CREATIVE ARTS FESTIVAL '81

"All in the Family"

Jens Haven Memorial School, Nain

"All in the Family" uses original and borrowed songs and choral speech, together with mime, to introduce the Inuit family. The individual members of the household are presented, complete with their own little "quirks", as they live out their roles in relation to the other family members. Blending humour with seriousness; the real with the imagined; the traditional with the contemporary; English with Inuktut, the players use an image so commonplace as the family, to make a thoughtful, positive statement about what it means to be a young Inuk, bridging two cultures.

PLAYERS (Grade V)

Kitura Solomon	Katie Henoche
Danny Ford	Susanna Barbour
Emma Haye	Joshua Henoche
Beatrice Hunter	Isaak Kohlmeister

(Teacher: Dorie Brown)

"ALL IN THE FAMILY"

1. Song: "My Family" (Eli Merkeratsuk)

2. Choral Speech: My family has many people -
Some are big, some are small;
Some are English; some are Inuit;
Some are pleasant; some are unkind;
Some can tell jokes, and stories, and poems;
Some are boring and only serious.
Some are happy; some are funny;
Some are clean, and some are...
...well,,,not so clean...
.... Like my father, for example:

3. Song: "Father's Underwear" (Margaret Saksagiak)

4. Choral Speech: But, Father is a hard-worker:
- at hunting,
- at fishing,
- and at his ski-doo.

In our basement, he BANGS,
And he BONGS,
And he boom-Boom-Booms;
He CLINKS,
And he CLANKS,
He CLANGS
And he PLUNKS -
And Mother hates it!
She steams up, and plugs her ears,
And says -
"Nala! Nutaqaqa sinituk!"
(sound of baby's cry)

5. CHORAL SPEECH (parts): "Baby"

She is round
She is radiant
Like a piece of ice in the water.
She jumps
She plays
Like a piece of ice in the water.
Aya aya yak!
Lift your eyes
Look at me,
Little piece of ice in the water.

"Lullaby"

My own little newly hatched one
Nestle close to my back.

SONG: "Baby Sabina's Name-Song" (Original)

Aputik Katalittuk, Sabina mikijuk.
Aputik Katalittuk, Sabina sinijuk.

6. CHORAL SPEECH:

Ananak takes care of all of us
- Not just the baby
She washes our clothes;
She mends them, too.
She makes our boots from skins.
She cooks our meals
And cleans our house.
And- she scolds us,
And makes us mind!
(Especially our little brother -
He's saucy, and always getting into
mischief.

7. SONG: "I Had a Little Boy"

8. CHORAL SPEECH:

(Sister) And then there's my sister!
She only ever thinks about Sam.
(But Sam only ever thinks about Tobacco!)
She talks about Sam.
She talks about him all the time.
She talks about him at the table.
She talks about him at school.
She talks about him outside the store.
She talks about him EV'RYWHERE-
-But especially to our grandparents.
They'll listen!

SONG: Ittuu Laite

9. CHORAL SPEECH: Our grandparents listen,
Because they can't help it!
There's no escape!
But Anansiak Henarietta doesn't
smile much anymore-
And now, the rest of us aren't
smiling much, either-
"Najak, Nalo!"

SONG: "Anansiak Henarietta"

Henarietta Kungajoetuk
Sanekutauga luagame
Ingutagit malleletut
Ananatsiamenik.

10. CHORAL SPEECH: Anansiak didn't always live with us.
She used to have her own illuk.
And when she did
We used to go tagugiatuk...
And Boy! Did we have fun!

Song: "Grandma's Feather-Bed"
(Anansiak's Feather-Illuk)

11. CHORAL SPEECH: But we can't forget Grandfather!
Atatsiak is the best -

at hunting
at fishing
at trapping
at building
at carving...

...and especially at telling stories.

NARRATION & MIME: "Nipikti, the Old Man Carver"
(Ipellie)

12. CHORAL SPEECH: There they are!
You've met them all.
That's my family - illaka.

Katie: Wait a minute! (All pause and look)
You forgot me!

All: You?? Who are you?

Katie: Me! You! All of us! The Inuit! An Inuk!

All: Oh, yes! You're me...we!

Katie: "Being an Inuk"* you want to see the Inuit ways go forth
But your only traditional culture is the words out of your mouth

Speaker #1: Being an Inuk you wonder about the lives of your ancestors
But you are thinking of your future which is not the same.

Speaker #2: Being an Inuk you get to have pride as a native
And you say silently at least I have a past.

*"Being an Inuk" (John Oitsualuk - selected)

Speaker # 3: Being an Inuk, you want other culture to understand your gestures
Then you remember not to follow thoroughly the new culture that came

Speaker # 4: Being an Inuk it is essential to be creative
And your culture will definitely last.....

(lights fade)

- Curtain -

NIPIKTI, THE OLD MAN CARVER

Speaker #1:

Nipikti was now an old man and took three times as long as any young Inuk to get from one point to another. Almost every week, he would get up from his small carving studio at home and start walking out to the Co-op where he sold at least a half a dozen carvings he had finished during the week. He hung the bag of carvings over his shoulder and started out the door, his walking stick leading the way for him.

"This is the day I will get the upper hand of the deal with the Co-op manager. I have no doubt that he will fall in love with the carving I finished today, he said as he closed the door behind himself.

Speaker #2:

On the way to the Co-op, Nipikti would stop several times to rest his tired old legs by sitting on the same rocks he had sat on for the last twenty years or so.

