HUMBOLDT'S CURRENT
Directed by Ping Chong
Technical Director: Jean-Claude Ribes
Sound: Floyd O'Neill
Scenic Design: Ken Stepp
Lights: John Colton
Stage Manager: Sabrina Padilla
Hair: Sharon B. Yeo
Makeup: John H. Oliver
Assistant Director: Marcia Neely
Stage Manager: John H. Oliver

LA MAMA E.T.C. presents
PING CHONG
& THE FIJI COMPANY
HUMBOLDT'S CURRENT
a bricolage theatre piece by Ping Chong

Bricolage: A new world created out of any and all available materials from an old world.

Dedicated to Meredith Monk

CAST in order of appearance:

Gail Turner ................. as a native
Paul Langland ............... as a native
John Miglietta .............. as Charles Humboldt
Jeannie Hutchins ............ as a native
Rodney Garbato ............. as Paolo Foggetti
Pablo Vela .................. as a native
Tone Blevins ............... as Signora Hanes
Anne Gentry ................ as Sister Anna
Charles Horne .............. voice of interviewer

Music: Tibetan Popular Music

Much Thanks to friends, cast & crew.

Ping Chong & The Fiji Company is under the management of NEW ARTS MANAGEMENT, INC.
Directed by Ping Chong
Technical Director: Jean-Claude Ribes
Lighting Design: Tony Giavanetti
Recording Engineer: Floyd O'Neil
Photography: Tobey Sanford
8mm Film: Meredith Monk
edited by Meredith Monk & Tony Janetti
Production Manager: Edith DeLuca
Assistant Director: Gail Turner
Technical Assistant: Don Voisine

Graphic Design: Ping Chong & Lauretta Harris
Production Design: Jerilea Zempel
Museum Illustrations: Ping Chong
Pterodon Construction: Jean-Claude Ribes

Music: Tibetan Popular Music
   Music of the Himalayas
   Samuel Barber: Adagio for Strings
   Bach: Bist du bei mir sung by Meredith Monk
   accompanyist: Steve Lockwood

Artistic Consultants: Meredith Monk
                     Tony Janetti
                     Gin Louie

Much Thanks to friends, cast & crew, La Mama E.T.C.

The Fiji Company is a non-profit, tax-exempt organization for which contributions are tax deductible. Contributions are urgently needed to continue the work. Donations can be sent to:

Ping Chong & The Fiji Company
c/o NEW ARTS MANAGEMENT
47 West 9th Street
New York, New York 10011

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H. M. S. ARABIA

MENU

HORS D'OEUVRES
Saucisson Chaud à la Lyonnaise

POTAGE
Winter Melon Soup

POISSON
Plaice Alexandra
au Beurre d'Escargots

RELEVE
Brains with Ground Nuts

VOLAILLE
Poulet Ivere
Asperges au Naturel

FROMAGE
Surprise

DESSERT
Damson Fool

Coffee Cigars

Après dîner, Recital de Mld. Elmîr dans le Salon Doré.

Regarding George was a third cousin:

... which rather annoyed him, George spent the Greater part of his time in the jungle, proving a network of roads in the least disturbed part, or the shouts of those working under his orders. He languidly encouraged the cohorts of colo-stirrers to sweat away for the glory of Western civilization, for he naturally worshipped him because he never raised his voice when giving orders. He never married, as it would have meant working. Still, he always yielded to the temptation once. The object of his passion was a widow. She belonged to a tribe in Central Africa, and was not only coal-black but as beautiful as a picture of ebony. Unfortunately her tribal religion forbade her to marry until five years after her husband's death. He was sent on mission duty to IndoChina, and he forgot his Congolese Venus.

