

# COME TO THE SHOW!

NOT TO BE MISSED!

On tour in this area ~ Welfare State International ~  
— Europe's biggest & best professional  
street theatre company —

SEE!  
the amazing outdoor theatre show:

## BLOOD PUDDING

3 TALES: The Vinegar Woman, The Man who had no Story  
& Samuel's Tale

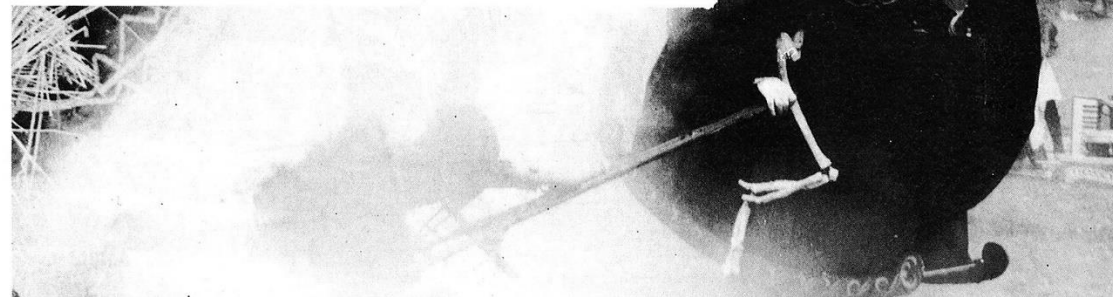
EXTRAORDINARY  
CARNIVAL STORIES OF MYSTERY  
& IMAGINATION

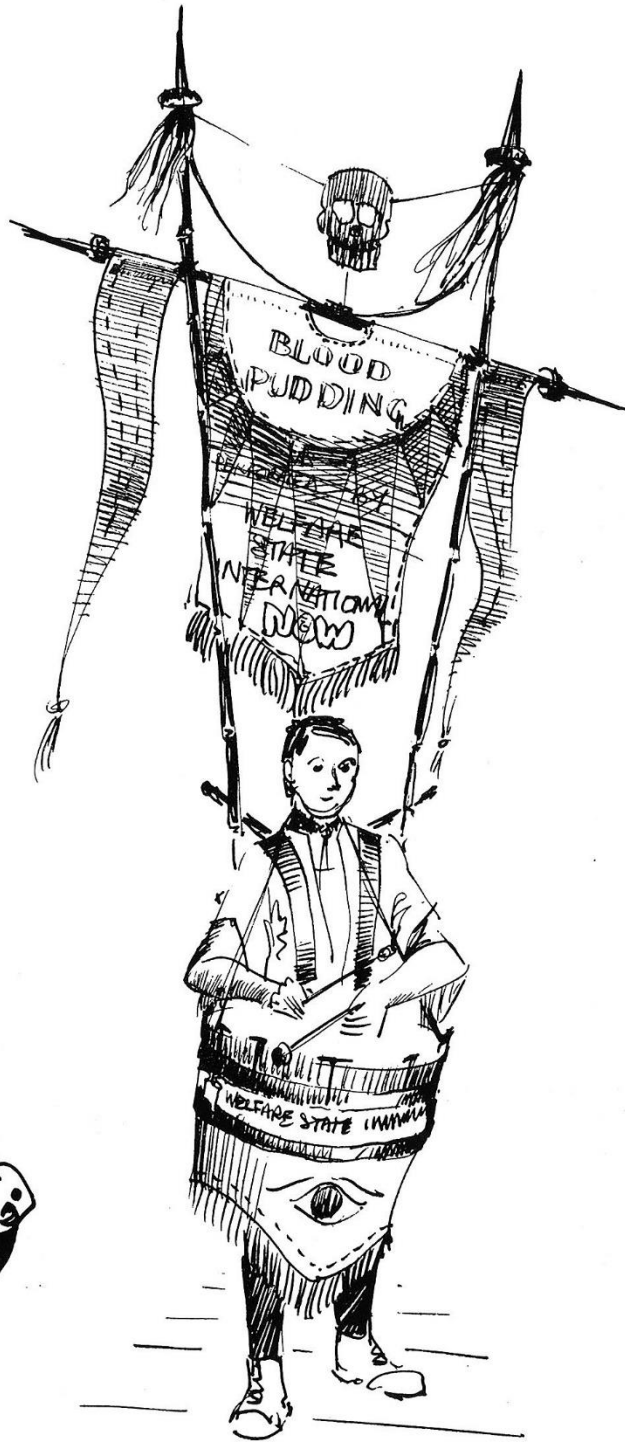
~ Live Music ~ Puppets ~ Dances ~

A HUMOROUS FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT

~ Collection taken ~

Welfare State gratefully acknowledges the support of the Arts Council of Great Britain.







# BLOOD PUDDING

A touring show for parks, markets, squares & beaches. A non-stop carnival of mystery & imagination: tales told with music, dance, song & puppets; with enormous costumes, smoke & explosions. Audiences up to 500.

1

