitchen preparation

Movement: Walks forward, wrapping dark-blue kanga around chest, held up by hand to heart, chest leaning into hand. Unflinching spirit and words, honest hope.

Mari-eh!

His skin – you see, he looks just like you.

(referring to baby in foreground)

Mari-eh! His hand wrapped around your finger – you are the same!

Same –

No, no. He is looking like you, eh?

Oooh! Keep **holding him**, keep holding him. He is looking like you, eh?

Oh, it is the same, he is almost white-skin.

(smile fades, while listening to response)

Wewe? Nttt. La!, Hapana!

"Black is beautiful."

Nttt.

Well. White is Wonderful.

(step forward to cradle son back into own arms, smiling upon him)

And

I

want

my baby

to be

wonderful.

(Holding infant, a smile that's almost tears. Slowly remove pashmina shawl, place in rectangle)

CHUPA / LUSAJO

Music: "One, Two," Daz Nundas

Image: Night/Downtown

Movement: Lusajo wrote/performs this song with popular Bongo-Flava group "Daz Nundas." Speaks in-sync with an inner clarity, to articulate these visions. Sharp wit, down-to-earth physical presence. Wears

"Women-as-Wage-Earners" t-shirt from clothesline. Gestures/accentuates each point with strong right shoulder, hand. Sly smile: everything just flows.

man, that's the real **shit**.

yeah.

so many **problems**, so many problems
and what.

(rapping, right hand out)

we were **culturally disenfranchised**

by the **colonial**

the globalization current

now we are **totally diminished**

leaving us now completely dismantled

and we **come to feel inferior**.

man I seen the **real shit**

(pointing to distance)

the interior interior interior, like.

you see these ladies she got

a baby here

(on da back)

(point)

and a belly on the front.

(rounding out with hand)

you see these ladies – she *(counts, fingers in air)*

one) fifteen-sixteen year old, not only that but

two) got the baby on the back

three) the baby in the front,

and not only that **but what is she doing**

four) chipping at da big stone.

I mean the **BIG stone**.

To make what?

(picking up pebbles/gravel)

the little tiny pieces like this

(throw them down)

she fillin up the dish.

little stones from the **BIG stone**.

(point, baby on back)

And that baby, how you think all that **noise**

is going to do that **baby**, eh?

All that **bangin'** all day

You think that baby's going to be **creative**?

You think **what** it'll have some **genius**?

after all that noise?

shit.

(point to stomach)

and that baby up front, it's not going to go to **primary**.

that mama that lady young-fifteen

How many dishes itgon' take

for that lorry to drive away? fuck.

(point to, then walk across stage)

and she go home to what. husband is a drunkard,

(breathless rapping now, illustrating with hand)

he say, where the money. where the money. he take

go drink come home late, spend it all, expect there to be
 food on the table. shit, and what if its not there fa him?
 he slap her. *(loud backhand SLAP into palm)*
(Sound/shock sink in, but not too long. Turn head up)
 man and why he drink?

(shrug)
 he's frustrated. he can't find work, money, nothin' to
 do, but

(shake head, rhythmic)
 when he wake up in the morning, he gone be worse
 (cause) he got
 one) the hangover

(allowing audience laughter)

two) less money

three) he still got nothing

(shrug, sit/collapse on block)

....He tryin to calm it out you know
 ganga use goes up every day in this country
 ganga use goin up each day.
 people tryin to cool, the brain cooly

(hand circles head)

the brain. yeah.

And why don't he go to help his wife?
(refer to her across stage)

chippin
 those stones?

But it just keep goin, *(stand up)*
 they gonna *(circle hand rhythmically, building)*

have some more kids.

it's gon –

you know,

now that's some fuckin

that's some

motherfuckincirculation.

(Sharply remove shirt, lay in rectangle.

