THE WRITING, PRODUCTION, AND DIRECTION OF AN
ORIGINAL READERS THEATRE SCRIPT
"A TOAST TO GODS"

THESIS

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By

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It was the purpose of this thesis to write an original script especially designed for Readers Theatre and to direct and produce that script for public performance. The thesis consists of an introduction which includes background material, a review of the literature concerning Readers Theatre, and the problems of writing an original script. The thesis includes the script as well as an evaluation of the attendant problems concerning the direction and production.
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

In 1945 a group of professional performers, including Eugene O'Neill, Jr., formed an organization called Readers Theatre, Inc. in New York. They adapted Oedipus Rex with each reader taking a character's lines. A narrator was added and physical action was limited to hand movements. Readers Theatre, Inc. sought "to give the people of New York an opportunity to witness performances of great dramatic works which were seldom if ever produced."\(^1\) The production lasted two performances and no other record of Readers Theatre, Inc. seems to exist, but the name has survived.

In 1951 Charles Laughton formed a "drama quartet" with Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Agnes Moorehead. They adapted the third act of George Bernard Shaw's play Man and Superman. The production, Don Juan in Hell, was performed with the artists sitting on stools and reading from scripts on lecterns, or at least giving the appearance of reading. The only physical movement consisted of shifting positions on the stools. The performance was so successful that the following year Laughton did a similar production of Stephen Vincent Benet's John Brown's Body. In this production he added a chorus of twenty people, music, lighting
effects, and more movement, but left the majority of images to be created in the minds of the audience.2

In the years that have followed a number of professional productions have utilized Readers Theatre techniques. Some examples of early experimentation were Phil Shyre's productions of *Pictures in the Hallway* and *I Knock at the Door* based upon Sean O'Casey's autobiography, and Gene Frankel's production of *Brecht on Brecht*. The material of such writers as Dylan Thomas, *Under Milk Wood*, Chekhov, *Chekhov's Stories*, and Carl Sandburg, *The World of Carl Sandburg*, have been performed professionally. The productions of *Spoon River Anthology* and *In White America* won national success using a Readers Theatre style.3 The Royal Shakespeare Company of London has performed such Readers Theatre productions as *The Hollow Crown*, *The Rebel*, and *The Golden Age*.4

Broadway and off-Broadway theatre audiences have seen a number of Readers Theatre presentations including Peter Weiss' *The Investigation*, and the compilation of the works of such poets as Walt Whitman, *A Whitman Portrait*, Robert Frost, *An Evening's Frost: A Portrait of the Poet*, and Emily Dickinson, *Come Slowly, Eden: A Portrait of Emily Dickinson*. In 1967 the first Readers Theatre style musical, *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*, was presented in New York.5

Readers Theatre has been defined in a variety of ways. Wallace Bacon defines Readers Theatre as "the group reading of material involving delineated characters, with or without the presence of a narrator, in such a manner as to establish
the usual locus of the piece not onstage with the readers but in the imagination of the audience."6

Brooks, Bahn, and Okey believe that Readers Theatre is simply "a group activity in which a piece of literature is communicated from manuscript to an audience through the oral interpretation approach of vocal and physical suggestion."7

Jean DeSales Bertram feels that Readers Theatre may be described as "oral interpretation by two or more persons reading the same piece of prose, poetry, or drama. The material may be memorized, but the performers will use scripts, refer to them, and turn pages as the reading progresses. Lighting and sound effects may be used. The reading may be done on a bare stage against a cyclorama or curtain, on a platform against one wall, or with readers in the center and the audience seated around them, arena style. High stools and reading stands are often provided for the readers."8

Coger and White include in their definition of Readers Theatre a concept also expressed by Brooks, Bahn, and Okey. That is the idea of vocal and physical suggestion which Coger and White call "clues." These "clues" are the means which two or more oral interpreters use to "cause an audience to see and hear characters expressing their attitudes toward an action so vitally that the literature becomes a living experience--both for the reader and for the audience."9

Joanna Hawkins Maclay notes that the purpose of Readers Theatre is to feature the texts:
to clarify, illuminate, extend, or provide insights into the particular literary text being presented. Too often, however, text has been reductively defined as "words." Such a definition tends to ignore the fact that the correct vocal utterance of the text's words, enveloped in appropriate emotional tones, does not necessarily result in featuring the text in a performance. Such a definition also tends to disregard the fact that the presence on stage of the physical text (a book, manuscript, or any form of printed words) does not necessarily result in featuring the text as a form of human experience.

Although definitions tend to differ, certain physical attributes are commonly associated with Readers Theatre. They are "the use of manuscripts, the use of lecterns or reading stands, the delivery of lines in a presentational manner and the minimizing of physical action, costumes, scenery, and properties." The type of literature suitable for Readers Theatre must also be considered. "Readers Theatre has successfully used a wide range of literature including essay, letters, diaries, speeches, lyrics, narrative, and drama. Selections emphasizing ideas, characters, and mental and emotional conflict between them, rather than selections emphasizing situation, will be good choices. Material relying heavily upon lively overt movement or business does not lend itself so easily to this form of presentation."

Coger and White feel that material should possess "evocative power, compelling characters, action, enriched language and wholeness." Evocative power is simply the power to stir the imagination of the audience. Compelling characters are those who are "strongly delineated, ... sensitive, ..."
involved . . . with each other and with the situation." Action is a character in conflict with something or someone. "The written material must contain clear and vital action that the audience can visualize in a succession of mental images . . . Action may be expressed in description, narration, and in dialogue." Enriched language is denoted by such literary devices as alliteration, assonance, and onomatopoeia, as well as repetition and such figures of speech as metaphor, synecdoche, and personification. Part of the concept of enriched language is kinesthetic imagery which involves the perception or feeling of movement within the audience. Literature must also have the wholeness in that it should provide a complete experience for the audience with a beginning, a middle, and an end. Writing for Readers Theatre has generally been considered adaptive rather than original. However, in recent years an increasing interest has been seen in the original writing of material especially for Readers Theatre, which has been called "a challenging field of endeavor and one well worth the interest of enterprising writers." Some original student productions which have been produced are Frank Galati's The Locomotive at Northwestern University, Thomas Turpin's "Four Women West" at the University of Southern California, George McCallum's "The Last Summer" at the Hayward campus of California State University, and James T. Turney's "Memories of a Man" and "The Small Revolution of Man" at North Texas State University.
As a basis for a masters thesis or doctoral dissertation original works are common in the fields of music and art. During the past five years two original theses in the field of literature are listed in Masters Abstracts. They are: Huyett Hurley Whitsett's Juxtaposition (an original novel) at the University of Louisville in 1969, and Douglas Russell Fowler's Sugarspider (original novel) at Cornell University in 1970. In drama four are listed: Charles Howard Mitchell's "The Governor Sends His Best: A Play in Three Acts with Supplementary Notes" (original play) at California State College at Fullerton in 1969, Doris N. Sutton's "Duo in Three Voices, Look What's Happened to Margie: Two One-act Plays with Supplementary Notes" (original plays) at California State University at Fullerton in 1970, Sarah Elizabeth Vickerman's "He Who Killed the Deer: A Play for Children in Three Acts with Supplementary Notes" (original play) at California State University at Fullerton in 1972, and James Douglas Long's "Scapegoat: A Play in Three Acts" (original play) at California State University at Long Beach in 1972.

The Comprehensive Dissertation Index lists twenty-two original works in the field of literature since 1969 (see Appendix A). There are nine listed in the field of drama (see Appendix B).

It also should be noted that a doctorate was awarded to Joseph A. Robinette on the basis of writing and producing three original manuscripts for Readers Theatre in 1972 at
The area of creative writing for Readers Theatre has been previously noted as a "challenging field." It therefore seems logical that such an endeavor would be a worthwhile project for a Masters Thesis.

It is the purpose of this thesis to write an original Readers Theatre script and to produce and direct that script for public performance. Commentary on these procedures along with the script makes up the body of this thesis.

The first step in this procedure was the formation of an idea for a story. The idea chosen was drawn from the personal experience and observation of the writer.

In the late 1960's a number of individuals appeared throughout the United States as leaders of various religious sects. These sects were based on various types of mysticism, astrology, palmistry, and other forms of divination as well as the offsprings of established religions such as Buddhism and Christianity. Many times the writer had observed that those who rose to leadership within these groups appeared to exude certain mystical qualities which enhanced their position among the rest of the group and made it easy for them to attain control. It was also noted that quite often this leadership became warped into the assumption of a god-like status, beyond human question.

It was this concept which proved to be the source for the writer's plot for a story. He chose to center his concentration around the growth of a relationship between a man and a woman and the consequences of a god-like attitude within
such a relationship. This approach also allowed the writer to expound upon an observed condition within some marital arrangements.

The next step was to formulate this idea into a Readers Theatre script. The writer chose to present the male and female lead characters as four characters, in other words each main character having a sub-conscious voice. In this manner he sought to establish a conscious relationship between a man and a woman as well as the sub-conscious reaction to this relationship. This is to say the writer also sought to create an image of an intrapersonal as well as interpersonal conflict.

It was the design of the writer to create through character interpretations a progression of emotional confrontations leading to the finalization that self-made gods cannot cope with god-status because of human qualities. In the character of Gideon the writer sought to establish a progression from an individual who had feeling and compassion for his fellow man, to one who became arrogant with his wisdom, and finally to one who collapsed into a state of total uselessness in a human situation. Gideon's sub-conscious had to follow a similar pattern but on a more amplified scale. The character Babs, had to move from innocent follower wrapped up in images of Gideon; images that did not fully exist, through stages of doubt, and finally rebellion. Babs' sub-conscious was to amplify this situation.

This interpersonal and intrapersonal conflict was designed to be a form of conflict described by Coger and White
previously in this chapter, in relation to action within a script. Also in line with Coger and White, the writer sought to develop compelling characters engulfed in a situation which would stir the imagination of the audience.

The writer chose to establish locales and time sequence by the use of two narrators. These same narrators, one male and one female, would also interpret various character roles creating supporting relationship with, yet outside of, the main characters. As narrators, they would carry the weight of moving the story from beginning to end in the formation of wholeness within the script. Primarily through the description of the narrators the writer sought to utilize enriched language to enhance images within the minds of the audience and to complete the requirements of Coger and White for a Readers Theatre script.

In writing for any medium the writer must constantly retain the mental image of the medium for which he is writing. Therefore, in writing for Readers Theatre, the writer must work with a constant presentational image of what has been written.

When a writer comes to the end of his story he is not quite finished. The task of editing is also a vital part of original writing. In this case the cast members as well as the director-writer participated as editors. The job of editing began when the script went into rehearsal. The script had left the mental realm of the writer and entered the auditory realm of the director-writer. Alterations were required.
Certain words and phrases seemed natural in the mental state of the writer, but out of place when uttered by a cast member. Some descriptive narration passages appeared too long for one narrator, as originally designed, and had to be divided between two narrators. There were also narrator-characters who, in the writing, appeared very naturally within the story. In rehearsal, however, these characters appeared and disappeared too quickly to be established. These characters had to be rewritten into narration.

A written work is not complete until it is presented in some form to an audience, either as a book, a presentational performance, or a play. Even then the script should be open to revision. In light of this attitude the writer remained available to the cast in the form of question and answer sessions following every rehearsal. He also made himself available for suggestion to any interested people, even after the presentation of the script.
NOTES


3 Coger and White, p. 22.

4 Coger and White, p. 23.

5 Coger and White, p. 24.


9 Coger and White, p. 4.


11 Maclay, p. 5.


13 Coger and White, p. 33.

14 Coger and White, p. 35.

15 Coger and White, p. 37.

16 Coger and White, p. 38.

17 Coger and White, p. 39.

18 Coger and White, p. 27.
19 Coger and White, p. 65.


CHAPTER II

THE SCRIPT: "A TOAST TO GODS"

(First Narrator in area 2, Second Narrator in area 1, Gideon in area 4, Gideon 2 in area 3, Babs in area 6, Babs 2 in area 5.)

2nd Narrator: This story is about a group of men and women who lived in a land of gods. In this story you will hear many voices, some conscious and some sub-conscious. When we walk across the face of this land, we are but passers-by, hearing what these voices say to each other, hearing what these voices say about each other.

