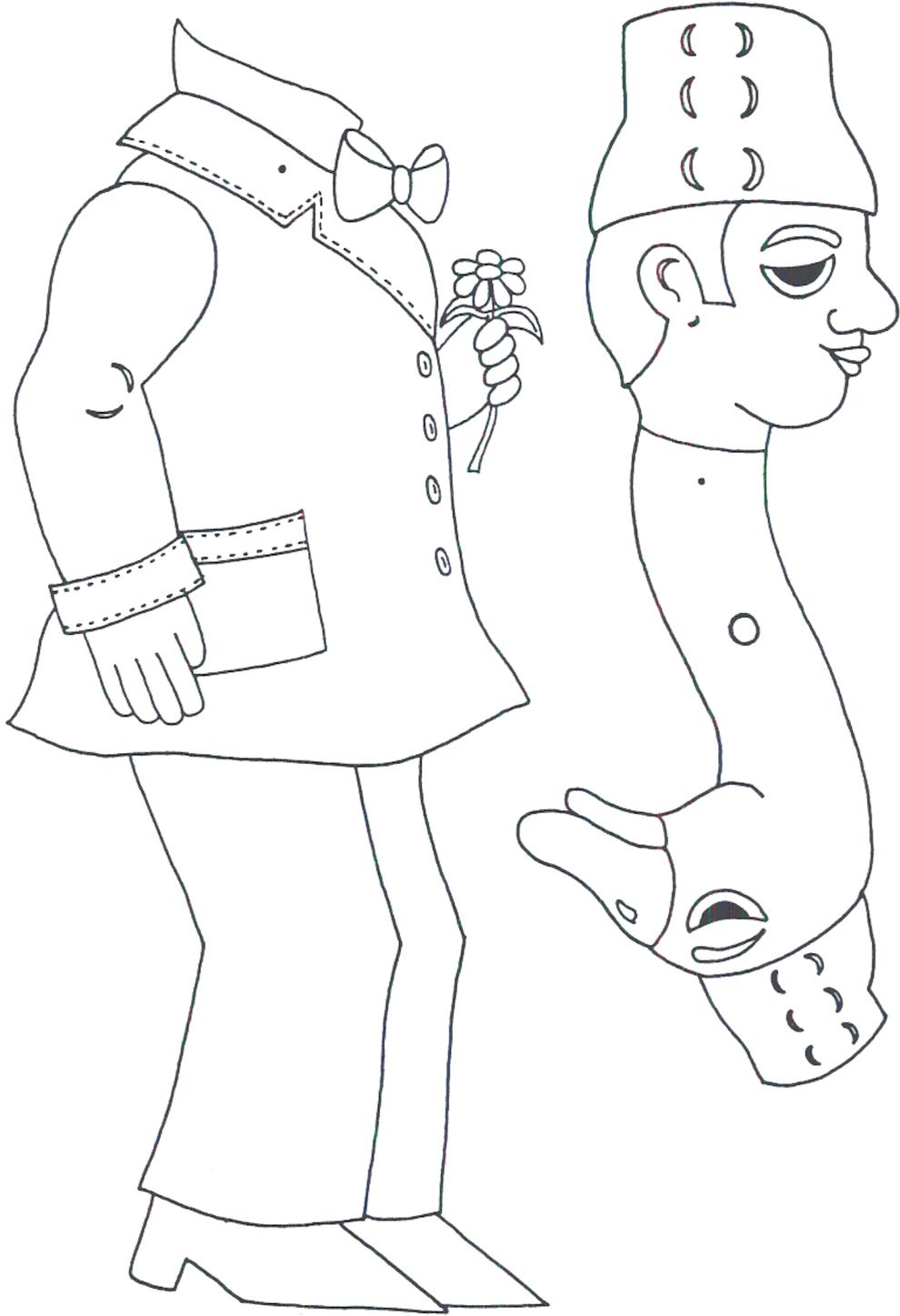


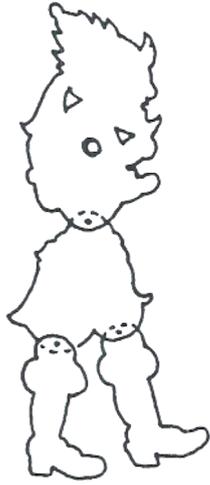
ÇELEBİ [Young Man/Goose]



