WHU IS ONE

A Thesis
Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree 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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Master's Examination Committee

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ABSTRACT

We live in a world of commercialized crap. Cash has become the prime motivator, goal and means in all areas of life. Marketability seems to be the criterion that everything is judged against. It maybe arguable that marketability simply decides whether something has value to society, however one need only watch the TV, or walk the aisles of a grocery or department store to see that popularity and economic success is not equivalent to social worth. Exploitation of any angle that could separate the money from the individual has caused a scrambling fight among all areas of human interaction. This system has put a great strain on artistic endeavors, in particular the world of the theatre which is slowly decaying and losing popularity among the masses due to more convenient modes of entertainment. How can an artist in today's society compete with mass programming, conveniently packaged and designed to be palatable, without giving up personal integrity or artistic vision?

In attempting to find a function or role for myself in a world that has apparently lost all sense of reason, I desperately cling to the desire to further human social evolution in a positive manner, healing and enlightening the society to which I owe my existence. Thus, the focus of my thesis was the development of a solo performance that recognized the magic of the theatrical moment, was of social and spiritual benefit to the population at large, and acknowledged their participation in a positive manner. Hopefully, the end
result would produce an engaging, entertaining, and healthy experience that would begin to appeal to an audience that was used to being spoon fed tripe as merely material to be digested, shat out and forgotten.

In order to achieve this end, I decided to create a show that had great personal, spiritual and metaphysical significance for me. I believe that all humans are at the core the same being, and so if I could focus on themes that centered on collective consciousness by using mythical archetypes to elucidate the essence of existence, then all audiences could sense that internal truth and a common chord would be struck.

The thesis performance of Whu is One appealed to a wide range of age groups, cultural backgrounds, and social strata. The feedback I received told me that although the exact plot may have been confusing, each participant came away with the impression that they had experienced something different and that it had great significance. They felt something, perhaps not the same thing, but it had moved them deeply. I did not have to supply the normal TV dinner, but could expect my audience to enjoy a hefty meal of spicy content.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Without the Whu that is all, none of this would be possible. Thank You.
VITA

June 23, 1971................................. Born- Hong Kong

1988............................................ B.S. Theatre and History, Ball State University

1996-1999................................. Graduate Teaching Assistant The Ohio State University

PERFORMANCE EXPERIENCE

Turgid Tales of Turmoil, Solo Hong Kong Fringe Festival
Terror and Tortured Souls

The Uncommercial Charles Dickens Hong Kong Fringe Festival
Traveler (Solo) Wolfeboro, N.H.

Shattered Faith Writer/Director Shortridge Community, Indianapolis

Angels in America Joe Pitt Woody King, Jr., dir., Thurber Theatre, OSU

Whu is One Writer/ Solo Studio Theatre, OSU

The Bacchae Dionysius Ezekiel Kofoworola, dir.
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**FIELDS OF STUDY**

Major Field: Theatre Performance

- **Acting**: Sue Ott Rowlands, Dr. Rex McGraw, Debra Wicks, Phil Thompson
- **Movement**: Jeanine Thompson
- **Voice**: Phil Thompson
- **Directing**: Don LaCasse, Dr. Rex McGraw
- **Oral Interpretation and Storytelling**: Dr. Judy Yorden, Dr. Ezekiel Kofoworola, Daphne Watt
- **Master Classes/Residencies**: Ann Bogart and the Saratoga International Theatre Institute, Marcel Marceau, Danny Hoch, ACTER, DV8, Kevin Kling
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CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

1.1 ORGANIZATION

This thesis is organized chronologically. Each chapter covers a stage of the process and ends with a summary of what the chapter contains. This chapter introduces the reader to the initial experiences and concepts that formulated my desire to create and perform this particular show. Chapter 2 covers the areas of research that I explored during the entire process. This material was the foundation of all the ideas and themes of the text and performance. Neither the writer nor director could begin until I had begun to formulate these central concepts. Chapter 3 describes the production environment including the performance space, production team and specifics. Chapter 4 lists the specifics of the internal structure of the performance, including scripts, terminology, and blocking. It also discusses the performance experience I was trying to create. Chapter 5 is a step by step run down of the creative and rehearsal process, a sort of running diary of the pitfalls and joys throughout the experience. It includes personal rehearsal and performance notes and schedule, as well as the technical log from the stage manager. Lastly, Chapter 6 covers both my personal evaluation as well as extensive audience feedback. There is an extensive bibliography and a series of appendices that show the program, press release, performance designs and some production photographs.
1.2 STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

Theatre seems to be stagnant, a dying art form enjoyed by an aging aristocracy. I do not want to imply that these audiences are invalid, but rather to consider that if we want the art form to survive, we must appeal to the youth in order to replenish our stock. However, the younger generation grows up in a new world. They are bombarded and inundated with images and sounds all designed to distract and appeal. Immediate and convenient gratification awaits them at the drop of a few dollars. Fast and cheap is the order of the day, and we have gotten so good at fast and cheap, that an individual now hardly need move or focus in order to supply what is desired. However, without the exertion of effort, entropy sets in, slow decay, and thus stunting the growth process. As an artist in this field that has a great need to serve the community, could I create a portable solo performance that appealed and applied to a twenty-first century audience?

Within a social system that is controlled by the almighty dollar, an artist has great difficulty in making ends meet. The market is flooded with competent actors and work is not always available and even when it is, the pay is rarely enough to make ends meet. Solo performance is a means to retake control of artistic pursuit. It gives the performer complete control over material and audience experience, as well as a means to make additional cash. It at least gives the actor an opportunity to maintain skills and keep artistic muscle supple.

There is a great need for an artist to cultivate solo work in order to survive in today’s economy. But it is not enough to simply survive. As I get older, I feel an increasing need to fulfill a purpose, to give back to the society that keeps me alive. I
have chosen to interact with my society by means of the stage and so I needed to explore the relationship with an audience. I think the best way to affect and educate the audience is by compelling them to engage and to contemplate what it is they are experiencing. The actor can act as a shaman to their community. I will propose this notion of actor/shaman and explain how it influenced my work on this project in Chapter 2, section 2.2.2.

Finally, I knew that in order to maintain this physical entity that I know as myself, I desperately needed to unite my spiritual, artistic and professional life. Could I fulfill all these needs in a unified endeavor?

1.3 BACKGROUND

As far as I understand, this is the first program in the country to offer a Master of Fine Arts degree in independent self-created work. The Independent Track was certainly the reason that I decided to attend the program. This project has allowed me to crystallize the most significant experiences of my life into a cohesive whole.

The through line of my artistic career lead directly to this point. I had experience in performing two separate solo shows for a number of years across the globe. Prose and poetry readings were always a specialty of mine, and I have been praised frequently on my ability to tell a tale or transform into numerous characters with a story. During these performances, I found that the greatest pleasure for both the audience and me was when direct communion was made. I've written and produced two plays, and yet I've never attempted to perform a full show of my own creation. I met with success in staged performances of my writing and movement pieces, but these were on a smaller scale.
This project was simply the next logical step in my artistic endeavors and I wanted to build upon past successes and prior talents as well as explore new ground.

Besides performance, perhaps the second most important facet of my life has been the opportunity for extensive travel. Because of growing up in Hong Kong, whenever the family wanted to take a vacation or visit family, it was necessary to fly somewhere. These trips instilled in me from a very young age a love and comfort in international travel. It also allowed me to experience a wide range of cultural, social, and economic environments, which broadened my acceptance of others and gave me an ability to mix with any group. People, regardless of any specific differences, were simply friends I had not yet met. Although growing up in Hong Kong as an outsider in an alien culture left me with the feeling of having no nation to call my own, it did allow me to the view the entire planet as my home, my birth right. So, once I finished my undergraduate degree in Indiana, I spent the next year in transit around the world: a grande tour to supplement my education. I had planned this trip for many years, and I knew that it would have great significance for me in many respects. Subconsciously I knew it was vital to the path I was to follow. Little did I suspect just how significant the trip was to be for me.

Another important piece of personal background information that is relevant to the understanding of the creation of this performance is the highly profound psychedelic experiences of my life (See Section 2.2.4). I am not going to endeavor to argue whether these "trips" were beneficial or not, but they undoubtedly had a major effect on my spiritual and philosophical beliefs. These beliefs are the core themes of the performance and I now find it impossible to extricate myself from the web of magic that was unveiled by these psychedelic drugs. Prior to these psychedelic experiences, I was a devout
atheist, very scientifically minded, unemotional and grounded in this physical reality.

Then my ego, or self-perception, was shattered and the veil of illusion was lifted. Short of going into an extended diatribe, suffice it to say I was honored to look upon the face of godhead and witness the mystery of One. My desire to understand what this all meant drove me to engorge myself in all manner of these drugs, and I'm lucky I fared as well as I did. I felt I had found and placed all the pieces of the jigsaw, ... but one. This missing piece meant I was unable to see or understand the reality of existence. My guru who I ran across in Malaysia during the yearlong trip I mentioned earlier placed this last piece for me, that is, he enlightened me to the concept of Whu (an esoteric idea that I endeavor to elucidate in the text of the performance.)

As is the nature of sacred knowledge, mystic concepts and esoteric beliefs, there is much that I cannot explain here. Those of you who know, know. Those that don't know either scoff or search. Such is the nature of internal personal truth. I do not wish to convert or convince, I only wish to explain the process by which this project came about. The concept of Whu, which is the central idea of the thesis performance, is interwoven within the Sufi practices I was taught by my guru, Ayah Pin. The esoteric nature of the concept forbids me to directly explain the term, however illuminating the environment within which it is contained could perhaps instigate within the audience or reader a desire to find out.

The reason Ayah Pin took me on as a pupil was because he saw the secret sign of understanding upon my brow that was the direct result of my psychedelic experiences. I would have had no clue as to what he taught had it not have been for these visions. As he
so eloquently put (or not, he spoke no English), "one who has not tasted chili, will not understand the description of the flavor."

1.4 METHODOLOGY

Due to the nature of this particular thesis, I found myself having to play multiple roles throughout the creative process. Each of these required a different methodology and I often found that they came into conflict with each other.

As playwright, I wanted to take as broad an approach as possible, including as many styles, sources, and conventions as possible. One of the central themes of the performance was the varied facet of a whole. So, in keeping with this theme, I wanted the text to contain (but not be limited to) poetry, prose and drama. I also wanted to at least suggest the theatrical style or flavor of the geographical location that each of the segments were placed. For example, the Russian madmen text was loosely suggestive of the emotional and intellectual gloom of Checkov, the African warrior spoke in proverbs and tales that were compiled from actual tribes of the region. I did, however, want to retain an ambiguity and cloudiness so that specifics were hidden and clarity was apparently just out of reach. I did this so that the performance could maintain as much distance from any one cultural or ethnic viewpoint. I knew that there would be no way to truly make it as inclusive as I envisioned simply due to the fact that I was a product of the environment I existed within, however by consciously trying to integrate multiple viewpoints, the audience could sense the attempt at cultural diversity. I hope to increase this element as the performance grows with age and experience.
The creation myth at the beginning of the play is a good example of this attempt at non-specific roots. I researched as many myths of this nature as I could and then tried to sift out all the common elements. I then tried to weave a tale that contained these concepts, without actually giving any specific cultural tags. I hoped that this would allow any human, no matter the background, to allow the story to enter their consciousness without prior conceptions or definitions. Although this was an impossible task, due to the fact that every perception is filtered by the conscious preconceptions, it was a worthy goal that I feel at least served to create a new myth that was free of old stereotypes. I also tried to inject elements of the magical and ritual into the piece. I pulled from Pagan, Sufi and Native American sources, as well as some of my own personal rituals. Even the props used were of various cultural sources. For example, Tibetan symbols, an Indonesian staff, Peruvian rattle and many cultural masks were used as set decorations.

In using myth and ritual as blueprints and themes for the performance, I hoped that the audience would react in a reverential way. In including them in a ritual act, I wanted the audience to respect the experience that they were a part of. Ritual acts are spiritual in nature, and since I wanted to stir the audience on a personal level that was not merely secular, or mental, I thought that using a ritual as the basis for the performance would be useful tool for this end. The mythical elements were used in the hope that it might stir the audience on a subconscious level, calling up old imprints of a significant nature.

As playwright, I didn't want to force the process and this often meant that I missed deadlines that I had given for final text versions. I ended up using a variety of methods for coming up with the final script. Some compiled text was used, some old
letters I had written or received, sections of poetry I had written for other reasons, or stream of conscious writings scribbled first thing in the morning are only some of the techniques that got into the final version.

One of the unforeseen internal conflicts that I encountered occurred when I began to play both the writer and actor roles. I had never been aware of how much the actor depended on accepting the validity or worth of the text he/she was to perform. Previously, I never doubted the text that I was to speak. It was good because it had been tried, written by an expert. However, the actor or at least my actor, needed only the slightest doubt to excuse a lack of commitment or willingness to work. The sensitivity required to perform any text needs security, and without confidence in the playwright it was not possible to get the necessary support. Ultimately, I had a hard time maintaining these two roles as separate. The doubt the playwright experienced about his creation could not be allowed to bleed into the actor's commitment to it.

The methodology I used for acting was eclectic. Since the sources were so varied, I felt the approaches should mirror this mixture. There were, however, some common threads that I could mention. Due to the number of characters, I needed a means to distinguish between them. I decided on an astrological sign for each of the characters. I also decided on a couple of animal totems that personified the elements that I wanted each character to express. These are very personal concepts and impressions, injected with my own biases, but for the actor, it is necessary to find a common bond between each character and himself.

I also wanted to find a different physicality for each of the roles. I envisioned that the seven chakra points corresponded to the seven characters. In Indian spiritual belief,
the chakras are the energy centers of the body, which flow up the vertical mid line of the body starting from the pelvis and ending on the top of the skull. Each chakra has corresponding characteristics and qualities that served as suggestions for character traits. The specific chakras gave me a spiritual and physical center to move from. This might not be consciously evident to the audience, but for myself as the creator/performer, it gave me a visceral place to begin creating. During my career as an actor, I have found that clarifying the astrological sign, animal totems, and chakra centers from which the character reacts is of great assistance in character creation.

I also considered Laban Effort Qualities for each of the personalities. Rudolf Laban was a choreographer and dance theorist, who developed a means of analyzing movement of the body. Although not his initial intention, his specific movement qualities are highly suggestive of character, intention and internal meaning when used by an actor. However, I found that the qualities were so specific and suggestive, that they tended to limit the range of movement or emotion for each character and so, I utilized the Laban qualities for specific moments, not specific characters.

Believability is a common term that is batted around among actors, directors and teachers. It is hard to define, but the results can always be felt for an audience. Here, I use the term to describe the actor's ability to pull an audience into the given circumstances and conventions of a drama without having them question or doubt the character that is being portrayed. Due to the variety of styles and conventions used in the performance, there was no single solution to this problem. Sometimes the character was required to exist within the world of the play without recognizing the fact that an audience was present. At other times, direct communion with the audience was
necessary. There were moments when the character spoke with an invisible scene
partner, and other times when the character was simply in his own head. The style was
sometimes realistic and sometimes absurd. I realized quickly, that each section needed to
be considered on its own. For example, the Punk began locked in his own world, then
expanded the reality to include the audience, but the whole scene was realistic in genre
and content, however the Lover existed in a world that constantly changed in situation
and audience. Voices would enter his reality over the sound system and he would
answer, then justify himself to the audience.

An unforeseen problem occurred when I began to memorize the text. Here, the
actor and playwright came into conflict once more. The playwright within me demanded
that the text be spoken word for word. There were many times in the text when word
choice or verb tenses were vital to the audience understanding that all the characters were
in fact one life. The actor, however, had great difficulty in consistently reproducing the
exact text since it was so close to his own heart and ideas. I had no problem feeling or
understanding what I was saying, however this closeness to the text made me speak from
my present state, embellishing or condensing depending on my frame of mind. The text
also varied a great deal in pronoun choice and verb tense, depending on the emotional
state of the character. I found it very hard to stick to these choices and maintain internal
contact with the character. The basic plot of the play was that a bard would tell a tale by
embodying seven characters, however he was still ever present and at times could
comment on the story. This was not as evident in the final production as I would have
liked, and in future performances I hope to increase this element.
The director role was perhaps the most difficult to really grasp, since I could never sit and watch the performer. I began by using a video camera, but this gave rise to a whole new set of problems. Due to the size of the space, there was no way I could get the entire performance area in the camera eye. I also found myself spending way too much time screwing with the camera and allowing it to take up precious rehearsal time. Then, when I took it home to view the results, I could never see the facial expressions and became disheartened at viewing myself on video. The camera does lie, particularly when trying to record moments of live theater designed to be experienced in the moment, with actual energy being used. Video is a dead medium, it flattens the moment and limits the view. Perhaps if I had another person running the camera it would have worked better, but I finally limited the use of the camera as a staging device and the creation of the movement piece during the beast character.

Other than this, I relied mostly on my internal theatrical sense when playing the role of director. Having had a lot of experience as performer, audience and student in the world of theatre, there is an internal awareness that occurs, which allows the performer to experience and view themselves as an outsider might. Although this awareness is by no means as effective as an experienced director, I feel it was sufficient and allowed me to have full creative power over the theatrical elements. There were times that I found the director came into conflict with the playwright. Towards the end of the rehearsal process, it became necessary to restrict any textual changes, for both the actor and the rest of the production team. As playwright, I felt like the text was never truly finished however there was a point, albeit first dress, when I limited myself to taking notes for future performances.
The methodology I have chosen may seem whimsical and random, if not
downright "weird", however the themes are a part of me, my reality, and as an artist I
need to speak in a manner that reflects the content and organization of my mind. The
basic foundations and ideas for the project arise from real experience. I've come to
realize that I'm a very cerebral actor and creator. Rather than initiating from a physical
plane, I tend to view things from a metaphysical plane, and project my ideas downwards.
This is not to suggest that the actual creation in physical space is not organic, nor to
imply that the original impulse came from anywhere other than my gut, however as a
performer, I need to expand my awareness and begin to tap the physical, to think and
create with the body as well. My vocal training here with associate professor Phil
Thompson and the movement training with assistant professor Jeanine Thompson
cracked this door for me, it was time to blow it wide open. If I were required to defend
my choices during the process, I would simply fall back on the fact that I followed my
intuition, and trusted it would develop into what it needed to be. Having done that, this
document is an attempt to ground the results of this intuitive process, into an organized
whole that is intelligible to an outsider.

1.5 SUMMARY

The experience and knowledge of the faculty here proved indispensable as
resources. I feel privileged to be one of the first two actors who will complete the
Independent Track here at The Ohio State University.

I have a strong desire to be useful to the global human macrocosm. As a
theatrical artist, I think my art should serve the community that supports my existence.
The guiding flow of my inner soul has led me to travel all over the globe, and these experiences have opened an awareness within me that must be expressed and shared. My experiences in the realm of theater have gradually lead me to the solo performance area and so, this thesis attempted to incorporate the following three elements: A ritual, spiritual experience that engages spectators at their core; autobiographical material, specifically the synchronicity I experienced while traveling; and self created solo performance art.

Thus, the central problem to be tackled was how to incorporate these elements into a unified whole. This meant that I had to be a writer, performer and director. Playing all three of these roles proved to be difficult and enlightening. The rest of the thesis is a chronological analysis and record of the entire process.
CHAPTER 2

RESEARCH

2.1 PRE-PRODUCTION PROCESS

Having never tackled a self-created solo production, I was perhaps a little over­zealous in some of my aspirations, however I did have the insight to foresee this danger, as the following diary entry for December, 1997 shows.