Music fades, DRUMMING in)

MOVEMENT CHORUS
(DANCERS/ENSEMBLE ENTER)

Music: Drumming
Image: Black
Movement: Performing choreography devised for these
 words. Filling stage with sense of bureaucratic
 reassurance (i.e. "It's okay ship's sinking, we've got
 lifevests.")

Okay, okay, okay, just wait. Wait for the line, we
will throw it to you; Wait, ngoja: we will throw you
the line, . . . just wait.

LYIMO

Music: Drumming out / "Bitone Excerpt" in
Image: Small baobab tree, mountains
Movement: Sitting, stands when remembering woman,
 street boys. Gently fits glasses frames exactly to eyes
 before speaking. Voice lyrical, yearning, goes up to end
 each phrase.

(eye contact)

In Tanzania,
 We need
 A REVOLUTION
 of the heart.
 We need to think not just
 about ourselves
 and getting our own,
 what is best for each power holder
 personally
 but what we can do
 to invest
 in one
 another

(pressing left fingers into right palm)

we must think
 beyond corruption
 and leaders who are in it only to benefit their own
 families
 beyond blaming
 just foreign companies for (shoooohp)
(hand like hawk, swooping down)
 taking (all) what we have
 for who
 is allowing this to happen?

(make eye contact, nod)

We are starting
 from zero capital.
 You have taken classroom entrepreneurship?
 We know we are poor.
 We know we are among the poorest
 and still

we try to live

like we are in America –
 with refrigerators, washing machines,
 we do not have
 money

for food –
 there are not enough buses
 not enough transport for the public
 and what do we have?

(listing off on fingers, laughing)

political
 leaders

with five
 ten
 cars
 for Baba
 for Mama
 Uncle
 Auntie,
 mtoto, watoto –
 there are these street boys, boys on the street
 where I am staying, people, maybe you call them
uneducated?
 they say
 they want to get out, come to the US

(seeing distant horizon)

they feel they must flee this place,
 in order to make
 to have
 a life

(direct eye contact with audience member)

...what would you tell

them?
 what would you tell them about the US? About
 the people who want to go,
 without the passes?

(pause, not long enough for response)

You know
 people say the US
 they were where we are one hundred years ago
 . . . and it is just part of the process...
(eyes land with someone else)

. . . you have heard

of globalization,
 yes?

Yes, there was a woman, from Poland,
(looking up to left)

she was doing research on HIV,
 she came with me when I was in secondary school, to
 ask questions of these street boys,
 and by the end,
 she had **nothing**
 on HIV,
 no questions asked, answered,
 because all they could talk about
 was the hope for a better life in the US, the EU, the UK,
 and
 she was changed
 by that.

(inward smile, breath)

That is why I have stayed here.
(seeing mirage in desert)

. . . I had the opportunity to study abroad in Egypt
 on scholarship, but I turned it down
 because I said,

Hey
let me do something for my own country first
 let me try
and help my people *(voice juts out, quietly)*
 here.

(look back, intimate eye contact)

Have you ever sat
 next to anyone
 who is wasting
 in hunger?

They go to bed
 hungry,
 and they wake up in the morning
 and there is no food
 in the house,
 and they do not know
 where their next meal will come from?

*(Pause with everyone, softly turn.
 Glasses back on clothesline.)*

MAMA KIWIA

Music: Drumming introduction
Image: Women performers / Candlelight HIV Rally,
 Moshi
Movement: Powerhouse, articulate, kind. You – yes, you
 – are like a daughter. Sings “Moyo Wangu” while
 knotting orange/red fabric around hips, which always
 center, ground. (Song Translation: “I’m tired now, leave
 young girl, with your love. I’ve worked so hard on the
 farm, and look like I have lived many, many years longer
 than I have.”)

