

*Arisia '02*



*Masquerade  
&  
Entertainments*



*January 19, 2002*

*Imperial Ballroom  
The Park Plaza Hotel  
Boston, Massachusetts*

*The Instant Light Opera Company*  
in association with *The MIT Gilbert & Sullivan Players*  
proudly present

# TRIAL BY JURY

## CAST

Plaintiff/Angelina.....Anne Rhodes  
First Bridesmaid...Paiyarut "Jean" Kanjanavaikoon  
Counsel.....Erica Schultz  
Defendant/Edwin.....David Euresti  
Judge.....Dennis Clark  
Usher.....Jonathan Weinstein  
Foreman.....Robert Morrison  
Chorus.....Nicholas Bozard, John Covert,  
Kate Cunningham, Jacqueline Felton,  
Emily Hanna, Cassia Martin,  
Matthew Morse, Juliet Oliva

## PRODUCTION STAFF

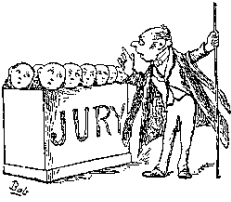
Producer.....Joel Herda  
Stage Director.....Catherine Havasi  
Music Director.....Todd Neal  
Vocal Director.....Stuart Stanton  
Assistant Stage Director/  
Stage Manager.....Stephanie Wang  
Technical Director.....Joel Herda  
Orchestra Manager.....Jennie Hango  
Set Designer.....Catherine Havasi  
Costume Coordinator.....Stephanie Wang  
Props Managers.....Catherine Havasi,  
Stephanie Wang  
Set crew.....Catherine Havasi, Robert Morrison,  
Eric Tung, Stephanie Wang  
Costume crew.....David Euresti,  
Jacqueline Felton, Catherine Havasi,  
Paiyarut "Jean" Kanjanavaikoon,  
Juliet Oliva, Anne Rhodes  
Props crew.....John Covert

## ORCHESTRA

Violin...Johanna Bobrow, Jennifer Clay, Tracy Hsu  
Viola.....Mimi Cukier  
Cello.....Irma Chirkova  
Bass.....Sarah Hudson  
Oboe.....Eliot Polk  
Flute.....Jennie Hango, Matt Sakai  
Clarinet.....Eric Mumpower, Alex Mekelburg  
Trombone.....Bill Sommerfeld, Jennifer Johnson  
Horn.....Drew Schroeder, Emily Craparo  
Percussion.....Carol Novitsky  
Rehearsal Pianists.....Kenneth Allen,  
Mike Bromberg, Jeremy Sawicki,  
Mark Seelig, Stuart Stanton

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

MIT Campus Activity Complex  
MIT Gilbert & Sullivan Players and their Executive  
Committee  
Eric Tung  
Diane Brainerd and Mike Katz of MIT Theater Arts  
Harvard/Radcliffe Gilbert & Sullivan Players  
MIT Marching Band  
Robert Morrison  
Janus Opera Productions  
Theater on the Hill



# TRIAL BY JURY

Libretto by W. S. Gilbert • Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan  
*First produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, March 25, 1875.*

SCENE: A Court of Justice.

Barristers, Attorney, Jurymen, and Members of the Public (all Bridesmaids) discovered.

**Hark, the hour of ten is sounding:**

*Hearts with anxious fears are bounding,  
 Hall of Justice, crowds surrounding,  
 Breathing hope and fear—  
 For to-day in this arena,  
 Summoned by a stern subpoena,  
 Edwin, sued by Angelina,  
 Shortly will appear.*

Now, Jurymen, hear my advice—  
 All kinds of vulgar prejudice  
 I pray you set aside:  
 With stern, judicial frame of mind  
 From bias free of every kind,  
 This trial must be tried.

*From bias free of every kind,  
 This trial must be tried.*

Silence in Court!

Oh, listen to the plaintiff's case:  
 Observe the features of her face—  
 The broken-hearted bride.  
 Condole with her distress of mind:  
 From bias free of every kind,  
 This trial must be tried!

