

# TROUBADOUR THEATRE

## HOT PIES AND POTATO CRISPS: TEACHERS NOTES

### SECTION I

#### Class Discussion

This section offers ideas for a class discussion at the end of the show.

- 1) Personal reaction to the show (Give reasons for your answers.)
  - a) Did you enjoy the show?
  - b) What was your favourite part? Why?
  - c) What didn't you like? Why?
  - d) If you were an actor in the show what would you do the same?
  - e) What would you do differently?
  - f) Did you expect this type of show before you saw it?
  - g) What kind of show did you expect to see?
- 2) The relevance of poetry.
  - a) What is poetry?
  - b) Does poetry exist all around us? (Think about songs, T.V jingles, advertising etc...)
  - c) How many uses can you think of for poetry?
  - d) What effect does poetry have on you? (Think especially about how it affects your thoughts and feelings.)
  - e) Does poetry have an effect on the society you live in? If so, what effect does it have?
- 3) The emotional and thematic impact of the show
  - a) What are some of the ideas and issues discussed in the poetry of the show?
  - b) How do the poets get these ideas-across?
  - c) Did you recognise any of the characters you saw acted out? Who do they remind you of?
  - d) Have any of the events in the poetry happened to you?
- 4) Pick a lively and colourful poem and choose a classmate to read it out.
  - a) How does the poet make it so lively?
  - b) Discuss:
    - (i) language
    - (ii) Images
    - (iii) Rhymes and rhythms
  - c) How does the poem make you feel?
  - d) What does the poem make you think about?
- 5) Choose a poem dealing with a serious theme such as war or racism.
  - a) How is it presented?
  - b) Is there humour in the poem?
  - c) Is the poem subjective or objective (does the poet make you think he/she has experienced the events in the poem, or is the poet talking about someone else?)
  - d) How does the poem make feel?
  - e) What is the poem's message?
  - f) How would you write a poem on a similar theme?
- 6) Choose a funny poem from the performance, read it in class.
  - a) Why do you like the poem?
  - b) How is it presented? (Think about rhythm and rhyme.)
  - c) How does the poet make it humorous? (Think about the characters and the story.)

- d) Does the poem have a serious message?
- 7) Try writing a humorous poem about yourself, your friends, or your family.
- 8) Some poems in the performance are word and sound poems.
- a) Did you enjoy hearing them?  
 b) What is the poet attempting to achieve?  
 c) Does the poet succeed?
- 9) Write a word and sound poem (you can write about a day on the beach, playing sport, riding a bike etc...)
- 10) Choose a poem written a long time ago.
- a) Which poem have you chosen?  
 b) How does it differ from modern poems?  
 c) Have some of the meanings of words changed since this poem was written?  
 d) Is this poem harder to understand than the others? Why?  
 e) If the poem tells us a story from the past. Did you like the story?  
 f) Does the world of the past, as seen in the poem, seem different from today?  
 How?  
 g) What do we gain from reading poetry of the past?
- 11) Poetry often reflects our thoughts and feelings. This may be about growing up, love, family, death, violence etc...
- a) Choose a poem that describes how you have felt on a special occasion.  
 b) What is the poem about?  
 c) How does it express these thought and feelings?  
 d) Why do you relate to the poem?  
 e) Do you enjoy reading or listening to the poem?
- 12) Write a poem describing some of your thoughts and feelings about things.
- 13) Discuss the last poem/song of the performance.
- a) What is it about?  
 b) What effect does it have on the audience?  
 c) Why do you think it was chosen, as the: last poem?  
 d) Was it a good choice? Why?

## SECTION 2

### Dramatising poetry

The following exercises can be performed by as many students as you wish. Costumes and props can help; with the emphasis on fun and creativity. Discussion should be encouraged at the end of each exercise.

- (A) Starting with the line "Poetry is..." each student in the class adds his/her idea of what poetry is, e.g.:
- (i) Poetry is creative  
 (ii) Poetry is fun  
 (iii) Poetry is silly etc...

All reasonable answers should be encouraged.