1st Narrator: It was early July, late 60's, Dallas, night--hot and humid--beads of sweat were on the attire list for everyone. After hanging up the phone the young man, Dale, turned to his guest with wide eyes and an ear-grabbing smile.

Dale: Gideon's back.

Babs: Who's Gideon?

Dale: That's right--you don't know--he's one of the wildest men you'll ever meet. The stories about him are endless. He's supposed to be in Nam, but he never went. He'll say its luck--he always
does--long as I've known him, that's been his answer, but the kind of luck he has just couldn't be luck. He's the kind of guy you go to if you have a problem or need help.

1st Narr: Babs was new to the city. She was from a small west Texas town. She came to find excitement and work.

Babs: I don't know--I really should go--He's your friend and I don't want to interrupt.

Dale: No! You've got to stay. You can't miss an opportunity like this. If ever there is anyone you should know, this is the man.

1st Narr: The air conditioner hummed quietly. The cheap wine was chilled. The knock on the door was soft.

Babs: He's much shorter than I expected.

1st Narr: He seated himself in an armed rocker. Babs and Dale sat on pillows on the floor.

Gideon: Well, I went through combat training.

Babs 2: He looks ordinary.

Gideon 2: She's got square shoulders, like a boy.

G: But luckily--

Dale: Luckily--my ass.

B2: Plump.

G2: She's a little heavy.

B2: Sheared serviceman.

G2: Her hair is short like a boys--
lst Narr: He told them stories of his service comrades.
B2: His voice is so soft.
G2: She does have a beautiful face, almost pixie-like.
G: They are my brothers.
B2: His eyes are so peaceful--blueish-green. I bet they change colors with his mood. I've heard of that.
G2: Such big eyes--rich, brown, warm.
lst Narr: The wine was poured freely--Dale gave in to the weight of sleep.
G: You look tired.
B: A bit--but I'm alright.
G: Lie on your stomach--here--now!
lst Narr: His fingers dug into her shoulder.
B2: He is not gifted at massage--but something flows through his fingers that makes me feel good.
B: What branch of the service are you in?
G: Navy.
B: What are you doing here, now?
G: I'm on leave--on my way to San Diego for duty.
B: Why did you join?
G: I was nearly drafted, but I figured that the Navy wouldn't send me to Nam.
B: Didn't want to go to Viet Nam, huh.
G: No--I don't believe in the war.
B2: That's good--
B: Would you have gone if you had to?
G: When I first got my orders to go to Nam, I was somewhat confused--I was afraid--
B2: That's neat--to admit fear--
G: But while visiting a friend, a stranger came by . . .
B: A stranger?
G: Yes--my friend and I were sitting in her kitchen, late one night, when a man knocked on the kitchen door. My friend opened the door and the man entered, walked up to me and asked me if I was the one.
B: Asked you what?
G: If I was the one--
B: What did he mean?
G: I didn't know, but I felt I was the one he was hunting for, so I said yes to his question.
B: A perfect stranger?
G: To me, yes. The others knew him--or knew of him. Really, no one knew his name or where he came from, only that he wandered around and was rumored to have the gift of prophesy.
B: What happened then?
G: He asked me to talk to him of dreams.
B: Whose dreams?
G: My dreams--or that's what I thought.
B: What kind of dreams?
G: Well, I had these recurring dreams of my death. I had had them for a long time--I always died in some kind of war zone.

B: What did he say about them?

G: Well, he listened to them and then asked to see my hands.

B: Your hands?

G: Yes--he looked at my palms a while, then felt my head.

B: Your head?

G: Yes--the bumps on your head--they tell you things about a person's future.

B: Then what?

G: Then he told me that I had died in a war zone in my last life--

B: Reincarnation?

G: Yes--do you believe in it?

B: I don't know.

G: It makes a lot of sense. In all my years I have known no other belief that makes so much sense--you keep reliving your life, correcting your errors until you reach a state of nirvana, perfection--heaven.

B2: It does kinda make sense.

G2: She's full of questions, eager to learn, I like that.

B: What did your dreams mean, then?
G: They were like a warning. I could relive my past life--get killed again--or go on with my purpose.

B: What's your purpose?

G: To help.

B: Help what?

G: Help anyone--to understand life--all life--and thus lead people to their own nirvana.

B2: This sounds incredible--but he really seems to believe it--and he makes it so easy for me to believe it, too.

G: To help my brothers trapped in the madness of the time. I then knew it was my duty to go to Viet Nam.

B: But you didn't go.

G: No, my orders were changed.

B: You didn't try to have them changed back?

G: No--I flow with the currents of the wind. I have learned the patience to wait for the right time and the wind will lead me to the place.

B: Was it luck your orders were changed?

G: You could say that.

B: Why does Dale say it wasn't luck?

G: Oh--everyone says I pull strings.

B: Do you?

G: No.

B: Could you?
G: I guess I could.
B: How?
G: I know a lot of people.
B: Who? Generals? The President?
G: Yea!
B: What! Generals or the President?
G: Both.
B: The President, you know the President?
G: Yea, I've known him a long time, but we really don't get along that well any more.
B2: Whoa! This dude is something else.
1st Narr: Dawn melted the words and they parted quietly.
B2: If he's just making all this up--they're the neatest stories I've ever heard. If it's for real--well, that's something else--I wonder if I'll see him again?
G2: She is a strange creature. I hope I see her again.
1st Narr: Two nights later there was a party. They both came but separately and spoke little. He was the surprise guest of honor, full of stories.
G: Ah--the subways in New York--there is a world all its own--It seems I spent most of my time underground--Saw a mugging--an old man jumped an old lady and she nearly beat him to death before the police could save him.
G2: Everybody seems to love him--
While I was staying on Cape Cod--

He's been everywhere!

In Florida--

I wish I could go to all those places--

No--I was in Georgia then.

The crowd has him--there won't be time for me--

I had a moment--a neat high that is over.

She sits quietly there in the background--

lost in the crowd but I feel her presence.

I must see her again.

The next night he searched for her--she wasn't at home or at work--so he left messages--his time was growing short--he was to leave in two days for L.A. The following night he went to her apartment again. Standing outside her door he heard voices--one a male voice he did not recognize.

Maybe her boyfriend.

He started to walk away . . .

What the hell--I have nothing to lose.

He knocked--her roommate answered and invited him in--the male voice was just an old friend and an impromptu party lasted for a short time.

Finally the roommate left with the guest. Babs and Gideon were left alone.

Why did you come?

I wanted to see you before I left.
1st Narr: She felt the same, but shock made words dance around the meaning.

B: It is nice that you came.

1st Narr: They spoke in frightened nonsense.

G: This land is full of versatility and variety that I love!

B: I hope I travel soon and see those things.

G2: If she would only travel now!

1st Narr: She began to talk of her childhood in west Texas. He held her eyes--listened attentively, she began to calm.

B: When I graduated from high school I wanted to go to college to study art, but my step-father wanted me to go to business college.

G: What did you do?

B: I went to business college for three months, then dropped out. I guess out of spite. My step-father is a real pushy man and we never get along. I went to work in a health spa and he bitched all the time. I finally had enough of it after about a year--then Sally, my room-mate, we grew up together, she told me she was moving to Dallas to get a job and get out of the sticks. It wasn't a big move, but it was something, so I packed up and went with her.

G: No friends--no nothing?
None then, but we have a lot of friends now, and we know our way around.

How long have you been here?

Four months.

That's pretty good--move to a strange city and within a few months you are at home.

It's easy to find you way around. Just get a map and start riding the buses all over the place.

And the friends?

Oh, that's even easier. You meet people at work, they invite you to parties. You meet people on buses or you can just walk up and say hello to someone sitting in the park. It's really simple. My mother used to say that I was the kind that picked up every stray dog and cat in the neighborhood--I guess I kinda transfer that to people, too--if they're alone or look lonely, I can't help but talk to them and usually end up bringing them home--

Aren't you afraid?

No, why should I be?

Good point.

He is really easy to talk to--

Hey, I'm painting a picture, wanta see?

May I?

He really means it--
B: Yes.

1st Narr: They stood before the painting.

B: Do you know what it is? (nervously)

2nd Narr: A pair of jeaned legs, bent at the knees, rose from high weeds, while a red balloon floated against a yellow sky above.

G: It's you--those are your legs.

B2: He understands.

B: I don't like the color of the balloon.

G: Change it!

B: Now?

G: Yes, now!

1st Narr: She relaxed more with brush in hand.

B: I think blue.

G: Yes, blue!

1st Narr: And the balloon stroked quietly to blue--

B: The string really bothers me--I haven't been able to put the string on it properly.

G: You must never tie it to the ground. The balloon is your soul--it must never be tied to your body or the ground--it must remain free.

B2: He sees so much--

1st Narr: They stood quietly looking at the painting for a while.

2nd Narr: She turned and looked at him.

B2: He is such a peaceful--beautiful man--

G2: I feel something very strange for this girl.
1st Narr: He held out his hand to her.
2nd Narr: She laid hers upon his gently--
1st Narr: He pulled her slowly into his arms. They became as one.
2nd Narr: In the morning he dressed nervously.
G2: This has gone so fast and I have to leave.
     I'll be gone for at least a year--
E2: I'll never see him again.
1st Narr: She grew cold--the shell formed.
2nd Narr: He kissed her on the forehead--
G: Take care--
1st Narr: She did not speak.
2nd Narr: He left.
1st Narr: Her mind was silent--protected--
2nd Narr: His plane was to leave in the afternoon but he packed slowly.
G: I have to go.
G2: I can't go now.
G: I must hurry.
2nd Narr: He wasted time.
1st Narr: At noon he called the airport and changed his flight to the following morning.
G2: I must see her again--
1st Narr: He looked for her that night--
2nd Narr: It was a little after ten--the heat of the evening was beginning to show on his shirt.
1st Narr: He turned from her door for the third time--still no one home--

2nd Narr: Halfway down the corridor of the apartment complex the main door opened--she stopped still in the entrance--her eyes wide.

B: Hi.

1st Narr: She guarded her words and emotions--protected--scared.

G: Let's walk a bit--

2nd Narr: There was a faint breeze--but not a cooling one.

1st Narr: They walked the sidewalk silently.

2nd Narr: He held his hand out--

1st Narr: She took it.

G2: What am I doing here?

B2: What is he doing here?

2nd Narr: He stopped and turned to her.

G: You spoke of traveling.

B: Yes, someday--

G: Why don't you come to California--

G2: This is heavy--the heaviest thing yet--

B: I don't know--I'd have to quit my job and pay some bills--

G: How long would that take?

B: A week, ten days . . .

G: Do you have enough money?

B: I think so.

G: If you don't, I have some--
I think I have enough--

Do you have any friends in California?

A girl friend in San Francisco--

I'm going to L.A. to see some people--

He wrote as he spoke--

I'll wait for you there--here is their address and phone number in L.A.--call me Sunday night about ten and let me know what flight you'll be on--I'll expect you Tuesday--We'll see what happens then--

He kissed her cheek.

I have to run--I still have things to pack and I need some rest.

Yeah--

She stood in shock.

I'll see ya in a week--(weakly)

He kissed her softly on the forehead and then the lips--

He turned and walked to his car and drove away--

She didn't move for some time.

Is this for real--if it is--what am I doing? A guy pops out of nowhere and says come with me--Did he say come with me?????

Wednesday morning at nine Babs notified her boss she was quitting that Friday.

What if it all was a dream? I've gone so far already.
2nd Narr: At noon on the San Diego freeway, Gideon passed the marijuana back to the couple in the front seat of the battered volkswagen and laughed at his smog tears--Babs was not on his mind.

1st Narr: At noon in a Roy Roger's diner, sitting in an old one arm school chair with knife engravings on the top, Babs ate three barbacued sandwiches. The fear of a possible dream broadened.

2nd Narr: Wednesday evening Gideon reveled in his temporary abode atop the Hollywood hills.

1st Narr: As the city turned on its stars below.

2nd Narr: It was a three story house whose levels tiered down the side of the mountain.

1st Narr: Once the home of an old silent movie director. The house had been taken over by the state when he died in debt.

2nd Narr: The new renters, five in all, shared the house.

1st Narr: The top floor with exposed beamed ceiling and fireplace faced a narrow street. On the back a balcony overlooked North Hollywood. This was the kitchen and breakfast room level, separated from the living room by a bedroom, a converted dining room.