Carnival procession with rhythm ensemble and Life & Death running amok. (Performance space prepared).

2

Arrival at the space. Life & Death dance. Cannon.

3

SAMUEL'S TALE - a domestic tragi-comedy for two mimers with puppet dream-sequences and a final lament.

4

Interlude with pipe & tabor, jumping skeleton, and the figure of Death with a burning zeppelin.

5

VINEGAR WOMAN - a modern fable of Greed. Song & dance sequence with frequent interventions by a Fairy with Big Feet who brings about miraculous transformations.

6

Interlude: where a Tall Thin Man is chased by an Old Wizened Crone who is devoured by the Force of Life.

7

THE MAN WITH NO STORY - a fantasia for tired traveller, mad fiddler, undertaker and flying ballet.

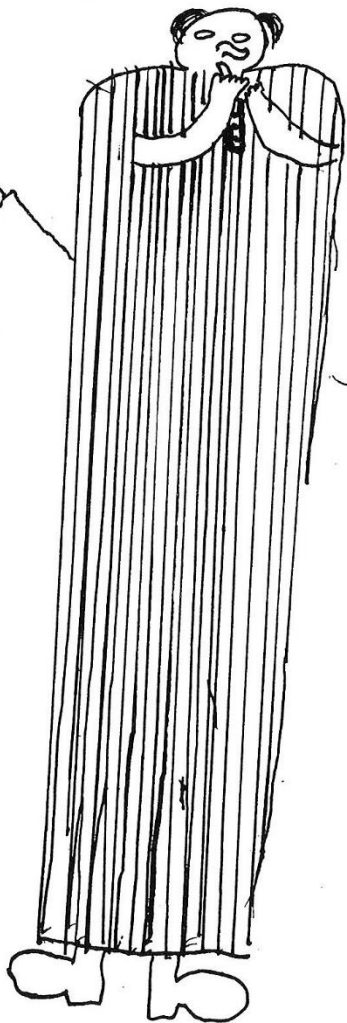
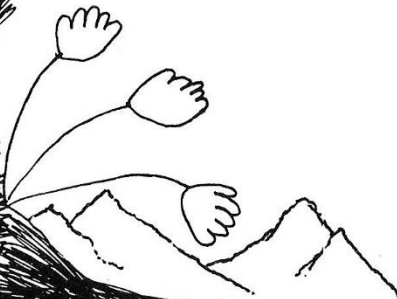
8

The final dance of Life & Death. Firing of the cannon. Explosion.