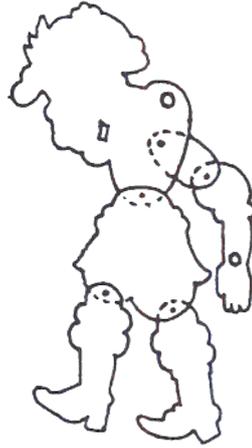
WITCH



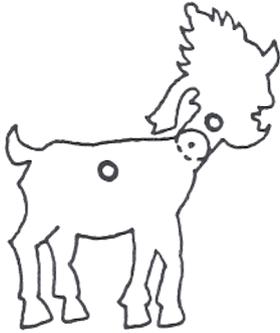
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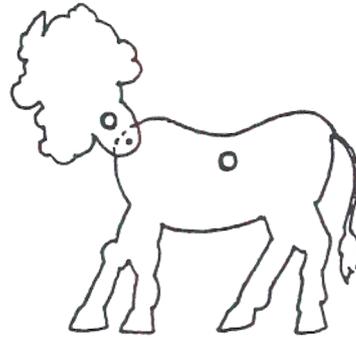
Hacivat



Karagöz



Hacivat as a Goat



Karagöz as a Donkey



Çelebi Goose



Çelebi



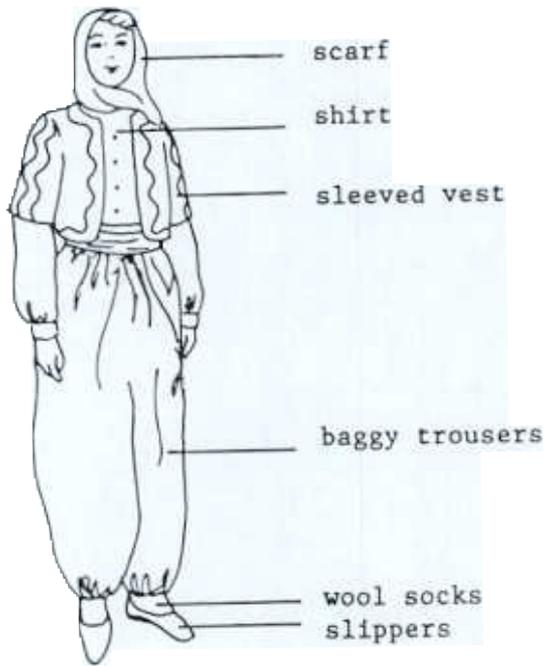
Zenne



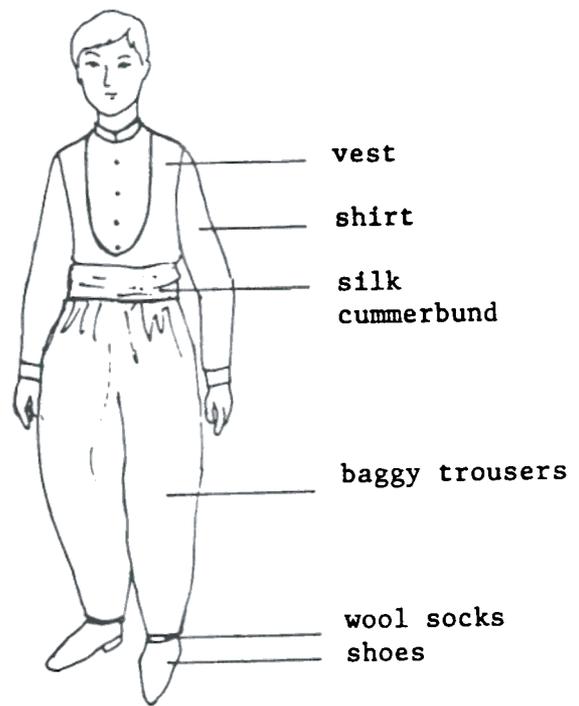
Zenne Donkey

APPENDIX B

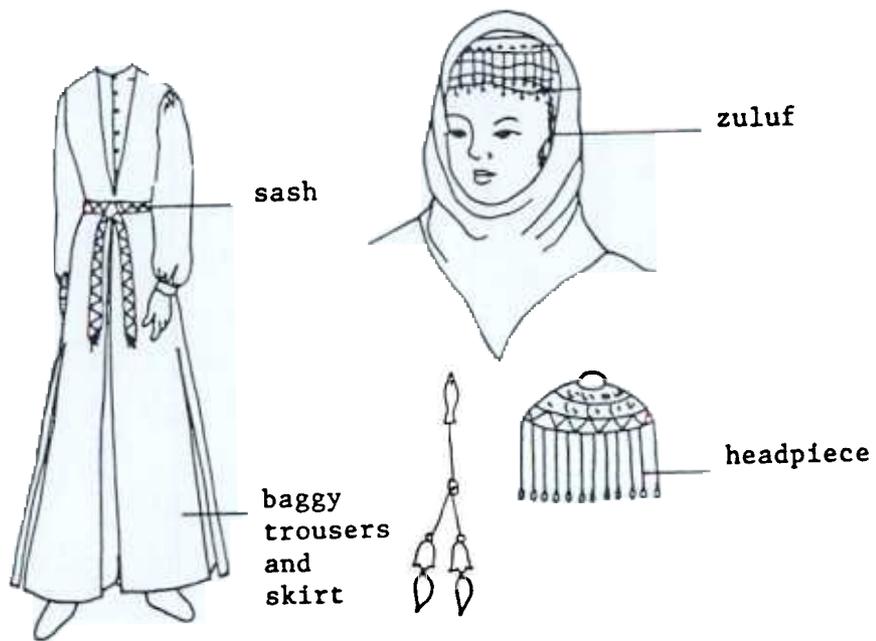
FOLK DANCE COSTUMES



Woman's folkdance costume of Elazig-Harput



Man's folkdance costume of Elazig-Harput



APPENDIX C

PLAY SCRIPT OF THE WITCHES

THE WITCHES

HACIVAT: An image true but mind-entrancing,
This our shadow screen.
Tis joy with wisdom, ease-enhancing,
This our shadow screen.

From Sultan Orhan's time to this,
May God his soul redeem,
Kushteri's gift is well worth watching,
This our shadow screen.

It's but a candle and a cloth,
So might its surface seem,
To knowing eyes it holds a warning,
This our shadow screen.

The speech of Arab, Persian, Turk
You'll hear and more beside,
The sense of every tongue 'tis speaking,
This our shadow screen.

KARAGÖZ: (snoring)

HACIVAT: (singing) Dear let me make merry!

KARAGÖZ: Hey, Hacivat? Will you sing to yourself? I gotta get some sleep.

HACIVAT: (singing) That lovely one has kept her word Let glad tidings ring!

KARAGÖZ: (offstage) Hey, what's going on, Hacivat?

HACIVAT: (singing) Once mad with love, now rest assured, Let glad tidings
ring!
Dear let me make merry!

KARAGÖZ: Hacivat! Listen to your song. I'll show you making merry.

(They fight)

