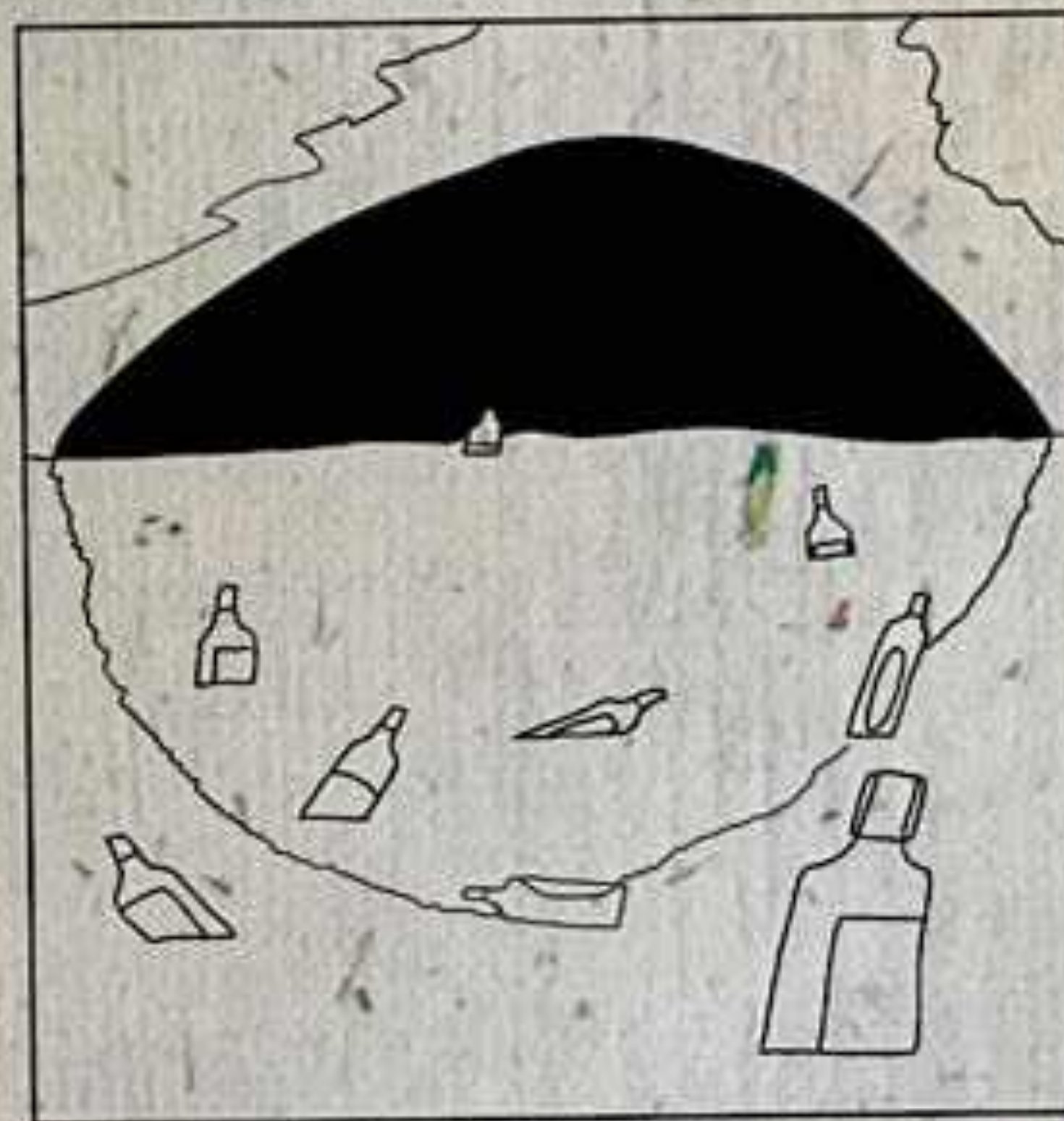






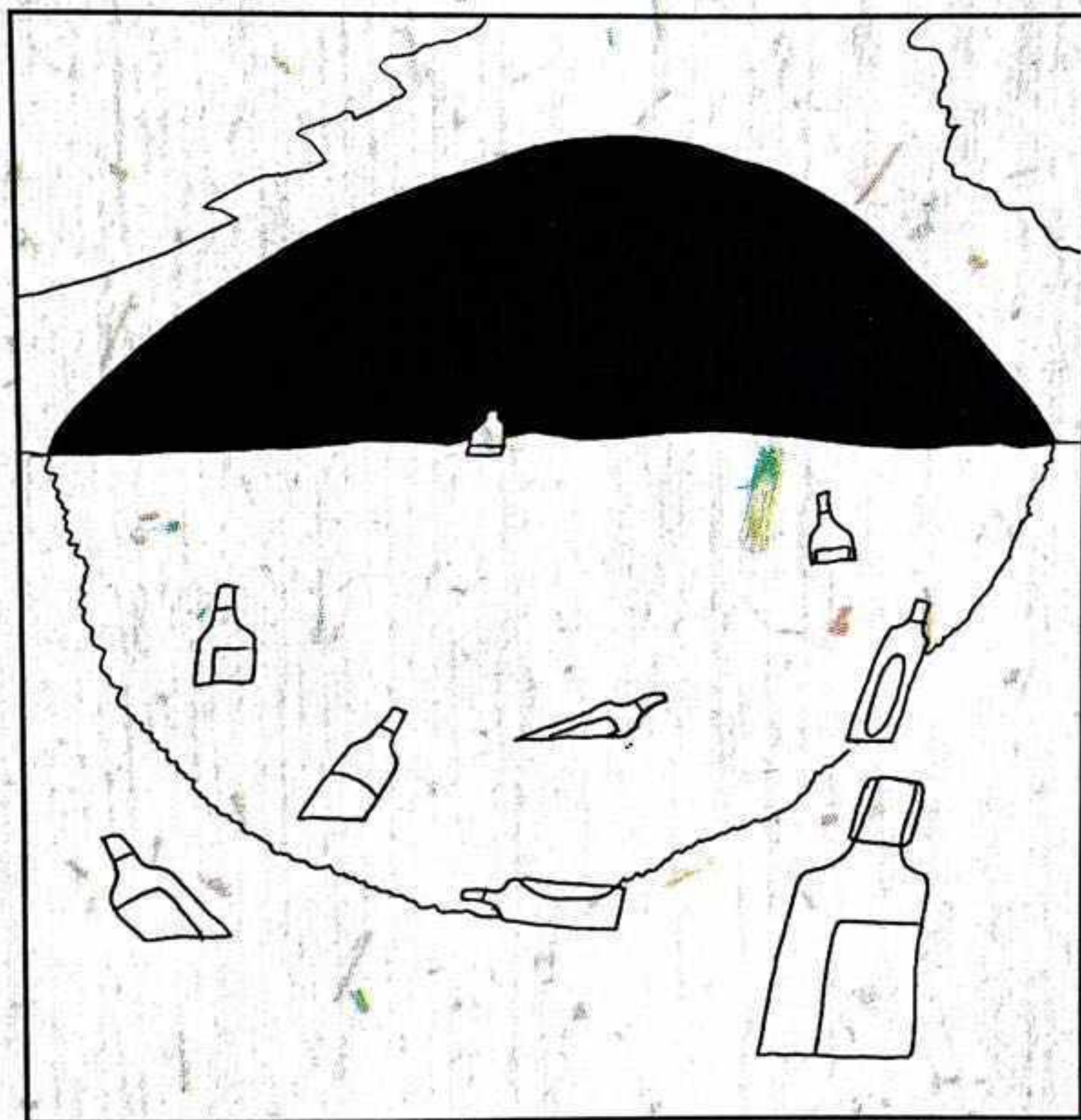
THE BOOK OF  
LIGHT LETTERS



BACK TO BACK  
THEATRE



THE BOOK OF  
LIGHT LETTERS



BACK TO BACK  
THEATRE



## LIGHT LETTERS

Corio Bay and the Northern suburbs of Geelong have long been a manufacturing and export epicentre. The Bay's links to the rest of the world through the export and import trade connect it to a market and economic infrastructure that spans the globe.

*Light Letters* is conceived as a simple and direct dialogue from 'the individual', to the rest of the world, a kind of global soapbox, a framework, where one person can express how they think and feel. *Light Letters* is designed to be an export of the inner world.

In mid-2007 Back to Back Theatre invited schools and community groups from the Corio Bay area to enter into collaboration with the company under the direction of Marcia Ferguson. The company was very excited to welcome into the creative venture Nelson Park School, Norlane West Primary School, Cloverdale Community Centre and Dorothy Thompson Centre as well as collaborating local Geelong artists Leanne Stein, Ross Mueller, David Dellafiora, Mark Cuthbertson and Stephen Oakes.

From February to June 2008 these individual voices, collectively and collaboratively through performance, writing, drawing and animation have created what is now known as *Light Letters*. They have constructed their own trade mark of inspired thought, they have breathed life and made real, an index of ideas, image and story.

Like a fire beacon on a sea cliff, *Light Letters* poetically sends a message to distant travellers and unknown lands. It signifies a signal for help, a warning of danger and most importantly a statement of existence, people live here, this territory has life.

Bruce Gladwin  
Artistic Director, Back to Back Theatre



## ***Making Light Letters: Artists Statements***

**Marcia Ferguson, Director/ devisor**

Charged with the task of giving voice to North Geelong residents, five artists and the Back to Back ensemble met in March 2008, to begin "Light Letters". From the beginning, we ranted and raved, performed, wrote and illustrated images of power, possession and political persuasion, generating designs and texts for the first stage of the creative development of this ambitious community project. Over the next three months, we met and worked with 53 people aged five to ninety five years of age, in four centres across northern Geelong.

Our first workshop at **Nelson Park School** was spent devising a map of the northern suburbs and layering images of homes, precious people and precious objects over this patch of the world, an international portal yet so domestically entangled. The students related quirky and profoundly moving stories about land, families and possessions, and from this, over many weeks, we developed a collective narrative. We tried out many performing arts forms during this residency – live performance, writing, digital animations, voice overs, shadow puppets – some of which we shall demonstrate in our showing on Wednesday 25 June. This wonderful group have trembled and shouted with fear and excitement about creating like this for the first time – it has been a revelation for all of us, and one I will not forget.

We also worked – more like, played! - with grade one-tuos from **Norlane West Primary**, who contributed forcefully and responsively to the Nelson Park story. These 20 students blew us away, so vivid and hopeful. They have made beautiful work (semaphore and full on improvisations) and I hope the showing does justice to their potential.

With artistic timelines pressing, I am writing these notes before we have even

finished our work with **Cloverdale Community Centre** and the **Dorothy Thompson Centre**. It feels as though we have barely scratched the surface, but David Dellaflora's extraordinary labour of love – his books – will be a beautiful tribute to these intense times. We are so fortunate, working with Back to Back, to meet such diverse communities, each with their own unmistakable culture – unique ways of seeing and being, and to work with brilliant artists, each so skilled and generous. This process has travelled a fascinating road of collective dramaturgy, where artefacts like paper bottles suddenly add emotional depth we could not have anticipated.

We hope you enjoy the extracts of work we are bringing to the showing, and the testimonies enclosed in the book, **LIGHT LETTERS** going home with you.

**Sarah Mainwaring, Ensemble Actor, Back to Back Theatre**

*Light Letters* was a project where we are put together young peoples stories of living on the coast of Geelong. The story tells how the kids are drawn out to sea because of their parents who argue. Each time they do a black spot covers the sun and the kids have gone to sea to save the sun.

We also went to the Dorothy Thompson centre to talk to participants about their memories of Geelong and the story of their lives, so we can incorporate them into the book.

I enjoyed working on the theatre games and developing material. It gave me inspiration to write and contribute my writing work.



### Ross Mueller, Author, writing facilitator

I was the writing facilitator. My job was primarily editorial. It was my role to help collect and collate the thoughts and recollections of the participants. It was fascinating to hear such rich life experiences unfolding in the forums that we conducted. The process we employed was voice recording coupled with a stenographic back up. This means that after the initial recording process I have been able to shape the raw material (relatively quickly) into a formalised collection of thoughts, narratives and philosophies, which form the text of this book. All of the words that you read have come from the participants. They are real and worthy and uplifting. I very much enjoyed the opportunity to meet and work with Back to Back Theatre, the artists and the participants in the *Light Letters* Project.