9

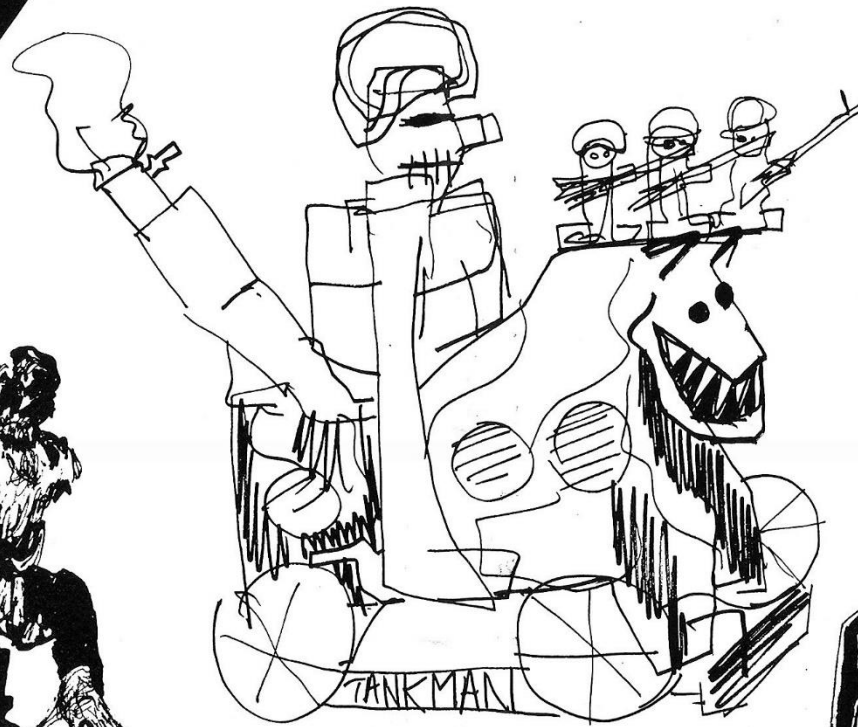
The earth erupts in a triumphant carnival of Life.



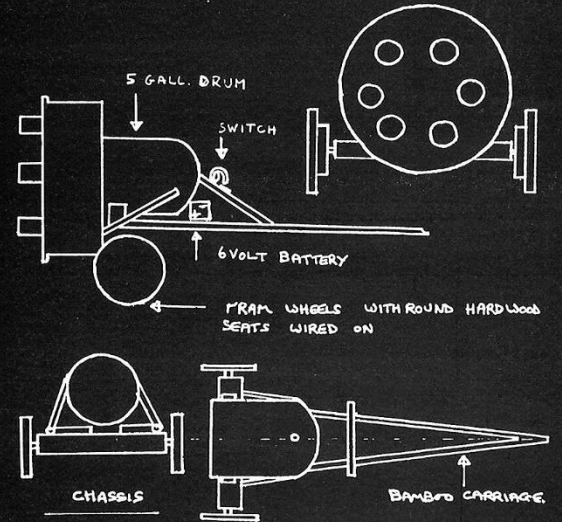
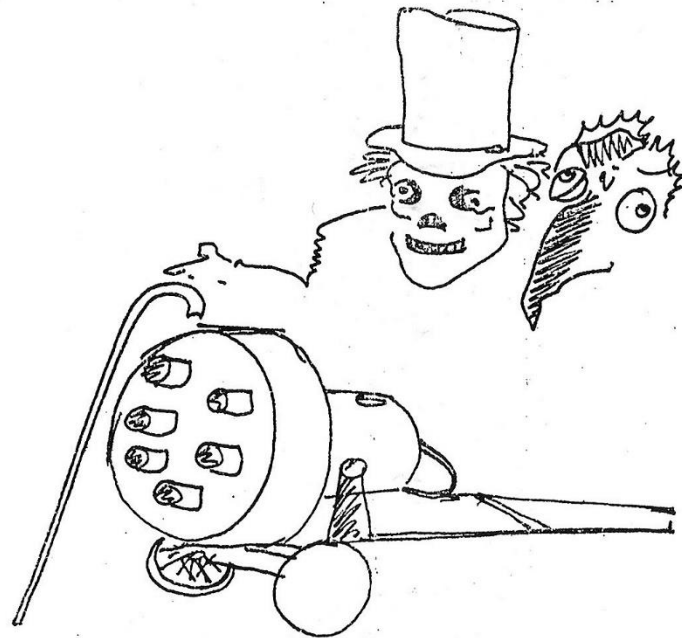


At its best a successful folktale is a small illustration concerning the nature of things: setting man in a frame with beasts & plants, world & weather, and with the magic, deeply felt, of the world of the supernatural.