KARAGÖZ: Oh no, I've died, I'm laid out like a sacrificial ram. My intangible innards are veritably quaking. Oh, the rat, he grabbed me by the nose like a hunters-hound. Man, I was so out of breath because he stopped my breathing that I was within a breath of breathing my last.

HACIVAT: Marvelous to see you, cher ami, Karagöz.

KARAGÖZ: Thanks a bunch, slimey Hacivat.

HACIVAT: Mercy, my dear Karagöz, I had not awaited such treatment from you.

KARAGÖZ: don't care if you wait or not.

HACIVAT: Why, Karagöz, how's thy noble nature, dost thou fare fairly? Art thou well, little sir?

KARAGÖZ: Well, yeah, he's fine. He sends special greetings to you.

HACIVAT: Who?

KARAGÖZ: Art, the well-digger.

HACIVAT: I'm not asking about Art the well-digger. I'm asking about your delicate nature, votre bon naturel? Comment allez vous?

KARAGÖZ: Well, I have no comment on the view from the alley.

HACIVAT: Karagöz! My French goes straight over his head. Still it seems to flip his lid.

HACIVAT: Listen, Karagöz, in plain Turkish, how are you?

KARAGÖZ: Well, it's no crime to ask but are you a doctor?

HACIVAT: Why should I be a doctor?

KARAGÖZ: Well, you're asking how I am, aren't you? I might look a little sick but that's because you just jumped me like a dog.

HACIVAT: Well, when you run into a friend on the street, what do you say to him?

KARAGÖZ: I say “Hi” to him, he says “Hi” to me, we pass, we go on, we don’t end up runnin off at the mouth like you.

HACIVAT: Karagöz, you lack even a smidgeon of politesse.

KARAGÖZ: I may be a mess, but I’m no one’s pidgeon.

