K-nowhere to run, na-w-here to Hid:
A Search for Innocence

A Thesis

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree of Master of Fine Arts in the
Graduate School of The Ohio State University

By
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***

The Ohio State University
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Dr. Anthony D. Hill, Associate Professor
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ABSTRACT

My thesis project consists of creating original theatrical combinations primarily between Spoken Word Poetry and Jazz music. I am seeking to create unique physical interfaces between an actor, a poet and a musician in order to give birth to a new genre--Spoken Word Poetry Theatre. This style invites vocalist and musicians to engage in a personal way to assist the impact of words.

Spoken Word Poetry is a form of Oral Tradition, a spoken format of passing down culture and heritage from generation to generation. Technically, the Spoken Word is a renovated form of "Old School Poetry" that relies on a rhythmic structure, and the manipulation of the rate and duration of the performer speaking. The delivery and execution depends intimately on call and response with the audience. With "good chemistry" and mastery of communication, the performers and audience can experience a climatic celebratory communion.
Dedicated to my lovely wife, Marsha Woody-Hardy
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First of all, I thank God for allowing me to close yet another chapter in my “life’s life.” Who would have ever known, but the man above Himself, that a “’l country boy” from Eutaw, Alabama would achieve a Masters in Fine Arts in Acting from The Ohio State University? I know I am blessed.

Secondly, I thank Marcha Woody-Hardy, my better half for supporting me in all of my efforts to achieve this goal.

I am grateful to also have an open armed family who have coached me from afar to keep me level in my times of disarray: Mattie Coleman, my mother, Vincent Coleman, my brother whom I look to as my father, and Clara Jones, my grandmother and spiritual guide. To all of the above names, I love you more than you’ll ever know.

Thirdly, I thank Dr. Tommie "Toonea" Stewart, my first acting instructor, mentor, mother, and friend for giving me my first opportunity on stage, and nudging me to go further. Doc, I will always cherish your intellect, wit, and...to express myself further I write:

Is there a Doctor in the house?
Is there a Doctor in the house?
Doc! Doc! Will you save me?
You always have a mental remedy.
I say Doc you are my Steward, my Stewardess, my guidance, with infatuous reliance.
My mind was haphazardly, until I met your personality.
I've increased my versatility, ability, agility, and probability, because I'm a product of your mentality.

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Your spoken word makes me mental asthmatic, and verbally acrobatic.
Your vertical plot in society, has an infinite horizontal variety, only to fight back the Court Wits of Divinity.
Your Articulation of life is allegorical, historical, but can be credited as rhetorical.
By the grace of God, Yahweh, Allah, the roots of my hubris have been uplifted by far.
The essence of your presence leaves many weaklings in an eclectic stage.
It's an outrage!
A Nubian Queen with a griot's conscience........
Who can find a Virtuous Woman, for her price is far above rubies?

Forthly, I thank my classmates Sara Borgeson, Donald Clark, Tarashai Lee, and Angeles Romero for their persistence to complete this milestone along my side. It would have been more difficult to not have you guys there. Thanks for the team support!

Hence, the Five Flames of Fury.

Last but not least, I thank The Ohio State University for giving me this opportunity, then Jeannine Thompson, Dr. Anthony Hill, Bebe Miller, Sue Ott Rowlands, and Jackie Paris for advisory assistance. Jackie, thanks for your motherly love, friendship, and most of all your prayers.
CURRICULUM VITA

December 4, 1977.................................................................................. Born - Eutaw, Alabama

Education
2000-2003 Masters in Fine Arts (Theatre-Acting) The Ohio State University
1996-2000 Bachelors of Arts (Theatre) Alabama State University

Teaching Experience
2003-CURRENT Directed Teaching, Suzuki, The Ohio State University
   As a third level position of my Graduate Program, I served as an assistant
   to the instructor by acting as a model, displaying the physical vocabulary
   of the training. If the instructor needed to be absent from a class session, I
   was required to continue the training.

2002-CURRENT Acting Instructor, The Ohio State University
   As a second level position of my Graduate Program, I taught a beginning
   acting course, which all of my students were fed the essentials of Acting:
   Being, The importance of being Truthful, Listening, i.e., Stanislavsky and
   Miesner Techniques. I was responsible for two sections of approximately
   twenty students each quarter.

2000-2002 Graduate Teaching Associate Position, The Ohio State University
   As a first level position of my Graduate Program, my duties entailed
   thorough analysis and discussion of assigned plays, conducting creative
   group projects, and the application of Theatre Basics to each assigned play
   and project. I was also privileged to be a part of Ohio State's innovative
   Virtual Theatre project, which several universities are interested in
   adapting. This Introduction to Theatre Course is one of the largest courses
   on the campus, and one of the largest theatre courses in the nation. I
   taught three sections of approximately 40 students each quarter.

1999-2000 Head Acting Coach, Camp 3-T, Alabama State University
   As an acting coach in the Summer Camp 3-T, I along with a team of
   fellow acting students were responsible for approximately one hundred
   students. The camp is one-week summer intense for students between the
   ages of thirteen and eighteen. I coached the students on the fundamentals
   of acting, and aided Dr. Stewart, Director of the Camp, in blocking the
   show.

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Original Works Performed and Published

2003
Jessie Owens, Ohio Chautauqua
New Works Lab  OSU
K-nowhere to run, no-here to Hide, Thesis Project
Mount Hall Studio  OSU

2001
Heshima, African American Heritage Festival
Ohio Union Theatre  OSU
Reflections, African Cultural Awareness Week
Independence Hall  OSU
The Code of Silence & Starvation
Jazzy J's  Columbus, Ohio

1996
Rise Up, African American History Month
Eutaw High School  Eutaw, Alabama

Theatre

2003
Teddy in Sleep Deprivation Chamber directed by Lesley Ferris
Roy Bowen Theatre  OSU
Romeo in Romeo and Juliet directed by Brian Phillips
Cincinnati Shakespeare Festival  Cincinnati, OH

2002
Warren in One Flew Over the Cuckoos Nest directed by Sue Ott Rowlands
Porthouse Theatre  Kent, OH

2001
Rodin in Uncommon Clay directed by Jeanine Thompson
Thurber Theatre  OSU
Buttonmolder in Peer Gynt directed by Phil Thompson
Mershon Theatre  OSU

1999
The Man in The Diary of Black Men directed by Dr. Tommie Stewart
Leila Barlow Theatre  ASU

1998
Uncle Henry & Ensemble in The Wiz directed by Dr. Tommie Stewart
Leila Barlow Theatre  ASU

Film

2002
Jericho Myles in J directed by Mark Cannon
On the Reel Productions

2002
Bank Robber in Industrial film for Fifth Third Bank directed by Nancy Paul, Nancy Paul Productions
2001 Featured Extra in *The Calling* directed by Damian Chapa
Rico Film Productions

**Awards and Organizations**
2003 Ohio Arts Council, Arts in Education, Theatre Artist
2000 National Dean’s List,
1999 Irene Ryan Nominee
1996 Masonic Lodge, Eustaw, AL

**Publications**
1999 Copy written: *Apollo’s Poetics*, Book of Poetry.

**Training and Special Skills**
2003 Stage Combat with Kay Jenny Jones
2002-current Capoeira with Ed Luna
2002 Suzuki Training with Ane Bogart & the SITI Company
2002 Viewpoint Training with Ane Bogart & the SITI Company
2002 Stage Combat with Robert Behrens
2001 Laban Movement Analysis with Jeanine Thompson
2000 Mime Training with Marcel Marceau
1997-current Tang Soo Do under Master Carole Coker.
1997-2000 Shotokan Kickboxing under Master Abdel Sharief.
1997-2000 Yoshikai under Sensei Morris Coker
1997-2000 Photography
1996-2000 Oral and Dramatic Interpreter

**Workshops, Classes and Master Classes**
2002 Ane Bogart & the SITI Company
(Suzuki and Viewpoints) OSU
2002 Benjamin Zephaniah (Jamaican Dub Poet) OSU
2002 Nihjutsu (Martial Art) Kent State University
2002 Maureen Ryan (The International Phonetic Alphabet System) OSU
2001 Wooster Group (Acting Company) OSU
2001 Tomango Urban Tap (Tap Dance) OSU
2000 Marcel Marceau (Mime Training) OSU
2000 Jeanine Thompson (Laban Technique) OSU

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CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

K-nowhere to run, no-w-here to Hide is a one man, multi-character play with movement support provided by my wife Marsha Hardy. The play consists of six characters: Kahlil Evitan Watue, The Master of Ceremony, Doug, Poet #3, Poet #4, and Conscience. Kahlil relives moments of his past as he struggles to forget it and leave it behind him. Set mostly in a local nightclub, the Spotlight, Kahlil transforms into the other five characters that were a part of his past experiences. Through these transformations, the audience gets a chance to view Kahlil's past on stage. The Master of Ceremony brings comic relief to the script as well as serious issues to provide a balance in the show. He is an extension of my wild sense of humor. Doug is the thread of nightlife, especially in the Spotlight. He is considered an "old head" within the club, and brings to the stage a great sense of enjoyment and necessity for the Spoken Word Form itself. Poet #3, also called Jersey Me, was named after a female poet Georgia Me that I saw at Def Poetry Jam on Broadway. I brought Jersey Me to the script as the first female poet whom I worked into the show. Through this character, I address issues of black masculinity. Poet #4, also called Abdal, is an international poet who has spent most of his young life in Morocco. As a Muslim, he brings to the script a background that is

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culturally diverse. Conscience, as the name implies, represents many aspects of the black conscience and our country’s collective consciousness. He raises several questions such as: What is the condition of the black conscience in the new millennium? How do we begin to repair the black conscience? What things can we do to repair the conscience of our nation or country? How conscious are we about our conscience-ness? How much do we really know about other cultures value systems? Do we care to learn other cultures value systems?

These transitions of character are reflections of skill, on part of the actor, as the main character Kahlib morphs his body, form, voice, and costume to answer these questions.

The title *K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide* is a title that festered in me for about five or more years. It was interesting to me as I began writing this play, that I found an old tablet with the phrase *K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide* in it, which was dated in 1997. I don’t know exactly where my thoughts were at the time with that phrase, but it never made any of my poetic writings as a title or a rhyme. So it was cool for me to see that this phrase had lived with me so long, and patiently might I add.

That’s the way I work as a poet. I have to have a title first, something to structure my rhyme schemes around. After I have a title, the rest comes a tad bit easier. However, I chose to give birth to my first Spoken Word Poetry Drama, and entitled it *K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide*. I like it because it reads several different ways, which brings up another one of my attributes that I focus on a lot—unpredictability. One may look at the title and say “that’s kind of confusing,” or look at it and say, “that’s totally unpredictable.”
First of all, I really wanted this project to be one that I could enjoy. Secondly, I wanted to do something more upbeat, and innovative. Lastly, I wanted to show my department a part of me that no one of them have truly seen: the writer in me, the poet in me, the mover in me, the color of my style, my voice in full nudity.

There was no better way for me to reveal all of these qualities, unless I combined my Spoken Word Poetry, because it entails all of these features about me. I sometimes get caught up with words when I am trying to dialogue with people. But when I write within the structure of my Spoken Word style, I release all of my inhibitions about life and people's perception of me. I am then as free as the verse that flows from my soul, though my belly, over my heart, off of my head, and out of my mouth. I am then as free as the free flowing Nile in Egypt. My poetry frees me.

I tend to start things rather ruggedly. Actually I don't like to start things at all. It's always after I start things, that I get methodical and strategic about them. I believe that I am a natural born finisher; from elementary playground fights to a Master's Thesis Program at The Ohio State University. My start here was rather rugged, and I had to make a lot of adjustments. With time I made every last adjustment I thought I needed to make to finish this program. Time is drawing nigh, and I am in the trenches—brain locked, mind loaded, and will churning; I am headed towards the finish line.
CHAPTER 2

RESEARCH

In the spring quarter of 2001, I formally requested permission to move from the Ensemble Acting Track to the Independent Acting Track. My request was based upon my desire to explore and interject my creative know-how into the innovativeness of Hip-Hop Theatre. I promptly received the faculty's consent to pursue my interest in the direction of my said desire as an initial idea for my final thesis project. I showed my appreciation to the faculty by getting started immediately. The beginning research officially took place during the 2001 Summer Session at The Ohio State University, under the direction of the Chair of the Theatre Department, Dr. Lesley Ferris.

During the Summer Session of 2001, I furthered my research in the direction of my potential thesis, Hip-Hop Theatre. I traveled through many avenues within my research that left me with a "that was very interesting" frame of mind, opposed to "that's what I feel inside" frame of mind. I found several interesting artifacts about Hip-Hop and its origins, which leads me to say that Hip-Hop is a culture! It is a culture, a style of music and dance, but not a language. Of course, from a metaphorical way of thought one may argue that dance is a language as well as music, but I am speaking from a literal way of thought. My research led me to this discovery, and forced me to realize that Hip-Hop
Theatre is not the specific vehicle that I was looking for. However, it is very close and related to the form in which I am seeking to define, Spoken Word Poetry Theatre, because Spoken Word Poetry encompasses expressionistic elements of theatre. Unlike most theatre actors, Spoken Word Poetry Performers write their own text. They sometimes speak as characters and incorporate music, invoking a theatrical setting. Most Spoken Word Artists are more concerned with speaking to an audience, rather than acting before that audience. I define myself as a Spoken Word Poetry Artist, not a Hip-Hop Artist/Rap Artist...Hip-Hop/Rap is like the first cousin art form to Spoken Word Poetry.

Spoken Word Poetry is text performed live before an audience by its author, who becomes the performer. In its delivery, the words, highly affected by rhythm, come to life from the page. Rap and Spoken Word Poetry have a lot of similarities; some of them seem identical, occasionally making it difficult to tell them apart.

One of Hip-Hop’s almost identical sub-features is Rap. First, their ‘vocal deliveries are very similar. Second, some of their messages are very similar, especially in regards to the word STRUGGLE and with fewer artists, the word TRUTH.

Struggle, in regards to Rap and Spoken Word Artist contains an element of activism that is linked to political, social, and economical issues. Generally, it is linked to the artist’s relationship to his or her community. Truth, in relation to Rap and Spoken Word is linked to a gut impulse on behalf of the artist to speak out in “raw” form, without

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1 the dissipation of rhythmic stylized utterances on a word per rhythm or measure basis
censorship, about any issues that mainstream society ignores.

As a new listener of them both, one can instantaneously hear the hard, crashing rhythms, and beautiful word choreography, which includes similes, extended metaphors, violent-dreamy-love-felt imagery, and definitely the use of alliteration, assonance, onomatopoeia's, and punnery. Now as a listener of Rap, and being a Spoken Word Poetry Artist, I have found that rap has many of these elements, but is very often hidden by the music and astounding vocalist when accompanied by one or both. On the other hand, Spoken Word Poetry is often heard accapella, but can also be accompanied or underscored by music. In my artistry one may find the complexity of jazz accompanying my creations (refer or listen to my poetry on CD, entitled “Apollo’s Poetics”). Spoken Word Poetry without music is simply a variety of writing elements, but most effectively uses the techniques of suspense building to confer complexity and provocative thoughts.

Before I proceed any further in explaining the many subsidiaries of Spoken Word Poetry, I want to stop and circumscribe its origins. Specifically, I want to highlight Oral Tradition, and other definitions.

2.1 RESEARCH TERMINOLOGY

These are definitions of terms used throughout this document.

- A Bard was a highly trained Celtic poet, singer, and harpist who served as oral historian, political critic, eulogizer, and entertainer. Generally, they could be

2 the act of using continuous set patterns of puns/double entendres.
found in Wales and Ireland.

- **Dub Poetry** is a term that is believed to have originated in Jamaica during the late 1970's. Generally, this type of poetry is accompanied by strong rhythms, suggestively Reggae Music. The style tends to borrow measures from the process of storytelling, but more in a lyrical, poetic way. The subject matter of dub poetry frequently lashes out into the ears of its listeners as political voice from the social and economically oppressed beings of a particular regiment.

- **Oral Tradition** is the spoken format of passing down culture and heritage from generation to generation.

  Spoken Word Poetry and Rap are both forms of Oral Tradition. They are both renovated forms of "Old School" or Classic Poetry. Technically, it is the dynamic rhythms of them both that propel them. They have transformed dramatically through the rate/speed at which a performer lyrically speaks so many words per measure or per beat. Oral Tradition, as I stated previously, is a method of passing down culture and heritage to future generations. If one flips through the "pages of history," these methods of orature can be visibly identified in almost every culture that exists, especially upon the continent of Africa. For many years, African cultures preserved and embodied the richness of their history in the form of oral tradition. Folklore, verbal art, and oral literature are the various labels that were placed upon the styles of their
orality. In most cultures of Africa, the performer of these styles was known as the Griot. The Griot was also referred to as the oral historian or oral entertainer. (The following page displays a "rough" diagram that acts as a time-line, which shows the evolution of the griot and bard, as well as other individuals who served the same function within other cultures that I have not mentioned.)

- **Tight** refers to the cohesiveness of thought and its quality.

- **Versed** refers to the poetic agility of the poet.

- **Vision** refers to geography of subject matter...ex. An inner city young Street Lawyer in Destiny, GA, well read, versed, and statistically tight, primarily social issues.
2.2 THE TERM STREET LAWYER!

Street lawyer is a term that I have created as another name for a Spoken Word Poet. Lawyers are disciplined in their process of education to bring justice to each of their clients' lives in the courtroom. Street Lawyers, on the other hand, bring justice to streets. Street Lawyers tend to set things straight for the record. They are very open, honest, frank, and aggressive, which sometimes leaves new and old listeners on an offended edge. It is a no holds barred form of verbally expressing the vernacular of past, present, and future concerns of life. Often, Street Lawyers or Spoken Word Poets will reach back as far as Egyptian and Greek Myths to fulfill their newest missions. A mission to poetically choreograph words in ways to give voice to subject matters that mainstream society ignores. Primarily, Street Lawyers find their melodious craft to be the simplest and fastest vehicle for expressing thoughts about revolution, togetherness, or the raising of collective consciousness. However, these issues are by no means new to African-American Street Lawyers, either in a political, social, or cultural sense. What is new is the large number of people who have become aware of the international dimensions of African-American struggles through the works of African-American Street Lawyers like Benjamin Zephaniah, Jill Scott, Erika Badu, etc. What is also new is the radicalization—the favoring of socioeconomic change of African-Americans and their roots, and the boundless potentials of their successes and accomplishments.