2nd Narr: The occupant of this room, supposedly a student, living off G.I. benefits, was never at home, as far as Gideon knew.

1st Narr: The second level had a bedroom and a bath.
2nd Narr: These rooms belonged to Carlo, Mary and their baby, Dawn. Carlo was the only one in the house who worked. He was a new car salesman and brought home new cars all the time, which made him seem important.

1st Narr: The lowest level also had a bedroom and a bath, Gideon's friends, Maggie and Ken, lived here. They survived on an allowance from Ken's parents and substituted speed for food most of the time.

1st Narr: One entered their rooms by an exposed wooden stairway, covered with the sploched remains of white paint, a not all together safe structure.

2nd Narr: They were a level above the gardens which, although unkept, were full of beautiful vegetation. This abundant land continued to tier down to a ravine, full of the brown and blacks of decayed brush and the rust color of human decay.

1st Narr: The ravine dropped steeply into the Hollywood valley, like the raised tail of the dragon below.

2nd Narr: Gideon slept on the floor beside Maggie and Ken's bed, getting high off the smell of flowers, thinking--

G2: This is a land of gods.

2nd Narr: Wednesday night Babs told her roommate--

Sally: You've what?
B: I've given notice--Friday's my last day at work and I'm going to California next week.

Sally: With that guy who was here yesterday?

B: He's already left--I'm meeting him in L.A. next week.

Sally: You don't even know him.

B: I know enough. (resentment)

Sally: Well, well, what is that going to do to me--I can't keep this apartment alone--

B: You can get another roommate--the rent's paid up for the rest of the month--

Sally: What if I can't?

B: You can get a job--You already owe me your share of two months rent as it is. Besides, we never had any permanent deal--If some dude came along that you dug and dug you--you'd troop off after him immediately.

2nd Narr: Both went to bed early. There was silence the rest of the night between them.

B2: I'm damn sure going now. She doesn't care about me going--she's concerned about me leaving her.

2nd Narr: Thursday morning Gideon woke to the smell of rotten sewage. Maggie and Ken were still asleep. He hurried to the kitchen to out run the sickening smell. Mary and Dawn were the only ones there.

Mary: I gave Dawn a bath this morning and the cistern overflowed. That's what you smelled--The plumbing
isn't worth a damn. Dawn has priority of baths—she gets one every other day. There can only be one bath per day and one dishwashing per day—for the house—flush the toilets only when they're full.

2nd Narr: She wasn't being mean or nasty—just stern—some one had to be under those conditions. Maggie came up shortly and over coffee they chattered while Gideon listened. Mary breast fed Dawn in front of him without a second thought.

G2: This is the way it should be—openness—purity—with no lust or fear of lust—but she does have beautiful breasts.

2nd Narr: Thursday morning.

Ethel: I know when I was your age—

2nd Narr: The secretary was in her middle forties and hefty—maybe fat—

Ethel: I sure wanted to take up and go, but I never had the nerve.

B: I don't know if it is nerve Ethel.

B2: It may be suicide.

2nd Narr: It was noon and Gideon wanted to go to the beach. Maggie and Ken drove down, sandwiches made, and a jug of cheap wine purchased. They were ripped before they got there. They sat on the beach and passed marijuana.
This is freedom--right in public--smoking dope.

A little boy, maybe 3, ran nude on the beach. His bearded father walked quietly behind, smiling at the boy's laughter.

This is the way it should be--this is the country of the gods.

Babs stood in line at the cashier's window.

I'd like to close out my savings account.

She was fidgety.

I'll be late back to work. . . . I can still put it back in--

Night. Gideon persuaded Maggie to call Decker Canyon where De was.

I have to see De. She's the whole point in coming to L.A. I have to know where my head's at.

It had been a year and a half since they had seen each other. They were very close then. He had left the east coast ten days before with the sole purpose of seeing her. Something had slowed him in Dallas, but now he couldn't remember what. The meet was set--Maggie, Ken and Gideon were going to the Canyon the next day and spend the night.

This will tell me something.

Night. Babs went up to Dale's apartment.

I'm meeting him in L.A. next week.
Dale: You what?
B: He asked me the night before he left.
Dale: You don't even know him. When did you have
time to see him?
B: I had time.
Dale: I know he is a neat dude, but are you sure he
asked you to come?
B: Yes!
Dale: Are you sure you want to go?
B: Yes.
Dale: (aside) This is weird--I've known that dude
for a long time, but I've never known him to
carry a chick with him, besides, De's out there.
B2: What is it with all these people--My closest
friends act like I'm crazy--mere acquaintances
cheer me on--I'm getting confused.
1st Narr: Friday morning.
2nd Narr: He was up long before Maggie and Ken. Mary was
worried about him drinking so much coffee.
G: That's okay--it doesn't phase me--Can I help
you with anything? The dishes, the baby, any-
thing?
G2: I wish Ken and Maggie would get up. I want to
get going.
2nd Narr: He wore paths in the floor--Mary was ready to
pounce on this hyperactive fly when Ken and Maggie
got up and saved him with chores for the trip.
1st Narr: Babs rose early and took some time preparing for work—not taking great pains, but in repairing nervous blunders—the finality of her actions were becoming more real. She tore a blouse.

B: Damn!

1st Narr: Ripped out a zipper--

B: What the hellam I doing???

B2: Calm down lady, keep calm--

2nd Narr: Noon. The canyon was on the outer rim of the city about two and a half hours from Hollywood without rush hour traffic. Gideon watched all the exits pass, and every five minutes sucked in air to suppress the need to ask how far--

1st Narr: Babs heard her voice request a one way ticket to L.A. and noticed her hands exchanging money for tickets. It was as if the world of her body was miles from the world of her mind. Her voice like a distant caller—her hands growing smaller toward a mental vanishing point. She drew them back fast for fear they would vanish, and left the ticket taker with momentary recall of a frightened woman who seemed to be running from something.

2nd Narr: Evening. They had arrived at the Canyon by midday. The house was an old frame structure built within a shady grove on a high plateau overlooking
the base of the Canyon. Maggie got out to open
the gate and they drove into the large front
yard where an overdose of cars had driven away
the grass. Larry greeted them from the stone
patio as the guests moved slowly to regain an
erect posture after the drive. Larry, De, Maggie
and Gideon had gone to college with most of the
occupants of the house and the rest were nearly
all from Texas, so it was like old home week.
But their ways had changed so much and there
was more tension than joy. There had been a
lot of heat when De and Gideon had separated and
his arrival infected the house with fear of more
trouble.

It's hard to tell how many people live here—
ten, maybe twenty. Children, mothers-to-be,
and all, and none seem to be really interested
that we have arrived, they're busy with their
chores and private chatter, but where is De?
It's making Maggie and Ken nervous, too.

Larry took Maggie and Gideon for a walk to the
rocks while Ken got stoned on the free flowing
marijuana that passed in the living room.
Through the goat pasture and up a winding foot
path they wandered in the late afternoon until
they mounted a ridge of rocks beneath a giant
boulder. Behind the land dipped and sloped
with a grassy texture into the valley . . .

Ahead, a flood of rugged rock and pine green
poured with a seeming rush into the sea beyond.
Here they sat amid tranquility and silent vio-

lence until the sun dipped into the sea to wash
its wounds of the day and the sky filled with
the muted red aftermath of the chore.

Good Lord--the things you do here--(pause).
Most definitely--a land of gods.

They returned silently down the slope to the
house in a state of reverence. De was there
when they arrived.

She acts as if we were just old friends. She
is too busy to be bothered with me for anything
more than cordialities.

The evening was tense for everyone--Getting
high only amplified the situation. They went
to bed early. The house was full, so Ken, Mag-
gie slept in sleeping bags in the goat pasture.
Gideon bedded about ten yards away.

Where have all those years gone? Did they really
happen at all? For two years we fought the wars
of trying to be together. We shared the walls of
confinement, the children's games of parks and
swings, the laughter of spring rain puddles and
bare foot frolics, the peak of love making in
that one moment which plants the seeds of fruit
and even in the death of that seed we grew closer. We were closer than we ever were. I did everything I could for her--gave her the greatest portions of my thought--my time--helped her learn to live, helped her mature her life from seed to flower... Granted, I was upset when she wanted to leave--lost my temper--but that was a year and a half ago--I never have understood why she wanted to leave--and now all this matter-of-fact attitude--

1st Narr: Night. The party roared with wine and weed. They were happy for her nerve and daring.

B2: I didn't know I had this many friends.

1st Narr: It was as though the apartment house, normally 16 units of isolation, rocked with her joy. After the standards had fallen by the way of sleep--a few die-hards joined Babs in an all night romp through Turtle Creek Park, chasing ducks from their rest, tag games through the tricky brush, dodging curfew cops in a mad cap sprint towards the sun.

B2: I should be doing something else--I can't remember.

2nd Narr: He woke as the sun first hinted its coming, a restless night. De walked softly to him in a nightgown and knelt before him. There was a need for words within her eyes, but her voice was locked within the walls of change. They sat for
some time, staring at each other before Gideon spoke.

G: Too many days and too many nights, kid. God be with you.

2nd Narr: She walked quietly back to the house. He rose and sprinted up to the rock. His shadow crept across the land to the sea and he reveled in its image.

G: Hear me world--I am not dead--I am only just beginning.

2nd Narr: He turned back toward the house--with a positive step.

G: So long place. You could be the home of giants, instead you are a land of blind idealists, stumbling through heaven without a leader.

1st Narr: The coffee shop was quiet with only three tired delivery men nursing coffee cups before finishing their Saturday morning chores, when Babs and Chuck hit the door--all the rest of the group had fallen along the way, but their wild reminiscences of the night made up for the rest of the cast.

B: When the cop flashed the light on the trees and Sally fell into the creek--

1st Narr: His sweatshirt top was smeared with grass stains and her jeans were torn at the knee.

Chuck: God was she scared! We nearly got busted on that one.
His shoulder length blond hair was tangled with small branches and leaves--his pants were still dripping from the walk in the water three hours before.

I'm still steaming, what now?

Cycling--let's go!

I really should be doing something else. Going somewhere (pause). But I am going somewhere--cycling!

They left their half full cups of coffee and nibbled donuts and ran out the door.

Saturday noon--Sunset Strip was full of the crowd of panhandlers. Maggie and Ken had leaped at the chance to leave the Canyon early that morning. They didn't like the vibes--either. After returning to the city, Gideon borrowed the car to see the sights alone.

This is a mad man's town--you stop for a light and they hit you up for money, a joint, or your soul. (nervous) I've got to get out of here. But I'm waiting for someone--Who?--Babs--I'll call tonight, she's not due till next Tuesday, but I can't wait that long. This may be god's country, but its full of freaks I'm not ready for.

The motorcycle took off in the air as it crested the top of a dirt knoll near Lake Dallas. Chuck's
face was black with dust--Babs' short hair darted back, parallel to the ground.

B2: (joy) God, I haven't had such a blast since I moved to Dallas...

2nd Narr: Gideon slammed the phone down for the fourth time that evening.

G2: (anger) Damnit--where the hell is she--it's eleven here, must be about one there.

2nd Narr: The whole house was getting edgy. Maggie and Ken had had two arguments that evening. He returned to the phone and called Dale.

G: Hey man--this is Gideon--do you know where the hell Babs is--been trying to call her all evening. Yeah, I know--I'll go into what I'm doing later, right now I just want you to put a note on her door for me--Just say--call me immediately. Yeah. That's all. I'll talk to you later.

1st Narr: There were a lot of neatly dressed theatre and movie-goers sitting in the restaurant. The talk was subdued at each little table, about the visual events they had just come from. But all hushed and looked when Chuck and Babs walked through the door. They were covered with grease and dust and looked like two down and out drunks, in total contrast to the shiny blue vinyl booth they fell into, laughing loudly.

B: This has been the neatest time--
Chuck: Why do you have to go?
B: Cause I wanta see California.
Chuck: But why now--You don't even know this dude.
B2: Yeah, why?
B: I don't know--I'll think about it.
B2: This has been a great time, these last few days--why am I going--now?
2nd Narr: Sunday morning--California has a hang or stone-over on Sunday mornings. Mary was a little curt by the time she had answered the nine A.M. phone call, thrown on a bath robe, and plodded down the vertical stairs to the lowest level.
Mary: Gideon, you have a female caller.
2nd Narr: He ignored her attitude as he dashed up the stairs, zipping his pants.
G: Hi! I tried to call you several times last night--
2nd Narr: His voice was so sudden on the empty line that he frightened her.
B: I--uh--didn't get in til after one--I thought it would be too late.
B2: His voice--I've never heard it on the phone, I don't know this voice.
G: Look, I can't cope with this city any longer. I've got to get out--this place is doing a weird trip in my head and I've got to get out. If you're coming, it's got to be today or tomorrow at the latest.
I--uh--(pause)

I--uh--what? What do I do?