HACIVAT: Karagöz, as we were talking I had an idea. Your name is Karagöz and mine is Hacivat, right?

KARAGÖZ: Yeah, so, I’m Karagöz and you’re Hacivat.

HACIVAT: You know - all those people watching us speak English. Why don’t we do the whole show in English for them?

KARAGÖZ: Ich! I don’t want to use English. No, the only way is the Turkish language. I got standards.

HACIVAT: But it’s a perfect idea for America. I know--we’ll take whole new English names that everyone would recognize. I could be the delicate Hugh Featherfluff and you can be the Mangy Mutt.

KARAGÖZ: Wait a minute. Why should I take your lousy name? You be that Mangy Mutt and I’ll be the Fluffy Guy.

HACIVAT: Well that’s fine, but in order to remember these names we have to repeat them over and over to ourselves. So Hugh Featherfluff, Karagöz, Hugh Featherfluff, Karagöz.

KARAGÖZ: Mangy Mutt, Hacivat, Mangy Mutt Hacivat.

HACIVAT: Hugh Featherfluff, Karagöz. Hugh Featherfluff, Karagöz.

KARAGÖZ: Mangy Mutt, Hacivat, Mangy Mutt Hacivat.

HACIVAT: Now sing it. Hugh Featherfluff, Karagöz. Hugh Featherfluff, Karagöz.

KARAGÖZ: Mangy Mutt, Hacivat. Mangy Mutt, Hacivat.

HACIVAT: Hugh Featherfluff, Karagöz. Hugh Featherfluff, Karagöz.

KARAGÖZ: Mangy Mutt, Hacivat, Mangy Mutt Hacivat.

HACIVAT: Your father’s what, Karagöz? Your father is what, Karagöz?

KARAGÖZ: Mangy Mutt, Hacivat. He's a Mangy Mutt. . . Ooooooh
Yoooooh. . .

(They fight.)

HACIVAT: But Karagöz, you took a beautiful name. Look, maybe it's better if you be Piles o' Poop and I can be the famous Waldo Wheat.

KARAGÖZ: Nothing doing. I'm not being that . . . You be Piles o' Poop. I wanna be famous.

HACIVAT: Make way for Waldo Wheat, Karagöz.

KARAGÖZ: Oooooo, it's Piles o' Poop, Hacivat.

HACIVAT: (Singing) Waldo Wheat, Karagöz.

KARAGÖZ: (Singing) Piles o' Poop, Hacivat.

HACIVAT: (Singing) Waldo Wheat, Karagöz. Waldo Wheat, Karagöz.

KARAGÖZ: (Singing) Piles o' Poop, Hacivat. Piles o' Poop, Hacivat.

HACIVAT: (Singing) Waldo Wheat, Karagöz. Waldo Wheat, Karagöz.

KARAGÖZ: (Singing) Piles o' Poop, Hacivat. Piles o' Poop, Hacivat.

HACIVAT: What'll you eat, Karagöz? What'll you eat, Karagöz?

KARAGÖZ: Piles o' Poop, Hacivat. Piles o' . . . (They fight.) Embarrassing me in front of all these people, Americans even. I'll just go to the carnival and see what the magic screen shows us. (Snoring.)

DANDY: (Singing)
Tender, tender rosebud, open to me.
Come my swaying cypress and let us both be free.
Hyacinth entangle this lover in your snare,
Garden lift my spirit from this world of care.
Tender, tender rosebud, open to me
Tender, tender rosebud, open to me
Open up to me. . .

LADY: Very nice. A serenade for me. You know you do sing songs very well. Did you write the words yourself? Oh you're very good with words. But you're not very good at keeping them. You kept me waiting here an hour.

DANDY: Well, hold on a second here, I never said I'd come for sure. If I'd said I'd come for sure, I surely would have come.

LADY: Well, so you say, but you know I can't put much stock in what you say.

KARAGÖZ: Oh he's the kind of livestock she keeps in a sty.

DANDY: Now, wait a minute here. I didn't mislead you. What are you hinting at?

LADY: You know, I heard that last night at 12:30 you went by back roads to another district. Someone saw you and they reported it to me.

DANDY: Well, I'll tell you. I needed something last night. I went out to buy it, and I couldn't find it anyway.

LADY: Oh, yes, you needed something. Well, what was it, this it?