Another name that can be used to describe the actions of a Street Lawyer is Poetic Activist. A Poetic Activist is someone who poetically writes and publicizes his/her innermost thoughts about issues of concern to them. A perfect example of a Poetic
Activist is Gil Scott Heron with the hit song, "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised."
However, Poetic Activists can be identified in the Harlem Renaissance in great numbers,
specifically, Langston Hughes. Even today, this skill of creatively stringing words
一起 in harmony to entertain, enlighten, and socially rebel can be found in artists
work like Tupac Shakur, Common, Benjamin Zephaniah, Saul Williams, and NAZ.

2.3 ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST: LITERALLY

In the summer of 2002, I spent my time working at Porthouse Theatre in Kent,
Ohio. I was offered the role of Warren in the production of One Flew over the Cuckoo’s
Nest. It was a great run and I really got the chance to encounter what it is to have a true
ensemble. My acting instructor, Sue Ott Rowlands, directed the production. I had been
at The Ohio State University (OSU) almost two years and never been under her direction.
She seized the opportunity to direct this production, arranged an audition for students at
OSU. I, along with Damien Bowerman, Donald Clark, and Regina Rookensies, who
were all graduating M. F. A. candidates at the time, with the exception of Donald, were
cast and lived together during the rehearsal process.

This production also marked the beginning of my Equity Membership Candidacy
(EMC) points, which is a program set up by Equity to help actors get their Equity Cards
over a period of time. It's sort of like putting your Equity Card on Layaway, except you
pay it off when you are ready to. This was a very great start for my summer, but I was
far from my initial summer plans, which was to work on the research for my thesis.

I portrayed the character of Warren, who was one of the aides in the mental ward.
I had chance to integrate my freshly learned stage combat into the show with my fight with McMurphy, the main character. The show received a wonderful review, and it ended around the last week of July. I was happy I was a part of it, but it was now time to get started on my thesis work. This production assisted me in my thesis research because it gave me a stronger sense of ensemble, and taught me how to block a show in two days. It was also the beginning of a confidence builder, because I was functioning exceptionally well in the professional world of theatre. After the show closed, I took about two weeks off to rest and prep my brain for the rigorous work that I had ahead of me. At the end of that two week period I made another attempt to focus on my thesis project. Unlucky in one aspect, yet fortunate in another, I received a call from Jasson Minidakis, Artistic Director of the Cincinnati Shakespeare Festival. The result of that phone call left me with a super confidence builder, an offer to portray the role of Romeo in Romeo and Juliet at Cincinnati Shakespeare Festival (C.S.F.). “Oh my God, what was I to do?” So I took the job. I was nervous, because I hadn’t had a wealth of text in about three years, since I entered graduate school to be exact. I hadn’t been on stage consistently through a play to establish a full, embodied character, one with a detailed history that the audience recognizes immediately because of his frequent entrances. In addition to that, I’d never acted in a full length Shakespeare. I had very little experience in doing Shakespeare. Ultimately, that’s why I had to take the role. That was my primary interest in coming to OSU, but Cincinnati Shakespeare Festival gave me that opportunity. The leading role in Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet. Kendrick Hardy starring as Romeo, I had to! This excellent opportunity gave me the confidence, stage time, physical and mental challenge that I needed, leading into the creation of my thesis.
new work. Both One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest and Romeo and Juliet acted as personal trainers for the creative mindset that I needed to enter. They prepared me for the creation of K-nowhere to run, no-w-here to Hide.

2.4 DEF POETRY JAM: SPOKEN WORD POETRY ON BROADWAY

On December 6, my wife and I set out on a late night voyage to New York City to view Russel Simmon’s Spoken Word Poetry Show on Broadway, entitled Def Poetry Jam on Broadway. Russel, the producer of the show, is also the producer of the Def Poetry Jam show that airs on Black Entertainment Television (BET). He took the best poets from his recent poetry show and negotiated with a theatre space in order to showcase them and their material. Russel has always been noted for his ability to take an urban talent and expose it to mainstream. His ability to do that within the Hip-Hop Culture has engraved his efforts in its history forever.

We arrived in New York around noon Saturday morning. While we were in our seats at Russel Simmon’s Def Poetry Jam on Broadway, there was a ton of chatter around us. I gave off several yawns, and then searched for a piece of peppermint in my rather large coat. I found it. The lights faded softly and the show began.

The first person that entered the stage was the D. J. for the show. He entered, gave a big “What up New York,” to the crowd and proceeded to pull out records from a crate that he may start the show with. He was set, the music started, and he attempted to “pump us up” by giving the audience directions. “Put your hands in the air! Wave’em in the air, like you don’t care!” I looked around to see what’s going on, because he wasn’t
really getting a hype response, and it dawned on me that he was trying to pump up your traditional Broadway Theatre audience, which doesn’t generally comprise itself of frequent Rap music listeners. It was also my speculation that the people sitting around me were “high-classed wine sippers” who hadn’t a clue as to what “wave’em in the air like you don’t care,” meant.

The music continued and the D. J. began introducing the poets as if they were in a basketball line up. Each poet sort of jogged out onto stage, took a bow, and stood in line for the next poet to enter as his/her name was called. All nine of the poets stood on the stage, physically a symbol of a true-er America. There was a Korean male, Jamaican female, two African-American males, and one African-American female, a Caucasian American male, one Latin American male and female, and one Palestinian female. It was beautiful to see this color spectrum before my eyes, simply breath taking. Eight of the poets exited off to music, as one poet remained and began reciting his first selection. Right off, I could sense that there wasn’t any layer of character added to this poet’s presentation. It was just him speaking it, and for me that was o.k., but I was already looking for the theatre portion. I have attended Spoken Word Poetry Clubs for quite awhile and I know a poet speaking. I have also been trained as an actor and know what actor to character transformation is. The actor has to become the character, but ultimately the character is always the actor.

Each poet entered in the same orderly fashion, shared his or her piece, nodded and left the stage. I detected a pattern, and became a bit more anxious. My question was, “how does fine recited poetry that’s being spoken on a theatre’s stage become theatre?” Thus far, I had seen nothing different from that which I had witnessed in the Spoken-
Word Poetry Clubs, which I never referred to as theatre.

The advertisement of the show came across as if the poets or director of this event had found a meeting place between that of the Spoken Word Poet and the actor, who would merge their abilities and style in order to transcend to a higher place with heightened language. I anticipated that the nine poets would have more of a relationship with each other and their poetry also, but instead I left with the feeling of attending another poetry slam. I guess if I went back and took the show’s title literally, then Def Poetry Jam on Broadway makes a hell of a lot of sense.

This experience was definitely an eye opener. I learned that I had to avoid those same kind of problems in the creation of my thesis new work. It was extremely difficult to avoid because of the free verse style of Spoken Word Poetry. Individual poetic pieces have their own spine, but when you merge all of them together, “how do you get one super-objective?”
CHAPTER 3

THE CREATIVE PROCESS
3.1 CALENDAR FOR WORK IN PROGRESS:

Apr 5  
Request funds via Alumni Grants for Graduate Research and Scholarship (AGGRS).

Jun 20-July 31 
Research: Living conditions in predominantly African American neighborhoods, statistics on prison systems, and new urban tap dance.

Aug 1-Sep 10  
Workshop in Alabama to generate ideas for the script. First rendering of script is written.

Sep 20-Dec 6  
Collaborators work independently. Make decisions over construction of set.

Dec 7-Jan 6  
2nd workshop in Alabama. Observe alternative interpretations of the piece and integrate new elements. Make decisions in terms of costume.

Jan  
Finish editing final script. Begin Rehearsal process and set blocking/chorography.

Jan 16  
Meeting in Drake Union lobby with designers.

Jan 21  
Publicity Photos

Jan 27  
Designers in the space, first viewing.

Jan 28  
Production Meeting

Jan 30  
Lighting Demo in the Lighting Lab.

Feb 10  
We move into Mount Hall.

Feb 11  
Meeting with designers.

Feb 18  
Production Meeting
Feb 20        Shop Day/Set Construction Day
Feb 21        Hang Lights
Feb 22        Focus Lights
Feb 25        Crew Watch
Feb 28        First Dress
Mar 1         Second Dress
Mar 3         Final Dress
Mar 4-8       Premiere/Production Run of *Know where to Run, no-where to Hide.*

3.2 OATH OF A STREET LAWYER

I____________________, solemnly swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God. I have been put here by my maker to act as a mirror—to reflect reality into the eyes and ears of my listeners in hope to penetrate their souls. I am far from that of a judge, for I understand that that is my creator's duty. My working tools that were passed down from my creator are very common ones that many of us carry each and everyday but refuses to use them. They are, my hand, to write with, my voice, to speak what I have written, and my mind, the drafting table of where my art begins. I also promise not to be fair in any of my regurgitations of actuality, but only to stand firm and hold true to the realness of reality. For I am a Poet. I document, I record, I read, I write, I think, I experience, I acknowledge, I feel, I tell, I embrace, I repel, I inhale, I exhale, I breathe, I breathe...Pure Truth.

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3.3 TRUE VS TRUTH

In my creative process, these are questions that I asked myself to assist me in articulating my thoughts.

Q) What is true?
A) Webster defines the word true as loyal or faithful; in accordance with fact; not false; conforming to standard; correct; rightful; lawful; accurately fitted, shaped; real; genuine.

Q) What is truth?
A) Webster defines the word truth as being true; specific; sincerity; honesty; conformity with fact; reality; actual existence; correctness, accuracy; that which is true; an established fact.

I defined these two words because these are the walking limbs of a Spoken Word Poet: To loyally conform to the genuine fitted facts of what is “is,” and reflect it by initially responding in writing, then vocally. In other words, to just tell it like it is. To not tell the truth from a point of view which he or she did not accurately see, but to hone specifically to the established facts with sincerity of what one did see with sight, then vision. Vision, in this sense, is the telepathic eye in which the poet optically charms and disseminates the sighted to the purging heart, which microgrooves it into and through the upper phalanges, landing on millions of allergens, that lie on the thin breast of an oak being pressed by a small stick of graphite, used in pencils. The true power of poetry,
landing on paper... Kendrick Hardy.

3.4 FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS

Q) From where and whom does Street Lawyers receive accreditation?
A) Primarily Street Lawyers are self-taught, but a great deal is owed to the greatest instructor of all time, EXPERIENCE! Street lawyers began professing their knowledge of the “life’s science,” as soon as most of their troublesome experiences in their lives were acknowledged by themselves. Family members or loved ones also contribute to the professing of a Street Lawyer at an early age. Often it is through a Street Lawyer’s own flaw in life that he/she may become aware of a need to profess such truth. A true Street Lawyer usually has seen some things in life, has been through life’s briar-patches and been pricked by its thorns. Their material can range from love related issues to social, economical and even political ones. In our day and age, the love/lust, along with the political, may very well be a worthy topic.

Q) What makes a good Street Lawyer?
A) The ability to create, the precision of wording, or the clarity of the point being made.

Q) Where does a Street Lawyer go for knowledge?
A) A Street Lawyer goes to books, magazines, the bible, the Koran, newspapers, or even the evening news. A good Street Lawyer is well versed in current events. The vernacular of the streets is a pure source for a Street Lawyer.
Q) How long does it take to become a Street Lawyer?
A) There are no limitations to one who seeks and reveals truth in this artistry.

Q) What's the difference between a Street Lawyer and a preacher?
A) A Street Lawyer writes and orally reflects the actions of man, in other words, a Street Lawyer provides written and vocal reactions to actions of the flesh. A Street Lawyer's duty is no different than that of which defines Theatre. Theatre is an imitation of life; so goeth the Street Lawyer.

On the other hand, a preacher expresses the laws of God, and acts as a vessel to transmit that which has been shown to him/her by God. Often preachers will act as reflectors of actions of the flesh and incorporate the reflected data into sermons. Next, that reflected data is paralleled with the laws of God, which always falls short, for no man/woman is perfect. It is by means of comparison that differentiates the preacher from the Spoken Word Poet/Street Lawyer. They both house relative similarities, but are immensely different.

Q) How does a Street Lawyer select his case (subject matter)?
A) For many Street Lawyers, their cases find them just as a criminal lawyer. More precisely, it is not very hard to find a case, but it is very difficult for many Street Lawyers to find something that they feel most passionate about, or is of their interest. For example: If a criminal lawyer, who was totally uninterested in his client's case, went to court as his client's representative, he would leave his client in a world of trouble. The point is if the interest is not there, the street or criminal lawyer may not put forth their
best effort. Therefore that leaves both of them with a 99.9% chance of losing the case. For a Street Lawyer, losing a case means having a lack of evidence on a subject, lack of fluency in thought, choppy/disoriented, hard for listeners to support, follow, or be open to.

3.5 THE JURY

The Jury of a Street lawyer is his/her listeners. They determine: the verdict, the impact that the lawyer’s words have on them. How well has he/she supported their case within the structure of their poetic material? Are the members of jury motivated after hearing the lawyers “argument,” to morph the “problem?”

Also from a financial prospective, the verdict can be seen from the members of the jury. That adheres to Street Lawyers/Spoken Word Poets who are published and recording artists. However, the financial gain is far from the mission of the Street Lawyer. His or her mission is to speak not even loud enough to be heard, but to speak truth, and allow its weight and will to bellow throughout, near and far.

3.6 PRIMARY PRINCIPLE

“Profess the power of the number zero. Many have failed to acknowledge the power of zero’s existence. Zero is the most powerful number in the numerical system.

For every great number is accompanied by zero. Anytime zero is multiplied by any other number, zero is declared the victor. Zero always prevails.” – Dr. Tommie Stewart, Chair

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of Theatre at Alabama State University.

In the eyes of a Street Lawyer, this number is accepted and pedestaled, except when it comes to reading and learning. A conscious lack of knowledge is forbidden.

"Many have gone to zero in their lives and realized that there is no way but up from zero's level or level zero. Zero will always stand as the foundation of infinity." - Dr. Tommie Stewart, Chair of Theatre at Alabama State University.

This is a principle that I have understood from the origins of my Spoken Word career. It assists me in many ways, primarily it gives me guidance back to my roots. I speak of roots from a cultural, psychological, poetic, and writing skill standpoint. So I parallel roots and zero because they are very compatible in strength and grounded-ness. Adhering to this principle in my life has brought me several years of understanding in regard to the 360-degree circumference of life in which we live. This understanding was passed on to me by the griot of my family, my grandmother. She made it very clear and simple, "what goes around comes around." She further stated, "It's alright to be at the bottom (zero) sometimes. As long as you are not on top of your prayers, you will rise from level zero." To make a long story short, what my grandmother from the back belt of West Alabama was simply teaching me was that reality is at zero. Pure Reality! Reality is at zero, and zero is the foundation on which we stand.

3.7 What's Burbling Inside?

Spoken Word Poetry in many places is still considered to be "the underworld of thought", "the underground railroad of word choreography," "The Underground
"Lanyer." These are all paraphrases and developed terms of mine, derived from my research. Specifically, I derived at these terms while performing at a number of Spoken Word Poetry Clubs: Vibes and Verses, Montgomery, AL, and Snaps and Taps, Columbus, OH. Thus far, I fear, because of its complexity, that my research has not led me to a specific one-line definition of what exactly Spoken Word Poetry is or what it should be, but with all due respect to the founders of such an art form, I can only speak on what Spoken Word Poetry will become. I know what feels right to me when I say that I am a Spoken Word Poet. I know how I feel when I wake up in the middle of a tiresome night to hit my night lamp to just catch the remaining lines of a beautiful metaphor that was dancing over my head, along with the sheep, for hours throughout the night. I know what it feels like to be driving my motor vehicle and stop at a red light and spend the next three to five minutes sitting there, not because of daze to the traffic light, but because the poetic traffic light in my head refuses to let me move until it unleashes me. I have pulled over on the sides of plenty of interstates to remain humble to this desire, this passion that I have for speaking the truth. In no way am I attempting to boast about what my process is, and for many it may not sound like the best one, but I am simply stating how spoken word poetry feels to me. Spoken word poetry is everything! Spoken Word Poetry is Life! Spoken Word breathes air into things that are and that have become Mortal. Spoken word is for every single individual that God brought forth upon this earth. Spoken Word to me feels like an ordnament from God. I remember the birth of my first spoken word piece just as it happened a moment ago. It was like an actual birth when I think about it. I went through several hours of labor that I recall as being extremely difficult. I was on the campus of my Alma Mater, Alabama State University,
and I had just finished a black literature class. During the class I felt nauseous, but I decided not to leave. After the class ended I walked toward the communication building where I had my work-study, but only made it to a nearby bench, just short of my destination. At that point, my stomach began to pain me. I sat there for several minutes, hoping that someone would come by whom I knew, and maybe they could get me to the student health center. The dizziness that I was experiencing had somehow caused my stomach to churn in a painful way. As this happened I whispered to myself something that I now find very funny, but is ironic when I think about it now. I said to myself, "man, I hope you are not pregnant," followed by a short laughter as I struggled with my lack of comfort. Just moments later, at approximately 12:06 p.m., I began to bring another life into this world, a spoken word life that is. This life would resemble my every feature, and feel the same way that I felt about life. And I instantly cried out to God inside, because the feeling was too wonderful. The first phrase of that piece was, "Oh blesseth thy name." I looked at that phrase for a brief second, and instantly went back to laboring, so I could deliver this "baby" successfully. There was no time for aborting, I had to push...push... push, and push. I realized at that point that I was pregnant, and only one parent conceived the baby that I was carrying inside. The pain that I felt in my stomach earlier was my soul turning over in my own womb of life. That dizziness that I was experiencing was no doubt the millions of vessels in my brain that were sending S.O.S. signals to each other to channel this spiritual experience. At length, when I gave my last push of the pen to excrete this experience from my brain, I looked down and realized that I had brought a new life into existence. I held it up to the heavens and named it "Reflections." The final wording of the piece documents the reality of that
experience, by saying, "Whoever said that a man can’t give birth, hell, I just delivered KNOWLEDGE!" When I recall that experience, it felt like my soul opened up to that paper and just cried out in ink. This poem was the first of my writings that I selected to include in *K-where to run, no-w-where to Hide*.