- (B) Bring a copy of your favourite song to class and read the lyrics out loud.
- (i) What are the ideas in the song?  
 (ii) How does the songwriter express his /her ideas?  
 (iii) Could you call the song a poem?

- (iv) Compose a song with other members of the class. Some people will need to write the lyrics and others the tune and perhaps someone could arrange the song for harmonies and instrumentation.
- (C) Choose a poem with a lot of imagery and movement. One member of the group narrates the poem, while the rest use movement, mime and dance to express the poem. (If the class divides into three or four smaller groups, each group can work by itself for fifteen minutes and then perform for the other groups.)
- Helpful hint: The narrator should explore the sounds, voices and rhythms in the poem.*
- (D) Over a period of a week or longer, choose a favourite poem which small groups can learn, rehearse and present it as a performance piece. (It might be a good idea to select a member of the group as the director.)
- (D) Over a period of a week or longer, divide into small groups and write, rehearse and present a poem. (Choose a writer and a director from the group).

### SECTION 3 Some of the Poetry Performed in the Show

#### *Hot Pies & Potato Crisps: A Poetry Cabaret*

#### **Excerpt from: *The Kilabon Bay Song***

Hail! Dawn is shining glory doing  
The sun shining (blazing with  
warmth)  
Night moving  
Man stirring  
Children restless  
Women fire-wood thinking  
Birds singing  
Animals awakening (sleeping not)  
Camp noise grows

#### **Song: *Jim Jones***

#### **Anon**

O listen for a moment lads,  
And hear me tell my tale -  
How o'er the sea from England's  
shore  
I was condemned to sail.  
The jury says, 'He's guilty, Sir'  
And says the Judge, says he -  
'For life, Jim Jones, I'm sending  
you  
Across the stormy sea.'

'And take my tip before you ship  
To join the iron gang,  
Don't be too gay in Botany Bay  
Or else you'll surely hang -  
Or else you'll surely hang,' says  
he  
'And after that Jim Jones,

It's high upon the gallows tree,  
The crows they'll pick your bones.'  
'You'll have no need for mischief  
there,  
Remember what I say,  
They'll flog the poaching hide off  
you  
Out there at Botany Bay!  
The waves were high upon the  
sea,  
The wind blew up in gales,  
I would rather drown in misery  
Than come to New South Wales.

The waves were high upon the  
sea  
And the pirates came along,  
But the soldiers on our convict  
ship  
They were five hundred strong.  
They opened fire and somehow  
drove  
That pirate ship away,  
I'd have rather joined the  
buccaneers,  
Than come to Botany Bay.

For night and day the irons clang,  
And like poor galley slaves,  
We toil and toil, and when we die  
Must fill dishonoured graves.  
But by and by I'll break my chains  
And to the bush I'll go,  
And I'll join the bold bushrangers  
there -  
Jack Donahoe and Co.

And late at night when everything  
Is quiet in the town,  
I'll kill the tyrants one and all,  
I'll shoot the bastards down:  
I'll give the law a little shock;  
Remember what I say,

They'll yet regret they sent Jim  
Jones  
In chains, to Botany Bay.

#### ***Bold Jack Donahue [trad] [excerpts from]***

He'd scarcely served twelve  
months in chains upon the  
Australian shore,  
When he took to the highway as  
he had done before:  
Bushwhacking; stand and deliver,  
bushranging and I  
Went to a true companion of bold  
Jack Donahue

Bold Donahue was taken for a  
notorious crime,  
And sentenced to be hanged  
upon the gallows-tree so high-  
But when they brought him to  
Sydney Gaol he left them in the  
stew,  
For when they came to call the  
roll, they missed Jack Donahue.

As Donahue made his escape, to  
the bush he went straight away,  
The people they were all afraid to  
travel by night or day-  
For every day in the newspapers  
they brought out something new,  
Concerning that bold bushranger  
they called Bold Jack Donahue!

[reprise Jim Jones] But by and by  
I'll break my chains etc

Bushie [Irish accent]: The price on  
Donahue's head rose from 20 to  
100 pound,

And Governor Darling sent more police and volunteers into the field to refute the myth-  
That the fierce little Dubliner had a charmed life. They caught up with him at Bringelly, near Campbelltown .