He was very courageous, and paraded magnificently. His loneliness added to his courage. Once in IndoChina he settled in the wilds in a hut. A large cobra had installed itself. George took a part of the hut, while the cobra made its home under the palm-leaf roof. "As a roommate he was no trouble at all. On the contrary, with him around there wasn't a rat to be seen. I could hear them scuttle when he would come back in the evening. He moved into the beams over my bed. We looked each other in the eye for a minute, and I blew out the lamp. In the morning, when he went out again, the noise of his movements served as an alarm clock."

In addition to Russian and French, George spoke Chinese Mandarin fluently, as well as Cantonese, Annamite, and several IndoChinese dialects. When he left the army...
... the bitter cold of the Belgian front.
... the torrid sun of the Persian Gulf.

Regarding George Humboldt, a third cousin:

... which rather amused him, George spent the greater part of his time in the army improving a network of roads in the jungle. Lying in a hammock, not in the least disturbed by the pickaxes or the shouts of those working under his orders, he languidly encouraged the cohorts of colored troopers to sweat away for the glory of Western civilization. His subordinates worshipped him because he never raised his voice when giving orders. He never married, as that would naturally have involved a certain amount of expense, and to defray it would have meant working. Still, he almost yielded to the temptation once. The object of his passion was a widow. She belonged to a tribe in Central Africa, and was not only coal-black but as beautiful as a piece of ebony. Unfortunately her tribal religion forbade her to remarry until five years after her husband's death. George was sent out on military duty to IndoChina, and he gradually forgot his Congolese Venus.

He was very courageous, and paradoxically enough his laziness added to his courage. Once in IndoChina he settled in the wilds in a hut in which a king cobra had installed itself. George stayed in the lower part of the hut, while the cobra made its home above, just under the palm-leaf roof. "As a roommate he was no trouble at all. On the contrary, with him around there wasn't a rat to be seen. I could hear them scuttle when he would come back in the evening. He moved into the beams over my bed. We looked each other in the eye for a minute, and I blew out the lamp. In the morning, when he went out again, the noise of his movements served as an alarm clock."

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March 13 (Friday)

Dearest Emma,

I have been told our venture meets only with more frustration. My health has deteriorated to the point where I fear we must terminate this assault and return home to rest and restore our supplies.

And so, you can anticipate my arrival within the month.

My heart flutters with joy at the thought of our re-uniting, in spite of my deep frustration.

The beast chases me as if I were chasing my own shadow.

Faithfully yours,

Yours Ever,

C.
December 9 —

cradfather,

I have been told you are ill and am very distressed by the news. I am roped down here in this God-forbroken, dreamy part of the world and fear I cannot return home for some present. I know mother will send me all bulletins of your progress, which I hope will be rapid. My own health has not been too famous, but we slog on, don’t we?

Still no direct contact with me creature, but encouraging information continues to come in.

My best wishes for your recovery.

Faithfully yours,

Charles
September 8

Paolo,

Our appeals to support have met with some success. I suggest you consider joining us at the country house as soon as possible. We can discuss the general route of our journey even if our departure is some time off.

My health has greatly improved, have even put on a few pounds! Emma has taken wonderful care of me; she sends her love.

Please come soon. The chase is on again!

Yours,

Charles

P.S. Bring me a barometer
Dear Friend,

This is a direct appeal to you, the audience for a contribution to The Fiji Company which is presenting this evening's work. As you may already know, small performing companies are finding it increasingly difficult to receive funding from any source whatsoever. Since 1975, The Fiji Company has received no public or private grants despite an Obie Award and continued critical praise. It has operated solely on its own resourcefulness, but it is no longer possible to continue in this way. This month we are presenting The Fiji Company's award winning production, HUMBOLDT'S CURRENT⁰, and although we will be partially sponsored, it will in no way cover the expense of mounting such a production nor pay the salaries of the performers who performed without pay in the original production.

We are a non-profit organization and as I'm sure you already know, that means contributions are tax deductible. Please contribute whatever you can. Checks may be made payable to: Ping Chong & The Fiji Company 21 Bleecker Street New York, N.Y. 10012

Sincerely,

[Signature]