



AUDITIONS INFORMATION – THE MIKADO – 2019

Musical Director: Rod Mounjed
Director: Dean Sinclair Assoc. Director & Choreographer: Sarah Pearce

PRINCIPAL ROLES

Auditions for principal roles in *The Mikado* will take place on the evenings of **Tue 23rd, Wed 24th April 2019** (callbacks if required on Fri 26th April) in the Smith Auditorium Lyric Theatre, Shore School, North Sydney.

Audition bookings are NOW OPEN online at...

<https://savoyartscompany.simplybook.me/v2/>

DANCE CALL – Fri 26th April 2019 at 8:00 pm

Singers (male and female) with some dance experience – and everyone who'd just like to give it a try – is warmly invited to try out for a role in the *Dance Ensemble* of *The Mikado*. Dance Ensemble members will sing all chorus numbers in the show as well as dance feature & production numbers. The Dance Call will take place at 8:00 pm on Friday 26th April in the Smith Auditorium, Shore School, North Sydney.

To book or enquire about the Dance Call, please email your name and phone number to... info@gsosydney.com.au

Note: General Auditions for **new chorus/ensemble** singers will be held at the start of rehearsals on Tues 11th June 2019. If you're interested in singing in the chorus, we'd love to hear from you. Please email us your details and a contact number.

For any further information about auditions, please email: info@gsosydney.com.au

THE MIKADO - PERFORMANCE DATES & VENUES 2019

7.30 pm, **Monday**, 23 September
Ravenswood Centenary Centre, **GORDON**

2pm & 7:30pm, Saturday, 28 September
Soldiers' Memorial Hall: Railway Street, **BUNDANOON**

8pm Friday, 4 October
8pm Saturday, 5 October
2pm Sunday, 6 October
8pm Friday, 11 October
2pm Saturday, 12 October
2pm Sunday, 13 October
Smith Auditorium Lyric Theatre: Shore School, **NORTH SYDNEY**

AUDITIONS FOR PRINCIPAL ROLES

When making your audition booking, you will be asked to nominate the primary role that you wish to be considered for. On the day of the audition, you will be able to nominate a second preference of role should you wish to.

Singers will be asked to perform, *ideally* from memory, specific pieces of music from *The Mikado*. Harmony parts may also be asked for, where they are relevant in the excerpts below. Candidates will also be asked to recite passages of dialogue from the show. The dialogue passages for each role are given *further down on this document*. *N.B. When a song consists of more than one verse, you may be asked to sing only the first verse or to sing all the verses. This will be at the panel's discretion.*

The singing audition requirements for each role are as follows:

<u>ROLE</u>	<u>SONG</u>	<u>No. in score</u>
The Mikado (Baritone/Bass)	A more humane Mikado (up to chorus entry)	Act 2 #6
	See how the fates their gifts allot**	Act 2 #8
Nanki-Poo (Tenor)	A wand'ring minstrel, I	Act 1 #2
	Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted**	Act 1 #9
	Brightly dawns our wedding day**	Act 2 #3
Ko-Ko (Baritone)	On a tree by a river....	Act 2 #11
	I am so proud**	Act 1 #10
	See how the fates their gifts allot**	Act 2 #8
	There is beauty in the bellow**	Act 2 #12
Pooh-Bah (Baritone)	Young man, despair	Act 1 #4
	I am so proud**	Act 1 #10
	See how the fates their gifts allot**	Act 2 #8
Pish-Tush (Baritone)	Our great Mikado, virtuous man	Act 1 #3
	I am so proud**	Act 1 #10
	Brightly dawns our wedding day**	Act 2 #3
Yum-Yum (Soprano)	The sun, whose rays are all ablaze	Act 2 #2
	Three little maids from school are we**	Act 1 #7
	Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted**	Act 1 #9
	Brightly dawns our wedding day**	Act 2 #3
Pitti-Sing (Mezzo Soprano)	The criminal cried ... (solo, verse 2)	Act 2 #7
	Three little maids from school are we**	Act 1 #7
	See how the fates their gifts allot**	Act 2 #8
	Brightly dawns our wedding day**	Act 2 #3
Peep-Bo (Soprano/Mezzo Soprano)	Braid the raven hair (soprano 2 line)	Act 2 #1
	Three little maids from school are we**	Act 1 #7
Katisha (Mezzo Soprano/Contralto)	Your revels cease (up to 'thy knell is rung')	pp 104-109 Act 1 finale
	Alone, and yet alive	Act 2 #10
	See how the fates their gifts allot**	Act 2 #8
	There is beauty in the bellow**	Act 2 #12

** Denotes secondary item/s for the role which we ask auditionees to be familiar with – particularly where there is *harmony* singing – as they may be asked to perform them (not necessarily from memory)

A plot summary of the operetta is available here....
<https://gsarchive.net/mikado/html/plotsum.html>

The Mikado - Vocal Ranges and Character Descriptions

Yum-Yum – Soprano D4-A5, Large role

Engaged to Ko-Ko but in love with Nanki-Poo. Sings one of the most famous arias in the G&S, “The Sun, whose rays are all ablaze”, a duet and several featured solos in chorus numbers. A fair amount of dialogue as well. The role is something of an emotional rollercoaster as she pivots from delight to despair and back again, so a great opportunity for showing off your acting.