Spoken Word Poetry to me is a Free Verse style of delivering words or a message. Spoken word poetry is an outlet that releases tension and frustration. The practice of Spoken Word comprises poetry performances, storytelling, text-based performance, rap, and dub poetry. These are not all the components of what spoken word is and its practices, but this is where it is headed in my artistry. I don’t know when the next piece will come to me, I just have to keep on living and wait for my soul to rupture again. Who knows what the subject matter may be: it may be love, joy, passion, heartfelt, hatred, or even sexual (lol)...but I can say that whatever it is, It Will Be TRUE.
CHAPTER 4

HEADING TOWARDS THE SCRIPT

K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to H ide
4.1 METHODOLOGY

My movement training consists of Laban Movement Analysis, Viewpoints, Suzuki, Tap Dance, Mime, and various martial arts. I want to integrate those components in order to assist the impact on how we ordinarily experience traditional American Theatre. The idea contains conventions of Musical Theatre, but will specifically highlight Spoken-Word Poetry selections in the same manner that Musical Theatre highlights song. In this genre that I am pioneering, not only is heightening of presentation necessary, more importantly is the interplay that occurs between the performers. My new work depends on this organic interaction. It is a duel that occurs between two poes and is mediated by the music that streams from the keyboard. This dialogue or arrangement of exchange is the basis of many art forms within the African American culture—Hip-Hop, Jazz, Blues, R&B, Rap, etc. However, even though my work has an indispensable improvisational quality, it relies heavily on definite structures that are defined by all collaborators who are involved in a given creative moment.

4.2 DIRECTOR'S CONCEPT

The title of my work-in-progress is *Knowhere to run, nowhere to Hide*. This show, through Spoken-Word Poetry, traditional text, song, dance, and high impact movement explores a wide range of themes: Black Masculinity, Racial Profiling, Cultural Identity, Identity, Love, Consciences, and Humanity.
The plot is polyrhythmic in that there are several stories being told along with the main character's. The setting is a club called the Spotlight, located in small town Alabama. In this venue, the poets/performers that step into the spotlight give birth to legends, conjure celebrities, and kill stars with the might of their peas. The main character, Kahlil Evitan Watusi is a Spoken-Word Poet who entrusts his life and soul in the Spotlight. Kahlil enters the spotlight on the stage and graces it with his prolific poetry. He opens fully to every single audience and shares with them his innermost secrets and feelings about life. Sometimes, he steps on stage and just dreams, and the audience follows. It's not that Kahlil walks on stage and goes to sleep, although he often closes his eyes when performing, but as he closes them, he sketches a mouth on his soul and there he begins to speak. He was practically raised in this place, simply because it was ritual for him and his father to go every chance they got. After his father's "disappearance" he continued to go alone.

Besides the audience-performer communion that not only takes place with Kahlil, but other performers that set feet on stage, there is something else disturbing going on outside the spotlight. In the darkness, amongst the shadows, lies an aroma of death-desolation-ruin-and-decay. Kahlil, aware of this keeps his eyes peeled, conscience clear and steadfast to escape by any means necessary, if confronted.

4.3 SCORING TERMS AND ABBREVIATIONS

Scoring Key:

O Objective: What the character wants in a given scene; the goal.

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A  Action: The physical pursuit of a specific goal. (What you do to get what you want.) Expressed in verb form.

PA  Physical Action: The physical action/blocking on stage.

ST  Subtext: The actual or implied meaning behind a line of text.

Text  The text appears in the center column with essential stage directions.

Blocking Notation Terms:

SL  Stage Left  DSL  Downstage Left  USL  Upstage Left
SR  Stage Right  DSR  Downstage Right USR  Upstage Right
CS  Center Stage  DSC  Downstage Center USC  Upstage Center
X   Cross
4.4 THE SCORED SCRIPT

*K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide*

Conceived and Written by
Kenderick Hardy
(The show opens with Martha and the Vandellas' Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide playing on CD. Kahlil, the main character listens and drums along on a Kleng Yaw, an African Sounding Drum--though Asian Oriental. He is in a very dream-like state, but at times comes across as if he is actually experiencing or re-experiencing a nightmare.) (The set consist of 24 concrete center blocks.) As the Vandellas' play on, and he drums, the audience should be seated during this time. This sequence continues as designated stage hands build an open frontal view of what appears to be a hut or a structure symbolic of a prison cell. Kahlil, at times remains in the center of the hut like figures, but often moves in an about the structure, never acknowledging a difference. After last block is placed, he returns to the center, drumming, seemingly dreaming his bitter-sweet dream. The lights are dimmed, facilitating the transformation of his thoughts from his head to the stage.
| O: To connect with my conscience.                      | Voice 1: Go ahead say it.                      |
| A: To paint a picture of focus and composure.         | Voice 2: No I don’t want to say it.            |
|                                                      | Voice 1: Please...will you just say it.       |
|                                                      | Voice 2: I said “no.” I don’t want to say it.  |
|                                                      | Voice 1: I can’t say it. You have to say it.   |
|                                                      | Voice 2: Well I think you should say it.       |
|                                                      | Voice 1: But it won’t sound right if I say it, that’s why you have to say it. |
|                                                      | Voice 2: What, don’t look at me like that!    |
|                                                      | Voice 1: Look at you like what.                |
|                                                      | Voice 2: That Look.                            |
|                                                      | Voice 1: I am not looking like anything, I am just looking. |
|                                                      | Voice 2: *(After about 3 beats)* Alright, give it here, I’ll say it. |
|                                                      | Voice 1: Yeahhh! Thank You--Give me a kiss.   |
|                                                      | Voice 2: I don’t want a kiss, I just want to say it. Now you |

**Audio:** voices are heard through overhead speakers.

**ST:** This moment should be played as a beautiful memory.

**PA:** Sitting in a meditative position at SL.

**PA:** Move to a kneeling position.
can't have your cake and your icing too.

Voice 1: Well I can if I want.

Voice 2: Will you just give me some room so I can say it?

Voice 1: O.k. (2 beats) Go for it.

Voice 2: Alright. (3 beats) ALL RISE! THE HONORABLE--

LORD OF SIMILES, KING OF METAPHORS, APOLLO

REJUVENATED, NEVER INTIMIDATED, ALWAYS
IMITATED, IMPOSSIBLY DUPLICATED, SO HIGHLY
SOPHISTICATED, WITH VOCAL AGILITY, VERBAL

MOBILITY, COMING TO THE STAGE

SPOKENDRICKISTICABILITY.

Kahlil--***Oath of a street lawyer***

I,____________ solemnly swear to tell the truth the
whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God. I have been
put here by my maker to act as a mirror--to reflect reality into the

PA: Stand on platform.

PA: Begin embracing the complimentary words of my conscience.

PA: Head lifted up, revealing a strong sense of pride.

PA: Turn on the diagonal that faces DSR.
eyes and ears of my listeners in hope to penetrate their souls. I am
far from that of a judge, for I understand that that is my creator’s
duty. My working tools that were passed down from my creator
are very common ones that many of us carry each and everyday but
refuses to use them. They are, my hand, to write with, my voice, to
speak what I have written, and my mind, the drafting table of where
my art begins. I also promise not to be fair in any of my
regurgitations of actuality, but only to stand firm and hold true to
the reality of reality. For I am a Poet: I document, I record, I
read, I write, I think, I experience, I acknowledge, I feel, I tell, I
embrace, I repel, I inhale, I exhale, I breathe, I breathe, I
breathe...Pure Truth.

Audio: The sound of a heartbeat underscores the upcoming scene.
(Conscience enters Left Stage...bloody, staggering, and out of
breath.) Conscience has been shot.

PA: Step off of platform.
X to DSC.

PA: X to DSL.

PA: Spin from DSL to DSC.
| **O:** To pry information from Conscience about her current condition. | **Kahlil:** What happen to you? Conscience baby, what happen to you? Tell me who did this! Tell me. Tell me I'll kill'em! Somebody help. Somebody help! Don't just sit there looking at me, help! Conscience baby you need to stay with me. Now tell me who did this to you? You don't have to be afraid to tell me. (Conscience's hand begins to lift slowly; he repeats his questions. With Conscience's seemingly greatest will, the hand is up and pointing and it falls upon the brow of Kahlil.) (The lights fade.) **Audio:** The after-math of a club shooting. Screams! Shouts! Alerts! People stampeding—running for their lives. **Voices:** "There's Kahlil. What's up man, what happened?" **Reporter's Voice:** Last night 25 year old Conscience N. Free was murdered outside the spotlight. (Kahlil stands with a brain full of raging storms, silent; humble to breath, speechless.) And I stand...And I stand...looking...standing...looking down at my withered, stale- |
| A: To hold her tightly, reassuring her that everything will be alright. | | **PA:** Fall to ground at CS. Cradle Conscience. |
| A: To stand in total shock. | | **PA:** Slowly moves to a squatting position at CS. |
| O: To speak through my speechlessness. | | **PA:** Kneeling at CS. |
| | | **PA:** Stand at CS. |
bitten, eroded conscience. Withered by the genetic code of Our Country's Goodness Conscious, oh my, here is Frey. Withered by the lack of acknowledgement of governmental wrong doings. Stale-bitten by the lie-ting utterances of politicians, who breed sacrilegious laws into our bellies in attempt to leach into our souls. Stale-bitten by leaders and capitalist who weigh and value a rock in the ground and in space more valuable than human life. Coal...Diamonds...Gold...Iron ore, or Oil...OI-0I-OI-O-O-O-O-IL-OO-IL-O-ILL have we become in mind, body and spirit. Diseased and plagued by Ecstasy's butt-Crack of a feel good--jointed by the heels of broken hearted families, faming not for food of the body, but for nourishment to impair the violated human psychosis.

Eroding ha-ha's of children, who no longer laugh, but Hyperventilate in desperat-ion of seeking-safe-shelter-since-snipers' senses seizes upon their souls. Eroding sedimentary rock of...
headstones in cemeteries lie the heads of our children, should we not stress the significance of dreaming. Granite the fact that technology is so advanced, though never to reach the metamorphic slate until yesterday's morals are parallel and mirror modern skillful mayhem. Dreaming...dreaming...dreaming...dreaming...

**Kahlil—What's In My Head!**

(glances at audience) I am trying to be optimistic, though I seem anti-transitionalist—My thoughts are kind of mystic, leaving me feeling like a mental misfit. My actions are somewhat misfitting, maybe because I missed the costume fitting, though I knew of no audition, so how'd I get in this position.

- Always feeling like the exhibitor of the show, though... I was prohibited two comps and an invitational flyer, so... I refuse to hold my head down low, nor my arm, nor my foot—yell friend or foe, whooo... The fiery bear has returned out of hibernation, so prepare

**PA:** Go into a frozen statue. Legs out, arms reaching up to the heavens.

**PA:** Unfold the front position until my body is flat on the surface again.

**PA:** X to platform at USL. Sit down on the center blocks at the back of the platform.

**PA:** Turn and pick up my poetry journal.

O: To nurse my pride back to complete health.

A: To record my thoughts in a journal.
for, what you can't prepare for, Are you really prepared for...this mental infestation of elocution, with anti-polluted purpose, the seed of a revolution... provoking many sensations, tuning wrong radio stations, 1-hv to Benjamin Zeph., for all the poetic wealth, you're taking life's dealt cards and putting them back on the shelf. How inspirational! And not presentation! Respected, eclectic, your work is multi-didactic, simply it's extra-ecstatic, and very worldly emphatic! I say the static is coming! I see the static, I running. And now I running from static
Statist's right on my @
And now I'm running with static.
Praying to live through this havoc,
And to transcend from this attic,
Much like Arne and her tactic
Freelancing my images

PA: Begin writing.
Starting internal hemorrhages
Fertilizing your inner conscience
Seized with my verbal abundance
Efficaciously bringing down the walls 'round my mind
And starting spatial relations,
Exactly no hesitations,
Tipping my cup of libation
For all the flaws of our nation
Writing, inciting, & high-poetic-delighting
The book is just now igniting. *(realization)* Hey, the book is just
now igniting. Man, and I'm about to kill myself.
*(To himself)* Stop! Can't you hear the music?
(3 Beats)--THE SPOTLIGHT! *(Exits)* *(Conscience gets up and
moves gracefully about the stage, ending her movement with a
jarring gesture, before Kahlil's reentrance.)*

**PA:** Magically ignite the book.

**PA:** Stand in the center of the platform.

**PA:** Exit USL. Begin costume change: gold suit, cowboy boots, shiny shirt, teeth. Enter USR.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Master of Ceremony</strong></th>
<th><strong>PA</strong>: Playing a “Crusty the Clown” Jack in the box. USR. X to center of platform that rests at SR. Grab microphone. Place Crusty on the Drum near the platform.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>O</strong>: To arouse the audience.</td>
<td>Good evening you Mutha-fuckas. Welcome to the 33rd annual Mutha-fuckin Anniversary of the Spotlight. This mutha-fucking building, this establishment has been the foundation of many mutha-fucka's careers on a national and international plane. Every mutha-fucka that has set foot on this mutha-fuckin stage has went somewhere. If it wasn’t so where but home. <em>(with undomesticated laughter)</em>. Come on you mutha-fuckas laugh with me. We have a great show for you mutha-fuckas tonight. We have some new pussy that's gone light up the stage. Some moist, warm, fully insulated, wet tongues-saliva dripping, candy-lick-er, lick-ER-candy, toe-curving, rock-hard teeth gritting, diabolically sanctified and funkafied-lip smacking-icky-icky- dripping on your sticky, so thoughtful of you to Cum*(cum)*...here. Ahup! Now where are y'all minds at? Now let me clear one mutha-fuckin thang before</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>A</strong>: To welcome everyone, and thank them for their attendance.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A: To ridicule any potential negative energy.

O: To define the Spotlight's atmosphere and participants.

A: To list examples.

I go along any further. For all you feminist mutha-fuckas out there tonight, who thank that my use of the word Pussy is a derogatory word for women, then I want to tell you one mutha-fuckin thing.

Get the Hell on, cause you wrong and we don't need them kind of attitudes up in here. the Spotlight is a great mutha-fuckin atmosphere, where many talented and non-talented mutha-fuckas come to share their sometimes closest, and most crafted, creative mutha-fuckin thoughts. The term pussy up in here is used in the context of the animal, not the "organ." If you understand the nature of the Pussycat, the animal: It likes to roam, like some of our performers. It likes to be alone, as if it had to get away and think about things to its self, just as many of our performers have shared with us as to how and where do they create their material, "when we are alone," they've stated. "We have to get away from others, from society, from this world; in a closet, in a bathroom, in a car, in
the woods, in the wilderness, in a mental closet to compose the things that we come up with and share on this stage. From darkness to light! Hence the name, the Spotlight, where every mutha-fuckin thang comes to the light. It is revealed to world here. So if you have a Pussycat,-the animal. (Gazing off as if actually watching a cat move across the floor) Watch him closely, and see if he embodies any of these characteristics that I have spoken of. If you watch' em—and you watch' em. Watch' em think. Watch' em now. Watch his big pearl like eyes open and close; Closing finally to a half gaze, staring out of your kitchen window. And you watch' em. Thinking, with his head now drifting over his small but broad shoulders. Watch' em...Watch' em (suddenly a cat screeches out of no where, attacking him. He is extremely startled and angry by the anonymously inflicted practical joke. Catching his breath, he recomposes.) I hate ces! Get this muthafucka off me! Now
Let me tell you a thing or two about Pussy's, the performer and animal. They like to be alone, no matter whether they pretend to a people's person or not. They do. They like to be independent. They like time to themselves. To think. To reminisce. To enjoy silence. And there, in the midst of silence lies their beauty. In silence, where there is still chaos around them, they imagine, conceive, and excrete their innermost discourse. In the form of a PUR or MEOW, Rhythmic verse or linear prose they package it and deliver to you, sometimes in your own living rooms. The effervescence of their core intercourse is often shared with you, but when you hear, and not listen, you miss the whole mutha-fuckin conversation.

So you have those kind of Pussy's, and then you have the bohemian-like-nature-pusses, who come to the Spotlight unprepared, in mockery of some of the new pussies. But their shit aint even
work 2-red-cents. Now that’s the worse kind of pusey that we have in the Spotlight, and we try to screen, find, and eliminate those muta-fucka’s before they set one toe on this stage. Cowardly Mutha-fuckas! Scared to challenge their own brains. Scared to close their eyes and bob and weave, and search for some “real shit” to say. Well, Enough about those Mutha-Fuckin-comic type muta-fuckas. The evening must proceed, MUTHA-FUCKING-LY.

(In a calm tone) Now Good Evening Once Again Ladies and Gentlemen, and welcome to the Spotlight. Not the one’s they shine in your cars, or the one’s they shine in your face, or the one’s they raid your club with. Nor the one’s that glamorizes the walls of prisons. Nor the one that shines on nights bosom when there’s a special event. Nor the one that shines down on earth’s belly from the ribs of helicopters, searching for you. Not those spotlights, but
---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>O: To apologize for my stage absences.</th>
<th>PA: Exit USR. There is a quick change into Kahlil's black pants, cream sweater, and Timberland boots. Enter USR.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A: To level with my listeners.</td>
<td>PA: Grab the microphone.</td>
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<tr>
<td>the Spotlight: the club, the stage, the mic., the night, where legends are born, celebrities are conjured, and stars and killed by the pens of poets. (2 beats) Now coming to the stage, our featured poet of the night, our very own--born and raised on this stage. I give to you Kahlil Evitan Wutue. If you reverse his middle and last name, it will for surely reveal the truth. I give to thee Kahlil. (Lights come up on stage, in the Spotlight, and Kahlil steps to the Mic.) Kahlil: I apologize...I've been away from the Spotlight for some time now. Yes in the midst of Death, Desolation, Ruin and Decay. I appreciate you all having me tonight, but I have one confession. I don't have a lot of verse for you, because my life lately has been real prose like. So if you all don't mind I'll share that with you. It is amazing, how much this place has grown. I remember when I use to come here as kid and watch some of the old school players</td>
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</table>
Like Saul Williams, and the Last Poets. Then on Saturdays the Spotlight would turn into a hot Jazz Arena. All the great musicians would be here. Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Sonny Parker, John Coltrane, the "lethal local" Larry Live, truly one of the best damn sax players you'd ever want to hear. Oh, Larry live was a slick-rick Mama-Larna. Man, he could run those scales as easy as flipping hot cakes. He was a bad dude.

I remember, just as if it was yesterday. My daddy would pick me up early every Saturday morning. Sometimes as early as 6:00 a.m. I knew what those mornings would be about. "Lib, we got to go to work boy. The early bird gets the worm." Man, I don't like worms. "If you sleep all day boy, you can't make no money." That's what you should be for. "Watch your mouth boy. You think money grows on trees or something." You know, I wish it did. Money that is. I would richer than a-mug. But then you
have to sit up all night with your shotgun to keep people out of
your front yard. I guess that wouldn't work after all.

But I remember we would be up early as heck on a
Saturday, heading to the hay-field. Man, I hated cutting hay.

Sitting up on a little small John Deere tractor approaching the
nucleus of a hot, humid July day in Alabama. Whew. Man, you
talking bout hot. I use to be sweating sand out of my pores. First
we'd have to cut it, then rake it. We couldn't bail it all in the same
day though. He said it was too rich and fresh to bail in the same
day, and that the sun had to cure it. "It wouldn't roll properly in
the bailer if we tried." Man, I use to want to get it done so we
wouldn't have to come back. It ain't nothing worse than that, out
there in the middle of no-man's land, singing to myself. He's six
hundred yards away in his pickup truck eating a fish sandwich. We
never got a chance to really talk much when we were out there.
It was always about the work. “Did you finish it? Did you get all of it cut?” YeEp, I got every last string of it. Knowing most of time I was lying. Man, it was too hot.

Then after we would finish. We would go by my house so I could get a change of clothes and bathe, and so he could shower there. Most of time he would have his things with him. We would get all cleaned up and make our way down to the Spotlight. I have to say that he wasn’t much of a dresser. He would always wear these amazingly starched Rustler Jeans, some kind of plaid big collar shirt, brown work-like-cowboy boots, topped with a hat encompassed by a black band, accented with a scruffy looking blueish feather.

Yeah, we’d get there just as the sun was setting. The only reason I could get in was because the owner had his liquor license revoked. Although I’m quite sure the owner could smell the vodka,
run and brandy that seared through the evening’s breeze. And of course, he would bring his little purple Crown Royal sack. He called it his nip sack. But we would sit there, at the first table to the downright position of the stage, and listen to Coltrane and the others spring clean our minds. Then several hours later, most of the men there would be so jacked up liquor, the roof would seem to be lifting up every time they yelled: “Gone boy! Play that thang! Make it talk baby! Yeahhhhhhh!” My pops would soon join them waving his hat in the air, yelling “Don’t make me come up there” as if he could really play with those guys. I mean the only thing He knew how to play fairly well was the harmonica, and just a little bit of guitar. But Miles and those guys would do solos that seemed to last 30 minutes, and He knew couldn’t last that long. I think he only knew one song. I would sit there in amazement, because while He and his friends were continuously yapping and
raving, I would be looking into the closed eyes of the performer. trying to figure out where all that melody and soul was coming from. Man, especially ole Dizzy. Mannnn, when he closed his eyes everyone would yell, "he's left earth, we'll see him in a week."

After he'd finished his solo and he opened his eyes again, the whole world would be spinning, mainly my pops friends chasing women around tables. On the other hand, people finally had a chance to breathe. People would say that Gillespie would stay in his zone so long, that people would eventually get dizzy and faint due to holding their breath, because his sound just created so much intensity. It would always seem as if a world-wind had just blown through that joint. And that's how he got the name Dizzy.

But anyway, after the night's bill would draw to an end. My tipsey pops and his dizzy friends would all go out by their cars, and pull out their instruments. You had Mathew James on the guitar. A
guy by the name of Fellowboy doing the Har-bone, which they
called the percussion. James Lee would contribute the vocals, only
when he was conscience. And He of course would pull out his
Harmonica. (Harmonica Solo).

POET #2 (Doug)--Waiting
I sleeping in my bed, and I’m waiting. She slips in, I slip in and I’m
waiting. She sleeps in, I slip out, grab my wallet off the couch;
grab my keys and locked the house and I’m waiting. I’m sitting in
my car and I’m waiting. She comes out, we pull off, and we’re
waiting; the traffic slowly clears, I see cans of empty beers; she’s in
tears and I stop, and I’m waiting...and I’m waiting. Shit!
--I’m sitting at the red light and I’m waiting. I pull off, time ticks
off, and I’m waiting. I drive through and order food and I’m
waiting, waiting, waiting: The burgers hot, the fries are not, and
I’m waiting. I drive to class, I got gas, my tank is full so I’ll just

---

PA: Begin playing the
Harmonica. Exit USR.
Quick change into Doug’s
blue sweater and neck
brace. Enter USR. Rubs
Crasty.

PA: Stands for about 5
beats and then speaks.

PA: Demi Plie’ as if I am
sitting in a car. Begin
steering.
--The children smell, the teacher yells; "It ain't my fault, can't you tell." She calls my mama, here comes drama, I mean HELI.

--And I'm standing I'm waiting and I'm waiting. I'm waiting and I'm standing and I'm waiting. I'm standing and I'm standing, and I'm waiting; and I'm waiting and I'm waiting, and I'm waiting. Time is ticking and ticking and I'm waiting. Shaving seconds of my life with a plastic butter knife, and now I'm standing and I'm faking, and I'm faking. MY MAMA!

--Here I stand shaking, not faking the shaping of my life's misshapen mis-shaven mistakings, by spaking, not speaking, but making you listen to words that I listen, hence yanking and baking your brain in the making, while raking the drums of your ear, oh dear... What Frey was here? Staking fundamentals of conversation. Your heart is now gaping. What, and now your waiting. (2 beats)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>O: To re-master the initially set rhythm.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A: To improvise.</td>
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<tr>
<th>Waiting on my next forsaken, alliterary and assonant cake. We'll here's a small piece, though come back for your slice, and be wedded to fleets of rhyming sweets from your head to feet, not your feet. So vibe with my word beats, my verbage, my wordage. My verbs are my verbs of my aging while waiting.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 love, 2 pic, 2 pac, 2 pak, 2 piece</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 words, 2 big, 2 say, 2 me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 hard, 2 flee, 2 plea, 2, 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2,2,2,2, 2-pie, 2-be or not 2 be, is the question Gee. While we wait don't debate, d-f-f-fate at the gate. In line-Cuz we all got to wait. BIG ARM LUKE! Thank you! (Kahlib returns to the mic.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thanks Doug. I like that piece. Will the Audience</td>
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<tr>
<th>PA: Body drumming stops.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PA: Exits USR. Quick change into Kahlib's cream sweater, blank pants again.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PA: Kahlib enters USR.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
O: To distinguish Rap and Spoken Word Poetry.

A: To expose the genealogy of both.

giv'en a round of applause again. (2 beats) Thank You.

Don't Confuse Me With Rap!

Now all of you new comers out there. First time hear-ers of Apollo himself. Don't Confuse Me With Rap!

My style maybe a reflection of that that dwells in the core of blackness. My delivery may disperse in verse with a smidgen of lyrical content. My text is selected at random causing mental disconfiguration for some and to others just complex-i-ty, i-ty, i-ty, hell stop crying I'll explain further. My Spoken Decor is simply a philosophical and psychological extension of the pure mechanics of voice, speech, and emotion.

Aiyeh...you feel me...Now let me rap to you for a second.

The family Tree

I am Spoken Word, not Rap. Rap is cousin. You see, let me explain my family's genealogy. Rap's momma is Queen R&B.

PA: Grabs the mic.

PA: Holds mic. towards the audience. X to CS.
Filled with soul and texture, rhythms and counted measures, a voice of healing and of pleasures.

Fathered by the Blues, Rap continues to shine the light and the blue. An outlet for frustrations, expressing painful situations, setting trends and blazing stations, and influential amongst its patrons.

Often scrutinized by its messages, if any, and behaviors that linger, or assimilate to the culture. Though the Capitalist Culture assimilates and lingers about with behaviors, and plenty, injecting messages of scrutiny, often making capital. Grandfather was called the Gospel. Great-grandmother was called the Spiritual.

But me, I'm Spoken Word, 4th Generation of all of the above names, with the exception of Rap and R&B, my cousins. But people tend to know my closer relatives...Jazz, my uncle, the...
O: To denounce the request.

A: To utter reasons why he denounces the request.

O: To finish the poem as soon as possible.

A: To tap faster.

most heightened state of mental complexity, just like my father. My mother's name is Rhythm in which I take after most. And my father, they called my Father Poetry. Now, he's the most beautiful choreography of language and expression. beautiful choreography of language and expression. Hence Rhythm Poetry (thrice). My mother, my Father- (there is a Poem Request from the D.J.'s booth)--Papa Was A Rolling Stone underscores) my father, my father...ahh come on don't do that to me. That piece is old. I retired that one a long time ago. (He prepares by putting on tap shoes, that were tossed onto the stage by one of the "Club personnel.")

The Code of Silence

Rolling Stone! Rolling Stone!

Papa was a turning pebble, an autistic devil, taking the fear of manhood to its highest level.

PA: Clap hands thrice.

e.g., Hence Rhythm Poetry

1 2 3

PA: Sits on stool and puts on tap shoes.

PA: Begin tap warm up.

(Improvised).

PA: Metronome sound with right shoe.
My mom the midwife of your life, the father of five, but you
slipped in the flesh, but made me a bastard.

I lost my father at conception, but I still got a father, my father.
which art in heaven.

Oh you think I'm not worthy to be admired, but I'm not
shamed.

Because the shrew won't tame me, but the shrew I must tame. And
as soon as you see me exceeding your conscience will start
bleeding, expeditiously, but you didn't want to mix the right
ingredient.

Try to get aboard of this freight train that you made, but didn't
claim.

Choo choo Mother F**k and don't forget to swallow.

Your negligence of my existence makes me more persistent, and
conspicuous, damn it's just ridiculous.
Remember, every head must bow and every tongue must confess.

Now do you feel me in your head and your heart like arthritis and rheumatism?

Henrik Ibsen is the father, and I am the son of Realism.

I'm much like Jeffrey Dahmer, but I only eat your mind.

I have devoured my spirit and swallowed my pride.

And hell yeah, the validity of my spoken word is reliant, and don't abhor my consensus, because it's senseless.

I am the Kindred of King Solomon.

Behold!

I am the son, under the sun of the son, but you don't hear me Son!

Damn! I've broke the Code of Silence.

**A Day With History**

O: To change the pace of the evening.  

Now I am going to change it up a bit. This next piece is pretty wild. It takes me back to my undergrad years of study. This

PA: End tapping and X to SR to stool to remove shoes.
A: To drum while speaking.

was the only way I actually made it through that class. It goes a little something like this.

Well, I was having brunch with Sophocles, when I got a call from Aristophanes. He said his wife was leaving him: Please, Please, Please Baby don't do that. He said, "If I don't write plays, then else am I going to provide for you. I'll have to take back all those furs, jewels, and you'll be back to peasant-hood boo's. Now during this time, I sitting, trying to figure out how to help him in his situation, but I could sense that Sophocles is getting kind of edgy, because somebody beeped in our interrupted conversation. I'm still holding the phone and Aristoph is getting hysterical by the minute. *(In desperation to calm him)* Hold on Sophocles, it'll only take a sec. Hello! What's up Aristotle? Nall, I'm kinda busy right now, hit me back later. Hey man, Chill out. I was in the middle of something. Let me think on it a little bit. *(annoyed by Aristotle's

O: To calm Aristotle.

PA: Grab the drum, that sits at the down right position of the platform. X to CS and chair rolls out from SL. Grab it and place it DSL. Sit in it.

PA: Boom Boom, on drum.

PA: Continue improvised rhythms on the drum to underscore this section of text.

PA: Get's out of chair and stands at DSR.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A: To assist him.</th>
<th>persistence) ALRIGHT make it quick; what titles do you have in mind? (repeats titles) Aristotle Inquiries. Nall, too forward.” Aristotle trilogies, tragedies, and trinities. Nall, too long, and your not GOD, so try again. Aristotle Ciphers...almost-but not quite, catchy-but not concrete. (gets an idea) Aristotle! How about Aristotle Poetics? Ahh, you like that one. The God of poetry and sound, what a compliment. Hence I am Apollo. No prob man. HOLLA! (clicks back over, and gestures) Sophocles hold tight for another minute. (into the phone) O.k., Aristophes, I’m back, and sorry about that. That was Aristotle. Don’t worry about all that, back to your problem, your wife. Now first, I want you to calm down, and stop talking so loud. Stop the yelling. Stop yelling at her. To me and to her. Listen to me, because I am going to try to see if I can help you out. Shhhhhhh. Shhhhhhhhhh. Listen and focus. You listening! You focusing. Now listen to me very closely.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O: To calm Aristotle.</td>
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<tr>
<td>A: To instruct him on how to win his wife back.</td>
<td>PA: Roll chair off SL.</td>
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<tr>
<td>I am going to tell you word for word what I want you to say to win her back. O.k.? You ready? Focused? Calm? Listening? Awight, here we go....I am not making no promises, but hey, it's worth a try. This is your wife man, the one who has been by your side through thick and thin, give it a shot.. Here we go... <em>If I profane with my worthiest hand this holy shrine, the gentle sin is this. My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand, to smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.</em> Now I want you to look into her eyes...take her by the hand....caress her cheek. Now lean forward, and put your lips on hers; like fire and powder, kiss and consume a new, refined base for communicating. Take her by the hand, gently...now find her the softest place in the house, upon which you will invite her bottom to engage...sit her there...You, kneel before her, take her by the foot, and embrace the sole of it. Replace it for the other. Now take her.</td>
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<td>PA: There is a steady pace on the drum to assist me leaving DSL to the platform at SR. Walk to the mic. There is a periodic boom boom on the drum throughout the rest the scene. There is a sound score that accompanies me.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PA: Stop drumming and place the drum back in its original resting position.</td>
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by the hand, and lift her to standing, and you stand... put your hands  
on her shoulders, and say, "I am here for you...." Now Soph, I am  
going to end on that note, because you all need to talk from this  
point. But I want you to remember that a house with no foundation  
is just a pile of bricks. So the next time your mansion seems shaky,  
just go back down to the foundation, and you rub, caress, nurture,  
mold, sculpt, invest, and make it as whole and concrete as possible.  
A house with no foundation is just a pile of bricks... Stand! Now by  
this time, Sophocles has had enough, and he'd left about five  
minutes before. He left a note: (reads note) Interruption.  
Counseling Sessions. Personally, I didn't see anything wrong with  
me taking my calls. (to audience) Did you? I mean, I didn't  
anticipate this kind of thing to happen, but when friends need your  
help, you help them... you know what I mean... sssss... I don't know  
what's Sophocles's problem... I guess it's just a cultural difference.

PA: Run fingernails over the top the drum, creating a nice airy sound.

PA: X to CS.

PA: Mimes the reading of the note.

PA: Note disappears.
| O: To greet him nicely. | Speaking of cultural difference, this guy walks pass as I am sitting and collecting my thoughts. As he passes: I say hi, sir, how are you doing? He replies with a hideous snarl, and does this (puts up middle finger). *(ticked off )* Do you just do this at me? He replies, “Nnnno, I said Sir I just saw you do this to me. If there’s a problem, just let me know. I’m down for whatever. I just spoke to you that’s all, and if that’s a problem I need not to make that mistake again. Mr. Shakespeare, how did I offend you? What, you heard my phone conversation minute ago. You should look at that as an honor. People use it in their weddings all the time. *(3 beats)*

| A: To profess my greeting’s innocence. | Well, on the other hand I can see why could be a little pissed off.

| O: To extinguish the misunderstanding. | You got “scholars” messing with your work. Beats, Meters, Pentameters/writing on the heartbeat, whatever, yeah I can see how that can be frustrating. *(smirks)* I can imagine you did what you had to do to survive. Then you lost your son. That’s deep. |
Then to top it off you got Actor's or so called actor's training under your name. *mimicking* I'm a Shakespeare actor. *aside*

Man, just be yourself. I know you probably wish your work could be unleashed from all these technical strains, and just be free, for what it is. Trust me, I... What did you just say? I Hate the Moor. What was that? Dude, what's your problem? Stress! Stress my foot! *pissed off* Why would you just come out the blue with a comment like that. And what was it alluding to. *Replaying the whole name calling event very serious and methodical.* Demonic Energy! Unappreciative! Fourthly, who knows if you didn't plagiarize? I'm a poet, and I could have used my own writings. --

To me that's not the point. The point is, you are acting like an arrogant, pompous, black hole of leaking bile. I may be a vexation to my presence--WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN? I DON'T WANT YOU TO ENDURE ME? SORRY PARTNER--
O: To defend myself with lyrical coercion.
A: To Rap.

--You make your own flesh tremble--Shawty, Is that a THREAT?
Don't walk away from me! Yeah You! Let me rap to you cuz! --
Will, should I call you Bill. Step to me lyrically, you better write
your will. I got my weapon/feather dipped in ink, I'm about to
write your bill. So feel my seal as I press'ed on your undress'ed
chest. It's my zeal to leave my mark upon thy naked breast. Save
your self the bless'ed torture, "say K-Smooth's the best." Say it!
Say it! You can bow and kneel now and avoid the rest, or you can
pride yourself in your ability to swallow pills. It's my deal, I'm for'
real don't look at your hand.--cause your bleeeving, I'm believing
that I'm the man. Like Lennox in eight rounds, I can't let you
stand, 1*2-1*2-1*2-1*2-bam, Bam. So heel at my heel, my jointed
heel. Words turning like a will without exerting my will. oooo, I'm
looking at your meal, man you must be nervous. Wait...you've
always been the King and you don't deserve this. And as the

PA: Punch-Punch-Punch-
Punch-Punch-Punch-Punch-Kick (Jump turning back kick.) This
accompanies the 1*2
sequence.
natives say: from now on, *Ha O Mpona O bona Moboka.* *(taking
in each his insults like fire balls)* Yeah, I'm the Prince of Cats, a
duellist, a new tuner of accent, a very good blade, a very tall man, a
very good whore...*(laughing)* So nice of you to recognize, thank
you for your compliments. OH YOUR BONES! NO YOUR
BONES! Talking to you, Shakespeare. Shakespeare! When you
see me coming you better shake spear. You're being replaced by
K-Sphere, Smooth-spear. Speared to death by K-sphere, you know
I can't spare you no life so shake spear. --fake spear, just call me
the Wake-spear, Quake-spear, A.K.A. the Spear breaker, lyrical
undertaker, common denominator, elocution reciprocator; *(beat)*
Ticking me off, was just a poor dumb decision, and I better stop
now before I loose my religion. *(beat)* So go ahead and fire, don't
shake spear, don't worry, like Susan, I will tell them which lake, if
they don't find you in time, you will no longer shake.

**PA:** Grabs the mic.

**USR:** Quick change into
O: To share the feeling of passion about life's passions.

A: To reveal real life scenarios.

Poet #3 (Jersey Me)—Hot Pursuit

I know there's a will, but I must have the will.

Although I have the will, I must find a way.

Which way will I choose to go?

Way down yonder?

Or way up yonder?

1 step

3 centimeters

5 millimeters

7 meters—air from the Gates of Heaven

-Will I make it?

Father if I die now, my soul just take it

My manifested destiny—Lord with the rest of me.

People thinking less of me,

Dudes want to flex on me,

Jersey Me's Walmart smock, cream sweater, and 2 hair ties on each side of my head.

PA: Enters USR and grabs the mic. Rubs Crusty.
| Lying all this mess on me,          |
| -Antagonists standing next to me, |
| Spiritually undressing me,         |
| -Trying to stay abreast of me,     |
| Dying to get the best of me,       |
| The world is getting the best of me,|
| Looking to the west of me,         |
| -Saying, GOD WHY THEY TESTING ME?  |
| -Jesus here I premise, I promise to change my ways... |
| If there's a way out?               |
| Is there a way out?                 |
| Weighing on my conscience...Am I just burning the fuels of time? |
| If I don't know where I'm going, then hell I'm already here. |
| -But here I shall not stay,         |
| So which will I choose to go?       |
I've paid my tuition with my intuition
So understand my disposition, as I seek to conquer this lyrical
mission.
-It's my mission,
Not a transition,
Only to condition,
This world of demolition,
-To save the souls and sounds of blackness, and its traditions,
-Whoo, I'm matriculating my thoughts and calibrating my senses.
Shunning the world with my vocal dispenser...
I know there's a will, but I must have the will.
-Although I HAVE THE WILL, I MUST FIND THE WAY...
Which way will I choose to go?
WHICH WAY will I choose to go?
Which way WILL I CHOOSE TO GO!
O: To articulate that there is a higher power than man.
A: To list the infinite flaws of man.

-Damn, I'm in pursuit of my passion...

Poet #4 (Abdel)—Validity

The Pharaoh is watching
The sparrow is I on a narrow path in search of truth and light.
A pilgrimage with no necessities such as food or water,
Only a woolsock of hope and a full cup of faith on my journey.
The Eye of Horus is crying, yet damning my soul.
Wedding my hand, not my heart, and divorcing my spirit.
My pores are sweating blood blood blood blood blood blood......
For what?
Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin......
Well, frankly I don't give a damn!
For the root of all evil is piercing my body,
Tattooing old bones on my medulla oblongata.
As I take the place of Neo and battle against the Matrix.

PA: Exits USR and begins quick change. Turbine goes on, with cream sweater and black pants. Enters USR. Rubs Crusty. Grabs mic.
So as you can see, I am the Sphinx.

Not that of Leon, but Creon, so from here on.

Just call me Apollo and follow my creed my creed

Go ahead and try to decipher, my Peter Piper, Picked a

Pepper.....Whatever!

I just refuse to wait for someone to validate me.

One may imprison my body, but my words shall always be free.

Demanding is start, understanding is another, for the F, R, and the

Double E.

I understand mine just fine, after being pushed out of an eagle’s

nest and began flying and flying and flying, soaring and soaring and

soaring.

Hell I can’t come down!

I am a man, all man, but I’m tired of being fingered, hell I ain’t no

whore!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>O:</strong> To resist the wallowing in the pains of my brain.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Constantly pointing at me; Black, Bald, Dreads and 5’11”:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Oh for heaven’s sake!</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>I’m changing my course of action so follow me verbatim.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>I’m training my tongue with the techniques of truth.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>I’m blotching my stamp and here comes my seal.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Bitch, you’ve just been validated!</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Thank You! (Exit) (Conscience moves gracefully about the stage.)</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**This Thing Is Eating Me**

*Kahlil Enters* My Brain is eating me! Ahaaahhhhhhhweseeee!

This is the reason I can’t think. This Thing is eating me. *(aside)*

What do you mean, how do I know. Because it’s in my head, and I can feel it. *(to brain)* Don’t think that I am fooled by those shallow headache diagnoses that you send to me. I know what you are up to. *(pause)* See! You did it again! I felt that! I caught you!

**PA:** Exits USR. Quick change into the America sweat shirt, black pams and Timberland boots. Enter SL. Lie down on platform, sleeping. Slowly, painfully rise from this bitter-sweet sleep.

**PA:** Sit on the edge of the platform.
A: To challenge the brain about it's cocky behavior.

I caught you! I caught you! Now you cut that out. Right now.

Right Now! RIGHT NOW! What! What do you mean, “after all you’ve done for me.” Don’t make me tell you what time it really is.

(beat) You know what I am fed up with you! Because, I am the shell that’s been doing all the work, cause I’m the body and you’re the brain, huh. Cause I’m the body that’s been immersed in the shits of misfits, that fit and don’t fit. Cause I’m the one, the physical absorber of this component. When people see me, they don’t see you.

You think, I feel.

You think, I experience.

You think, I hurt.

You think, I shiver.

You think, I quiver.

You think, I shake. (Boom Boom—from drum. Off stage sound.)

PA: Stand on platform.
You think, I quake. *(It continues throughout the sequence.)*

You think, I crumble.

You think, I break.

You think, I shatter...

While you think, I’m crushed!

While you think, I’m smashed!

While you think, I’m smashed!

While you think, I’m shushed!

While you think, I’m battered!

While you think, I’m fried.

While you think, I’m assaulted.

While you think, I’m jailed.

While you think, I am imprisoned.

While you think, I am ostracized.

While you think, I am televised.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>While you think, I am criticized.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>While you think, I am proven guilty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While you think, I've had no trial.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While you think, I've forgotten innocence.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While you think, Where is innocence?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While you think, How does innocence look?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While you think, Who is innocent?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While you think, What is innocent?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While you think, I think</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While you think, I think</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While you think, I think</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While you think, I think</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I think...I think...I will not be your punching bag; for any of your frustrations, fears and frailties...&quot;and after all I've done for you.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God forbid, for one milli-second that I reflect on a smidgen of</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
a fraction of my doings for you...our history...together...my hard labor...my black, then tanned skin...for you...oh God forbid...and yes, the answer is yes...this is the way that I'm going to repay you. Because I don't want you to ever forget, that I am your conductor to life. Your bridge to this lavish life, that you live, Up There...God forbid...God forbid that I should further introduce you to reality...ahhhhhweeeehhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

**My conscience must be a woman**

Sometimes I think, if my conscience has a gender, which would it be, man or woman? Sometimes I think my conscience is a woman. When I finally met my conscience. When I found out my conscience was a woman, I almost fainted. *(Conscience speaks. --)*

--Your conscience must be an intelligent woman because I think, sometimes. I mean if I have female as a conscience, does that make
--Your conscience must be a visionary woman because I too dream of Great Men.

Oh no, maybe that makes me that "Sensitive, Sensual Man," that women claim they always looking for.

--Your conscience must be a sensual woman because I like to be held.

Yes, that they claim they looking for.

--Sometimes my conscience wants me have sex with her.

--Your conscience must be an erotic woman because I hate all rough things except sex, sometimes.

Sometimes my conscience wants me to make love to her.

--Your conscience must be a tender woman because I love to confide.

Sometimes my conscience wants me to just hold her.

--Your conscience must be a talkative woman because I love
Sometimes my conscience wants me to compliment her.

"Your conscience must be an expecting woman because I've always wanted kids.

"Good conscience, sweet conscience, you such a pretty thing, you make me say words that I never imagined saying. You craft phrases and pass them to me that I've never imagined hearing. You log sentences on my mind, that I eventually call poetry and you urge that I expose them to the world.

Sweet conscience, Good Conscience, when I first realized that you were there all along, just waiting for me, I cried. When you told me that you would never leave me, I felt your honesty, and my knees weakened.

"Your conscience must be a gentlewoman because I like to hold things."
I remember our first kiss, just as if it happened a moment ago.

--Your conscience must be an older woman because I love to love.

It's something about the way you embrace me: with such such tenderness, care, affection...

Someday I hope that we'll get married.

Someday we will be married.

Someday we will be married and people will be able to see us together.

Someday I will sit before the masses and exclaim how beautiful our love is: it's purity, wholesomeness, and possibility.

Someday, Someday we will be free.

--Your conscience must be an inquisitive woman because I love the Blackman also.

--Your conscience must be a high-class woman because I now feel embarrassed when I fart.
--Your conscience must be a street woman because sometimes I love to talk shit.

My conscience must be a tough woman because I don't take a lot of shit.

My conscience must be a conscience woman because I keep conceiving great thoughts and poetry.

*(lights come up on an audience member)* Hey you! Was somebody out here? Yea, I mean just a minute ago. I thought I heard someone out here that's all. -You smell that? It smells like perfume! I know you smell that! -No, someone was out here, I know it! *(someone appears)*

Hey, who are you? -And what are you doing here? Hey, don't leave? Who are you? *(Someone comes closer)* Damn, you're beautiful, will you marry me?

Someone: You don't even know who I am?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PA: Move to DSL.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PA: Turns and moves to USC.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Kahlil: Why should I care, you're beautiful!

Someone: You don't recognize me?

Kahlil: No. But come live with me and be my love and we will some new pleasures prove; of golden sands and crystal brooks,
   with silken lines and silver hooks.

Someone: So you know him?

Kahlil: Know who?

Someone: John Donne.

Kahlil: What does he have to do with this matter?

Someone: That was his poetry you were speaking.

Kahlil: Whoo, I thought I made that up.

Someone: (In a correcting manner) No, that's a little bit too smooth for your style.

Kahlil: Wait a minute, how do you know what my style is?

Do I know you from somewhere?
Someone: I don’t know, let’s just say I had a hunch. You should know me. I know you, and we spend an awful amount of time together.

Kahlib: That’s strange, in just those few seconds I felt like I’d known and loved you forever.

Someone: We’ve been in love for quite sometime now.

Kahlib: Well, why we’ve never physically spent time together?

Someone: (slap) I’m with you every moment, and don’t you forget that!

Kahlib: Wow, that fragrance you’re wearing is tantalizing.

Someone: Well tantalize me, and Take Me.

Kahlib: I’ll take you up on that offer, so let’s romanticize before you escape me.

Someone: -Escape you, after I mentally rape you. (thump lights)

PA: X to CS.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A1</th>
<th>B1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kahlilb:</td>
<td>Rape me and proceed escaping.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Someone:</td>
<td>Escaped once.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kahlilb:</td>
<td>Escaped twice.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Someone:</td>
<td>Escaped</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kahlilb:</td>
<td>-Never thrice.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Someone:</td>
<td>Throwing white rice at my feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kahlilb:</td>
<td>My feet are now escaping.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Someone:</td>
<td>-My heart is now gaping.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kahlilb:</td>
<td>My words you have mistaken.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Someone:</td>
<td>Mistaken words!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kahlilb:</td>
<td>No, words mis-taken.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Someone:</td>
<td>I somehow forgot, I'm already taken.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kahlilb:</td>
<td>All taken.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Someone:</td>
<td>All taken.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kahlilb:</td>
<td>Already</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PA:** Begin tossing lighted thumbs of magic.
**O:** To seduce the audience in order to forgive him for his tardiness.

**A:** To compliment them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scene 1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **Someone:** *(seductively)* All Ready...ooouu, I want to kiss you so bad.  
**Kahlib:** You don't even know who I am.  
**Someone:** That's what you think.  
**Kahlib:** A hunch?  
**Someone:** Do I have to spell it out? I am your hunch. Poetry. *(Exits.)*  
**Kahlib:** Conscience. *(Exits.)* |

**Master of Ceremony**

*(Club Opening and Greeting as herd before: Welcome to the Spotlight, where legends are born. celebrities are...etc.)*

Damn, this is a beautiful evening. *(panning the crowd)* Damn, and it's some beautiful women in the Spotlight here too! All these pretty faces, and gorgeous smiles make it look like the sun is still shining at the peak of noon. For the sake of God and his creation...
of beautiful women, let everybody say GOD, The Sun Is Still
Now I want everyone to put your hands in the air.
And don’t be thinking this no damn stick either.
As a matter of fact, one damn hand, preferably the right.
Now, bring it down and look at it.
We gone do some self-exploration tonight.
Damn, are you looking.
Now ask your damn self, What damn function does the limb serve
most? Men please keep your damn minds out of the gutter,
we don’t want to know about all that up in here.
We don’t give a damn about all that up in here. (*undomesticated
laugh) Damn it, laugh with me.
O.k. here we go. Now what function does this limb serve most?
Here are your multiple-choice answers:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Action</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>It fellowships</td>
<td>(Each action is the reciprocal of the word spoken)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It seals</td>
<td>deals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It reties</td>
<td>serves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It protects</td>
<td>gives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It takes</td>
<td>offers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It writes</td>
<td>flips</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It smashes</td>
<td>cuts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It punctures</td>
<td>it pushes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PA: X to DSR.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PA: X to DSC.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PA: X to SL.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
It pulls
It knocks
It opens
It closes
It forces
It directs
It points

And my God, it surprises.

Damn! That's a lot of damn things to choose from huh. Only to pick one, I must be ridiculous. Well let's see if I can damn you help out. Narrow things down, if you know what I damn mean. Keep holding your damn hands there. Keep examining them. Thinking.

In silence. Holding...Now let's just take away a component of the hand-a finger, one that we could do without the damn most, and see if we can still complete any of these same functions. That will
definitely have to be the damn pinky. It’s damn small, puny and it
doesn’t do much but pick damn noses, and it’s a lousy damn tool
at that.

So go ahead and take away the damn pinky. Now look at it. Still
nothing? Well o.k., let’s narrow it down a little damn further.

Let’s take away the damn ring finger.

Doesn’t really serve much of a damn function but a damn bonding
mechanism. Go ahead, take it away.

Have you ever thought who was the damn genius that chose that
damn finger as the damn MARRIAGE FINGER anyway. I may
want to wear it on my damn thumb. (to audience) Back to your
damn hand. Now, what function does this damn limb serve most?

Still nothing? So let’s take away THAT ONE that we all love to
use, and then hate when it directed in our damn path. But before
we take it away, and dismiss this one. For ole times sake, on the
| O: To persuade audience to believe him. | count of damn three. Turn to your damn neighbor and give them a big one. 1*2 (Red and Blue lights flash; Police siren: "Whoop Whoop") (Police enter the Spotlight, and began pursuing him) Oh my, what did I do this time. (to audience) Now y'all know I been here all night. Tell'em. Tell'em I been here all night. (to police) Man, I ain't going with y'all. I'm telling you, I ain't going. (dog barks) They're after me, help me y'all. (Conscience/Kahlil enters from upstage right and intervenes, attempting to calm him. It turns into a wrestling match in this heated moment.) What do you all want from me? What have I done? What about my children? What about your children, cause you fuckin with the Dan...Son? I'll have you know that your children are not safe either. (A shot is fired, and Conscience/Kahlil goes down.) Kahlil! (conscience exits.) Have I lost them? |
| A: To plea for help. | |
| O: To exit the club. | |
| A: To remove Kahlil from his path. | |
| O: To escape the cops. | |
| PA: X to CS. | |
| PA: Falls down and embrace Kahlil, mimicking the beginning moment in the play with conscience. | |
| PA: Jumps in the chair/police car and flees. | |
| A: To flee in the police car. | arrested. This sparks a pursuit.)
- Bam I lost them.
Or have you lost it?
Will I loose them?
Or have they lost me?
I refuse to loose
though I'm losing
and they're gaining on me.
-through my purchases
-on knowledge of self
-through the things I sell
-my cell phone usage
-Internet Access
-the medicines that I intake
-through the chemicals in food | PA: X to DSC.
PA: X to SL.
PA: X to CS.
PA: X to DSR. |
| O: To confront hegemony. | - polluting my oxygen  
-the oil in my reservoir  
-the gas in my tank  
-and that's why this fire is burning…(pursuit ends by him crashing)  
(Master of C. speaks out while in the process of being arrested.)  
You shot him. Kahlil wasn't armed and you shot him. An unarmed black man an you shot him! Now who's going to arrest you. Man, I am tired of this. Every single day in America, at least 8 children 19 yrs. old and younger are killed by gun violence in the United States. EVERY SINGLE DAY in America between 30 and 40 people are murdered by someone using a gun. EVERY SINGLE DAY in America another 40 to 50 people use a gun to kill themselves. I don't hear you talking about that. And you police contribute to those numbers each and everyday, especially towards our youth. Nall, our children are not safe! Your children are not |
| A: To ridicule gun laws. | |
| A: To ridicule the police | |

**PA: X to SR.**

**PA: X to CS.**

**PA: X to USR and exits.**

**PA: Enters USR. Moves to USC. Staggered out, then over to this position.**
| A: To ridicule the educational system. | safe because we live in a country where we value bombs and missiles more than we do textbooks and teachers. Your children are not safe because we still will not provide them with the most basic of human rights, one that nearly every other country on earth has: that ALL children have a right to free health care should they get sick. Your children are not safe because we stuff them full of McDonald's and flush them down with Ritalin, and then wonder why they have diabetes at 13 or shoot up the school a week before graduation. Your children are not safe, because they saw us adults allow a man to steal the White House, and then we did nothing about it. They learned that lying and stealing are O.K. Your children are not safe because one in six of them live in poverty. The children have been targets for some time, and the snipers who take their lives run loose. Your children are not safe, anywhere at anytime. They have nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. |
| A: To ridicule health care in the U.S. | |
| A: To ridicule politics in the U.S. | |
(Master of C. is driven off in the squad car.) (The lights fade.)

Doug—Oh 9-1-1!

(flack come up slowly) As the Titanic sank, the band played on... The Master of Ceremonies would want the show to go on, and it will. (2 beats) It all came down to 09-11, busy signals bellowed, attempting 9-1-1. Which one? That one! Not that one, this one.

Oh, this one? Yes, that one! Brought about confusion, suspected international intrusion—oh what a devastating confusion, passion marked above the breast of the rising sun, for this day has just begun, yet feeling so late, feeling so late. Feeling too late, too late... yet so young. I mean I've often heard of raining cats and dogs to describe hellish times, but never could’ve imagined raining bodies on the front page of the "Times." Walking the streets with great liberty, near the feet of the liberty—breathe, blink, breathe, blink - blink! To fatal destiny... ahh I can't see it's too smoky in

O: To regulate the status of the club.

A: To continue presenting poetic material.

PA: Exits USR. Quick change into black pants, America sweatshirt, and Timberland boots. Enters USR.

PA: X to USL.

PA: Rotate the brick on tower one to burning side. Blow powdered smoke from it.

PA: Rotate the brick on tower two to burning side. Blow powdered smoke from it.
here; crouched to dodge debris seemingly being thrown at me. I feel like I am being terrorized, yet I've seen no terrorist. But I feel so terrified, yes I am engulfed in terror. Hoe, what brings before are thou in this day and era? Perpetrators now being hunted, leaving images so haunted. The mobility of a nation now stunted, being engraved in the pages of history as the real first America's Most Unwanted. Infiltrated and violated, perpetrators self annihilated, several limbs to be confiscated. The sleeping giant, now infuriated, WWIII possibly initiated, demanding that our freedom become extricated, which now brings America to become consolidated. Dan Rather verbally hesitated! STANDING IN THE FACE OF HATE...Hell Nall, we refuse to be intimidated. That could have been mine and my wife's life deactivated from the East to the West Coast, our prayers must remain reverberated.

Poet #4--Reflections

PA: Lift the platform and stand it upright. Underneath it is a mural of 9/11.

PA: Put hood on X to the platform at SR.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>O: To preserve the richness of the moment created by Doug.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hey Yo! I want to add to that piece. In memory of all those who died in the struggle for civil rights, let’s reflect. And the band played on...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh blesseth thy name, penniless I am, I’m broke.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zilch, zero, not-ah, broke as a joke.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of all metallic substances was I divested, my soul has been arrested.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My bail has been paid, but my bonds been denied.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’m trying to break free in the land of the free, and free I should be, so let me be free.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh blesseth thy name on the stripes and the stars, on your chest are those bars, and from your war I got scars.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It’s gone take a bullet to stop me!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chit-Chit Boom-Boom, you put it in my head, but you didn’t put it in my heart, because you didn’t realize that it was in my heart.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I say we wash ourselves everyday, but what part do we really wash</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PA: Grab the mic.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
away?

Is it the rage or the vengeance, or for you Historical Repentance.

A twelve-gauge mind filled with knowledge point shells......POP!

POP! POP!

Now shoot me back! Now shoot me back! Now shoot me back!

I said I didn't declare, but I do declare, the Declaration of

Independence, from this mental sentence.

Oh blesseth thy name, I'm masturbateing faith and ejaculating truth,

with a mental erection!

Don't front this convention!

My intellectual immunity is ninety eight-percent muscle and two

percent fat.

My lyrics are on probation, but my prose is so rich,

Aint that bout a bitch!

Whoever said a man can't give birth...Hell...1...just delivered...
O: To reconnect with my conscience.
A: To reestablish my poetic writing journal.

O: To eradicate the mental blockades in my brain.

KNOWLEDGE! Thank you spotlight.

Kahlil

(Voice over from the What's In My Head sequence of the play. "I say the static is coming. I see the static I'm running, and now I'm running with static. Statistics right on my @. And now I'm running with static. Praying to live through this havoc. Trying to transcend from this attic. Much like Anne and her tactic.

Freelancing my images. Starting internal hemorrhages, fertilizing your inner conscience, seized with my verbal abundance.

Efficaciously bringing down the walls around my mind and starting spatial relations. Spatial relations. (loop thrice.) (Kahlil begins to destruct the set pieces. Taking the center blocks and placing them on the floor. This action underscores the upcoming text.)

K-nowhere to run, no-w-here to Hide inside or outside the spotlight. K-nowhere to run, no-w-here to Hide from fate.

PA: X to platform at SL.

PA: Sit on bricks at the back the platform, pick up my pen and began writing in the air.

PA: Drop the pen. Then stand.

PA: Standing at SL.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>B</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide from history</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide from disease</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide from leukemia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide from a stroke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide from cigarette smoke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide from a heart attack</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide from high blood pressure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U</td>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide from aids</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PA:** I continue deconstructing the two center block piers until I have laid a jagged bridge from one platform to the other. That bridge is toward the downstage of both platforms. To the upstage position of both platforms, there is a linear bridge that is constructed of the blocks. This bridge leads from the SL / USL platform to the USR exit.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S</th>
<th>from diabetes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-here to Hide</td>
<td>from cancer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>from poverty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-here to Hide</td>
<td>from evil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>E</td>
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<td>L</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide from crime</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide from drugs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O</td>
<td></td>
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CONSCIENCE! *(There is trouble all over this world, from Alvin Ailey's Soundtrack plays softly in the background)* The End.

PA: Standing on the SR platform.
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CHAPTER 5

REHEARSAL LOG

Rehearsal Log 1/13/03

This day marked the first official rehearsal of *Knowhere to run, nowhere to Hide*. The evening started promptly at the 18:00 hour. Prior to the beginning of it, the entire cast and crew met for its first official time. The meeting was very productive, and everyone got a chance to meet and greet others who were working with us to make this project a success. The meeting included Michael Buchman—Sound Designer, Chris Pine—Assistant Sound Designer, Anjeanette Stokes—Lighting Designer, Bernadette Phole—Videographer, Brandon Lewis—Stage Manager, Marsha Woody-Hardy—Acting/Movement Consultant, also performer in the piece, and myself—Playwright, Director, Actor, Set and Costume Designer. The meeting ended and the Stage Manager, Marsha, and I moved in the rehearsal space, room 78 Drake Union.

Throughout my rehearsal log, I will frequently refer to the director, the playwright, and the actor as if they were not me, but it was crucial that I become “border line schizophrenic,” darting in and out of the roles of each of these jobs, to effectuate with precision the demands of each role. During this rehearsal, I found it rather difficult to shift hats from the playwright to the director. The latest and last version of the script,
the seventh revision, has caused the playwright to be present for awhile now. So I found it extremely challenging shifting the power into the hands of the director, who also has to approach the script with a critical eye. However, the playwright made it very clear to the director, "What you see is what you get!" My next challenge was getting the actor involved, for it is he who had to endure the storm the most. It was difficult to find a stimulus. Eventually, I just threw myself into the text with an enormous amount of energy, and it was either sink or swim. I swam and managed to block the first five scenes of the show. There are nineteen scenes altogether. The rehearsal ended about fifteen minutes before 10:00 p.m. Everyone assisted in striking all of the props and set pieces, and I smiled towards the heavens, for I had completed my first rehearsal.

Rehearsal Log 1/14/03

The director came in this day more confident, but still did not have a plan of action. I decided to pull out all of the set pieces and props that I would be working with and determine as much as possible what their functions would be. I ciphered through every single item and eventually I had a strong set design that now supported the text.

I then picked up in the script where I had left off, which was the fifth scene, and proceeded to carve through the script to establish blocking. We completed thirteen scenes in our efforts, leaving six to complete on Wednesday.

The director's voice began to grow even stronger throughout this rehearsal because after establishing what I will be playing on, it gave me an incentive as to how I can play. I think in this rehearsal everyone began to listen to jargon that would be used during this process. The actor to actor jargon; the actor to stage manager jargon; the
actor to director jargon, and the stage manager to director jargon. Communication in all of these relationships is extremely important for productivity. Well, so far so good, we'll keep doing the things that work, and work around the things that do not.

Rehearsal Log 1/15/03

At the beginning of the rehearsal the lighting and sound designers dropped in to view their first "official" rehearsal. Anjeanette brought great questions to the table that stemmed from her first read of the script. Her questions were clear and thoughtful, and they forced me to give attention to those unmarked lighting possibilities in the script. Michael Buchman and I went over tentative dates and times to complete work that had to be done in the sound lab.

In this rehearsal we finished blocking the entire script. I started the evening around 3:30 p.m. assembling props and set pieces. I then proceeded to reconstruct the set. Having to do this before every rehearsal was one of the major drawbacks about using a classroom as a rehearsal space. After we muscled our way through the remainder of the script, Brandon and I used the remaining time to work out a plan of action for each day of work ahead. I have to say that it rather difficult switching hats from the writer to the director.

All in all, now that the week's schedule is set, I can invite the actor in to get a piece of the action.

Rehearsal Log 1/16/03

Tonight's rehearsal was cancelled due to a meeting with my production team.
along with Angeles Romero's, the actor who I am sharing the performance space with. We met in the lobby of Drake Union at 6:00 p.m. We started off this meeting by working out a schedule as to when we would actually get into the performance space to rehearse. I was very satisfied with this rehearsal breakdown, but at the moment, a bit concerned that both of our time in the space is sort of scattered. It may be hard to find consistency. We made a decision on the audience configuration. However, this wasn’t an easy decision to come to. Angeles and I had previously talked about the configuration and agreed that we would play it in the same direction that Porcelain was directed in, by Sue Ott Rowlands. The audience would be on one side, and it would be played as if performed in a proscenium. Unfortunately, I had already blocked my entire show with this initial idea in mind, so that now conflicted with her new idea of the space. She felt that she needed more depth in the space to efficiently use video projections. We managed to come to a consensus that it would be played in the direction that we had agreed on earlier, so she made adjustments accordingly. The rest of the meeting included some small talk about performance space issues that ultimately we would have to take up with the producer, Mark Shanda.

After we ended the meeting, Brandon and I proceeded to revamp our promptbooks, specifically our weekly rehearsal schedule. We had to clarify things like times on publicity photo calls, and future production meetings.

I ended my evening feeling rather overwhelmed and tired. There was a lot material covered, and once again I was baffled by the often change of hats by the solo performer.
Rehearsal Log 1/17/03

I spent my 3:00 pre-rehearsal time constructing more set pieces and searching for props and costume counsel. Tonight's rehearsal was devoted to acts one through four. It was really cool for me because this was the first time the actor had his chance to work full out. It was somewhat to my surprise that the actor knew as many lines as he did. This rehearsal also allowed the actor to work with the movement choreographer more effectively. I noticed that the actor had creative spurts, which at times were interrupted because the director had another vision as to how he wanted to play that particular moment. However, the actor persevered through those interruptions and was able to pick up where he left off or move to the next moment and still find something fresh. It was interesting to finally see the actor's take on the script because all of a sudden the exposition really began to take form. It came across as dark and desolate for the character Kahlil, which it was. It was totally different from reading it and hearing the director talk about it over and over again.

I have to say that I am really proud of the actor, because it was a great first rehearsal for him. I think he found a lot of physical action to accompany the text. Although it still needs work...there was a great deal of material generated. I must tip my hat to the choreographer for jumping in there with energy and guidance in finding the material. Collectively, on a scale from one to ten, tonight's rehearsal was an eight and a half, which is not a bad start at all.

Rehearsal Log 1/21/03

Prior to rehearsal tonight, there was another production meeting. This time my

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production crew met with Angeles' crew in Mount Hall to make final decisions on audience configuration and also to test a few of our ideas. It was a very productive meeting and both production teams seemed to have gotten a lot accomplished. Members of the production team who were in attendance were, Anjeanette Stokes—Lighting Designer, Brandon Lewis—Stage Manager, Michael Buchman—Sound Designer, Chris Pine—Assistant Sound Designer, and Marsha Woody-Hardy—Acting/Movement Consultant, also performer in the piece.

After the meeting Anjeanette, Marsha, Brandon and I reconvened in the lighting lab to meet photographer Jo McCulty for publicity photos. I have to admit that I wasn't very prepared for this photo shoot. I arrived on time, but did not have a clue as to what images I wanted to use for publicity purposes. As actor/director I had not gotten through the entire script yet, so it was rather difficult, because I didn't feel like I had a lot of images to choose from. Although I felt this way inside, I tried my best not to show any of my frustrations. I grabbed my drum, threw on a few costume pieces that I guessed would be a part of the show, and began working my photogenic magic. The only thing that I heard from the direction of the photographer was click, click and click. The rest was ‘history.’

After the photos were taken, Marsha, Brandon and I reconvened once more in room 78, our rehearsal space. We managed to get through scenes five, six, and seven, setting the blocking, and fine-tuning the transitions. I also had a breakthrough by detailing the movement of a character in the script. This character was initially named Doug, but ultimately it was changed to Big Arm Luke. I had a lot of fun reeling this character in, because of his highly skilled, old school dance moves. My persistence in
detailing the character Luke makes him another contending Poet in the Spotlight.

Rehearsal Log 1/22/03

Prior to rehearsal tonight, I had my first official meeting of the quarter with my thesis committee. The committee is comprised of Jeanine Thompson, Dr. Anthony Hill, and Bebe Miller. The issues discussed were, the "work" in progress, future meeting dates for the committee, and expectations of each member from this point to the end. The meeting was productive and they seemed to be somewhat excited, but I think we were all faced with the realization that there was a lot of work ahead. The meeting was adjourned around 6:30, and I proceeded to set up for my rehearsal.

At this point, I was exhausted because meetings take a lot out of you, especially when you're the focus of it. I was tired--groggy, but I continued to set up the room to rehearse. I began rehearsal with scene eight, which is a pretty long scene. About midway through the scene I just stopped because I did not really feel anchored to anything. Then I started to question whether this entire scene should be cut. I sat down in the middle of floor for about thirty minutes in complete silence. The stage manager attempted to rescue me, but I think I uttered a few unidentifiable syllables that may have indicated that I just needed to be alone for awhile. So he sat and looked on. I was sitting there, thinking about dropping the whole darn thing. I was frustrated as hell, tired, and bored by the segment I was reading. I finally came to the conclusion that I should just end rehearsal early and number one--try and get some rest, and number two--look for more possible places to edit the script.

As we packed up to end rehearsal, Brandon pulled me to the side and shared with
me his thoughts about this section in the script and the script as a whole. His view was very comforting and it helped me reconnect to some of the good energy that I had produced the night before.

Rehearsal Log 1/23/03

Tonight's rehearsal was extremely productive. Arjeanette came to this rehearsal to show me research that she had been working on, and also to see if any of the color collages that she found would work with the show. She was very prepared and open to comments that followed her presentation. We decided that the next best thing to do was to pick a day next week to meet in the lighting lab so we both could get a feel of scenes by trying them under different color lighting. After our discussion, she decided to stick around to hear more of the script and get a feel of where she may need to move next. Her comments during the rehearsal were, "it's a lot better to hear and see the poetry, because it's hard to feel the passion that I'm feeling now, when you read it."

I was scheduled to complete scenes eleven and twelve, but decided that I would pick up at scene nine. Scene nine was a very short scene and didn't require a lot of attention, so I decided to go through ten also, which was also a very short scene. As we approached scene eleven and twelve, the creative juices were flowing and Marsha and I found some really cool moments during this time. Things were going extremely wonderful so I decided that we should move on to scene thirteen and fourteen. I tell you, we were on a roll. The chemistry was peaking. So we completed on this night six scenes, but were only scheduled to complete two, which now leaves us five scenes from the end of the script. This night has to receive two thumbs up.

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Rehearsal Log 1/24/03

Before the end of every rehearsal I asked the stage manager, "on a scale of one to ten, how would you rate the rehearsal, and tonight marked the highest of all our nights rehearsed. This rehearsal received the grade of eight on a scale of one to ten. I might add, that we haven’t received the score of ten yet, which ultimately gives me something to work toward the remaining of the process.

We used our time to focus on scenes fourteen and fifteen. The rehearsal began with me playing on the drum, which Marsha and I decided would be a great way to warm up and connect our energies. She was not scheduled to rehearse tonight, so it just left Brandon and me. I began playing the drum and finding different rhythms as I grooved along. At approximately ten minutes into my warm up I stopped because I was having an “artistic break through.” I came upon the discovery of why the main character Kahlil plays the drum. The drum represents denial of his history. He is actually surprised at the sounds that he gets when he drums.

I then began to find distinct voices and gestures for the remaining poets who had no form. Poet #3 became the first female poet to make it to the stage of the Spotlight, and I am quite excited about portraying her. Poet #4 is the first poet of Middle Eastern descent to grace the stage of the Spotlight. With all of the current press about this ethnicity of people, it will be very interesting to see how the character continues to take form.

Next I began cutting some text in scene fifteen to help the actor find more clarity. These cuts resulted in the Master of Ceremony’s long list of hand functions being shortened big time. This section was one of my favorite moments. Although it was cut,
this section still has its potency, and is still one of the most important scenes within the
play to me.

Rehearsal Log 1/25/03

Today's rehearsal marked the completion of us working through the entire script.
Only Brandon and I were scheduled to be there. Prior to rehearsal, I went to CD
Exchange on Morse Road to search for a music selection that I had heard on a television
commercial. It was an "old school" song from the sixties. I got there and began my
search and ended up spending fifty dollars on more "old school" music that I thought had
potential to make the show. I was not disappointed at my out-of-control spending;
actually I left feeling comfortable about the soulful texture that would be added to the
show by using this era of music. It is extremely necessary and timely because the Jazz
selections that were created by collaborator Byron Thomas, a friend and student at
Stillman College in Alabama, are to some degree cerebral. With artists like Otis
Redding, Martha and Vandellas, The Temptations, etc. added to the show, it just gives
me the visceral texture that I need in the sound area. I have to say it will be very
interesting to see how and which of the many 60's-80's artists and their songs get to be a
part of the script.

Rehearsal Log 1/26/03

Today's rehearsal was scheduled to do a run through of the entire show, because
tomorrow is our first showing to all technical designers of the show. Brandon, Martha
and I started the rehearsal rather raggedly and ended raggedly. We had a lot of things to

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cover and decided to make sure that we used the designers’ time effectively. To add to our minor stress, this day is also Super Bowl Sunday. We got started around 2:00 and were scheduled to end at 5:00, but we actually ended at 6:30. There was a lot of business to sort out, and no Super Bowl was going to hurry us either. I had plans to attend a party for the game at 5:30, but since I was already an hour late, I decided to go home. No major actor discoveries were made, because all of our focuses were on the technical issues and costume related things.

Rehearsal Log 1/27/03

Tonight’s rehearsal was the actual run through of the show for the designers. Anjeanette Stokes and Michael Buchman were the designers in attendance. We started about ten minutes after 6:00 p.m. and ended at five minutes after 10:00 p.m. Buchman had to leave at 7:30 so I tried my best to get through as much as possible before he left. It is very important that he understands the level of dependability that sound has in this show.

I eventually noticed that I was naturally finding the beat structure—passages of coherent thoughts, also the moment-to-moment thoughts/the dynamics of mood changes of the play. I took it in a total of four big chunks, which I identified as beats. Of course, each beat has sub-beats within its self. Each time I ended a beat I provided an opportunity for the designers to give comments. I think this method is more effective instead of waiting to the entire end of the play and asking them, “o.k., what did you all think about in moment one?” I have to say that I really enjoyed working with Anjeanette. She brings positive, open, creative energy with her each time we meet as a
production team. I appreciate her willingness to help me get a clearer vision of this show, but through a lighting perspective. Her many questions helped me find so much more in the script, specifically inner monologues.

This rehearsal ended with me making a tiny step forward to really opening this show up in a more celebratory quality. I have to do the homework to make sure that the text supports where I am going with the last moment. I hope it does, because at this point in my process, I don't feel that the main character has had any real "fun" yet.

Rehearsal Log 1/28/03

Tonight's rehearsal was scheduled to review scene nineteen, which is the last scene in the script. Prior to rehearsal, we had a production meeting with Mark Shanda, the producer. This meeting was called by Mark to get a current awareness of what things will be needed by both production teams. If I haven't stated already, I really do hate production meetings. I always leave them feeling a lot more confused than I was when I arrived. It's really hard for me to sit around and intellectualize, and look at grids, and little black lines that represent me on the page. I know that those meetings are a part of the process, but they take a lot of energy from me. It is also a challenge, because I am sharing the space with another performer. So every idea I have, I have to open it to the opposing production team and for them vice versa.

However, the meeting ended and I was once again left without energy. I decided to use the time and energy that I had to work on memorizing lines. Brandon and I came to the conclusion, that I should use the next week and a half to dedicate solely to the text, because we will soon move into the performance space and holding the script in my hand...
would not be a good idea. We proceeded to work on memorization for the night, and at
the end of rehearsal I had the first five scenes pretty solid. We will continue to work in
this manner until the entire script is tight.

Rehearsal Log 1/29/03

Tonight's rehearsal started promptly at 6:00 p.m. I picked up where I left off in
the script from the last rehearsal. Brandon once again served as my prompter. I have to
say that I feel sorry for him. He has to sit and listen to me until I get every last word
right, which at times seems like an eternity. However, I proceeded to memorize scene
six. First we started the rehearsal with a run of the first five scenes, speed-reading. After
I completed that successfully I moved on to scene six. I will warm up every rehearsal
with the previous night's learned material. Marsha arrived at 6:18 and at 7:37 I took a
break, which allowed her to run lines with Brandon on the scenes that she is in. I
returned from break at 8:20 and continued to run lines. Although I was not in the room
during break, I took this time to strengthen my memorization by running them alone.
Rehearsal ended at 9:15 and closed out the night by reviewing photographs that may
possibly be used for publicity purposes. Overall, I would rate this evening as another
productive rehearsal.

Rehearsal 1/30-31/03

Rehearsals were cancelled due to auditions for Spring Quarter. I had several
students auditioning from my 280 Acting Class. I went to be their support system.

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Rehearsal Log 2/01/03

Today's rehearsal began at 2:00 p.m. Brandon and I met in the lobby and proceeded to run through scene seven and began the first chunk of scene eight. Scene eight is a very long scene, so I have to take it in memorizable sections. Nothing new happened in this rehearsal, and there were not any breakthroughs.

Rehearsal Log 2/02/03

Today's rehearsal began shortly after I finished the call back of Sleep Deprivation Chamber. Brandon and I convened in the lobby at 6:00 and dove into scene eight. We worked as much as possible before I speech began to sound murky. We both had been in Drake for about 6 hours and were tied due to the anxiety of functioning in a call back. We made a great stride through this scene and ended rehearsal about twenty-five minutes after 8:00.

Rehearsal Log 2/03/03

Tonight's rehearsal was geared strictly for memorization. Scene eight is the longest scene in the script. It is approximately four pages in length. I commenced to trudge through it. Words began to get jumbled in my brain, so to help me out, I suggested that every time I mess up I should do ten push-ups. Brandon didn't have a problem holding me to that. At 9:30 I felt like the incredible hulk, because I pushed all through the 8:00 and beginning of the 9:00 hour. I finally got to a point where my words begin to sound really slushy, so Brandon decided that this might be a good place to stop.
Rehearsal Log 2/04/03

In tonight’s rehearsal, the thesis committee attended, with the exclusion of Dr. Hill. Bebe arrived promptly at 6:00, and Jeanine came in several minutes after 7:06. At the end of rehearsal she apologized for her tardiness, and stated it was due to a meeting that ran longer than expected. Dr. Hill would be considered a no call, no show.

This day was set for the committee to view the entire show and give feedback. I decided to run only the first eight scenes of the show, because those are the only scenes that I was completely off book for. I felt this would be the most beneficial. At the end of the showing, in which I think went well, I asked Jeanine and Bebe to send their comments via email. I wanted to try a different method, because it seemed as though the last few times I met with a member of the committee, I got a bit flustered due to the abundance of comments at once. They both agreed to return their feedback through email and we ended this part of rehearsal at 7:45. Brandon, Marsha and I took a fifteen-minute break that actually turned into a thirty minute one. We struck the set and props, and reconvened in the lobby to proceed learning lines. I ended the night by committing scene eight in its entirety to memory. On a scale from one to ten, Brandon gave me a nine for productivity. Overall, today was great day.

Rehearsal Log 2/05/03

In Tonight’s rehearsal, I memorized scenes nine through twelve. I didn’t do any push-ups tonight, because I didn’t have as many struggles with text tonight as I had last night. We began with scene eight as a warm up, and then plunged into nine. Everything went very well, and I got another chunk of text committed to memory.
Rehearsal Log 2/6/03

Today's rehearsal began at 3:30 p.m. Kristen Hilbert, my student from the Acting Class that I teach served as a prompter. I offered extra points for any of my students who could run lines with me during the day. This session was very productive, and I think it is cool to have one of my students look in on my own acting process. Ultimately, it will show any of them who accepted to run lines that I actually do all of the things that I encourage them to do.

At 6:00 p.m., Brandon and Marsha gathered in the lobby for rehearsal and there were tons of people assembling in the lobby also. So I asked a young lady, what was the event? She replied, “Nikki Giovanni is speaking tonight, reciting poetry from her new book.” Immediately, I cancelled rehearsal and made arrangements for us to attend the show. Nikki Giovanni is an African-American female poet and author, who has done great work for many years now. She was one of the inspiring forces that lead me to the creation of my first Spoken Word Poetry CD, Apollo's Poetics. I have several copies of her poetry albums. It is very difficult to express in words what it felt like to hear her reading her work. She made references to modern artists like Tupac Shakur. She considers him to be a prince to the African-American Culture, and finds his work inspiring. She knows his mother and has a great respect for her. She stated that if Tupac and Notorious B.I.G. were still alive, there would be no room for Eminem. I was surprised at how diverse her knowledge base was. She went from her personal stories with Martin Luther King to birds, ants, and termites, to rap. I found her extremely inspiring. She was high-spirited and she cracked jokes through her entire presentation. At the end of sharing, she signed books and gave autographs in the lobby. I didn’t
purchase a book, but I had a copy of one of her CD’s in my CD case. I hope I wasn’t too
rude, because everyone else had her latest book. There was a very long line, but I
managed to get to the front to get the CD cover signed. I also got a couple of pictures
with her. In the “heat of the moment” I came up with a great idea. I gave her a copy of
my CD, Apollo’s Poetics. It doesn’t matter to me whether she likes it or not, although I
hope she does. What does matter to me is that Nikki Giovani will probably put my CD
on her shelf. My work will be in the home of another great, proven poet.

Rehearsal Log 2/7/03

Tonight’s rehearsal was devoted to scenes twelve and thirteen. Brandon, Marsha
and I met in the lobby and began running lines. This scene involves dialogue between
Marsha’s character and mine. This was exciting because I actually had someone to
respond to, instead of finding fictions all over the place. I really enjoyed this rehearsal
and the material flowed rather nicely and we didn’t have any troubles in this part of the
script at all.

Rehearsal Log 2/8/03

Tonight’s rehearsal was scheduled for scene fourteen. This scene was one of the
most difficult of all of the scenes that I tried to memorize. There is so much repetition in
each phrase, which sounds like it should be easy. The repeating of words loosen me
because my brain tells me that I just said that. I actually worked on this one scene for
three hours, and still did not leave the rehearsal feeling the most comfortable about it.
However, I did not sweat it, and Brandon encouraged me to just stay cool and let it come

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to me, because with time it will linger in.

Rehearsal Log 2/9/03

Tonight’s rehearsal was cancelled due to the only performance of the Department’s production of *The Arkansas Bear*. I felt it was necessary to go and view this performance, because it played in Mount Hall, the space in which we will be moving in tomorrow. I was surprised that the audience configuration for this show was identical to the way in which Angeles and I had agreed to play the space.

Rehearsal Log 2/10/03

Tonight’s rehearsal was devoted to scene fifteen. This scene was extremely difficult to memorize also. First of all, I was tired as hell starting the rehearsal, and just didn’t have the energy to be there. Secondly, we had all just eaten a big dinner prior to rehearsal. Thirdly, I just didn’t feel like rehearsing today. So I fought the words and they didn’t have a problem whipping my ass. I worked on this scene for three hours and still ended the night not feeling 100% about working on it.

Rehearsal Log 2/11/03

Tonight’s rehearsal was held in Mount Hall. This marked the first night of us rehearsing in the performance space with a part of the set. We ran scenes one through eight. Anjeanette was in attendance and provided me with supportive lighting ideas. She used the already hung instruments in the space from *The Arkansas Bear*, to give me ideas.
of lighting possibilities for our show. This was extremely helpful to me to have her give me visuals. This rehearsal also allowed me the chance to work as the actor. I still have lots of room for improvement in the acting area. If this rehearsal was measured in percentages, it would be about 75 out of 100. There is still room for 100% acting, with no distractions from the director, writer, or anyone. This is a goal for me, and with time, I will reach it. There are just so many components to be aware of when creating a new work.

Rehearsal Log 2/12/03

Tonight's rehearsal was held in Mount Hall. The remaining parts of the set, the concrete blocks, were moved in tonight. It was cool to finally set everything up in the space. Anjeanette, Brandon and I were in attendance. I started at scene nine and thoroughly worked my way to the end of the play. There were many stops during this rehearsal, because I wanted to make sure that Anjeanette knew what lighting cues were happening when, and to also get suggestions for spaces and moments that I hadn't designated in the script. I really appreciated the creative input that both she and Brandon gave me throughout the entire rehearsal. Even when I felt they were off target from the director's vision, they always seemed to lead me to greater places, one way or the other. I honestly have to say that I am blessed to have those two personalities on the same team. They make the atmosphere fun to work in, and there is always a quality of positive assurance.

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The night ended with a breakthrough in the last scene of the show. I was looking for ways to anchor the two-page monster, when I began de-stacking the column of bricks to form a bridge from the home of Kahā to the stage of the club. It was very tense work and physically draining because I shifted and reshifted the bricks continuously in search of an anchored ending. At last I think I achieved some point of resolve by starting another brick trail from the home to conscious, Marsha, who stands behind the scrim creating the silhouette images.

Rehearsal Log 2/13/03

Tonight’s rehearsal was scheduled to work on lines for the last scene of the play, scene nineteen. We were back in the lobby of Drake getting the task done. Prior to rehearsal I missed my appointment with one of my acting students who had volunteered to host me as a line prompter. However, with my luck, Brandon was running late, which left me sitting in the lobby of Drake for awhile. To my surprise, my student made a second effort to keep our appointment by attending another rehearsal in the building and swinging back by to see if I had arrived. She informed me that she could not stay long, which worked perfectly, because the last scene is not very long at all. Everything went well, and I didn’t have any trouble getting lines to stick in my head. This session lasted about forty-five minutes and we brought it to a close. Shortly after Brandon arrived, and I proceeded to show off my memorization that I had just committed. His response was, I am shocked, though proud of you. It was a big step because I didn’t have any of this last scene committed to memory last night.

We took a break and decided to take the show from the exposition to the
resolution. I managed to make it through this task in a total of fifty-five minutes, which
left me smiling. There were a few difficult areas, but for the most part I was in control
and memorizing everything just fine. This marked the first full memorization of the
entire script and completing it. On a scale from one to ten, this rehearsal will be a nine.

Rehearsal Log 2/14/03

Today is Valentine's Day, and I am headed to rehearsal. My Valentine must be
the script of my thesis. Brandon and I arrived at Drake Union's main lobby around
7:00p.m. When we both arrived, we seemed hazy and tired. So we began the night with
paperwork. We went through the entire script and made a list of all costume and set
needs. We completed this same format for sound last night. After completing tonight's
initial goal, we decided to cancel the second half of rehearsal in order to view the
department's production of Comic Potential.

I enjoyed the production and witnessed some of the same lighting and sound
effects that I have had crafted for my show. Taking a "break" was very helpful for me,
because my previous week had been devoted to memorizing over 10,000 words.

Rehearsal Log 2/15/03

Today's rehearsal began at 2:00p.m. in Mount Hall. There was about thirteen
inches of snow on the ground, and yes, K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide and crew
are working again. This rehearsal was focused on scenes twelve and thirteen. These are
the scenes that Marsha and I interact in, so I wanted to really do some scene work with
each. It turned out to be a pretty good rehearsal. We both got a chance to really explore
the scenes and find little nuances. Brandon, as always, did a fine job documenting everything.

Rehearsal Log 2/16/03

Today’s rehearsal was devoted to scene 19, the ending of the show. In this scene, I reconfigured twenty-four concrete blocks. I had a pretty difficult time in this rehearsal because fatigue was forever present the entire rehearsal. So every time I messed up, I had to restructure the blocks back to their original position. I would say that I got a better work out here than I normally get in the gym.

Rehearsal Log 2/17/03

Today’s rehearsal was cancelled because fourteen to twenty one inches of snow fell on the ground, and school was cancelled.

Rehearsal Log 2/20/03

Tonight’s rehearsal was productive. Angeles let us have the space because she rehearsed earlier in Drake. After rehearsal, we all met with Bechman to record all of the voice-overs.

Rehearsal Log 2/21/03

Tonight’s rehearsal was a night of exploration for the actor.

Rehearsal Log 2/22/03

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Tonight’s rehearsal was dedicated to paper work and scene design stuff.

Rehearsal Log 2/23/03
Tonight’s rehearsal was fine; I proceeded to allow the actor to play.

Rehearsal Log 2/24/03
Robert Post visited tonight’s rehearsal. He gave me a lot of good feedback and strongly encouraged me to move more.

Rehearsal Log 2/25/03
Tonight’s rehearsal was in Mount Hall. Robert Post attended again to give me more feedback. He was very shocked to see how much I had taken in from his notes given on last night. It was also crew watch.

Rehearsal Log 2/26/03
Tonight’s rehearsal was held in Drake Union because Angeles was “teching” her show. So I worked on some actor stuff, i.e., scene work and costume stuff. Then Brandon and I decided to go the opening of Oxygen to get it out of the way before our show goes up.

Oxygen was fine. The lights in the show were amazing! Extremely amazing!
And that’s how this night concluded.

Rehearsal Log 2/27/03
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Tonight's rehearsal was the first official technical rehearsal for the show. Not only was it hard for the actor, as always, but it was also hard for the director in me, because this night was strictly for the designers' voices. We managed to get through scenes one through eight, and will finish the cue-to-cue session on tomorrow. I am very tired at this point, because I am doing costume stuff, set stuff, and actor stuff. It is allot to have on one's plate. Chad Mahan was conducting a great deal of the technical components and I was very grateful to have him there.

Rehearsal Log 3/03/03

Chaos! People were still trying to make me change shit. Leslie made me really mad. There is a certain care that comes with giving an actor a note, specifically when one is being constructive. She totally violated my workspace by giving me unspecific, harsh toned feedback. I don't know if she had a bad day or what, but her approach was out of line, and I was very disappointed/angered/saddened to be at the receiving end of such loose comments.

Rehearsal Log 3/04/03

Tonight was opening night and everything went well. The house was about three fourths full and they were very attentive and had good energy. Coming off of the rough night I had last night, I had tons of notes in my head, and I managed to work a great deal of them in on stage in the moment. However, there was one point that scared the crap out of my stage manager, I got to a point in the show where I skipped an entire character. So
as for cues, that was a tremendous jump. The bright side of that was I got the show back
down to an hour and fifteen minutes.

I was preoccupied prior to my show beginning because I was sewing costumes
and repairing props, and it took a toll on me during the performance. I stumbled several
times on words, and it took a good while for my body to warm up. That really stressed to
me the importance of warming up. There is no way one can be successful in a show like
this one without a great warm up. The poetry is too dynamic! There are many beat
changes, which forces the actor to either be on top of the beat/thought or trampled by
them. It is my goal to never let that happen again. I will now demand myself to find time
to warm-up before every performance.

My thesis committee showed up to this show, and gave me many praises.
However, it is hard to really find the sincerity in their thoughts, because for the last past
times they viewed it, it felt as if they tore me a new ass hole each time. Specifically
Bebe, there were moments where it was extremely difficult to file a great deal of her
feedback. I would take a great deal of her comments as opinions oppose to, the right and
wrong approach to a subject. Maybe it was the way in which she delivered the
comments. It always seemed so personal to her, which made it difficult for me to
distinguish her personal views from the structural defaults in the script. I was pleased to
have all them around, but sometimes it was just too much. I feel like, because most of
them are artists themselves, it is hard to view my work as a "regular" human being,
because everything about us as artists makes us human. We fuel our artistic work with
our life’s experiences, whether it is intentional or unintentional. There is no such thing as
an off-and-on switch for an artist’s mind and creativity. So at times I felt like this was
the way they would do the piece if they were performing it. In those moments, I feel as if there was resentment on my behalf. The thoughts registered in my brain as a difference of style between their work and my own, opposed to this is wrong and why.

Rehearsal Log 3/5/03

Tonight’s show was off-the-chain, in other words superb! The lighting and sound cues were on point. I hit transitions on the head like a hammer. The actor really had a great show. I finally worked through all of the notes that people had given me, but most of all I relaxed and let the show take its course, because I knew I had put in the time and the work. It is kind of hard when I put my director hat back on, and look at tonight’s performance, because I didn’t get to see it, and will never see it until it is caught on video. I went to the lobby immediately after the performance to sell CD’s and to sign autographs. There I was met by tons of excited audience members congratulating me on my performance and the beautiful choreography by Marsha.

The audience participation was lovely and lively. I could sense when and how they were listening, which gave me more of an edge as to how and when to beef up the comedy and interact with them more. Specifically, there were times when I would feel that collectively, the audience didn’t want to be talked to, and they wanted to just listen. Then there were other times when I could sense that they wanted to be a part of the conversation. So, in those moments when I felt as if they wanted in, guess what, I invited them in the conversation by addressing them. In some moments I made them respond. It was extremely cool to have that relationship with the audience.

In closing, I overheard my stage manager giving his rating of the show tonight to
the assistant stage manager, and his response was Superior, which means as a team we kicked ass!