As he and his companions rode out one afternoon,  
Not thinking that the pangs of death would over take them soon,  
To their surprise the Horse-police rode smartly into view,  
And in double quick time they did advance to take Jack Donahue.

"Oh Donahue, Oh Donahue, throw down your carbine,  
Or do you intend to fight us all?  
And will you not resign?"  
"To surrender to such cowardly dogs is a thing that I would never do-  
Today I'll fight with all my might"  
Cried bold Jack Donahue.

The sergeant and the corporal they did their men divide,  
Some fired at him from behind, and some from every side,  
The Sergeant and the Corporal they both fired at him too,  
And a rifle-bullet pierced the heart of bold Jack Donahue.

Nine rounds he fired and nine men shot before the fatal ball  
That pierced his heart and made him smart and caused for him to fall-  
And as he closed his mournful eyes, he bade the world adieu,  
Crying "Convicts all, pray for the soul of bold Jack Donahue!" [Irish accent]

Reprise: [Jim Jones] By and by I'll break my chains etc

**Bushie:** Bow your heads and pray for bold Jack Donahue....

#### **Coppers** [trad]

We hate you coppers  
Oh yes we do,  
We hate you coppers  
And that's true  
When you're near us we spew  
Oh coppers  
We hate you

#### **Bound for South Australia**

In South Australia I was born  
Heave away, haul away  
South Australia round Cape Horn  
We're bound for South Australia

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind  
Heave away, haul away  
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind  
We're bound for South Australia

Chorus  
Heave away, you rolling king  
Heave away, haul away  
Heave away, oh hear me sing  
We're bound for South Australia

And as we wallop around Cape Horn  
Heave away, haul away  
You wish to God you'd never been born  
We're bound for South Australia

And now I'm on some foreign strand  
Heave away, haul away  
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand  
We're bound for South Australia

#### **(Story) Bushie:**

A lot of the whaling took place in Twofold Bay near Eden. The Whalers came from all over the world, but many of the whalers were aboriginal; Tribesmen from the local Yuin nation. Those tribesmen believed that killer whales were re-incarnated spirits of dead warriors. Killer whales were even named after ancestors so they were in fact blood relatives  
In Twofold Bay the aboriginal tribesmen and the killer whales would hunt together. They would hunt down Humpback, Baleen and Blueys. You see Killer whales aren't like other whales. They love meat! And hunt in packs much like the dingo; they corner their prey, a big barnacled humpback, in the shallows of the bay, and then slap their tails on the water making a hell of a racket calling the tribesmen to the hunt who would then run 7 mile, into town to ring the whale bell. All the whalers would jump into our long-boats and pull our guts out to finish off the humpy with our harpoons.

Once the whale was dead we'd leave the floating carcass for the killers to eat their fill. They feasted only on the tongue and lips ha ha leaving the rest for us to make oils soaps and perfumes for the sweet ladies of London.

#### **The Diggins-oh**

I've come back all skin and bone  
From the diggins-oh.  
And I wish I'd never gone  
To the diggins-oh.  
Believe me, 'tis no fun,  
I once weighed fifteen stone,  
But they brought me down to one  
At the diggins-oh!

I thought a good home could be found  
At the diggins-oh.  
But soon I found I got aground  
At the diggins-oh.  
The natives came one day,  
Burnt my cottage down like hay,  
With my wife they ran away  
To the diggins-oh.

They tied me to a tree,  
At the diggins-oh.  
With my nuggets they made free,  
At the diggins-oh.  
I escaped from bodily hurt,  
Though they stole my very shirt,  
I had to paint myself with dirt,  
At the diggins-oh.

I felt quite a ruined man,  
At the diggins-oh.  
Thinks I, I'll get home, if I can,  
From the diggins-oh.  
I was always catching cold,  
And I've been both bought and sold  
Like many more, for gold,  
At the diggins-oh.

