

Cast

Michael Omoke
Michael P. Simpson
Peter Ulrik Jensen
Salik Rehman
Alfred Tamakloe
Rose Broholm
Purity Makena
Rute Sanches
Mads Malik Grosos
Martin Njue
Ida Møntegaard Fredericia
Paul Howe

General Nyati
Obama / Colonel
Lieutenant John Dewey
Superintendent Paddy
Sergeant Kitsao / Sayid / Musician
Wangai / Auma
Terrorist / Grandmother
Terrorist / Zeituni
Terrorist / Yusuf
Historian / Roy / Mau Mau
Danser
Speack about Oath

Bjarne B. Stendahl
Anne-Maria Dobsa
Niels Ørts Ottosen
CheChe Couture
Susanne Lyager

Director and Dramaturg
Production manager and PR
Musical director
Costume Designer
Costume Designer

Based on the drama Encounter by Kuldip Sondhi

Thanks to: DATS

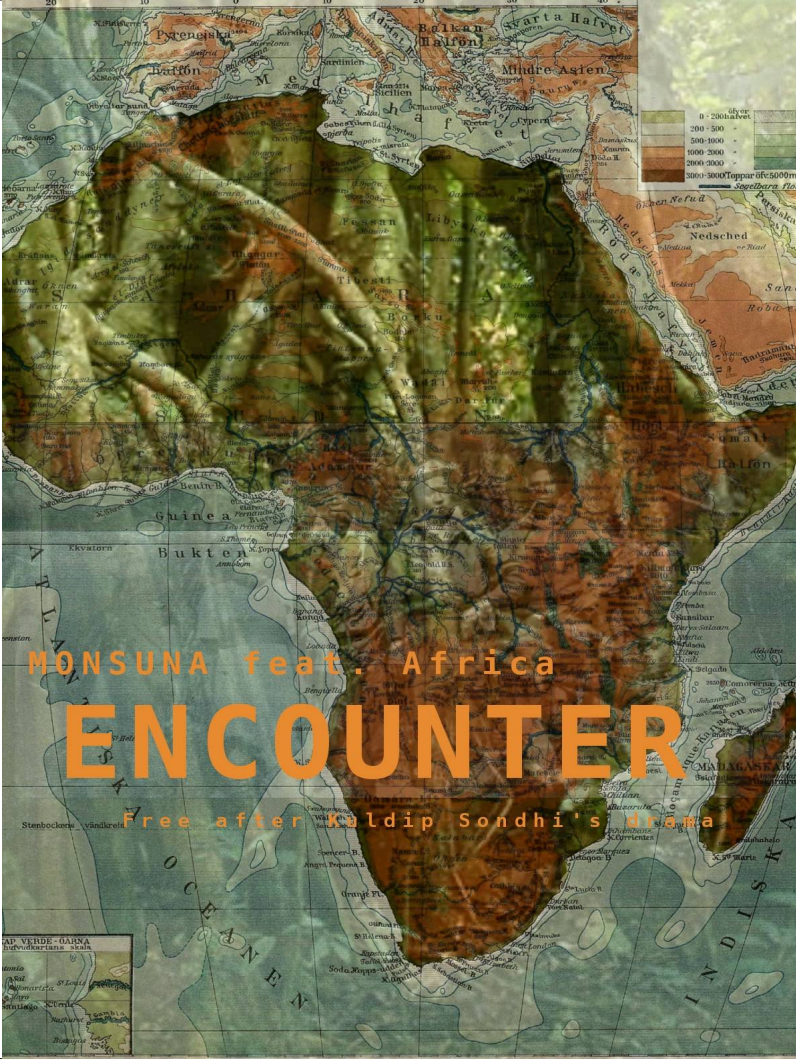


Encounter

The performance Encounter is an artistic cultural meeting between Danish and African theatre and music performers. With the Kenyan drama Encounter as the main narrative for the performance, Monsuna takes you deep into the damp African jungle where the Mau Mau are fighting the British colonial power. We aim to focus on the understanding and negotiation of history and what it means in the meeting between our cultures. When meeting Africa, historical based prejudice still plays a big part. By placing the Pakistani born African Kuldip Sondhis drama Encounter from the 1960'ties in a contemporary context and drawing lines to other stories, we wish to question the hegemonic understanding of African history. Was it terrorism or the African revolution? Barack Obama and Karen Blixen traveled to Kenya to find their answers. Now we ask you to come with us through this montage performance of culture meetings. - It's war and prejudice! - It's music and magic! - It's Africa!

About Monsuna

Monsuna is an art collective founded in 2008 by musician and Theatre performers from Copenhagen and Aarhus with the purpose to meet other cultures and use the dynamic within these meetings. First cultural meeting was on a journey around the Baltic sea, with the music performance "Everybody dies for a reason". The performance was evolved during the journey and finally played in Copenhagen on Vildskud Theatre festival 2008. Monsuna explore the correlation between music and theatre, has a love for masks and works in a montage form in a minimalistic universe.



