



PERFORMING EDITION

An Original Entertainment
adapted from *The Mountebanks*
(words by William S. Gilbert, music by Alfred Cellier)

Adapted by C. V. Berney

As originally performed by the *Royal Victorian Opera Company*

Put a Penny in the Slot

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adapted from *The Mountebanks*,
a comic opera first performed in 1892
(words by William S. Gilbert, music by Alfred Cellier)

Adapted (with additional dialog and lyrics) by C. V. Berney
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Bartolo, a Jester (light baritone)

Nita, a Dancer (soprano)

Pietro, an Impresario (baritone)

SCENE: a village in Sicily in the nineteenth century

Drawings by Katherine Berney

Introduction

From 1879 to 1890, when the Carpet Quarrel intervened, William S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan were bound by contract to provide manager Richard D'Oyly Carte with a new opera when receipts at the Savoy fell below a certain level. When this happened, Gilbert would present Sullivan with the outline of a new libretto, and Sullivan would decide whether he could see his way clear to setting it. On several such occasions, Gilbert suggested a plot in which the central device was a magic lozenge which caused people to truly become whatever they were pretending to be. Sullivan invariably rejected this idea, saying it was too mechanical and lacking in human interest. In 1890, both Gilbert and Sullivan began working with new partners. Gilbert dusted off the infamous Lozenge Plot, now titled *The Mountebanks*, and persuaded Alfred Cellier to set it. Cellier was a logical choice—he was music director at the Savoy, conducted most of the performances, had arranged the overtures to many of Sullivan's scores, and was a successful composer in his own right (his *Dorothy*, for example, ran longer than *The Mikado*). Unfortunately for Gilbert's peace of mind, Cellier was even more dilatory in setting a libretto than Sullivan had been, and in fact died before the opera was complete (Ivan Caryll finished it). *The Mountebanks* opened 4 January 1892 at the Lyric Theatre, and was a decided success, running for 229 performances.

The Royal Victorian Opera Company has a resounding name, but is an exceedingly modest organization. It was formed in 1980 to perform *Trial by Jury* in chambers at the New England School of Law. Shortly thereafter, I discovered Jane W. Stedman's book, *Gilbert Before Sullivan*, which includes the scripts for the six entertainments Gilbert wrote for German Reed's Gallery of Illustration in the period 1869-75. These entertainments call for casts of five or six, and so are attractive for companies of modest resources; *in toto* they provide an important record of Gilbert's development as a playwright, and in addition (in many cases), they are extremely funny. With the help of much-appreciated support from the Watertown Cultural Council, the Royal Vic embarked on an exploration of these seminal works, and in fact, over the last 14 years, has performed all six of them.

In the late 1980s I was introduced to *The Mountebanks* by Dr. John Howard, who lent me the recording of a 1963 performance by the Lyric Theatre Company in Washington DC. I was particularly taken by the duet that Nita and Bartolo sing as clockwork figures—"Put a penny in the slot." With 13 named roles and male and female choruses, *The Mountebanks* itself was too ambitious for the Royal Vic, but I began to experiment with ways of extracting the Nita-Bartolo-Pietro subplot, eventually coming up with the version printed here. *Put a Penny in the Slot* utilizes music and dialog from *The Mountebanks*, but is a distinct work in that I have provided additional dialog and lyrics, and a different plot resolution. Requiring only three actors and piano accompaniment, and running about an hour in performance, it is economical to produce, and can be performed in a variety of locations.

It is common on experiencing a previously unfamiliar piece by Gilbert to immediately find connections to his other works, and *Mountebanks/Penny* is no exception. The most obvious parallel is between Bartolo and Jack Point, both philosophically-inclined jesters travelling with a female partner. Gilbert used both of them to express facets of his own character—e.g., Point's song "Oh, a private buffoon," and Bartolo's decision (p. 9) to end his career in serious theatre (in 1888, Gilbert, stung by the failure of *Brantingham Hall*, declared "I have written my last play," and resolved to devote himself to comic librettos). There are also interesting connections to later

works in theatre and film: an unexpected one is Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal* (1957), which can be seen as a sequel to *Mountebanks/Penny*—the Bartolo-Nita figures (Jof and Mia) have married and borne a child, while their unscrupulous manager pursues an affair with the blacksmith's wife. Another parallel occurs in Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* (1926), where the abandoned behavior of the False Maria (an automaton) echoes Nita's heightened sexuality in the clockwork scene (pp. 32-33).

In the original production of *Put a Penny in the Slot*, I was fortunate in getting an ideal cast: Susan Goforth as Nita, David Harrison as Bartolo, and Eric Sosman as Pietro all brought such inventiveness, enthusiasm and depth to their characters that I am still dazzled. The late Kenneth Orton music-directed with his customary talent and integrity. I am grateful to David Larrick for the knowledge and skill with which he set the music in type, and to Jonathan Strong for permission to include his perceptive review.

C. V. Berney
Artistic Director
Royal Victorian Opera Company

Musical Numbers

1. *Solo and Chorus*, "Though I'm a buffoon" Bartolo, Ensemble
2. *Dance*, The Mamouschka Nita
3. *Chorus*, "So reach into your purses" Ensemble
- 3a. *Chorus*, "For that's the sort of merriment" Ensemble
4. *Soli and Chorus*, "Ophelia was a dainty little maid" Ensemble
5. *Soli and Chorus*, "Those days of old" Ensemble
6. *Solo and Chorus*, "Now, all you pretty villagers" Pietro, Ensemble
7. *Song*, "When your clothes, from your hat to your socks" Pietro
8. *Duet*, "If our action's stiff and crude" Nita, Bartolo
9. *Soli and Chorus*, "When gentlemen are eaten up" Ensemble
10. *Duet*, "For oh, this is a world" Nita, Bartolo
11. *Finale*, "For though this wicked potion" Ensemble

Nº 1. Though I'm a buffoon

Bartolo, Nita, & Pietro

(Enter PIETRO, followed by BARTOLO and NITA)

Allegro vivace

1

6

Pietro (spoken over music)

Oh, you lucky people! Oh, you fortunate villagers! A perfectly remote and altogether
obscure corner of Europe favored with the presence of a company of artists

12

whom all the crowned heads of Europe are quarreling to possess!
Introducing *Bartolo*—King of Jesters, Jester to Kings!

18

Allegretto

Bartolo

B

1.Tho' I'm a buf - foon, re - col - lect I com - mand your re - spect! I
 2.True hu - mor's a mat - ter in which I'm ex - ceed - ing - ly rich. It

24

B

can - not for mon - ey Be vul - gar - ly fun - ny, My ob - ject's to make you re - flect.
 ought to de - light you, Al - though at first sight, you May not re - cog - nize it as sich.