Rehearsal Log 3/06/03

Tonight's performance was once again spectacular! I have finally got the show under my belt and on lock. As the actor, I had a lot of fun exploring on stage and finding new moments. However, the audience was not as lively as last night's audience. It was hard for me to access whether they were listening or not. In spite of that, I managed to push on through and finish the show as if they were with me in every single moment.

After the show I got great responses from various audience members. They were really charged and drained at the same time, because the show gave them a lot to think about.

Now that I have made tremendous progress with the show, I now have a bigger aim, and that is keeping the show fresh for the actor. I have to keep each moment, moment to moment, and no character knows what he's going to say next. Ultimately I think that is every actor's challenge.

In closing, tonight's performance would be rated as a ten out of ten, and I will strive to be consistent with that rating throughout the rest of the run of the show. I thank God for watching over me throughout not only this performance but all of my performances. I could feel him working with and through me during many moments of the shows, sharing the many messages of _K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide._ Each night I prayed before every show. I asked God to guide me; anoint me lips, tongue, and teeth. To go out there on stage and deliver the ultimate message of this show which is,
there is no where to run and no where to hide from the presence of Jesus Christ, the son of God.

Rehearsal Log 3/07/03

Tonight's performance was again excellent for the actor. My in-laws were in attendance, so I felt like I really should act. However, I am still having problems with some technical components of the show. Specifically, the music isn't loud enough during any of the transitions. It is hard to believe that tomorrow the show closes.

I was extremely exhausted tonight but I managed to pull through. Tonight's audience was definitely "different." It was one of those hard to access audiences; the one's where you can't tell if their listening or not. Or if they laugh...they are so damn uptight, it sounds really restricted.

Rehearsal Log 3/8/03

On this day we had two performances: one matinee and one evening show. The matinee started at 2:00 p.m. It was a tough day for me because we had family in town and family coming in town so it was pretty darn stressful. Making sure our house is clean, feeding them, people getting lost, people wanting to shop, crying babies...ahhhhhh, I am pulling my hair out you know. However, the matinee was a very solid performance for me. I am so proud that I was consistent after setting that pace on Wednesday. I don't know if I already stated this, but opening nights and me never really get along. I am like a pot of good food, I seem to season and get better as the days go on. This performance was also the biggest attendance of the undergraduates in the
department, because this was one of the only two days they could use their complimentary tickets.

The evening show's final performance was a great show. I had about sixteen family members there, so I could feel the love. My mom was among that number of people. I felt I really had to "perform," because my mother was there. Of course I had to try to make "momma" proud. I had some apprehensions about the foul language in the script. I didn't want my family to think that I had a foul mouth. In spite of their presence, I proceeded with the show as it was written. However, the performance went excellent. I executed everything right on point. The sound and lighting cues were "picture perfect." As director, it was very evident that the show had seasoned to this point, and I was extremely proud.
CHAPTER 6

CONCLUSION

As I reflect on the creative process of *K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide*, I now smile, feeling a great sense of accomplishment and release. This process is one that I will always hold dear, because it is considered my first on many fronts. It was the first time that I merged the individual lives of my poetic pieces into one complete body of work. It reminds me of a cartoon that I use to watch as a kid called *Voltron*.

*Voltron* was a phenomenon of the 80's, a very popular syndicated cartoon series that took the concept of giant transforming robots to heights unknown, especially for us kids! It debuted in 1984 with initially one hundred and four episodes, the combination of two separate series, *Lion Voltron* and the *Vehicle Voltron Force*. As many can recall, *The Lion Voltron Force* consisted of five separate Lion ships that made up the famous robot, and the *Vehicle Voltron* was made up of fifteen separate vehicles that formed another different *Voltron*. They were both strong and powerful and served to protect the Galaxy against the evil forces that threatened to destroy them.

The way in which I created *K-nowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide*, mimics *Vehicle Voltron* in many ways. Specifically, they parallel each other in the assembly process of the robot. Each of the fifteen vehicles had their own life and daily functions, but when
danger was near, they assembled as Voltron, making it extremely impossible to be
defeated by the enemy. Now, in *Knowledge to run, no-whore to Hide*, there were no
mega robots, but there were individual poems that took form to create a mega form—a
mega forum of poetry, accompanied by prose, underscored by music, accented with
dance and lyrical movements, ultimately creating a volt of excitement that shocked many.
entertained most, and hopefully educated all.

This process also marked the first official performance creation of my spouse and
1. Prior to the official beginning of this process, we often discussed what our first
creation would be like, but I don't think we ever discussed a process like this one. It was
often hard for us to talk about creating our first piece together, because we would always
grow anxious and began behaving as if the show would be opening tomorrow. However,
time passed, and then it finally came, if that makes sense. I began writing the script, and
one day I walked in our guest room where she often hangs out and dropped an eighty-
plus page document on the bed, and said here are your lines for the show. Of course, it
didn't happen as smooth as that, but as I remember, it seemed to happen in the way I just
described it. In the beginning we had our share of challenges: establishing an
unwavering rehearsal schedule, and defining a clear line between work and our normal
lives, e.g. establishing a director and performer relationship. Most importantly, we
worked through each challenge and finished the show with a sense of ease. I am
extremely proud that we achieved this accomplishment together. I am anticipating that
this show will serve as a foundation for many new work pieces that we will breathe life
into.
6.1 DEDICATION

I decided to dedicate my entire thesis process to my wife. She is an extremely beautiful woman, whom I admire to the utmost as a person, respect to the fullest, and praise as a dancer. She has been dancing for approximately fifteen years, training under well-known dancers like Katherine Dunham, Abdel Salaam, Chuck Davis, and Ronald Brown. With her extensive background in dance and movement, it was an honor to have her involved in the *K-nowhere to run, no-w-here to Hide* process. As choreographer, dancer and debuted actor, she brought to the show a wonderful sense of balance.

We were wedded before the Autumn Quarter of my second year at OSU. It was after I made that wonderful addition to life that I decided to remain at the university and finish the program. I was desperately in need of support, and a listening ear to assist me in understanding the many problems/challenges that I had with the M.F.A Program. I have to say that I wasn’t surprised when she stepped right in and became the top vertebrae in my spine, transforming my woes into wows. The details of my woes have not been, and will not be listed in this document, but I can say, “When you are going through low points in your life and you have a love that’s accessible and steadfast, things will always seem a “ril bit” better.” Mrs. Marsha Hardy, my confidant and number one supporter, I Love You and thank you for your love.

6.2 THE FUTURE OF *K-nowhere to run, no-w-hereto Hide*

It is my every intention to take this show and tour with it. With Spoken Word Poetry being a “hot” item at the moment, I don’t think I would have as much resistance
getting support in the professional world. Actually I am very confident that I, along with my work-in-progress, have what it takes to make it to a Broadway Stage. After I complete the scholastic side of the show, I will be in search of a marketing plan, as well as tweaking the script. It is my goal to begin with a quadrant of tours, including a Mid-West, Down South, West Coast, finishing on the East Coast. To accent the time between places, I plan to perform; I also anticipate taking the show out of the country, i.e. London and Botswana, Africa.

As one may read, my goals may seem somewhat high, but what are low goals? I recognize that I have a lot of work to do to get a detailed secure touring schedule that will pay the bills. On the other hand, I don’t know what opportunities will come my way upon receiving my degree.

6.3 BIBLIOGRAPHY


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*http://www.oneworld.org/Zephaniah/oral_poetry.html

**Microsoft Encarta Encyclopedia, 1993-98
Appendix A: Editorial Reviews of Spoken Word Poets
“Today, the poetry scene flourishes at New York open-mic spots like the Nuyorican Poets Café, Brooklyn’s YWCA Tea Party and Harlem’s Sugar Shack. Progeny of hip poets—the Beats of the 50s and protest poets of the 60s and 70s—these up-and-coming literati cast their diverse spells of word beats inspiring young contemporaries in Cleveland, Ohio, Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington, D.C., and Atlanta; later branching out internationally to poetry circuit venues in Tokyo, Rio de Janiero, London, Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, and Istanbul.”—Zoe Anglesey, Editor, Listen Up!

Spoken Word Poetry is a cross-cultural phenomenon! Listen Up features nine brilliant award-winning scribes who have ignited audiences worldwide with their soulful verse, bold alliterations, and sultry fusion of rhythm and rhyme—electrifying audiences as they chant, sing, recite, and improvise their poetry and powerful point of view. Among these nine literary luminaries are: Carl Hancock Rux, named by The New York Times as one of thirty young artists “most likely to change the culture in the next thirty years.”

--Jessica Care Moore, a record-breaking five-time winner of the Apollo competition; and Saul Williams, co-scriptwriter and star of the feature film Slam, winner of the Grand Jury Prize at the Sundance Film Festival and the prestigious Camera D'Or at Cannes. Packed with penetrating interviews on the craft of writing poetry, insight into the art of performance, and on-target, off-guard photos of the poets in action at history-making poetry slams, this unforgettable collection is the next best thing to being there live.

“These poets protect the softer, more mindful core of nerves—the synapses that compute the flow of electricity between poem and poetry audience—adding to the whole story we adore as verse.”—MIGUEL ALGARIN, Founder and Director, The Nuyorican Poets Café.
“Listening to the new poets, will we ever be the same? This anthology has a stake in freedom, is a proclamation for poetics.” Zoë Anglesey, Literary Abolitionist.
Appendix B: Knowhere to run, nowhere to hide Publicity Poster
MFA NEW WORKS
Mount Hall Studio Theatre
March 4-8, 2003

Knowhere to run, no-w-here to Hide
A Spoken Word Poetry Drama
Created and Performed by Kendrick Hardy

SUEÑO
Created and Performed by Angelos Romero

Presented as part of a year long series of events in celebration of the Hispanic Cultural Heritage.

Contact the University Theatre Box Office at 292-2265 or theatre@uconn.edu for tickets.
Also available at the Waveny Center and all TICKETMASTER outlets.
Appendix C: *K-nowhere to run, no-w-herè to Hide* Program Copy
department of theatre
presents

MFA NEW WORKS
Mount Hall Studio Theatre
March 4-8, 2003

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
A Spoken Word Poetry Drama
Created and Performed by
Kendrick Hardy

SUEÑO
Written and Performed by
Angelica Romero
ARTIST'S STATEMENT

Sucre is a multimedia play that focuses on the life of 17th Century Mexican nun, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz. Sor Juana is widely known in Latin America and in Spain. Her fame stems from her voracious drive for knowledge and her exceptional genius as a writer. From her rebellious poetry, to her nonconformist and scientifically advanced experiments, to her hundreds of poems, plays, as well as theological works. She was frequently excommunicated and chosen to defend not only her own personal writing but also the broad rights of women to education and a life of the mind. With video, light, and sound sculpted to create an intellectual mindset, Sor Juana is a world that evolves on a continuous sliding between concrete experiences, intellectual exercises and psychological hallucinations.

MFA Thesis Committee: Assistant Professor Maureen Murphy (Chair), Assistant Professor Calistina Eshietl, Associate Professor Mary Tarrillo.

This performance was made possible through the generous support of the Ohio State University Theatre Department, the Graduate School (Alpert Grant for Graduate Research & Scholarship), the Department of Hispanic Studies (Kane Columbia Student Diversity Group Grant for Research on Women, Gender and Sexuality), and the Center for Latin American Studies (Tezal Foundation Field Research Award). It is presented as part of a year-long series of events in celebration of the Hispanic Student Services' Silver Jubilee.

SPECIAL THANKS

Miguel Gómez, Delia Jaramillo, Carlos Coloma, Alejandro Flores, Carol Bixler, and Robert Post.

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ARTIST’S STATEMENT
I have categorized this play as a Spoken Word Poetry Drama.

In the summer of 2000 I found that I had a cache of poetic material, so I compiled, shaped, and recorded seventeen pieces. Five of these original works were then selected for Apollo’s Poetica, a CD which was co-produced by me and my friend, Dr. Tommy ‘Tone’ Stewart.

Apollo, Greek God and son of Zeus, is associated with the sun, energy and light. He is also known as the God of Poetry, Sound, and Prophecy. In the same way that the Greeks saw poetry as the core of their culture, poetry was and is at the core of my work.

The work I wrote for Apollo’s Poetica serves as the nucleus of tonight’s performance. This Spoken Word Poem, a mixture of personal and autobiographical material, uses multiple characters to tell a story – a story of life on the edge, life in the words. As poetry, the central character, Kuma, is perhaps my ‘later’ self and it is through him that I am able to delve into my life and make connections to who I am.

Copies of my Spoken Word Poetry Album, Apollo’s Poetica, accompanied by the eclectic sound score by Byron Thomas, are available in the lobby.

SPECIAL THANKS
I would like to thank Martha Woody-Hardy, Jackie Parks, Krista Hikari, Elessa Pandazo, my Thesis Committee: Jeanine Thompson, Dr. Anthony Hill, and Beka Miller, Dr. Tommy ‘Tone’ Stewart, Robert Price, and Katie Enabalti.

There will be one 15-minute intermission. Audio and visual recording devices are prohibited in the theater. In consideration of the actors, please turn off all cellular phones and beepers.

Both projects presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Master of Fine Arts in Acting at the Ohio State University.
2002-2003 Season

Call 292-2295 for tickets or more information

OXYGEN
by Carl Djerassi and Roald Hoffmann
February 26 - March 8, 2003

Sleep Deprivation Chamber
by Adam P. and Adrienne Kennedy
May 7 - 23, 2003

The Fire Still Burns
Devised and Directed by John Giffin
May 21 - 31, 2003

OSU Theatre faculty and staff

Lesley Ferris
Chair
Daniel Board
Vice/Artistic Director
Steven Constantinekis
History/Assistant Director
Arcene Cough
Center for Theatrical and Fine Arts
Research Institute
Mandy Fox
Vice/Artistic Director
Dan Gray
Resident Costume Designer
Maureen Ryan
Acting/Assistant
Anthony Hill
History/Assistant Director
Keeva Kahlkekalani
VFX/Assistant Director
Dennis A. Parker
Resident Costume Designer
Thomas Postlewait
History/Assistant Director
Joy Reilly
History/Assistant Director
Madeleine Ryan
Acting/Assistant
Mark Shanda
American/Assistant
Carolyn Zitter
Resident Technical/Assistant
Esther Beth Sullivan
History/Assistant Director
Mary Tarantola
Resident Lighting Designer
Jeanine Thompson
Movement/Assistant
Alan Woods
Director/Assistant
The Lawrence well, as
Edward Zitter
History/Assistant Director

Rachel Barnes
Box Office Manager
Mati Hazard
Lighting/Stage Supervisor
Senja Kalamos-Elder
Administration Assistant
James Knopp
Production Coordinator
Chad Mahan
Assistant Stage Supervisor
Val Pennington
The Lawrence well, as
Laura Sipe
Associate/Stage Supervisor
Sarah Uetrecht
Undergraduate/Stage Supervisor
Julie Weiss
Customer Service/Supervisor
Appendix D: *K-sowhere to run, no-w-here to Hide* Production Photos
**K-nowhere to run, now-here or Hide Production Photo**

Figure 1: Master of Ceremony attempts to escape from the police

**Writer/Director/Actor:** Kendrick Hardy  
**Stage Manager:** Brandon Lewis  
**Lighting Design:** Anjeanette Stokes  
**Sound Design:** Michael Buchman  
**Photographer:** OSU Photo Services
K-knowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide Production Photo

Figure 2: "The book is just now igniting..."

Writer/Director/Actor: Kendrick Hardy
Stage Manager: Brandon Lewis
Lighting Design: Anjennette Stokes
Sound Design: Michael Buchanan

Photographer: OSU Photo Services
Figure 3: Kahlil in the Spotlight

Writer/Director/Actor: Kendrick Hardy  
Stage Manager: Brandon Lewis  
Lighting Design: Anjeanette Stokes  
Sound Design: Michael Buchanan

Photographer: OSU Photo Services

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Figure 4: Conscience

Writer/Director/Actor: Kendrick Hardy
Stage Manager: Brandon Lewis
Lighting Design: Antjeanne Stokes
Sound Design: Michael Buchman
Photographer: OSU Photo Services
Figure 5: “My brain is eating me…”

Writer/Director/Actor: Kendrick Hardy
Stage Manager: Brandon Lewis
Lighting Design: Anjeanette Stokes
Sound Design: Michael Bachman

Photographer: OSU Photo Services
K-knowhere to run, no-w-where to Hide Production Photo

Figure 6: “Conscience has been shot...”

Writer/Director/Actor: Kenderick Hardy
Stage Manager: Brandon Lewis
Lighting Design: Anjeanette Stokes
Sound Design: Michael Befusin

Photographer: OSU Photo Services
Figure 7: The Master of Ceremony enters the Spotlight

Writer/Director/Actor: Kendrick Hardy
Stage Manager: Brandon Lewis
Lighting Design: Anjeanette Stokes
Sound Design: Michael Bachman

Photographer: OSU Photo Services
Appendix E: K-nowhere to run, no-w-here to Hole Review
Solo acts a stop on road to master's

Depictions of Mexican culture, poetry drama reflect parts of students' lives

They learn about. They live it. To those observing off campus, they appear to be part of the somber Latin drama. But the reality of the students of the theater program is often much more complicated.

The cast of the play "El Rio," for instance, is made up of about 10 people who are Mexican-American, Puerto Rican, or other ethnic groups. The play is about the life of a Mexican-American boy who is caught up in the Chicago gangster wars.

"This is a very personal experience," said one of the students, who is of Mexican descent. "It's not just about the characters, but about the culture and the language. It's a way of understanding our own history and our own culture."

Similarly, a poetry drama about the life of a Mexican-American girl, "Nuestra Historia," is also being performed. The play is about her struggle to find a place in society, and her battle against discrimination.

"It's a way of expressing our feelings and our experiences," said another student, who is of Puerto Rican descent. "It's a way of connecting with our heritage and our culture."

The acting program is not just limited to theater. The students are also involved in other activities, such as music and dance. The theater program has a close relationship with the music and dance programs, and the students often work together on productions.

"The students are talented and dedicated," said the theater program director. "They are passionate about their craft, and they are committed to their work. They are a diverse group of people, and they come from different backgrounds."

Despite the challenges, the students are determined to succeed. They are working hard to perfect their craft, and they are determined to make a difference in the world. They are a true example of the power of the arts.

"We are proud of our students," said the theater program director. "They are a true inspiration to us, and we are proud to be a part of their journey."

The theater program is one of the many programs offered at the university. The university is committed to providing its students with a well-rounded education, and the theater program is just one of the many ways that the university is able to do that.