# ARTILLERY





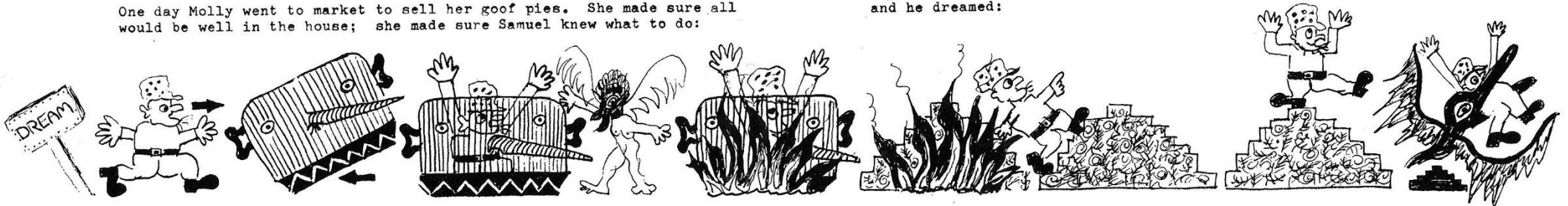


# SAMUEL'S STORY

Samuel & Molly lived in joy and laughter and noise. Samuel made most of the noise, smoked his pipe and kept the bed warm; Molly ruled house, garden and family in bliss and comfort.

One day Molly went to market to sell her goof pies. She made sure all would be well in the house; she made sure Samuel knew what to do:

"Don't drop the baby. Don't loose the cockerel. Don't eat the jam". And to make doubly sure of the last stricture, she labelled the jam-pot POISON. But, Samuel was a dreamer, so when his wife had gone to market he slept and he dreamed:



Meanwhile, the cock considered his fate: cock au guiness. He was not amused; so, while Samuel slept, he skidaddled. This made a frightful noise and woke Sam.....but the cock had gone. In the ensuing confusion Sam dropped the baby, and a lump the size of a brussel sprout bubbled amongst the tears on the end of it's nose.

Mortified at his ineptitude, Sam lurched from cupboard to table and back to the cupboard again. The pot labelled POISON fell out.

Now, Sam was a dreamer, but he was also a man of honour; and confronted with his own shortcomings, and the means whereby to terminate

such utter failure, he resolved to take his own worthless life. He ate the curiously sweet poison and, knowing his minutes on this good earth to be numbered, he drank the cider specially laid aside for Christmas.

Befuddled with drink and, quite believing his life to be at an end, he retired to bed.....  
...and he dreamed another dream:



Molly returned from market: no cockerel, an empty jam-pot, a broken cider flagon, and the baby with a brussel sprout on its nose and yelling blue murder: all confirmed her worst apprehensions. And there was Samuel lying in bed, the lazy pig!

But her greatest efforts failed to rouse the drunken corpse and, slowly, the sadness of Death closed its cold and lonely hand around her heart. In her grief she sang a lament:

Oh why did you die my Samuel,  
Oh why did you have to go?