Look, be easy--the decision is yours--no strings, no ties.

Tomorrow. (softly)

Tomorrow what--what am I doing?

O.K. here is the deal, first we'll save ourselves a long distance tab.

Yeah--

As soon as you hang up, call the airport--find out what time you can get a flight tomorrow, and what time it arrives in L.A.--got that?

When I can get a flight and when it arrives--

L.A. time.

O.K.

Then you call me collect this afternoon or tonight at the exact time it arrives in L.A. If it's gonna arrive at 2 p.m. you call me at 2 p.m., and ask for me.

What if it's in the morning?

Then you ask for yourself--If you ask for yourself it's a.m., for me, if it's p.m.--got that?

Yeah! (confused)

I don't know what I have.

O.K.--see ya tomorrow--

He hung up and sped off for coffee.
1st Narr: She sat quietly looking bewildered at the buzzing receiver--then threw it into the air--

B: P.M. ask for him--A.M. ask for me--What the hell am I doing? (yelled, panic)

2nd Narr: Afternoon--he went walking, down the winding road to the Hollywood Bowl. The houses along the way were like the crates a mad man had piled to the ceiling of a gigantic warehouse--no two were alike--but his mind roared past the intricate madness of the maze.

G2: Do I really want to be saddled with a new chick now--going to a strange town--no telling what the possibilities--But, it might be nice.

2nd Narr: It was hot--his shirt was soaked--his pants clung to his legs--but he was out of reach of physical discomfort.

G2: I'll rent a car in the morning--I still have ten days before I have to be in Dago--could take her to San Francisco if she wants to go--Be a nice time and then back to work--

2nd Narr: The day moved slowly--his body lumbered--his mind sped.

1st Narr: Babs furiously rushed around the apartment grabbing pieces of clothing.

B: I've got my flight out in the morning but I don't have time to get all this stuff. Pack my dishes and records in some boxes and throw whatever else
you find in the trunk. When I can I'll send
for them.

1st Narr: Her roommate sat on the couch, only able to
catch a brief glimpse of what had flown past
and not concerned with sending anything later--
She'd be back soon--

2nd Narr: 9 P.M.--L.A.--the phone rang.
1st Narr: Collect call for Babs Young.

G2: 9 A.M. tomorrow--it's set, she's coming. (excited)
B2: 9 A.M. tomorrow--it's set, I'm going. (trance)

2nd Narr: The morning sun crept slowly through the foliage
of the Hollywood Hills and lit upon his open
anxious eyes.

1st Narr: Her roommate sped through the inner-city going-to-
work traffic toward the airport. Coffee splashed
from their cups as they failed to slow for the
erratic driving.

2nd Narr: He dressed slowly.

G2: Contain yourself.

1st Narr: She darted through the terminal--elbows flying--
worrying whether she would make her flight.

2nd Narr: He began to walk down the winding road--a two
mile snake slithering into the valley.

1st Narr: She was seated, buckled, perspiring, panting,
adjusting a cylinder-like flow of air onto her
face, thoughtless--

2nd Narr: He crossed Mullholland Drive.
G2: Is this what I want to do?

1st Narr: Uplift-stomach sink-clammy-sightless-ceiling
stare-thoughtless-numb--

2nd Narr: Lumbering onto LaBrea--into a hotel--

G: I'd like a car please--(pause)--for a week.

1st Narr: The plane leveled into its calm, boring chore.

B2: Wait! What if no one's there--do I go back--
there's barely enough money--Do I go on to Frisco--How do I get out of L.A.? How do I get out of the L.A. airport?

2nd Narr: The airport drive was leisure in the big car.
He reveled in his sudden intimacy with the streets and his mental recall of directions reversed.

1st Narr: The cloud cover announced the roof of Arizona and marked the beginning of descent.

B2: What do I do if he is there?

2nd Narr: He back-tracked to the same parking lot from which he was picked up.

1st Narr: No Smoking--Fasten seat belts!

B2: What does he look like?

2nd Narr: The flight and gate verified, he strolled through the tunnel.

1st Narr: The plane passed mountains, land, a billion little boxes, on out to sea--slow arch on wing tip and dive back to shore--

B2: What do I say? What if he doesn't recognize me?
2nd Narr: Down through the antiseptic tiled corridor, glowing green, a side show, full of a thousand strange faces hurrying to and from. Leisurely he strolled down, around, up through and into the glass encircled waiting room, where the children of the sky would come forth.

1st Narr: The jolt of wheel to ground and roar of reversed engines.

B2: What if he doesn't recognize me?

1st Narr: Please Remain Seated until the seat belt light goes off!

2nd Narr: He pulled a cigarette from his shirt pocket, a lighter from his pant pocket, and lit the cigarette. His left hand remained limp at his side. He leaned against a column.

G2: Play it like it is, man!

1st Narr: The seat belt light went off.

2nd Narr: The bodies poured forth.

1st Narr: The line moved so slowly. She tried to see something—anything through a window. She didn't know what to expect.

2nd Narr: Some came out laughing and waving.

Stewardess: Did you have a nice flight?

B: Yes, fine.

B2: I don't know.

2nd Narr: Some with head down, intent on destination, with hand luggage pumping like pistons at the end of their arms.
1st Narr: The final tunnel to shore--light up ahead.
2nd Narr: Some like lost children looking all around for anything they might know.
1st Narr: She emerged--eyes darting, head stiff.
2nd Narr: He saw her first--
G2: She looks a little heavier.
1st Narr: She saw him as he walked toward her.
B2: He's here! (excited yet afraid)
2nd Narr: He smiled.
1st Narr: She tried to.
2nd Narr: He raised his right arm chest high, palm down.
1st Narr: She took it without knowing.
2nd Narr: He spoke softly.
G: Let's go.
1st Narr: They were safe in the surety of the moment.

Intermission

(First Narrator in area 2, Second Narrator in area 1, Gideon in area 12, Gideon 2 in area 11, Babs in area 14, Babs 2 in area 13.)

(LONG PAUSE-TRANSITION)

2nd Narr: The drive was relatively quiet, only a little flight talk.
1st Narr: She began to get anxious again.
2nd Narr: He remained silent.
B2: What now?
G2: Now for the decision.
He pulled into a drive-in with outdoor tables.

Hungry?

Thirsty!

Let's sit outside--at the tables.

He got two large drinks and returned to her.

Be gentle but frank.

I'm sorry I had to speed you up.

I'd forgotten how gentle his voice is.

But I couldn't cope with this town any longer.

That's okay.

Be sure she understands.

Here's the score.

There's such warmth in those blue eyes--

I've got this car for a week--I can take you to your friends in Frisco and then I'll head back to Dago.

I remember now why I came.

Or you can go straight on to Dago now with me and we'll see what happens.

Everything has been okay so far--I'll go on with you and see what happens.

Good choice.

Let's go!

Far out!

And they drove to the house, got his gear, said goodbyes--

They were all glad he was leaving.
And headed south.

She relaxed in a blanket of security and was asleep with her head in his lap before they were out of town.

Halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego he pulled off the freeway onto some cliffs over the sea and woke her for a walk.

Sorry to wake you, but you must see this. I love the sea so much.

It's good for you to share these things with me.

You love everything so much. (tenderly)

She did not wake again until they began the incline of the Coronado Bay Bridge. Here, vision, blurred at first by the rise into the summer sun, packed a sudden clarity as they reached the highest plain and together they drew in deep breaths.

The mirrors revealed cluttered structures climbing out of sight. To the right and left the bay ran beneath like a river, full of giant vessels of war, surrounded by their little children bobbing in their peaceful pleasures.

Ahead the desert began quickly, the neck of sand connecting the crowded mainland with the lush green head of Coronado Island.

Whoa--what a view--good sign.
This is a landmark to our beginning—Such highs I have never shared.

She remained silent, her eyes lost in his profile.

There could only be such highs with you.

They glided through the medieval wealth and gothic grandeur of Coronado—out onto the barren strand where they located the Naval base to which he was to report and then into Imperial Beach, the last grubby little coastal town before you reach Mexico. Like so many other beach towns, it sucks its life blood from sea tourists and service personnel, and like the vampire, it remains pale and colorless.

They checked in at the first motel and spent the rest of the day on the beach undaunted by the trash—reveling in the opportunity to be near the sea.

That night they sat talking in the motel room.

We have to get down to the particulars of living.

Tomorrow we have to find a place to live. I've got about one and a quarter left. The car I'll put on my charge card and pay it out.

I've got about 70.

We can share the load, but I must bear the greater load.
Set back 50. That way, if you ever decide to leave, you'll have enough for a plane to Frisco or a bus to Texas.

I don't think I'll be going.

You don't know— you know so little about me.

I don't think I'll be going.

No— no you don't— Several have tried to stay with me— none have made it— I'm awfully moody.

I don't care— if I know what's the matter— then I can understand.

These are important decisions. I must emphasize that to her— I think the book.

I think we should consult the book.

He went to his sea bag and started digging.

What book?

The I Ching— it is my guide in all things.

He pulled the book from the bag, sat in a chair, and placed it in his lap. Opening the book, he took out three coins wrapped in paper inside the cover.

Bring pencil and paper and sit in front of me.

She brought the material and kneeled in front of him.

We clasped the coins in his hand.

Put your hands in mine, look deep into my eyes and concentrate with me on the question "what should we do?"
B2: There is a holiness about him.

G2: Guide me oh spheres, guide me in order to guide.

1st Narr: They sat quietly for a moment each holding a gaze--she thought she felt a warmth emitting from his hands into hers.

2nd Narr: He drew back his hands quietly.

G: Continue concentrating on the question.

B2: What should we do?

2nd Narr: He began to shake the coins in his hands and let them fall on the book. He then drew some lines on the paper she had brought.

1st Narr: He repeated this action five times in silence before he opened the book and began to read.

G: The mountain above--the water below.

2nd Narr: He read softly with a kind of reverence.

B2: The words are peaceful.

G: The king sits on a weak throne.

B2: His eyes are deep blue now.

G: Proceed with caution.

1st Narr: He closed the book, leaned back looking at her gently.

B: What does it mean?

G: It means we can make it, but it will be very hard. If we want it bad enough and remain open--truthful--we will make it.

B: I know we will.

G2: A vision--I see . . .
G: We will probably marry.

B2: I know, I feel it.

2nd Narr: Tuesday, they found a place to live.

1st Narr: A cold water flat, kitchen and bedroom, second floor. They shared the shower, toilet with pull chain, and porch with two old men.

2nd Narr: And so they started the process of learning to live together.

1st Narr: They went to Goodwill and bought two pans, two plates, two cups, two forks, two spoons.

2nd Narr: They used a single sheath knife he had for cutting.

1st Narr: And as a can opener.

2nd Narr: He returned the car and reported for duty at the Navy Base.

1st Narr: She spent her days cleaning their meager dishware, making the bed—reading his battered collection of Tolkien, walking the beach, and waiting for him to come home.

2nd Narr: He hitch-hiked to work, got into the menial groove quickly, and contented himself with observing his fellow workers.

1st Narr: Afternoon, they walked the beach in search of shells, and watched the sunsets from their porch.

2nd Narr: Nights they listened to his old radio. He wrote on a new book.

1st Narr: She prepared their meager meals, storing his every reaction to taste and admired his writing efforts.
The month of August passed quickly as they observed each other—writing love poems in secret—

Madcap curls
Dancing at the whim of a sea breeze

A smile—mischievous—
in it's upside down way

One dimple—right-cheek—
to accent the lunacy

Eyes
that glow with life and group into my soul

A mind
that dances like a small bird in a strong wind, struggling against the currents and yet free

Softness
Feeling
Love

A windchild
A formed woman
A lady of the sea

To possess this is to destroy life
To share life is to love and live.

So much a child
and so much a man.

The hopes and dreams of men,
the wants and fears of children.

