
TEATRU

MANOEL



1732

1416



KOPERATTURI

present

THE COLLECTOR

by
David Parker

based on the novel by
John Fowles

directed by
John Suda

Saturday, 24th April 1993
Sunday, 25th April 1993

The Collector

Clegg Manuel Cauchi
Miranda Moira Muscat

The action of THE COLLECTOR takes place in the cellar of a lonely country house, which is the property of neo-millionaire Ferdinand Clegg.

<u>ACT I:</u>	Scene 1	A day in April
	Scene 2	Six hours later
	Scene 3	One week later
<u>ACT II:</u>	Scene 1	Ten days later
	Scene 2	Five days later
<u>ACT III:</u>	Scene 1	Two days later
	Scene 2	One hour later
	Scene 3	Three days later

Time – the present

There will be two intervals of fifteen minutes each.

Backstage

Stage Manager	Raymond Ebejer
Book	Carmel S. Aquilina
Props	Anton Ebejer
Set Design and Construction	Raymond Ebejer
Make-up	Fabian and Marika Mizzi
Costumes	Connie Schembri
Sound	John Bruno
Music Consultant	Toni Sant
Poster	Manuel Cauchi
Publicity	Carmel S. Aquilina, Michael Tabone
Secretaries	Tania Borg, Gwann Abela

For the Manoel Theatre

Lighting	Vanni Laus
Stage carpenters	Emm. Dalli, F. Mifsud
Booking Clerks	Marthese Vassallo, Louise Polidano

KOPERATTURI

Koperatturi was set up by Carmel S. Aquilina, Manuel Cauchi, Alfred Mallia, John Suda and Michael Tabone in October 1984.

Koperatturi's aim has always been the presentation of valid and artistic productions. In collaboration with the Catholic Institute they have presented various plays at the Catholic Institute's auditorium and at the Manoel Theatre. Amongst these were *Mad-Dawl Baxx tal-Lampj* (Gaslight) by Patrick Hamilton, *Noe u l-Arka* by Andrè Obey, *Little Malcolm* by David Halliwell, *Meta Hatfu l-Papa* by Joao Bethancourt, *Therese Raquin* by Emilè Zola, *Edipu s-Sultan* by Sophocles, *Rewwixta* by Oliver Friggieri, *Menz* by Francis Ebejer, *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs* by William Inge, *Is-Sigra* (The Fall and Redemption of Man) by John Bowen, *The Sneeze* by Michael Frayn and *God's Favorite, Prisoner of Second Avenue, The Good Doctor* and *Chapter Two* by Neil Simon. This year Koperatturi have presented *Crimes of the Heart* by Beth Henley and *Meta Se Jisbah?* by Joseph Vella Bondin, both at the Manoel Theatre.

I AM AN UNUSUAL THING

This is a song composed from a riddle written by Mozart. It is one of a set of riddles he wrote and distributed in Vienna during the 1787 carnival. It is sung by Ute Lemper.

I am an unusual thing.
I have no soul and no body.
One cannot see me
but can hear me.
I do not exist for me alone.
Only a human being can give me life
as often as he wishes.
And my life is only of short duration,
for I die almost at the moment I am born.

And so, according to man's caprice,
I may live and die untold times a day.
To those who give me life I do nothing,
but those on whose account I am born
I leave with painful sensations
for the short duration of my life;
on my life till I depart.

Director's Note

Ferdinand Clegg is a collector of butterflies. And what's more, he caught all the butterflies in his collection. "Sometimes it took hundreds of hours of patience..." he tells Miranda.

He "did the photographs" as well. indeed, he prefers looking at the photographs of his dead (but, at least, ex-living) butterflies. As if life, or anything which was once living, has no place in his world. He conserves life when there is no more life left in it. As Miranda puts it: he takes "all life out of life".

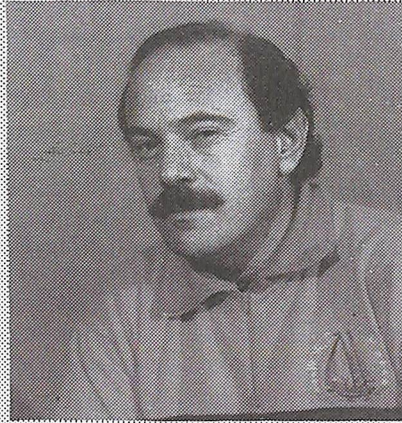
Clegg belongs to that not so small category of people, who are incapable of loving anyone else except themselves... yet lament that it's the other people who do not love them.

He has an obsession for collecting; and once he sets his mind on a particular butterfly, it will inevitably end up in his collection... together with the other dead (but beautifully arranged) butterflies.

Miranda is unlucky enough to have become his prize collector's item. But she is a lively, intelligent art student. Can she avoid ending "up there with the rest of them"?

Although this play was first presented on 8th February 1971, i.e. just over twenty years ago, I have tried to be faithful to the author's suggestion about the time of the action, i.e. the present.

I'm afraid Clegg's category lives on... undisturbed.



John Suda