29

B

Oth - er clowns make you laugh till you sink, When they tip you a wink; With at - ti - tude an - tic, They

33

L'istesso tempo

B

ren - der you fran - tic- I don't. I com - pel you to think! For oh this is a world of in - sin -

38

B

cer - i - ty and trou-ble, And joy is im - be - ci - li - ty, and hap - pi - ness a bub - ble, And

42

B

you're a lot of but - ter - flies who flut - ter thro' the sum - mer, And he's a moun - te - bank, and I'm a

45

Nita

N

It's pos - si - ble the world is in - sin - cer - i - ty and trou-ble, And

B

mel - an - cho - ly mum - mer. It's pos - si - ble the world is in - sin - cer - i - ty and trou-ble, And

Pietro

P

It's pos - si - ble the world is in - sin - cer - i - ty and trou-ble, And

48

N
hap - pi - ness, for all ~~we know~~ is no - thing but a bub - ble, Per - haps we may be but - ter - flies who

B
8
hap - pi - ness, for all ~~they know~~ is no - thing but a bub - ble, Per - haps they may be but - ter - flies who

P
8
hap - pi - ness, for all ~~we know~~ is no - thing but a bub - ble, Per - haps we may be but - ter - flies who

51

N
flut - ter thro' the sum - mer, But you're, with - out a doubt, a ve - ry mel - an - cho - ly mum - mer!

B
8
flut - ter thro' the sum - mer, But I'm, with - out a doubt, a ve - ry mel - an - cho - ly mum - mer!

P
8
flut - ter thro' the sum - mer, But you're, with - out a doubt, a ve - ry mel - an - cho - ly mum - mer!

54

Attacca

PIETRO: (*spoken over tremolo, No. 2*) Presenting *Nita*, Queen of the Dance!

Kidnapped by gypsies at the age of three, she was raised on the wild steppes of the Caucasus, where she learned the fiery dance that has since become her trademark—the Mamouschka!

Nº 2. The Mamouschka

Nita's dance

Allegro vivace

Musical notation for measures 1-6. Measure 1 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. It features a trill on a whole note in the treble and a half note in the bass. Dynamic markings include *p* and *f*. The piece is in a 2/4 time signature.

Musical notation for measures 7-12. The notation continues with complex rhythmic patterns in both hands, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

Musical notation for measures 13-17. Measure 13 includes a trill in the treble. The piece maintains its energetic tempo.

Musical notation for measures 18-22. The notation continues with complex rhythmic patterns in both hands.

Pietro & Bartolo (spoken): Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!

Musical notation for measures 23-27. Measure 23 includes a trill in the treble. The piece concludes with a final chord in both hands.

Attacca

Nº 3. So reach into your purses

6

Bartolo, Nita, & Pietro

Allegretto

Nita, Bartolo, & Pietro

So reach in - to your pur - ses, gen - tle peo - ple, we im - plore you, For that's the kind of mer - ri - ment we

plan to set be - fore you. If you will pa - tron - ize us, we will serve you all the sum - mer - With

Ni - ta, Queen of Dan - ces, and the Mel - an - cho - ly Mum - mer.

Dialog

PIETRO: Ta-ta for now, gentle villagers! But be sure to come back at *half-past five*, when we will present a *dress rehearsal* of the performance to be given before the Duke and Duchess of Pallavicini, comprising an exhibition of conjuring, necromancy, thought-reading, hypnotism, mesmeric psychology, sensory hallucination, dancing on the slack wire and ground, and lofty tumbling. Also will be exhibited the two world-famous life-size clockwork automata, representing Hamlet and Ophelia as they appeared in the bosoms of their families before they disgraced their friends by taking to the stage (*unrolls poster*) for a livelihood. The price of admission will be one penny for the aristocracy, members of the upper middle classes half price. At half-past five. Be in time—be in time.

Nº 3a. For that's the sort of merriment

Bartolo, Nita, & Pietro

Allegretto

Nita, Bartolo, & Pietro

For that's the sort of mer-ri-ment we plan to set be-fore you, So bring your friends and lov-ers, and they'll

cer-tain-ly a-dore you. You'll see Ham-let and O-phe-lia march-ing to a dif-frent drum-mer, With

Ni-ta, Queen of Dan-ces, and the Mel-an-cho-ly Mum-mer.

Dialog

PIETRO: (*waves to departing villagers*) Goodbye! Goodbye! (*to Nita and Bartolo*) Hmph! Not a remunerative lot, I fancy. But if the Duke, who is a mad enthusiast in the matter of automata, should take a fancy to our Hamlet and Ophelia, he'll buy 'em, and our fortune's made. By-the-by, where's Beppo with the figures?

NITA: Bless you, he couldn't be here yet—all uphill.

PIETRO: True. Nita! (*she has been talking to Bartolo*)

NITA: Well?

PIETRO: Not quite so near Bartolo, please.

NITA: Oh, I forgot—force of habit.

PIETRO: You must recollect that you are no longer engaged to be married to him. That's over. You are engaged to be married to *me* now. Try to remember—*were* to him, *are* to me. It's quite easy if you put it like that. Heavens! where is that Beppo? I can't rest until I see that our clockwork figures are safe. (*sees Nita and Bartolo*) Ah! Remember! *Were* to him, *are* to me. Thank you.

(*Exit PIETRO*)

NITA: Yes, but it's *not* so easy. A girl who's been deeply in love with a gentleman for the last six months may be forgiven if she forgets, now and then, that she doesn't care a bit for him any more.

BARTOLO: (*gloomily*) We were happy!

NITA: Very. (*sighs*)

BARTOLO: How we carried on!

NITA: Didn't we!

BARTOLO: Do you remember when I used to go like *that* to you?

NITA: Don't I! (*giggles*)

BARTOLO: Does *he* ever go like that to you?

NITA: Not he—he don't know how.

BARTOLO: Another shocking example of the decline of our educational system. (*sighs*) How you loved me!

NITA: Yes—but when I loved you, you told me you were a leading tragedian. But a clown—I really don't see how I *could* love a clown.

BARTOLO: I didn't deceive you. I've played the first acts—and the first acts alone—of all our tragedies. No human eye has seen me in the second act of anything! My last appearance was three months ago. I played the moody Dane. As no one else has ever played him, so I played that Dane. Gods! how they laughed! I see them now—I hear their ribald roars. The whole house rocked with laughter! I've a soul that cannot brook contempt. "Laugh on!" I said, "laugh on, and laugh your fill—you laugh your last! No man shall ever laugh at me again—I'll be a clown!" I kept my word—they laugh at me no more.

