

Theme: Socio-economic analysis of the presentation of masks and puppets in
Markala

Title: SÔGO BÔ

Characters

Kadia: Bouaré's wife

BOUARE: Head of the household

Soumkoura: Kadia's friend and the second wife of the village chief

Coulibaly: Bouaré's friend, President of the Youth Association

Mariam: President of the Women's Association

At Bouaré and his wife's home

Kadia: *singing*

BOUARE: Eh! My God, Kadia! Didn't I tell you not to sweep the house during the day?

Kadia: I couldn't finish my work this morning. Besides, the courtyard is dirty. You too!

BOUARE: Put down the broom and bring me my bag.

Kadia: Your bag? What for?

BOUARE: We have to go and collect grass for the masks, since the mask festival is approaching.

Kadia: Honestly, we women are tired of this whole mask business.

BOUARE: Eh! I told you to bring me my bag.

Kadia: Here... *there you go!*

BOUARE: Eh! Kadia!

Look! If I hit her, people will say I hit a woman. If I leave her alone, they'll say I'm a man who is afraid of his wife.

Kadia: Hmm! Hit me. That's all you know how to do.

We women are tired of this whole mask and puppet festival. When the festival comes, our children and husbands are no longer ours. They spend the whole day making masks. And on top of that, we women are the ones who cook, fetch water, and take care of the hosts and guests. We are tired.

BOUARE: Ah! I see. So you're only tired because of all the work you have to do during the festival? If that's the case, you are women, and this is your work. So you will do it.

Soumkoura: Hello! Bouaré's family, what's going on here? We can hear you from the other house.

Kadia: Hmm! My friend, we're talking about this whole mask and puppet business.

Soumkoura: Ah! Honestly, Bouaré, this whole mask and puppet business is getting on our nerves. We women are tired. It's a tradition that doesn't even have any value.

BOUARE: Hey! Look at this! The second wife of our village chief is speaking badly about our traditions like this. If we weren't here, you wouldn't dare say that in front of the village chief.

Soumkoura: Yes, I know I can't say it at home. That's why I came here to say it. We're tired.

Coulibaly: Hey, Bouaré! You're still here? We've been waiting for you.

BOUARE: Hey, Coulibaly! It's because of the women that I'm still here. They want to rebel against the festival simply because they have so much work to do. Especially the second wife of our chief!

Coulibaly: Hey, Soumkoura, you too! Honestly, I don't know what to say. You're the one who should be mobilizing the women, and instead you're embarrassing me.

BOUARE: Hey, Coulibaly! By the way, do you remember the song you sang last year?

Coulibaly: Hey, Bouaré! How could I forget? It's the only tradition our parents passed down to us.

BOUARE: Indeed!

Coulibaly: *song.....*

BOUARE: Ha ha ha! You really do remember it!

Coulibaly: Hey, President of the Women's Association, are you here?

Mariam: Ha ha! Hey, Coulibaly! When you sing with your golden voice, who can stay still? Who can resist dancing?

I came to get the women. We need to organize ourselves for the festival preparations.

Coulibaly: They're right in front of you.

Mariam: Hello! Hello!

Soumkoura: Look at you! You're the president who is always with the men, scheming with them. This year, we're not doing anything. We're tired.

Mariam: Hey, Soumkoura! Please! The Mask and Puppet Festival is a celebration where people come together. We are going to welcome many visitors, so we need to prepare. We need to fetch water and prepare food.

- You, Kadia, if you remember, it was during one of these festivals that Bouaré saw you, and thank God, you are married today.

BOUARE: Ha ha ha! Indeed!

Coulibaly: We have to recognize that this festival contributes greatly to the development of our municipality, through the local economy and by strengthening peace and unity among us.

- And Kadia, don't forget that thanks to this festival, our children who live elsewhere come back here every year. We must increase our efforts to preserve and promote this tradition.

Mariam: My friends, I hope you understand now? Shall we go? The others are waiting for us.

Kadia: My friend, what should we do?

Soumkoura: I didn't know all of this. I think we can go.

Coulibaly: Thank you very much for understanding.

"Song, song..."