(While knotting fabric at hips, ad-lib)

(You know, we have the songs on women and hard
 working. It is like –)

“Moyo wangu umwe deli, aloo waiyaa eee
 Moyo wangu umwe deli, aloo waiyaa eee

*(dance: throw down hoe into land, circle hips,
 arms spin as if churning butter)*

Koma nyumba senghwe, Aloo jadika jaiya, Jadika
 jaiya, Jikiwakumbuka wanae
 Afadhali na kandeke, kandeke kadika kasheka, kadika
 kasheka, jikiwakumbuka wanae

Moyo wangu umwe deli, aloo waiyaa eee
 Moyo wangu umwe deli, aloo waiyaa eee.”

*(Words leap out with arms, then
 entire body dancing to illustrate)*

the women

they are in these therapy groups for HIV – it is the entry point
not to isolate them

they have the bhatik making, for income generation
they have the therapy support group
(the) performance group for (full-body dance)
singing, dancing, theatre, storytelling (barrel turn, smile)

they go to the town center, people go to see them there,
sure!

you know (looking off)
maybe it was hard to start these programs at first, but (shaking head)

it is not hard to give these women courage.
(all one breath)

they don't need Westerners to come in and tell them
(gasp, point at someone specific)

"you need social change!"
(laughing with everyone)

you know, you don't need to change the whole social structure,
just get the women together
(interlock fingers, open palms to audience)

they'll do it themselves.
(Untie fabric, place on coatrack)

UPENDO

Music: "Bongo-Flava Rehearsal" Kili Wiza
Image: Kili Arts Rehearsal, under palmtrees, Moshi
Movement: Wrapping colorful kanga around shoulders.
Softest, reassuring voice, song-like intonations at every phrase. An energy which leans into right arm, intimately toward audience. Pausing just enough between words to let them settle. Gently powerful dancer's body.

and it is like these foreign programs they come here,
they catch up the money before we can – they are the distributors

the Kilimanjaro Wizard Arts Group, we got some GF,
some Global Fund money for the after school performances with W-O-Y-C, White Orange Youth Centre, for out of school youth, we work on the lifeskills, negotiating sexual situation, alcohol and drug-abuse, condom-protection -

but (breath)
it is the first in a long time (soft shrug)
we cannot pay our artists educators, usually

It's like the bank, or the USAID, they tell us, (gasp in)
"We will help you!"

They spend all the money – build a bridge –

(arc hands as distant bridge)
but never ask, (turn to someone specific, shrug)
do you want a bridge?

(allow laughter, follow-up quickly,
motioning beneath bridge)

Do you want clean water
more than you want a bridge?

Office buildings – tall, shiny– but no people in them.
Where are the workers? No one asks, do you need? –
they just give.

(And) it sits there (right hand arcs across face)
like a huge white elephant.

Hah – yeeees. In your country you have
"black sheep?" (smile)

Hmm – well, here it is white
that is standing out – so, "white elephant project."

It just sits there, all the money, the time, we cannot use
it, standing out from everything else,
A reminder.

(standing, smile)
oh Ishi, the "life" project for youth, learning to protect
against HIV

it was big in Tanzania, momentum, momentum, what
Rallies, events, many people knew Ishi Campaign
then the ...Family Health International.... under Bush,
they, um, they, change, "transition" they say (squint)

. . .No
Condom
Mention.

Haaaaaah, (smile)
yes. (step back, shrug)

Many of the groups, they pulled out!
They say – we cannot talk about CONDOMS? Hah,
we cannot talk about HIV.

the ABC, ABC what,
abstinence, be faith, be faithful, what, then condoms.

(but the time, it never makes it to the condoms)
But the groups cannot speak? – They pulled out.

The money ran out, the project is gone
(Walk upstage.

Turn, pull up kanga on arm like t-shirt logo)

hey, we all still have the t-shirts, though, ah?

(Place kanga on coatrack)

GERTRUDE

Music: "Jana Mteja," Daz Nundas
Image: Dormroom, Bweni 3/4
Movement: Tucks kanga around waist with easy quickness. From tiny physical frame, sometimes capital-lettered, bemused emphasis to speech, eyes.

(Plant feet/squat, gesturing with hands)

University women know
we ARE liberated,
but it is still in the society that **surrounds**
us that we are lesser.