(Enter PIETRO, breathless)

PIETRO: Here's a misfortune—oh, what a calamity!

BARTOLO: Why, what's the matter? Where are the figures?

PIETRO: They're at Palermo!

BARTOLO/NITA: What!

PIETRO: They've been detained by the police because they had no passports.

NITA: That's because they're so lifelike. After all, it's a compliment.

PIETRO: Yes, but we can't dine on cold compliments.

BARTOLO: Didn't Beppo open the figures and show their clockwork insides?

PIETRO: Yes—but the police said that was no rule, they might be foreigners.

BARTOLO: Chock-full of eccentric wheels—might almost be English. What's to be done?

(All pace back and forth)

PIETRO: Aha! A plan!

BARTOLO/NITA: Yes?

PIETRO: I'm sure we'll get the figures out of Customs eventually, but in the meantime, our problem is this: we have promised to exhibit them to the villagers this afternoon, and to the Duke and Duchess this evening.

NITA: That's true.

PIETRO: I have spare costumes in my trunk. You two could put them on and pretend to be the clockwork figures. Just for a day—until we can reclaim the originals. For talented performers such as yourselves, such an imposture should be mere child's play.

NITA: I think it might be fun. But I don't know much about Ophelia—who *was* she, anyway?

PIETRO: Listen, and I'll tell you.

Nº 4. Ophelia was a dainty little maid

Nita, Bartolo, & Pietro

Allegretto

1

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic melody of eighth notes, often beamed in pairs, with some slurs. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

P

Pietro

1. O - phe - lia was a dain - ty lit - tle maid, Who loved a ve - ry me - lan - cho - ly

6

The vocal line for Pietro begins at measure 6. The lyrics are: "1. O - phe - lia was a dain - ty lit - tle maid, Who loved a ve - ry me - lan - cho - ly". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

P

Dane; Whose af - fec - tion of the heart, so it is said, Pre - ced - ed his af - fec - tion of the brain. Heir ap -

12

The vocal line continues at measure 12. The lyrics are: "Dane; Whose af - fec - tion of the heart, so it is said, Pre - ced - ed his af - fec - tion of the brain. Heir ap -". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

P

par - ent to the Crown, He thought light - ly of her pas - sion. Hav - ing wan - der'd up and down, In an

17

The vocal line concludes at measure 17. The lyrics are: "par - ent to the Crown, He thought light - ly of her pas - sion. Hav - ing wan - der'd up and down, In an". The piano accompaniment continues.

P

in - co - he - rent fash - ion, When she found he would - n't wed her, In a riv - er, In a mead - der, Took a head - er, and a dead - er Was O -

20

N

When she found he would - n't wed her, In a riv - er, in a mead - der, Took a head - er, and a dead - er Was O - phe - lia!

B

When she found he would - n't wed her, In a riv - er, in a mead - der, Took a head - er, and a dead - er Was O - phe - lia!

P

phe - lia! When she found he would - n't wed her, In a riv - er, in a mead - der, Took a head - er, and a dead - er Was O - phe - lia!

24

N

Nita

2. O - phe - lia to her sex was a dis - grace, Whom

29

N

no-bo-dy could feel com-pas-sion for; O - phe-lia should have gone to E-ly Place To con - sult an e - mi-nent so - li - ci -

35

N

tor. When such pro - mi - ses as these Breaks a sui - tor, rich and re - gal, Why, sub - stan-tial dam - a - ges Is the

40

N

pa - na - ce - a le-gal— From a ju-ry— sons of A-dam, Tho' as sto ny as Mac a dam, Maid or ma-dam, she'd have had 'em, Would O -

44

N
phe - lia! From a ju - ry, sons of A - dam, Tho' as sto - ny as Mac - a - dam, Maid or ma - dam, she'd have had 'em, would O - phe - lia!

B
From a ju - ry, sons of A - dam, Tho' as sto - ny as Mac - a - dam, Maid or ma - dam, she'd have had 'em, would O - phe - lia!

P
From a ju - ry, sons of A - dam, Tho' as sto - ny as Mac - a - dam, Maid or ma - dam, she'd have had 'em, would O - phe - lia!

48

Bartolo

B
3. There's a ven - er - a - ble pro - verb in my mind, Which ap -

53

B
plies to this cat - as - tro - phe, I think; To a horse who is un - for - tu - nate - ly blind A - ny nod is just as good as a - ny

59

B
wink. Op - por - tu - ni - ty I'll seize Of a - void - ing a - ny er - ror; Of sub - stan - tial dam - a - ges I have

64

B
al - ways had a ter - ror. That ca - la - mi - ty to par - ry Not a mo - ment will I tar - ry, Off I'll car - ry and I'll mar - ry dear O -

68

N
That ca - la - mi - ty to par - ry Not a mo - ment will he tar - ry, Off he'll car - ry and he'll mar - ry dear O - phe - lia!

B
phe - lia! That ca - la - mi - ty to par - ry Not a mo - ment will I tar - ry, Off I'll car - ry and I'll mar - ry dear O - phe - lia!

P
That ca - la - mi - ty to par - ry Not a mo - ment will he tar - ry, Off he'll car - ry and he'll mar - ry dear O - phe - lia!

72

77

PIETRO: (to Bartolo) Well, what about it? Are you in?

BARTOLO: Impossible! I have sworn never again to play Hamlet.

NITA: But you *won't* be playing Hamlet—you'll be playing a clockwork figure dressed as Hamlet. Such a nice costume, too—from the second act.

BARTOLO: The second act?

NITA: Yes. And I shall be deperately in love with you—and you with me—we shall bill, and we shall coo, and we shall be as happy as two little birds.

BARTOLO: Can clockwork coo? It's a nice point.

NITA: Ah! There was a time when you wouldn't refuse me anything.

Nº 5. Those days of old

Nita, Bartolo, & Pietro

Andante

Nita

Those days of old how mad we were to ban-ish! Thy

Andante

love was told, *que-ri-do mi*, in Span-ish— And ti-mid I, a-flush with shame E-ly-sian, Could

1

N

6

N
on - ly sigh, *Dieu, comme je t'aime!* (Pa - ri - sian). Could on - ly sigh, *Dieu,*
Bartolo

B
Could on - ly sigh, *Dieu, comme je t'aime!*
Pietro

P
Could on - ly sigh, *Dieu, comme je t'aime!*

10

N
comme je t'aime! (Pa - ri - sian!) No mat - ter, dear, hadst thou been coined a

B
(Pa - ri - sian!)

P
(Pa - ri - sian!)