### Stephen Oakes, Sound Artist/ animator

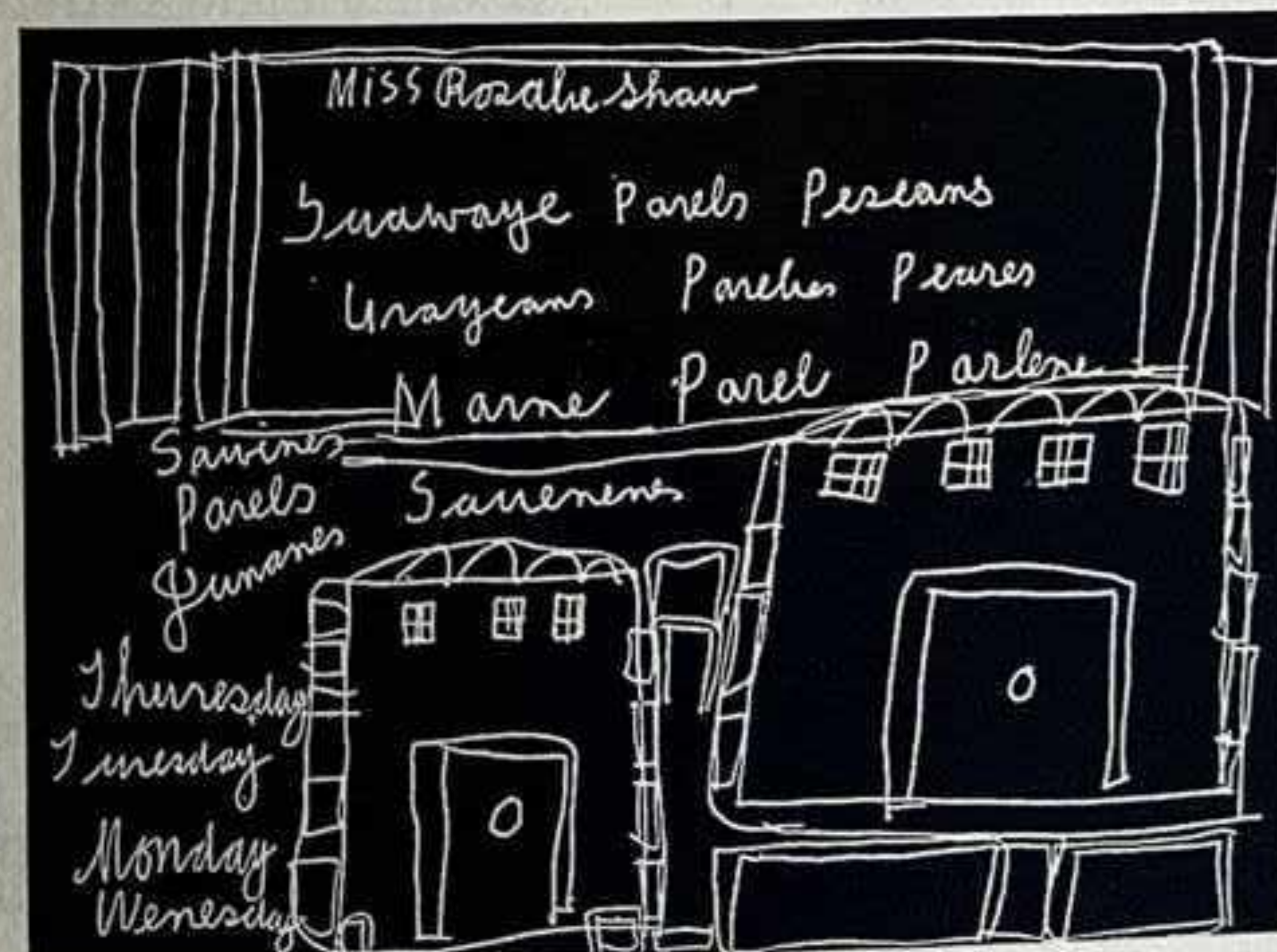
The experience of recording participants' words for the *Light Letters* project continues to leave deep impressions on me. I have been extremely appreciative of the warmth and openness received when capturing their recollections and stories. Sound enables an intimacy of communication unique to its medium, and these voices will speak magically to the listener for years to come.

### David Dellafiora, Artistbook maker

New cartography, handbooks about lines of fate and signals for directing cosmic forces, recordings of local wisdom, and images travelling between the real and the imaginary, are all captured in the *Light Letters' Box of Flotsam and Jetsam*. Both an artistbook and a memento of collective experience, the *Box of Flotsam and Jetsam* taps into our relationship with land and sea.

As an artistbook maker and cultural worker, I enjoyed the experience of working on *Light Letters*. It was a difficult to choose the images and texts included in this artistbook. I have tried to find a balance of materials that convey the diversity of the artists and create an edition which is more than the sum of its parts.

In a world in which the global economy reigns supreme, here is a breath of fresh air - an artwork created without monetary value, a Potlatch, a gift of exchange for those who have contributed their insights to *Light Letters*.





# BACK TO BACK THEATRE

**Bruce Gladwin** Artistic Director, Back to Back Theatre

**Alice Nash** Executive Producer, Back to Back Theatre

**Marcia Ferguson** Artistic Associate, Back to Back Theatre  
and Director/devisor of Light Letters

**Stacey Baldwin** Administration Manager, Back to Back Theatre

**Ross Mueller** Author, Writing facilitator for Light Letters

**Mark Cuthbertson** Visual artist/set builder for Light Letters

**David Dellaflora** Visual artist/book maker for Light Letters

**Stephen Oakes** Animator/sound artist for Light Letters

**Skye Abikhair** Stage Manager for Light Letters

**Leanne Stein** Project Manager for Light Letters

**Jilli Romanis** Support Worker, Back to Back Theatre

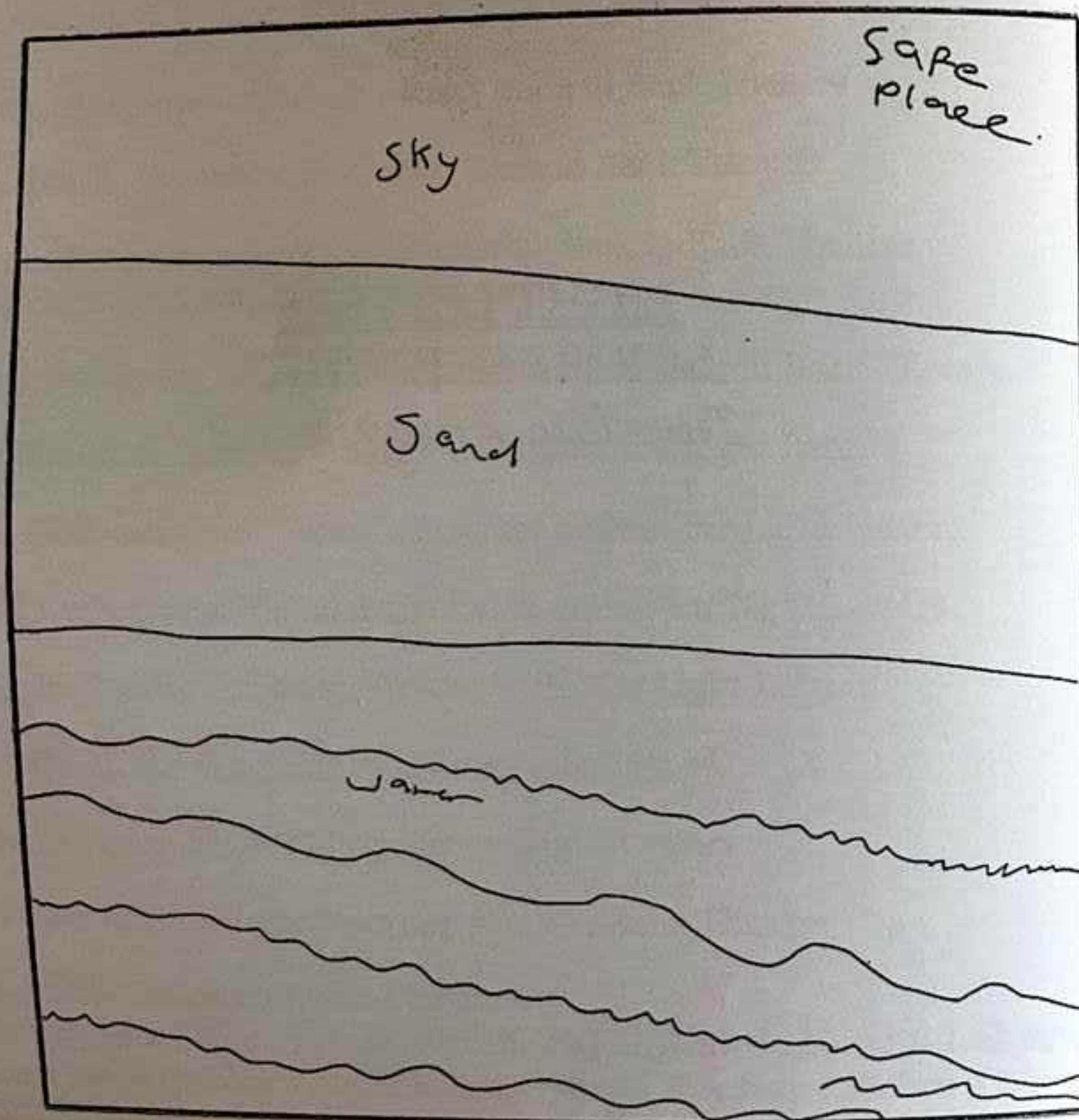
**Ensemble, Back to Back Theatre**

**Mark Deans . Rita Halabarec . Nicki Holland . Simon Laherty**  
**Sarah Mainwaring . Scott Price . Sonia Teuben . Brian Tilley**

# LIGHT LETTERS

LIGHT LETTERS  
SCRIPT SKETCHES  
*Tuesday, June 3, 2008*





## Chapter One

A short time ago - in a land near here - there is a village that lives by a bay.

The sun shines on this place, it is a beautiful town on a highway near a refinery and every house is exactly the same.

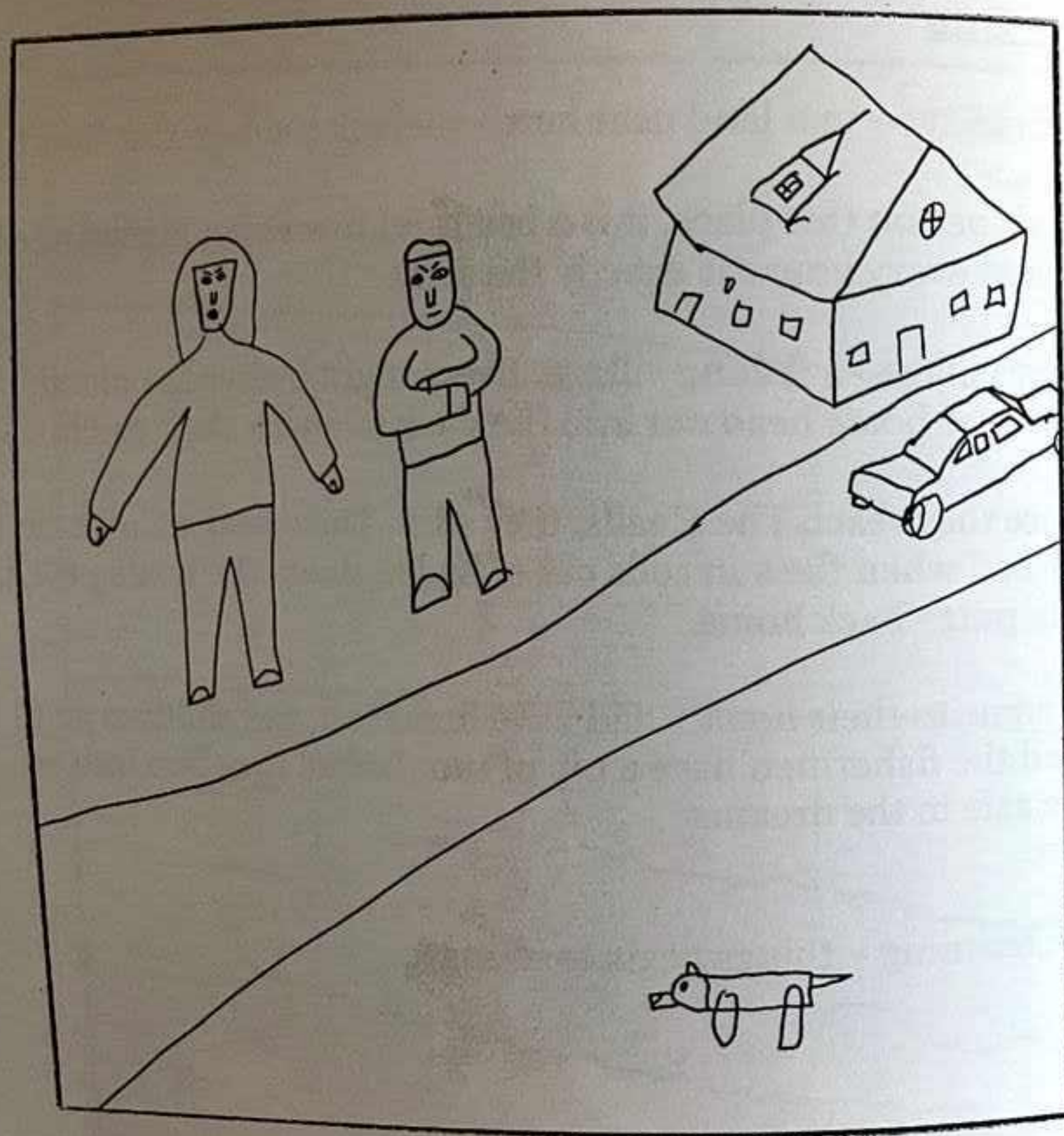
This is our village - a fishing village. Every night before the moon comes up - the boats head out into the dusk to check their catch.

Just before they reach The Heads, they stop. They work all night in the darkness and when the sun rolls out of bed at dawn the boats putt, putt, putt, putt, putt - back home.

They go home to their houses and have breakfast, the children go to school and the fishermen have a nip of rum before they hop into bed and sleep safe in the dreams of the sun.

Then one morning - things begin to change.





## Chapter Two

One morning the nets are not so heavy. The fishermen drink too much rum and begin to argue.

MUM

You've been drinking!

DAD

I'm not drunk!

MUM

You're never here and you're never fishing!

DAD

There are no fish left to catch!

MUM

You have to go beyond The Heads!

DAD

Monsters live in oceans deep!

And with every little argument, a little black spot appears. The fishermen are terrified of what lies beyond The Heads.

FATHER

The moon will fall and hit the earth! It rains fire winds!  
It rains pianos!

MOTHER

You're talking rubbish!

POLLY

I hate you when you're fighting!

MOTHER

I'm not fighting Polly, your dad's fighting!

FATHER

We can fight with whoever we want!

POLLY

I can't live in a place like this!

FATHER

Well where are you gonna go?