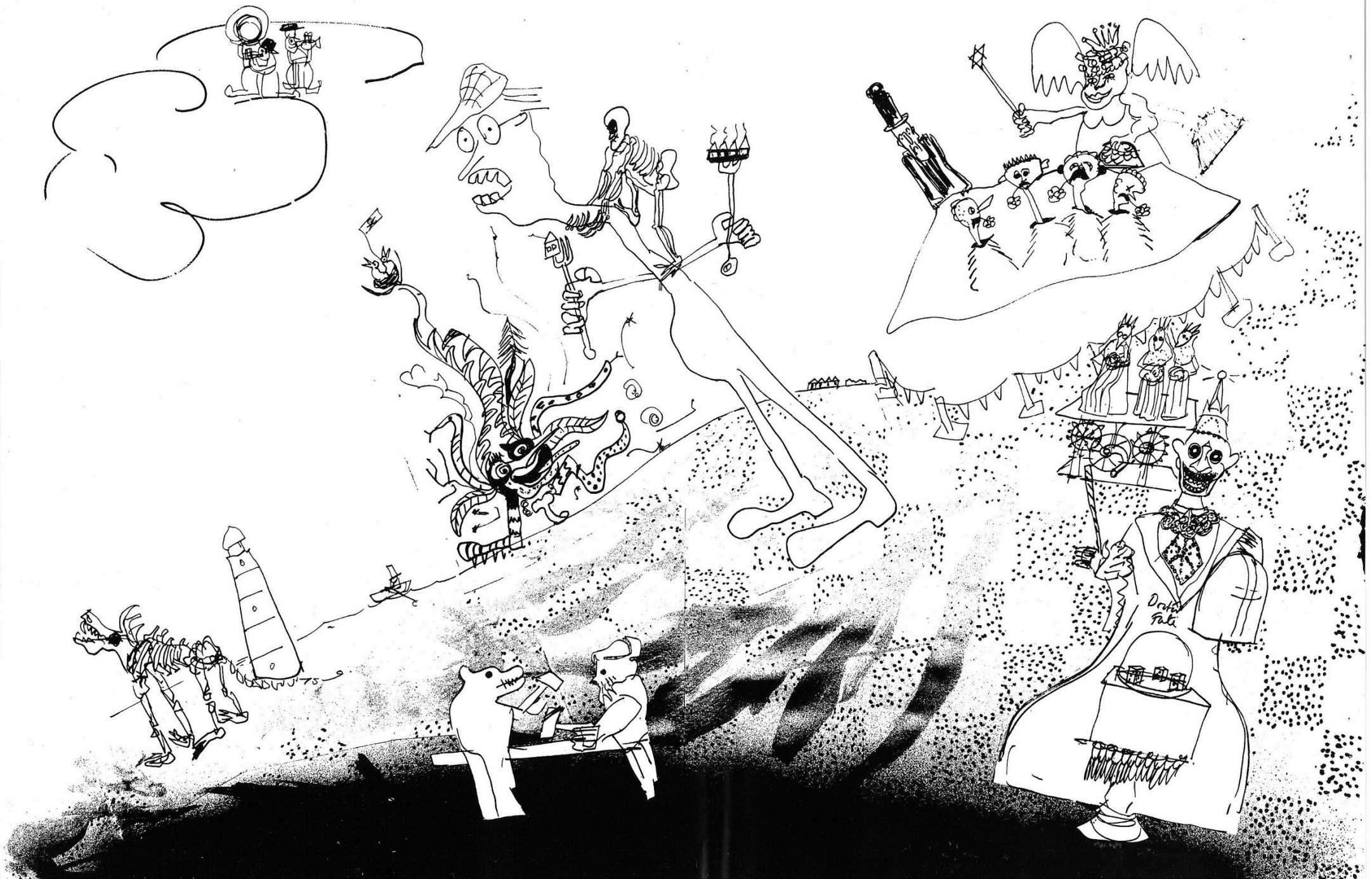
I cursed you it's true  
for lying so late in bed;  
I cursed you it's true  
for the dreams in your head.

Your body so warm,  
your gentle sad laugh,  
your silly bad jokes;  
but now you are dead we are lost.

Her tears fell, but Sam's drunken stupor subsided and he & Molly whirled together in an ecstatic funeral polka.









# VINEGAR WOMAN



Its a shame  
I just live in a bottle —  
I want a nice clean cottage  
with coachlamps, carpets  
& a Hoover.