I realize the danger of attempting too much, or focusing on too broad of a topic, however it is still early in the game. I have a few very large concepts that I hope to string together. If a few get lost in the process, so be it. That is the way it should be. At this point in the process though, I feel it is necessary to compile as many ideas as possible. It is of far greater advantage to have too much material, than not enough. Jeanine has taught me to over-fill the plate and then trim off the fat. Dr. Postlewait concurs, “Now is the time to expand, investigate, read and think in many directions. Then the discipline of choice, selection and refinement will take over.” The current amorphous state of the project leads to obvious problems when attempting to state a topic of focus. I’m focusing on the art of creation, and attempting to find a unique style that best crystallizes my ideas.

There was a major concern that I had during this process that I wanted to address early on. Although, I had plenty of experience in commanding the stage, it had been a
long time since I had performed solo. I had a lot of anxiety in doing another full-length solo show, especially one that had been previously untried. I planned on correcting this by doing small readings and performances over the summer of 1998, as well as going to Hong Kong the following winter and performing at the Fringe festival there. However, neither of these possibilities panned out and I found myself simply having to commit to untried material, and depend on my training

2.2 THEATRICAL HISTORICAL CONTEXT

2.2.1 Multi-cultural Theatre

Due to the nature of my Thesis, a condensation of the global macrocosm, I had some difficulty in narrowing down areas of research. I intended to combine a variety of sources, styles, and disciplines into a unified whole. Therefore, focusing on any one performer, company or culture would be counter-productive.

Southeast Asian Tribal/Spiritual Theatre has always struck a strong chord within me. A lot of my travel experience is in this area of the globe, and while I was there I was able to witness a wide range of theatrical performances. Festivals provided an opportunity to see live performance in a natural setting. I watched Thai actors and Malay dancers on numerous occasions, and was struck by the intensity of the energy that they projected. Although I have never witnessed any Indonesian mask work, I managed to track down some footage and an Indonesian performance troupe came to the campus area. They did not perform with masks, but I was able to witness the highly specified movement and the significance of the eyes and vocal quality. This information combined with a reverence for the spiritual elements of this form of theatre caused me to reconsider
whether I wanted to attempt to include any specific attempt at duplicating their practices. I had originally thought that the Beast character in my show would be an amalgamation of some of these styles, but I realized that I could never reproduce such artistry without extensive training and that I questioned the ethics of this sort of cultural transportation. I didn't wish to incur the wrath of a specific cultural spirit or deity. Therefore, I simply tried to create a piece that contained the flavor of embodiment and religious ecstasy, using Balinese music and mask to finish off the environment.

The American and British sections were not really a major concern for me since my own cultural background would serve as research, however the African Warrior was an entirely different matter. I traveled to Africa when I was a young boy, and therefore I have strong personal images that I was able to draw upon. While I was there, I was able to see some cultural performances of dances and storytelling, although I've lost the specifics. Luckily, Dr. Ezekiel Kofoworola was visiting the department this year from Nigeria and I was able to utilize his knowledge and experience of African culture and theatre. He was an excellent primary resource. I gathered a variety of texts from him, and he also showed me a few videos of actual village performance rituals. Again, I did not wish to specify the region of Africa where the character came from, I simply wanted to flavor the performance with the styles of the continent. I knew I could never hope to truly portray or embody a culture so alien to my own experience, however the theme of the play was one of universality, and so I endeavored to focus on the heart of the people. The emphasis was placed on the human element, not the cultural specifics. I used an African multi-national collection of myths, legends, and proverbs entitled A Treasury of African Folklore, by Harold Courlander. I then manipulated some of these texts to hide
specifics or tie them to the rest of the play. I tried to add an accent, which I copied from Dr. Kofoworola, and also used a large amount of gesture and movement, which I gathered from video footage, memory, and watching other Africans here in the States. I found that Africans are much freer with their gestures and broader in expression than the western cultures. The African storyteller embodies the characters within a tale, and fully commits to movement and vocal variety.

For the Indian guru, I relied wholly on my personal experience while traveling in India, and the character was mainly based on my own personal guru, Ayah Pin.

2.2.2 Avant-garde

While researching the avant-garde theatre, I came across Max Waldman's work in photographing such well-known theatrical artists and companies as Peter Weiss, The Living Theatre, Richard Schechner, Charles Ludlam and Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre. These photographs were amazing. Never before had I seen theatre recorded in such a manner. Instead of the usual static, posed snapshots that reduced the magic of performance to a stale, pale and rigid lie that forced the actor to simply strike a pose for posterity sake, Max invited the company to his studio, where he could, as an artist, attempt to capture the flavor of the drama, not merely the image. While reading descriptions of Waldman's artistic methods, I realized that we had similar aesthetics. He sought to "make his artistic medium visible, rather than invisible. The emphasis is placed on what is felt about something rather than what is seen." (Waldman on Theatre, p.12) "Waldman did not try to precisely record" (p.18) the subject, and I had no wish to precisely portray reality. I, like Waldman, tried to portray my own impressions of the
subject. I was deeply stirred by the emotional content of the images. The pictures had movement, life within them and a feeling of freedom and abandon that I often feel is lost in contemporary theatre. Clive Barnes, in the introduction of the collection of Waldman's work, describes this idea by stating that, "Dionysis has always made a better photograph than Apollo." (p.20)

The images of Peter Brook’s production of Marat/Sade had a major impact on me. The actor's expressions spoke volumes, without uttering a word. Again, the range and variety excited me, and I knew I wanted to suggest this same freedom. Artaud's "Theatre of Cruelty" had a major impact on my aesthetic and I was not surprised to read that Weiss too had been influenced by his ideas. Although limited by not actually seeing the production, I feel I have a commonality with Weiss in the desire to create ritual theatre, as well as include a political and social dialogue with the audience. The impact that this production had on the consciousness of the American theatre should not be forgotten. This avenue should be pursued, not relegated to the archives or dismissed as "done that."

Politically, I find myself in parallel with the ideals of the Living Theatre. Again, heavily influenced by Artaud, the Living Theatre company was conceived in an anarchistic fashion. They were extreme, driven not by cash, but by the need to stir their audiences. I had a strong affinity to Waldman's description of the company, "If they set people on edge, if they embarrass, irritate and annoy, this is precisely their intent." (p.87) This is not to suggest that this is the motivation, but rather that if the reaction is such, it needs to be illuminated and hopefully analyzed. The revolutionary undercurrent of their theatre is the same current that I hope to flow with in my own work. I think it is one of the roles of the artist to challenge the society he/she works within, to push the culture
forward to break new ground. Like the Living Theatre, I want to break the barrier that
separates the audience from the performance, to destroy the division of house and stage.
My original stage design did this, however I had to give this up due to production
constraints (See First Production Meeting, Chapter 3.5)

Like the Living Theatre, Richard Schechner attempted to assault the traditional
theatre. His production of Dionysis in 69 had many elements that I had hoped to contain
in my own production. The visceral nature of the performance, nudity, the freeing of the
physical form, and the ritual and mythical underpinnings were the major concepts that I
attempted to lift from this landmark production. I think it is important to say that these
ideas came from my own desires, not from a wish to reproduce what has been done. I
was constantly amazed as I continued my research to find that so many other artists had
the same desires and motivations that stirred within me. I have often felt alone in my
field, and it is refreshing to read like minds. Perhaps, I was born in the wrong era, as I've
often been told, or perhaps it is time the pendulum swung back toward a more spiritually
based reality. Dionysis in 69 made no division between audience and stage. The actors
moved freely about the audience, touched them and spoke to them. This I knew I would
do. It also manipulated the entrance of the audience into the space by limiting them to
small groups, or individuals. I had hoped to do the same, however production constraints
again came into play. Schechner also blurred the beginning and closing of the
performance, making it abrupt by not using a curtain or light and sound cues to signal to
the audience. I liked this idea, and so I began my performance by simply climbing out of
a trunk center stage, and ended the piece with the closing of the ritual circle after the
audience had applauded. Like this production, I wanted the nudity to be as matter of fact
as possible. The emphasis should not be the fact that a naked body was presented, but rather the stripping of costume or character to reveal the true being that exists within.

Theatre artists, such as Schechner and Grotowski, have been turning their attention toward Eastern cultures in an attempt to reintroduce a spiritual center into their art form. This century has seen a massive influx of commercialized, static drama. In reaction to this, the 1960’s gave rise to a movement that turned its back on the Western secular theater in an attempt to return to the sacred nature of the theatre. Eastern theatre, in particular, the drama of India and East Asia, maintains a ritual aspect that is deeply rooted in the spiritual. Like so many other artists, I have also felt the need to emphasize and focus on the spiritual nature of theatre. However, this did not arise out of studying other artists who have done the same, but rather grew out of my time spent in the east, a certain amount of psychedelic manipulation, and an underlying dissatisfaction with the current modes of my chosen field.

2.3 CONCEPTUAL DEVELOPMENT

2.3.1 Seven Ages of Man

Using this speech from Shakespeare’s *As you like it* Act II, Sc. VII as a framework to set the entire work within has been an indispensable tool. I did not want to mention or refer to the quote within the performance, due to the cliché nature of the text, but I did put it in the program so that the concept was introduced to the audience. However, by using the seven stages of man as a platform to base characters on and give a general progression, I was able to begin visualizing performance elements and interactions of plot. Each character was placed in the geographical location I felt best
suited the age for which he represented. For example, the baby is set in Southeast Asia, a relatively unspoiled virgin land. Shakespeare also suggests archetypal roles for each age. The soldier, the judge and the lover are all strong images that easily suggest character and, even more importantly, relationships. By strengthening these relationships, I began shaping characters and developing plot. The use of collective archetypes, characters that are ingrained in each individual awareness, hopefully assisted audience empathy. Shakespeare's text has freed my imagination by locking it in. (Funny how it works out that way.) In order to create, an artist needs a frame to place ideas and concepts within. This text gave me a skeleton to hang the flesh of life upon.

2.3.2 Spiritualism and Shamanism.

I believe the actor can act as a shaman. By shaman I mean a person who serves his/her community as a spiritual guide and healer. When considering the importance or relevance of this project, I am reassured of the potential healing that could come about. The shamanic role of the actor (that is, the healer of the community) is one in which I place great emphasis. Lori Abbatepao, in her masters thesis entitled The Washington Theatre Laboratory: A Study of the Actor as Shaman, suggests that “the actor is like the shaman...he/she is essential to the spiritual well-being of [the] community.” (P.2) This idea exhilarates me. My life path is vindicated. I have always felt it necessary to serve the community that supports me, to be useful and beneficial in some way. The insights into society that an artist experiences are felt or experienced for a natural purpose, to assist in healing and growth. “The actor lays bare his/her soul and in doing so provokes audience members to examine their own.” (P.18) The invisible realm that exists within all
of us, that appears to pull the strings behind the scenes, is made visible by the transformation of the actor. We see our selves and something hidden becomes projected. In our current predicament, entering the twenty-first century, the barriers between nations, cultures, realities and lifestyles become increasingly thin. We are forced into close association with the “other” and the possibility of conflict and misunderstanding increases exponentially. The shaman’s role thus enters a sphere of inter-cultural healing and union via the soul.

I have often found myself pulled in two directions. My soul wants to fly with the ancients, the mystics of yesteryear that speak to me through ancient texts, and the whispers of the wind, and yet trapped in this physical world, I must survive. I need to be productive, to serve my community in some way by paying with my lifeblood in some occupation. So, I retreat to the world of the theatre, work as play. Believing that life has its own grooves to follow, I know that this choice and apparent schisms have their purpose. For many years now, I have endeavored to research and explore the possible bridges that exist between these two realms. What, if any, are the connections between the art of performance and the spiritual world.

Victor Turner, in his book From Ritual to Theatre, endeavors to make a distinction between sacred and profane work. Profane work, from which I recoil so strongly, is the popular entertainment of today, a reflection of a societal pre-occupation with progress, production and monetary gain. Sacred work is the work of the soul. By bringing this desire for sacred work to my own “profession,” I have found myself among friends and mentors.
Grotowski, Schechner, Artaud and many others, have endeavored to shed light on this ideal, or at least to share their desire and thoughts on this elusive, invisible, yet compelling realization- that the role of the actor in society is analogous to the role of the shaman.

Richard Schechner in *Between Theatre and Anthropology* states that the act of shamanism is “performance that heals, transports, and transforms,” and Abbatepaolo suggests that the shaman “experiences, absorbs and communicates a special mode of sustaining, healing power.” For all cultures, he/she acts as the mediator between the physical world and the spiritual, existing as a bridge between the two so that others may experience, or communicate with the power of the invisible. The actor is the “one who sees the invisible and makes it visible to the community... bringing the internal revelations of the human soul to light...healing a world of misery.” (Abbatepaolo, p.20) This idea is what drove Grotowski to study the techniques of Yoga, Sufism, ritual and shamanism. I was fascinated to hear his focus of study, because throughout my life I have had strange experiences within each of these areas, in particular Sufism. He found that each of these techniques, which cross all cultural boundaries, are similar to the techniques of the theatre.

The historical root of the actor, drama and Theatre as art rests within spiritual community ritual. The center or heart of our art form is being removed, becoming plastic, mere representation of the physical, losing its purpose and relevance to the society. If this is not corrected the art form deserves to die, it is no longer valid or useful. Without the healing, religious significance, it is mere entertainment that cannot compete with the pre-packaged fast food of TV and Hollywood.
2.3.3 Evolutionary Crisis

Evolution Revolution was a possible title for the performance and a concept I've dwelt on for some time. As humans enter the next millennium, we face unique problems. Short of listing the ailments of the planet and our current situation (which could well turn into a prophecy of doom), I'll simply state that I feel we, as a race, cannot continue on our current course and survive. The central conflict of my project consists of the impulse to unify juxtaposed and in tension with the impulse to fracture. Each character struggles with a form of alienation and reacts in classic fashion. Their life choices had pitted them against one another. The theme of each piece was one of aloneness, however the audience, which views each selection as a piece of the whole, can begin to see the similarities and the fact that despite the differences of each character, they are indeed living the same life.

We have reached a crucial turning point, and we must evolve or die. Evolution works in spurts. Crisis gives rise to solutions, or else the species fails. It is my opinion that the next step towards a higher consciousness (this being the direction of evolution) is a global awareness. A realization that each individual is a cell of a larger organism, the planet. The germinating seed called earth has passed through nine months of gestation and is about to be born into the universe, as a conscious entity. We are the “brain cells”. The communication revolution has created a global neural net that allows anyone to speak to anyone anywhere.

These new potentials are tremendous in significance, the dawn of a new age that could usher in a new era for which the need is great. The terrible, old recurring problems
of the human race, our drive to persecute and subjugate the "other" to our personal Will, has reached such epic proportions that we threaten the very fabric of which the tapestry of life is woven. This century has seen such atrocities and threatens many more, that if we do not recognize that we are one, global annihilation is not only a potential outcome, but also a likely one. The sea is full, it is time to take our first steps on to land. If we can truly, consciously grasp the reality of our connections, then expanded awareness and compassion would surely result. We have been slowly moving towards this hurdle, but birth is a painful process and by no means guarantees life. This concept simply suggests that each individual share the same roots with the rest of the population. We are all one. The idea of the "other" is purely illusionary, and downright dangerous. While travelling the globe, everywhere I went I met the same people. The same needs and desires. On numerous occasions, I had the distinct feeling that I was meeting myself. Maybe it was just a look in the eye, but I knew that if I had grown up in their situation, I would be them. It was eerie, but beautiful. Joe Shmo from one side of the planet can go meet Joe Shmo from the other side of the planet and realize they are the same. The ramifications are astounding. And yet we still feel the need to take from one another, even kill one another.

2.3.4 Psychedelics

As I have mentioned earlier (Section 1.3), psychedelics have played a large role in my worldview, spiritual beliefs and metaphysical ideas. The experiences were so powerful and extreme, there was no way for me to ignore them, or simply write them off as illusory. "Spinning trips" is a term I have used to describe some of these experiences.
It is an attempt to describe an internal awareness of the flow of life, time and experience. The spiral dance. If I succumb to this flow and allow myself freedom from physical, and mental constraints, I allow myself to flow out of this physical plane of reality, and simply became consciousness. This was represented in the show after the Beast ate the 'shrooms. This act leads him to the most recent evolutionary leap, self-awareness and consciousness.

Once I had tasted of these waters, I had to know more. I followed the stream of consciousness through many rapids, vistas, waterfalls, and geysers, until I reached a place where the flow went, but I (Eye) could not go (See final Madman poem in script, section 4.3). This experience is what I believe to be the next evolutionary leap, the conscious understanding of original, spiritual godhead. The dissolution of Eye (I) in the ocean of Whu(One), and the return of the hero.

Other images in the show that were derived from psychedelic experiences include the wall slamming of the judge, the death of the Guru by the Punk (the killing of future self for the realization of the present), and the dance of the beast in celebration of life.

2.3.5 Metaphysics

The following descriptions are scenes from the actual performance of this thesis, that I feel need to be elucidated. A crushed Coke can is found on stage and then thrown away, while a following character enters drinking and finally leaves a crushed can in the same location. The senile Russian hears a conversation that occurred in the previous scene and then reacts in a fashion that obviously affected the scene when first viewed. The inflatable woman, mother of the punk, gets hit on, painted and deflated by the lover,
crucified by the Judge, and honored by the Bard. The punk enters after killing a man, who ends up being the Indian at the end of the show, who is in actuality the punk in old age.

Time, Energy and Life are cyclical in nature, or, rather, spiral. Use of psychedelics opened up some new viewpoints for me. Time doesn't necessarily move in a constant linear fashion. Moments can be linked across time periods. Recurring themes, impulses and events appear to be linked. Can energy or thoughts be sent to future or past selves? If a time line is spun on its axis, does it become a point? In other words, if you take a pencil, symbolic of a time line, and turn it so that you look at the point, that point contains everything in the line. If everything and everyone existed only in the here and now, then there is only one instant. These concepts were suggested a number of ways throughout the performance. There are plenty of cycles that were hinted at, but never treated as vital to the current story being told. It is in these peripheral activities that the glue that sticks the pieces together can be seen.

2.4 SOURCES

I didn't want to limit myself by only doing realistic text. I used a Sufi prayer, Beowulf, some old punk rock lyrics, pagan ritual incantations, among other sources.

I understand full well the importance of a good script. Much of the material I wrote is at least partially autobiographical, and so there was a very real danger of it becoming too self-serving, egotistical, didactic or psychotherapeutic. In performing autobiographical texts, there is a great risk of boring the audience, or even worse, bombarding them with egocentric psychoanalysis that smacks of arrogance. However
this rising art form has become quite popular. There are many mentors to learn from. Quentin Crisp in the late 1970’s broke open this new style and Spalding Gray has been thriving on it ever since. When asked about his influences, Gray mentions, “Baba Ram Dass…, poets like Allen Ginsberg…, anyone working on autobiographical form.” (Acting Solo, p.174) Thus, the emphasis is on the writing and production of the material, not the actual performance. By focusing on the actor/performer as the vehicle of communication and not the character, the audience is faced with a real human being, not merely an illusionary façade. This is not to suggest that I did not perform any roles, but that the initial communication, and therefore the underlying reality, is between the audience and an individual. Thus the actor is forced to be fully open to his/her audience and in doing so, allows the inner spirit to connect. Gray coins the term “poetic reporter,” (Acting Solo, p.177) which hints at the understanding that any memory of an experience is colored by the individual and their personal perceptions.