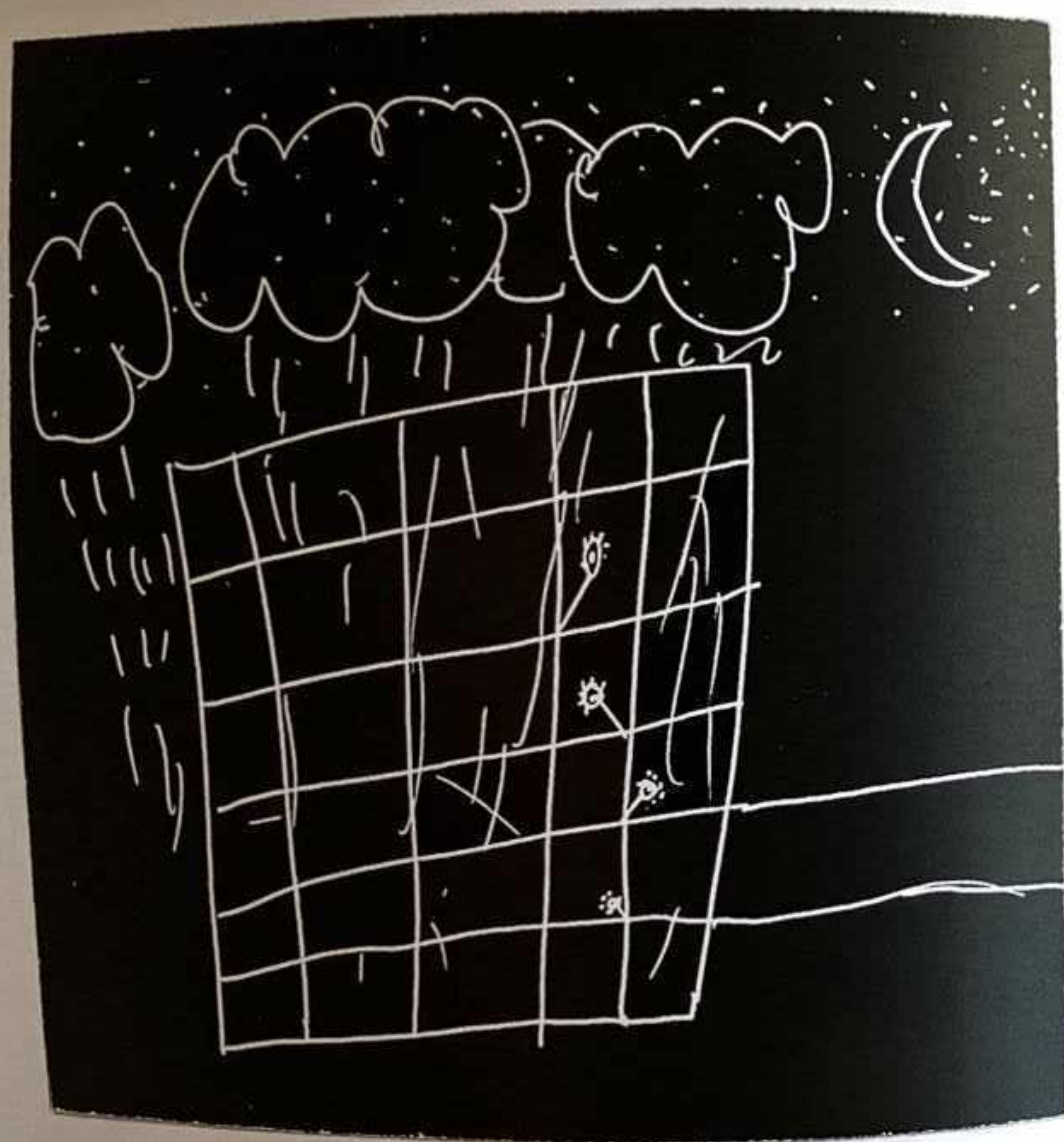
POLLY

I'm going to California! I'm going to China!

I'm gonna live in Africa - anywhere but here!

I'll live in the paddocks, I'll live in the drain,  
in the backyard, in the shed, in the cars, in the dog  
kennel, in the wardrobe, under the table and under the  
house, I'll live in the sea before I have to listen to you two  
for one more day.





But the fighting, goes on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on!

\*\*\*\*\*I told you not to do that! \*\*\*\*\*sit down over there!\*\*\*\*\* get your hands off your sister!\*\*\*\*\* Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!\*\*\*\*\* get out of here!! \*\*\*\*\* get out of here!!!\*\*\*\*\* You're giving me a head ache!\*\*\*\*\*

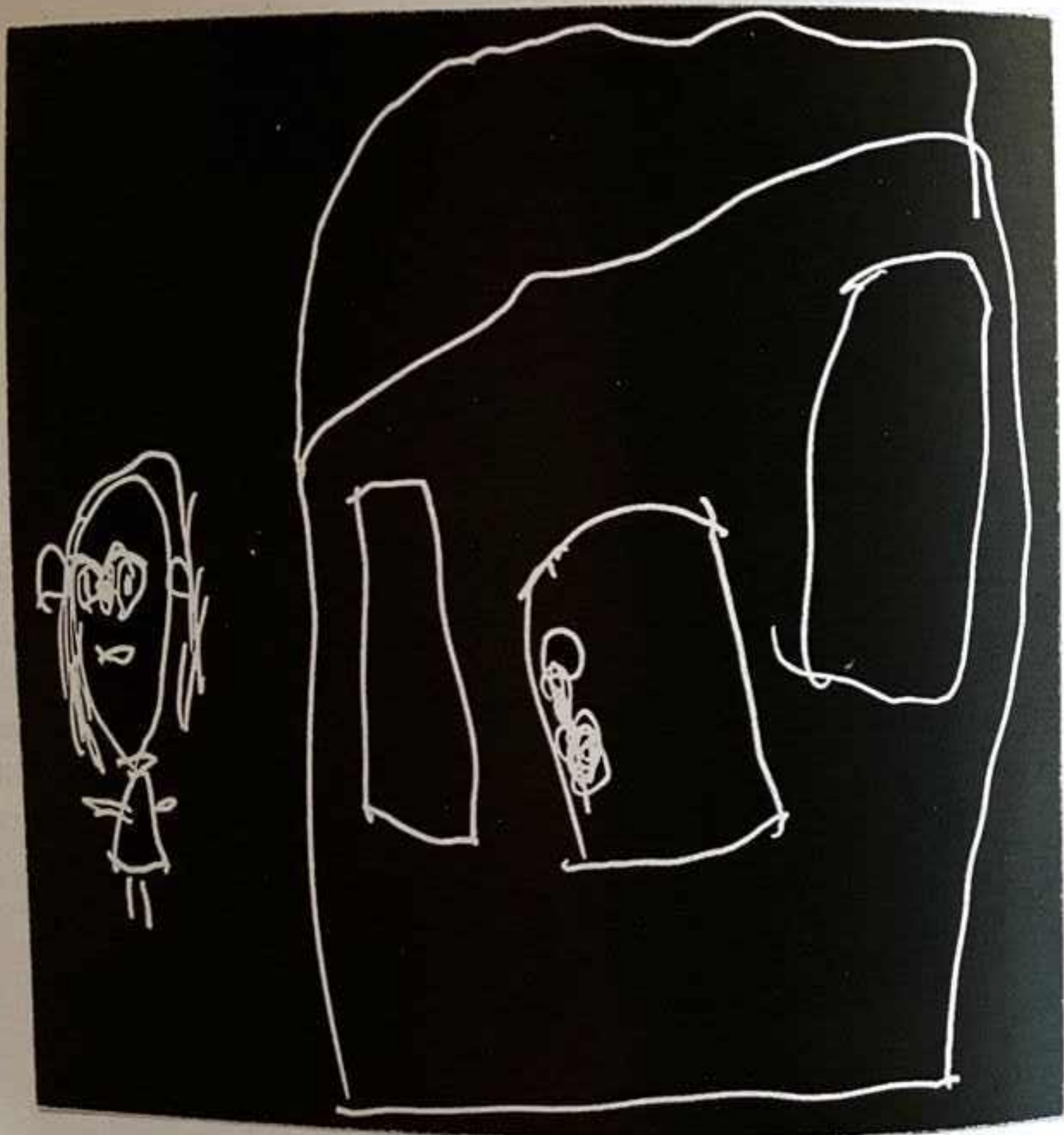
Too much rum and not enough fish.

The fishermen are terrified of what lies beyond The Heads. Dragons - smells - volcanos - out of control robots - factories blowing up - smoke - choking. Wild animals - ghosts and mythical beasts - the wind so cold it will cut you to pieces. Poisonous fumes. Pirates. Murderers. Skeletons. Zombies. Nightmares. All guarded by the dog with no ears! All the bad words, all the bad feelings, all the black spots - float up into space all the way to the sun. Little black spots, clinging to the surface blotting out the light. Darkness creeps across our village.

One of the children is heard to say;

*"I will leave everything behind. I will leave nothing behind.  
I will leave everyone behind. I will leave behind a note."*





### Chapter Three

Day is night and night is dark and day is night is black.

When it's dark - I can't breathe - I fall over.

The world looks soft.

Knocks, bumps, clapping and banging. Whistling, yowling and scratching.

Hissing and yawning! Wind and water, bells and sharks.  
Sea gulls and sea dogs.

When it's dark I dream and I can't get out.

The sounds of waves - of saves.

Ships in the bay - the motor and the horn - putt, putt, putt - the wash and the wake in the night.

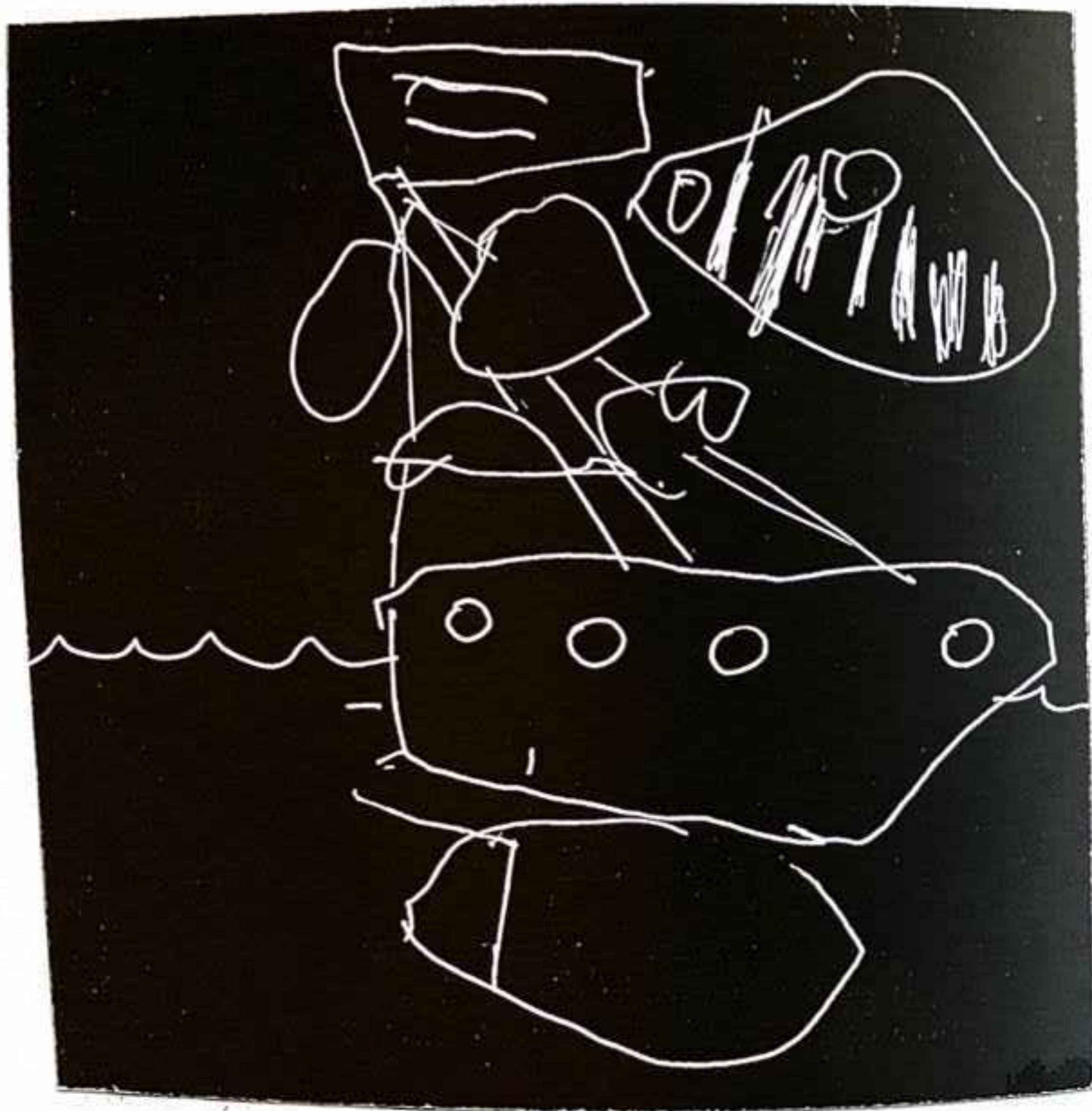
When it's dark I can't see, I can't sleep, I am dead.

The children decide to leave.

*We will leave in the night - when we wake tonight  
we will sail off into the darkness.*

*And all they will see - when we go to sea  
is the wake that we leave in the night.*





All the children open their doors and walk to the water together. They climb into a container and float into the darkness. Away from the shore, away from the fighting, way out to The Heads.

When the parents awake, their bottles are empty and they discover their children are gone. Inside an empty bottle, they find a note.