But now I'm safe returned  
From the diggins-oh.  
Never more I mean to roam  
To the diggins-oh.  
It some peoples' fortune mends.  
Much on the man depends-  
I'd sooner be here with my friends  
Than at the diggins-oh.

#### ***I've been everywhere - Geoff Mack***

[Verse one and two]

### Chorus

I've been everywhere, man,  
'cross the deserts bare man,  
I've breathed mountain air men,  
Of travel I've had my share man  
I've been everywhere  
I know some places you haven't  
been  
I've been everywhere

Been to-

Tullamore, Seymour, Lismore,  
Mooloolaba  
Nambour, Maroochydore, Kilmore,  
Murwillumbah.  
Birdsville, Emmaville, Wallaville,  
Cunnamulla,  
Condamine, Strathpine,  
Proserpine, Ulladulla  
Darwin, Gin Gin,  
Deniliquin, Muckadilla  
Wallumbilla, Boggabilla,  
Kumbarilla, I'm a killer

Moree, Taree, Jerilderie,  
Bambaroo,  
Toowoomba, Gunnedah,  
Caringbah, Woolloomooloo.  
Dalveen, Tamborine, Engadine,  
Jindabyne,  
Lithgow, Casino, Brigalow,  
Narromine,  
Megalong, Wyong, Tuggerawong,  
Wanganella,  
Morella, Augathella, Brindabella  
I'm the fella.

### ***The Band Played Waltzing Matilda Eric Bogle***

When I was a young man I carried  
a pack  
And lived the free life a rover,  
From the Murray's green banks to  
the dusty outback I waltzed my  
Matilda all over,  
Then in 1915 the country said son  
there's no time for roving there's  
work to be down  
And they gave me a tin hat, and  
they gave me a gun,  
And they sent me away to the war

How I remember that terrible day,  
How the blood stained the sand  
and the  
Water  
And how in that hell that they  
called  
Suvla Bay  
We were butchered like lambs to  
the

### Slaughter

Johnny Turk he was waiting he  
primed  
Himself well  
He rained us with bullets and  
showered  
Us with shells  
And in ten minutes flat he'd blown  
us  
To hell  
Nearly blew us right back to  
Australia

And those that were left, well we  
tried to  
Survive  
In a mad world of death, blood  
and fire,  
And for nearly ten weeks I kept  
myself  
Alive  
Though around me the corpses  
piled  
Higher  
Then a big Turkish shell knocked  
me arse  
over head,  
and when I woke up in my  
hospital bed  
I saw what it had done, and I  
wished I  
was dead  
Never knew there were worse  
things than  
dying

Chorus

For I'll go no more Waltzing  
Matilda  
All around the wild bush far and  
free

Then they gathered the sick and  
the  
Crippled and maimed,  
And sent us back home to  
Australia,  
The armless the legless the blind  
and  
Insane  
The brave wounded heroes of  
Suvla:  
And when our ship pulled into  
Circular  
Quay  
I looked at the stumps where my  
legs used  
To be  
And thank Christ there was  
nobody  
Waiting for me  
To grieve to mourn and to pity

So now every April my old  
comrade's march,  
Reviving old dreams and past  
glory  
And I push my wheelchair out  
onto the  
Porch  
And watch the parade pass before  
me  
The old man march slowly old  
bones  
Stiff and sore  
Tired old men from a forgotten war  
The young people ask: "what are  
they  
Marching for?"  
I ask myself the same question

Chorus

And the band plays waltzing  
matilda as the old men respond to  
the call  
But as year follows year, more old  
men  
Disappear  
Someday no-one will march there  
at all

Coda:

[Use last verse and tune of  
"Waltzing Matilda"]

### **Dinky di**

He came over to London and  
straight away strode,  
To army headquarters in Horse  
ferry Road,  
To see all the bludgers who dodge  
all the strafe,  
By getting soft jobs on the  
headquarters staff.

Dinky di, dinky di,  
By getting soft jobs on the  
headquarters staff.