13

N
mer - man, Thou wouldst have been *mein lie - ber Freund-* (that's Ger - man!) Thy

17

N
face, a-blaze with lov-ing pats felt ting-lish, For in those days I lov'd you—that's plain Eng-lish! For

B
For

P
For

20

N
in those days, Yes, I lov'd you—that's plain Eng-lish!

B
in those days she lov'd me—that's plain Eng-lish!

P
in those days she lov'd him—that's plain Eng-lish!

24

Allegro vivace **Pietro**

P
Al - low that the plan I de - vise is new and suf - fi - cient - ly

Allegro vivace

28

N  With

B  With

P 
 cle-ver; To tes - ti - fy joy and sur - prise, Per - haps you will kind - ly en - dea - vour?


33


N 
 a - ny - thing cle - ver or wise, I nev - er should cre - dit you - ev - er! To tes - ti - fy joy and sur -


B 
 a - ny - thing cle - ver or wise, I nev - er should cre - dit you - ev - er! To tes - ti - fy joy and sur -

P 

38

N 
 prise, Ob - serve our u - ni - ted en - deav - our. *(They dance wildly.)*

B 
 prise, Ob - serve our u - ni - ted en - deav - our.

P 

43

Piano accompaniment for measures 48-52. The music is in a key with three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

48

Nita

But what a cat - as - tro - phe! Stop! I see of ob - jec - tions a crop! Sup -

Vocal line for Nita and piano accompaniment for measures 53-57. The vocal line is in a soprano register, and the piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous system.

53

N

pose, by some hor - ri - ble fluke, I should chance to be bought by the Duke!

P

Pietro

Be ea - sy - I'll cer - tain - ly

Vocal lines for Nita and Pietro and piano accompaniment for measures 58-62. The piano accompaniment features some sustained chords in the right hand.

58

Bartolo

But don't be a - larmed a - bout me - I should

P

see You'll nev - er get in - to his clutch - es!

Vocal lines for Bartolo and Pietro and piano accompaniment for measures 63-67. The piano accompaniment returns to a more active eighth-note pattern.

63

N
But don't be a-larmed a-bout he- He would like to be bought by the

B
like to be bought by the Duch-ess! But don't be a-larmed a-bout me- I should like to be bought by the

P
But don't be a-larmed a-bout he- He would like to be bought by the

68

N
Duch-ess! Tho' pride he ab-hor he's a "Jen-ny say quor" That is sure to ap-peal to a Duch-ess!

B
Duch-ess! Tho' pride I ab-hor I've a "Jen-ny say quor" That is sure to ap-peal to a Duch-ess!

P
Duch-ess! Tho' pride he ab-hor he's a "Jen-ny say quor" That is sure to ap-peal to a Duch-ess!

73

78

83

(NITA and BARTOLO dance off. Manent PIETRO)

PIETRO: The Duke of Pallavicini is a shrewd old gentleman who has been collecting clockwork figures for a very long time; he is unlikely to be deceived by any such bumbling performance as my associates are likely to render. Fortunately, my faithful Beppo has provided me with a solution. (*Produces small bottle with large label*) On the way back from Palermo, he acquired this marvelous potion from an ancient alchemist. (*Looks at label*) Ah! The alchemist was also something of a philosopher.

(*reads*)

"MAN IS A HYPOCRITE, AND INVARIABLY AFFECTS TO BE BETTER AND WISER THAN HE REALLY IS. THIS LIQUID, WHICH SHOULD BE FREELY DILUTED, HAS THE EFFECT OF MAKING EVERYONE WHO DRINKS IT EXACTLY WHAT HE PRETENDS TO BE. THE HYPOCRITE BECOMES A MAN OF PIETY; THE SWINDLER, A MAN OF HONOR; THE QUACK, A MAN OF LEARNING; AND THE BRAGGART, A MAN OF WAR."

So if I can induce Nita and Bartolo to imbibe a few drops of this potion, diluted with wine, (*produces wineskin*) they will be transformed from flesh-and-blood human beings to actual mechanical automata, and since they are genuine, the Duke himself will pronounce them so. Ha ha! my fortune is made! But stay! What about Nita? Can I bear to see her fairy form recast as a mere *mechanism*, a conglomerate of whizzing wheels, springs and escapements? With Bartolo, that pestilent fellow, it would serve him right—I never would have hired that miserable mummer had it not been the only way to acquire the lovely Nita. I can't give her up for good—there must be an antidote. (*reads label*) Ah! here it is!

"IF THE CHARM HAS BEEN MISAPPLIED, MATTERS CAN BE RESTORED TO THEIR ORIGINAL CONDITION BY INUNDATING THE SUBJECT WITH IRIDESCENT SPHEROIDS."

"Iridescent spheroids"? Whatever can that mean? No matter—here they come.

(*Enter BARTOLO and NITA, dressed as Hamlet and Ophelia. They are practicing exaggerated mechanical movements.*)

What took you so long? Look—the crowd has already gathered! Get ready—we're starting.

Nº 6. Now, all you pretty villagers

Pietro, Nita, & Bartolo

Moderato

1

Pietro

P

8

1. Now, all you pret-ty vil - lag - ers who have - n't paid, stand you a - side—
2. He's backed him-self at hea - vy odds, in proof of his a - bil - i - ty—

6

P

8

And lis - ten to a tra - gic tale of love, des-pair, and su - i - cide.
That he'll so - li - lo - quize her in - to ut - ter im - be - ci - li - ty.

10

P

8

The gen-tle-man's a no-ble prince— a mar-vel of ven - tri - lo - quy— Un - hap - pi - ly af - flic - ted with a
She wild-ly begs him to de - sist— ap - peals to his hu-man-i - ty, But all in vain— ob-serve her eyes a -

14

P

ma - nia for so - li - lo - quy. The la - dy is the vic - tim of the God of Love ty - ran - ni - cal— You
gog - gling with in - san - i - ty. He per - se - veres, im - prov - ing the oc - ca - sion op - por - tu - na - tic— She

18

P

see it in her ges - tures, which are mor - bid - ly me - chan - ic - cal;
sticks straws in her hair— he's won his wa - ger— she's a lu - na - tic!

21

N

B

P

Allegro

Nita

As - ton - ish - ing, what sci - ence can con -

Bartolo

As - ton - ish - ing, what sci - ence can con -

Pietro

As - ton - ish - ing, what sci - ence can con -

Allegro

25

N
trive! In ev - 'ry - thing You'd think we were a - live. My love - ly face— My el - o - quent des - pair! His prince - ly

B
trive! In ev - 'ry - thing You'd think we were a - live. Her love - ly face— Her el - o - quent des - pair! My prince - ly

P
trive! In ev - 'ry - thing You'd think they were a - live. Her love - ly face— Her el - o - quent des - pair! His prince - ly

30

N
grace, His beau - ti - ful back hair! His prince - ly grace, His beau - ti - ful back hair!