### The Note

*I love you Mum - I'm going.*

*We are fed up - we are never coming back.*

*So don't come looking for me.*

*I asked you to stop.*

*I hate your arguing.*

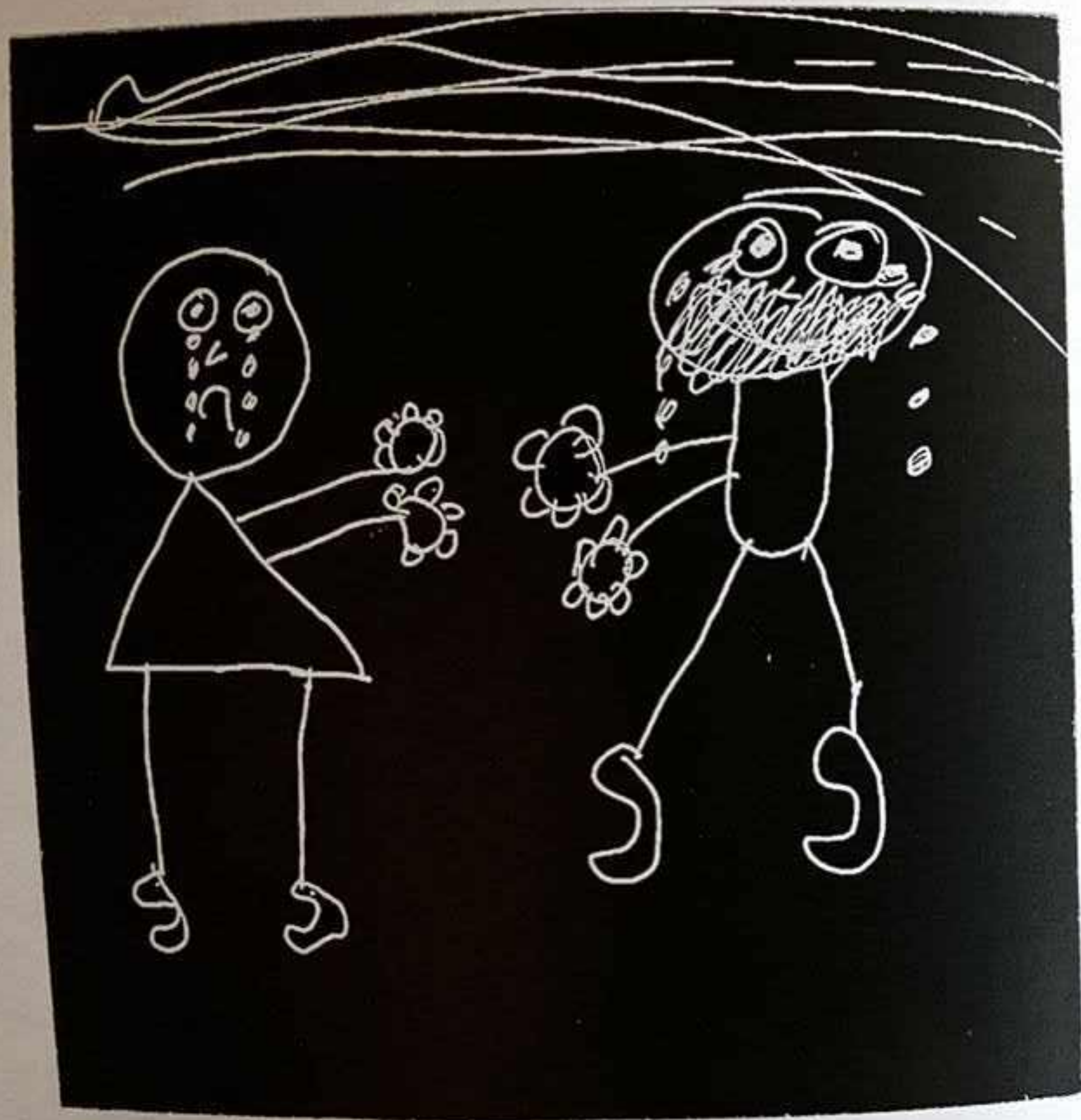
*I hope I am never your child again.*

*I hope you're pleased with yourselves.*

*Goodbye Dad - I'm going to a happy place.*

*End of story. Farewell forever.*





## Chapter four

The village is dark and the parents are quiet.

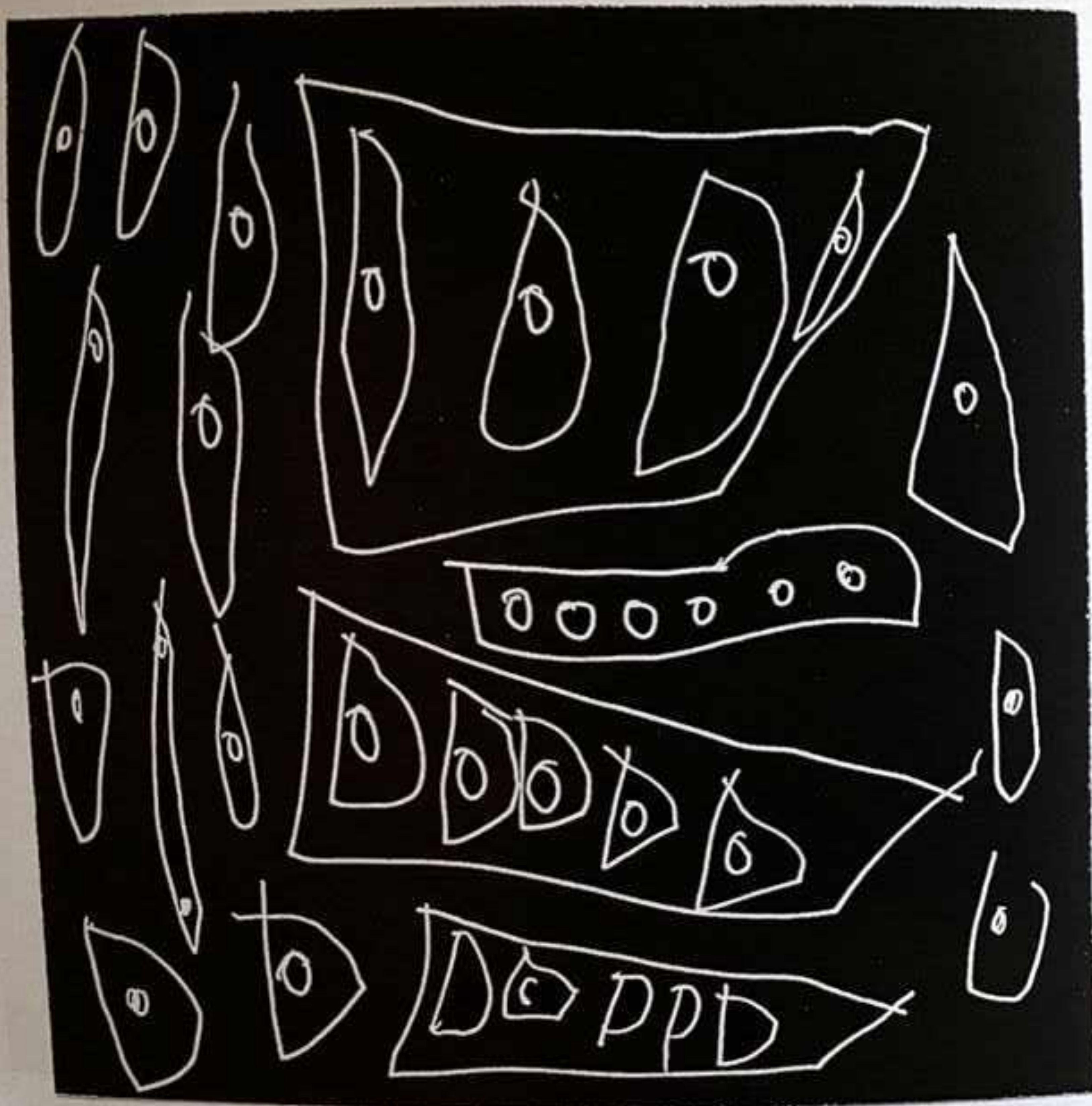
The mother raises an empty bottle above her head and captures one of the last rays of light. She caps the bottle and tosses it - out into the water. The other parents in the village see the bottle of light on the waves.

*Come home, come home my children where have you gone?  
Out into the surf, where have you gone?  
Now when the world is dark  
Speak to us,  
Come home my darlings.*

All of the parents raise the bottles above their heads and they stretch as tall as they can and capture the final rays of light. They toss the light filled bottles into the bay - and the darkness is complete.

*Where did you go when you disappeared into the sea?  
What were you looking for when you went under the waves?  
But please can you come?  
Your letters are the only little bits of the truth  
can't the whole truth be brought home?*





## Chapter Five

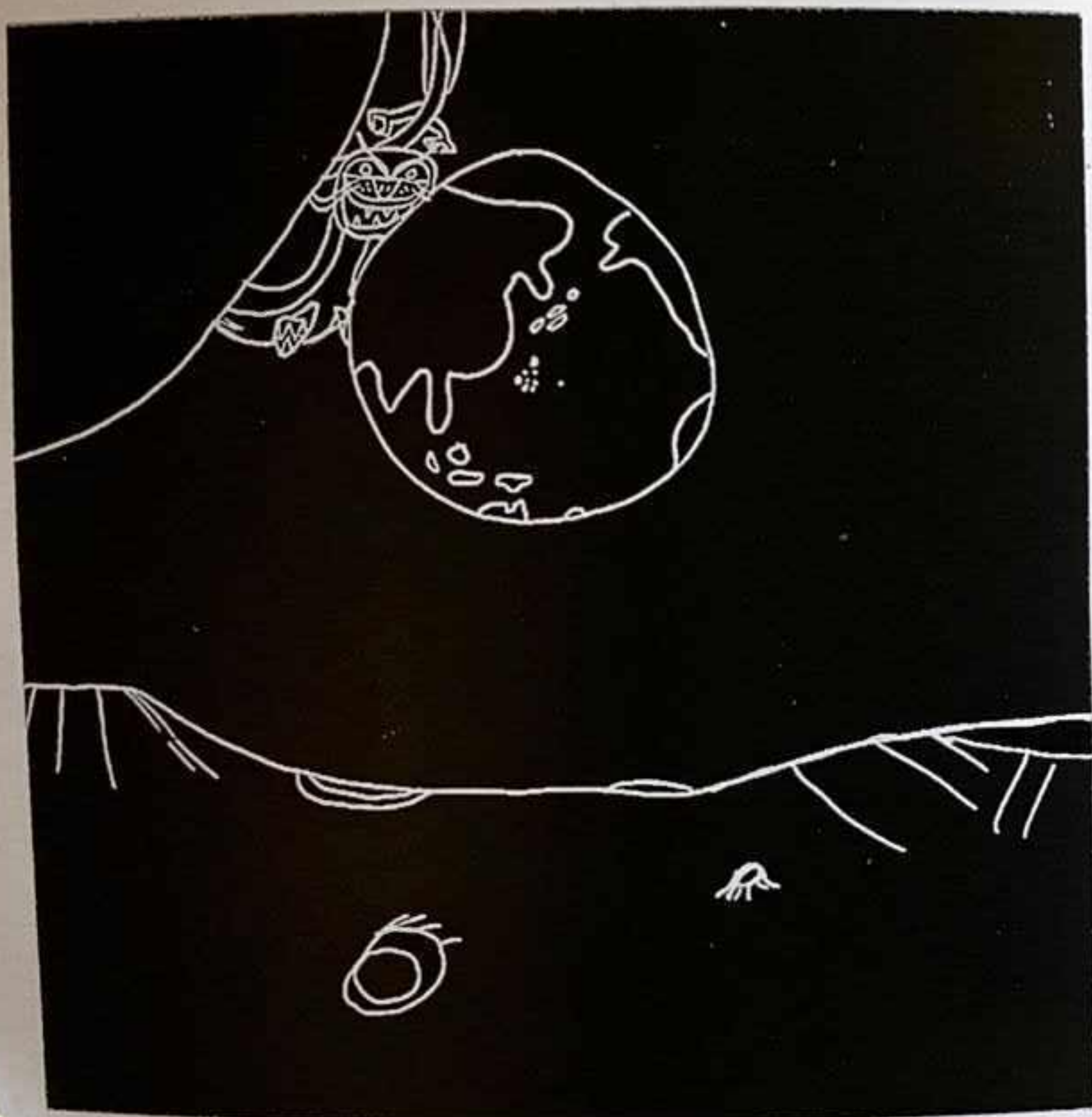
Beyond The Heads it is raining pianos. A massive Tsunami! Three Thousand Tornadoes! A dragon! And a very Giant Frog! The giant squid! The Earless Dog!

The Whirlpool of Death! The children try to hide and use their special powers to ward off the disaster. And the very amazing skill of avoiding certain death: the skill of...standing very still!

They round the cape and in calmer waters, the children see fears are just fears.

The container is floating. And they realise... Somebody has to save the sun.





## Chapter Six

Solutions to save the sun!

Travel in a rocket! Giant springs on their feet to pull off the spots one by one, but meteors knocked them off balance! A giant vacuum to get the dots off! A giant power plant to blow up the sun. Turn the sun off and flick it back on to change the circuit! Build a path of sand to the sun! But the sands going to stay there and the sun melts it into glass and there's a glass stairway to Heaven! What about we throw a coconut into the sky and see if the white pieces make enough stars to make light?

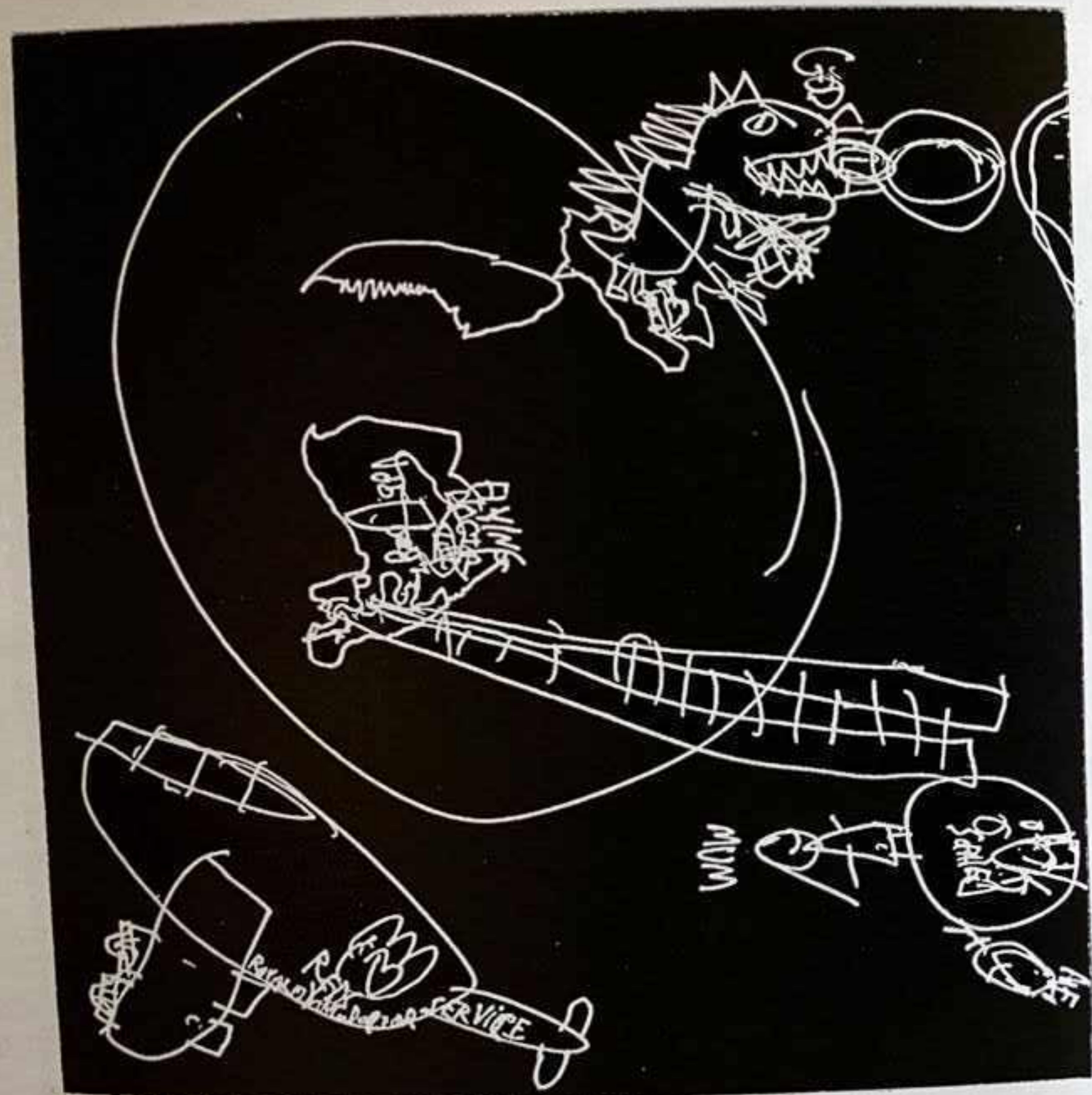
What about we shoot a cow up into the sky and see if that makes a difference?!