Pitti-Sing – Mezzo-soprano or alto G3-F5, Medium role

Best friends with Yum-Yum and Peep-Bo. Pretty gutsy, stands up to Katisha and actively mocks Pooh- Bah. Has the best of intentions but ends up ‘encompassing the death of the heir to the throne’ nevertheless. Has solos in a variety of ensembles.

Peep-Bo – Soprano D4-D5, Small role

Some ensemble singing including the classic ‘Three little maids from school are we’. And in act 2, some really fun dialogue.

Katisha – Contralto G#3-F5, Large role

A fearsome lady of the Mikado’s court, betrothed to (and probably genuinely in love with) Nanki- Poo. Can be viewed as the villain of the piece but is one of the most emotionally complete characters in G&S, with two surprisingly moving arias about her broken heart. Sings in some fun duets and ensembles as well.

Nanki-Poo – Tenor C3-A4, Large role

Romantic tenor. The son of the Mikado of Japan, in disguise as a travelling musician. In love with Yum-Yum, loved by Katisha, wanted dead by Ko-Ko. Sings the famous aria “A wand’ring minstrel, I” and features solo lines in many ensembles and chorus numbers.

Ko-Ko – Baritone, G2-E4, Very large role

The Lord High Executioner of Titipu, and won’t let people forget it. A former commoner elevated to nobility by sheer chance. Madly scheming but forever thwarted, he has lots of comic opportunities in scenes throughout the opera. Two big songs, a duet, numerous featured solos in ensembles and chorus numbers.

Pooh-Bah – Bass-baritone G2-D4 (optional F#4), Large role

Lord High Everything-Else. A pompous aristocrat and bureaucrat, possessed of great dignity and oblivious to his own absurdity. Quite a bit of dialogue, a solo number in Act 1, and featured in ensembles and chorus numbers.

Pish-Tush – Bass-baritone F2-Eb4, Medium role

A noble Lord. Sings a big, context-setting solo aria at the beginning of the opera, and is featured in a handful of ensemble numbers, including the madrigal.

The Mikado – Bass F2-D4, Medium role

A terrifyingly amiable despot with avant-garde ideas about crime and punishment. Doesn’t appear until the last half of Act 2, reasonable amount of dialogue, one big song, a few solo lines and a quintet. Note: If you are offered this role, we may also request that you appear in the chorus in Act 1.

AUDITION READINGS

Reference: Full libretto available here....
<https://gsarchive.net/mikado/html/index.html>

MIKADO (or PISH-TUSH reading Mikado's lines) & PITTI-SING

MIK. Obligated? not a bit. Don't mention it. How *could* you tell?

POOH. No, of course we couldn't tell who the gentleman really was.

PITTI. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

KO. It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief, but Japanese don't use pocket-handkerchiefs! Ha! ha! ha! MIK. Ha! ha! ha! (*To KATISHA.*) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

KO., POOH. *and* PITTI. Punishment. (*They drop down on their knees again.*)

MIK. Yes. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret – I'm not a bit angry.

KO. (*in abject terror*). If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea –

MIK. Of course –

PITTI. I knew nothing about it.

POOH. I wasn't there.

MIK. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately, the fool of an Act says 'compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.' There's not a word about a mistake –

KO., PITTI., *and* POOH. No!

MIK. Or not knowing –

KO. No!

MIK. Or having no notion –

PITTI. No!

MIK. Or not being there –

POOH. No!

MIK. There should be, of course –

KO., PITTI., *and* POOH. Yes!

MIK. But there isn't.

KO. PITTI., *and* POOH. Oh!

MIK. That's the slovenly way in which these Acts are always drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session. Now, let's see about your execution – will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

KO., PITTI., *and* POOH. Oh, yes – we can wait till then!

MIK. Then we'll make it after luncheon.

POOH. I don't want any lunch.

MIK. I'm really very sorry for you all, but it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances.

KO-KO & NANKI-POO

KO. This is simply appalling! I, who allowed myself to be respited at the last moment, simply in order to benefit my native town, am now required to die within a month, and that by a man whom I have loaded with honours! Is this public gratitude? Is this – (*Enter NANKI-POO, with a rope in his hands.*) Go away, sir!