And when, amid the plaintiff's shrieks,  
 The ruffianly defendant speaks  
 Upon the other side—  
 What *he* may say you needn't mind!  
 From bias free of every kind,  
 This trial must be tried!

**Is this the court of the Exchequer?**

*It is!*

(aside) Be firm, be firm, my ticker,  
 Your evil star's in the ascendant!

*Who are you?*

I'm the Defendant.

*Monster, dread our damages.  
 We're the jury! Dread our fury!*

Hear me, hear me, if you please,  
 These are very strange proceedings—  
 For permit me to remark,  
 On the merits of my pleadings  
 You're at present in the dark.

*That's a very true remark—  
 On the merits of his pleadings  
 We're at present in the dark!  
 Ha! ha!—ho! ho!*

**When first my old, old love I knew,**

My bosom welled with joy;  
 My riches at her feet I threw—  
 I was a love-sick boy!  
 No terms seemed too extravagant  
 Upon her to employ—  
 I used to mope, and sigh, and pant,  
 Just like a love-sick boy!

*Tink-a-tank! Tink-a-tank!*

But joy incessant palls the sense;  
 And love, unchanged, will cloy,  
 And she became a bore intense  
 Unto her love-sick boy!  
 With fitful glimmer burnt my flame,  
 And I grew cold and coy,  
 At last, one morning, I became  
 Another's love-sick boy.

*Tink-a-tank! Tink-a-tank!*

*Oh, I was like that when a lad!  
 A shocking young scamp of a rover,  
 I behaved like a regular cad;  
 But that sort of thing is all over.  
 I'm now a respectable chap  
 And shine with a virtue resplendent  
 And, therefore, I haven't a scrap  
 Of sympathy with the defendant!*

*He shall treat us with awe,  
 If there isn't a flaw,  
 Singing so merrily—Trial-la-law!*

Silence in Court, and all attention lend.  
 Behold your Judge! In due submission bend!

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Your evil star's in the ascendant your astrological timing couldn't be worse

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Tink-a-tank onomatopoeic sound of a guitar (or ukulele) cloy become too much, or too sweet, for pleasure

## All hail, great Judge!

*To your bright rays  
We never grudge ecstatic praise.  
May each decree as statute rank  
And never be reversed in banc.*

For these kind words, accept my thanks, I pray.  
A Breach of Promise we've to try to-day.  
But firstly, if the time you'll not begrudge,  
I'll tell you how I came to be a Judge.  
*He'll tell us how he came to be a Judge!*  
Let me speak...!

*Let him speak! Hush, hush, he speaks!*  
Silence in Court! Silence in Court!

**When I, good friends, was called to the bar,**  
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty.

But I was, as many young barristers are,  
An impecunious party.  
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue—  
And a brief which I bought of a booby—  
A couple of shirts, and a collar or two,  
And a ring that looked like a ruby!

At Westminster Hall I danced a dance,  
Like a semi-despondent fury;  
For I thought I never should hit on a chance  
Of addressing a British Jury—  
But I soon got tired of third-class journeys,  
And dinners of bread and water;  
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's  
Elderly, ugly daughter.

The rich attorney, he jumped with joy,  
And replied to my fond professions:  
"You shall reap the reward of your pluck, my boy,  
At the Bailey and Middlesex sessions.  
You'll soon get used to her looks," said he,  
"And a very nice girl you will find her!  
She may very well pass for forty-three  
In the dusk, with a light behind her!"

The rich attorney was good as his word;  
The briefs came trooping gaily,  
And every day my voice was heard  
At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.  
All thieves who could my fees afford  
Relied on my orations.

And many a burglar I've restored  
To his friends and his relations.  
At length I became as rich as the Gurneys—  
An incubus then I thought her,  
So I threw over that rich attorney's  
Elderly, ugly daughter.  
The rich attorney my character high  
Tried vainly to disparage—  
And now, if you please, I'm ready to try  
This Breach of Promise of Marriage!  
For now I'm a Judge!