They try everything, but nothing works.

POLLY

I've got a good idea. I'm gonna go to the refinery and climb the refinery with lots of matches in it and let it explode. It's going to pop all the black spots so we can get some light again! It's going to set the sun on fire so when the fire burns out there'll be a nice sunny day. We have to climb the ladder!





They sail back in the darkness. They climb the ladder in the darkness.  
They hurl in the box of matches in the darkness and then there is a  
blinding Flash!

As bright as a volcano! A Flash! A giant petroleum explosion! A Flash!

And the village fumes with incredible light!

This whole world is flooded with a brightness so strong that everybody  
can see everything and everybody all at once!

But it was a Flash... just a Flash. And then the fuel is gone.

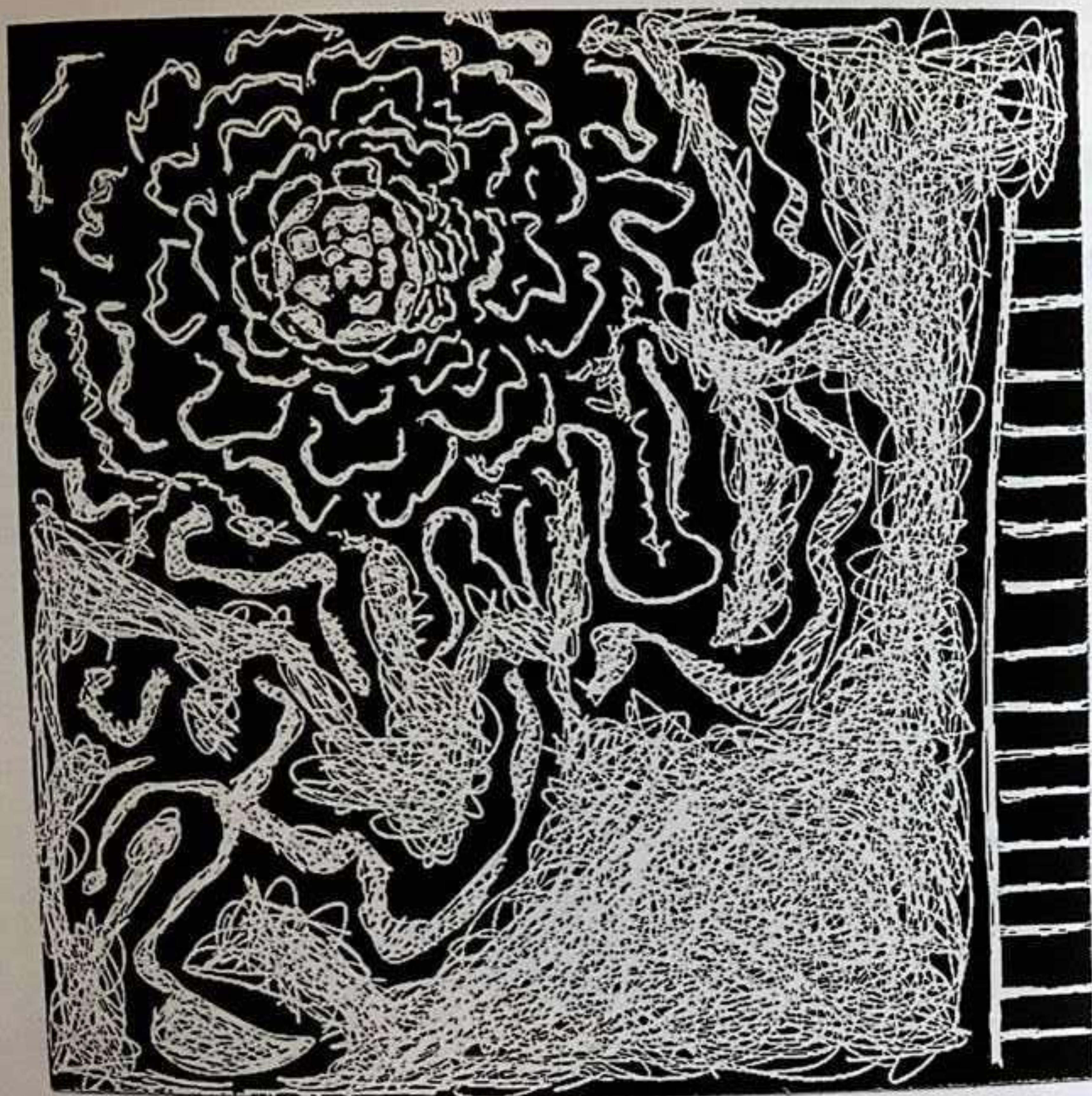
The darkness returns, and the children can not contain their rage!

Banging and smashing and yelling and chanting!

*"Dear God please help us, we need light in our sun, can you please take  
away the black spots? We have to get their attention. We have to break  
through this darkness.*

*It has to be a sound that they've never heard before. We will sing - we  
will sing out this message!"*





This letter must be a song! They sing.

Then out of the darkness, an answer appears to be bobbing in the waves,  
The Light Letters in the bottles from their parents from home.

Polly walks to the shore and picks up a bottle - she holds the glow in her  
hands - she shakes it as hard as she can and takes off the lid and light  
rushes into the sky.

All of the children do the same and the sunshine is restored.

The parents can see the children, the children can see the parents.  
They all can see that they all have changed.





## Chapter Seven

POLLY

We went beyond The Heads. We know what lies in the ocean deep. There are fears and fish and water. But they don't argue. They don't fight.

MOTHER

Are you coming home now?

FATHER

Are you coming home to stay?

POLLY

If we come home... What are you going to do?



## **Light Letters**

*Performed at Nelson Park School, Bell Park, 25<sup>th</sup> June 2008*

*Developed during a residence with Back to Back Theatre*

*All words and images were conceived by students from Nelson Park and Norlane West Primary School.*

### **Back to Back Theatre**

Bruce Gladwin	Artistic Director, Back to Back Theatre
Marcia Ferguson	Director/devisor
Ross Mueller	Writing facilitator
Mark Cuthbertson	Visual artist/set builder
David Dellaflora	Visual artist/artistbook maker
Stephen Oakes	Animator/sound artist
Skye Abikhair	Stage manager
Leanne Stein	Project manager

### **Ensemble, Back to Back Theatre**

Mark Deans . Rita Halabarec . Nicki Holland . Simon Laherty . Sarah Mainwaring  
Scott Price . Sonia Teuben . Brian Tilley

### **Students from Nelson Park School**

Brayden Bitmead . Jacinta Butcher . Kylee Carter . Daniel Drue . Sarah Fedley  
Danielle Frith . Michelle Frith . Josh Haigh . Emily Marshall . Blake Morris  
Aimee Nicholls . Ina Rekhi . Hayden Scott . Loretta Devlin Smith . Dylan  
Stevenson . Morgan Tasic . Kane Vetma

Thanks to Nelson Park teachers for all their support

Wendy Smith (co-ordinator) . Kim Clarke . Tony Foster . Sally Midwood  
Joe Thurrowgood . Henya Worland

### **Students from Norlane West Primary School**

Iesha Anderson . Nikita Bone . Sebastian Buckley . Emily Carr . Alyssa Eap  
Connor Filep . Emina Glumcevic . Macy Gonczarek . Domenic Lecchino . Rosalie  
Lecchino . Isaiah Melhuish . Simona Parevska . Makayla Parker . Dallas Riccardi  
Olivia Sardoz . Cameron Shirley . Sruthie Tatakula . Jayden Trajcevski . Amber  
Withers . Ashlea Withers

Thanks to Jo Ludowyk ( School co-ordinator) and Greg Steele.

## **Voices from Cloverdale Community Centre**

Norman Lane - was the first man to lose his life in the second world war.  
But I am... a yacker, a grandmother, a carer and a minder and everything else  
I am a migrant, an observer and a mother of an intellectually disabled boy

I have - lots of joy - a great life and I have twelve grand children!  
I have nothing - I have no memory - I never will be rich & I will not compromise  
I will never ride a bike and never stop wanting to travel  
I will never give up or turn back the clock or forget the grand final victory!

I wish I had a good memory  
I wish I never had regrets  
I wish I had heaps of time  
I wish I had a really clever brain  
I wish I had lots of money to play and travel  
I wish I had a time machine  
I wish I never had that accident  
I wish I had a better memory too.

Broken biscuits and bags of lollies

Here lies so and so - he died as he lived - a miserable bastard

I want to be remembered as a good father  
a fair dinkum bloke - honest, with a good sense of humour.  
Friendly and generous because there's givers and there's takers.  
there are people who just take, take, take.

I want to be remembered as a good mum  
and giving good advice  
and even a smack on the bum when they need it.



I know a guy and he knows Frank Costa.  
they used to go pinching apples.  
two of them used to knock 'em of and eat 'em - Frank used to sell em

My old man ran away from home when he was fourteen -  
sailed around the world four times before he met me mum  
he was a wanderer.

Kids these days are out of control with their drugs and their swearing and  
their alcohol, they want a good hiding. You should never call kids idiots, it  
sticks, but there's not enough discipline - there's not enough - put 'em in the  
reserves.

If a kid starts school and learns to study - I think any kid can go as high as  
they like.  
The world is at their feet. But you shouldn't expect anything until you get off  
your jack and put something in. If you want it - go out and earn it.  
It's good to dream, if I can do it so can you.

The young boy who brought Corio down -  
he wouldn't wanna come back to this area -  
everybody's obsessed with him.  
he called it a ghetto  
we're like Brooklyn aren't we?  
it's terrible.

It makes me sad that miracles are too and few between  
the weather's so bad  
all the old buildings disappearing  
It makes me mad that a lot of people aren't more tolerant -  
for example race, religion.  
there is so much poverty

There's so much work in Western Australia.

Supermarkets Rip off!  
Miracles?! Not Today!  
Prices Up Again!  
Interest Rates Up again!  
Do Pollies Really Care About The voters?!  
Do Older People Listen to the Government these Days?  
Council Out of Touch With Peoples Needs!  
We've been subdued for too long!  
It's time we stand up and have a say.  
Get healthy! Join the Norlane swimming pool!

Norlane and Corio people always stick up for one another  
they treat you as you are - there's no snobbery - people are friendly and the  
shopping's handy.  
There's usually somebody knows your family and it is amazing, the people  
who know somebody - we're probably all related - doesn't matter where you  
go - you'll always run into somebody you know.

The worst part is the vandalism and the theft. The kids have nothing else to  
do,  
houses getting burnt down.

There's a lot of Astronauts wandering the streets.  
There's a lot of aliens walking the streets.

Respect has disappeared  
the schools need to teach the three R's - reading, writing and respect.  
The teachers can't even spell the word "respect."  
They want to be put in the army.  
My daughter went into the army - it was the best thing she ever did.



## Voices from Dorothy Thompson Centre

*I worked at the Valley Mill for 38 years in the weaving department until I had this stroke and they paid me off.*

*They all rode push bikes then, they were all up the side. They rode bikes then. Came from the Western District, we had a cattle farm and we milked cows by hand. They were the good old days then.*

*I was working in Ballarat and wasn't getting paid so I moved to Geelong to work at Fords - I was Secretary of North Geelong Football Club. Four of our players played in the GFC's 1963 premiership. I built a fountain for my daughter at Shannon Park and scattered her ashes there. My brother was a POW in Germany and died at the age of 88.*

*I came from Croatia on the Sydney. Landed in Melbourne and went straight to Geelong. Got a job at Fords straight away and worked there.*

*I don't like Geelong. The houses are too close. I was born on the farm - I like the wide open spaces. There was eleven of us in the family.*

*You didn't ask for a raise, that was unheard of..*

*We came here as workers, and who paid the most had us.*

*During the Second World War - those memories are not so good and that is life and war is war. You can only lose your life in a war. They send you to fight - for who?*

*The American can say what he likes, but he only looks after America. We have to look after ourselves.*

*I worked at Fords then to Harvester and then to the Council, making cricket pitches. We played there every Thursday. 1940, 41. Born and bred in Geelong. Was born in 1925. I worked, that's all I worked. I married in Geelong. Then my wife died of cancer. We met at the Palais. Now I'm on me own. Only my daughter - all the rest of the family has passed away.*

*Fords was that bad - a lot of people left there - I need hearing aid. It was so loud. They had a furnace at Harvester, production work, piece work, you get more money.*

*A man's hand got chopped off at the elbow here in 1958.*

*The meat came in from the butchers and go through a steamer and we'd have to trim them up and they would go to another section and get the lid put on and pressure cook them in big ovens, very special cans had to be covered in orange cellophane - I don't know why - they were first grade ones. I worked there. I kept my job. It was work - it was either work there or at the woollen mills, I preferred to work there at the cannery. There was an abattoir there where they slaughtered the meat. And there was a drain that used to run into the bay.*

*Tongues and sausages and vegetables. It was just the tongues, they had a butcher shop and you could buy sides of lamb for four and sixpence.*

*She had to ride her bike to get to work and in the winter time the shoes were wet and your foot would slip off the pedal and you'd skin your knees before you got to work.*

*North Geelong has just changed - all the little shops have gone.*

*I used to go around Eastern Beach and I would think - why do people want to go overseas?*

*I was at the cannery for eight or nine years and then I had a family, three sons, the oldest one is 63. I had three in six years. I didn't know about that - no TV's.*

*I met my husband at Eastern Beach on summer night and he and his brother were down there and we just happened to get talking and that was it. Three years later - married.*

*I'm a bachelor. I was having too much fun.*



I met my wife during work, I worked near she worked. We were married 58 years and she passed away two years ago or "thereabouts". We had an enjoyable life time.