2.5 CREATIVE EXPLORATIONS

2.5.1 Jeanine’s Creation Class

During the Fall quarter of 1997, my class was given the opportunity to take a course that focused on the creation of original performance pieces. Jeanine Thompson was the instructor. Her knowledge, experience, and feedback have nourished this entire thesis process. The lab environment of the class allowed me to try a variety of tactics in confronting and challenging an audience and also taught me about how far this could be taken. I had to decide whether my aesthetic or audience comfort needed to be considered first. If I pushed the audience beyond comfort, was I defeating my own objective? The
class also gave me a rich source of possible performance and creative techniques that proved very useful throughout the project. The concepts of surprise entrances, shocks, still images and symbolic blocking were all discussed in this class and used in the projects performance.

2.5.2 Joy's Class

In the spring quarter of 1998, I took a new works lab with Dr. Joy Reilly. The course focused on the creation and performance of texts. I found this course to be of great assistance in cultivating the seeds of ideas that were potential script options. It gave me the chance to build my confidence in writing material, and also gave me the opportunity to try out material on an audience.

One of the techniques for creative writing that we learned was to awake every morning a write three pages of what ever came into our heads before doing anything else for the day. I found this to be a difficult regime, but it did produce a lot of material, some of which was quite good. Another technique was to write for other specific members in the class, which forced me to consider an actor other than myself.

By the end of the course, I had gathered a lot of potential texts. Two of these actually made it into the final text. This was the final speech and poem of the madman.

2.5.3 SITI- gesture dances, Viewpoints and Suzuki intensity

From the Anne Bogart and The Saratogo International Theatre Institute (SITI) residency in the spring and fall of 1997, I gathered a lot of ideas and concepts, as well as an appreciation of their work. One of the exercises of the residency was the use of a
string of unrelated gestures performed as a whole unit. The effect is quite striking and so
I incorporated a gesture dance that was made up of gestures that each of the characters
perform at important times on stage. The madman then used this sequence when he
retraces his past, in an attempt to understand his present.

My previous experience with the SITI Company has given me a renewed
appreciation of virtuoso performance. Their production of “Bob” will never leave me.
The specific gestures and blocking were exceptional. The intensity and focus of the
performer were stunning. I was dumbfounded. Never had I witnessed such focus from a
performer, such commitment to complex and specific moments. This is where I wanted
my work to go.

Anne Bogart’s recent work attempts to incorporate Joseph Campbell’s concepts
on Journey, Hero, and Myth. In attempting to universalize human experience into a
performance of spiritual and esoteric concepts, it is important to have a foundation and
framework to hang the work within. SITI’s work in Suzuki training and Viewpoints serve
as an excellent means to reaching this end. I know that my experience with these
concepts has helped my artistic vision, actor awareness, and physical receptivity.

2.5.4 Other Residencies

The art of differentiating between characters by the same performer is a complex
one. Danny Hoch and others have an incredible ability to show change of character, even
to the extent of playing two people in a dialogue. In analyzing their performances to see
how a variety of performers have tackled this difficult facet of solo performing, I was
struck with the ease in which an actor could flow from one character to another. When
performing solo, it is often necessary to distinguish between roles, to make a clear distinction between characters sometimes within seconds. During my undergraduate education, I studied with Dr. Judy Yorden, who is an expert in oral interpretation and character distinction. As far as physical elements, the training I've received in specificity, body awareness and movement qualities should give me a solid foundation to build upon. The strength of performing numerous roles depends upon the actor’s ability to transform and with clarity differentiate between individuals. Kevin Kling, Danny Hoch and many others have clarity in performance that I would do well to emulate.

2.5.5 Three Years of Graduate School

Considering the fact that this project was supposed to be the culmination of my graduate training at The Ohio State University, I think it important to argue whether I could have produced this show without attending this program. The answer is a definite no, for many reasons. Although I had a lot of solo experience before attending the program, my confidence, ability and artistic validity were in question. When looking at the performance of the thesis in retrospect, it becomes obvious that the successes of the piece are directly related to the discoveries I made while I was here.

Before my training at O.S.U., I had never had any specific training in phonetics or dialect work. Phil Thompson introduced me to this area of study, and gave me the confidence that allowed me to work on the performance of a dead language such as the Old English found in Beowulf. The script begins with a recitation of Beowulf in its original language. As far as the Old English is concerned, I had recordings of it on tape, as well as another ex-professor of mine from Muncie, Dr. Thomas Thornburg, who is
well versed in this area. Phil also was instrumental in giving me the confidence in tackling the dialects of numerous nationalities. Although I was unable to deliver on many of these dialects, the ones that were successful, I would never have known how to tackle without his guidance.

Phil Thompson introduced me to the concept of impulse acting, which has allowed a static, hollow, mechanical and cerebral actor to free himself and truly experience the magic moments of theatre performance. Perhaps the most common critique of my acting up to the point of entry into graduate school, was a coolness, or apparent distance from the experience. I was told time and time again, that I didn't flow from moment to moment or that there appeared to be a barrier between my internal self and outward expression. This facet of my personality developed as a defense against the outside world, and I attribute it to my astrological sign, Cancer. The crab has a tough shell to protect an overly sensitive interior. I sat within this internal realm when threatened and it served me well in my daily life. However, I had not considered how this habit could block my acting. Through work in developing and understanding the concepts of impulse acting, and maintaining a true connection with an acting partner, I gradually became aware of the difference between an engaged performance and mere representation.

I had never been comfortable with improvisation in actor training. Again, my constraints on my internal self cause a severe self-censorship to inhibit my ability to engage on this level. Having hit this wall numerous times in my training here, I decided to tackle this issue within the thesis performance. Although few and far between, there were sections within the performance that depended on open engaging moments with the
audience, forcing me to deal with fresh contact that could not be planned or controlled. The result of these experiences in performance was great exhilaration for me, and a source of joy and engagement for my audience.

Another enormous improvement in my performance ability came from my recent movement training. I had never before had any classes in movement other than an active youth, and since my training here, it has often been commented that this facet of my performance is perhaps the most entertaining. Jeanine Thompson needs to be given a lot of credit for my newfound comfort and ability. Through her expert eye and experience, I have been allowed to explore a realm that heretofore had been excluded from my artistry. This area has perhaps been the largest growth I experienced during my time at O.S.U. My training has freed my body and allowed my imagination and soul to have a new vehicle of artistic expression. Within the performance of Whu is One, movement became a central issue and I was even comfortable to perform a section that included no text at all. I never would have considered this an option prior to my time here.

Ultimately, the confidence and knowledge that I was given by the department was the cornerstone to the entire project. I would never have attempted a project of this scale or scope, and certainly never tried to write a script of such complexity if it had not been for the nurturing wing of graduate school. I owe them much.

2.5.6 Summer Vacation

Early on in the summer of 1998, I called Jeanine Thompson, my Thesis Committee Chair, and whined a lot about troubles and fears of the project. I was ready to dump the whole idea in favor of a performance of selections from The Canterbury Tales.
(See section 5.1) She thankfully managed to talk me into waiting till after the summer to give up on the project.

During the summer, I was able to do a lot of research into myth and spiritual texts, although the stack of books never seemed to dwindle and my reading list only increased with each successive discovery. I had been continuously failing to instigate a strict regime of meditation and yoga, and this summer was no exception. However my annual trip to the Yuba river in California proved to be the spiritual resuscitation that I needed. A close friend of mine drove with me across the country in a month and a half. This hiatus allowed for a gestation of my ideas, and a period of bouncing my ideas off a variety of close friends who have heard me spout similar concepts for many years. This forced me to crystallize the internal vision I had been cultivating and open the floor for critique from like, or unlike minds. By forcing me to communicate the ideas and put into words what, as yet, had only been a dream, the show gradually took physical form. To speak is to create. The breath of life is creation. My guru, Ayah Pin, and many other mystics warn that a human should take great care in what they say, for by vocalizing, they make happen. Many creation myths begin with the word of God. And so it was with this show. Even before I had written an initial draft, I felt that I knew what would be said due to the need to communicate and explain the general themes of the show. As I
cleansing myself, I felt the need to soar and drop all attachments. By allowing myself to drift laterally, I gained a new vantage point on previously apparent dead ends. Mental or physical knots that result from strenuous use of self were untied. I returned with renewed vigor, excitement, and energy, which then drove me through the rest of the process. Although on the surface it may seem that the summer was unproductive, having produced no physical evidence or even directly related experiences, I have no doubt that it was vital to the creation process.

2.5.7 Slow Germination of Text

Writing the text. This was perhaps the most daunting of the tasks I faced. The text was perhaps my biggest fear or at least the vaguest element in my vision. I knew what I wanted to communicate, I could see how it would be performed, but I never heard the actual words when I envisioned the piece. I knew that I wanted to at least try to come up with original texts and that it would take a lot of time. Initially, I expected to test the text on audiences in order to determine its success, however the text did not come with ease and I found myself losing time and it became obvious that this would not be possible.

The stories would come from my own experiences, and so acting them will be a whole new challenge. My time here at the university has shown me that I have great difficulty in presenting my true self on stage. I thought that perhaps by hiding my stories behind other personalities, I could successfully give them voice. Not that I was trying to retreat from the prospect of a difficult performance piece, the Bard character would be
my attempt at being myself on stage. The stories come from his mouth, and I wanted nothing to stand between him (me) and the audience.

In attempting to universalize my experiences and to create a show that includes a ritual aspect and spiritual significance, I am translating my “globe trotting” tales and placing them within the universal form of the journey myth.

In the spring quarter of 1998, I took a course on cultivating the artistic self and the creating of text (See Section 2.5.2). The course instructor was Dr. Joy Reilly, and her support for some of the material that I came up with during the course suggested to me that perhaps some of it could be used in the show. However, none of it had been produced with the show in mind, and so it was impossible to set any of these decisions without first having a skeletal script to place it in. In fact the material from the class that did finally make it in to the show was the only text that had been previously performed for an audience.

After returning from the summer trip, I immediately set about writing. Within the first few sessions of five or so hours of scribbling, I came up with an initial script that covered the opening through to the end of the lover section. This, along with the "Leap of Faith" poem I had written in Dr. Reilly's class, gave me material to start working up in rehearsal. The rest of the text slowly filtered in, and it was not until the end of December that I had a text for the entire show. Cuts, additions, and modifications occurred until a week before the opening.
2.6 SUMMARY

After my recent training in the graduate program here at the theatre department of The Ohio State University, I feel I would do myself a disservice if I did not attempt to explore performance in dynamic ways. The performance of this thesis focuses on intersecting concepts, and I feel the performance should reflect this by giving various performance techniques. Poems, masks, movement solos, audible inner dialogue, direct audience involvement, multiple character scenes, compiled texts and song are only a few of the possibilities.
CHAPTER 3

THE PRODUCTION CIRCUMSTANCES

3.1 PROPOSED SCHEDULE, SPRING 1998

(I have included this early version of the schedule because of the significant difference between projected ideals and actual experience.)

- Fall Quarter, 1997
  Initial condensation of ideas and concepts. Research begins.

- Winter Quarter, 1998
  Begin experiments in creating texts through class work in new works lab.

- March 6, 1998
  Final selection of Committee members completed.

- June 5, 1998
  Submit final project proposal, reading list, and project calendar.

- Spring Quarter, 1998
  I plan on continuing research and developing an initial framework and linear plan for the performance of various selections, however due to the limits of being in a production, I may be unable to reach this point. If this is the case, I simply want to have examples of possible text and a projected listing of characters, working towards the rough draft presentation.
• Summer, 1998

The summer will focus on selection and composition of text, research, and continuation of developing the theatrical elements of performance. A weekly schedule of 15hrs. of reading/research, 10 hrs. of physical and vocal "play", and 12 hrs. of writing is within limits. Depending on class load for summer classes (Tennis and/or yoga ?), I may have to modify this. I'm working in a relaxed atmosphere that should allow for much reading, however I will be taking at least two weeks for spiritual time off. (These standards were rarely met, as I will discuss later.)

• August, 1998

Possible conference in Oxford, U.K. on myth and ritual in Theatre. (I was unable to attend.)

• September, 1998

"Final" text and theatrical framework set OR begin fervent work on developing The Canterbury Tales as a performance piece (See alternate plan.) (Although the framework deadline was met, I didn't have a finalized script until the end of the year.)

• Autumn Quarter, 1998

Final script adaptation, and development of actual performance. If I'm at a satisfactory level in the work, I would like to audition for the department production, however my days will consist of morning exercises and afternoon experimentation. I will not take on the additional work if I'm not fully confident in my progress. Ideally, I would like to spend about 25hrs. per week in direct
contact with the project. (I successfully managed the role of Dionysis in *The Bacchae* during this time.)

- January, 1999

  Projected performance in Hong Kong Fringe Festival. (I was in no way ready to perform at this point.)

- Winter Quarter, 1999

  Fine tuning of performance elements, and introduction of technical elements. A 30-40 minute selection for final presentation on the 2\textsuperscript{nd} - 7\textsuperscript{th} of February, 1999 will be prepared via a regular rehearsal process, beginning with the first week of term, of five (?) weeks, five nights a week, three hours a night. Two nights of technical rehearsal and two full costume runs will also be needed. (This rehearsal schedule proved too demanding. The final performance ran an hour and five minutes.)

- Spring Quarter, 1999

  Research of possible performance venues and consideration of critical feedback on the project. Written documentation will be the focus of this term.

### 3.2 M.F.A. THESIS COMMITTEE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Title</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jeanine Thompson</td>
<td>Chair, Assistant Professor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phil Thompson</td>
<td>Associate Professor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Jon Erickson</td>
<td>Associate Professor</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
3.3 THE PRODUCTION TEAM

Lesley Ferris, Department Chair  Producer
Giles Davies  Creator/Performer
Edna Mae Berkey  Stage Manager
Jeanine Thompson  MFA Advisor
Laurel Taylor  Costume Designer
Heidi Scheppmann  Lighting Designer
Michael Karp  Sound Designer
Dan Gray  Resident Scenic Designer
Mary Tarantino  Advisor to SM and Lighting Designer
Mark Shanda  Resident Technical Designer
Ron Cannell  Scenic Studio Supervisor
Vince Landro  Studio Theatre Manager
Julia Weiss  Costume Studio Supervisor
Joe Scharrer  Box Office Manager

3.4 THE THEATRE: MOUNT HALL STUDIO THEATRE

I was initially very excited about the performance space that had been allotted to me. During the two and a half years prior to this production, I had been in numerous plays on either the proscenium or the thrust stage. However, this production would be staged in the departments' black box theatre, thus allowing a large amount of versatility in staging and seating. I envisioned an arena style seating arrangement, which would
increase the intimacy of the experience and emphasize the presence of the audience. I wanted the separation of house and stage to blur, and so I planned on performing in and around the audience as well as having seats that jutted into the performance areas. I pictured single revolving chairs that were dispersed inside the central floor space where audience members would be fully encased in the drama. At other moments, I would enter the seating risers down pre-set alleyways, and even go so far as instigating physical contact with them. These elements are reminiscent of the styles of Schechner and Grotowski.

I also wanted a large variety in heights for the seating, a sort of jumbled mountain landscape that overlooked the performance. The idea was to give a large choice of viewing possibilities, down to cushions on the floor. (See Appendix B)

3.5 THE FIRST PRODUCTION MEETING

At the first production meeting at 4:30 on November 17th, it became evident that I was going to be severely limited in design possibilities due to constraints placed on the production by the producer. For reasons unbeknownst to myself the department had decided to have both independent artists perform on the same night. This caused a variety of limitations. Anike, the other independent M.F.A., had created a play with nine characters and needed thrust seating. The department also required that I have eighty seats available and so the performance space became much smaller than I had anticipated, thus I had to remove the rotating chairs to allow for a modicum of movement space. In order to accommodate the thrust seating and number of seats, the risers had to be placed
in a traditional manner, which removed the possibility of sculpting a mountainous arrangement.

I had hoped to have a brief survey placed in the program that each audience member would be asked to fill out when they arrived. The survey would ask about racial, social and economic backgrounds and then suggest a seating area for them. Each of the surveys however would give different results, and so the outcomes would be very jumbled, causing the opposite effect than what would be expected. This would have been quite time consuming however, and since I was told that I would be second in the evenings entertainment, I thought it best to drop this idea.

Overall, I was very disappointed in this first production meeting. I felt that I had been manhandled and run over. I had never had to deal with a producer before and I was unprepared for the amount of manipulation that this position allowed. I think I dealt with it with grace and simply went back to the drawing board. In all fairness, any performance space will have its own rules and restrictions, and if I were performing at a festival, I would have to consider other performers. The department was also providing a lot of support including a budget of $150. I would like to add that if it were not for the enormous support of the rest of my production team, in particular Dan Gray and Edna Mae Berkey, I would not have maintained such enthusiasm. It is unfortunate, however, that commercial concerns had to color the educational and creative atmosphere available. Sign of the times, I guess.
3.5.1 Production Meeting Handout

(The following section was the initial proposal I had written and handed out at the first production meeting on November 17.)

At this stage of the game it is hard to guess all of the needs or requirements of the project. However, as initial requests, I will certainly need a full sound system of surround, booming speakers with dual cassette capabilities, and a basic lighting plot that can cover the entire performance space if necessary or spots when needed (this is due to the lack of differentiation between stage and house). There will be few requirements for the stage manager, but it is too early to be sure of a prop list or costume needs. The lists below are just possibilities. Any available departmental funds will (hopefully) cover these costs, but I will cover any additional needs or cut them. Whatever the department can give for a budget, within reason, will be spent as I’m sure some costume requests, props and publicity work will have to be met by myself. The set requirements will consists of a series of risers, platforms, large projection scrim(?), ship rigging climbing ropes(?), and chairs, including swivel chairs, for the audience.

I understand that some of these needs may not be met, but I figure there’s no harm in asking.

Projected Costume list

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Possible Set (See Appendix 1)</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bard leather boots</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Animal/Beast cape/dress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bard Tunic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romantic poet shirt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Straight jacket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plus many items that I have already</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Projected Prop list

- Inflatable female Coke cans
- Coins Ritual spear
- Penny whistle Sword
- Backpack
- Cigarettes
- Tea set (with MANY cups)
- Malay food with hand washing bowl, sieve and pitcher

3.6 REHEARSAL SCHEDULE

Recorded once the stage manager began to come.

January 6-7th. 4-9pm.
January 8th. 6:30-9:30pm.
January 9th. 7-10pm.
January 11th. 4-9pm.
January 12th. 6:30-10:30pm.
January 13th. 4-9pm.
January 18th. 4-9pm.
January 19-21st. 3-6pm.
January 25th. 8:30-10:30pm.
January 26th. Crew Watch at 6:00pm.

3.7 TECH WEEK

Crew watch occurred on February 25th. Anike added technical elements on the 26th, and I on the 27th and we ran both on the 28th and 29th. The 30th was first dress, 31st was dark, and final dress was February 1st.
3.8 PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE

The run of the show began on February 2nd and went to the 6th. Anike's show, *Zani's Story*, began at 7:30, my show began at 9:15. On the 6th, there was a matinee at 2:00.
CHAPTER 4

THE PROJECT

4.1 THE CHARACTERS

4.1.1 The Bard

The show begins with a bard emerging out of the trunk, which was present center stage as the audience enters, as though he has just exited from the stage of his last performance, applause is heard. Realizing what happened, he immediately breaks into an old English rendition of *Beowulf*. After a minute or so, he sees the audience has no idea what he's talking about, and so tries Cantonese...Malay...English? Ah, English. He then proceeds to communicate directly with the audience to find out which time period he is in. Once this is done, he realizes the great significance of what he has been asked to do, what an honor has been bestowed upon him by the gods. He begins to set the ritual, and slowly asks the spectators to join in by holding incense, chanting, playing instruments, clapping etc... He begins to tell the audience a myth about creation, and the birth of man. I had initially wanted the Bard to return onstage at the end and either wait for his next show, talking to the audience if they wish or returning to the trunk (See Section 5.1.9).
The bard character is myself, representing all the bards/shamans throughout time.
It is the spirit of the muse that transforms the performer, whoever he/she maybe, when they step on stage.