DANDY: Well I..I'll tell you what it was, last night, no, it was the night before in fact. I had a . . .I had a headache, God spare you the like of it, and I went out to a druggist to buy aspirin.

KARAGÖZ: Oh, so he went with some druggies to a hash den.

LADY: So you went to a hash den with all your druggie friends.

DANDY: No. Wait a minute, I said that I went to get aspirin--that is, I went to the druggist for a remedy.

LADY: Oh, yes, one's love of drugs is never satisfied.

DANDY: Now, wait a minute, hold on. You don't want to understand this, you're not really listening. I can tell something's really eating you.

LADY: I know what you do with your friends and what company you keep. And I don't care. The only thing that bothers me is that I know how you're supporting your evil ways. That Indian scarf I gave you, you sold it. That watch and chain that my grandfather gave me, you pawned it off. If you don't bring them back to me, I'll claw you to pieces like a leopard.

The Witches:

KARAGÖZ: Scratch one lover.

DANDY: Well, I suppose I oughta be afraid.

LADY: And you aren't afraid of my witch-mother, either, are you? I'll just go get her now.

Mom, Mom. Did you hear what that nasty son of Nikabi the witch has been doing to me? He's shamed me in front of everyone!

WITCH: (Noises) Don't worry my daughter. I'll get him. Quick, bring me my pot, my dragon, my serpent whip. Abba Dabba, toil and trouble. Fire burn and cauldron bubble. (Kazoo, tanbourine) Ha, ha, ha!

DANDY: Honk Honk

KARAGÖZ: Can't you hang your honking? We're trying to get some sleep.

DANDY: Honking honk me. Honk.

KARAGÖZ: Old woman, someone's yelling about a hunking honkie. Wait a sec! Wow, who's this? Hey woman, there's a wild goose just outside the door. Where's my gun? I'm gonna blast him.

KARAGÖZ'S

WIFE: You fool! That's no wild goose. Come in or you'll be sorry.

DANDY: Honkin' honk me. Honkin' honk me.

KARAGÖZ: Hey listen, I understand that part about honkies but . . . Hey wait, you're no politician. You're a goose, and you should FLY!

DANDY: Honk Honk

HACIVAT: Hey, Karagöz, what are you doing? Who is this tres curieux person?

KARAGÖZ: Well, yeah, it is Trader Cooperson, I'll be darned. Yeah, nice to see you, Trader.

HACIVAT: Now, Karagöz, hold it, that's not Trader Cooperson. Watch out. He'll bring bad results!

HACIVAT: In that case you are a perfect ass among asses.

KARAGÖZ: Ahhhh, I'm not upset by those asinine remarks.

HACIVAT: Karagöz, listen. I'll tell you, this one is the daughter of Azraka, the witch. The two witches are having a duel tonight and they're changing everyone. So if you don't stay inside you'll meet with disaster.

KARAGÖZ: We'll meet in Nebrasker. I'm not going to Nebaska. No. That's too far. I'm just going over to the stable there.

HACIVAT: Karagöz, you wouldn't know Nebraska from a hole in the ground. I'm leaving.

KARAGÖZ'S

WIFE: You ragged rodent, come inside. You heard! You're playing with fire!

KARAGÖZ: My wife agrees with Hacivat. better go inside. Can't stand losing a good donkey.

LADY: Hee Haw

DANDY: Well, I'll be... you know, you mentioned you could roar like a lioness but that sounds like the bray of an ass.

LADY: Hee Haw

DANDY: Listen, I've taken an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth but I'll tell ya, a real man will turn the other cheek.

LADY: Hee Haw

DANDY: Mommy Mommy! I think we've gone too far.

WITCH: (noise) Oh how do I get myself into these things? (Kazoo, tambourine)

LADY: Ooooooh. I'm finally back to my old self. Oh my, how my shoulders ache. Oh, Karagöz, if I ever get my hands on you!

DANDY: You know I know that Karagöz fella, shameless immoral wretch of a ...

LADY: You should've seen what he did, he climbed on my shoulders, kicked my flanks with his filthy feet, and virtually broke my back.

DANDY: And if you only knew what he did to me. He subjected me to so many other indescribable humiliations, and when Hacivat tried to advise him, the boor ignored him.

LADY: Yes, wise master Hacivat tried, but he couldn't control that wild man... Oh, we must do this Hacivat a great favor.

DANDY: To Hacivat gratefulness, to Karagöz hatefulness.