His mind and hands possess breathtaking powers.

So strong and wise,
yet so lost and alone.

Awed by sunset,
wrapped in its glow.

Moved by the beauty of small things,
he owns the world.

Master of his life,
clinging to me, loving me.

Imagine that.
If you can.
He began to analyze her every movement for meaning as their time evolved.

This house is a wreck.

The word home is alien to her.

This is your home.

Alright, this home is a wreck.

There is never an "our"--She walks with a protective shield--to keep from being hurt.

Be at peace lady--here there is light and warmth and love--just feel it with the fiber of your form.

I want to--

I'm sorry--I didn't mean it--don't be upset.

No hassles, she's had enough--enough pains, too, she is afraid of hurting.

It's alright--say what you feel--I only ask you to listen also.

Uh--I need to get a job, that's all--do something--

Such a need to contribute her part--equally--a need for independence--security if I split.

We're alright--be at ease--slow down and enjoy for a few minutes.

He's so gentle.

Why haven't you started any sketches?

Uh--I don't know, I just haven't felt like it.

Lack of confidence--fear of the initial step.
You should--now, while you have the time--you have an ability within that is strong and pure--don't suppress it. Let it flow.

He is always so calm and filled with warmth.

September drifted slowly at first.

Night breezes were gentle.

She loves with her body completely--but draws back into her shell afterwards.

I--I--good night!

She needs some really strong reinforcement.

Share words with me a bit.

About what?

Us . . .

He took her hands.

The word love is sacred to me--I have voiced it seldom--doubted its reality often--but now I know its meaning--and feel it fully--I love you.

I--uh--I love you. (whispered)

Do not shelter your words--if you feel--then feel fully--enjoy these days with all your being--as though they were your last.

But if they are the last--I don't want to hurt and I don't want to be hurt.

If we do not know pain, we cannot appreciate joy. All things will end--if they end in sadness--and you have lived fully--then you have know happiness--if they end in a beginning-less death--then you
have known life. If there is a life beyond—or reincarnation—so be it—but do not shadow today with fears of tomorrow.

B: I am afraid.

G: Fear is alright—but let it not be dominant.
Reach out and touch me—feel me with all your being and you will not be afraid.

B: But you're not always here.

G: Reach me with your mind—within your mind I am always here if you will let it be—

B2: I love you.

2nd Narr: The train of September crept slowly from the station of fear and began to increase speed through valleys and fields of their lives . . .

1st Narr: She began to sketch—

2nd Narr: He collected starfish—

1st Narr: She took a night job in a women's health spa and spoke much to her clients of her home and her man.

2nd Narr: He spent his evenings on the porch, watching the stars and weighing his ability to help people.

G2: As I touched Babs—I must touch others—I have a gift—I cannot deny that—or them.

1st Narr: Sundays became their play day—

G: Sundays are

B: Slow

G: Paper for funnies only
B: Omelets with wheat bread and plum jam
G: Buses to the city
B: Shop windows
G: Barren metropolis streets
B: Parks
G: Zoos
B: Holding hands
G: Laughing
B: Chinese food
G: Buses
B: Love
G: Sundays are
B: Slow

2nd Narr: October--the nights began to chill. Babs became acquainted with Margie, a long time inmate of the so called fat farm.

Margie: You gotta meet this guy I just met.
B: Who?
Margie: His name is Jay--he's going to join Vista--He's so intelligent, talks about the wildest things--and craves by bod--

2nd Narr: At night Babs related the tales of the day to Gideon.

Margie: You gotta meet John--he plays guitar--is into psychology and ecology and craves my bod--
B: What happened to Jay?
Margie: Ah--he had another old lady--or something--he wasn't so neat anyway.

B: You should meet Margie.

G: Why?

B: She walks in with a Ruben Sandwich to work out and lose weight and constantly talks about a new dude who craves her bod--

Margie: You gotta meet Jessie--he's in the Chicano movement and he--

B: And they all have some cause--

Margie: You've gotta meet Jerry

B: I swear she's gonna burn out--She's running on a treadmill and thinks its living--maybe you can help her.

Margie: You gotta meet--

G: Bring her home--I would like to meet her.

2nd Narr: Gideon sat cross-legged on the bed, back against the wall when they entered--

Margie: Hi! I've heard so much about you--listen you gotta meet Frank--he's like you--he's into Buddhism and Yoga and stuff like that, you'd really like him.

G2: Such a hyper lady.

G: Where did you meet him?

Margie: In school--I go to school at San Diego State--

G: What are you studying?
Margie: I'm in psychology now, but I'm going to switch to comparative religion next semester--there's a lotta neat stuff in religions--Frank's been telling me all about it.

G: How long have you been at State?

Margie: About four years--I haven't every found anything that was that interesting--but I think I'm gonna get into this comparative religion.

G2: Grabbing at straws, insecure.

G: Where do you live?

Margie: With my folks--I mean I stayed with a guy once, about a year ago--but he was too weird--its a lot easier to stay at home--I mean they don't interfere or anything like that--I can do whatever I want.

G2: That's the basis of what little security she has.

G: Where do you work?

Margie: I'm going to school--I don't have time to work. I worked a couple of years ago. In a drug store--but I hurt my back picking up a box in the first week and had to drop out of school--missed a whole semester. Then a year ago a guy hit me from behind in my car and I got a whip-lash--missed another semester--

G: Total the car?

Margie: No, just dented the back fender--but you know how those things are, just a tap the wrong way
and it can be pretty serious--My parents have footed all the bills, but as soon as we get a court ruling against the guy, I'll pay them back.

G2: That's the sum of her positive moves--
G: Gonna take him to the cleaners--
G2: Be the instigator of someone else's shafting.
Margie: Yeah--say, what time is it?
B: About eleven--
Margie: I gotta get home--my parents may worry--
G: Come back tomorrow night--
Margie: Sure--night!
G: Get her back here for the next few nights--even if you have to bribe her with dinner.
B: Do you think you can help?
G: Sure, but I need some time.
B2: If anybody can--he can.
2nd Narr: A week of nights, a week of rambling questions, rambling answers.
Margie: I can't come over tomorrow night. I haven't eaten dinner at home in a week and Mom's getting up-tight. You can always tell when she starts bitching at me to clean up my rooms.
G: How long has it been?
Margie: Oh, I don't do it--she does--my back ya know, besides, she really digs it--gotta run--see ya in a couple of days.
G2: Her parents have already tried anger--force--fear--it's gonna take at least one really hard blow.

B: When are you gonna do something?

G: In time--in time. Be patient, you must have patience--let them come to you.

2nd Narr: Sunday, Babs and Gideon were strolling through the Museum of Fine Arts. They stopped to look at the jewelry display of local artists.

B: Gideon--look at that ring!

G2: A sculptured silver band.

B: It's so beautiful--like Chinese writing all around.

G: Do you want it?

B: Oh yes, but it's too expensive, we can't afford it.

G: For a wedding band?

B2: A wedding band?!?

B: A what?

G: A wedding band--it's almost time.

B: Oh, Gideon.

2nd Narr: That night at home Margie was there.

B: Wait till you see it--

Margie: When?

B: As soon as we get it out of lay-away.

Margie: And when are you getting married?

B: We haven't set a date yet.
December--the first week.

Really?

Really. (smiling)

God, you're so lucky--I wish I could meet someone like that.

You probably have--

What do you mean?

You probably have already met someone like "that"--but you rush em--if they don't back up--you do . . .

Hey, wait a minute.

It's true--you come on so hard to cheer their cause and rape their bod that you scare off half of them and the other half who go after you--you run from--back to mother, and clean clothes, and allowances.

Hey, I don't have to listen to this bull.

No, you can continue sitting on your rear, letting it spread or get off it, get outta that house, get a job and start living in and learning to cope with the real world.

To hell with you.

Gideon--she's gone--why did you have to be so hard on her--she'll never be back.

She'll be back--we're the only friends she really has.

But why so hard?
G: Some people will listen to the leaves rustle--some people never hear thunder--they have to be struck by lightning--the arrows of light, to wake up.

B: Do you really think it will work?

G: That is only the first shock--it will take time--from here on the lessors will be more subtle, she will eventually come around. Have patience, do not question--it will come.

B: But--okay--

B2: He knows best.

1st Narr: A week passed but Margie returned and the lessors became more subtle, and the hostility faded.

G: It will come, it will come, have faith in me.

G2: It is not for them to understand my ways. They must only feel the touch of my mind.

1st Narr: The morning fog lay longer on the land. The midday winds of November grew colder, and carried into the night, full of sea mist. Babs found Lenny on the beach at sunset, hunched on a rock, shrouded in a combat green jacket much too big for his small frame, glasses smeared with sea spray, drops of mist hanging from his heavy beard, short black hair blown by the wind, smoking marijuana. She sat with him, shared his cigarette, and brought him home to meet Gideon.
B: He seemed lonely--and he has got grass and we are out--

G: There need be no reason--all should be welcome here. Be at ease--you do not have to find explanations.

B2: His arms stretch out to the world.

G: How long have you been in the Navy?

Lenny: Three and a half years--on my last leg--how did you know?

G: Hairy face--hairless head--

Lenny: Far out--neat observe.

G2: It is the nature of my wisdom.

G: What do ya do?

Lenny: Repair radios at the air base.

G: And?

Lenny: Smoke a lot of dope.

G: Why?

Lenny: Nothin' better to do. Smoke dope, wander the beach, go to rock concerts, wait for my discharge--five months.

G: What then?

Lenny: Wander around the country. Maybe go down to Mexico.

G: Where's home?

Lenny: Come from Indiana--but there's nothing much left for me there--now.

G: No family--no girl?
Lenny: Family split up a long time ago--Mom's there and a little brother--we write every once in a while--but nothin' to speak of--Girl got tired of waiting for the Navy--so it goes--

1st Narr: Lenny had been rolling cigarettes while they talked. He lit the first and a narcotic cloud hazed the room for the evening. Babs and Gideon withdrew to a world of silent observation while Lenny's hyper tongue flew on to starships and giant mushrooms. The alarm clock brought them back into morning.

Lenny: Whoa--sorry--I crashed on your floor, man, I gotta go!

G: That's alright. Feel free to do so anytime. The door's always open.

1st Narr: And it was--and he did.

B: What will you do for him?

G: Provide him a home--a place in which to feel warmth--that's all he needs.

B2: His vision, god, his insight blows me away.

1st Narr: Lenny brought his stereo from the base and spent most of his free time with them--sleeping on the floor--and the family continued to grow.

G2: There must always be room in this inn, as long as there are children in need.

2nd Narr: December--and the rains came to Southern California, but the sixth day of the month was clear--
in the base chapel the children gathered for
the wedding to merge heaven and earth.

1st Narr: Margie for her shot of love.

2nd Narr: Lenny for his shot of family.

1st Narr: Betty with her two children, a civilian secre-
tary, a golf widow who needed words to off-set
her lack of status.

2nd Narr: Greg, the gambler, who sought guidance with
women.

1st Narr: Kay and Phillip Guess--the open marriage couple
who couldn't cope with open marriage--

2nd Narr: And the pastor read from the Prophet--the passage
proscribed by Gideon.

B2: I preferred the passage on freedom instead of
marriage--but he knows best.

2nd Narr: Babs and Gideon recited the script Gideon wrote.

G: And beneath the sky

B: For as long as we stand

G: For as long as we love

B: We will walk in hand

G: With the song of a dove

B: Through our meager time

G & B: (together)--Be it so.--

1st Narr: And the law bound their state.

2nd Narr: And the "family" parted together for wine and
spaghetti.

1st Narr: And the Perfect Marriage was praised.
Toast--Toast--(series between narrators)

Be at peace--be at peace in silence as the blood-like wine flows into your being--and absorbs our high--and be high with us.

He is . . . .

He is . . . . .

He is . . . . . .

Within a week she was taken to bed with intense stomach pains. She had relied on luck before but he insisted that they stop the gamble.

It was the pill.

The birthless bearing pill--

But the doctors guessed at flues and viruses.

Prescribing everything from paragoric--

To penicillin.

I'll be all right soon, I promise.

Take it easy, just rest, give it time.

But my job, I'll lose my job.

No, you won't--just rest, be patient.

I know you are right, but I'm afraid.

December lumbered on--

She remained sick.

Feeling good for no more than a few days at a time.