*And a good Judge, too!*  
Though all my law be fudge,  
Yet I'll never, never budge,  
But I'll live and die a Judge!

*And a good Judge, too!*  
It was managed by a job—  
*And a good job, too!*

It is patent to the mob,  
That my being made a nob  
Was effected by a job.

*And a good job too!*

## Swear thou the jury!

Kneel, Jurymen, oh, kneel!  
Oh, will you swear by yonder skies,  
Whatever question may arise,  
'Twixt rich and poor, 'twixt low and high,  
That you will well and truly try?

*To all of this we make reply  
By the dull slate of yonder sky:  
That we will well and truly try.  
We'll try.*

## Where is the Plaintiff?

Let her now be brought.  
Oh, Angelina! Come thou into Court!

*Comes the broken flower—  
Comes the cheated maid—  
Though the tempest lower,  
Rain and cloud will fade  
Take, oh maid, these posies:  
Though thy beauty rare  
Shame the blushing roses,  
They are passing fair!  
Wear the flowers 'til they fade;  
Happy be thy life, oh maid!*

O'er the season vernal,  
Time may cast a shade;

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**reversed in banc** overturned by a superior court  
**an impecunious party** one who is short of money  
**brief** papers summarizing a court case  
**booby** a fool

**Westminster Hall** the site of the High Court of Justice from  
1755 to 1884

**fury** female avenging spirit

**the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions** the names of courts in  
London

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**the Gurneys** a wealthy banking family

**incubus** a nightmarish oppressor

**patent to the mob** obvious to everyone

**nob** person of wealth or distinction

**effected by a job** a dirty trick, or string-pulling

**the season vernal** spring; metaphorically, youth

Sunshine, if eternal,  
Makes the roses fade!  
Time may do his duty;  
Let the thief alone—  
Winter hath a beauty.  
That is all his own.  
Fairest days are sun and shade:  
I am no unhappy maid!

**Oh, never, never, never,**  
Since I joined the human race,  
Saw I so excellently fair a face.

*Ab, sly dog! Ab, sly dog!*

How say you?  
Is she not designed for capture?

*We're but one word, m'lud, and that is—  
Rapture!*

Your kindness, gentlemen, quite overpowers!  
*We love you fondly, and would make you ours!*  
*Ab, sly dogs! Ab, sly dogs!*

**May it please you, m'lud!**

Gentlemen of the jury!

With a sense of deep emotion,  
I approach this painful case;  
For I never had a notion  
That a man could be so base,  
Or deceive a girl confiding,  
Vows, et cetera, deriding.

See my interesting client,  
Victim of a heartless wile!  
See the traitor all defiant  
Wear a supercilious smile!  
Sweetly smiled my client on him,  
Coyly woo'd and gently won him.

Swiftly fled each honeyed hour  
Spent with this unmanly male!  
Camberwell became a bow'r,  
Peckham an Arcadian Vale,  
Breathing concentrated otto!—  
An existence *à la* Watteau.

Picture, then, my client naming,  
And insisting on the day:  
Picture him excuses framing—  
Going from her far away;  
Doubly criminal to do so,  
For the maid had bought her trousseau!

Cheer up, my pretty—oh, cheer up!  
*Cheer up, cheer up, we love you!*

That she is reeling is plain to see!  
If faint you're feeling, recline on me!  
I shall recover if left alone.

*Oh, perjured lover, atone! atone!*

Just like a father I wish to be.  
Or, if you'd rather, recline on me!  
Oh! fetch some water from far Cologne!

*For this sad slaughter atone! atone!  
Monster, monster, dread our fury—  
There's the Judge, and we're the Jury!  
Come! Substantial damages—*

Silence in Court!