We used to make all the desks. Anything they wanted.

Harvester went two years after I left - I've always claimed that was the reason that they went broke.

Drawing pictures, sculptures of the past  
I can give you an idea of the place in which I lived.  
I can tell you all the secrets of the paths on which I trod,  
and in my head still, when I'm alone, I can hear nature  
sing.

People take drugs - I hate that.  
We put labels on the cans - I remember that  
I come off a farm - I don't know why.  
The main thing was to make enough money to be happy - I made plenty.  
I met my husband at Eastern Beach - on a Summers night.  
I sit watching the sky - blue and green  
But I have seen so much  
My vision slightly blurred by the look of a loved one  
I worked so hard for this world.

Voices from Cloverdale Community Centre were  
Len Blacker . Alan Deans . Anne Deans . Julie Hines . Muriel Murphy  
Thanks to Susan Hartigan Manager of Cloverdale Community Centre for her  
support.

Voices from Dorothy Thompson Centre were  
Doris Alford . Maree Arditto . Frank McGeady . Lillian Marks . Steven Markov  
Charlie Vander Meulan . Brian Mowat . Rosalie Shaw . Ken Trickey

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# BACKTOBACKTHEATRE

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Australian Government



**ARTS  
VICTORIA**



United Way  
Geelong  
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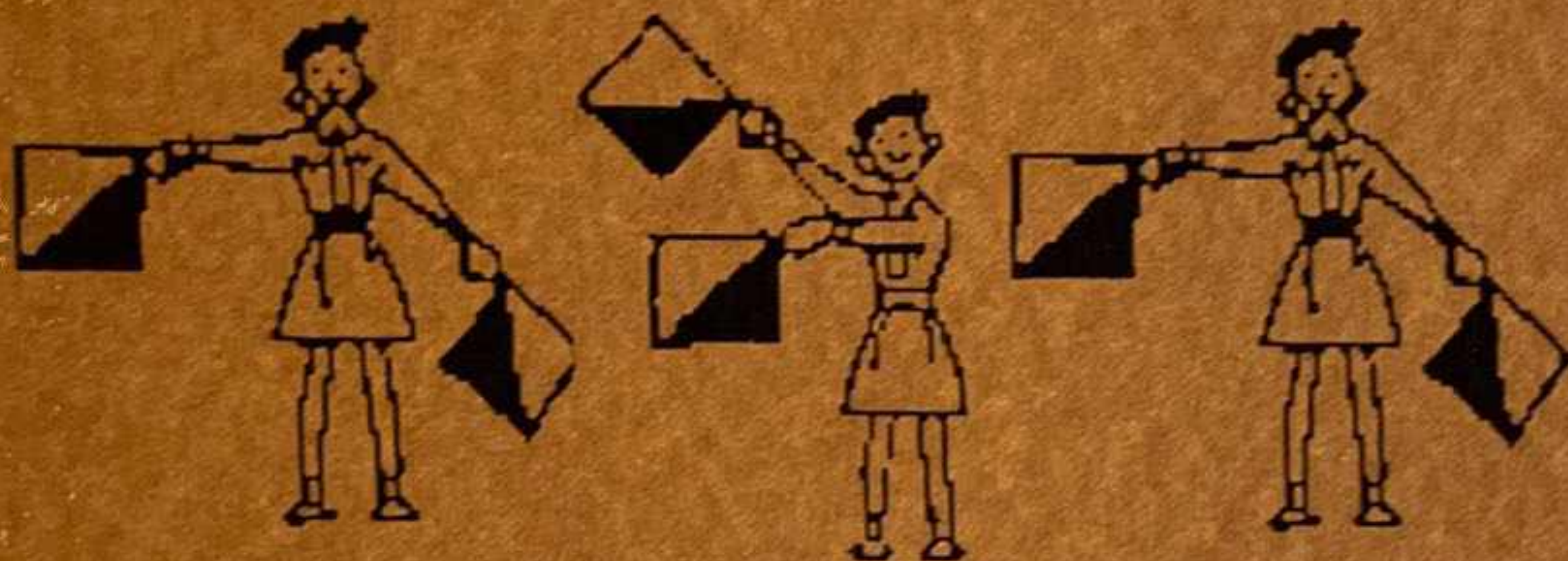


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Cover image by Brian Tilley



**SIGNAL PERSONS HANDBOOK  
To  
SAVING OUR SUN**



**NORLANE WEST PRIMARY SCHOOL**

**L I G H T   L E T T E R S**



SPECIAL FACTS ABOUT THE COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD-

- Bosnia's a little country - but they're making new things to make it not old.
- Vegemite - that's Australian.
- You find green things in Greenland.
- People fight in Ireland
- There are heaps of fish and chips in the United Kingdom.
- Disneyland is in the united states of America
- I don't know what you find in Japan - I'm just guessing - food?
- There are lots of rivers in Thailand.
- Pizza is in Italy - pasta and sports cars and Ferraris.
- Little tiny bits of red dots are in India and there are other colours and they're little.
- Something you have to wear - a dress that is a bit small - a shirt with a dress at the bottom.
- I like to think I was born in a temple.

...a system of sending messages by holding the arms or two flags or letters of the alphabet for sending messages in this way, consisting of an upright



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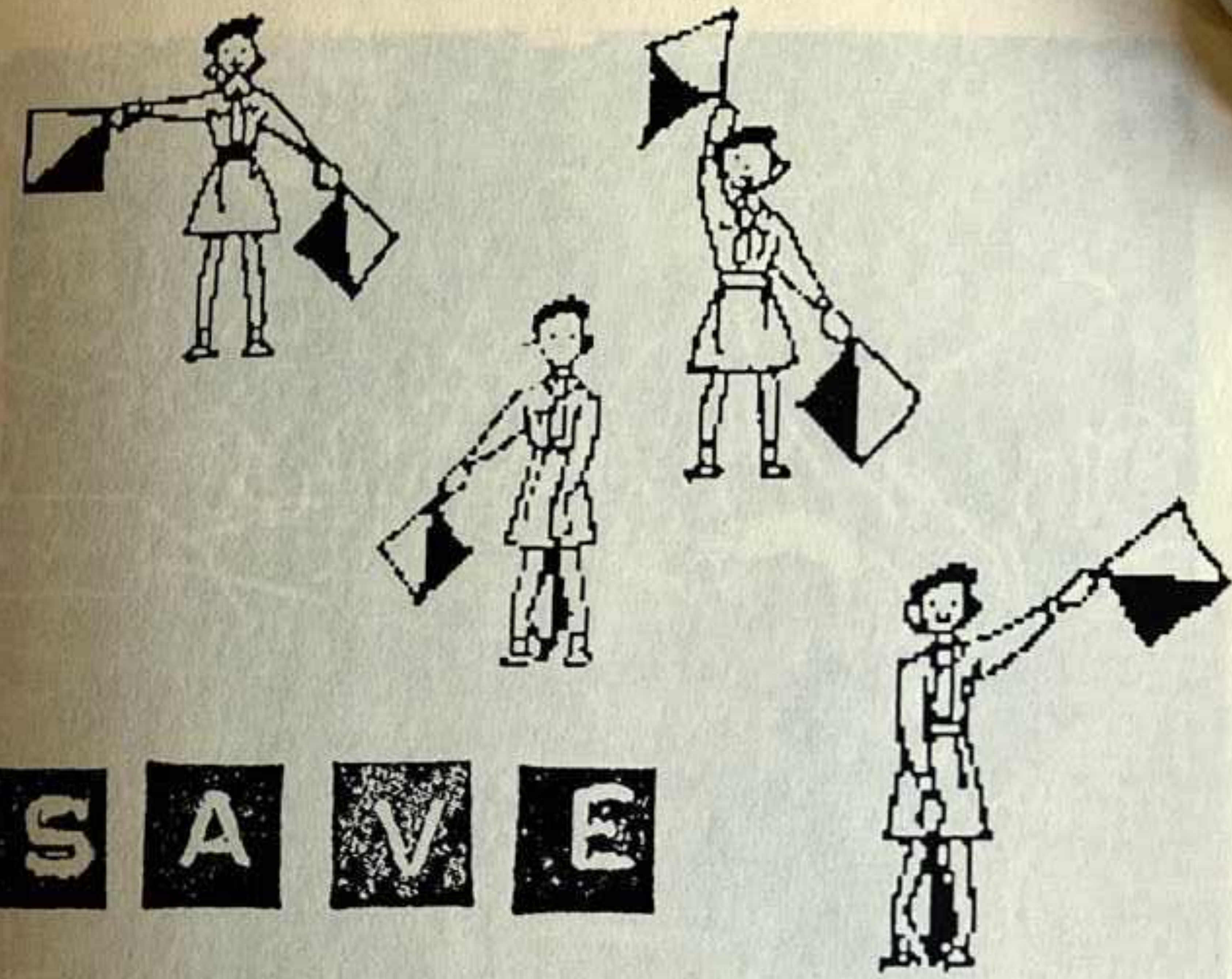
semanhor run 1 a system of sending messages by holding the arms or two bags or letters of the alphabet a device for sending messages in this way, consisting of an upright with movable parts.