4.1.2 The Beast (infant)

"...At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."

This is a symbolic representation of youth, an animal with human attributes, (Orangutan) wearing a mask and robes. It enters by being born into the space, then slowly evolving into a humanoid. It is guttural, visceral and carnal in its movements and dances along with tribal beats. Not until he eats the 'shrooms, forbidden fruit placed on the altar by the Bard, does he show signs of consciousness or awareness of self or the audience. The action occurs in the rain forest of Bukit Lawang in Sumatra.

4.1.3 The Punk (school boy)

"Then the whining school boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwittingly to school."

A homeless American punk youth entered in frenzy, having just accidentally killed the Indian guru, himself in a later incarnation. He's very belligerent and heckles the audience, tries to get cash. I used personal accounts of confrontations with the law, to connect this character to the judge. Song lyrics were used for some of the text, a collage that only punks would notice. He sees that he has disturbed the audience and tells them that they created him (a direct reference to my personal confrontation with my parents.) He is carrying a bundle, a satchel, which was the mythical boon bestowed by the guru.
4.1.4 The Lover

"...And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

Female voice-overs of personal letters and such will play at various intervals. A South American Lover flirts around audience. The inflatable dummy, which has been present in the audience since they arrived, is the embodiment of his first love. He soon turns his back on her, attracted by ladies in the audience. He tells tales of the beginning joy of women and the ending horror. I again tried to use personal accounts, and emphasis was placed on the damage the women experienced and left behind. The character then punctured the inflatable woman, slowly squeezing the air, "life", out of it. This section is perhaps the most personal in its symbolism, and I reserve the right to hide the true meaning. I wanted the audience to experience the violent act of striking against a loved one.

4.1.5 The African Warrior (solider)

"...Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."

The solider is an African tribesman. He is fighting for his people; the national boundaries laid by British hands on top of tribal boundary cause much strife, and he wants to lead his people against this imperialism. The scene begins with him entering into the court of the enemy, apparently to be tried. However, the reality soon shifts as he
begins to attempt to convince the men in the audience to join his fight. The scene ends with him confronting the enemy and dying by cannon fire. His last words are, "Feed on my bones."

4.1.6 The Judge

"...And then the justice,
In fair round belly and good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances:"

He is British and damn proud of it. This is the pinnacle of pride, reflected in the loneliness I felt in London; the alienation I felt should be projected on to the audience. I used the comments and experiences I have encountered at the hands of the courts. The "take it like a man," comment I received in court is a good example. This line ties in with the Punk, and the judge mentions that as a youth, he broke the law (perhaps the murder earlier in the show). He has great marital problems, his wife is sleeping with the Lover, who is actually himself when he is younger. This personal attack and scorn drives him over the edge into madness.

4.1.7 The Mad Russian (pantaloon)

"Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound."
This is the mad Russian, who once great is now a doddering crazy old man. All of this material is very convoluted and examples of my experience with loonies came in handy. He represents the disintegration of the ego. When the ego is lost and he slowly transforms into the seer.

4.1.8 The Indian Guru (death)

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

An Indian travelling Sadhu, a guru that speaks the word of God. He is naked, representing the loss of character, ego. He remembers the journey and comments on the action in direct communion with the audience. He is a devout pacifist, in contrast to his youth (the punk). He has the same tattoo as the Punk. He knows he will be a victim of the old king/young king ritual when he leaves the stage to find his youth (Punk) and is killed.
4.2 FINALIZED SET

DESIGN
4.3 FINALIZED TEXT AS PERFORMED (include subtext, physical action, historical/literary references, etc.

(Begins with the sound of applause. The trunk at center stage explodes open and the Bard jumps out. Pulls out a flask to take a drink, but looks around and realizes that he's entered another performance. Offers the audience some, then drinks, puts it in trunk. Searches through it, brings out a sword and begins Beowulf in old English. See Appendix A.)

(Realizes that the audience doesn’t understand him, he stops, goes to trunk for Schedule book, which is a shambles.)

Nei hao ma? Appa ca bar? Do you understand me now? Ah, English. I knew it all along. And the time period...by the looks of things... (Improv. With the audience about their clothes and what time period. e.g.: That looks a little sixties but with a retro flair. And that is definitely not.) Wait! What is the date? What year is it? (Audience reply.) The cusp, we sit upon the birth! (looks up to the heavens) Has eye been honored with the duty of midwife? Thank you, O blessed One, thank you. We must sanctify this place. Time is short so I’ll need a little help (He begins to search through the chest again, chaotically throwing props all over, to be used later. He pulls out a chalice.) Could you get me some water? There should be some in the corridor. Thanks. And fire, anybody got a flame? Matches or a lighter perhaps? Great. (Lights Incense, then a candle.) Water, air, fire...earth. What can I use for earth? (Looks back in chest and pulls out a satchel of shrooms.) Ah, Fungus amongus.
Now, I ask you to join me. Allow your presence to be acknowledged, show us your spirit, so we may join in this sacred rite. (He pulls out instruments and gets the audience to play and sing as he recites the prayer.)

Here do I direct our power through the agencies of the supreme. (Gets staff and casts a circle) The sacred circle is about us. We are here of our own free will and accord. I now invite the supreme to witness this rite we hold in its honor. Guide me within this circle, that I may lift the veil, and allow us to glimpse the mystery that is we. (Finish the circle, leave staff and get incense.)

(Crossing to the East) Here do I bring air to the East and the breath of life to our temple.

(Gets candle, crosses to the South) Here do I bring fire to the South and warmth to our temple.

(Gets chalice, crosses to the West.) Here do I bring water to the West and cleanse our temple.

(Gets bowl, crosses to the North.) Here do I bring Earth to the North and give strength to our temple.

Now is the temple complete.

A long time ago, so long ago that it may have been the future, in the beginning, as in the end, there was nothing, so that there was everything... but this was a really boring period, not a lot happening you see, so I’ll skip this bit and move on to the juice. This void, the infinitesimal infinite contained all, and this all was called... shit, what was the name. Who was it? Who? Yes, that’s it, Whu was it. The All was called Whu. Whu opened its eye and light shone forth, filling the void, brilliant in its purity. Now, the light had never done this before, in fact, the light had never been before, and it looked back, to see
from whence it came. It could not see on its own because it had no eye. But the eye could see, and it saw what it had done, and I thought, “Wow! What am I, that I can do such things. Such power from within,...hmmm, I had no idea. Who am I?” Whu, who had not been paying much attention, overheard this diatribe, and replied, “Yes, whu are you. You are Whu.” And chuckled at the thought of talking to itself. I started out of its socket, Whu was speaking. Eye stared out into the space filled with light, straining to see who had spoken. But no illumination occurred, the light only shone one way. “I must go and find out who had spoken,” Eye thought it thought to itself, ”perhaps they can help me find out who I am.” And so I set out in search of the other who had spoken while the voice chuckled in its head, “Whu are you, you are Whu.”

The light, which was Whu, probed the void, which was Whu, and the two entwined. This holy union brought forth emanations, vibrations of love, as like found like, the explosion shook loose the heavens from the earth and scattered seeds throughout. Eye was not looking where it was going and slammed into one of the seeds. Now this might seem a little far-fetched, but there wasn’t much out there, so they were bound to hit.

(Bard exits, recording continues.) Gaia was her name, so beautiful, a mirage oasis in the wasteland of space. A body so succulent. It was love at first sight, Whu knows who had seen to that, I simply had to play amidst her woods, taste her waters, climb upon her hills, and live amidst her curves. I discovered the mother’s valley, Bukit Lawang, and here, under the nurturing gaze of Gaia, amidst a jungle teeming with life, he grew and discovered within her wondrous folds the tools with which to live. And still, the voice echoed in his head, “Whu are you, you’re Whu. Whu are you, you’re Whu. (Transform voice into heartbeat.)
*Movement piece choreographed by Andre about birth, discovery of form, evolution, and of movement. Examines altar elements (voice within fire, burns hand). Then the discovery of mushrooms, eaten, pukes, trips and discovers audience. Feels their face, then his own, removing mask as he does so. Runs out screaming.

(Sound interlude of crickets, walking and sufi prayer. Ends sharply with sound of a blade?)

Then immediately back in screaming as the punk.—-

What have I done? What has Eye done? What have I done? Keep your cool man, keep your cool. Wow, what a fuckin’ rush! Yeah..., that’s life coursing through my veins all right. I have never felt so alive. So truly connected to life. Practically got a hard on—That’s disgusting. God, blood on my hands. Nobody saw, no one was there. Whu’s gonna find out? Who Knows? You? (confront audience) BOO! (laughs) What are you staring at? Take a picture it lasts longer. Shit, don’t worry, I won’t kill you... I abhor violence, a pacifist. Really! Oh yeah, I slam and all, but it’s only a dance. The pit is really a pretty safe place when you know what you’re doing. We’re not trying to hurt each other, a lot of it, it is all show. People pick you up if ya fall down, spinning with the flow, or careening against it, keep your balance low, your arms high, and your tongue in your mouth... and rock out! (Dances violently) It’s simply releasing aggression in a relatively safe and friendly atmosphere. At least we’re not dropping bombs on people. Well yeah, it’s dark, what else is new? I’m a product of my environment. You people look at me and say, “What happened to him?” You. You happened to me. You made us. Human society has become so ludicrous that we are only natural offspring. Growing up in this fucked up reality, we come out screaming No! It’s our life and it’s been stolen.
We demand it back, and they call us punks? Do you mind? (going to sit down) What the fuck is that? (seeing crushed Coke can) Is that yours? No? Well, that’s great. A Coke can. Hmmmmmmm... Man must have been here. Sick. Corporate American consumer excrement. Love the caffeine though. They just shit it out all over the place, forcing us to play their game. The price of which to play is your life, if not your soul. Fuck that. So I come out here to live away from everything and then it finds me... What have they done to my world? And you sit there and watch on your overfed ass!!... Sorry. The strength of us all could demolish the wall, but you choose to walk through the door. And you ask what’s wrong with us. It’s ludicrous. Can you honestly look around and say your offering us a brighter future? It’s not inheritance, it’s condemnation. Look around at the landscape of this country and you see a horizon filled with asses, high in the air, dicks or heads stuck in them from the ass behind. And the fast majority of the population underneath catching the fallout. That reminds me of something a judge said to me once. You know, I got nabbed with a bag of weed out in the woods. Nobody was out there, except for maybe this ranger in the bushes. Whu knows what he was doing in there. I shudders to think. So I’m sitting there, giving the birds cancer with my second hand smoke, and he comes over, takes the weed, and leaves a ticket. I find myself in front of this judge, having to apologize for enjoying myself outdoors. So I ask to pay for the fine in community service and the judge gives me a stern look and says, “Take it like a man.” (Bends over to offer his ass) C-CK (backs into the Invisible barrier, who is also the judge) Got some change? Hooligan? Christ! (To audience.) You got a quarter? I’ll do a cartwheel for a quarter, all right two cartwheels... in a row. Whu has a quarter. I need a quarter, two cartwheels. It should at least give a laugh. (Waits till he gets one. Keep
explaining situation until one is given, then do the cartwheels. A hidden quarter should
be place in case none is given, but the audience should know.) I got dinner like that once.
I need it to call a friend. I … acquired this bundle and there is this bus ticket south and I
gotta go. Get the hell out of dodge. A watch too,… and it even works. (Opens the
bundle he brought in, removes ticket, puts on watch and takes a bite of coffee cake.
Offers some to the audience) Coffee cake? (moves to leave.) Listen, I don’t believe in
coincidences. Everything happens for a reason. And we’re meeting here like this, at a
time when I really needs to talk to someone has significance. I just killed a man. It was
an accident, I swear. It was an accident. I sleep with this blade. A Nepalese blade that
my Mom picked up while she was over there. It’s really big. And it’s just for protection,
right, while I sleep, You can’t trust anyone nowadays, but nobody comes out here. It’s a
special place and only Eye knows about it. And I wake up with this hand on my back
and a low voice that I can’t understand, so I flashed out my blade, rolling over and…He
just wanted to give me food I think… What the fuck was some Indian doing out here
trying to give me food!! And he died asking me who I was… And I couldn’t answer him.
Somebody was watching. Whu saw? Eye saw! And the me that is me looks at the what
I has done and sees that he is me or rather I am him. That blow has destroyed the line
that separates me from the man. I am no better than what I decry. Everything I hate in
the world comes from me. I am what I despise. Help me Mommy, Love me. ( Lights
out, and the sound of a Woman slowly building to an orgasm as the following poem is
heard)
(Woman 1 voice) It was by invitation that he found his way into my heart, dressed in jet black with hair and sunken eyes to match. And though he was unbreakable inside and out, I cradled him like a fragile shell. Protected him like a child. I sought to replace his frustration with hope and his anger with understanding. He flinched when love was spoken and the shell was broken.

(The lover enters, tucking in his shirt. Woman 2 can be heard) The first time I met you all that I could think of was how I could get rid of you.

(He approaches the seated love doll. Woman 2 is heard as he begins to play with doll) I love you and my heart and soul will always belong to you. (lover stands and moves to woman in audience and begin following poem in overlap) Never forget this and if you want to, please come back to me. Somewhere there is this place for us. Just the two of us, where we love each other and don’t have anything to worry about. It’s in our hearts.

(Lover speaks) The holiness that is you,

The flame of your soul

Burns, a licking flame.

Slipping through my veins

Liquid fire: until your purity

Sears my wanton depravity.

If your body is a temple,

I burn to defile it

With my incessant lust.

Your musky incense, a
Potent drug, my temples
Throb, I tremble with
Unholy desire.
A wicked sinner who wants
To drink your essence,
Like a thick liqueur.
Slipping in, sliding down
On my knees at your altar
To partake of your host
Communion of bodies, writhing,
Thrusting, I ache
To be nailed you on my cross.

Woman, you feed my soul. Woman in you sings to Man in me, and we are merely irrelevant. But having tasted the original woman, I see her in every eye. The need, the longing, the desire, the lust. To taste, to touch... Let us bring them together, you and I, and carry the fire down, around. A single node of euphoria, how could I miss. Ripples of buds caress. Blessed mother forgive me. Up for air, but there is another. My mistress, allow me to unlock the madwoman who’s in there. Scream like a banshee, I don’t really care. Leather and lace, and just a little disgrace, we’ll find the right recipe, smear it over the face. (Throughout the previous section, the character will move from woman to woman in the audience. As he speaks, voice of women 2 and others are overlapped..)
(Woman 2) You’re a selfish, unfeeling son of a bitch. Even though I realize we aren’t seeing each other permanently, correct me if I’m wrong, we had made it a point to continue what we had started last time I saw you. GOD YOU SUCK! I just guess some things mean more to me like love, trust, respect…(The lover begins to recite with her on the last three words.) …but you just couldn’t wait to dip it in wherever it was available, could you. I knew this was coming, I saw it, hell the last time I was there with you I saw it. Not only a friend of mine, but others as well. You move quick. Fucker.

What was I supposed to do? When a woman throws herself at you, you’re supposed to catch. What’s wrong with sharing a little love, making someone feel good.

(Woman 4 together with following Woman 2 text)) You are the promise that was made to me long ago- you are the place where all things right and beautiful come together. Having been gifted with the chance to be with you has let me realize these things and no matter our destinies together or apart, I will cherish what we were for those few days in autumn’s Space.

(Woman 2) I just am not ready to have someone else’s arm on my shoulder, lips on my neck, whispers in my ear. The only whispers I hear are yours still, I can still feel the feel of your skin and the touch of your hands. The warmth of your body and your kiss, how sweet your kiss.

(The Judge is heard) Guilty as charged!

A mother, a wife, a catholic, a whore, are these things that I should not stir? Dare I fan embers to flames and leave the fire smoking? These mountains are scarred. Don’t belittle your self. Our love was/is real, a part of our lives, a truly important part of mine.
Perhaps I'm one of a line of assholes in your life... we all play different roles for each other, but you know I'm not really an asshole. Eye never meant to cause you pain. You were my teacher, my first love and I cannot thank you enough. Rejoice in the light that we shared, bask in the memory of our creation and learn from the mistakes that we made. Forgive me and yourself.

(The lover crosses over to the love doll and begins to paint over her. Woman 2 begins reciting these same lines about half way through the speech.) Do you ever find your self thinking all the time about someone special you have lost. Try as you might, you can’t get them out, because as soon as your mind is not occupied with work, the TV, reading a book, ...painting..your mind wanders...to a place where your thoughts focus on that smile, their quirks, and their laughter. You think of them as you walk down the street alone with nothing on your mind...I remember when, god how I remember nights . I do remember...just us two breathing by the river while we sat and held each other, content that we were the only two alive at that moment that was ours alone.

Somewhere there is this place for us. Just the two of us, where we love each other and don’t have anything to worry about. It’s in our hearts.

   (Woman 1) I hope I didn’t come across as to apathetic towards the abortion. It’s just that it happened so long ago, I’ve had plenty of time to get over it. You were just so young, I knew you couldn’t handle it. I didn’t want to try to “Trap” you. Speaking of relationships, what ever happened to Maria. I thought that maybe you had finally experienced what you never believed in.

   (Woman 5) Right now, I’m too much of a coward to see you or even talk to you, but there is something that I really need to tell you--
No! No more. I am stained. (Pulls out ice pick from crotch and buries in love doll’s crotch.) O rose thou art sick, the invisible worm that flies in the night in the howling storm, has found out thy bed of crimson joy, and his secret love, does thy life, destroy.

(Woman 1) It was by invitation that he reluctantly found his way back into my arms. Dressed in jet black, with hair and sunken eyes to match. And though he is breakable inside and out, I long to cradle him like a cool steel rail. Protect him like a man. (lights out)
(Sound bites of various war speeches of honor, ranging from Churchill to Hitler to Eisenhower to Kennedy. The result should be confusion as any national sentiment is thrown against the mirror image of its true soul. It ends with the Judge saying, “Bring in the prisoner.”)
(Spot light on side platform and the African warrior enters in the dark and in chains. Walks up to platform.) I came to drink with my friend,
And find him, I could not.
Aye, I shall see him...
For I too am going towards death.
It is tradition for my people that they speak to their chief when he receives the stool of power. But we were denied that right with you, and so I speak for them now.
We do not wish greediness.
We do not wish that his ears be hard of hearing.
We do not wish that he should act on his own initiative.
We do not wish that it should ever be that he should say, “I have no time, I have no time.”
We do not wish personal abuse.

We do not wish personal violence...and yet, you give us all these things.

One who has not suffered does not know how to pity. And so I warn you...you who sits at the head of the large dead beast which sucks and feeds on the life of my land and people.

The first one lamed is not the first to die.

Your garden is without young trees.

My father eats with his anus and he defecates through his mouth. You shall meet him someday, oh, were I the one to introduce you to him.

Perhaps one of my brethren...(looks to audience) Are there no men among you? Is there not one brave man who will stand next to his brother against this lifeless beast that consumes our land. When a scorpion stings without mercy, you kill it without mercy.