I'm sorry, I will get better soon.
I know you will--be at ease.

But the money--I need to be bringing in my share.

I'll have to borrow the money to make the first of the month--

He loaned his credit cards to service men going home for the holidays in exchange for cash, and claims against their pay checks.

Christmas was quiet--with a small scrub pine--a gift from "the family".

New Year's Eve--Gideon got drunk and wandered the streets while Lenny and Margie sat home with Babs.

He needs to blow off steam you know--things are pretty tight on him with me not working--

I've got to go back to work soon.

January--

I've got to get back to work whether I feel like it or not--they're gonna fire me.

Just can it--if you can't go to work, then you can't go to work--if you get fired, you get fired--just can all this hyper stuff, you're never gonna get well being hyper--you gotta start by being cool--thinking positive--think well--

You think its in my mind.

I didn't say that, damn it--you just gotta keep your mind well so your body can get well, that's all.
Mid-January--Babs was fired--

"Quit trying to come back to work."

You mean I'm fired.

"Well, we've replaced you--we have to have somebody--anyway, as soon as you are all well, we will see what we can do--"

I'm fired.

Gideon, I've been fired.

So what, it was a crumby job anyway.

But what are we going to do?

For starters you can begin to get off my back--I'm taking care of things, so just shut up--lay back and get well, okay?

O.K. (meekly)

I'm messing up everything.

I've got to cut some of these expenses.

The credit card bills started coming in.

What are these things from Shell and Enco--? What do we owe them?

Never mind--I'll take care of the bills, just leave them alone.

The most they can do is take my cards away. They don't know I'm in the service, so they can't catch me there.

He got Lenny to steal food from the air base galley.
1st Narr: Babs' pains got worse and the doctors wanted to do exploratory surgery, but it wouldn't be scheduled until March.

B: Gideon I'm afraid.

G: Look, you gotta have it, so you might as well accept it--

B2: Oh God, what's happening to us.

2nd Narr: A regular day time visitor to Babs was Kay. At first she was welcome company, but as the winter rains began to recede in February, Babs grew wearied by Kay's daily visits full of Kay's daily marital problems.

Kay: And Kate Boone used to live next door to us. My husband, Phillip, and Fred were old school chums, so we all ran around together. Then someone came up with a book on group marriages.

B: I think I've read that--kinda weird--

Kay: Yeah--well, I thought so too, but as long as we were just talking, it sounded alright.

B: Yeah--I guess so--

Kay: Then Phil and Kate decided we were going to try it.

B: What happened?

Kay: Phil and Kate trooped off to our bedroom--leaving Fred and I wondering what to do . . .

B: What did you do?
Fred and I tried—but never could make it. Too scared I guess, at first—but we really just didn't feel that much for each other—but Phil and Kate really dug it—claimed it improved their respective marriages.

B2: Poor lady—She needs help—I wonder what I would do in her shoes?

B: Gideon, what do you think of group marriages?

G2: Why is this woman bothering me with nonsense?

G: They're silly practices of infantile people—why? You thinking about trying it?

B: No, never—

G: Well, you make your own decisions—you take your own consequences.

B: What do you mean?

G: Exactly what I said—when you decide that's what you want, then go ahead.

B: You wouldn't care?

G: That is irrelevant.

B2: I give up—at least he doesn't believe in it.

Kay: About two to four times a week Phil and Kate go at it, me in the living room watching T.V.—them in the bedroom on the other side of the wall—the kids in the bedroom across the hall—Fred's out playing pool—neat marriage.

B: Uh-huh—
This rap is beginning to get on my nerves--for nearly three weeks this has been going on.

Gideon, what can I do?

Have patience with her--try to help her.

But I can't even help myself--I've been sick for over two months.

Good Lord, hasn't this woman learned anything?

You can't just think of yourself. You have to think of others.

Okay, okay--

They are going to a rock concert tomorrow night. They said we could get a baby sitter and Fred and I should go out, but Fred came up with some kind of business conference--I don't want to go out with him anyway--Babs, what am I going to do--this garbage is beginning to drive me up the wall--

Let's talk to Gideon--maybe he can help--

Do you think so?

Yeah.

If he doesn't kill me.

You what? Don't I have enough on my hands with work--and all these kids over here every night crying for help, and you sick? What am I going to do with another one?

I'm sorry, I just didn't know what to tell her--

I'll be glad when you can at least help with this--
B: I'm sorry.

G2: Oh, hell--

G: Have the others stay away for a few nights.

B2: What have I done now--why can't I do anything right?

Kay: And now he's even starting to look around at other women--he's even trying to play up to my younger sister.

G: And you?

Kay: I'm the babysitter--the housekeeper--

G: Do you still love him?

Kay: Of course, I still love him.

G: Do you feel jealous?

Kay: No, I'm just tired of doing all the work so he can go out and play.

G: Don't you have anything you want to do?

Kay: Oh, I don't know--I don't have any personal friends except my sisters and they can't cope with the situation--they're too young--all of our friends are Philip's old school chums and their wives. They're kinda strange--I don't care to be with them alone.

G: You have us--Babs and me--you can come here any time you like--

B: God, another addition--when will there be just us again?
There was still a good bit of chill in the winds of February--The family began to divide up their nightly visits, but Kay was the most frequent, usually with two children included. Babs became the babysitter for the talks.

I don't really know where they were going tonight--Phil said--but I didn't pay any attention.

Don't you care?

Not really, anymore--

Do you really think that is love?

I don't guess so; no, you're right, I don't love him--I guess if it wasn't for the kids.--

Is it for the kids?

As long as there is no hassle.

But what about when you find a new man--

I don't need a new man--I have both of you.

Both of you--I'm just the babysitter--

What she needs is someone to love--

But who?

It doesn't matter--she really just needs to feel love--especially sexually--

Why sexually?

Cause she has been passed up sexually for someone else--to be fulfilled she needs to have someone want her--

Don't you think it's enough that she has friends?

No, she needs someone to want her.
Well, it better not be you--you're not filling that prescription!

What!!!!!!

If you think you can make her well by hopping into bed with her, you're crazy, and on top of that I won't stand for it.

You won't what???? Look lady, don't you ever again tell me what to do or not to do--especially when it comes to my helping people--It is my gift to help people--it is my reason on this earth to help people and to do it in any way I see fit. It is not for you to decide what I should do or question what I do--I never said I was going to bed with her--but if I feel that is what she needs, then I will do it and you will accept it.

But, I--


The night of the third of March was cold. The wind came from the ocean full of mist. Babs, Gideon and Lenny had dinner with Phillip and Kay. It had been quiet. Phillip's sole interest in motorcycles had left the conversation stale. Kay took the guests home.

Sorry about the evening.

It was fine.

Never apologize.

The dinner was great.
Kay: Did you like it?
B: Of course.
G: It was really good, but I've O-Ded on booze.
Kay: That bad--
G: I'm gonna crash--
Kay: Look lady, if you're hunting for depression--
G: I'm not hunting for anything.
Kay: That bad--
G: I'm gonna crash--

2nd Narr: Gideon went to the bedroom.
Kay: He really didn't like it--did he?
B: Sure he did . . .
Kay: I know he didn't--I can tell.
B: Kay--can it--if he didn't like it, he would say so.

Kay: Well, I guess I'd better go--
G: Kay come here.
G2: Oh hell, and tonight when I'm so tired.

2nd Narr: She entered the bedroom.
G: Sit here beside me--
Kay: I was just kidding about dinner. (sheepishly)
G: No you weren't--don't kid me--come here.

2nd Narr: He reached out and pulled her head to his. He held her mouth long.
Kay: Don't--you don't have to do this.
G: I don't have to do anything.
Kay: But Babs?
G: She understands--
B: (nervous) Well, Lenny, uh--lets smoke a joint.
2nd Narr: The phone rang.
B: Uh--Phil--uh--well, she can't come to the phone now--uh--Kay and Gideon are talking--I--uh--well, I don't think I ought to disturb them--okay--I'll tell her to come right home.
Kay: Babs--You've got the neatest man--
B: Well, sure--uh--I know that--
Kay: But the great thing is--you're so neat--
B: Well, uh--I understand--
Kay: Are you sure everything's alright.
B: Well, yeah--uh--everything's fine--
Kay: I've gotta run--Phil's gonna be mad. See ya later.
B: Sure--Gideon, Gideon, please don't be asleep--I need to talk to you--
B2: Please talk to me--Oh god, I need you to talk to me--I need someone to tell me--I need--Lenny--come here--How long has it been since you have loved someone? Ours is an open marriage, and you are part of the family . . .
2nd Narr: The alarm of dawn--Gideon awoke as Babs entered the bedroom buttoning her shirt.
B: Gideon, I love you.
G: (set back) I love you, too.
2nd Narr: He entered the living room to find Lenny sitting nude on the couch.

G2: What's going on here?

G: I've got to rush (coldly)--I'll be late to work.

B: Don't you want breakfast?

G: No!

B2: Have I done it all wrong again?

2nd Narr: Day.

G2: I was with Kay--but I had a reason--she was with Lenny--

B2: Why did he? Why did I?

G2: There was a need for me to--what was her need?

B2: He did what he had to do.

G2: I did what I had to do.

B2: But why did I?

G2: She must have done what she had to do--

B2: But did I have to?

G2: But why did I?

B: What can I do?

2nd Narr: Night.

B: Here's your dinner--(weakly)

G: Thanks.

B2: I need answers--words--any words--

B: Can we talk?

G: I'm tired--I want to sleep.

G2: Something's wrong--I can't think--I'm not sure.

2nd Narr: Sleep. The torment of a warring sleep.
B2: I've got to do something--I can't go on like this--
G2: What's going on with my head--I can't think--
I can't think--
B2: He's not right--he's not right--I've got to get out.
G2: Was she right in what she did?
B2: I've got to get out.
G2: Then why do I feel pain?
B2: I've got to get out.
G2: Was I right--Could I have been wrong?
B2: I've got to get out.
G2: Could I have been wrong?
B2: I've got to get out.
1st Narr: Morning.
B: (scared) I called mother last night--
G: How is she?
B: Not feeling well--I think I'm going to stay with her a while--
G: (lost) How long?
B: I'm not sure--maybe till she is better--
G: Okay--Whatever you feel you have to do--How will you get to the airport?
B: I'll get someone to take me--
G: I can take off work--
B: That's okay--I'll get someone--
1st Narr: The silence of wordless staring--
2nd Narr: Lakes rising out of the base of eyes--
G: Take care-- (tearfully)
B: You, too. (tearfully)
G: I love you. (pleading)
B: I love you, too. (turning away)
B2: Dear God, what now?
G2: Dear God, what now? She's gone.
Margie: How can I stand alone?
G: I don't know--
Lenny: What do I do?
G: I don't know--
Kay: How can I cope?
G: I don't know!
Margie: Help me!
G: I can't--
Lenny: Help me!
G: I can't--
Kay: Help me!
G: I can't, I can't even help myself---
(PAUSE)

END
CHAPTER III

PRODUCTION - DIRECTION

The production of a Readers Theatre script, as well as the production of a play, goes far beyond the directorial tasks. This work includes securing a playing space (see Appendix C), supplying the necessary funds (see Appendix D), and providing publicity for the production (see Appendix E). These tasks, especially the latter, are extremely time consuming. Not only is it necessary to confer with newspaper reporters, radio station representatives and poster designers but publicity copy must be written and all materials must be distributed to printers and other appropriate individuals. The time factor involved in these functions, in relation to the writing and direction tasks, makes the job of production and extremely difficult one.

The functions of a director of Readers Theatre according to Coger and White are "... (1) his analysis of the literature, (2) his decision on the physical elements to illuminate the script, and (3) his directing of rehearsals."¹

The first step for the director was the casting of the readers. The director gave notice of open readings by distributing memoranda to the faculty members in the Speech Communication and Drama Department of North Texas State University. He also posted notices on all bulletin boards within

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that building (see Appendix F). Certain known experienced interpreters were interviewed individually prior to readings to insure a potentially strong cast.

Selections for the auditions were chosen from the script in order to give each prospective reader an opportunity to demonstrate his interpretive abilities within a variety of genre, including descriptive narration and various character dialogue sections. In this way a reader could demonstrate his or her interpretive range. The scripts were not released prior to readings so that the director could evaluate each reader's ability to respond to direction quickly in developing his interpretation.