Rules of Discipline

1. Obey orders in all your actions.
2. Do not take a single needle or piece of thread from the masses.
3. Turn in everything captured.
4. Speak politely.
5. Pay fairly for what you buy.
6. Return everything you borrow.
7. Pay for anything you damage.
8. Do not hit or swear at people.
9. Do not damage crops.
10. Do not take liberties with women.
11. Do not ill-treat captives.
12. Keep your eyes and ears open.
13. Know the enemy within.
14. Always guide and protect the children.
15. Always be the servant of the people.

Source: Dr. Kwame Nkrumah: "Handbook of Revolutionary Warfare".

Dr. Kwame Nkrumah (1909-1972) was the leader of Ghana from 1951 to 1966. Overseeing the nation's independence from British colonial rule in 1957, Nkrumah was the first President of Ghana. An influential 20th-century advocate of Pan-Africanism, he was a founding member of the Organization of African Unity.

My life is characterized by many cultural and social changes: Cape Verdean descent, born in Angola, European refugee and ethnic minority in Portugal. I live in Denmark at the present. I had a great deal of cultural meetings. Skin colour and racial meetings. Landing in Africa everything was overwhelmingly black. The first time on the beach in Cape Verde everyone looked very black. No one was lying down sunbathing but playing, running; enjoying the waves the bodies were so black and shining. In Denmark everyone was so very white, light hair, so blue eye. Back in Portugal from Denmark everyone was black haired and black eyed. But what were significant and rather traumatic were the commentaries and jokes about the colour of my skin everywhere I went. Such as: have I been sunbathing all year around? Or if I ever take a bath, if I drink too much black tea, or if in my homeland people jump from liana to liana and so on...

My first encounter with Denmark was at seven years old. We sailed from England and landed in Esbjerg. My Danish grandfather picked us up and we drove through the Danish country side. I will never forget that special light green colour that the trees had! And then there were the yellow fields so amazing, everything seemed so light and unreal. I was also overwhelmed by the fact that there were soooooo many white people! 39 years later I still love spring especially May when I can enjoy that special green colour, wild flowers and the yellow rape fields.

I had heard about this place far far away,
Seen situational pictures and faces of people,

My imagination was only sources,

My reality was only innocence,

With time I realized that communication was not only words,

The stories were Individual and fascinating,

Expressive feelings, too loud at times for me,

I will always remember my first experiences with this culture,

As I grew older I reflected upon what is culture for me and how do I communicate,

Only to find that communication is not only words to me.

Music in the performance: Benny Goodman: Sing Sing sing, K-shaka:
Ni Wakati, Fally Ipupa: Sexy danse, Ottosen Freestyle: Live Dance
jazz and Feeling good (Nina Simone), Andy Palacio: Baba, Shaolin
Afronauts: Kilimanjaro, Franz Schubert: Nacht und Träume, Boney M:
Jambo Bwana-Hakuna Matata, Magic System: Danse des magiciens.

In Aalborg where I was to study my Masters degree, I meet my first West African and it was a culture shock for me. What struck me were the great lengths they went to dress well and they were always well groomed. They also looked down on anybody who was not fashionably dressed. I come from the highlands where people are soft spoken and we do not speak unless you have something to say. The West Africans on the other hand were loud and boastful speakers. They had to be noticed. The greatest lesson was that though we came from the same continent they were extremely different in many ways.

On my first day in Denmark I went into shock when I came out of Copenhagen airport. I had never experienced such cold temperatures. I simply froze and did not even have the will power to move. You see I thought that I had bought really warm clothes in Kenya only to discover that they were more appropriate for late autumn weather. So I decided to dash back into the airport and bought four T-shirts in a desperate attempt to at least stay warm. I achieved a measure of warmth but was never quite warm enough until college mates of mine took me shopping for some winter clothes. The lesson here was what is warm in Kenya is cool in Denmark.

At age 13, I went to London with my best friend. We visited his Lebanese father. It was my first time on an aeroplane and first trip alone outside my family. I was surprised by the modern and high class way his father lived, in a great 3-level flat in Kensington. It was a week with adventure and everything paid for, and I was thrilled by the big cars – my friend's father's, and the many Rolls Royce's and Bentleys in the streets. Different from my own family at home, where there seemed to be a shortage on most and a small economic car. It was a life horizon widening, not by the Middle East culture that was hardly present in his father's life, but by the modern high society culture.

I first came to Denmark in December 1980 from San Francisco USA. When I left California the weather was warm and sunny. Arriving in Copenhagen at about 3.30 in the afternoon it was already dark, cold and wet. I also noticed that the majority of people were white a big difference from multi-cultural San Francisco. I was to live in an apartment on Vesterbrogade. When we entered the apartment there was a strange smell in the air. I found out that then place was warmed up with petro which was quite a difference from the central heating we are accustomed to in the US. The next surprise I was confronted with was the fact that there was no bath or shower in the place. This also was a big surprise as every house and apartment in the US has one or the other, at least at that time 1980. The combination of all these things made me really doubt if I had made the biggest mistake of my life moving to this strange country. But some days later I attended a traditional Danish Christmas with a wonderful family and had a great time. So things slowly got better and my regret began to fade.

AFRIKA

FLOD=OCH BERGSSYSTEM.

Skala 1:38 000 000

Kilometer

Höjder och djup
i meter:

