

Ballet de coon. Arcadia, Calif., Raccoon Press, c1964.

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Ringtail Tales BALLET de COON

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BALLET de COON

The audience was a twitter in the outdoor theatre, As they dimmed down all the lights, For the air was warm, and the dancers in form As all waited for the ballet that night.

The overture started, and the curtain parted. The sets for Giselle were a dream! Twas a beautiful sight, those dancers in white.... But then came a piercing scream!

The cause of his rage was that up on stage Had strolled a large raccoon! But with an entrechat-all stopped in awe, For this beast could dance in tune!

The people roared as that raccoon soared Through the air with a grand jete. They yelled with elation at his grand elevation, And went wild with his pas de bourree!

They clapped for hours and tossed him flowers, But when the stage was cleared He was nowhere around! He could not be found! The coon had disappeared!

Was this moment of glory a publicity story As some of the newspapers say? Well, those of us there are very aware, We witnessed ballet's finest day!

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