

A View From the Other Side Series
Island & Land Stories

"The Boy Who Woke Up the Sun"

dedicated to you and to wonder
by
geo

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(* = picture for story board film or childrens book) - a work in progress -

TREATMENT

Synopsis of Story line: Told by an old man. This is a story about me and my father and my father's father. My father told me that his father and his father before him and for generations since the beginning of time it was our family who woke the sun up and put it to sleep. I don't know why we were chosen, but every day we woke the sun up with the rooster... I don't know why the rooster was chosen either, maybe it was to wake us up before the sunrise, but every morning there he was and we were too, talking to the sun... when I was still in my mother I could hear my fathers drum.

I could tell it was morning because at sunrise it started off very slow to gently wake the sun up and not to alarm the sun and have it wake up angry... this is very important I was to learn later... The drum would beat softly and tenderly you could barely hear it.. I remember when I was a baby my father would play the same soft rhythm to me... it was like floating in air... My father said it was to wake the sun up in me... it sounded like a soft wave against the beach, he would also hum very quietly... It is said the reason the morning sun gently caresses us is because the sun was happy to rise in the morning and went to sleep happy...

When I was a young my father would take me everywhere to the tops of mountains and the bottom most point of the earth... he said I needed to know the gift the sun brings in order to understand and wake it up and put it to sleep... we would feel the warmth of the sun and listen to the plants growing, the river, the trees, the wind, the animals and birds and he would play and feel their rhythms and play with them and they would play back with him, they were his teacher and mine...

It was important to touch everything the sun touched so that I could see that without the sun there is no life... its rhythm comes to life when the sun touches it. He wanted me to know how important it is that I wake the sun up otherwise the world would be dark and cold and life will end... I should know everything that the sun touched before he would let me play and wake up the sun... Every morning I would get up with him and the rooster and listen and watch as he gently rose up the sun with such feeling I sometimes felt happy and sad at the same time... I would listen to his drumming it started off very softly you could barely hear it... it was slow and gently rose from the darkness of the night... when the sun hit my face as I sat next to my father it was like I swallowed a bolt of lightning as I watched everything it touched slowly come to life...

My father hands moved slowly and gently to the rhythm of the rising sun... the music came from someplace deep within him... and when the morning sun touched him it always brought a glow and smile to his face... he once told me when the warmth of the morning sun caressed him he was... he couldn't find words to describe it... but he said I would know when it was my turn... every morning I would watch the shadows dance with my fathers hands as he played... his life in his hands caressing the sun to rise and bring life to all living things...

What greater gift and honor could one have he would say to me... than to wake the sun up and watch it breathe the rhythm of life into everything...

As the sun rose in the sky the head of the drum would get tighter and the sound stronger and higher... the rhythm would start slowly at first and then faster and louder and faster and faster and louder, the beat would wake everybody up and the rhythm would change as the sun rose... the drum would play with the wind, the birds, the bees, the sound of the trees in the wind... he would say to me I had to learn to listen and feel, and create my own language... my father would say play with the silence and not just the sound... he would tell me to be free and let my hands dance... dance like the wind with my hands...

As I got older my father would say to me to listen not only to what I hear but to what I don't hear... later on I came to understand what he meant... My father was a good listener... people would come from all around to talk to him and ask him things... he would sit with his drum between his legs and listen.. my father was a man of few words... with big eyes that smiled... he was quiet, on the inside and had his own language... when he was ready he would play and they would listen very carefully to the movement and feeling that he put into his drumming... and they would go away feeling better... and said how wise my father was... As I got older my father and I would listen together and I began to understand...

Sometimes he would tell me stories, times when we had a big family when the oldest to the youngest would take turns on the drum saying good morning to the sun until the sun had risen in the sky and then everyone would celebrate with a big feast to break the new day.... And all day long you could hear the drummers from all around playing and celebrating... practicing new rhythms and phrases... when someone was happy he could do nothing to control himself he had to play his drums and everyone could tell for miles around what he was feeling... the drummers would talk to each other from the mountain tops... telling stories and news through their drums...

All drums are magical but it was only my family who had the drum that woke up the sun and put it to sleep.. Sometimes the drummers would come together to play, celebrate and talk to nature... there were rain rhythms, planting rhythms, hunting rhythms, spring, summer, winter and fall rhythms, moon rhythms, there were birth rhythms, funeral, marriage rhythms, midday rhythms, and siesta rhythms, to name a few... and then there were the sunset songs that would start fast and then slowly as the sun was setting turn to soft gentle phrases as if they were singing a lullaby until the sun was quiet and asleep and the night would visit us. We would eat and

celebrate the day and play our drums until we fell asleep...
And wake up with the rooster and a song in our hearts to wake
up the sun.

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