(Removing chains, breaking "reality" to enter the world of the audience) A dark night brings fear, but Man still more.

Nothing surpasses a swarming crowd.

My brother, you know that we shall die, let us understand it, and let us put quarreling aside. For this world is not to be trusted. You escape today, have a fear for tomorrow.

This land of ours...

We were nourished on it,

We were brought up on it.

Then there came a European

Wearing trousers and fine clothes.

He said: “Take off
All this rubbish.”

So we threw away our skins.

Was it all worthwhile.

Thus spoke the son of Mgijimi

As he began to speak he sobbed.

He said: “Here are the whites.”

He said: “Here is a gun.”

He said: “Here is greatness!”

Strike them! Strike them!

If we flee, the road is long.

If we want the road to be short,

Let us attack the enemy.

Stand, I ask you. Raise your voice! (Pause)

Not one…Let me tell you an old tale of our people. Listen well to the tragic story of Eghal Sesdem.

It is said that one-day warriors came to fight and take his peoples land. The men of his tribe took their spears and knives, saddled their horses, and rode off to meet the enemy. Eghal Sesdem cried loudly to his wife, “Help me on my horse!”

She helped him on his horse.

He said, “Give me my spear!”

She gave him his spear. His tribe was meeting the enemy on the hill. He sat in his saddle. Then he said, “Give me another spear!”

She gave him another spear and said, “Are you ready?”
Eghal Sesdem said, “Yes, I am ready.”

Then he sang, “Eya, I go to fight! Eya, I go to fight!”

He looked. The battle on the hill was furious.

“Give me another spear!” he said.

“There are no more spears,” his wife replied.

“Well, I am ready. Let them take care!”

And Eghal Sesdem rode away. The battle was straight ahead, but Eghal Sesdem’s horse turned into the valley.

“Turn you devil, so that they may feel the sharpness of my weapons!”

But the horse did not turn, and Eghal rode on. A tribesman rode up the valley.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.

“My worthless horse will not respond. I cannot steer him.”

“You do it this way,” the man said. And he took hold of the bridle and pulled gently. The horse turned and headed for the hill.

“Ah, now you are willing.” Eghal said. “Run like the evil one you are, so that their bodies grow numb with fear.”

The horse plodded along, and Eghal sang. “Eya, I go to fight. Eya, I go to fight.”

Soon he was close enough to hear the clash of weapons.

“I will strike them from down under,” he said, and he crawled around to the underside of his horse, clutching his spears and reins. The horse, feeling this violent tugging, turned a walked back to the village.

“What are you doing under the horse?” his wife asked.
“Ah, this devil betrays me! Must I then fight like an animal with my feet on the ground?”

“The fighting is over,” His wife said, “We are lost!”

Woe to the coward who fears and considers not,

Death is not a thing of choice but of necessity to the finite.

Friends, leave fear, and go not with the fearful,

And leave your life to God whu saves.

(He turns to face the boundary, freezes as he sees his death, then turns and runs back up to his platform.) On guard! The battle is coming!

Bring in all the women from the fields!

The enemy is coming on the right side!

Gather warriors on the left side! Prepare! They are approaching!

They are not falling back! They are coming!

The guns, the guns fire! The guns are firing now!

Feed on my bones!

(Canon shot and the warrior dies, toppling backwards for the platform. Blackout.)

(The female doll on crucifix is hung on scaffolding in the blackout.)

(Sound bite mix of hellish and ghoulish commentary ending with a frenzy of screaming Death. The passage of the hero to the underworld.)

(Lights up with the English Judge seated, holding a conversation with the insane Russian while drinking a Coke and finishing a plate of spare ribs. The following section is one side of a conversation.) Look here, my good fellow, if there was no order, then chaos would surely reign. It is just not reasonable to assume that a man can control his actions.
History has proven that order must be maintained via an Eghal Sesdem. (Russian speaks.)

No, no, a legal system. (Watches Russian cross to him and speak.)

Please, sit, stay. (Russian speaks, begins to leave.)

Stay! Now, in order for this system to be maintained there must be someone at the top to deal out justice. I happen to be that man, and so I told the Negro that the law clearly stated that the company owned the land. They simply had no claim. (Russian crosses to return quarter, wherever that may be.)

Let me finish. The chaotic violence within the community was not the will of the people, simply the misguided outbursts of individuals that lacked full knowledge of the situation. The people were at risk and so I decreed martial law. Whu could have foreseen that this blood shed would ensue. (Russian speaks.)

Yes, yes. When I was a lad, I too would have jumped at the chance for action, but that simply arises from a lack of control. I...made some mistakes when I was younger. Luckily, it was fear of the law that made me change my ways. I learnt to never question the authorities. They were there for my own protection, the journey into manhood is guarded by this realization. And so, I often tell the riff-raff that pass by my bench that they must take it like a man. (Russian speaks.)

I’m sorry, I don’t quite follow you. Anyway, as I was saying, ...(Russian speaks.)

Tomorrow... (Watching Russian gesticulate and speak.)

... Yes, yes, quite, quite... waiter, check please. (Russian speaks.)

What should I hold?... Is that a fly bothering you? (Russian speaks.)
My name is William, not Will... and who is Iam? (Russian speak, rise and cross to chest. Then lie still, holding breath)

What are you doing? Are you all right? Can you get this man some help, ... he doesn't seem to be breathing.... Well, sorry to eat and run but I really must be dashing off, I have to get back to work.

(Moving away, to audience) Crazy old fool, he almost had me going there. He needs to be locked up for his own sake, obviously lost all touch with reality. Can't help but think he looked familiar somehow... (crushes Coke can and leaves in the spot Punk found it.) What a terrible way to go. The loss of reason, the slow decay of the mind, until you don't even know you are whu... who you are. Oh dear, I am... tried, tired. Yes, very, very tired. Guilty as charged! Must get back to work, fix this turmoil we call a city.

(This next section consists of him throwing himself against a wall and picking himself up to do it again, breathing in as he stands, out as he hits) Ah, the first case of the afternoon. (Bang) That wasn't too bad. Next. (Bang) Guilty as charged. How did you think you could get away with that? (Bang) Damn it! This job is hell on my indigestion. (Bang) Oh, must remember to tell the sun not to go out this evening. He burns to brightly that one. Who can tell what debauchery occurs in the darkened hours. (Bang) Caught me by surprise that one did. Heads up old boy, it's an important role you play. (Bang) Take it like a man. (Moves toward wall again, stops short as he looks at watch) Court is adjourned.

(Returning home, speaks to the doll and sits to remove shoes.) Is that what you do all day? Simply hang around. This place is a mess. We could have company for all
we know. Nothing to say for yourself? So let’s see what’s on the tellie. (Uses remote to turn on TV, the sound of the TV can be heard throughout the following monologue, beginning with a Coke ad, then changing into a talk show that develops into madness.)

(Speaks to audience) Oh, I know why she never speaks to me anymore. The slut is having an affair. A younger man no doubt, probably ethnic, dark skinned, long hair, a sexy accent. “You feed my soul,” he tells her. Ha, I’ll feed him to the dogs. Oh, I know all the tricks of infatuation, I played my hand when I was young. But to be scorned by my own wife, so close to the heart. I loved her, gave her my life, my hand. She was my eye, my all, all I could see, such brilliance and purity. Blinding me to all others, even to myself. And now to even look upon her causes such pain, that I would remove mine Eye.

(Moves to throw the doll to the ground, but is stopped by the barrier.) I am a dead man. When did I die? Where am Eye?! (Violently strips of the wig and gown, crumples to the ground.) Where am Eye! Where... am...

(Rises as the mad Russian, looking at gown.) The surface is calm, but beneath the surface the muck is quite active, eating itself, dead cells feeding on the dying which cling to the live ones, slowly infesting them with their own decay. There is no order. (Listen to judge.)

Eghal Sesdem! (Judge Speaks.)

(crossing to Judge) Me forward, my future beckons. Let come what may, time comes. I truly wish I could stay. (Judge speaks.)

I could stay? (Judge speaks)

... (Judge Speaks, crosses to return quarter, wherever that maybe.)
When I was a boy, I would have... (Judge speaks.)

C-ck! Things change tomorrow, it's always the same. So goodbye tomorrow, for
tomorrow, here and now make it all happen. (Judge speaks.)

Leave I today, tomorrow tight held and chained, now in the live, heed and understand.
(Judge speaks.)

They never will. (Judge speaks)

Hold what you have! (Judge speaks)

Will will! Will, come to me. I needs a friend. I am is too pompous, so I'll stick with will.
I am not fond of Iam. (Judge speaks.)

William is too large to work with, and so I'll wait for will. (He tries to hold his breath and
almost passes out, lying on his back on the trunk.) It's the only way, before it all blows
away. Only problem is the brain doesn't believe it and so the head fills with blood.
Heartbeat in the ears, the dull bass beat of life... perhaps that's why I like caffeine so
much. But if all is relative then up could be down and vice versa. (Stands again.) There,
that's better. Back upright from the flipside. Seeing from the outside in. (Leaves the
stage to sit on/in audience.) The eye turns and the watcher sees that he has caught up to
the seer, finally. I had always tried to, thought I hoped to, but now that I looks down
upon the blank stage, the whiteness envelops me and fear grips his soul. How can there
be a story if there is no end? He feels cheated, "I thought this writer was an artist. Now,
it seems he coined the words before him, laying down a brick road, simply to be walked."
Ah, but I had caught him, turned the corner and ran out of road. The workers are on
lunch? Maybe if I turn around and read backwards? By turning to the back, he took the
bile and formed chemicals into nutrients into mush into flowers but where was the pollen
or the bee to attach it to life? This endeavor, although entertaining, was fruitless. I missed the connecting word and find myself once more on the blank page, staring into the now. (Goes and get blanket, wrapping himself and removing shirt) A slow realization creeps over me, wrapping between my legs, slithering along, leaving a trail behind, it grows, I’m not Eye. The cloudy thought rises up, from beneath the ashes, and I stares in bewilderment, the past has stopped...he flicks back and finds he’s already been there, he tries to slide in, but the memory moves him forward...jerking him back to the blank page. The moment grows, and encases me, the point becomes the environment and the past/future shrinks to a point. I stare at the dot, the full stop at the end of the line and realize I had been traveling to get there. I have no clue as to how I got there or here, or where I am going, I simply looked for the dots to finish the story.

There it is, the point of no return.

Oh, I’ve been here before, many times,

But I’ve always retreated, tail between my legs.

Images of Death repulse me.

My skull staring back, flesh hanging from the sockets.

The answers are there, I can feel it.

The questions led me here, forward bit by bit.

But I’ve always fled, knowing that to

Pass through, to gain access, meant certain doom.

And yet, I’d always return.

Driven forward by human inquisitiveness.
Curiosity killed the cat.

But I have come prepared this time,

Tied all the loose ends.

Spoke with Mum... ambiguous, yet clear

“I love you, thanks.”

Friends close by, yet far away.

Crossing the Astral plane

Sans teeth sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything

Simply eye,

Time to die.

(Voice of the Bard is heard)

The droplet began to fall

Hurtling downwards, weightless in it’s descent

Then breaking the surface, a loving embrace

Each ripple reflecting the full image of

The hologram.

The droplet became the ocean, One.

(Russian)

My God.

It all makes sense.

The departure and the return.
Who am I, who am I, whu am Eye

(slowly hunching over with legs crossed)

Whu am I, who am Eye, who am I.

(slowly rising to sitting posture as the Indian)

I am Whu. You are Whu. Ah,... the sign, you have the golden sign. I look at your faces and I see the symbol of Allah...God, Krisna, the One,... Whu. You know, you understand? Yes, you glimpse the truth and yet fear the understanding, is it? But do not fear. Living in darkness, the light may blind you at first, but this light is the way home. We are all seeking, yes? We look and look, not knowing what we look for. Searching for answer to whu we are. But you are there, inside. Yes? Who are you? You are lover, judge, solider, student, teacher? No. These are parts, roles you play. Like the actor, his it? Are you man, woman? No. You have eye, yes? Mouth, ears, stomach, body, brain, hands. Is this you? If I cut off your hands, are you still there? Yes, is it? So this body is not you. You live inside, is it? Your soul maybe, Muhammed, Christ inside. The light that exist within all? And each ray is different. Your light, mine, his. Is this you? No. For this light must come from somewhere, where is the bulb, is it? Ahhhh...This moment, the light that is within comes from where? This light is here now, and was there then, and will be in the future. And each one stands alone, yes? No! There is only one reality. And this One, this all, we call Whu. It is like coffee cake, yes? The top we see, the middle you feel, the bottom is where you come. Yes, you begin to see. Who are you? You are Whu. I can touch you here, but we are one here, is it? (He motions to his center).
(Rising) It is time for me to leave. The cycle begins again, but there is one I must find first. I have something to give him. It will help him on his journey. Help each other my friends, Know thyself, then Know thy God. All is a continuous turning, a spiralling dance that goes and returns, yet moves ever on. (He has gathered a bundle, removes watch and puts in bundle along with coffee cake and bus ticket. He leaves the stage slowly lowering his blanket to reveal the tattoo of the punk upon his back. He leaves the stage naked. Pausing at the exit in Punk pose with actual blade glimmering in light. Again we here the crickets and the sufi prayer.)

(Bard enters, gets the staff and closes circle.) The temple is closed. So mote it be!

4.5 SUMMARY

This chapter is a step by step description of the performance. It begins with a description of how I approached each performance, and then goes into brief descriptions of what each character meant for me and important elements I wanted to emphasize. The next section contains the script and blocking, and the chapter ends with the cue sheets for the show.
CHAPTER 5

THE PROCESS

5.1 REHEARSAL NOTES

5.1.1 How To Begin?

I found it very difficult to begin the rehearsal process in earnest. I had run into this problem before with my other solo shows. As the sole member of the rehearsal, no one depended on my being there on time, working, or giving any sort of notes. This meant that a large amount of self-discipline was required and, to be honest, discipline was never my strong suit. However, the vision I had for the show required a lot of working out and luckily I had a lot of motivation to make this show a powerful experience and to impress my audience and faculty. Three years of graduate school was culminating in this work, and so I wanted my training to show. I also felt a lot of responsibility to the fledgling Independent Track M.F.A. option within the department, and so after a rocky beginning, I finally began to work on the specifics of the show. Besides, the showings for my committee required that I produce something!

5.1.2 The First Steps

In the Fall quarter of 1998, I began work on staging short sections of the script. The poem entitled "A Leap of Faith" was the first piece to get any attention. I had written this piece originally without any thought of the performance in mind, however it was
about the realization of the God within. Specifically, it speaks about the pinnacle of my LSD experience, the moment of spiritual awakening, which played a large role in bringing me to the point of writing this script. The text speaks about the moment that I entered the realm of One, the ocean where all individuals come from, and as I began to formulate the script for the solo show, I decided that this poem was ideal for the climax.

The initial working of the piece began with a symbolic representation of the catholic communion ceremony where the character ate the body of Christ, however the wafer was replaced with a tab of LSD. This moment never made it into the show, however the physical motif of putting something in his mouth stayed, and the Russian developed a strange fixation on playing with imaginary strands of chewing gum being pulled, stretched, and rolled back into the mouth. The movement was a close replica of something I had seen on the streets of San Francisco, where a "tweaker" (mentally handicapped streetwalker) was apparently enthralled with something that did not exist in my particular reality. In the original working of this moment, I placed a lot of emphasis on the age of the Russian. He was, after all, in the stage of life right before death where the body fails and the mind begins to unravel. My original movement reflected this idea, a heavily stooping posture with shaking digits, a shuffling gait and puckering lips, but I found that I fell into a stereotypical crazy old man. Before long, I dropped a lot of this "realistic" movement in favor of a subtler suggesting of age and insanity.

5.1.3 The Movement Piece

At this point in the process, about the middle of October, I ran into the writing and acting difficulties (See Section 1.4) and so I decided to drop the text and begin work on
the movement piece. This section had no text so the actor and writer could stop squabbling with each other, and I could get back to work. The movement piece represented the infant and took the form of the Beast character. I wanted the piece to be about evolution and contain images that suggested the fall from grace. The locale that I had in mind was Southeast Asia, and so I tried to imitate the dance movement of Bali and Thailand. However, as I worked and researched (See Section 2.2.1), I soon found that I could never hope to duplicate the specific gestures and perhaps I had no right to take these cultural spirits outside of their context. Jeanine Thompson suggested that I try to find some personal gestures (See Section 2.5.3) and movements that implied similar themes and so, after stumbling around for about a month, I scrapped everything I had and went back to the drawing board. This was going to be harder than I had anticipated. I began to simply play, and developed a game for myself. Using music as an impetus, I would imagine myself as a single celled creature, and slowly go through the process of evolution, trying to find an internal stimulus for each evolutionary leap. Here, I was glad to be the only person in the rehearsal space, crawling around the floor in my own world. From these explorations, I began to set the movement and could now begin focusing on making it as specific as possible.

A close friend of mine, Andre Megerdician, is a professional dancer and we had collaborated on a number of projects in the past. I had always been very impressed with his choreography, and wanted him to try to set a piece on me. I had never before tried to work in this manner, and so I thought that since this project was about discovery and breaking new ground, I would endeavor to have Andre work as collaborator. I quickly realized however that although my recent training had freed up my body and given me
confidence in my movement capabilities, I was far from ready to work as a dancer might. I lacked the vocabulary, and the proprioception required to duplicate another's movement. I had no problem moving how I wanted to or how my imagination requested, however when asked to complete specific movements, for example a barrel leap landing on the same foot as I took off from, I became quickly frustrated.

Andre had a set piece he had created previously which I thought would serve my purposes. It was a ritual piece that was about a hunter, the hunted, and the discovery of power. After a three hour session of pain and embarrassment, he left me with a video tape of the piece which I would use to rehearse. This did not work. Without prior experience of working from video, or having the right eye for replicating set movements, I soon found myself struggling with issues that were insurmountable. I also found that I really needed movement that initiated from me, that spoke to me from an internal source, and that the piece did not really say what I needed it to. It was back to the drawing board. After sheepishly returning to Andre, he decided that a better mode of creation would be improvisation. And so we went back to the studio, and I began to explore certain themes, which he would then mold into phrases. Finally, we found a mode of communication and creation, which served us both, and the piece began to take the shape which was seen in performance.

5.1.4 The SM Savior

Edna Mae Berkey was to be my stage manager and she approached me in the beginning of November to see what I required and if I wanted her to attend my rehearsals. At this point, I was still struggling in the studio, and had no desire to have a
witness to my failings or my creative birthing. If I was to have an audience, I think it would have appealed to the actor within me to produce material that was worth watching, and I was not ready to limit myself to these constraints. However, as time progressed, I realized that I needed the pressure of a stage manager in order to begin finalizing some of my choices. Although I had the benefit of a committee, which I had to prepare showings for, I could not ask them to be present for my rehearsals and their critical eye was a bit off putting. Yet, I was afraid to open the doors of the studio to an outsider. Rehearsals had become a personal ritual and the material was still very young and dear to me.

Upon Edna's insistence, I gave her a copy of the text, (at least what I had up to that point) and after a few days she came back very excited and expressing great joy in working on this project. I was thrilled. An outsider liked my stuff, she understood it, or at least understood enough to be interested. With this incentive, I opened up my rehearsals and welcomed a partner that I soon could not live without. The savior called a stage manager breathed new life into the process. I now had someone to bounce things off of, to see if motifs or themes were clear, and most importantly, some one to be on book and to take copious blocking notes. I say copious because I had a tendency to move a lot, and change the blocking on a daily basis. It was Edna's insistence that forced me to make decisions and to begin to set some of the more difficult moments. Never before had I worked so closely with a stage manager, and now I think the role indispensable for the creation of a solo piece.
5.1.5 Committee Showings

The benefits of committee showings were numerous. Initially, it forced me to set a schedule of goals that meant I had to produce material for viewing. The first showing was set right before my first production meeting, and so when I went to describe and discuss the performance to my production team, I had already had the opportunity and experience of communicating the idea. At this first showing, I had agreed that I would have a floor plan, (which was later scrapped at the production meeting), and a skeleton script. I also had to discuss the themes of the performance and some central motifs. This showing forced me to put into words ideas that as yet, had never been voiced, or communicated.

The second showing was a lot more worrisome. Jeanine Thompson, the chair of my committee, had expressed a desire to see a full run through. As the date for the showing approached, I was still a long way from having a full script, and felt fully unprepared to do a walk through of what I had. I approached Jeanine with a request that perhaps a full run through was not the best of ideas, but she insisted that it was time, and that it would be in my best interest. She was right of course, it was simply my fear to show my creation that blocked me from seeing the whole, and by forcing me to walk through the entire performance before a critical eye, she allowed me to experience the full project for the first time. I began to get an idea of the whole, the show actually took shape in my mind and by working through it, I felt like I began to get a grip on something concrete. The piece was taking shape, and I left the showing with renewed vigor. The third and final showing served as a director might. I was able to take specific notes and adapt the
piece accordingly. By this point, I was so embedded in the piece that I had lost all sense of an objective eye, and it was good to have an outside eye to tell me what was reading and what was too vague.

5.1.6 Scaffolding Issues

When I first entered the performance space where the production would take place, there was lighting scaffolding that dominated the empty black box. It appealed to my aesthetic, and I immediately tried to envision how I could utilize it in the performance. I got the okay from the department to use the structure, and I set about incorporating it into the performance. I envisioned having the altar underneath the first level. There was a sort of cubbyhole, a space apart, underneath the structure, and I knew this would serve to place the altar in a significant position. The upper level of the platform was about seven feet in the air, and I thought that this would be an effective playing area, although incredibly small, 25 feet by 20 feet. I wanted the birthing of the Beast to have its own locale, and the scaffolding allowed me to drape sheets at the midsection so that I could be born through a slit in these sheets and appear seven feet above the ground. An effective entrance I thought, however it meant that I had to get down. After having my floor plan scrapped (See Section 3.5 & Appendix B), I had to come up with a means of getting off the platform. Then it came to me. I would leap. I tried this in rehearsal, and found that the concrete floor was not as forgiving as I had hoped. My heels would never survive. So, I placed a small six-inch platform underneath the drop, which served as a base for the altar, and then used an exercise mat covered by a prayer mat to break the fall. The use of the sheets on the upper level suggest to me that I might be able to use these as a screen to
project images and also as a means of creating a shadow image at certain times of the
performance. An example of this would have been after the bestial dance, before the
Punk appears, writing could be seen appearing on the screen. If it could be written
starting from the end, and written backwards, yet still legible for the audience, then a
mysterious sense of storytelling and hand of Fate could be hinted at. The text might be,
"From Asia, the winds blew me across the great ocean..."

However the upper level had a stairway that blocked lighting from the back, and once
I found out that the stairs could not be removed, the department suggested renting a new
scaffolding. I was very pleased at this level of support, however when the scaffolding
showed up during tech week, it became quickly evident that it would be of no use. It
lacked the means to drape sheets, and was not sturdy enough to move securely upon. It
was also not as high, and I had become attached to the impressive leap from seven feet.
And so, I resorted to the previous scaffolding, and resigned to scratch the shadow concept
completely. I had already by this point given up on the idea of using the sheets as a
projection screen due to the technical difficulty of working, placing, and timing a slide
projector, and the amount of sound that it would produce.

5.1.7 Dialect Issues

During the creation of the piece, I had envisioned utilizing a variety of dialects and
accents to assist in differentiating the characters (See Section 4.1). Although each of the
characters were in reality all the same being, I wanted to hide this fact by having the
surface appearance and character elements be different. This was supposed to mirror the
fact that although each individual is defined by who they consider themselves to be and
by how we view them, in actuality they come from the same root, and as such are part of the same being. Not having a lot of experience in dealing with dialects, I thought this would give me an opportunity to explore uncharted territory. However, as the performance dates drew closer, and the amount of work increased, I soon found that I no longer had the time necessary to commit to all the vocal work that these dialects and accents would require. The English and American dialects were not hard because of my background, however I had hoped to work up an Indian, Russian, Brazilian and African accent for the show. I was able to record Dr. Ezekiel Kofoworola reading the African text, and from this I found common replacements and oral habits as well as inflection differences that I could use in performance. Instead of trying to get it precisely and run the risk of seeming stilted or even ludicrous, I resolved to simply flavor the speeches, so that the suggestion was enough for the audience to grasp. The Indian accent was the next one that I tackled, and Phil Thompson suggested that the accent placed the voice in the back of the mouth, as though the words were on the verge of being swallowed. This idea, along with a few vowel and consonant replacements that I knew of from my own traveling experience, was enough to suggest the accent. At this time, I had a Russian student in my acting class, and so I asked him if I could tape him reciting the text I had written. However, I had great difficulty in pinning down the specifics of this accent and time was so short by this point, that I was unable to develop an accent that seemed my own without calling attention to itself. Both the Russian and the Brazilian accents would have to wait for the next time that I worked on the piece.
5.1.8 Reworking the concept to suit the performance restrictions

Having never had the opportunity, or balls, to create a show from scratch, I had never had to deal with having my artistic vision squelched, or man-handled due to constraints that were not of my making or agreement. As I mentioned earlier (Section 3.5), I had to change my entire staging arrangement. I had felt that the staging was an integral part of the performance concept, and was very disheartened by this change. However change it I did. I also had to reconsider the nudity during the guru section. I had thought to have the entire section performed in the nude, but this was not an option, so I decided to cover with a blanket until the exit. Another example of outside influence came when my producer expressed worry over me climbing back into the chest at the end of the show, without getting out again. The worry here was that the audience would be concerned for me as they exit, so much for that illusion. By this point, I had grown quite used to these requests and so didn't try to argue the point.

5.1.9 The cuts and cuts and ... an ending, an ending, my kingdom for an ending!

The process of cutting personal material is painful and difficult. This is where an outside eye became vital and my committee was indispensable. It became evident that later on the process, I had lost my ability to have an objective director's eye. Getting feedback was never difficult, listening to it was a different matter. This fact, compiled with a terrified playwright, meant that cuts were extensive and continuous.

Perhaps the most common critique of the show during rehearsals was that it seemed to end numerous times. It didn't help that I lost the ability to perform the shadow
drama at the end (Section 5.1.6, & 6.5). The main problem was whether to have the bard re-enter to close the show or not. I decided that this was necessary because the sacred circle that was drawn in the beginning ritual, had to be closed (Audience members thanked me for remembering to do this). The issue became how to bring him on, what would he say, and whether I climbed back in the chest to complete the cycle of the show. The decision was made for me (Section 5.1.8) and so I simply had a curtain call, and then closed the circle and left. I don't think this is the best solution, and I would change it for the future.

5.2 PROP LIST

(Each of these items came from my personal collection unless otherwise noted.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Item</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Blow Up Doll (purchased)</td>
<td>Paintbrush</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paint/Paint Tray</td>
<td>Glass with water to clean brush</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TV Remote Control</td>
<td>Two Bus Tickets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ritual Chalice</td>
<td>Incense and Holder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Candle in Container</td>
<td>Bag of 'Shrooms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sword and Nepalese Ghurka blade</td>
<td>Greek Blanket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matches</td>
<td>Crushed Coke Can</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Empty Coke Can</td>
<td>Schedule Book with Extra Paper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bundle (Muslim Wrap)</td>
<td>Coffee Cake (made by Edna, S.M.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watch</td>
<td>Flask with Liquor (Theatre Dept. Storage.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plate with Bones and Spare Rib</td>
<td>Ice Pick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tibetan Hand Symbols (Chime)</td>
<td>Peruvian Goat Nail Rattle</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Indonesian Ritual Staff  Two Quarters (25 cents)
Doll on Crucifix (Purchased & made) Series of Hand and Waist Chains

5.3 COSTUME CHECKLIST

Celestial Jacket for Bard (Made and designed by Laurel Taylor.)

Medieval Hood for Bard (Theatre Dept. stock.)

Checkered Tights for Bard (Mine.)

Brown Leather shoes for Bard (Theatre Dept. stock.)

Bali Beast Mask (Mine.)  Fur Beast Cloak/Wrap (Made by me.)

Beast Groin Cloth (Mine.)  Punk Wig (Purchased and made by me.)

Punk Leather Jacket (Mine.)  Punk Torn Jeans (Mine.)

Punk Combat Boots (Mine.)

Lover Ruffled Shirt (Made and designed by Laurel Taylor.)

Black Stretch Bike Shorts (Purchased.)

Lover Tight Black Dress Pants (Made and designed by Laurel Taylor.)

Black Dress Shoes (Mine.)  African Collar (Theatre dept. stock.)

Tiger Skin Backpiece (Theatre dept. stock.)

Red Loincloth (Mine.)  Under Vest (Mine.)

Judge Gown (Theatre dept. stock.)  Torn Burlap Shirt (Theatre dept. stock.)

Old Grey Dress Pants (Mine.)  Black Chinese Slip-On Shoes (Mine.)

Hair Clips (Edna, S.M.)  Hair Ties (Mine.)

Hair Brush (Mine.)  Mirror (Mine.)
5.4 PERFORMANCE NOTES

5.4.1 The Lack of an Audience

Throughout the performance experience, I was consistently aware that my audience was a lot sparser than the show that had gone immediately before me. I think that there were many reasons for this fact, however I still had to get over the disappointment of having a very small audience. The biggest problem was that the space had been set up for eighty or so members, and so the audience that was present was very scattered and so had no feeling of support or security. The show was confrontational and required much direct interaction, and I feel the experience was compromised due to the holes that were evident in the seating area. There needs to be a feeling of community for this show to work at its highest potential.

By the Friday performance, I had grown accustomed to the small audience. I was fortunate to have a full house for both the Friday and Saturday night shows. The difference was incredible. The audience became much more animated and ready to become directly involved. It also meant, that when I either verbally confronted them, or physically touched them, their reaction was much more secure, they could forgive the intrusion because of the amount of support. It is worth noting, however, that no one ever sat next to the inflatable woman.

5.4.2 Technical Blues

After losing our sound technician at the last technical rehearsal, Edna was forced to run both lights and sound. The show had developed into a technical leviathan, and
after the first three performances, it became evident that Edna could not run both of these elements flawlessly. It was just not physically possible. Luckily, the stage manager for the earlier show, Christ Athanas, offered his assistance and the rest of the run went off without a hitch.

5.4.3 The Joy of Feedback, the Play Hits Home.

After the initial release of simply having the show up and running, I began to wonder what the audience was actually receiving. Was the experience worth while for them? Luckily, I did not have long to wait for the reply. I was consistently approached, both by people I knew and by strangers, and told of the significance and power that the show had. I remember one gentleman in particular, I had not met him before, who came up to me and looked me in the eye. I could sense that he was very sincere and moved. He told me that the show had great meaning and significance and he thanked me for bringing it to light. It was a short conversation, but the content was massive. We had touched each other. This is only one account of many, and I feel this is what proved the project as a success.

5.4.4 The Pains Begin

As I drove home after the first performance, I noticed that I ached and that I had bruised my arm. I thought about how I could have done this, but could not remember having hit anything or having fallen. The same thing happened on the next night, my shoulder hurt quite a bit, but I couldn't think why. Finally, as I dosed off to sleep it hit me. Running into a wall can hurt, not to mention the fall to the concrete fall afterwards.
I felt a bit daft that I had not even considered that this act of running into an immovable object, five times a night, might cause a little stress on my body. Luckily, there were only six performances. I do not think I could have sustained a longer run.

5.4.5 The Sagging Breasts

Due to the limited amount of funds available, I decided to buy only two inflatable dolls for the run of the show. These two dolls would be rotated. One pre-set on the crucifix, one that had to be inflated and pre-set within the audience. The doll that was placed in the audience was punctured during the show, and so I had to develop a way to patch her without the patch being noticeable. I managed to accomplish this, however by the Saturday performances, both dolls were having great difficulty in maintaining pressure. The thought of loving a sagging woman seemed a bit more ridiculous than I wanted, so I had to consciously squeeze the doll when I picked her up, so that the head did not collapse backwards. Quick thinking in the moment and delicate manipulation made for an interesting acting problem.

5.4.6 The Empty Flask

At the opening of the show, the Bard pops out of the chest center stage, having just finished his last performance. His first impulse is to swig on his hip flask, but while doing this he notices the audience, is embarrassed that they've caught him in this act and he offers an audience member a swig on the bottle. The actor did not plan on having an audience member take him up on this offer. However, during the second performance the unthinkable happened. So, I gave it to them, hoping they would play along with the fact
that it had liquid in it. She did not, and quickly announced that it was empty. Due to the fact that the show requires that I don't know what language to speak, I could not reply and I simply had to shrug and drive through the moment. I learnt never to underestimate my audience, and from that moment on, the flask had whiskey in it and I hoped some other poor sod would take up the offer of a drink.

5.4.7 Suffocation on Stage

The use of the mask during the Beast section was something I had envisioned from very early on in the process. However, I had not performed with them before, particularly one that was thick wood, and had not taken into account how difficult it would be to see and breathe within, although my Committee had warned me of this fact. During the creation of the piece, I decided to try the seven-foot drop off the scaffolding with my eyes shut. This was in attempting to compensate for the dark lighting and mask. I decided to never try that again. On the second night that I added the mask, during a spiraling ground spin that took me around the stage in a circle, I slammed my face into one of the floor boxes. I was lucky that neither I nor the mask split in two. Careening wildly around the stage while practically blind and dizzy was no longer in the show.

The real problem came when during the high energy of performance, at the moment that the Beast sits in front of the altar before sticking his face in the bowl of 'shrooms, I realized that I was hyperventilating. It was getting so bad that I felt faint and was acutely aware of my body's desperate need. I tried many methods to solve this problem, but by the fourth night I decided to simply incorporate the effects of the lack of breath into the
reaction to eating the 'shrooms. Jeanine Thompson suggests that I need more lung capacity.

5.4.8 Moment to Moment Acting

In reflecting upon each performance, the most exciting and memorable moments of the evening came when I directly connected to the audience. In order to do this, I had to be present in the here and now. This is the magical moment of theatre, where anything is possible. It was crucial to theme of the play, and fantastic to experience in performance. To be so present and free while on stage that commenting on sounds, reactions and surprises of the moment became commonplace and comfortable.

Before each performance, an actor develops a ritual of preparation. However, I had never performed a ritual that included the audience. The audience reaction to the casting and closing of the circle and of becoming actively involved in sanctifying the space was enormous. There were even times when audience members who were familiar with similar rituals would chime in with replies. Never once was I unable to get them to join me, get water, or offer up a light or match. Any feedback I received usually began with the enjoyment and surprise of being included. Most wanted the show to contain more of this convention.

5.4.9 The Standing Ovation

Having a full house on the last night made for a fantastic show. I was comfortable with the material and confident with its possibilities. This, combined with the energy of an engaged, active and empowered audience made for a very powerful
experience. The Whu that was we, honored me with a spontaneous standing ovation. I'll never forget the experience.

5.4.10 Stage Manager Notes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bard</td>
<td>10:20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beast</td>
<td>8:20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lover</td>
<td>7:10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warrior</td>
<td>8:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Judge</td>
<td>5:25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madman</td>
<td>11:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guru</td>
<td>6:12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Audience size-29.

February 3rd. Great, all lines were there, audience engaged. Size- 17

February 4th. Great, audience definitely into the performance. Size- 70

February 5th. Perfect. Great audience, great energy. Size- sold out

February 6th, afternoon. Excellent. Lower energy than some. Giles was disappointed about loss of audience and not feeling well. Size- Sold out, but only half stayed.

February 6th, evening. Unbelievable- animated and high energy. Standing ovation! Size- Sold out.
5.5 SUMMARY

The process of creation is a painful one. However, despite many setbacks and pitfalls, things have a way of working out if the Will is there. The size and scope of the project seemed too daunting to tackle at many points, however with the support of my committee and stage manager, I was convinced of the show's potential, need, and validity. With hindsight, the experience was a joyous one, and I learnt a great deal. The creative process is one of experimentation, exploration and refinement. Refinement was certainly the most difficult, if not the most painful, of these stages. But like any precious stone, the results are stunning.
CHAPTER 6

EVALUATION AND CONCLUSION

6.1 TICKET REPORT

Note: These numbers simply reflect number of tickets sold not number of audience members attending my performance (See Performance Notes, Chapter 5).

Cost of Tickets: $12 Regular, $9 Faculty, $6.50 for Students  (I would have rather have had a donation policy (suggesting $5) in keeping with the themes and concepts of the performance, however it was not my production.

Tuesday, Feb. 2nd. 24 Tickets sold, 12 Complimentary

Wednesday, Feb. 3rd. 38 Tickets sold, 2 Complimentary

Thursday, Feb. 4th. 74 Tickets sold, 4 Complimentary

Friday, Feb.5th. 71 Tickets sold, 12 Complimentary

Saturday Matinee, Feb.6th. 75 Tickets sold, 7 Complimentary

Saturday, Feb.6th. 70 Tickets sold, 13 Complimentary

Total Income: $2,290

6.2 PERSONAL NOTES

Yes, it can be done. I feel the show, the experiment and the creation were a success, although there are some problems and a few failings in the performance. I think the show was really complex and ambiguous, more so than I had hoped, however the
audience reacted favorably. It is important to keep in mind however, that the majority of the audience knew me personally or was theatre people themselves, and so, their reactions are colored by their prior knowledge.

There were however, some serious problems with the piece and the aspired goals of the project. First off, to suggest that I could heal anyone through any means is presumptuous. I guess the motive to create, or the desire to assist does not correlate to actual reality. It helped me, that's all I can honestly claim. Secondly, in attempting to help others, I claim to have an answer. This didactic message in the show was too apparent, and tended to overshadow the fictional, creative drive of the performance. Perhaps I hit my audience with a large two by four a little too often. Thirdly, by using personal stories as a basis for the drama, I brought some of my own personal biases to the piece, even to the extent of coloring the experience with my own delusions, problems and life scars (for example the representation of women.)

In addition to all this, it has been brought to my attention that perhaps the root of the idea, that we are all one, could simply be my misguided and dangerous assumption that you are all me. Perhaps, but being inside me, I believe that nothing for me exists outside of me. I think the same can be said for all conscious thought. Therefore, I would rather consider others as myself, and treat them accordingly.

6.3 THE PROBLEM WITH DEALING WITH OPPOSING CRITICISM

When performing a show that contains shocking material, and controversial viewpoints, the reactions are bound to be varied and strong. I still consider this show to be a work in progress, and as such, I wanted to consider all feedback, potentially
changing the material in the show. However, a lot of the feedback I received on the show was conflicting. For example, some appreciated the nudity, others didn't, some took great offense to the blow-up doll, and some didn't.

I decided to endeavor to incorporate the suggestions that were common and had no opposing considerations, and to leave the parts that were good for some and bad for others. Sometimes it is good to press peoples buttons, to stir them in a way that makes them consider their own opinion.

6.4 POSSIBLE FUTURE CHANGES

The following sections contain my personal ideas on how to improve the project and what might be changed in future performances.