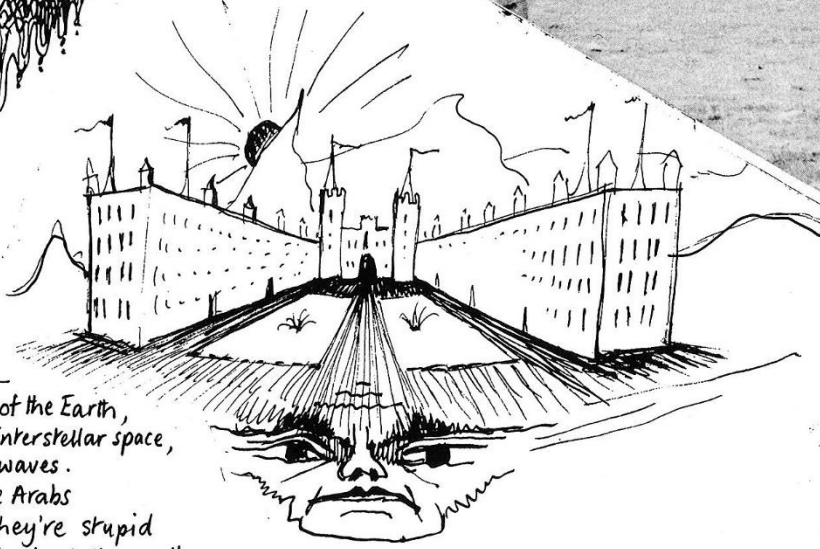


Its a shame  
I just live in a cottage —  
I want a desirable residence  
with a 2-door garage  
& double-glazed Georgian windows;  
I want to win friends  
& influence people.



Its a shame  
I just live in a mansion —  
I want to be Queen  
& live in a palace.  
I want to be as beautiful as gold  
& as powerful as a Union.

Its a shame  
I just live in a palace —  
I want to be President of the Earth,  
controlling clouds of interstellar space,  
hurricanes & tidal waves.  
I want to tell the Arabs  
that they're stupid  
& shoot them all ----



O Vinegar Woman of the West  
Sour and crabbed with insatiable greed  
May you die in the earth on your own  
May you perish, get lost & forgotten  
May your poison destroy only you  
I pity the knot in your heart  
I am sad for the pain in your mind  
I cry for shame at the greed  
of our kind