**Oh, gentlemen, listen, I pray,**

Though I own that my heart has been ranging,  
Of nature the laws I obey,  
For nature is constantly changing.  
The moon in her phases is found,  
The time, and the wind, and the weather.  
The months in succession come round,  
And you don't find two Mondays together.  
Consider the moral, I pray,  
Nor bring a young fellow to sorrow,  
Who loves this young lady to-day,  
And loves that young lady to-morrow.  
One cannot eat breakfast all day,  
Nor is it the act of a sinner,  
When breakfast is taken away,  
To turn his attention to dinner.  
And it's not in the range of belief,  
To look upon him as a glutton,  
Who, when he is tired of beef,  
Determines to tackle the mutton.  
But this I am willing to say,  
If it will appease her sorrow,  
I'll marry this lady to-day,  
And I'll marry the other to-morrow.

**That seems a reasonable proposition,**

To which, I think, your client may agree.

—But I submit, m'lud, with all submission,  
To marry two at once is . . . Burglaree!  
In the reign of James the Second,  
It was generally reckoned  
As a rather serious crime  
To marry two wives at a time.

*Oh, man of learning!*

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**Camberwell, Peckham** working-class suburbs of London  
**otto** attar (of roses), a perfume made of rose petals  
**à la Watteau** Jean-Antoine Watteau (1684-1721) painted  
idyllic romantic scenes  
**trousseau** bride's collection of clothing and linens

**A nice dilemma we have here,**  
That calls for all our wit:  
—And at this stage, it don't appear  
That we can settle it.  
—If I to wed the girl am loth  
A breach 'twill surely be,  
—And if he goes and marries both,  
It counts as Burglaree!

*A nice dilemma we have here,  
That calls for all our wit.*

**I love him—I love him—with  
fervour unceasing**

I worship and madly adore;  
My blind adoration is ever increasing,  
My loss I shall ever deplore.  
Oh, see what a blessing,  
what love and caressing  
I've lost, and remember it, pray,  
When you I'm addressing,  
are busy assessing  
The damages Edwin must pay—  
Yes, he must pay!  
I smoke like a furnace—I'm always in liquor,  
A ruffian—a bully—a sot;  
I'm sure I should thrash her,  
perhaps I should kick her,  
I am such a very bad lot!  
I'm not prepossessing,  
as you may be guessing,  
She couldn't endure me a day!  
Recall my professing,  
when you are assessing  
The damages Edwin must pay!  
Yes, he must pay!

*We would be fairly acting,  
But this is most distracting!  
If, when in liquor he would kick her,  
That is an abatement.*

The question, gentlemen—is one of liquor.  
You ask for guidance—this is my reply:  
He says, when tipsy, he would thrash and kick  
her.  
Let's make him tipsy, gentlemen, and try!  
With all respect, I do object!  
—I do object!  
—I *don't* object!

*With all respect we do object!*

All the legal furies seize you!  
No proposal seems to please you,  
I can't sit up here all day,  
I must shortly get away.  
Barristers, and you, attorneys,  
Set out on your homeward journeys;  
Gentle, simple-minded Usher,  
Get you, if you like, to *Russier*;  
Put your briefs upon the shelf,  
I will marry her myself!

**Oh, joy unbounded,**

With wealth surrounded,  
The knell is sounded of grief and woe.  
With love devoted on you he's doated,  
To castle moated away they go.  
I wonder whether they'll live together,  
In marriage tether, in manner true?  
It seems to me, sir, of such as she, sir,  
A Judge is he, sir, and a good Judge, too!  
Yes, I am a Judge!

*And a good Judge, too!*

Though homeward as you trudge,  
You declare my law is fudge.  
Yet of beauty I'm a judge.