B
grace, My beau - ti - ful back hair! My prince - ly grace, My beau - ti - ful back hair!

P
grace, His beau - ti - ful back hair! His prince - ly grace, His beau - ti - ful back hair!

35

Dialog

(They bow, wave goodbye to audience.)

PIETRO: Well done! Well done! Really quite a convincing performance. *(producing wineskin)* A toast, in honor of your resounding success!

BARTOLO: Thank you for the gracious compliment, but I must decline the drink. I've given up wine for Lent.

NITA: So have I, but thank you just the same. *(curtsies mechanically)*

PIETRO: But I insist—such a triumph calls for commemoration. Join me in a toast.

BARTOLO/NITA: No—no thank you.

PIETRO: *(increasingly frantic)* Please—please, I implore you. Honor the wishes of a dying man!

BARTOLO/NITA: A dying man?

PIETRO: Yes, a dying man. I've concealed it from you, but I've been suffering agonies for the past several weeks. I think the end is near.

NITA: Poor fellow! Under these unhappy circumstances, I think the least we can do is comply with his dying wish. Don't you think so?

BARTOLO: Of course. What matters ecclesiastic scruple against the wishes of a dying employer? *(flourish)* After you, my good sir!

PIETRO: Ah, no thank you, I think not. Er—my throat hurts.

BARTOLO: Then the wine will do you good! Come, come, man—I don't understand you. First it's your dying wish to toast our success, and now you plead illness.

PIETRO: Oh, very well. *(He drinks; the wineskin is passed to Bartolo, then Nita.)*

BARTOLO: *(grabbing wineskin back from Nita)* This is remarkably pleasant stuff! *(takes another drink)*

NITA: Don't take it all, you greedy thing! *(takes it back, drinks)*

PIETRO: This is a toast, not an orgy! *(grabs wineskin)*

BARTOLO: That's a potent vintage indeed—I swear, I'm giddy. *(reels)*

NITA: My fingers and toes are all getting numb. *(giggles)*

(Exeunt NITA and BARTOLO, reeling)

PIETRO: Success! They've taken the bait. But what have I done? In order to get them to drink the wine, I pretended to be dying an agonizing death. But in a moment of carelessness, I drank the wine myself. Since the effect of the potion is to turn each individual into what he is pretending to be, I am doomed to expire, suffering horribly all the while. I don't feel at all well.

Nº 7. When your clothes, from your hat to your socks

Pietro

Allegro

P

Allegro

f

Pietro

1. When your
2. When

P

clothes, from your hat to your socks, Have tick- led and scrubb'd you all day; When your
ev - 'ry - thing spins like a top, And your stock of en - dur - ance gives out; If some

P

brain is a mu - si - cal box, With a bar - rel that turns the wrong way; When you
blight - er pro - pos - es a chop (Mut - ton chop, with po - ta - toes and stout), When your

P

find you're too small for your coat, And a great deal too big for your vest, With a
mouth is of flan - nel - like mine - And your teeth not on terms with their stumps, And

P

pint of warm oil in your throat, And a pound of tin-tacks in your chest; When you've
spi-ders crawl o-ver your spine, And your mus-cles have all got the mumps; When you're

18

P

got a bee-hive in your head, And a sew-ing ma-chine in each ear; And you
bad with the creeps and the crawls, And the shiv-ers, and shud-ders, and shakes, And the

22

P

feel that you've eat-en your bed, And you've got a bad head-ache down here; When your
pat-tern that cov-ers the walls Is a - live with black-bee-tles and snakes; When you

26

P

lips are like un-der-done paste, And you're high-ly gam-boge in the gill; And your
doubt if your head is your own, And you jump when an o-pen door slams, And you've

30

P

mouth has a cop - per - y taste, As if you'd just bit - ten a pill; And wher -
got to a state which is known To the med - i - cal world as "jim - jams,"- If such

34

P

ev - er you tread, From a yawn - ing a - byss You re - coil with a yell- You are
symp - toms you find In your bo - dy or head, They're not ea - sy to quell. You may

38

P

bet - ter in bed, For de - pend up-on this, You are not at all, not at all well.
make up your mind That you're bet - ter in bed, For you're not at all, not at all well.

42

Segue

*(Exit PIETRO. Enter BARTOLO and NITA.
They have been transformed into clockwork figures,
each wearing a harness supporting a wind-up key in back
and a coin box inscribed "PUT A PENNY IN THE SLOT" in front.)*

Put a Penny in the Slot

Nº 8. If our action's stiff and crude

Nita & Bartolo

Andante

1

Bartolo

1. If our ac-tion's stiff and crude, Do not laugh, you know it's rude.
 2. Bland re-port-ers in the courts, Who sup-press po - lice re-ports-

B

8

Nita

If our ges-tures pro - mise larks, Do not make un - kind re-marks.
 She-riff's yeo-men, pen in fist, Mak-ing our the ju - ry list-

N

B

8

Clock-work fi-gures may be found
 Stern po-lice-men, tall and spare,

14

Ten to one if we but knew, You are clock-work fi - gures too.
 Which in words that plain-er fall, Means that you can square them all-

Ev-'ry-where and all a - round.
 Acting all "up - on the square"-

N

B

8

N
"Put a pen-ny in the slot! Put a pen - ny, put a pen - ny, put a

B
8
And the mot-to of the lot,
If you want to move the lot, "Put a pen- ny, put a pen- ny, a

26

N
pen-ny in the slot! Put a pen - ny, put a pen - ny, put a pen - ny in the slot!"

B
8
pen-ny in the slot! Put a pen- ny, put a pen - ny, a pen - ny in the slot!"

32

38

N
Nita
3.U- su- rer, with cof - fers big, squeez- ing out the us- ual vig-

44

N
Tax col-lec-tors, whom in vain

Bartolo
B
Wi-dow plump or mai - den rare, Deaf and dumb to sui-tor's pray'r-

50

N
You im-plore to "call a - gain"-

B
Cau-tious vo-ter, whom you find slow in ma-king up his mind-

56

N
If you'd move them on the spot, Put a pen - ny, put a pen - ny, put a

B
Put a pen-ny in the slot! "Put a pen - ny, put a pen - ny, a

62

N
pen-ny in the slot! Put a pen - ny, put a pen - ny, put a pen - ny in the slot!"

B
pen-ny in the slot! Put a pen - ny, put a pen - ny, a pen - ny in the slot!"

68

74

Dialog

BARTOLO: Nita?

NITA: Well?

BARTOLO: This is a very unusual state of things.

NITA: Very. How do you find your clockwork this evening?