With the cast selected, rehearsal schedule was set. Twenty-three rehearsal periods had been allocated by the Division of Drama. The director felt that the complete use of this time would over-rehearse the cast. In a representational production, such as fully staged drama, one tries to present not only dialogue but all the movements which pictorially represent the full situation. With a Readers Theatre script, it is the task of the director to concentrate on featuring the text through vocal interpretation and physical expressiveness which is suggested rather than fully portrayed. By ruling out representational physical activity, the director felt that rehearsal time could be minimized. Therefore, twelve complete rehearsals were scheduled. Additional rehearsals for special work with individuals were tentatively scheduled.
The script was divided in half and during the first six rehearsals alternating portions were rehearsed at each rehearsal. The director interrupted these rehearsals at any time when comment or criticism seemed necessary. He also allowed the cast to stop at any point for comment, criticism, or questions. In this manner, it was the director's intent to make the production a product of everyone's guided contribution and effort.

The last six rehearsals were uninterrupted readings of the entire script. In the first of these rehearsals, blocking assignments were made so that the cast could work completely toward the final product. This blocking was necessary to establish the three stages of the main character's relationship and give placement to the various narrator-characters. Following each rehearsal notes were given by the director and a question and answer period was held to retain constant feedback with the cast, plus cast involvement with the production.

The director desired each cast member to develop his individual interpretations independently with the director providing only minimal descriptions of the general physical types as he saw them. If further help was requested by a cast member or if the director felt a reader was developing his interpretation without relationship to the script, the director would describe a vocal or emotional quality that he, the director, felt appropriate to the script. As a last resort the director would give a personal interpretation of a character's
lines, creating a specific guide. On only two occasions did this action become necessary.

Directorial notes and question and answer periods did not end with the opening performance, but continued throughout the performance period. This procedure was followed in order to continue to improve upon the production.

One of the greatest tasks for the director, as writer-director, was to maintain a separation of roles. The writer worked in the mental realm while the director dealt with the physical realm of the writer-director combination. When questions arose concerning the written work, the writer-director requested the cast and crew to refer to him as the writer. When questions concerning the physical aspects of the production occurred, the cast and crew were asked to preface their remarks by "This question is for the director..." In this way the proper mental attitude was established in order to deal with the question.

The stage design grew as the story developed. As an initial idea, it was envisioned that there be five playing areas: (1) the floor, (2) a 4' x 8' x 1' platform, (3) two--4' x 8' x 2' platforms, and (4) a 4' x 8' x 3' platform (see Appendix C). This type of set would allow various types of playing surfaces for the narrators, the narrator-characters, and the four main character readers. The three playing areas of the main characters were based upon the three stages of their relationship within the story; when the couple met,
when they were separated by physical distance, and when they came together again.

It was the initial design for the narrators to be established above the characters at all times. This would show their separation from the story. The narrators would also use readers stands to amplify this separation. When the narrators became characters they would step away from the reading stands. The various characters the narrators needed to portray were further established by moving to alternating sides of the reading stands for the different characters and by assuming different postures and variations in vocal styles for the various characters.

The original set design was based on the construction of platforms which would be utilized in the orchestra pit area of the University Theatre at North Texas State University. This placement was desired in order to move the playing area closer to the audience. Carpet would be used to cover these surfaces in order to limit noise of movement.

When the script went into rehearsal the set design was altered to allow for the use of existing elevations designed for the orchestra pit (see Appendix G). The narrators playing areas were six inch elevations placed three feet from the edge of the apron of the stage and six feet apart. The narrators could leave these elevations and move to the stage level to establish their various characters.

These elevations were replaced five days prior to performance by existing painted stage flats. This move was made
at the suggestion of a cast member. It had been estimated by
the director that it would take six to eight hours to carpet
the elevations and paint the carpet. Painting existing stage
flats would only take two hours. This suggestion also in-
cluded the use of step units. These step units, and the addi-
tion of two boxes proved extremely beneficial to the performance.

It had been noted by the director, during rehearsal, that
the four main characters were becoming very fatigued when pre-
senting the script as a whole. This meant that the latter part
of the performance, which required more emotional expressiveness
by the readers, was suffering. The original format called for
the readers to stand at all times. The narrators were relieved
of the strain of standing for a long time by the use of the
readers stands. By leaning on these stands, the narrators could
shift their body weight often and thus reduce fatigue which
would interfere with their interpretive efforts. The main char-
acters had no such relief. The addition of the boxes and the
step units allowed for an opportunity for the main characters
to be seated during the second of the three playing sections of
the script. By allowing for this change of posture during the
central segment of the script their physical strain was reduced
allowing for stronger interpretations (see photographs in Appendix
H for final set). This also presented a more varied and stronger
stage picture.

During the early stages of rehearsal, the director met
with the lighting designer and showed him the playing areas
to be used. The director desired general lighting for all
the areas except the narrator-character areas which would be lighted by spotlights in order to further establish their roles. Various colored spotlights were used for the different narrator-characters. From this discussion the lighting designer drew a light plot. Upon approval of this plot the lights were set for the show (see Appendix I). During the final stages of rehearsal, blackouts on characters not involved for lengthy periods was incorporated into the production. This removed the awkward presence of non-involved characters who were out-of-scene for an inordinate period of time.

In the early stages of writing, the writer-director envisioned the use of slides to amplify certain emotional situations. The idea was to photograph various cast members as they depicted these situations. The pictures were to be slightly out-of-focus in order not to give immediate visual association with the readers. This approach was designed to remain in keeping with the presentational mode previously discussed. By not being clear and distinct, the pictures allowed the audience to envision more within their mind.

Three additional rehearsals were scheduled for photographs. The photographer used 35mm and 50mm lenses in order to obtain close-up pictures of the individuals and minimize background. The use of large photographic lights and curtains as background also aided the blurring of the background. This was done in order to avoid the necessity of scheduling actual
locale shots. Vaseline was used on the lenses to reduce audience recognition of the individuals as readers.

Following each of these rehearsals the director and the photographer worked on possible screens and projection angles. The original concept of the director called for four suspended screens with frontal projections and the use of dissolve units to avoid sharp, distracting changes of the slides. Because of the physical make-up of the theatre, frontal projections proved impractical.

The next alternative was rear screen projections. This also presented the problem of where to conceal the projectors and what type of screen to use. Rental of standard rear screen equipment was too expensive to be practical. By experimentation, tracing paper proved to be the most efficient material for constructing a screen for rear screen projections. Tracing paper did not show the projection beam through the material. With suspended screens, however, the light of the projector could be seen by some members of the audience, even when the projectors were masked above and below by curtains. Masking material was then sought. The proscenium opening was limited by partially drawn curtains, leaving an opening of sixteen by thirty feet. The most economical means of constructing a mask for the screens proved to be with black plastic, six mil in order to be heavy enough not to be disturbed by the wind when doors were opened. Again for economy, the material was purchased in ten foot widths, cut in thirty foot lengths and seamed with plastic tape.
Ectographic projectors were selected because of their adaptability in the use of dimmers. Because of difficulty in finding four such projectors available for use in the University, the number of screens used was reduced from four to one, for use with two projectors.

A large oval, six by four feet, was cut in the center of the black plastic. Two sheets of tracing paper were seamed with transparent tape and this screen was taped to the back of the black plastic. The two projectors were set on a lectern at the rear of the stage area. An operator manually controlled the dimmers, house dimmers wired into the circuit of the projectors.

During the photographic period, the photographer suggested the additional use of colored, abstract slides. He prepared a series of photographs shot from the bottom and side of an aquarium while colored dye was dropped in the top of the container. The result was a group of colorful abstract designs. When all the slides were reviewed by the director, a series of these abstract slides were selected to complement the show. The series was chosen on the basis of increasing color and line complication. Along with these slides a limited series of character slides were selected to overlap each other at the end of the performance. In addition to this series, three slides, slides taken of magazine pictures, were added to this final section because the director felt they were relevant to the final emphasis of the production (see Appendix H).
Paralleling the growth of a desire for visual amplification was the desire for sound amplification. The writer-director initially conceived the use of an original score to be used as an introduction, a central interlude, and a closing to the performance. An arranger was called in for advice in this area, during rehearsals. Due to the limited time, however, the arranger advised that existing material be used. The director selected two songs recorded by Buffy Saint Marie, "He's a Keeper of the Fire" and "God is Alive, Magic is Afoot," as being relevant to the production. The director contacted Broadcast Music, Inc., in New York, who held rights on the recordings. A phone conversation with this company was all that was necessary to get verbal permission to use tapes of the recordings for the production. "He's a Keeper of the Fire" was chosen as the introduction. "God is Alive, Magic is Afoot" was divided between the interlude and the end of the show.

During the final stages of rehearsal, the production was running ninety minutes. The director felt that this was too long for the audience to sit, so the interlude became an intermission. The first half of the second song then became the introduction to the second act. The last half of this song was played as the lights dimmed on the readers and as they left the stage at the conclusion of the performance. The song continued as the audience sat in darkness and the final series of slides appeared on the screen. As the song ended the house lights were brought up suddenly. This propitious exposure to
full house lighting following the slides and music was to further reinforce the idea of the fallaciousness of man-made gods.

With the unification of sound, slides, script, set, and cast, the production of "A Toast to gods" came into being. Photographs of the final product can be seen in Appendix H.
NOTES

CHAPTER IV

EVALUATION

The completed thesis project provided many answers for future work in the area of writing, producing, and directing Readers Theatre scripts. First, in the area of writing, the writer must remain flexible to change, as the script leaves the mental realm and enters the production realm. The writer begins with a fixed idea for a story and possible message. As a printed work a story allows a silent reader the opportunity to read and re-read, if necessary, to understand the story. As an oral work the opportunity to assess the actual words and sentences is removed from the audience. Therefore as a work assumes a new medium of expression it must be subject to alteration in order to be understood. What is functional in the mind of the writer does not necessarily work on stage. Any writer for any medium should remain open to suggestion for change from reliable observers or critics. The writer's lack of sufficient aesthetic distance often inhibits proper perspective of his script. The writer who remains open to suggestion and attempts to retain an objective attitude allows for the possibility of gaining more insight and a broader perspective. However, the ideas are the writers and as such he must retain a firm hold on final decisions.
In writing for any medium, the writer must retain the image of that medium constantly within the writing. In Readers Theatre it is through both narration and dialogue that the story evolves, pictures of locales are painted in the mind of the audience, time elapses, and physical action is projected on a mental plain into the audience. Therefore in writing for Readers Theatre, a writer must center his attention on the development of the narration as well as the dialogue.

In this production dialogue was used to establish character development and relationships between the characters in order to express the message within the script. As the readers grew closer to their individual interpretive characters, their suggestions for word or sentence structure change, as well as suggestions on the stress or placement of emotional emphasis, did become more pertinent to the story. This was further exemplification for the writer to remain flexible to change in order to convey the message he desired and benefit the performance as a whole.

The task of the producer is extremely time consuming. The job requires an efficient staff to properly perform the duties. In the case of this production, the writer-producer-director attempted to handle a majority of the chores personally. With the additional jobs of writer and director, time was not available for adequate work when the producer attempted to perform the bulk of this work. For future, more effective work of this nature a staff should be considered mandatory. This staff
could procure and insure delivery of necessary materials for production, as well as handle various publicity arrangements as discussed on page seventy-four. Weekly or bi-weekly or even daily meetings with the producer would minimize the producer's work time. As writer-producer-director, or even producer-director, this would be beneficial to the production as a whole.

The job of the director requires the most versatility. As with the writer, flexibility is the key to the direction of a performance. As the guiding force for all the elements of the production, his decision must be final. It is doubtful, however, whether a student or graduate student will be all-knowledgeable in every area of production. It is therefore necessary that the director establish an openness to suggestion early in the production stage. This flexibility must also extend to the facilities available. An idea may be workable in some playing areas, but the performance space to be used may prohibit the idea from being functional, such as the problems which arose concerning the use of slides.

Budgeting of time wisely is mandatory. Due to the vast co-ordinating and rehearsal duties of the director, it is mandatory to set a time schedule, but one must also allow for free time to handle unforeseen events. This time schedule must be flexible enough to allow for changes and new developments in the script, in interpretation of the script and in the production procedures.
It is the style of this director to allow the production to grow within rehearsal through input from all areas. In this manner the final product becomes a working form of the efforts and ideas of a collective group. Considering this approach, it is necessary to budget time within the production period for changes which may prove more workable. As new elements are added to a production, such as lights, slides, and sound, additional time must be allowed for the development of all these changes.