*And a good Judge too!*

Though defendant is a snob,

*And a great snob, too!*

Though defendant is a snob,  
I'll reward him from his fob.  
So we've settled with the job,

*And a good job, too!*

**FIN**

---

**prepossessing** attractive

**abatement** something which subtracts from the value (here, the damages to be awarded for the loss of such a fiancé)

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**I'll reward him from my fob** small waistband pocket (the reward is presumably small)

# MASQUERADE

**Masquerade Director**

Byron P. Connell

**Master of Ceremonies**

Susan deGuardiola

**Stage Manager/Ninja Crew Chief**

Ann Catelli

**Green Room Manager**

Bobby Gear

**Repair Table**

Tina Connell

**Official Photographer**

Sandy Middlebrooks

**Official Videographer**

Ray Swaggerty

**Presentation Judges**

Katherine Kurtz

Rae Bradbury-Enslin

Donna M. Dube

jan howard finder

Suford Lewis

**Presentation Judges' Clerk**

Toni Lay

**Workmanship Judge**

Marty Gear

## TECHNICAL THEATER DEPT. ARISIA '02

**Events Division Head**

Patrick McCormack

**Tech Director**

Joel Herda

**Assistant Tech Director**

Aaron "Pup" Block

**Sound Director**

Carl "Z!" Zwanzig

**Lighting Director**

Hobbit

**Live Video Director**

Patrick Foster

**Auxiliary Services Director**

Dale Farmer

**Special Agent**

Alex "Siggy" Latzko

**Run Crew Chiefs**

David Silber

Marc Gordon

**House Manager**

Kate Thornton

**Techno-Fandom volunteers**

Megan Gentry

Paul Mossip

Seth Briedbart

Kriss Barnhart

Chip Olson

Rachel Mello

Molly Deschenes

Stephanie Tyll

Brian Trimmer

seph

Regis Donovan

John Harvey

Paul Kraus

Catherine Havasi

Jacob Lefton

Talia Lefton

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Joanne Handwerger, Bridget Boyle, Skip Morris, Elizabeth Orenstein, Lisa Hertel, Lynx, and everyone who loaned time, effort, equipment, transportation, and consultation.

# DANCE PRESENTATIONS

## ***Dance Presentations Director***

Kate Waterous

## ***Bad Raqsan'e Sabra Announcer***

Kate Waterous

## ***Commonwealth Vintage Dancers Announcer***

Patri Pugliese

### BAD RAQSAN'E SAHRA

Anne Livermore Rookey (director), Carol Bendonis, Lynne Chinigo, Tamra Duran, Kathy Journeay, Beth Kelly, Terri Millette, Karen Purcell, Keri Reuss, Nan Rogers, Judith Tabron, Kate Waterous

*Original choreography by dancers except where noted.*

### COMMONWEALTH VINTAGE DANCERS

Patri Pugliese (director), Ken Baclawski, Carol Baclawski, Michael Bergman, Ben Bishop, Katy Bishop, Idy Coddington, Antonia Pugliese, Barbara Menard Pugliese, Bob Thomas.

*All Commonwealth Vintage Dancers choreography traditional.*

### PROGRAM

- Commonwealth Vintage Dancers:** Dances from the 1860s:  
Gift Polka  
Columbian Quadrille  
Hungroise (Hungarian Waltz)  
Bluebird Redowa  
Scotch Reel
- Bad Raqsan'e Sahra:** “King’s Coast” (Light Rain)—Lynne and Anne  
“Eshta” (Hossam Ramzay)—Nan  
“Forgotten Worlds” (Delirium)—Carol and Kathy  
“Alarippu” (trad. Indian, vocals and percussive accompaniment by Aparna Sindhoor)—Beth (choreography trad. Indian)  
“Missionary Man” (Eurythmics)—Karen  
“Rhythm Divine” (Enrique Iglesias)—Anne  
“Hamster Dance”—Keri (soloist), Judith, Kate, Lynne, Tamra, Teresa, and Terri (chorus) (choreography by Keri)
- Commonwealth Vintage Dancers:** Dances from the 1890s:  
Polka Schnell  
Ameer Schottische
- Dances from 1915:  
Cecile Waltz  
Tango
- Dances from the 1890s:  
San Souci Galop  
One Heart, One Soul Waltz