BARTOLO: Ticking, ticking, thank you. And you?

NITA: I fancy I want regulating.

BARTOLO: Eh?

NITA: I think I'm rather fast.

BARTOLO: Nita, you surprise and shock me.

NITA: Mechanically speaking, I mean.

BARTOLO: Oh, I take you. (*tick, tick*) This condition of existence is rather degrading. We are quite common clockwork, I believe?

NITA: Mere Geneva. The cheapest thing in the trade.

BARTOLO: So I was given to understand.

NITA: It might have been worse. We might have been Waltham—with interchangeable insides.
(*Bartolo recoils in horror*)

BARTOLO: This is terrible! But when I remember the delicately beautiful apparatus with which I was filled from head to foot—and which never, never ticked—when I contemplate the exquisite adjustment of means to end—which never, never wanted oiling—I am shocked to think that I am reduced to a mere mechanical complication of arbors, pallets, wheels, mainsprings, and escapements!

NITA: Still, you were always complaining. You never were quite well.

BARTOLO: That's because I ate too much.

NITA: That's true.

BARTOLO: Never weary of putting into operation the exquisitely-beautiful apparatus of digestion, I overtaxed its powers. Still, it is something to have an apparatus that never, never, aches. I— I— hallo!

NITA: What's the matter?

BARTOLO: (*very slowly*) I— beg your pardon. I— think— I— must be running down. May— I— trouble you. They've thoughtlessly— put the key— in— the small of my back— and I— can't get at it. (*Nita winds him up*) Thank you. That's very nice indeed. Now I can go on again. Hallo! c'ck! c'ck! c'ck!

NITA: What's wrong now?

BARTOLO: I— c'ck— c'ck— I am not conversant with clockwork; but do you feel, from time to time, a kind of jerkiness that catches you just *here*?

NITA: No, I work as smooth as butter.

BARTOLO: The ticking is simply maddening. C'ck! C'ck! There it is again!

NITA: Something wrong with your works, I'm afraid. Stop a bit—I'll see. (*opens door in chest, revealing clockwork*) No, all right there. (*she steps behind him, apparently opens door in the back of his head*) No, the head appears to be empty. (*looks under his key*) I see what it is—a ha'penny has got into your escapement. Stop a bit. (*takes out coin*)

BARTOLO: Bless my heart, how dangerous! What a relief! Thank you very much. You may keep it for your trouble. But do not—oh, do not spend it on foolishness.

NITA: While I'm about it, I'll just oil you, and then— (*produces oil can and oils him*)

BARTOLO: (*squirming*) Don't! It tickles!

(*Enter PIETRO, looking very ill*)

PIETRO: (*not seeing them*) My situation grows more desperate every minute! I must find the antidote. I sent Beppo to seek out the alchemist, but the old gentleman, in his alchemical search for the philosopher's stone, seems to have blown himself up. Nita! What are you doing?

NITA: I'm oiling Bartolo.

BARTOLO: I am being oiled by Nita, and she *does* tickle! I don't like it. I mean I *do* like it, but it's wrong.

PIETRO: How dare you take such a liberty? Shut the gentleman up at once. Nice occupation for a young lady!

NITA: But there's something wrong with his works.

PIETRO: That's no affair of yours. If Bartolo's works are out of order, that's a matter for Bartolo's doctor—I mean his clockmaker. Don't let me catch you oiling him again.

NITA: Ha, ha, ha!

PIETRO: If this occurs again, I'll take both your keys away—upon my word I will!

Nº 9. When gentlemen are eaten up with jealousy

Nita, Bartolo, & Pietro

Allegro

1

Bartolo

B

When gen - tle - men are eat - en up with jea - lou - sy, They make them - selves ex - ceed - ing - ly ri -

6

B

dic - u - lous, For ev - 'ry - thing a - round they tint - ed yel - low see - Their an - tics and ex - tra - va - gan - ces

10

Nita

N

tick - le us, Their an - tics and ex - tra - va - gan - ces Tic, tic, tic, tic, tick - le us, Their

B

tick - le us, Their an - tics and ex - tra - va - gan - ces Tic, tic, tic, tic, tick - le us, Their

Pietro

P

tick - le us, Their an - tics and ex - tra - va - gan - ces Tic, tic, tic, tic, tick - le us, Their

14

N
an - tics and ex - tra - va - gan - ces Tic, tic, tic, tic, tick - le us! tic, tic, tic, tic,

B
an - tics and ex - tra - va - gan - ces Tic, tic, tic, tic, tick - le us! When

P
an - tics and ex - tra - va - gan - ces Tic, tic, tic, tic, tick - le us! tic, tic, tic, tic,

19

N
tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic,

B
gen - tle - men are eat - en up with jea - lou - sy, They make them - selves ex - ceed - ing - ly, ex - ceed - ing - ly ri - dic - u - lous, For

P
tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic,

25

N
tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tick - le us!

B
ev - 'ry - thing a - round they tint - ed yel - low see - Their an - tics, yes, their an - tics and ex - tra - va - gan - ces tick - le us!

P
tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tick - le us!

29

33

Nita

Here's a gen - tle - man, as fierce as a Ma - ho - me - tan, So car - ried off by jea - lou - sy ve -

37

hic - u - lar, He's down on an un - for - tu - nate au - to - ma - ton! Some peo - ple are so ter - ri - bly par -

41

tic - u - lar, Some peo - ple are so ter - ri - bly par - tic, tic, tic, tic, tic - u - lar, Some

Bartolo

Some peo - ple are so ter - ri - bly par - tic, tic, tic, tic, tic - u - lar, Some

Pietro

Some peo - ple are so ter - ri - bly par - tic, tic, tic, tic, tic - u - lar, Some

45

N
 peo - ple are so ter - ri - bly par - tic, tic, tic, tic, tic - u - lar! Here's a

B
 peo - ple are so ter - ri - bly par - tic, tic, tic, tic, tic - u - lar! tic, tic, tic, tic,

P
 peo - ple are so ter - ri - bly par - tic, tic, tic, tic, tic - u - lar! tic, tic, tic, tic,

50

N
 gen - tle - man, as fierce as a Ma - ho - me - tan, So car - ried off by jea - lou - sy, by jea - lou - sy ve - hic - u - lar, He's

B
 tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic,

P
 tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic,

56

N
 down on an un - for - tu - nate au - to - ma - ton! Some peo - ple are so ter - ri - bly, so ter - ri - bly par - tic - u - lar!

B
 tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic - u - lar!

P
 tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic - u - lar!

60

Piano accompaniment for measures 64-67. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords.