How dare you? Am I never to be permitted to soliloquize?

NANK.. Oh, go on – don't mind me. –

KO. What are you going to do with that rope?

NANK. I am about to terminate an unendurable existence.

KO. Terminate your existence? Oh, nonsense! What for?

NANK. Because you are going to marry the girl I adore.

KO. Nonsense, sir. I won't permit it. I am a humane man, and if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest. Come, sir, desist at once, or I summon my guard.

NANK. That's absurd. If you attempt to raise an alarm, I instantly perform the Happy Despatch with this dagger. KO. No, no, don't do that. This is horrible! (*Suddenly.*) Why, you coldblooded scoundrel, are you aware that, in taking your life, you are committing, a crime which – which – which – is – Oh! (*Struck by an idea.*) Substitute! NANK. What's the matter?

KO. Is it *absolutely certain* that you are resolved to die?

NANK. Absolutely!

KO. Will *nothing* shake your resolution?

NANK. Nothing.

KO. Threats, entreaties, prayers – all useless?

NANK. All! My mind is made up.

Ko . Then, if you really mean what you say, and if you are absolutely resolved to die, and if nothing whatever will shake your determination – don't spoil yourself by committing suicide, but be beheaded handsomely at the hands of the Public Executioner!

NANK. I don't see how that would benefit me.

KO. You don't? Observe: you'll have a month to live, and you'll live like a fighting-cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremonial – you'll be the central figure – no one will attempt to deprive you of that distinction. There'll be a procession – bands – dead march – bells tolling – all the girls in tears – Yum-Yum distracted – then, when it's all over, general rejoicings, and a display of fireworks in the evening. *You* won't see them, but they'll be there all the same.

NANK. Do you think Yum-Yum would really be distracted at my death?

KO. I am convinced of it. Bless you, she's the most tender-hearted little creature alive.

NANK. I should be sorry to cause her pain. Perhaps, after all, if I were to withdraw from Japan, and travel in Europe for a couple of years, I might contrive to forget her.

KO. Oh, I don't think you could forget Yum-Yum so easily; and, after all, what is more miserable than a love- blighted life?

NANK. True.

KO. Life without Yum-Yum – why, it seems absurd!

NANK. And yet there are a good many people in the world who have to endure it.
KO. Poor devils, yes! You are quite right not to be of their number.
NANK. (*suddenly*). I *won't* be of their number!
KO. Noble fellow!
NANK. I'll tell you how we'll manage it. Let me marry Yum-Yum tomorrow, and in a month you may behead me.
KO. No, no. I draw the line at Yum-Yum.
NANK. Very good. If you can draw the line so can I. (*Preparing rope.*)
KO. Stop, stop – listen one moment – be reasonable. How can I consent to your marrying Yum-Yum if I'm. going to marry her myself?
NANK. My good friend, she'll be a widow in a month, and you can marry her then.

Ko . That's true, of course. I quite see that. But, dear me! my position during the next month will be most unpleasant – most unpleasant.
NANK. Not half so unpleasant as my position at the end of it.
KO. But – dear me! – well – I agree – after all, it's only putting off my wedding for a month. But you won't prejudice her against me, will you? You see, I've educated her to be my wife; she's been taught to regard me as a wise and good man. Now I shouldn't like her views on that point disturbed.
NANK. Trust me, she shall never learn the truth from me.

POOH-BAH

POOH. It is. Our logical Mikado, seeing no moral difference between the dignified judge who condemns a criminal to die, and the industrious mechanic who carries out the sentence, has rolled the two offices into one, and every judge is now his own executioner.
NANK. But how good of you (for I see that you are a nobleman from the highest shelf) to condescend to tell all this to me, a mere strolling minstrel!
POOH. Don't mention it. I am, in point of fact, a particularly haughty and exclusive person, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent. You will understand this when I tell you that I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently, my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering.

YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO & PITTI-SING

Yum-Yum. Yes, everything seems to smile upon me. I am to be married to-day to the man I love best and I believe I am the very happiest girl in Japan!
Peep-Bo. The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.
Yum-Yum. In "all but" perfection?
Peep-Bo. Well, dear, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband is to be beheaded in a month is, in its way, a drawback. It does seem to take the top off it, you know.
Pitti-Sing. I don't know about that. It all depends!
Peep-Bo. At all events, he will find it a drawback.
Pitti-Sing. Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

Yum-Yum. (*in tears*) I think it very indelicate of you to refer to such a subject on such a day. If my married happiness is to be — to be —

Peep-Bo. Cut short.

Yum-Yum. Well, cut short — in a month, can't you let me forget *it?* (*weeping*) Enter Nanki-Poo, followed by Pish-Tush.