Yes many of the girls I know, they date for 1, 2 months,
then they stop using condoms *(lean in)*
(is it like this in the US?)
they think they know,
trust, **love** the person and its **okay** –
(shake head, pause)

Violence around asking for the condom use –
well do you do that in the US?

Do **married women** ask their **husbands** to use condoms?
*(I think it is the men who cheat more than the
women here, you know?)*

...also about **HIV** then,

You know my grandmother, in the northern lakes region
would tell me about it – they take the girls to a secluded
place –

all in the same age group, right before marriage,
so maybe 15,16 in the rural areas (**not** like here, I am **21**,
in **University**)
do this to all 10 or 18 of them with the same razorblade.
(physically retract)

That's how **HIV** spread so quickly, she told me.
And then allow them to heal – maybe for 1-month. And
then they are women.

Nor before that; before that they are dirty
and no man would want to marry them – you know for
the women, they do this because **they will have no
feeling** with sex – and **birth** is **painful** too –

(show with hands, slowly shaking head)

It just, it can't stretch
or is not flexible anymore so it just –
rrrrr rrrr eea ahhhh: I can't think about it!

(stand, begin folding fabrics at clothesline)

And so the men can have all the pleasure they want with
sex, and so have it with
many many women, they think,
and its not like the women want more than 1 partner
because it **definitely** doesn't **feel** good –

(turn back, folding)

but

they have stopped this essentially because of the
campaign against AIDS, and don't really do it anymore.
Because of the HIV education, the performances and
what, you know?
they say the cutting spreads HIV, and from fear of this
they are stopping —

I think our government really is **trying**, you know? – they
are giving the free medication, testing all pregnant
women –

10 years ago, we didn't have that, if a positive woman
gave birth,

it was to a baby with **HIV**, you know?

and now there is some prevention possible – they **are**
trying; *(putting folded fabric away)*

maybe it's because so many are affected here?

You know it is up to **1** in **10** now – ?

(sitting/squatting again, breath out, look up)

We can't just wake up tomorrow morning and expect –
ohp! AIDS has ended. *(laugh)*

No it's a **process**, it's gradual, it's a process.

*(Stand, untie waist-fabric, meticulously placie in
rectangle)*

UPENDO

Music: "Uchungu, Mama Machungu" Kili Arts Group

Image: Kili Wizards Rehearsal space, Moshi

Movement: Unlimited presence, soulful. Sings "Mama
Machungu"/"Bitter-Silent Mama," drums, whistles play
in background. Moves kanga from shoulders to head
when performing song, back to shoulders when speaking.
DANCERS ENTER to sing "Mama Machungu."



FIGURE 4 Kili Wiza, Moshi candlelight-memorial
HIV/AIDS rally (Marie Garlock) (color figure available
online).

(smiling, leaning into right shoulder, remembering)

Yeah, I am **proud**, because the **community** they tell me
the youth, they are **looking** to me. . . . When we do the
performance in the **community gathering**, for the
youth, it is **also** for the **parents**. The parents are keeping

quiet, because of shyness, or they think their kids are not practicing...so we ask-them to break the silence between them and their-children so that together-we can fight HIV AIDS.

(From shoulders, kanga now a head-covering. Dancing spreads seeds on tilled dirt, circling while singing. DANCERS-SINGERS joining movement/song)

“Uchun-gu, ma-ma ma-chun-gu—, ya mto-to, ana-ju-a ma-ma—,

(“Bitter, bitter Mama, Mama who knows the pains of childbearing.”)

Uchun-gu, ma-ma ma-chun-gu—, ya mto-to, ana-ju-a ma-ma—”

“We were afraid. I was afraid to speak to my babies about HIV. Sexuality. Protection. I was afraid to tell my watoto, my children, how to protect themselves. And now of the four of them, I have no one to go to the market with me. No one to cook or buy the food. No one to pick out the kangas with me. I went through labor, but it was not enough. Bring them back to me. I will defend them, I will not let them go away. I am alone, and I miss my babies. Why was I so afraid? Why was I so afraid? Kwa nini niliogopa? Kwa nini niliogopa?”