"Ahhh! Hi, Ojagejaak, it feels good to rest on you," he would say to the first rock, as if the rock was an old friend of his. "These legs of mine are a little weaker than last week, so I will have to sit on you for an extra five minutes if you do not mind".

There he sat to rest on Ojagajaak and looked across the land where he had lived as a young man. That is the place where he had hunted the good animals of the land. That is where he had taken care of his wife and family when they were growing up. "Those were good times of the past", he thought, "times when carvings like these were toys and tokens to us Inuit."

He got up slowly and continued on to the Co-op where he would get the money to support his family. The Co-op was still quite far away.

Speaker #3:

"If I had my way, I would prefer to carve the stones and ivory to make toys for my children, and hunt the animals like I used to. I wasn't such a bad hunter in those days, "Nipikti said to himself. "I never thought I would be living off the very carvings I used to make only to keep my children happy."

Nipikti finally came to the rock where he set to rest the second time along the way to the Co-op and said, "How are you today Ojagakaluk? I have come again to rest on you. I am an old man now, you know."

He sat on Ojagakaluk and took enough rest there to make it to the next rock. "I shall see you again on my way back. Just make sure the bulldozer doesn't push you under before then," Nipikti shouted back to the second rock as he slowly started walking on.

Speaker #4:

When he came to the third rock, he sat down and said, "You know, Ojagakutaaq, you are probably the most comfortable rock I have ever sat on in my life. I must say I will certainly miss you the day they remove you from this spot to make way for the new rock. You have been a good rock to me and I must thank you in case they start building the road where I am at the Co-op."

He then got up to walk the last leg of the trip to the local Co-op and said to himself that it was time to think about how much he would persuade the Co-op manager to pay him for his carvings. Especially for the good one he finished earlier that day.

Speaker #5:

"I should be able to sell the good carving for $150. easily", he said. "I'm sure there isn't any other carving this week that was done any better than this one."

When he got to the Co-op, Nipikti took the six carvings out of the bag and laid them on the desk for the manager to look at.

The Manager picked up the carvings one by one and looked them over carefully. When he came to the carving Nipikti had done that day, he immediately offered Nipikti $120. for it.

Nipikti stood leaning on his walking stick and counted on $150 as planned. Nipikti knew by experience that the carving was worth that much or even more. "$150," he said.

Speaker #6:

The manager looked up at Nipikti's face, then picked up the carving in question and mused over the fine detail of the work Nipikti had done. "Okay," he finally said, "I'll give you $130 for it."

Nipikti looked at the manager's face and thought about the last offer for $130. "If you think you are going to play games with me, you might as well be prepared to do it for the rest of the day. I am not going to play that long," he said.

The manager clearly understood that Nipikti was not about to change his original asking price of $150. He knew that the price was right for the carving. But he decided to try once more to buy the carving for less than that. $$140," he said.

Nipikti just stood there and cleared his throat, then said for the last time, "$150." And with that, he tapped the top of the desk with his right hand. It was a sign that he meant business.

At that moment, the manager decided to give up trying to persuade the old carver to say yes to what he wanted and agreed to pay the $150 he was asking for.

Speaker #7:

Nipikti had won the battle this time around. He took the money for the carvings he'd brought in and went out the door to begin his journey back home with his walking stick in hand and money in his pocket to support the family for the next few weeks. He looked across the land and saw that the three rocks where he sat to rest each week were still there. No one had started to build the road yet. And he just smiled and said to himself that it was good.

"I had better make sure that they do not bulldoze my rocks away. The way I see it, I am sure to win my case over that too," he said for the last time, and he slowly moved on toward home where he would start the next carving.

Nipikti the old man carver lives on.

"I Had a Little Boy"

I had a little boy
And he had a gun
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, leaf.

He went to the brook
And he shot a duck,
And he shot it right on its head, head, head!

("I Had a Little Boy")

UnKoutiakoulagapaga,
Kouquetik-leagolamik,
Kouquetikga, illulimme,
Kogmakaigame,
Me-tik-me-ta-gou-pok,
Kou-gie-pat-ai
Taimak.

"My Father's Underwear"
(Margaret Saksagiak)

1. Uvak annananik uegasutlunga
Ekkajugasautsuagatalaukunga
Sulleatsakapangenakatalaumat
Pegasuagatalunga tellitsemat.

2. Ekkutuatsanik katitsueKatlune
Ulvanik Ekkutuekujegatatlune
Ellupegualugenik Atatama
Attuegeamik Kunutsuagatalunga.

3. Essumainak EkkuKagatatlutik
Attugeagik Kuenagegatatlugik
Illunainit uvak sulleatsanit
Kunugenepagenagatatlugik.

4. Kejukulumut Kaivaluatitlugik
Ekkukaneqik pejaqatatlugit
Kingolemik ulutlanealitlugik
Essumatuanik atsugutitlugik.

5. Tavainatsuagaluk uppenagatik
Ullutaunemut Killaqatatlutik
Illunainit uvak sulleatsanit
Kunugenepagenagatatlugik.

"Ittuu-Laite"

1. Ittuu-Laite Tulaiti
Aipatalilangatuk
Samueli, Samueli, Samuelimik
Topaki Topakilituinamik.
2. Topaki Topakilik applimik-
3. -Topaki Topakilik Beaverimik-
4. -Topaki Topakilik Turretimik-