# WORLD- SPECIAL FACTS ABOUT THE COUNTRIES OF THE

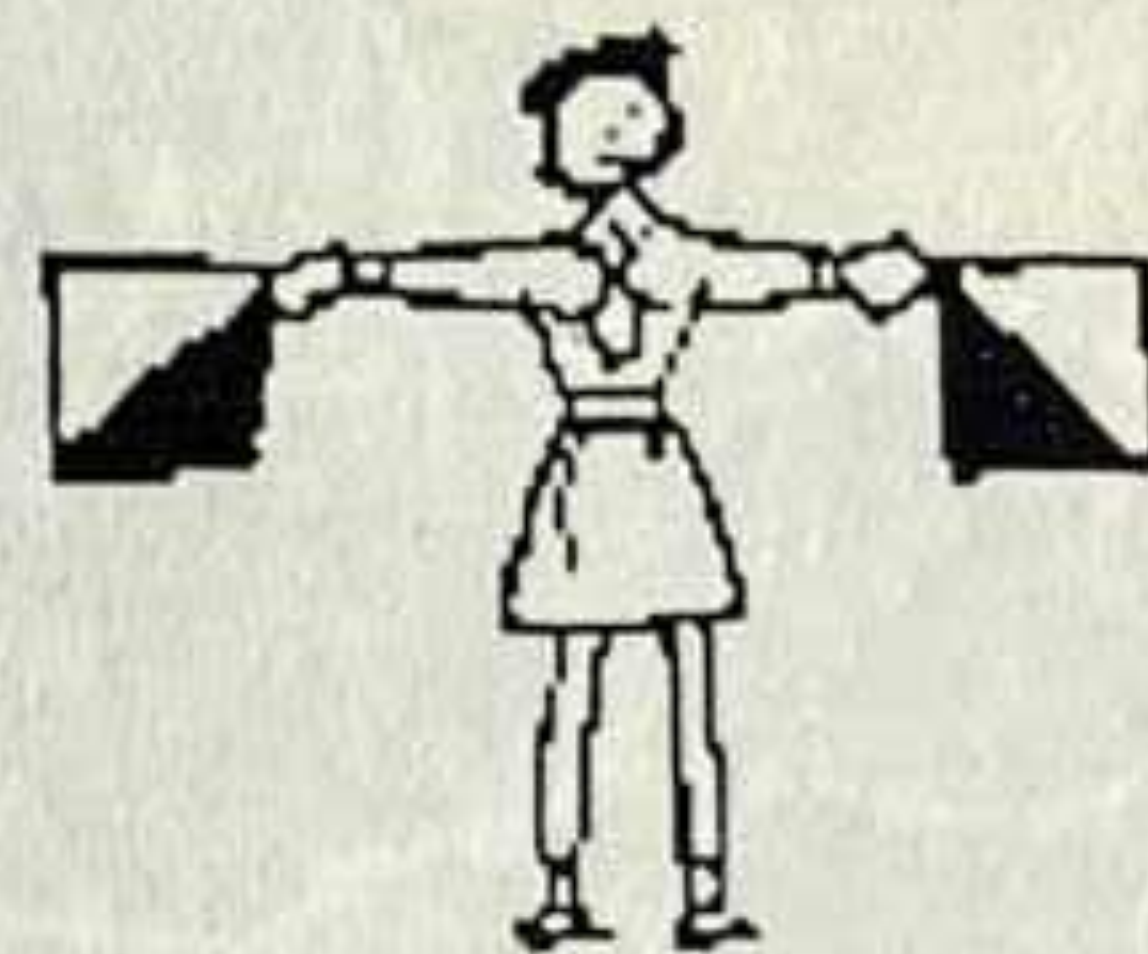
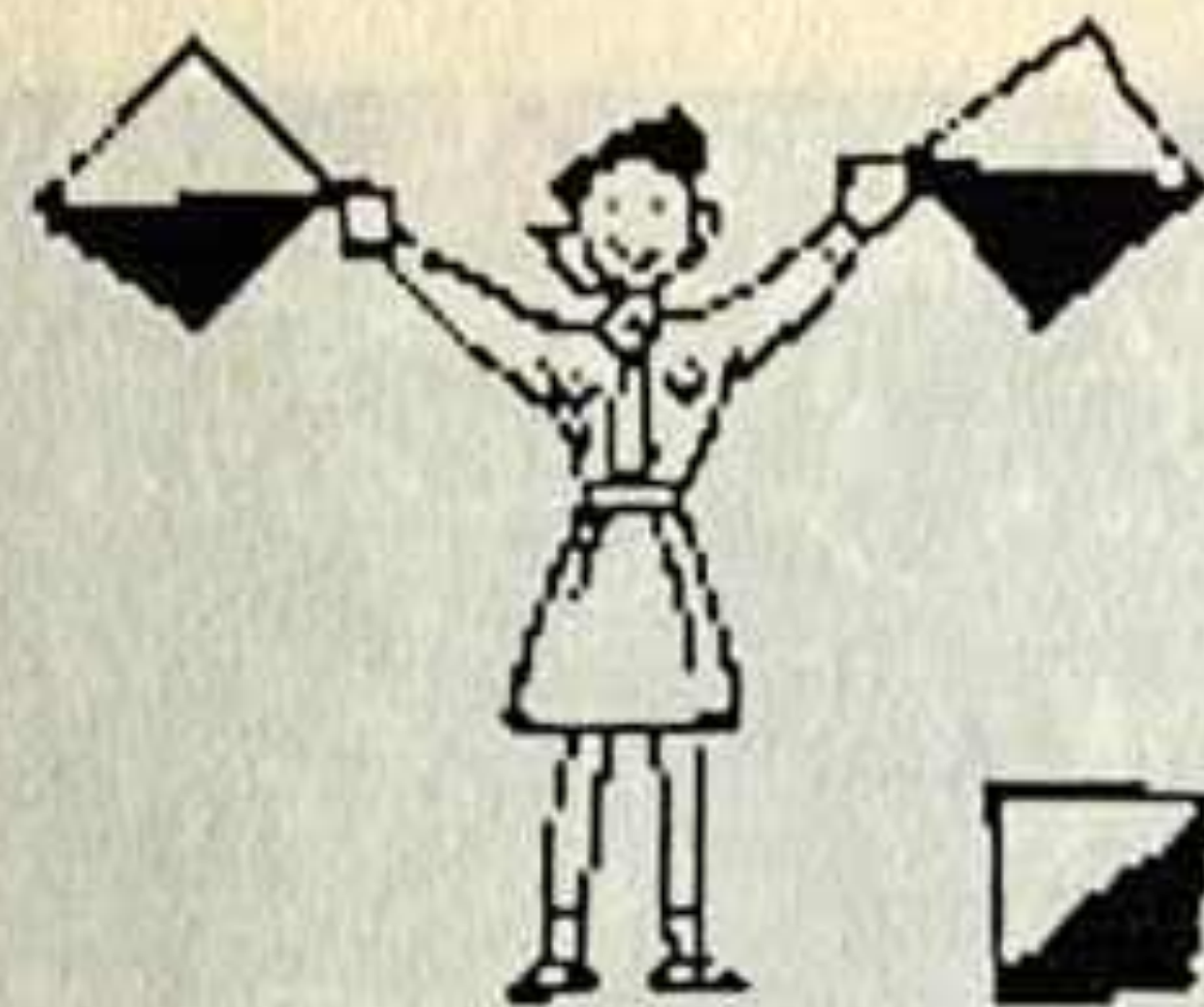
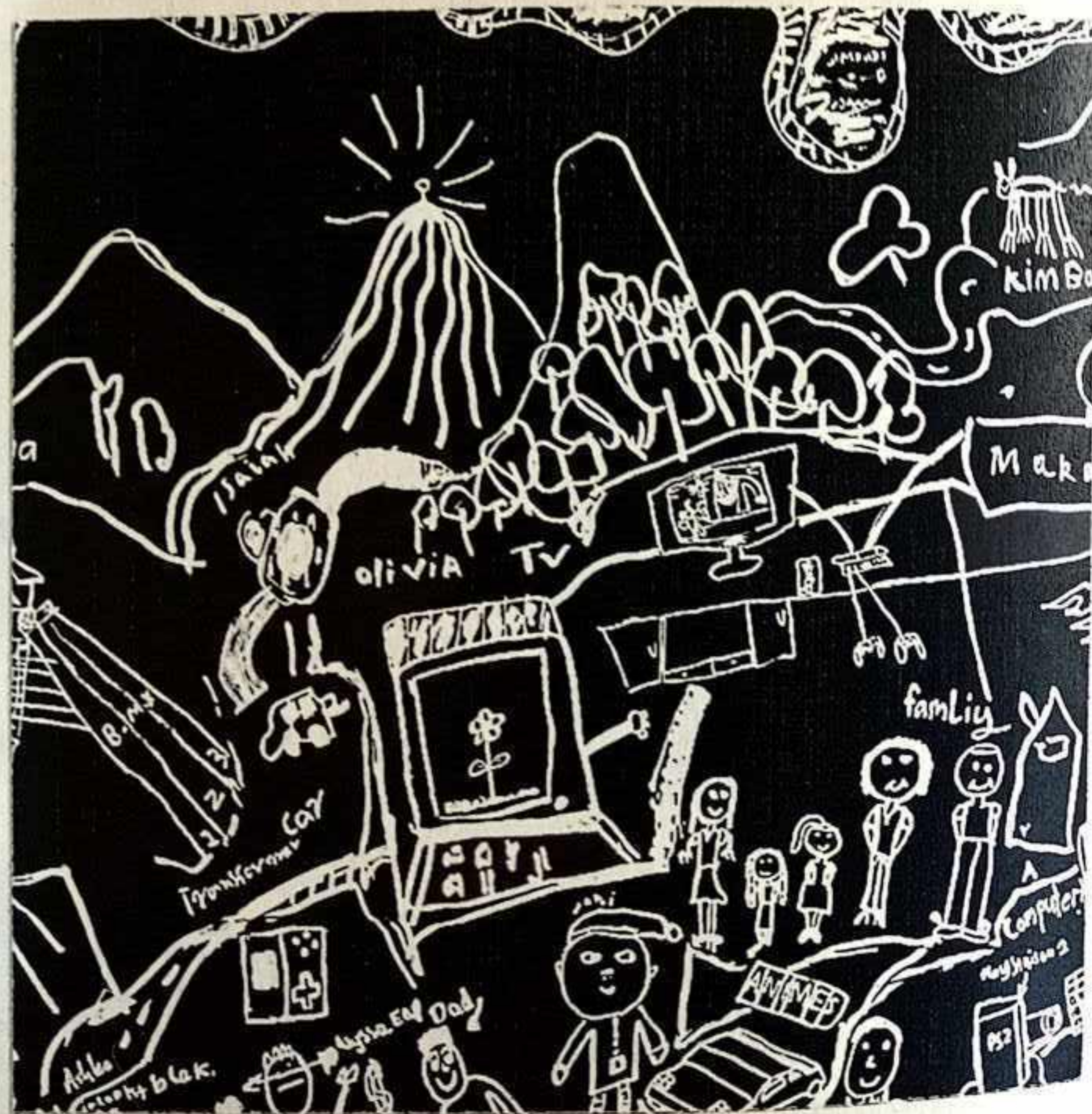
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- new things to make it not old.
- Bosnia's a little country - but they're making

S A V E



**semaphore** noun **1** a system of sending messages by holding the arms or two flags or poles in certain positions that represent letters of the alphabet. **2** a device for sending messages in this way, consisting of an upright with movable parts.

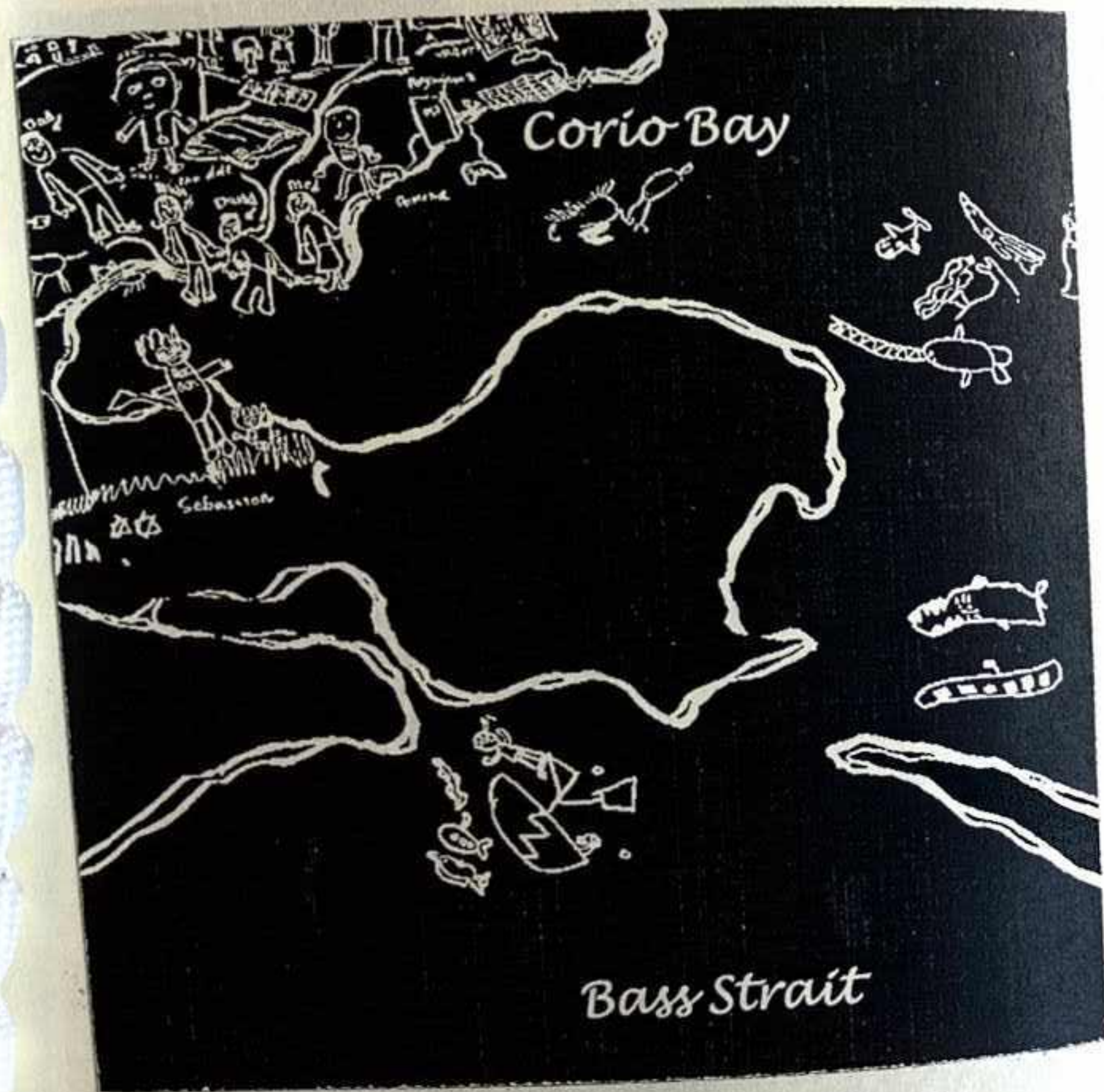




## HOW ARE THEY GOING TO SAVE THE SUN?

- Get a ladder to build a big robot who can fly and shoot the sun.
- Walk and find some good adults who care about the sun
- Giant springs pull off the spots one by one -
- Vacuum to get the dots off
- Turn the sun off so it's not so hot and then reignite the sun -
- If you blew up the sun would there be more and more suns.
- Build a path of sand to the sun