(moving, hardly able to sing, DANCERS-SINGERS join)

“Uchun-gu, ma-ma ma-chun-gu—, ya mto-to, ana-ju-a ma-ma—, Uchun-gu, ma-ma ma-chun-gu—, ya mto-to, ana-ju-a ma-ma—”

Yeah, we have the performance.

(Gently placing kanga in rectangle. Drumming/whistles fade)

STORYTELLER

Music: Drumming

Image: Foggy Field

Movement: Drumming, familiar movement through ribs/torso reintroduce friendship. Stands on blocks to illustrate climbing trees. Shoulders, face lunge as lion. Story takes up every inch of body to tell. (Adapted from Kiswahili: Msingi wa Kusema, Kusoma, na Kuandika 2nd ed., Hinnebush, Thomas J., Mirza, Sarah M.)

(Punctuated undulation through head-shoulder-torso)

Mzungu! EH!

I have a tale. *(smile, hands scan audience)*

Once upon a time there were **three friends**.

These friends had studied for **many years** and they were with **much knowledge** of various kinds, **inside their heads**. *(hand circles head alone)*

These three men had one friend. This friend had not studied much but

he was with **wisdom**.

(point to head and heart simultaneously)

One time, the first of the three men, he said to his companions: let us go on a journey, in order that we might show our **bravery**.

(flex biceps, nod)

They agreed: but the second and third refused to bring the fourth, because “he was without knowledge.”

(dismissive wave)

The first friend said, **eh!**, it’s better to bring him, it’s **better**.

(hand welcomes fourth friend, all walk)

And the four, they went together until the wilderness.

There, they saw the skin and bones of a **dead lion!** *(gasp, stop)*

One among those friends with knowledge said now they would show their bravery by putting **the life** into that lion.

The first said that he would put his **bones** together.

(hands build skeleton)

The second would put the meat, blood and good skin into him, *(fingers place skin)*

and the third would

(huge wind-like breath)

return his life to him

...The fourth, having wisdom and without having knowledge said

(laugh)

if you bring the lion to life...he will **KILL** you...

But they **did not** listen to him. *(waving away)*

Then, the fourth, *(shrug, step onto block)*

...he climbed the tree.

Kweli, mzungu. Unajua, sasa?

(Truly, mzungu. Do you know, now?)

And the three, they got together and

(whole-body breath)

put **life into that lion**.

(shoulder blades, face raise)

and it became **ALIVE** . . . and

(chest-elbows-eyes growl as speaking)

VERY vicious.

He-came-to-life-at-once *(lunge to someone specific)*

and killed the three, *(pointing to three people)*
one by one.

Yes.Now that was the end of **THEIR**

KNOWLEDGE..... *(nod to a fourth person)*

hm?

(climb back to block/tree)

Their companion, he **kept quiet** until the **lion left**.

(cringed face, shake head)

He climbed down the tree,

and went back to his village

(begin walk, head up)

in peace.

(Bhatik-shirt further down clothesline. DRUMS out.)

PART 3

(Lights down, up)

MAMA KIWIA

Music: Drums pulse softly, underneath speech

Image: Outdoor Parade, Candlelight HIV Memorial, Moshi

Movement: Drumming calls forth dancing; DANCERS join. From clothesline, orange-red fabric knotted around hips. Vibrant. Uncompromising commitment, energy.

you know, we can come **out of our homes**

when we hear the **drum beats**

(when you hear the drumming, you always go)

it is accepted **here** to gather for arts,

you cannot come from your home

simply to discuss HIV

there is very much stigma to just speak about sex

(maybe it is that way for you in the U.S.?)