KARAGÖZ: Oh, no, now Hacivat's a celebrity and I've put my head in a noose.

LADY: My witch mother can turn Karagöz into the rake in the boiler room of a steamboat.

KARAGÖZ: Gulp! Old woman, I have a funny feeling inside!

KARAGÖZ'S WIFE: You hear a funny squealing in there, huh? The cat must have gotten into the food cupboard. Go take a lamp and take a look.

KARAGÖZ: Stuff the lamp...I said I got this terrible feeling, I gotta go out for air.

KARAGÖZ'S WIFE: Don't go out. The witches'll get you for sure.

KARAGÖZ: I simply gotta go--I feel outa sorts...(Kazoo, tambourine) Oh, my God, Oh no. Oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my. My head's too close to the ground and my hands...Where are my hands and feet? What's happened to me? I'm goin' bonkers. Hee Haw Oh no, son of a gun, I'm a donkey, a pure bred, marsifan donkey. Can't let Hacivat see me cuz he told me sooo many times... Oh nooooo, I can't go back home cuz my wife'll say "This isn't my husband. My husband's not a donkey" And I never win arguments with her.

HACIVAT: I'm going to see Karagöz.

HACIVAT: (Singing)
I'm going, going, going,
Loving, loving, bosom glowing,
Loving, loving, bosom glowing,
Mysteries of passion knowing,
Mysteries of passion showing, showing.
Hidden truths of beauty showing.
Hidden truths of beauty showing, showing.
Come and let us go!

Hey look, a donkey, right here in the middle of the road, must have slipped his halter and run off from his master. Hey, a pure bred marsifon, except for the head. What is this, no big ears! Let me look at you. This is not the real thing, raise up your...

KARAGÖZ: Over my dead body!

HACIVAT: Wait a minute, it's a human, and I recognize the voice. Raise up...Karagöz, is that you? I told you not to...something was bound to happen to you, look at you. Hee he he.

KARAGÖZ: Oh, Hacivat. You gotta help me. This can't be. I gotta change back.

HACIVAT: Hey, Karagöz, you know, I might be able to help your present donkeyishness, but how do I know you're a real person?

KARAGÖZ: You don't need to know I'm a human, you just gotta make me into one.

HACIVAT: OK. Wait. I used to know a little chant that goes "Hibulus Habulus Minneabulus. Touch us...change us."

(Kazoo, tambourine)

KARAGÖZ: Hey, Hacivat, Watch out. You've stirred up one o them witches and she's comin to get you now.

HACIVAT: What? Oh! "Hibulus Habulus Minneabulus. Touch us...Change us."

KARAGÖZ: Hacivat, how'd you do that? You sent that little flea of a witch flitting away like an insect. You're the best!

HACIVAT: What did you expect, you ignorant pest? I've always told you to read more books. My powers are the results of my education.

KARAGÖZ: Really! That's amazing, ya know. I wish I had kept to my books, but now all I have to show for playing hooky at school is that I can bray like an ass! Hee Haw Hee Haw. The whole world should take a lesson.

HACIVAT: Listen carefully. I'll need your help on the chant... When I say "Touch us" you say "Change us", when I say "Change us" you say "Touch us." Now remember don't you get flustered when the witch hangs you up and drops you as a human. You must not break our rhythm and you mustn't say anything except what I tell you. Otherwise they will certainly do something to me!

KARAGÖZ: Oh, whatever you say, Hacivat. got it. You just start.

HACIVAT: OK...here goes.

KARAGÖZ: And work quick too cuz you see they won't give me any bread and I can't eat barley and I'm real hungry. So anytime...

HACIVAT: Hibulus Habulus Minneabulus. Change us. . .

KARAGÖZ: Touch us.

HACIVAT: Touch us. .

KARAGÖZ: Change us.

HACIVAT: Change us

KARAGÖZ: Touch us. OK Hacivat, now it's your turn.

HACIVAT: Please, Karagöz. What'd I tell you about rhythm?

KARAGÖZ: Well, you said that If I...

HACIVAT: Ok. Don't explain.

(Kazoo, tambourine)

KARAGÖZ: Hacivat, that witch is comin to get ya, she's hung you up like a bunch of grapes. Hey, Hacivat, come back, but if you do come back, don't come back as a wolf or a bear, just a little old donkey like me.

HACIVAT: Baaa baa

KARAGÖZ: What a beautiful goat you've become. You know your beard always did remind me of a goat's and now it really fits.

