

Tour De Force Theatre Company

presents

Animal Farm

by George Orwell

Stage adaptation by Ian Wooldridge

Directed by Barry Goldman

(image 1 - the pig face)

The Company

Rebecca Naylor
Michael Castleton
Edmund Wood
David Laughton
Fiona Putnam

Director	Barry L. Goldman
Costumes	Alessandra Mayer
Costume assistant	Lindsay Phillips
Stage set and props	Loretta Lipworth
Music	Phillip Carleston and Peter Joucla
Musical direction	Peter Joucla
Lighting and	
Tour Management	Christian Baltes
UK Administration	Stamatina Papamichali

Tour De Force Theatre Company.

The company was formed eleven years ago and has had an association with ADGE for the past eight years. During which time over twenty productions, including four in French, have been seen in countries throughout the world. Apart from international touring, Tour De Force continues to develop theatre projects in the U.K. Three years ago we staged a successful production of Genet's play 'The Maids' at Southwark Playhouse in London. The company continues to produce exciting and dynamic theatre projects for young people throughout England.

We also run Cabaret Cloche a monthly burlesque dinner cabaret on a beautiful sailing barge on the Thames by Tower Bridge. Full details of the company's creative projects, track record, history and aims can be found on the website

www.tdftheatre.com

There you will also find a message board, on which you are invited to leave comments about any Tour De Force productions you have seen. We value and take note of criticism and blush when it is positive.

Director's Notes.

Since ANIMAL FARM was published in 1945 it has been translated into several languages and has been read and enjoyed, studied and analysed throughout the world. George Orwell originally titled his book : Animal Farm: A Fairy Story, and he said that although it was primarily intended to be a satire on the Russian Revolution, it was intended to have a wider application.

This simple story of animals and the events leading up to and following their rebellion can be seen on many levels - the time is both the past and the present, our barnyard is a society or community, the inhabitants are individuals whose hopes and dreams of building a better world are eventually destroyed by the corruption of power. It is a story that is as old as history, a story without end. Here the animal nature is a mirror of the human condition.

Barry L Goldman
London, September 2006

Barry Goldman - Director

(photo 2)

Barry Goldman was born in the USA where he received extensive training in theatre and dance. In Europe he attended L'Ecole Jacques Lecoq (Paris) and later The Feldenkrais Training in Munich.

Barry Goldman was an Associate Professor of Theatre at the University of Michigan (USA) and continues to teach theatre and movement workshops in France, Germany and in England.

1982-1985 he was an Associate Artistic Director of the Children's Theatre Company, and for ten years Artistic Director of Théâtre Marcadet Paris directing (among others) Molière, Ionesco, and Beckett for French language Tours throughout Europe. Barry has directed many productions in English for the American Drama Group Europe which have toured in Europe, Asia and Scandinavia.

Since 1996 Barry Goldman has been directing in German. His work has been seen in various theaters throughout the country, including Braunschweig, Oberhausen, Halle, Neuss and Münster. Recently he also directed a German touring production of J.B.Priestley's **Ein Inspektor Kommt**. He has also created performance projects with the Salzburger Festspiele in Austria.

Barry is delighted to be directing this production of **Animal Farm** and to be affiliated with Tour de Force Theatre.

Peter Joucla – Musical Director / Director of Tour De Force Theatre.

(photo 9)

Peter studied Performing Arts in London. He worked as a teacher and lecturer in colleges in England and Holland before moving full-time into theatre. He was musical director of 'L'Amfiparnaso' for Trestle Theatre Company, and more recently for a production of 'A Midsummer Nights Dream' at Northampton Theatre Royal. He has directed a wide number of productions, for adults and young people and for the Edinburgh Festival. In 1995 he fell upon the American Drama Group, and toured for several years as an actor, most notoriously as *Bill Sikes* in 'Oliver Twist,' and *Boxer* in 'Animal Farm.' Since then he has founded Tour De Force Theatre Company, based in the UK, with whom he has directed a wide range of touring productions including Bernard Shaw's 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' George Orwell's '1984,' J.B. Priestley's 'An Inspector Calls,' and Willy Russell's classic comedy 'Educating Rita.'

In addition to theatre, Peter is a published author, focusing mainly on work for young people. His book 'Absurd, Black and Comic Sketches' was published in 1991 and another is due the moment he gets a bit of free time.

George Orwell (1903 - 1950)

George Orwell was born Eric Arthur Blair, the son of a minor civil servant in Bengal. After Eton, he ignored university to work in Burma as a policeman. He grew increasingly ashamed of his role and resigned in 1928. He relieved himself of some guilt by living among beggars in East London and in the slums of Paris, working as a dishwasher.

These experiences lay behind his fictionalised *Down and Out in Paris and London*. The book's publication in 1933 was followed by his first novel, *Burmese Days* (1934), a classic Orwellian tale of a sensitive, solitary individual at odds with his environment. He followed this with *A Clergyman's Daughter* (1935) and *Keep the Aspidochelone Flying* (1936).