(grounding through feet/hips, back sings/sways)

Yes, **dance** arouses the feelings. Normally songs and dance, acting, they go **together**, here in Tanzania

People can **recall** the songs – you know

people in Tanzania, they sing

(singing)

(Naambambaazo'mwana, Nambambaaza, Nambambaazom'wana, Nandazantanagire)

you know when they **sing** and **repeat**,

people **internalize**, the songs on health, it **refreshes the mind** *(pointing to head, dancing now)*

...How about those who are not able to read or write?

With their **eyes** and **ears** *(referring to each)*

they can know then

during the performance,

and maybe their **body**, *(jump once)*

jumping, shouting, *(jump twice)*

doing whatever they can *(jump thrice)*

It is a forum –

the people with HIV, they can come forward,

they make themselves open to share,

in solidarity, yes, *(hands clasp)*

it touches them.

In drama, all people are equal.

[DANCERS ENTER]

We believe that. (sure)

(nodding, smiling)

All people are equal in drama -

Drama is life.

(chest opens forward)

Drama is **always live**,

(shoulders shift side-to-side as listing)

it gives examples which are in the community

of HIV, women – gender, youth, all this,

It is the **direct contact** of people and artist

(hands interlock, palms offered out)

they can discuss issues and compromise

at the same time

(chest pulsing now, no stopping it)

(the) **audience**, they come into the performances

themselves, give **suggestions**, find the solution,

(DANCERS join, sharing weight, a connected line across stage)

together

(DRUMS Out. Smiling, dancing place orange fabric SL in rectangle.)

MOVEMENT CHORUS

(DANCERS/ENSEMBLE CONTINUE)

Music: Drumming

Image: Black

Movement: Performing choreography for these words (still onstage from "Mama Kiwia"). Filling stage – elated, present, fierce.

**It is our bodies on the line, our bodies,
your body, together, we draw new lines.**

GODFREY MUNGEREZA

Music: "Crowd Ambience" Moshi HIV/AIDS Candlelight Memorial (Laughing, outdoor noise, interaction among 100s in audience)

Image: Rally/Crowds, Audience Participation

Movement: DANCERS help audience volunteers to create "image/visual sculptures." Assured speech, creative, expert. Trusts quality of work, collaboration with artist-organizers. Deep voiced facilitation, instructing audience lovingly and firmly. Pen tucked behind ear.

(Enter SL, viewing/acknowledging with a smile the weight-sharing sculpture. DANCERS exit. Gesturing with pen, from behind ear.)

We had **Tuelimishane: Let's Educate Each Other** performance workshop on **Infidelity, sex, communication**

conflict, and resolution among youth. Working with the youth in Mabibo hostel for University of Dar es Salaam housing, and Kimara neighborhood we had the weeks of **intensive training** – you know **TID, Theatre for Development**, it is not just a **production from nowhere, we are dealing with facts.** The boys and girls, they perform it themselves.

(nod, walking)

It was **real funny**, well-received by audiences, *(laugh)* we had the young people doing acrobatics,

(DANCERS flip across)

performing in the marketplace, the bus stands, calling people together with the selo drum. *(arms beat)*

they were working to have understanding, context of **gender norms, and expectations:**

We look at a **relationship between a boy and girl.**

...We would (now) like a volunteer from the audience: a boy and a girl

(movement chorus gathers willing "boy/girl" audience volunteers, any gender-presentation)

We are asking you to make a **body sculpture, an image with your body**, in response to my question – can you do this?

(ad-lib to full audience "We are supporting them right?", perhaps applause)

We ask:

What is the primary reason for making love?

(smile through laughter, ad-lib,

"Use whatever idea comes first, just try")

For girls? –

For boys? –

(Allow each to strike "body sculpture."

Ad-lib "Ah, you see she is.... he is....")

Eh, what we hear is –

the girls say: it is an exchange

for **marriage proposal**

(ad-lib: "Can you make this sculpture?")

the boys say: to **know she is my partner for sure (and will not cheat)**

(ad-lib, "Can you make this sculpture?"

Consider image of boy's/girl's different goals.)