A lousy lance-corporal said,  
"Pardon me, please,  
You've mud on your tunic and  
blood on your sleeve,  
You look so disgraceful the people  
will laugh,"  
Said the lousy lance-corporal on  
the headquarters staff.  
Dinky di, dinky di,  
Said the lousy lance-corporal on  
the headquarters staff.

The digger then shot him a  
murderous glance;  
He said: 'We're just back from the  
balls-up in France,

Where bullets are flying and  
comforts are few,  
And brave men are dying for  
bastards like you;  
Dinky di, dinky di,  
And brave men are dying for  
bastards like you.'

'We're shelled on the left and  
we're shelled on the right,  
We're bombed all the day and  
we're bombed all the night,  
And if something don't happen,  
and that pretty soon,  
There'll be nobody left in the  
bloody platoon;  
Dinky di, dinky di,  
There'll be nobody left in the  
bloody platoon.'

This story soon got to the ears of  
Lord Gort,  
Who gave the whole matter a  
great deal of thought,  
He awarded the digger a VC and  
two bars,  
For giving that corporal a kick up  
the arse;  
Dinky di, dinky di,  
For giving that corporal a kick up  
the arse.

Now when this war's over and  
we're out o' ere,  
We'll see him in Sydney town  
begging for beer.  
He'll ask for a deener to buy a  
small glass,  
But all he'll get is a kick in the  
arse.  
Dinky di, dinky di,  
All he'll get is a kick in the arse.

#### **Anonymous**

**We are going-Kath Walker  
(Oodgeroo Noonuccal)  
Solid Rock- Shane Howard**

*Well out here nothing changes not  
in a hurry any way  
You can feel the endlessness  
With the comin of the light of day  
Talking bout a chosen place  
You want to sell it in the market  
place*

*Well.... Just a minute now*

*Y'r standing on Solid rock  
Standing on Sacred Ground  
Living on borrowed time and the  
winds of change are running on  
down the line*

**They came into the little town  
A semi naked band subdued  
and silent,  
All that remained of their tribe.  
They came here to the place of  
the old bora ground  
Where now the many white  
men hurry about like ants.  
Notice of estate agents reads:  
'rubbish may be tipped here.'  
Now it covers half covers the  
traces of the old Bora ring.**

*Round about the dawn of time  
When the dreaming all began  
A proud people came they were  
looking for the  
Promised Land  
Running form the heart of  
darkness  
Searching for the heart of light  
[ I think we've found paradise]*

*But they were standing on Solid  
Rock  
Standing on sacred ground  
Living on borrowed time  
And the winds of change were  
blowing cold that night*

**They sit and are confused, they  
cannot say their thoughts:  
'We are the strangers here now,  
but the white men are the  
strangers.  
We belong here, we are the old  
ways.  
We are the corroboree and the  
bora ground,  
We are the old sacred  
ceremonies, the laws of the  
elders.  
We are the wonder tales of  
Dream Time, the tribal legends  
told.**

*They standing on the shore one  
day saw the white sails in the sun  
Wasn't long before they felt the  
sting  
White man white law white gun  
Don't tell me that its justified cos  
somewhere, someone lied.*

*Now yr standing on solid rock  
Standing on sacred ground  
Living on borrowed time and the  
winds of change  
Are blowin down the linex2*

**We are the past, the hunts and  
the laughing games, the  
wandering  
camp fires.  
We are the lightning bolt over  
Gaphembah Hill  
Quick and terrible,  
And the thunder after him, that  
loud fellow.  
We are the quiet daybreak  
paling the dark lagoon.  
We are the shadow-ghosts  
creeping back as the camp fires  
burn low.  
We are nature and the past, all  
the old ways  
Gone now and scattered.  
The scrubs are gone, the  
hunting and the laughter.  
The eagle is gone, the emu and  
the kangaroo are gone from  
this place.  
The bora ring is gone.  
The corroboree is gone.  
And we are going.**

**Amanda Stewart  
Romance  
Love is In The Air-  
Vandor/Young**

*Love is in the air  
Everywhere I look around  
Love is in the air  
Every sight and sound.*