6.4.1 Costume Changes

The time it took to change costumes off stage was too great and this caused large lapses in the performance. To solve this problem, I would limit the amount of changes, and have them all occur on stage. For example, the initial change could be performed on stage, when during the ritual the Bard begins to enter a trance and slowly reverts to the bestial child, the visceral being, the home of Kundalini. The warrior could dress for battle during his costume change.

6.4.2 Remaining Questions

- Can the show be portable? Is it malleable to any space or environment?
- More story line with Bard? Treat his return at the end like the return of the Hero in the Journey myth.
• Clarify the female imagery and meanings?

• Trunk contains the whole show?

6.5 DROPPED IDEAS

• After the guru exits, the audience sees on the screen the silhouette of the Indian kneeling down, and a transformation occurs into the punk lying down, who then flashes up with a large blade and blood appears on the screen. Maximum lights and the sound of a baby crying.)

(Bard Enters) If we shadows have offended,

Think but this, and all is mended,

That you have but slumbered here

Whiles these visions did appear.

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Giles shall restore amends.

So mote it be! The temple is closed. (He climbs into trunk.)

• Add a puke after the Beast eats the 'shrooms In order to connect more to the Shakespeare text.

• Other possible Punk stories to increase the level of connections with other characters could come from my personal experiences. For example, Indianapolis "East-side of town" story, burning the flag story, and sleeping on the sidewalk story.

• The punk could also perhaps use the inflatable woman as his mother, using personal conflicts as textual and experience foundation. The Lover could mention this experience in passing.
• The Lover could dance the Tango with selected audience members.
• A possible text for the Lover could be the final monologue of Othello when he is bending over the sleeping Desdemona, debating whether he should kill her.
• Perhaps a choreo-poem could be used by the warrior, in which the message is contained within the movement of the piece. He has a Special spear that tells the story of his ancestors.
• Perhaps the R.A.D.A. story of not being in the right social circle could be inserted into Judge section. The frustration of succeeding and yet being denied due to not being a member of the old boys’ club is a strong image that many can sympathize with. Look into texts of Nuremberg and Stalin. The French Terror is also a possibility. It might be neat to insert a section where I’m speaking his inner monologue as the sound track plays the environment and what he really says. A new line of the judge could be, “I condemn you all to die,” as though the audience too, can be subjugated to his will.
• A straight jacket could be used for the madman. He might also speak of many lives, all intersecting with the other characters, and the great things he has done (Peter the Great text?). He might scream “I am somebody!” while wrapping himself in the deflated doll.
• The Guru could have no senses since he is so far from the physical world. He might also describe religion as Ayah Pin spoke to me, using the debris on stage, including the inflatable woman, as symbols of the messengers of God.
• A penny is given to the street bum that loses it in a gutter where the beast finds it, the punk plays with it and the lover could mention that the judge gave him one.
6.6 SUMMARY

This thesis was an attempt to create a show that made the audience think. From the feedback I received, I feel it was a success. The show endeavored to create a spiritual experience, a performance that made the audience feel like they were an integral part of. Again, I need only read the questionnaires to see that I was successful. The creative process is a continuum. It is alive, and needs to live in the present in order to evolve and improve. I hope that this show will change as time progresses, incorporating feedback continuously, so that it remains pertinent to a contemporary audience, and as such, is valuable as a social healing aid.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


Spence, Jonathon. *The Memory Palace of Matteo Ricci*. 


APPENDIX A

BEOWULF

Li. 405–432.

Bēowulf maēlode — on him byrne scān,
searu-nett seowed smiðe orcæcum —:
‘Wēs þū, Hrōþgār, hāl! Ic eom Hrygelāces
mǣg and magu-pēgn; hæbbe ic mǣða fēla
ongunnen on seogude. Mē wearp Grendles þing
on mīnre ēдел-tyrf undierne cūp;
secgāp sǣ-liðend þæt þēs sele stānde,
reċed sælestā, rinca zehwylcūm
idēl and unnyt tīppan æfēn-lēoht
under heofones hādor beholen weorðep.
Pā mē þæt yelārdon lēode mīne
pā sælestān, snotore ēorlas.
þæoden Hröpgær, þæt ic þe söhte
for-þon hie mæyenes craeft minne cūdon.
Selfe oversāwön þæ i c of searwum cōm
fāg from fiendum, þær i c fife ȝeband,
þeþde eotena cyinn and on ſōum alōg
nicoras nihtes, nearu-pearfe drēag,
wræc Wedera nip — wēan āhsodon —
forgrand gramum; and nū wip Grendel sceal,
wip þām āg-lācan āna ȝehiejan
þing wip þyrse. Ðe þe nū-þā,
bregu Beorht-Dena, biddan wille,
eodor Scieldinga, ðærre bêne:
þæt þū mē ne forwierne, wiȝendra hlēow
frīo-wine folca, nū ic þus feorran cōm,
APPENDIX B

ORIGINAL STAGE DESIGN
APPENDIX C

AUDIENCE QUESTIONNAIRE

The following is a collection of questions that I passed around among members of the audience after they had seen the show. The replies are edited for comprehension and follow each question. Each reply sheet corresponds to the same alphabetical listing.

1. What, if anything, did you bring away as the central idea or themes of the performance?
   A. I didn't
   B. ?a search...for..?
   C. The central theme, to me, was that we as humans spend all our lives trying to figure out who we are instead of being what we are. Why look when it's right there.
   D. The essential oneness of humanity.
   E. Man's inter-conflict with himself, society and man.
   F. Like a Picasso picture, there are many perspectives and reflections on the panorama of life.
   G. The different stages of life can all be different, yet still the same.

   People are at a particular stage, and may not realize that the other stages are yet to come. Another aspect is that everything anybody does affects someone else somehow.
H. We are all one. People everywhere are part of one consciousness.

Although our bodies often define us, it is our spirit, not our flesh that makes us who we are.

I. We are all connected.

J. Couldn't figure it out. The style of the play was very different.

K. Through your use of symbolism, I felt the central idea was to show a relationship between characters but in a non-sequential order in time. Some of your characters were clearly connected but with others the connection was not as evident, if it even existed at all. I guess I have inferred that your statement, "Whu is One' is an open ended one and you've left the audience to derive their own conclusions.

L. A sort of eastern idea of Brahma. The deity which is in us all. The passage through time and space and the futility of man's destructive nature which is counter to this totality.

M. There is a journey which one (All) must go through in order to find oneself. Very Taoist, Whu is One, One is God, Whu is God? God is One. The Taoist finds that we are God, the journey and everything.

N. We are one. We are all of those characters, even if only wee bits and pieces, scared punks, well-meaning but fearful warriors, jesters, jilted and jilting lovers and our primal selves.

O. I'm not sure. Beliefs, religion and spiritual ideas and customs. It
struck me personally, but I can't explain what I took from it.

P. It's human nature to inevitably destroy ourselves and things we don't understand.

Q. The inter-relatedness between all people and all times. Behind life's absurdity, there is a unified spirit/creator/being which relates all people.

R. The importance of knowing oneself.

S. All people are the same when stripped of their worldly images and material things.

T. We are constantly defining who we are by what we do. There is no journey, we just think there is.

U. Whu was all one person: different facets of one man. The play was a comment on the human condition, not to be analyzed, just experienced. And yes, I experienced and understood what the characters were going through. This play asked me to look in the mirror and I found I was not always happy with what I saw. This uncomfortable place encourages an awareness of heightened honesty.

V. Self exploration. Why are we existing? Who am I? What is life's mission and purpose?

W. I liked the beginning, middle and ending.

X. What I brought out of the performance was that there are many types
of individuals in the world, each struggling with life in general, whatever the dimensions maybe. I thought that even though these individuals were so different, we are all one entity. Each of us has bits and pieces if these dimensions.

2. Did the show seem to confusing? Too long? Why?

A. I didn't get the point of certain parts, such as the judge scene.

B. I think I got most of it.

C. I didn't find it confusing, but deep. This is a show meant to be seen more than once, because there is so much to be drawn and noticed. The length was fine, as it was entertaining and challenging the whole time.

D. At points the show was confusing, but overall very clear. I don't think it's essential for each audience member to understand every single point. Length seemed right.

E. Not really confusing. I have a hard time following these types of Metaphysical plays. Actually, time seemed to go by rather quickly. Did not really notice any long gaps, except for the one when you appeared out of the "womb". The ending was really the only "surprise". I thought you would go back into the "box". I could relate to the woman's feeling of betrayal and the man's not understanding why she feels that way.

F. Somewhat confusing, but making an audience work a little is not a bad thing.
G. It wasn't very confusing because it was supposed to be a little disjointed. In understanding that, the confusion made sense. It wasn't too long, if anything, it was too short because the whole experience was good and being totally enthralled doesn't allow one to notice the passage of time.

H. The only thing I found confusing was I didn't know my place as an audience member. There were times that I didn't know whether I was supposed to react or not and it put me a bit unnerved, but it was a good unnerved, an excited unnerved, and I felt I was meant to feel that way.

I. At times, the characters could have been clearer, sharper, perhaps less characters, also a cleaner through line and less philosophy.

J. It was a little confusing. I didn't think it was too long.

K. The play was confusing, but it didn't detract from my overall enjoyment. I wasn't sure if you were a time traveller (because of your character at the beginning) doing a "Quantum Leap" type of thing into your different characters or if your characters were each individual people, existing at various points in time and reacting independently to their situations, which, in some circumstances, affected some of the other characters.

L. Some pieces were a little more challenging to follow than others, but none were too confusing, nor too long.

M. Confusion, if fractured, yes, but seeing as we took the journey with
you, one realizes at the end that the characters, the time, the
confusion of fragments were needed to understand the end.

N. No.

O. The show was not too long at all, but rather entertaining, although I
must say that it was rather confusing. I was able to vaguely realize
the seven stages of man, maybe it was the language or the spiritual
idea behind it.

P. A little confusing at first, because things didn't go together.

Q. It is hard to gauge because your show followed Anike's. I think this
cased your show to seem longer. I would maybe suggest
shortening some of the show's first half, or to begin exposing the
links between the characters earlier.

R. At first, but as it progressed, it became more intriguing.

S. No, I didn't try to analyze it, so it was not confusing. I didn't find it to
be too long either. I never knew what to expect.

T. The theme wasn't confusing, the way of getting there sometimes was.

U. The play was confusing in that the story line was not apparent.

However, is the story line important? I think what is most
important is what the audience takes away from the actor's
representation of life. Like real life, it was difficult to figure out
what was going on. It was not too long, I enjoyed every minute of
the performance. I had no problem staying interested and
attentive. Very captivating.
V. Not confusing. It contains several thought-provoking themes, each of which could be developed into a new play.

W. Not confusing. Sometimes predictable.

X. At times it was confusing to try to see and feel what each character was about, but I understood by the end of each segment.

3. Did the costume changes or sound bites bother you?

   A. No.

   B. No, but I did see frontal nudity. I was surprised.

   C. I found the woman in orgasm rather amusing and oddly enough, strangely arousing. In terms of costume changes, you seem to be hinting at the nudity. It was appropriate for the piece, and was not a contrived addition. It worked.

   D. No. I felt both greatly enhanced enjoyment.

   E. No, not really.

   F. The sound bites were a bit long.

   G. The costume changes were a bit long, but that is understandable due to the fact it was a one-man show. Perhaps you could layer the clothing, but that may take away from the effect of the difference in character.

   H. No, they cleared up the character changes for me by helping make them distinct. I didn't always understand the sound bites, but I felt they were an enriching addition to the experience.

   I. The sound cues were a little long.
J. No, they did not bother me.

K. No, I think the sound bites were effective. It gave me a sense of the characters you were portraying and it helped set the mood for each scene.

L. Not at all.

M. If you continue with this production, I say invest in getting quality recordings. They were grainy, so that when the cue came on, you could hear the start.

N. No. The sound bites were very well done, costume changes too.

O. Not at all. It was choreographed too well.

P. The screams were disturbing.

Q. Not at all. Very effective use of lights, sound and costume. We were entertained.

R. Not at all. The sound bites I especially liked. Their interaction and correspondence with the lighting was interesting.

S. No, I liked the costume changes and sound bites.

T. The costume changes became huge chasms in the piece, breaking the journey/idea too much for my liking. And I didn't think they needed to be so extensive. It's a one-man show. We're already acknowledging that you can do little to transform a lot.

U. The costumes were very interesting and I found myself looking forward to what was coming next. They added to differentiating each character. The sound bites added to the dramatization. They
were helpful in setting the mood and to clarify the story of each scene.

V. Costume changes should be minimized. It is better to change costume when there is a major change in the trend of thought, idea or theme.

W. Costume changing was excellent.

X. The costume changes and sound bites created barriers between topics and characters in the production. If anything, the voices on the sound bites lead me to anticipate what was coming next. Really divided the play into sections that overall brought it together. They did not bother me one bit.

4. Were you Offended? If so, why? Was this limiting to your enjoyment?

A. Certain things, I personally didn't need to see, such as the end, but I didn't find them offensive per say.

B. The blow-up doll on the crucifix was a little offensive to me, but it wouldn't prevent me from watching the show again.

C. Not at all. These are questions I confront everyday.

D. Deeply, deeply offended. The very idea that we are descended from apes is repugnant to me. Smile. The only thing which limited my enjoyment was my rather narrow life experience.

E. No.

F. No. The doll was a bit disturbing. Nudity, I believe, like language,
should come from the need to further the message of the show and not for mere effect.

G. Not offended.

H. No, I wasn't offended. The show did have the effect of forcing me to go away and think more closely about myself.

I. No.

J. No. I was not offended.

K. I wasn't offended by any of the content, but some things tended to break my concentration. For example, when you ran into the wall, it was hard for me to focus on what you were saying because I kept wondering how much you would be feeling in the morning. Also, toward the end when you took off your clothes, it took me by surprise, and I completely stopped listening to what you were saying. This is not to say it limited my enjoyment, I just think I missed some important things that were being said because of it.

L. Nothing was offensive, but I'm pretty tolerant.

M. (Empty)

N. No, not at all.

O. I wasn't exactly offended, but I didn't quiet understand why you had the Koran part before the punk came in. What does the Islamic religion and its book have anything to do with the punk coming in?

But it wasn't limiting to my enjoyment at all!

P. Yes, when the blow-up doll was crucified. Anti-religiousness. No.
Q. Never offended. However, I did question what you were going for with the rubber doll who is painted, stabbed, and then on the cross. Your work with her was entertaining and layered with many complex images (the stabbing, an assault, a rape, a killing of a woman, a fantasy, a doll, the crucifixion, a comment on Catholicism, a female deity, commentary on the view of sexual gratification in today's society, the rolls women play or are forced to play, a doll on the cross...) I think your challenge here is to work to solidify specific images. How can you get us to see the meanings that you're intending us to see?

R. The very last scene. I'm not sure being naked was necessary. I wasn't personally offended, but I could see how others might be.

S. Well, no.

T. I wasn't offended, but I worried about the people around me becoming distracted by your testicles. Either go all the way, or keep them in. That kind of mystery probably wasn't intentional or useful.

U. The blown-up doll was a bit cheesy. Here is a woman's voice overhead, so miming the make out scene would be more effective. I was not offended by the material in the play, but I could sense a tension between the audience and the actor. The tension being that the actor was not there to make the audience feel good, but to take them to a place of humility, to a place where they discover their faults. This is an uncomfortable place to be. I accepted this as part
of the intention of the play. I think that many audience members who would rather not be honest with themselves would feel differently. Their natural reaction would be to close off, not pay attention, and not receive value from the play. This is their choice, their loss. Careful consideration of the audience will decide on how far to push. With this play there is the obstacle of offending people, but the objective of prompting them to think about their own lives with honesty needs to be stronger. It is a delicate balance that this play will struggle with, yet it is unavoidable when the audience is asked to go to a difficult place.

V. Not offended, but was amused. The part where the actor was getting almost naked was both amusing and curious. For me it explains the seriousness of the issue of personal identity, discovery and recognition. A self searching.

W. No, I felt the expression of the artist as free form.

X. I was not offended by anything in the production, however I thought that when you were speaking to me, you brought me into your life or your world. This was something I've never seen before and I was fascinated by it. It made me feel tense at first, but I was still enthralled in what you were doing and in a sense, felt privileged that I was a living part of the production.

5. What did you get too much of? Not enough of?

A. (Empty)
B. I really can't remember.

C. I did not get to see enough.


E. Actually it was pretty even. I am not sure you had to go full nude.
   But hey, it didn't bother me.

F. Too much anger.

G. Too much ape man scene. It was a bit long.

H. I didn't get enough of the final character. We spent the show taking
   this awesome journey and then when we reached the end it was over in
   just a few minutes.

I. Great stage presence, great audience interaction.

J. I liked the fact that it was a little confusing, it kept my interest. It was
   frustrating that I couldn't guess the plot.

K. Personally, I didn't think there was too much or not enough of
   anything really. I think you were able to balance each scene without
   over or under doing anything.

L. There could have been a little more audience interaction.

M. Nudity. Honestly, if you're going to do it, do it all the way. Yes, it
   may shock and annoy some people at first, but I think you'll find that
   in the end it's not as shocking to see you completely naked as it is to
   see flashes of it under a blanket.

N. I wasn't overwhelmed by any one aspect. It was well paced.

O. The redundant Russian radio.
P. I think you have coordinated the show pretty well.

Q. I most enjoyed your work on movement and direct audience address.
   As the show progresses, you stop interacting with the audience;
   however, it might be nice to continue the close relationship between
   you and the spectators.

R. Nothing comes to mind. I especially liked your audience interaction.

S. (Empty.)

T. a space without a performer in it. Too much of a poet, not enough of a
   person. Am I supposed to relate to this guy? How?

U. I enjoyed the breaking of the fourth wall. It crosses the line from
   theatre to real life.

V. Too much energy exhaustion. This is because of the compact nature
   of the show. There seems to be so many ideas and messages to
   communicate. I suggest some forms of versatility for the play.

W. The complete show was cool.

X. After the production, I wanted more. More characters, more lives
   portrayed. I wanted it to be longer.

6. Suggestions? Comments?

A. (Empty.)

B. I really enjoyed this show. It was different and held my interest,
   which is hard to do. It was effective, excellent work.
C. Very existentialist and enlightening. Your use of language and poetry was beautiful and your use of movement awesome. I wish I could see it again.

D. I thoroughly enjoyed this show. The old English at the beginning was wonderful- it had an incantation quality. But $6.50 is too much to pay, how about $5.00.

E. Nice job, I enjoyed watching your performance.

F. Clarity on the message. Make sure you are communicating what you mean to. Maybe visuals during the voice-overs. Good luck, Blessed be.

G. I really liked the way you connected each character through an object and an action (i.e. picking up and throwing down the pop can. Also, the package with the cake inside.) Perhaps in the Brazilian lover scene, the voice of the woman should contain at least one with an accent, or better yet, one speaking just Portuguese would be effective. Also, concerning your set, the central altar could be used more effectively. It would be cool if you stood on top of it in one scene, then maybe jumped down. Perhaps in the solider scene it would be better used instead of the stage right platform.