We said, **ah!** We have to think about this.

(Ad-lib, "Thank you, you can sit –")

So, we did 2 more performances, Cheza Chezeka: **don't play with life;** and Fikirini: **think about it**

we have the storyline – **Culture of Silence** (girls cannot initiate condom or discussion, boys have final-say)

And then, "**Let us Sit Down and Talk About It.**" to **empower young women** against physical abuse, to **stop the spread of HIV.**

Now we need four volunteers, one girl, one boy, two parents.

(DANCERS bring audience volunteers)

You are making an image, a body sculpture, with each question, can you do this?

(ad-lib if necessary, about audience support)

We pose a question:

if there is **conflict among boy and girl,**

(you can make the image together)

beating, infidelity,

(ad-lib, "Next image...")

the **exchange of gifts for sex**

(“Next image”)

the **parents blaming her**

(ad-lib, "Parents, how are you reacting?")

for **accepting the gifts:**

it is now **her own to handle** if he beats her

(ad-lib, "Parents, how do you show this?")

or **does not use a condom**

(ad-lib, "All four, hold here" - consider participants' version of young couple in conflict, parents scowling or turned away)

We ask the audience to take this image in:

does violence mean

you

are in a **position**

to be **infected with HIV?**

(Allow time for consideration. Applaud as DANCERS lead volunteers to seats. Pen in SL Rectangle)

MZEE MAN

Music: "Motion, Power" Manyara Maasai Women, Lake Manyara, Tanzania

Image: Girl on Cross/Crowd Interaction, Candlelight HIV Rally, Moshi

Movement: With walking stick, referring audience to image projected on-screen; a life-sized painting of 14-year-old pregnant girl on a large, wooden cross, used in live performance. Cracked but certain voice. Slow but sure walk. Involving audience members as "teacher," "mother," "friend."



FIGURE 5 White Orange youth, community invitational performance (Marie Garlock) (color figure available online).

Wewe. ("You.")
 Why
 do
 we
per se cute
 this
 girl
 ... eh?
 Una ju a je?
 Do you know?
 (walking between audience, image of girl)
 She is **pregnant, miaka kumi na nne**, 14 years old
 Clear indicator for unprotected sex – now we must think
 of HIV
 (pointing to girl with cane, turning eyes to audience)
 The one which is with the cross.
 Whose fault is this? eh?
 (to someone specific, then scan rows)
 Una **ju a je?** Do you know?
 Is it the teacher, eh?
 (Lifting one audience member.
 Pausing to allow response verbally or in silence.
 Lead onstage toward image of girl)
 What could the **teacher** have done? Could you have

stopped this?
 Is it the mama, eh? *(lift another person)*
 How could you have taught her differently? Could she
 have stood in the way? *(Allow response, non/verbally,*
 walking together toward cross. Open to audience)
 Is it the mama's fault?
 Is it the friend, rafiki? *(lift another person)*
 How could you have protected her? *(allow response)*
 Are you responsible?
 (Participants now stand near girl on cross.
 Lean out to audience)
 Is it more
 the mama's fault, or the friend? More the friend or the
 teacher? *(To three participants. Inviting*
 their own decisions, physical response)
Who could have changed this?
Do you know?
 Put yourselves in order, stand closest
to her if it is you who could have made the
difference.
 (Allow real-time response, refer to their choices)
 ...you can **get different opinion out**
 how to **support** someone, how to **convince** someone
 to be changed **himself herself**
 as those **seeing** the woman in the cross – many people
 ask that. **Who can go to help her** –
 which one is the problem, which one can help the
 problem be taken care of?
 (Ad-lib, "Thank you," DANCERS help to seats)
Kwa kweli,
 the best things are
 how people they can make their own **decision**
 the drama, people they can **remember**
 (squint, look up)
 I see it and it is going this way or that way so people they
 can go with **reminding**, ah I **remember that drama**
 (Nod, walk. Stop, lean forward)
 they call out:
this is a REALITY,
 (lean into cane, audience)
 this is really **happening** in our **real life**
 (Jaw locked, heave through shoulders.
 Allow sudden, slow smile to consume body.)
 please come again to perform,
 (look to audience, as if performers)
we are sure that our
young people will come, and
change themselves together
 (Slow walking to exit, supported by cane.
 Turn back, lean forward)
 in truth

kwa kweli.