Nanki-Poo. Yum-Yum in tears — and on her wedding morn!

Yum-Yum. (*sobbing*) They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*) Pitti-Sing. Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded. (*Bursts into tears.*)

Peep-Bo. It's quite true, you know, you are to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

NANKI-POO & YUM YUM

NANK. Yum-Yum, at last we are alone! I have sought you night and day for three weeks, in the belief that your guardian was beheaded, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

YUM. Alas, yes!

NANK. But you do not love him?

YUM. Alas, no!

NANK. Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?

YUM. What good would that do? He's my guardian, and he wouldn't let me marry you!

NANK. But I would wait until you were of age!

YUM. You forget that in Japan girls do not arrive at years of discretion until they are fifty.

NANK. True; from seventeen to forty-nine are considered years of indiscretion.

YUM. Besides — a wandering minstrel, who plays a wind instrument outside tea-houses, is hardly a fitting husband for the ward of a Lord High Executioner.

NANK. But — (*Aside.*) Shall I tell her? Yes! She will not betray *me!* (*Aloud.*) What if it should prove that, after all, I am no musician?

YUM. There! I was certain of it, directly I heard you play!

NANK. What if it should prove that I am no other than the son of his Majesty the Mikado?

YUM. The son of the Mikado! But why is your Highness disguised? And what has your Highness done? And will your Highness promise never to do it again?

NANK. Some years ago I had the misfortune to captivate Katisha, an elderly lady of my father's Court. She misconstrued my customary affability into expressions of affection, and claimed me in marriage, under my father's law. My father, the Lucius Junius Brutus of his race, ordered me to marry her within a week, or perish ignominiously on the scaffold. That night I fled his Court, and, assuming the disguise of a Second Trombone, I joined the band in which you found me when I had the happiness of seeing *you!* (*Approaching her.*)

YUM. (*retreating.*) If you please, I think your Highness had better not come too near. The laws against flirting are excessively severe.

NANK. But we are quite alone, and nobody can see us.
YUM. Still, that doesn't make it right. To flirt is capital.
NANK. It is capital!
YUM. And we must obey the law.
NANK. Deuce take the law!
YUM. I wish it would, but it won't!
NANK. If it were not for that, how happy we might be!
YUM. Happy indeed!
NANK. If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that. (*Sits by her.*)
YUM. Instead of being obliged to sit half a mile off, like that. (*Crosses and sits at other side of stage.*)
NANK. We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that. (*Gazing at her sentimentally.*)
YUM. Breathing sighs of unutterable love – like that. (*Sighing and gazing lovingly at him.*)
NANK. With our arms round each other's waists, like that. (*Embracing her.*)
YUM. Yes, if it wasn't for the law.
NANK. If it wasn't for the law.
YUM. As it is, of course we couldn't do anything of the kind.
NANK. Not for worlds!
YUM. Being engaged to Ko-Ko, you know!
NANK. Being engaged to Ko-Ko!

KATISHA

KAT. The miscreant who robbed me of my love! But vengeance pursues – they are heating the cauldron!
KO. Katisha – behold a suppliant at your feet! Katisha – mercy!
KAT. Mercy? Had you mercy on him? See here, you! You have slain my love. He did not love me, but he would have loved me in time. I am an acquired taste – only the educated palate can appreciate me. I was educating his palate when he left me. Well, he is dead, and where shall I find another? It takes years to train a man to love me. Am I to go through the weary round again, and, at the same time implore mercy for you who robbed me of my prey – I mean my pupil – just as his education was on the point of completion? Oh, where shall I find another?

MIKADO / KATISHA / KO-KO / POOH-BAH

MIK. All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the heir to the throne of Japan, bolted from our Imperial Court.

KO. Indeed! Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position?

KAT. None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him – yet he fled!

POOH. I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely!

KAT. That's not true.

POOH. No!

KAT. You hold that I am not beautiful because my face is plain. But you know nothing; you are still unenlightened. Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought. My face is unattractive!

POOH. It is.

KAT. But I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can resist.

POOH. Allow me!

KAT. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world.

KO. And yet he fled!

Mix. And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a Second Trombone.

KO., POOH. and PITTI. A Second Trombone!

MIK. Yes; would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to-produce him? He goes by the name of –

KAT. Nanki-Poo.

MIK. Nanki-Poo.

KO. It's quite easy. That is, it's rather difficult. In point of fact, he's gone abroad!

MIK. Gone abroad! His address.

KO. Knightsbridge!

KAT. (who is reading certificate of death). Ha!

MIK. What's the matter?

KAT. See here – his name – Nanki-Poo – beheaded this morning. Oh, where shall I find another? Where shall I find another? (KO-KO, POOH-BAH and PITTI- SING fall on their knees.)

END