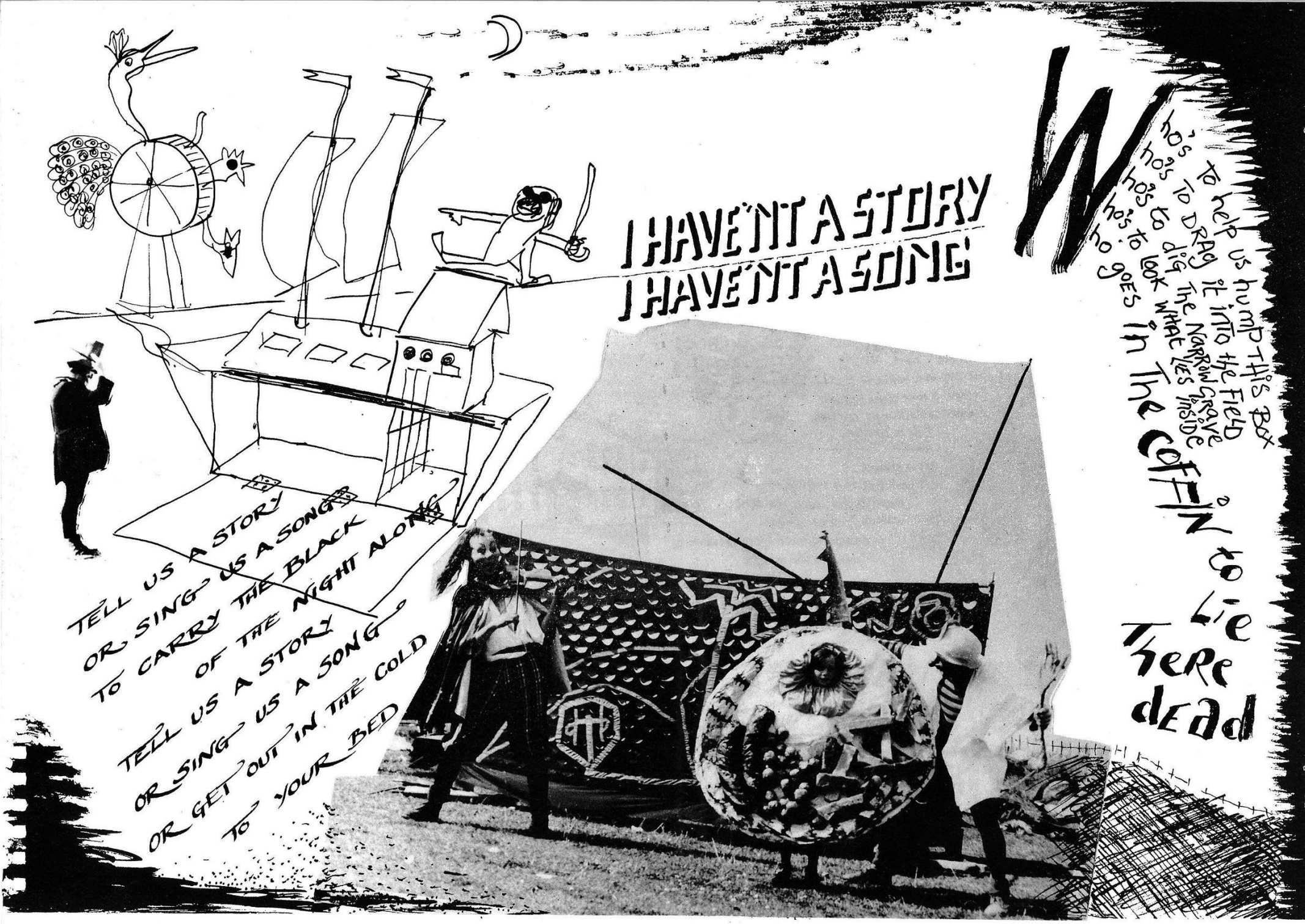




I HAVEN'T A STORY  
I HAVEN'T A SONG

W  
who's to help us humph this box  
who's to drag it into the field  
who's to dig the narrow grave  
who's to look what lies inside  
who goes in the coffin  
to lie  
there  
dead

TELL US A STORY  
OR SING US A SONG  
TO CARRY THE BLACK  
OF THE NIGHT ALONG  
TELL US A STORY  
OR SING US A SONG  
OR GET OUT IN THE COLD  
TO YOUR BED







# THE MAN WITH NO STORY

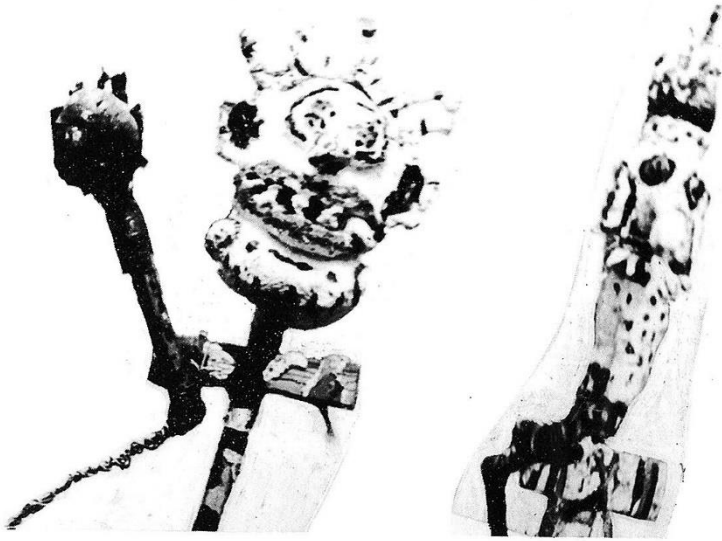
... who but Paddy Ahern

I was walking down the road - me head was all a-blazing  
 Every step I trod the stars were all a-gazing  
 Right before my glance a COFFIN there was carried  
 and gathered in the dance to the coffin I was married  
 Up & thru' the field I bumped & BANGED & reeled  
 and like a pig I squealed as over the wall I went  
 Made me rant & rave to have to dig a grave  
 the coffin lid I raised :

the coffin it was **EMPTY.**

1 = 2 = 3 = 4 = 5 = open the box and see  
 the bed in which you lie when you're a  
 skeleton pie

and worms will eat your eyes



# PRESS

Chairman:-  
Mr. C.W. Venn  
Tel: Newport 215625.