*(Place cane in rectangle, atop all fabrics.
Move toward Bhatik-shirt)*

STORYTELLER

Music: Playful Drumming In

Image: Full Tree, Ngorongoro

Movement: Now a signature move, elbow-head-torso undulation, punctuated by greeting. An old, familiar friend. Deepest voice, guiding.

Hmmm, yes. *(point)*

You remember the baobab?

(movement calls forth lions', elephants', giraffes' activity; tree growing nonetheless)

It stood up against the **napping lions**,
the **strong trunks of elephants' play**,
it **re-rooted itself** to keep some water, and grew
tall enough to **outstretch the giraffe tongues**.

(palms scanning ground)

The baobab has all the right nutrients in the soil around
it, all its stores inside its trunk,

(palms scanning sky)

so no matter **who controls the rain**, the **baobab has
learned to grow**.

And today,
the baobab is the **tree of life**,

(dance each gift, quick succession)

its **trunk** filled thick with water, fortified
against **drought and wind**
small children **wash** in its bark-soaked water,
the **leaves** become soup, coffee, medicine,
its **small fruits** treating fever, malaria, sickness
the trunk fibers make **baskets and strings** for musical
instruments,

and the trees are the **only ones on earth** that can be
uprooted,

(lift body, elbows-to-ribs)

moved, *(sideways run across stage)*
and transplanted safely. *(feet-as-roots, digging in)*

The **baobab** is now the ancient tree (some many
thousands of years old)

It has **resilience** during **hard times**,

(feet dig, fists clench)

and can **always regenerate itself**,

(toe-to-heel, slide across stage, arms extend as branches)
no matter **who comes its way**. *(eyes big, to audience)*

*(Take everyone in with eyes, turning away. DRUMS out.
Bhatik-shirt laid atop all fabrics in rectangle.)*

EPILOGUE

LYIMO

Music: "All is Full of Love" Bitone/Bjork

Image: Boy running, Ngorongoro Crater

Movement: Stands, gently. Soul pours through
glasses-frames. Hands clasped when speaking as father.
A gaze holding everyone, no matter what.



FIGURE 6 Freedom is coming, Ngorongoro (Andrew Synowiez).

(Glasses gently on.

Looking up to someone specific, continuing.)

Have you ever
sat next to anyone who is
really
hungry?

*(gentle eyes, seeing
person tangibly)*

That will change you.
That will make you feel responsible.

There were
many people in my village,
(in Kilimanjaro), who were like this
luckily we never
had to be hungry,
we were not rich
but
my father was a businessman
who could provide for our education
and food
—
he told me in

secondary school,

(lean in, deeper voice)

I know you like politics

(turn, own voice)

(have you ever taken the history courses?
sometimes
the teacher would
leave the room
and I would
cry. It
would upset me
so much –

(back to father's voice)

(. . . I know you like politics . . .)

but it will not be good for you to be
involved
you will not survive well,
because
you
are opposite of those in power –
those out for themselves
for corruption and greed –
you
will not
fare well

fighting them maybe;

(return to own voice, look off)

if I had continued

in the courses,

maybe I would be entering

politics

today.

(nodding, internal smile)

but I will find other

ways

I

think

(look out, everyone)

each person

must have a revolution

in their own

heart

*(Holding here, with all. Glasses in SL rectangle.
Music begins playing. "Freedom is Coming," FPA Choir,
Arr. Anders Nyberg, Dir. Imani Sanga. South African
apartheid-era protest-song, chosen by UDSM students,
faculty to protest global oppressions today.
All fading, slowly to curtain)*

THE END