H. I really enjoyed the audience interaction, especially the sanctifying of the space at the beginning of the show with incense and music. I think the casting was really cool too. I said earlier that I was left throughout the show with the desire to do my part. I wanted to react right. I
wanted to add to the experience, but as the show went along, I didn't know what was expected of me. I just knew I wanted to do it right and so through many of the later scenes, especially the one with the tribesman calling on his brethren, I didn't know what to do. The whole time I sat there I wanted desperately to do something. The whole experience left me on edge with this great, unnerved energy. The only place the show started to lag for me was during the judge's scene. As far as length of the show, I could have watched another half hour or more, but I wouldn't have wanted an intermission. I think an intermission would have destroyed what was created. The characters were great, I was drawn to each one, even when confrontational, they were still appealing. Some of the confrontational moments were the most compelling in the piece. I did not find the confrontation offensive, it had the effect of drawing me in and making me shrink away. I didn't see the nudity at the end as something thrown in to shock, but as an essential tool to furthering the message of the piece. Having the blanket was good because it let us recognize the nakedness without making it all that important. The message was still sent out without blocking the lines of connection. I felt it was an awesome, thought provoking theatrical experience. Congratulations! Awesome creation!

I. Needs a clearer through line, less characters. More story and less philosophy.
J. I wish I could have understood more of it. I left the theatre wondering. The play made me think. I think it was by far the best play I have ever seen. If you have further questions, you can contact me at 688-2973 (Bogdon).

K. I think you are a very talented actor and I enjoyed the way you interacted with the audience during your performance. I felt that a "barrier" was broken and we as an audience were no longer spectators but actual participants, contributing to the overall effectiveness of your performance.

L. I found the entire piece thoroughly fascinating. There was humor and thought provoking material. It was engaging for the mind, senses and emotions.

M. (Empty.)

N. I liked the interaction with the audience. One-man shows are sometimes hard to carry, but treating the audience as part of the show helps. The characters development was excellent, a lot was known in the short time. The more you know about a character, the greater the empathy. The energy level was great! One of the parts I liked the best was when the judge threw himself against the wall, after the punk had said, "The strength of us all could demolish the wall, but you choose to walk through the door." (I have that put up in my office now.) The ending was unique. "Know thyself, then know thy God." Exit sans clothing. I felt that it meant that in order to know yourself, you must
remove all outer and inner trappings, bare yourself and soul and let God reveal himself to you. Bravo!

O. (Empty.)

P. I must say that you did a great job, Giles. You're a very talented man and I encourage you to keep going further on in pursuing a career as a professional solo artist. The show was great and I must say that I have enjoyed yours and Anike's shows much more than any other show so far in the department. Good luck.

Q. This is just a tiny comment, but I believe it might help bring focus to the ending. At the end, you've made a very strong choice to be nude. I think this choice fits the show's themes, and the final warrior image is powerful. The problem was during guru speech about who one is. Although you hold the blanket to cover you, there are a few times that it slips. Which is fine, except that my focus went from your characters final words to, "Oh, is Giles totally naked?" I don't think it was your intention to draw focus from this final speech, therefore, I'm suggesting two alternatives. One would be to wear a dance belt. This would not interfere with your final image, but would maybe keep viewers from catching a glimpse of you and wondering if it was unintentional. The other possibility is to leave the scene as is, but not worry about covering yourself. This allows the audience to see that you are naked, and get over it quickly so that your words become the focus. Good luck, it's a fun show.
R. I was really impressed by every aspect of the play, especially your ability to play such a variety of characters and stay true to each. You have unbelievable talent!

S. I thought the show was very entertaining. The interaction between you and the audience helped a lot in keeping my attention.

T. Is the blow-up doll meant to represent all women? Some one in particular? It was not clear to me. If it represents all women, make a stronger choice to be a misogynist. Right now, it seems careless, confusing.

U. (Empty.)

V. Keep in focus your main theme or message. Let it define the form of your text. Structure your production styles, set and design within the framework of that focus. Introduce versatility to the tempo of the show, ranging from action packed scenes to those of recollections of tranquility. A short intermission might be good. It will give you and the audience a good breath to relax, recollect, absorb and digest before the second portion of the show. Think about the high-tech demand of the show and perhaps work out an alternative show without these elements, or less at least. The play acquired its forceful presentation and credit from the one-man actor concept. The incorporation of the audience is good as it is. It could be enriched further with the introduction of thought provoking questions provided it will not reduce the tempo of the play. You may sacrifice some bits of the high
tempo, only to discover that the versatility and flexibility of the show has been enhanced. What is important is for you to be able to carry the audience along the self-exploration experience. Remember your theatre is a temple. You are like a high priest taking the audience along on a voyage of self. Anything (not offensive) which you can do to ensure that you are not alone on the voyage will be exciting. You could, for example, put garlands on selected members of the audience at strategic areas of the theatre to represent your priests or jury among the audience.

W. The slamming against the wall was excellent. I have no suggestions. The action showed great showmanship. I could see some of your travels in your work.

X. This performance was unlike anything I have ever seen. I enjoyed the interaction with the audience and the characters. It brought me into the space and made me feel a part of it.
APPENDIX D

The following are the original un-cut texts I wrote during Dr. Reilly's class (See Section 2.5.2)

PRE-CUT RUSSIAN SPEECH

"It's been awhile since I did this. Not a grand start, but at least I'm trying. It's really trying on the soul though, this guilt of not doing. The pulling from the void into the light, that hurts. Why move and expend energy when slow decay and entropy feel easier. But it isn't easy, it's deceptive. The surface is calm, mosquito larva swarm and feast, but beneath the surface the muck is quite active, eating itself, dead cells feeding on the dying which cling to the live ones, slowly infesting them with their own decay. Yet are the live ones expected to turn their back on their brethren? No! We are a single being. One for all, and all for one, we go down together, the captain saluting as his eyebrows disappear beneath the mire. But if all is relative then up could be down and vice versa. [Turns paper upside-down] There, that's better. Only problem is the brain doesn't believe it and so the head fills with blood. Heart beat in the ears, the dull bass beat of life... perhaps that's why I like caffeine so much. It speeds up the beat to a punk rock frenzy. Circles, circles, spinning around. Always using the same metaphors when I'm out of ammo, shooting blanks. Perhaps if I stopped jerking around so much, I could resupply. Then I'd be virile, not repugnant... well, except for those
who wish to remain sterile. Will, come to me. I need a friend. Lam is to pompous, so I'll stick with Will. I am not fond of lam. William is too large to work with, and so I wait for my Will. My special mate that comes to me on the current, the winds. If only I had a net. [Turn the page] Back upright from the flipside. Writing from the inside out on to the paper. The phlegm rises, chokes life, forcing its way past, tickling the dying hordes of hairs. Enough!... chunky, boneless, lung-frogs flung up, hit enamel and slide back down, up to the nodes of reality. Sour? No, sweet and salty. The page turns and the reader sees' that he has caught up with the writer, finally. He had always tried to, thought he hoped to, but now that he looks down upon the blank page, the whiteness envelopes him and fear grips his soul. The slow realization creeps over him, wrapping between his legs, slithering along, leaving a trail behind, hardening the vegetation, it grows, straightens, and strains to explore. The cloudy thought rises up, from beneath the ashes, and he stares in bewilderment, the past has stopped... he flicks back and finds he's already been there, he tries to slide in, but the memory moves him forward... jerking him back to the blank page. His mind swoons, how can there be a story if there is no end? He feels cheated, "I thought this writer was an artist. Now it seems he coined the words before him, laying down a brick road, simply to be walked." Ah, but he had caught him, turned the corner and ran out of road. The blank page grayness blinds him with its opulence. The workers are on lunch? [Turns the page, sees Roland written] Who the hell was Roland? Maybe if I turn the page and read backwards? This endeavor, although entertaining, was fruitless. By turning to the back, he took the bile and formed
nutrients into chemicals into matter into chunks into mush into fruit into flowers
but where was the pollen or the bee to attach it to life? He missed the connecting
word and found himself once more on the blank page, staring into the now. The
moment grew, and encashed him, the point became the environment and the
past/future shrunk to a point. He stared at the dot, the full stop on the end of the
line and realized he’d been reading to get there. He had no clue as to how he got
there, or where he was going, he simply had looked for the dots to finish the book.
He stared blankly at the page, allowed his vision to blur and simply absorbed this
whiteness. And it dawned on him, this was the story. The words had subtly
hidden the truth, behind them lived a truth, the knowing, the comfort of focus,
rested in relaxing the gaze. A smile creeped across his face and water flowed
from the cracks, huh, windows leaking, I should fix that... he sighed as the tale
rose from the pages and surrounded him. The sensation tickled him pink... uh,
white.”—Spoken by the mad Russian

Pre-cut Leap of Faith poem (Judge)

“There it is, the point of no return.

Oh, I’ve been here before, many times,

But I’ve always retreated, tail between my legs.

Images of Death repulse me.

My skull staring back, flesh hanging from the sockets.

The answers are there, I can feel it.

The questions led me here, forward bit by bit.
But I've always fled, knowing that to
Pass through, to gain access, meant certain doom.

And yet, I'd always return.
Driven forward by human inquisitiveness.
Curiosity killed the cat.
But I have come prepared this time,
Tied all the loose ends.
Spoke with Mum... ambiguous, yet clear
"I love you, thanks."
Friends close by, yet far away.
They know what's up
Crossing the Astral plane
Sans teeth sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything
Simply the conscious self, Giles.
Time to die.
Again the images flash, warnings from the ego of imminent danger,
Any mental image it could scrounge up to terrify the soul.
Yet I step through.

The droplet began to fall
Hurtling downwards, weightless in its decent
Then hitting the surface, breaking into thousands
Each shard containing the full image of

The hologram.

The droplet became the ocean, One.

My God.

Every thought, every question, every road ended here.

It all made sense.

This was the beginning and the end.

It all made sense,

Simply Knowing, without understanding.
APPENDIX E

RUSSIAN AND JUDGE CONVERSATION

Russian: There is no order. (Listen to judge.)

Judge: Look here, my good fellow, if there was no order, then chaos would surely reign.

It is just not reasonable to assume that a man can control his actions. History has proven that order must be maintained via an Eghal Sesdem...

Russian: Eghal Sesdem!...

Judge: No, no, a legal system...

Russian: Like clay. The future unreal, what did I say? Fate will mold me. My feet feel, it’s always the same. The past is gone. Me forward, my future beckons. Let come what may, time comes. I truly wish I could stay.

Judge: Please, sit, stay.

Russian: I could stay?...
Judge: Stay! Now, in order for this system to be maintained there must be someone at the top to deal out justice. I happen to be that man, and so I told the Negro that the law clearly stated that the company owned the land. They simply had no claim.

Russian: ...

Judge: Let me finish. The chaotic violence within the community was not the will of the people, simply the misguided outbursts of individuals that lacked full knowledge of the situation. The people were at risk and so I decreed martial law. Whu could have foreseen that this blood shed would ensue.

Russian: Yesterday, I would have...

Judge: Yes, yes. When I was a lad, I too would have jumped at the chance for action, but that simply arises from a lack of control. I... made some mistakes when I was younger. Luckily, it was fear of the law that made me change my ways. I learnt to never question the authorities. They were there for my own protection, the journey into manhood is guarded by this realization. And so, I often tell the riff-raff that pass by my bench that they must take it like a man.

Russian: C-ck! C-ck! C-ck! C-ck! Things change tomorrow, I truly wish, so goodbye tomorrow, for tomorrow, here and now make it all happen.
Judge: I'm sorry, I don't quite follow you. Anyway, as I was saying, ...

Russian: Leave I today, tomorrow tight held and chained, now in the live, heed and understand.

Judge: Tomorrow...

Russian: They never will.

Judge: yes, yes, quite, quite... waiter, check please...

Russian: Hold what you have.

Judge: What should I hold?... Is that a fly bothering you.

Russian: Will will! Will, come to me. I needs a friend. Iam is too pompous, so I'll stick with will. I am not fond of Iam.

Judge: My name is William, not Will... and whu is Iam?

Russian: William is too large to work with, and so I’ll wait for will. (He tries to hold his breath and almost passes out, lying on his back on the trunk.)
Judge: What are you doing? Are you all right? Can you get this man some help, ... he
doesn't seem to be breathing.... Well, sorry to eat and run but I really must be dashing
off, I have to get back to work.
APPENDIX F

UNUSED POTENTIAL TEXTS

(The following were written during Dr. Reiley's writing class. Section 2.5.2)

I was always driven to do things people told me I couldn’t do. Some would say it’s a psychological problem, but it’s served me well. Carpe diem! I’ve done things in my life that people haven’t even dream up. Life is mine to live as I choose, and, as all decent anarchists, I do so... Ah ha, I see you snickering. “An anarchist, you say, well then, where’s the bomb. Fuck you, I’m not even gonna touch that, but this is where it’s taken me.

Me and a mate of mine, Gareth, were in China. We’d been travelling around, doing juggling shows for about a month. The real purpose here was to see if we could sneak across the border into Tibet, the land of the Lama. No, not the four legged one ya git, the extinct variety. So anyway, we’re in Lanzhou, and Lady Fate played her hand crossing our path with a group of Tibetans who had passes to go home. The bus they were riding in was going into Lhasa. This was our chance. We got in good with them. The Tibetans are a noble people, anarchists of a sort, so when they heard that we wanted to visit their home, they agreed to help us out.

They had a lot of supplies with them. Clothes, food, jewelry, bedding, that sort of thing. So we carefully built small areas to hide under the seats, hidden by
all their luggage. It worked. I've never been so bloody terrified in all my life, exhilarating. I heard the bus stop at the border check. The mandarin bark of the soliders was in stark contrast to the joyous cries of the Tibetans. The heavy sole of boots coming nearer, stopping. Voices holding a stilted conversation. No clue as to what was being said. But sure enough, they left, the bus took off, and we were in Tibet.

We spent about two months, we were nearing the Kashmir border, hitchhiking. When an army patrol truck surprised us on a ridge. They were not pleased when they found we had no visa. I'm not sure how it happened, but after much gibberish, from both sides I'm sure, they took us across the border and dropped us off in India. I like to think that the human in them was touched by the same in us, but it could have been the paperwork.

Live life my friends. There is no authority but your self.”—Spoken by the Punk

“I'd get called Axl Rose all the time. No, really, really. I'm serious. Do I look like a walking prick? So I'm in back water Philippines, a little island called Cebu, in a poor village. These people were poor. I mean living in half built homes. Dirt roads, few cars... and cockfights, lots of cockfights. My god, blood, guts and cash. A dirt ring surrounded by yelling men waving fists and stamping the ground. The deadly duel with blades on the backs of their feet. Blood stained ground, hard to tell which one gets hit. One falls, gets picked up and shaken, fights, falls, picked up, shaken, falls, and the crowd cheers. The winner is then picked up, shaken... and sent in for more. [laughs] Unbelievable. And the cockroaches! I squished one in the half-built room of a half-built house of a guy I
met in the street. They took me in as a son, at the drop of a hat, just like that. He met me, and SAW me, and invited me into his home. They gave me gifts, fed me, taught me much, and honored me more. One night, me and this guy, we’re drinking this local whiskey, phew, they could drink. He’s this really short man, and he starts doing these tae kwon do moves, or something and... but I digress. This roach that I squished, I watched... well, I mean I wasn’t staring but it was quick enough for me to notice. I watched these ants parade across the room, swarm the carcass, scraping every drop of juice from the concrete and beat a hasty retreat, all in the space of twenty seconds. No, really. ... But that Axl Rose thing!

Right. Unbelievable, everywhere I went in the village, or in the neighbouring villages, they would yell out to me, “Axl Rose, Axl Rose.” So you can imagine what I’m thinking. Nevermind the fact that I’m mortally wounded by the comparison, I don’t look a damn thing like him. So they call me over and start to hand me this guitar. Now in order to understand the significance of this event, one must know that all Phillippinos are born with the ability to play music. They just do. “Axl Rose, you play, you play.” I, on the other hand, do not. “No, really, I can’t play” “Oooooh, you play. You play.” “I can’t” The disbelief and disappointment is palpable. “Gimme the guitar” I proceed to strum, sing, strum, sing, strum, sing to the best of my punk rock ability, stop, and hand back the guitar to the amazed onlookers. “You don’t play,” they finally say, the huge smile returning to their faces, “Here, drink.””—Spoken by the Punk?

By Goldoni, excepted from Theatrical History and the Sign of the Female by Leslie Ferris (?).
"Was there anything ever less worth arguing about! To argue over a woman! To upset yourself over a woman! A woman? I can't believe it. Over a woman? Well, one thing's for certain: that's something I'll never be in danger of arguing over. Women are by nature stupid, selfish, and dogmatic. The great tragedy of life is that they've made themselves indispensible. To put it plainly women bore me utterly, absolutely, and completely."—Spoken by the Judge Goldoni, also from the same source.

"You wretched woman, a dagger is what you deserve. And your heart cut out and shown as a warning to all women like you. Let me get out of your sight. I scorn and curse your female tricks, your tears, your lies. One thing you taught me, to my bitter cost. It's not enough to despise women. No! One should flee from the very sight of them. As I do now. From you!"—Spoken by the lover before his exit, after realizing he has been "stained" by a woman.

Boas, also from the same source.

"I, for one, would unhesitatingly choose the boy."—Spoken by the mad Russian

The following are original texts:

"Her jewels on the tree of life
Shine in the heavens of eternity.
Each sparkle, the full spectrum of creation and destruction,
Reveals underlying ebbs of ecstatic beauty.
The flowers of my Lady, the individual blossoms of love,
Appear on the stage and illuminate themselves
With an Inner Light, the radiance of which never falters,
Even as the outer form decays, making way for next spring.

The morning bud, exploding with unforeseen potential,

Hides its stunning poetry behind a magnetic innocence.

Then bursting forth with color and scent,

Stunning the senses, a palpable energy throbs within.

The petals unfurl, revealing the sweet core of fruit,

Full bloom brilliance of intoxicating nectar and hues.

As dusk approaches, a renewed explosion of virile potency

Germinates the seeds of tomorrow’s light.

Wilted, yet startling in its poetry,

She dances as deaths’ shroud lowers upon the stage.”—Spoken by Lover.
APPENDIX G

Press Release

Whu is One.

A Theatrical M.F.A. Thesis Project

Written and performed by Giles Davies

Giles Davies is currently a third year Masters of Fine Arts student at The Ohio State University. After growing up in Hong Kong, he moved to the U.S. and completed his undergraduate degree at Ball State University in Indiana. At that point, he traveled the globe, performing, when possible, one man shows at festivals, venues and schools in Belgium, Hong Kong and the U.S. The first of these shows was entitled An Evening with Charles Dickens and received rave reviews, "...a one-hour-twenty-minute tour de force monologue rendered unflatteringly..." (South China Morning Press). The second, entitled Turgid Tales of During his time at O.S.U. he has played Dionysis in The Bacchae, Trofimov in The Cherry Orchard, Nellie in The Memorandum, Lodovico in Fortunes of the Moor, and others. Terror, Turmoil, and Tortured Souls was "a glorious extravaganza of gothic gore...delicious, unabashed, eye flaring gothic..." (S.C.M.P.)

Whu is One is his third full-scale solo project, the first to be entirely self-created. It is not a TV dinner to be served to the audience, but rather a three-course meal that asks the viewer to engage, participate and think. The performance is a confusing, interwoven tapestry that spans many characters and cultures, but only one life. An archetypal, foolish bard tells this mythical journey in an attempt to unveil the truth that we, as humans, are one.

The lighting is designed by Heidi Scheppman, and the sound by Michael Karp. Edna Mae Berkey is the stage manager and Brian Jarecki, the sound operator.

February 2-6, 7:30pm
February 6, 2pm
Mount Hall, Studio Theatre
West Campus, OSU
APPENDIX H

PERFORMANCE PHOTOGRAPHS
APPENDIX 1

PERFORMANCE LOGO