SUN

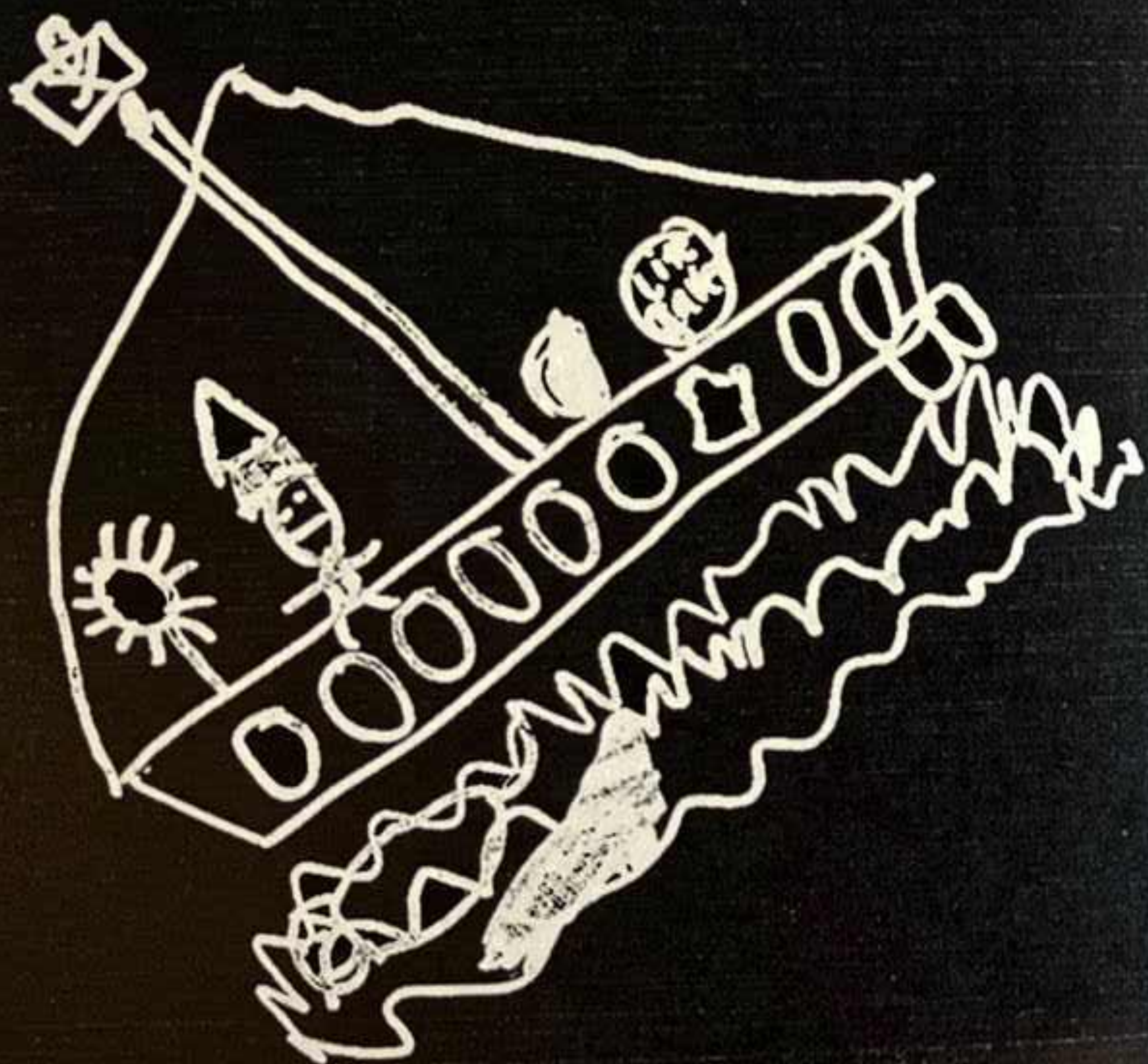


## North Geelong

## Corio Bay

Bass Strait

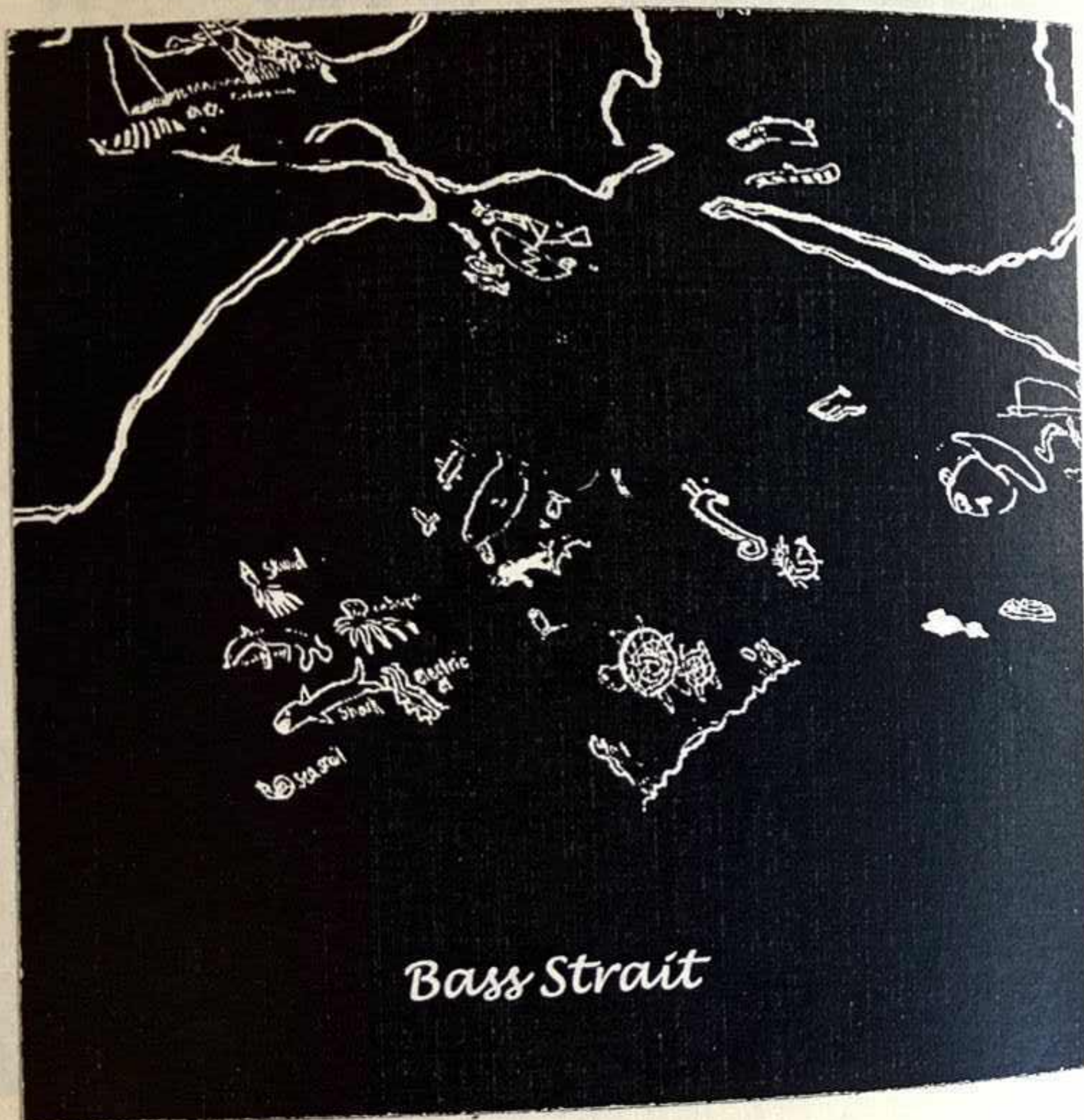




Ladies and Gentlemen - the dangers  
of the sea!

- The typhoon of terrible - ter-  
rosity!
- The giant frog of Germany!
- The whirlpool overwhelming-  
ness-ness!
- The tsunami of uncertain fate!
- The sucking sewerage pipe of  
somewhere near Melbourne!
- Storms and volcanoes and  
thunder and lightning!
- And of course massive meteors  
moving majestically amongst  
the mountainous seas!





*Signal Persons Handbook To Saving Our Sun* was created as part of Back to Back Theatre's *Light Letters* project. All drawings and writings, apart from *Total Eclipse of the Sun*, were conceived by students from Norlane West Primary School

### Back To Back Theatre

Marcia Ferguson  
Ross Mueller  
Mark Cuthbertson  
David Dellaflora  
Stephen Oakes  
Simon Laherty  
Sarah Mainwaring  
Scott Price  
Brian Tilley

Director/devisor  
Writing facilitator  
Visual artist/set builder  
Visual artist/artistbook maker  
Animator/sound artist  
Performer  
Performer  
Performer  
Performer

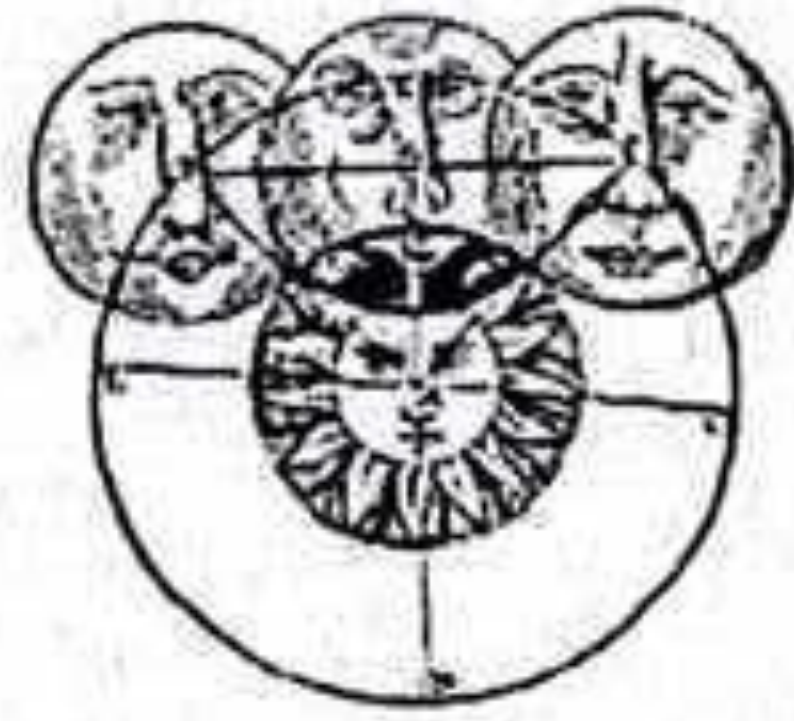
### Students from Norlane West Primary School

Isha Anderson . Nikita Bone . Sebastian Buckley . Emily Carr.  
Alyssa Eap . Connor Filep . Emina Glumcevic . Macy Gonczarek  
Domenic Lecchino . Rosalie Lecchino . Isaiah Melhuish . Simona  
Parevska . Makayla Parker . Dallas Riccardi . Olivia Sardoz  
Cameron Shirley . Sruthie Tatakula . Jayden Trajcevski . Amber  
Withers . Ashlea Withers

Thanks to Jo Ludowyk ( School co-ordinator) and Greg Steele for giving up his warm gym!!



## Total Eclipse of the Sun



*Most of the ancient legends evoke a celestial creature devouring the Sun - a dragon for Indian, Indonesian and Chinese, a giant frog for Vietnamese, a jaguar in Argentina, or a vampire in Siberia, these celestial monsters are responsible for the disappearance of the Moon or the Sun.*

*One Chinese legend reports that the total solar eclipse in China on 22 October 2134 BC took everybody by surprise. Therefore there was no time to prepare the archers and the drummers in order to fight and frighten the dragons which devour the Sun during the eclipse.*

*In fact, the official imperial astronomers His and Ho, missed the prediction of the eclipse. Not only did they lose their work and the respect of their colleagues - they also lost their heads.*



I liked the sound  
I liked the ladder  
I liked the screaming.  
I liked the massage.  
Drawing the country.  
I liked the screaming.  
I didn't like it when I hurt my finger.  
I liked my group.



- I liked the sound
- I liked the ladder
- I liked the screaming.
- I liked the massage.
- Drawing the country.
- I liked the screaming.
- I didn't like it when I hurt my finger.
- I liked my group.







If you make a mistake,  
signal E eight times



A black and white map of a landscape. A river flows from the top left towards the bottom center. To the right of the river, there are several rectangular fields, some of which are shaded with cross-hatching. A road or path runs vertically through the center of the map, crossing the river. Another road or path runs horizontally across the top right. The title 'HANDS IN THE LANDSCAPE' is printed in large, bold, black capital letters across the upper portion of the map. The text 'DOROTHY THOMPSON CENTRE' is printed in large, bold, black capital letters across the lower portion of the map.

# **HANDS IN THE LANDSCAPE**

**DOROTHY THOMPSON CENTRE**







## **Dorothy Thompson Centre Artists**

Doris Alford  
Maree Arditto  
Frank McGeady  
Lillian Marks  
Steven Markov  
Charlie Vander Meulan  
Brian Mowat  
Rosalie Shaw  
Ken Trickey

## **Back To Back Theatre**

Marcia Ferguson *Director/devisor*  
Leanne Stein *Project Manger*  
Ross Mueller *Writing facilitator*  
David Dellafiora *Artistbook maker*  
Stephen Oakes *Sound artist*  
Sarah Mainwaring *Performer*  
Brian Tilley *Performer*

Thanks to the Dorothy Thompson Centre staff  
for their kind support

Rose De Kook *Team Leader*  
Jan Hutchinson  
Maree McLeod  
Aileen Phillips

*Hands In The Landscape* was created  
as part of Back to Back Theatre's *Light Letters* project.





S A V E O U R S U N

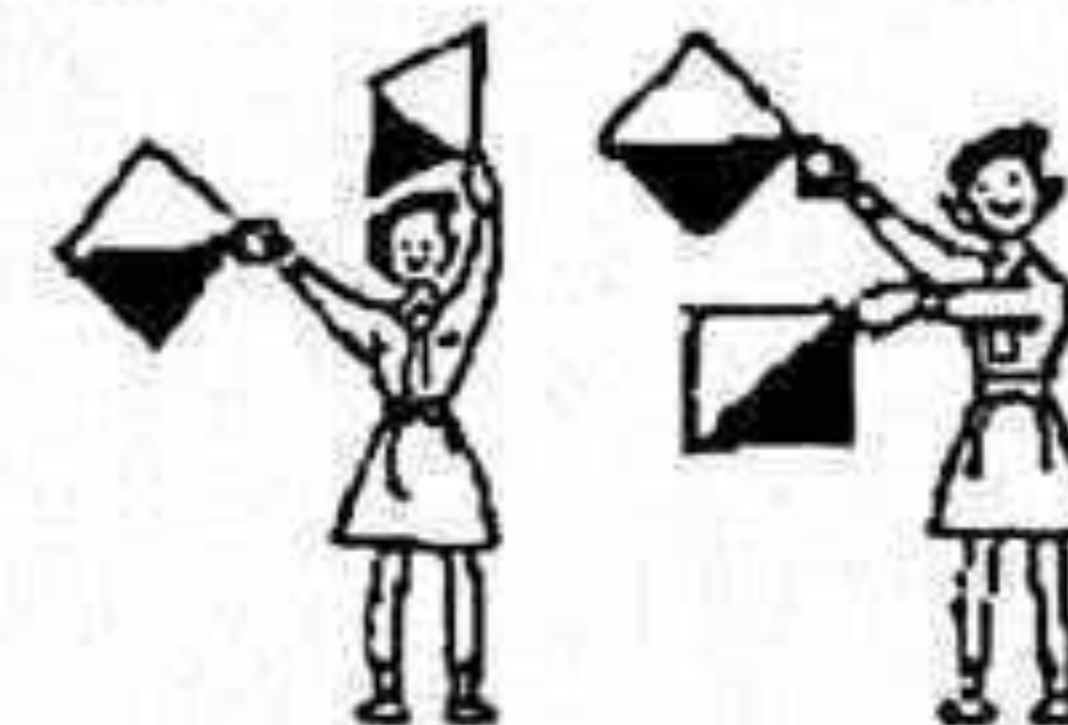


# L I G H T L E T T E R S

Semaphore Workshop

Students from Norlane West Primary School

Back To Back Theatre



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## North Geelong

## Corio Bay

## Bass Strait