An anarchist in the late 1920s, in the 1930s he began to consider himself a socialist. *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937) described his experiences among unemployed miners in northern England while sharply criticising socialist movements. That year Orwell arrived in Spain, fighting for the Republicans until he was forced to flee in fear of his life from communists who were suppressing socialist dissenters. The experience left him with a lifelong hatred of communism. When war broke out, Orwell worked at the BBC until 1943, when he became literary editor of the *Tribune*. By now he was a prolific journalist, writing articles, reviews and a number of books about England (notably *The Lion and the Unicorn*, 1941) that combined patriotism with socialism.

In 1945, *Animal Farm* was published. A political fable based on Stalin's betrayal of the Russian Revolution and set in a farmyard, it made his name and fortune. Popular as it was, it was overshadowed by *Nineteen Eighty-four* (1949). Set in an imaginary totalitarian future, the book made a deep impression, with its title and many phrases - such as 'Big Brother is watching you', 'newspeak' and 'doublethink' - entering popular use. However, Orwell's health was deteriorating and he died of tuberculosis in January 1950.



Animal Farm – extract.

CHAPTER 1

MR. JONES, of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the night, but was too drunk to remember to shut the pop-holes. With the ring of light from his lantern dancing from side to side, he lurched across the yard, kicked off his boots at the back door, drew himself a last glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery, and made his way up to bed, where Mrs. Jones was already snoring.

As soon as the light in the bedroom went out there was a stirring and a fluttering all through the farm buildings. Word had gone round during the day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had had a strange dream on the previous night and wished to communicate it to the other animals. It had been agreed that they should all meet in the big barn as soon as Mr. Jones was safely out of the way. Old Major (so he was always called, though the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty) was so highly regarded on the farm that everyone was quite ready to lose an hour's sleep in order to hear what he had to say.

At one end of the big barn, on a sort of raised platform, Major was already ensconced on his bed of straw, under a lantern which hung from a beam. He was twelve years old and had lately grown rather stout, but he was still a majestic-looking pig, with a wise and benevolent appearance in spite of the fact that his tusks had never been cut. Before long the other animals began to arrive and make themselves comfortable after their different fashions. First came the three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher, and then the pigs, who settled down in the straw immediately in front of the platform. The hens perched themselves on the window-sills, the pigeons fluttered up to the rafters, the sheep and cows lay down behind the pigs and began to chew the cud. The two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover, came in together, walking very slowly and setting down their vast hairy hoofs with great care lest there should be some small animal concealed in the straw. Clover was a stout motherly mare approaching middle life, who had never quite got her figure back after her fourth foal. Boxer was an enormous beast, nearly eighteen hands high, and as strong as any two ordinary horses put together. A white stripe down his nose gave him a somewhat stupid appearance, and in fact he was not of first-rate intelligence, but he was universally respected for his steadiness of character and tremendous powers of work. After the horses

came Muriel, the white goat, and Benjamin, the donkey. Benjamin was the oldest animal on the farm, and the worst tempered. He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical remark - for instance, he would say that God had given him a tail to keep the flies off, but that he would sooner have had no tail and no flies. Alone among the animals on the farm he never laughed. If asked why, he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at. Nevertheless, without openly admitting it, he was devoted to Boxer; the two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock beyond the orchard, grazing side by side and never speaking.

The two horses had just lain down when a brood of ducklings, which had lost their mother, filed into the barn, cheeping feebly and wandering from side to side to find some place where they would not be trodden on. Clover made a sort of wall round them with her great foreleg, and the ducklings nestled down inside it and promptly fell asleep. At the last moment Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew Mr. Jones's trap, came mincing daintily in, chewing at a lump of sugar. She took a place near the front and began flirting her white mane, hoping to draw attention to the red ribbons it was plaited with. Last of all came the cat, who looked round, as usual, for the warmest place, and finally squeezed herself in between Boxer and Clover; there she purred contentedly throughout Major's speech without listening to a word of what he was saying.

All the animals were now present except Moses, the tame raven, who slept on a perch behind the back door. When Major saw that they had all made themselves comfortable and were waiting attentively, he cleared his throat and began:

'Comrades, you have heard already about the strange dream that I had last night. But I will come to the dream later. I have something else to say first. I do not think, comrades, that I shall be with you for many months longer, and before I die, I feel it my duty to pass on to you such wisdom as I have acquired. I have had a long life, I have had much time for thought as I lay alone in my stall, and I think I may say that I understand the nature of life on this earth as well as any animal now living. It is about this that I wish to speak to you.

'Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? Let us face it: our lives are miserable, laborious, and short. We are born, we are given just so much food as will keep the breath in our bodies, and those of us who are capable of it are forced to work to the last atom of our strength; and the very instant that our usefulness has come to an end we are slaughtered with hideous cruelty. No animal in England knows the meaning of happiness or leisure after he is a year old. No animal in England is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain truth.