64

Pietro

When a la - dy is dis - posed to be ty - ran - ni - cal, She's e - qual to un - li - mit - ed in -

Musical score for Pietro, measures 68-71. Includes vocal line and piano accompaniment. A key signature change to one sharp (F#) is indicated at the end of measure 71.

68

Pietro

i - qui - ty! And flirt - ing may be flirt - ing, tho' me - cha - ni - cal - A fact that has the sanc - tion of an -

Musical score for Pietro, measures 72-75. Includes vocal line and piano accompaniment. A key signature change to two sharps (F#, C#) is indicated at the end of measure 75.

72

Nita

A fact that has the sanc - tion of an - tic, tic, tic, tic, ti - qui - ty, A

Bartolo

A fact that has the sanc - tion of an - tic, tic, tic, tic, ti - qui - ty, A

Pietro

ti - qui - ty - A fact that has the sanc - tion of an - tic, tic, tic, tic, ti - qui - ty, A

Musical score for Nita, Bartolo, and Pietro, measures 76-79. Includes vocal lines for all three characters and piano accompaniment.

76

N fact that has the sanc-tion of an-tic, tic, tic, tic, ti-qui-ty! tic, tic,

B fact that has the sanc-tion of an-tic, tic, tic, tic, ti-qui-ty! tic, tic,

P fact that has the sanc-tion of an-tic, tic, tic, tic, ti-qui-ty!

81

N tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic,

B tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic,

P When a la-dy is dis-posed to be ty-ran-ni-cal, She's e-qual to un-li-mit-ed, un-li-mit-ed in-

86

N
tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic,

B
tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic,

P
i - qui-ty! And flirt - ing may be flirt - ing, tho' me - cha - ni - cal - A fact that has the sanc - tion, has the sanc - tion of an -

90

N
ti - qui-ty!

B
ti - qui-ty!

P
ti - qui-ty!

(Exeunt Nita & Bartolo.)

94

99

Dialog

PIETRO: I can't allow myself to be distracted by Nita's misbehavior while my life depends on finding the antidote to this nefarious potion. (*reads*) "If the charm has been misapplied, matters can be restored to their original condition by *inundating the subject with iridescent spheroids.*" Whatever can it mean? This is maddening!

(*Enter NITA and BARTOLO, singing*)

N^o 10. For oh, this is a world

Nita & Bartolo

Andante e staccato

For oh, this is a world of in - sin - cer - i - ty and trou - ble And

1

hap - pi - ness, for all we know, is no - thing but a bub - ble... a bub - ble... a bub - ble...

4

Dialog

PIETRO: Ooohhh! That's it! That's what it *means*! "Iridescent spheroids" are *bubbles*! (*frantically searches in prop box for bubble kit*) Nita! Here, quickly. Blow bubbles for me! (*She takes wand mechanically and purses her lips, but cannot blow*) Oh, drat! I'm lost—she's clockwork and doesn't have any lungs. (*gesture of despair*) But stay—I have lungs; if I can restore her to her former condition, then *she* will have lungs too. (*blows bubbles on her*)

NITA: (*transformed*) Why ever am I wearing this horrid box—it doesn't suit me at all. (*removes harness with placard and key*)

PIETRO: Thank Heaven! You're restored! Nita, here—cover me with bubbles as fast as you can.

NITA: Why would I do a silly thing like that?

PIETRO: To break the spell—to nullify the potion. Hurry!

NITA: What spell? What potion are you talking about?

PIETRO: It was in the wine. To turn you into clockwork. You were pretending to be, and it turns you into that. I pretended to be dying, and now I am. Please, please—the bubbles!

NITA: But what about him? (*indicates Bartolo, who has been wheeling about*)

PIETRO: Leave him alone! As Bartolo, he's worthless; as a clockwork Hamlet, we can sell him to the Duke for a fortune.

NITA: Sell him to the Duke? Sell my sweetheart? Not if I can help it. Bartolo! Come here! (*She directs a stream of bubbles at him*)

BARTOLO: How extraordinary! I'm not ticking any more.

PIETRO: Nita—darling—please! *Bubble me!*

NITA: (*to Bartolo*) What do you think of this false fellow? He fed us witching stuff to make us clockwork, and he took some too, so now he's dying. What do you say to that?

BARTOLO: (*striking pose*) "'Tis sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petard!" (*to audience*) *Hamlet*, act three, scene four. (*to Nita, confidentially*) You know, it strikes me that at this moment, our negotiating position is an extremely strong one.

NITA: Right! (*to Pietro*) What ho, scurvy knave. Bartolo and I wish to be married as soon as conveniently possible.

PIETRO: (*in agony*) Of course, of course. Marry—be fruitful—multiply—*divide*. You have my blessing. (*hoarsely*) The bubbles!

NITA: And once we are wedded, we will need the wherewithal to maintain a decent household. I propose that our salaries be doubled—

BARTOLO: (*sotto voce*) Tripled.

NITA: —that our salaries be tripled at once.

PIETRO: Quadrupled!

NITA/BARTOLO: What?

PIETRO: I mean *tripled*—yes, tripled at once. (*hoarsely*) *The bubbles!*

BARTOLO: We are agreed? Your hand on it? (*shake hands*)

PIETRO: The bubbles! The bubbles! (*bubbles blown on Pietro—he responds as if in a shower*) Wonderful! What a blessed relief.

Nº 11. Finale

Nita, Bartolo, & Pietro

Allegretto

Pietro

For though this wick - ed po - tion was the cause of so much trou - ble, The

1

Nita

We'll march in - to the fu - ture with an

Bartolo

We'll march in - to the fu - ture with an

an - ti - dote mys - ter - i - ous turned out to be a bub - ble. We'll march in - to the fu - ture with an

4

at - ti - tude cour - ageous,

at - ti - tude cour - ageous,

at - ti - tude cour - ageous, For I yield my claim to Ni - ta, and I'll tri - ple both your wa - ges!

7

Put a Penny in the Slot

Allegro vivace

10

Nita, Bartolo, & Pietro

15

1. The Duke and the Duch-ess, had they tra - vell'd thro' our land, With their cries of sur - prise and their
 2. The Duke and the Duch-ess, if they tra - vel thro' our land, As they may, a - ny day, with their

19

high jer - ry ho! They'd have seen ma - ny things that they would - n't un - der - stand; Not the least is our show, you may
 high jer - ry ho! They will see that we're link'd, heart in heart, hand in hand, And a lov - ing ex - am - ple we'll

23

bet — them — With our high jer - ry ho! And our click - ings and our tick - ings — our em - pha - tic au - to - ma - tic Jer - ry
 set — them With our high jer - ry ho! And our no - tion of de - vo - tion, And our gen - tle sen - ti - men - tal Jer - ry

high, jer-ry ho! With their high jer-ry ho! With their click-ings and their tick-ings— Their em - pha-tic au - to - ma - tic Jer - ry
 high, jer-ry ho! With our high jer-ry ho! And our no - tion of de - vo - tion, And our gen - tle sen - ti - men - tal Jer - ry

27

high, jer - ry ho! Their Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! their high jer - ry ho!
 high, jer - ry ho! Our Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! our high jer - ry ho!