HACIVAT: Well, at least, I'm a respectable animal. I'm not a donkey like you. Tomorrow a donkey driver will probably take you to a stable and work you and beat you and starve you until you croak.

KARAGÖZ: Oh, so I suppose you're going to stake a claim in eternal life and live forever.

HACIVAT: No. I'll die too, but while I'm alive I will live a life of ease and pleasure, for I will be taken home by a wealthy goat fancier who will clean me up and nourish me on nuts and grapes as I pasture in emerald meadows. . .

KARAGÖZ: Yeah, Yeah, I've heard it all before, but it seems you're forgetting something... could your humble servant recount for you?

HACIVAT: Permission granted. Tell me what's missing.

KARAGÖZ: Back off a bit! You're sticking your beard up my nose. So says the teller of tales and thus the chronicler regales. For a long time, as we've heard, you will be harbored by a goat and high horn sheep fancier... He will pasture you on the montain grasses and icy streams supplemented with nuts and grapes as you fatten like a pig.

HACIVAT: Hey, you're describing me living in the lap of luxury. I don't need to hear this.

The Witches:

KARAGÖZ: Yeah, you'll fatten like a pig and soon your fattiness will lead to laziness until you begin to lie around all the time and soon the little master's son will come to try to rouse you to romp with him as you had done in your thinner days. And he'll bug you and you'll butt or jab at him with your horns. And he'll probably run to his father yellin' "Daddy, daddy, you know that old goat won't do anything but sit around and butt at me". Now the old man's noticed that you've grown fat beyond all bounds and has just been waiting for an excuse to slaughter you. He'll say, "Hey, the goat must be getting sick. Go get the cook and tell him to bring the knife." Well, there'll be a big commotion until the cook comes with a big cleaver. The old man says, "Hey, cook, looks like the goat's gonna die. Don't ya think we ought to tie his legs up and slit his throat now before the meat goes bad?" At which point the cook'll doooooooooooooo it...and that's all she wrote. Hee Haw Hee Haw.

HACIVAT: Oh, no Karagöz. Now you've done it to both of us, you pestiferous gypsy.

KARAGÖZ: Yep, Hajivat. You're going uptown to a slaughter house and I'm going downtown to a stable and there's nothing we can do about it unless maybe... maybe you say that old chant, and since I don't know it I'll repeat stuff.

HACIVAT: Yeah, it might just work here... Hibulum Habulum Minneabulum. Change us...

KARAGÖZ: Touch us.

HACIVAT: Touch us. . .

KARAGÖZ: Change us...

HACIVAT: Change us

KARAGÖZ: Touch us

HACIVAT: Touch us

KARAGÖZ: Change us.

(Kazoo, tambourine) (Witch enters)

HACIVAT: Hey. Thank you, Karagöz, hope you're feeling better, see you later.

KARAGÖZ: But, Hacivat you can't leave me looking like this...I'm...I'm Hee Haw Hee Haw.

HACIVAT: Oh, Karagöz, don't be such an ass. Hibulum Habulum Minneabulum. Change us...

KARAGÖZ: Touch us

HACIVAT: Touch us

KARAGÖZ: Change us

HACIVAT: Touch us

KARAGÖZ: Change us

(Kazoo, tambourine followed by silence) . . .Hacivat, what about the prayer?

HACIVAT: I'm finished with the prayer.

KARAGÖZ: Oh, no, you're not, you dirty rat, you can't leave me here hung like a bunch of grapes. I don't wanna be wine. There's more-- it goes change us, touch us, touch us, change us.

HACIVAT: Slow down, Karagöz, is it change us or touch us?

KARAGÖZ: I don't know, they all mean the same anyway. It probably doesn't matter if you yell MOMMY!

(Kazoo, tambourine) (Witch enters)

HACIVAT: Hope you're well, brother.

KARAGÖZ: Donkeys chase your mother.

(They fight)

HACIVAT: Evil in return for good.

KARAGÖZ: That's right, remember the old saying "Do good unto others and they do evil to you."

(They fight)

HACIVAT: You've broken the stage, torn the curtain, I'll tell the owner now for certain.

KARAGÖZ: Don't pass up your share. Go ahead, Hacivat, Puppeteers Pet. If we've made any slips of the tongue tonight, may they all be forgiven...I'm gonna get you next time...

The End

APPENDIX D

MAP OF TURKEY AND THE NEAR EAST