'But is this simply part of the order of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! The soil of England is fertile, its climate is good, it is capable of affording food in abundance to an enormously greater number of animals than now inhabit it. This single farm of ours would support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep - and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity that are now almost beyond our imagining. Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labour is stolen from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. It is summed up in a single word - Man. Man is the only real enemy we have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished for ever.

'Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself. Our labour tills the soil, our dung fertilises it, and yet there is not one of us that owns more than his bare skin. You cows that I see before me, how many thousands of gallons of milk have you given during this last year? And what has happened to that milk which should have been breeding up sturdy calves? Every drop of it has gone down the throats of our enemies. And you hens, how many eggs have you laid in this last year, and how many of those eggs ever hatched into chickens? The rest have all gone to market to bring in money for Jones and his men. And you, Clover, where are those four foals you bore, who should have been the support and pleasure of your old age? Each was sold at a year old - you will never see one of them again. In return for your four confinements and all your labour in the fields, what have you ever had except your bare rations and a stall?

'And even the miserable lives we lead are not allowed to reach their natural span. For myself I do not grumble, for I am one of the lucky ones. I am twelve years old and have had over four hundred children. Such is the natural life of a pig. But no animal escapes the cruel knife in the end. You young porkers who are sitting in front of me, every one of you will scream your lives out at the block within a year. To that horror we all must come - cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone. Even the horses and the dogs have no better fate. You, Boxer, the very day that those great muscles of yours lose their power, Jones will sell you to the knacker, who will cut your throat and boil you down for the foxhounds. As for the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round their necks and drowns them in the nearest pond.

'Is it not crystal clear, then, comrades, that all the evils of this life of ours spring from the tyranny of human beings? Only get rid of Man, and the produce of our labour would be our own. Almost overnight we could become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work night and day, body and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! That is my message to you, comrades: Rebellion! I do not know when that Rebellion will come, it might be in a week or in a hundred years, but I know, as surely as I see this straw beneath my feet, that sooner or later justice will be done. Fix your eyes on that, comrades, throughout the short remainder of your lives! And above all, pass on this message of mine to those who come after you, so that future generations shall carry on the struggle until it is victorious.

'And remember, comrades, your resolution must never falter. No argument must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the others. It is all lies. Man serves the interests of no creature except himself. And among us animals let there be perfect unity, perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades.'

At this moment there was a tremendous uproar. While Major was speaking four large rats had crept out of their holes and were sitting on their hindquarters, listening to him. The dogs had suddenly caught sight of them, and it was only by a swift dash for their holes that the rats saved their lives. Major raised his trotter for silence.

'Comrades,' he said, 'here is a point that must be settled. The wild creatures, such as rats and rabbits - are they our friends or our enemies? Let us put it to the vote. I propose this question to the meeting: Are rats comrades?'

The vote was taken at once, and it was agreed by an overwhelming majority that rats were comrades. There were only four dissentients, the three dogs and the cat, who was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides. Major continued:

'I have little more to say. I merely repeat, remember always your duty of enmity towards Man and all his ways. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend. And remember also that in fighting against Man, we must not come to resemble him. Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his vices. No animal must ever live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink alcohol, or smoke tobacco, or touch money, or engage in trade. All the habits of Man are evil. And, above all, no animal must ever tyrannise over his own kind. Weak or strong, clever or simple, we are all brothers. No animal must ever kill any other animal. All animals are equal.

'And now, comrades, I will tell you about my dream of last night. I cannot describe that dream to you. It was a dream of the earth as it will be when Man has vanished. But it reminded me of something that I had long forgotten. Many years ago, when I was a little pig, my mother and the other sows used to sing an old song of which they knew only the tune and the first three words. I had known that tune in my infancy, but it had long since passed out of my mind. Last night, however, it came back to me in my dream. And what is more, the words of the song also came back - words, I am certain, which were sung by the animals of long ago and have been lost to memory for generations. I will sing you that song now, comrades. I am old and my voice is hoarse, but when I have taught you the tune, you can sing it better for yourselves. It is called "Beasts of England".'

Old Major cleared his throat and began to sing. As he had said, his voice was hoarse, but he sang well enough, and it was a stirring tune, something between 'Clementine' and 'La Cucaracha'. The words ran:

*Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken to my joyful tidings
Of the golden future time.*

*Soon or late the day is coming,
Tyrant Man shall be o'erthrown,
And the fruitful fields of England
Shall be trod by beasts alone.*

*Rings shall vanish from our noses,
And the harness from our back,
Bit and spur shall rust forever,
Cruel whips no more shall crack.*

*Riches more than mind can picture,
Wheat and barley, oats and hay,
Clover, beans, and mangel-wurzels
Shall be ours upon that day.*

*Bright will shine the fields of England,
Purer shall its waters be,*

*Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes
On the day that sets us free.*

*For that day we all must labour,
Though we die before it break;
Cows and horses, geese and turkeys,
All must toil for freedom's sake.*

*Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken well and spread my tidings
Of the golden future time.*