*And I don't know if I'm being  
foolish 1<sup>st</sup> date  
Don't know if I'm being wise  
1<sup>st</sup> kiss  
But it's something that I must  
believe in 1<sup>st</sup> mmmm  
And it's there when I look in your  
eyes*

**To be roses/candles/  
Moons/waves/beaches/idiosyn  
chronise/  
Presents/chocolates/early  
morning  
Lust/walks/fires/song/dance/hol  
d hands/**

*And I don't know if I've been  
dreaming  
1<sup>st</sup>  
Don't know if I feel sane  
1<sup>st</sup>  
But tis something I must believe in  
1<sup>st</sup>  
And it's there when you call out  
my name  
Relieved*

**To be roses/candles/  
Moons/waves/beaches/idiosyn  
chronise/  
Presents/chocolates/early  
morning  
Lust/walks/fires/song/dance/hol  
d hands/  
Press close/meeting the  
eyes/hands/movement/hands/  
Move/lips/eyes/shoulder/nape/e  
yes/lobes/ears/eyes/**

*Love is in the air  
Love is in the air  
Oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh*

**Homo suburbiensis - Bruce  
Dawe**

One constant in a world of  
variables  
-a man alone in the evening in his  
patch of vegetables,  
and all the things he takes down  
with him there

Where the easement runs along  
the back fence and the air  
Smells of tomato-vines, and the  
hoarse rasping tendrils  
Of pumpkin flourish clumsy whips  
and their foliage sprawls

Over the compost-box, poising  
rampant upon  
the palings...  
He stands there, lost  
in a green  
Confusion, smelling the smoke of  
somebody's rubbish

Burning, hearing vaguely the  
clatter of a dish  
In a sink that could be his, hearing  
a dog, a kid,  
A far whisper of traffic, and  
offering up instead

Not much but as much as any  
man can offer  
-time, pain, love, hate, age, war,  
death, laughter, fever.

**Rachel-Brett Hunt**

It's been many many years since  
since I followed you  
In the heat, dust, crowds, and the  
sweet sweet music  
I took bits off myself  
I've done it again

Chippin away till there's nothing  
left but this heart on the table

Rachel you know me by now

Rachel you know me by now

I used to think that I was bigger  
than I was  
It came from feeling small  
Till I laid down my arms  
And gave up the war

But you've come back to me  
beckoning  
But it's beyond reckoning  
My darling my love

Rachel you know me by now x2

We walk this promenade in this  
money town  
When we don't have much at all  
Cos I'm not tired of playing a  
clown  
But when were together I don't  
need  
I don't need much at all

Rachel you know me by now x2

**Hail [Trad]**

Hail! Dawn is shining glory doing  
The sun is shining [blazing with  
warmth]  
Night moving  
Man stirring  
Children restless  
Women fire-wood thinking  
Birds singing  
Animals awaking [sleeping not]  
Camp noise grows

**Stopping All Stations-Hilltop  
Hoods**

Verse 3 – Pressure

He knows nothing but toil, strife  
and hard yakka,  
Pissed at the world for playing  
wife in a slammer,  
This man was never given a life  
on a damn platter,  
So he jumps a train with knife and  
bandanna,  
Boys at his back, sleazy,  
hardened and far,  
From giving a fuck, an easy target  
his mark,  
He sees an old man and says  
"See we'll part with your hard,

Earned cash or rest in peace we  
can start with your heart."  
Some girl steps not afraid she's  
gonna cop it sweet,  
and gets decked before she made  
it even on her feet,

She tries to help him she doesn't  
choose to flee the car,  
and catches a blow with enough  
bruise to leave a scar,  
she starts fainting, the rooms  
moving and seeing stars,  
Aint it amazing how courageous  
human beings are?

The old man leaped to her aid and  
to his horror he'd,  
Thrusted his chest into the blade  
of his robber's piece,  
He grabbed the wallet, dropped  
the knife as he fled the car,  
Concerned about the loss of life  
he'd never went this far,  
What's done is done, he'd got the  
prize and he'd spent his half,  
Of two dollars in change and a  
pension card.

So Take a ride, cos were stoppin'  
all stations