Secretary:-  
Mr. R.D. Bidmead,  
(Leisure Services Dept.),  
Civic Centre,  
NEWPORT,  
Gwent. NPT 4UR  
Tel: Newport 65491  
Ext. 3375.

## THE NEWPORT SHOW



Affiliated to:-  
R.H.S.  
Nat. Chrysanth. Soc.  
Nat. Dahlia Soc.  
Nat. Veg. Soc.

RDB/VC/H25

12 September 1979

Mr Howard Steel  
1 Croxteth Road  
Liverpool 8

Dear Mr Steel

NEWPORT SHOW 1979 - TREDEGAR HOUSE COUNTRY PARK

Thank you for your wonderful performances so speedily arranged which contributed greatly to the success of the recent Newport Show.

Please thank all concerned and I hope that future performances can be arranged.

Yours sincerely

R D Bidmead  
SHOW SECRETARY

Enc.

The Executive Committee Represents:-

Newport & County Hort. Soc.  
Newport & District Hort. Soc.  
Malindee Chrysanth. & Dahlia Soc.

Newport Leisure Services Dept.  
Newport Leisure Gardens Assoc.  
National Vegetable Society

Newport Floral Society







## Sting in the tale

TAKE a simple folk tale, or a legend, add a great dollop of imagination and then take it out into the streets, to entertain, sometimes to frighten and more often to make the people laugh.

That is the recipe of Welfare State International's success.

The company has been to Milton Keynes before, but last week was the first opportunity that it had had to cover quite so many different areas.

John Fox and Boris Howarth, co-founders of Welfare State, and their team travel all over the world, with their unique mixture of drama and dance, music and poetry, sculpture and art.

Their costumes are fantastic, their music nothing if not original, and their message is strong — education, materialism and bureaucracy are destroying our imagination, original art and creative energy are being stifled.

Welfare State is larger than life. To put their message across they wear masks and headaddresses, outrageous costumes.

This time they told three old tales, each one with a moral: everywhere they went they drew the crowds.

The two youngest members of the company — Daniel, 10, and Hannah, 8, the children of John Fox and his wife, Sue, who is also a player — were particular favourites.



# They're the life and soul of the party



IF YOU'VE been out and about in Basildon this week you may already have set eyes on these two unusual characters.

The chap on the horse with what looks like an advanced case of slimmer's disease is the spirit of death. And the bug-eyed monster made of sheaves of corn is the spirit of life.

They're just two stars in a unique street theatre performing round the district this week.

The 15-strong Welfare State International Theatre Company is being sponsored by the Towgate Theatre on its visit.

Towgate manager Mr. Malcolm Jones said: "They are the largest professional touring street theatre in Britain. But they rarely perform in the south. We are vry lucky to see them here in Basildon.

"Their show is unique. It goes back to the basics of theatre, with players acting out legends and fables using a lot of incredible imagery."

Today they were due at Lake Meadows and Sun Corner, Billericay. And the week is wound up with a performance at 10 a.m. tomorrow in Basildon town centre.

THE RATTLING bones of Old Man Death came up against their eternal adversary — the Life Force — in a Pitsea warehouse on Monday when flamboyantly costumed members of Welfare State International struggled manfully as a prelude to appearances all over the area this week, re-enacting local myths and legends.





# WELFARE STATE INTERNATIONAL



## ENGINEERS OF THE IMAGINATION

Administrator: Howard Steel, 1, Croxteth Rd., Liverpool 8. Tel. 051-727-6847