31

36

41

End of the Opera.

*Note*₈

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REVIEW OF

Put a Penny in the Slot

as performed by the **Royal Victorian Opera Company**

10 January 1993

Chuck Berney has done a remarkable job of distilling a quickly-paced and seamless one-acter from the full-length *Mountebanks*, Gilbert & Cellier's answer to the Carpet Quarrel. Using only the three Mountebanks themselves, he has managed to include eight songs and lively chunks of dialogue along with his own new lines, and such is his feeling for Gilbertian language and situation, the listener unfamiliar with the original would hardly know where WSG left off and CVB began. Extracting a subplot from a larger work is risky business, especially when dealing with Gilbert, the master weaver, but Berney has devised a clever new story by two simple innovations: he has made Pietro *trick* his companions into drinking the potion rather than having all three connive, as in Gilbert; and he has found a delightfully Gilbertian denouement involving magic bubbles (in the more complex opera, human compassion saves the day as unsentimental Gilbert seldom allows it to do).

Berney's work may well be the best way to acquaint G&S fans with the delights of this long-forgotten opera. Cellier's music, even when heard only in its comic-ballad mode (the full score is as varied and rich as a Sullivan one), is immediately hummable, infectious and memorable, most notably Pietro's quaint solo introducing his automata of Hamlet and Ophelia, the Mozartean duo from which Berney took his title, and the catchy trio with its tick-tick-ticking refrain. Berney included Pietro's Sick Song, whose somewhat altered words were later set by Sullivan for *The Grand Duke* (Cellier's setting had been cut after the opening performances of *The Mountebanks* and does not appear in the second edition of the score) and the trio "Ophelia was a dainty little maid," an afterthought not found in Gilbert's first version. The former is certainly interesting to hear; the latter is really delicious. Both were excluded from the Lyric Theatre's full-fledged *Mountebanks* in 1963, which I took a bus from Chicago to DC in order to witness. As perhaps the only NEGASSer in a position to compare the two productions, let me say that the Royal Vic's slice of *The Mountebanks* was every bit as entertaining and professionally accomplished as the fully staged complete performance of thirty years ago.

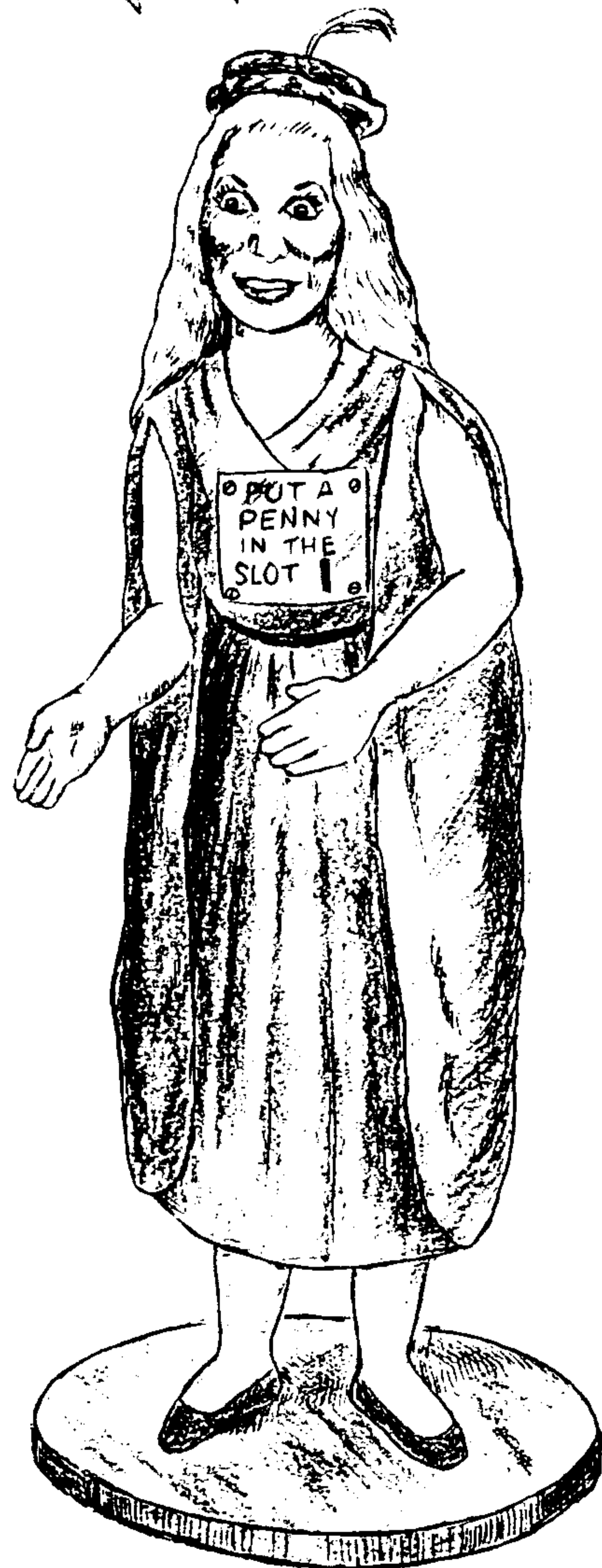
Berney was lucky in his trio: David Harrison as Bartolo the Clown, Susan Goforth as Nita the Dancing Girl and Eric Sosman as Pietro, their impresario. Harrison and Sosman, side by side, looked like Laurel and Hardy, and were nearly worthy of them. It was Sosman who was required to carry the plot, and he managed to make us forget his role as expositor and merely enjoy his vivid characterization. Harrison and Goforth had perhaps an even greater challenge: to limn their characters in four distinct phases—first, as flesh-and-blood strolling players; second, as flesh-and-blood pretending to be automata; third, as actual automata; and fourth, as flesh-and-blood remembering what it had been like to be real automata! If that makes any sense (it's a miniature summation of the plot of *Put a Penny in the Slot*, by the way), you'll have some idea of the task set them. They succeeded marvellously; I doubt if I'll ever forget the effect, after having been quite convinced by their pretend automata act, when they came on stage as the real thing. I might add, all three sang marvellously, and Susan Goforth threw some neat gymnastics into the bargain.

Jonathan Strong

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