The greatest task for a director, as writer-director, is to establish a separation of roles. This is necessary at the outset so that the ideas of one, the writer, do not interfere with the practical working situation of the other, the director. By requesting individuals, such as cast and crew, to direct questions or comments to the title of writer or director, such as "This question is for the writer . . . ," the proper mental attitude necessary to deal with the question can be set up.

Finally, the director should not end his job with the beginning of the performance. The job of direction must continue in order to constantly improve throughout the period of performance.

In summation, it can be said that the task of writing, producing, and directing original Readers Theatre scripts calls for close budgeting of time, flexibility in one's desires for the production in order to allow for improvement, openness in order to move toward a guided group creative effort and separation of roles, such as the writer, the producer, and the
director, in order that the ideas of one do not interfere with the ideas and tasks of another. With these loosely defined guides, the field of creative writing for Readers Theatre is wide open to further efforts. It can also be said that the creative writing for any performance medium demands performance to allow the writing effort to mature to its fullest.
APPENDIX
APPENDIX A

The following list is taken from the Comprehensive Dissertation Index, 1861-1972, Volume 30, Ann Arbor, Michigan, Xerox University Microfilms, 1973.


2. "Captain Stranglehold" (Original Novel)--Gilgun, John Francis (Ph.D., 1972, The University of Iowa).


5. "Walkdown: A Play with Two Essays" (Original Play)--Crooks, Allan Franklin (Ph.D., 1972, University of Utah).


7. "Neither Father nor Lover" (Original Novel)--King, Thomas James (Ph.D., 1971, University of Denver).


14. "Six Stories" (Original Composition)--Keetch, Brent Harris (Ph.D., 1971, University of Utah).
15. "In the Talking Hours" (Original Composition)--Ragan, James Joseph (Ph.D., 1971, Ohio University).


20. "Vacancies of Sleep" (Original Poetry)--Cooley, Peter John (Ph.D., 1970, The University of Iowa).


APPENDIX B

The following list is taken from the Comprehensive Dissertation Index, 1861-1972, Volume 31, Ann Arbor, Michigan, Xerox University Microfilms, 1973.


2. "Four Original Plays and a Translation" -- Knower, Henry Dubarry (Ph.D., 1972, University of Denver).


9. "We and Two Other Plays" (Original Plays) -- Jenks, Kenneth Willis (Ph.D., 1969, University of Utah).
APPENDIX C

STUDENT DIRECTORS AGREEMENT

FALL, 1974 ___________ SPRING, 1975 May 1-3

SHOW TITLE TO BE DONE "A Toast to gods"

NUMBER IN CAST ________________________________

DATES OF PRODUCTION May 1-3

PLACE OF PRODUCTION University Theatre

BUDGET FROM DEPT $125.00 (breakdown attached)

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE (Attached)

AUDITION DATES Monday, March 31, 5-7 p.m., Tuesday, April 1, 7-9 p.m.

FLOOR PLAN (Attached)

I agree to work within the established budget, rehearsal time, and space, and rules and policies of the Division of Drama.

I understand that Publicity, Ticket Sales, and Expenditures will be cleared through the Drama Division Office. Technical needs, plans, and designs for sets, lights, and costumes will be cleared with Dr. Wedwick.

__________________________
STUDENT DIRECTOR SIGNATURE
Budget Breakdown
for
A TOAST TO gods

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## REHEARSAL SCHEDULE

for

A TOAST TO gods

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FLOOR PLAN
## APPENDIX D

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**TOTAL** $238.44
APPENDIX E

Publicity
RT Alive & Well in... (continued from page 2)

Hardy, in July... Western Kentucky University will produce Truman Capote's Breakfast at Tiffany's, directed by Patricia M. Taylor, on Mar. 30 and Apr. 1, in Bowling Green, Ky.... North Texas State University is readying Toast to the Gods, an original script for RT, written by graduate student James T. Turney, for spring production in Denton, North Texas State also held an interpretation festival in February.... The University of Kentucky in Lexington presented War Without End: Poetry, Prose of World War I, in February, and will offer Greek Myths for Students: Persephone, Icarus and Pegasus in April... Wichita State University in Kansas has a busy RT with The Funnyman in early February, Alice in Wonderland on March 22 and 23, and America—Story and Song on May 3 and 4. In cooperation with advanced oral interpretation, a workshop for students is held six times spring
Auditions for "A Toast to God," an original reader's theater presentation, will be held March 31 at 7 p.m. and April 1 at 5 p.m. in the University Theatre.

James Turney, Dallas graduate student, said he wrote the reader's theatre script as his master's thesis. He is searching for four to six readers to work in the show.

"The script deals with the rise and fall of a self-made God," Turney said. "It is the story of a marriage and the demise it goes through when a man develops himself into a God-like figure, and then finds he can't cope with it.

Dr. Carl J. Marder III, director of the drama division, said Turney's show is one of four student-directed productions selected in early fall to be produced. Two shows were performed last semester, while "A Toast to God" and "The Rope Dancers," a show designed by Dallas graduate student Terry Palmer, will be performed this semester.

"We selected the students on the basis of background and what they had to offer," Dr. Marder said.

Turney's reader's theater will be performed May 1-3 in the University Theatre.
Notice to Faculty Members of NTSU, KDNT, & KNTU Radio Stations

APRIL 23, 1975

NOTICE

THE DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH COMMUNICATION AND DRAMA ANNOUNCES THE PERFORMANCE OF AN ORIGINAL READERS' THEATRE PRODUCTION BY GRADUATE STUDENT JAMES TURNER. RUNNING FOR THREE NIGHTS, MAY 1, 2, AND 3, PERFORMANCES BEGIN AT 8:15 P.M., WITH AN ADMISSION FEE OF $1.00 FOR STUDENTS AND $2.00 FOR NONSTUDENTS. THE STORY INVOLVES THE CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT OF A YOUNG MAN WHO IS THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE STORY. THE LOCATE IS CALIFORNIA IN THE LATE 1960'S BUT THE THEME AND THE EMOTIONAL CONFLICTS WHICH RESULT COULD BE ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME. A MAN TAKES THE LOOSE STRUCTURE OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS AND WARP THEM TO FIT HIS OWN NEEDS. WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM AND TO THE OTHER CHARACTERS IN THE PRODUCTION PROVIDES THE THEME FOR "A TOAST TO GODS."
April 30, 1975, Article in North Texas Daily

Original Play To

Toast Gods'

"A new play, "Toast Gods," an original
Readers Theatre written by an NTU
student, will be performed Thursday
through Saturday at 8 p.m. in Uni-
versity Theatre.

Admission prices for each perfor-
mation is $1 for students and $3
for non-students.

JAMES TURNER, Dallas graduate
student, said the trends of the indi-
viduals to assume Godlike status during
the 1980's is the main drive of the script
for "Toast Gods." As to why,

The play revolves around the
individual, and more specifically, the
character's own existence.

The story begins when a man
comes in contact with someone who
is himself a God, and becomes a help-
ful character. The man then goes through
out the world to find a man and
himself up as the main character, aided
by the people around him.

The result of the choices and
judgments the man makes in conflict with
the nature of his relationship with his
wife, and the marriage is destroyed.
Turner said, "He could not cope with
the position of being god and the posi-
tioning of being human."

Another aspect of the production is
different, because readers in the play
traditionally play the character's form:

The play will have an all-

POETRY DIALOGUE and descrip-
tive material with the utilization of the
presentation of a tape and slide.

In addition, Turner used the win-
slides to give emphasis to what the

speakers verbalize. "There will be no
clear image so that you cannot directly
associate the picture with the voice," he
said.

Turner has produced two other ori-
ignal scripts. "Memories of a Man"
was produced in 1970 and "The Small

Revolution of Man" was presented in
1972. Turner wrote "A Toast to Gods"
for his master's thesis.

The cast members are Dr. Ben Chap-
pell, director of debate, and Barbara
Magdalen, Tarkastan, Okla., graduate
student, as the narrator.

J.P. Jackson, Dallas junior, and Sher-
ner Turner, Dallas graduate student,
will portray the subconscious voices.

The conscious voices will be played by
Helen Strickland, Paris, Worth County,
and Mike Newell, Dallas graduate stu-
dent.
Student Presents Original Production

Amusements

mind of an audience member," says Turney. "There we hope it will blossom with the nutrients of their own experience."

The type of adaptive art has been shown in theater of the mind," according to Turney.

The theme of the production stems from the emotional conflicts which result when a man takes the loose structure of religious thought and warped them in his own mind," says Turney. Turney, a senior at the University of Texas, is using the techniques of theater's approach with the support of my advisor, Dr. Ted Colson to validate an area in which I have been working for seven years."

Turney began working in this area of art in 1968 when he decided I had stories to tell, things to say. "Turney," his original script, was entitled "Memories of a Man."

In 1973, while at NTSU working on his master's degree, he wrote and produced "The Small Revolution of Man." Included in the cast are Ben Chappell, Barbara McManus, Mike Newell, J. P. Jackson, Maria Stackham and Sandra Turney."

April 30, 1975, Article in Denton Record Chronicle
Reading Rehearsal

Members of the Readers' Theatre practice their parts in "A Toast to Gods," which will run tonight through Saturday at 8:15 p.m. in the University Theatre. Linda Strickland, Fort Worth junior, sits in front of Dallas graduate student Sandra Turney.
Program, the Cover of Program same as Poster

A Toast to gods

ORIGINAL SCRIPT BY JAMES T. TURNNEY
UNIVERSITY THEATRE      MAY 1, 2, 3
8:15 PM
DIRECTOR........................................ JAMES T. TURNLEY
SET DESIGN......................................... BEN CHAPPEL
LIGHTING DESIGN................................. JAMES ALTHOUSE
SOUND DESIGN...................................... JAMES T. TURNLEY
GRAPHICS.......................................... PHILLIP LAMB
PHOTOGRAPHY..................................... BILL JACK, JR.
PUBLICITY.......................................... MARY JO GOSS

CAST
First Narrator................................. Barbara McMahan
Second Narrator............................... Ben Chappel
Gideon.............................................. Mike Newell
Gideon's Subconscious......................... J. P. Jackson
Babs................................................ Linda Strickland
Babs' Subconscious.............................. Sandra Turney
CREWS

Construction.....Ben Chappel, Bill Jack

Lighting.........James Althouse, Chuck Janosz, Karen Odel, Norman Schulman, Johnny Bullock, Elizabeth Garrison

Sound............Chuck Janosz

Slides...........Cheryl Brown

Stage Crew.......Lisa Jarnagin, Vallory Williams

House............Penny Randell, Nancy Reaves, Terry Taafe, Debbie Miller

We would like to extend our special thanks to Robert E. Dyer, Chuck Sheffield, Mark Widener and the Richland College Drama Department; Dr. Ben Chappel for his interest and support; Dr. Holcomb; KDNT; KNTU; Janet Ward; Lars Davis, Gary Casebeers; Jack Caspary and Wynne Pictures, Dr. Carl Marder; and Dr. Ted Colson.

NO SMOKING OR BEVERAGES IN THE THEATRE

THERE WILL BE A 10 MINUTE INTERMISSION
MEMORANDUM

TO: Speech Communication & Drama Faculty
FROM: James Turney

Please announce to any interested students that readers for my thesis production, A Toast to gods, will be held at . . .

7:00 p.m. March 31
and
5:00 p.m. April 1

in the University Theatre
Readings for A Toast to gods original script in Readers Theatre format by James T. Turney in University Theatre 7 P.M. March 31, 1975 5 P.M. April 1, 1975
APPENDIX G

Stage Design
APPENDIX H

Photographs of the Show

A. p. 29 of the script, with Sally

B. p. 32 of script, Gideon's line, "Hear me world . . ."
C. p. 47 of script, together in California

D. p. 58 of script, with Margie
E. p. 64 of script, with Lenny

F. p. 72 of script, with Kay
G. p. 80 of script, Gideon's line
"I can't even help myself ..."

H. Final slide, after cast has left the stage following performance and the music is playing
APPENDIX I

Lighting Cue Sheet
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COMMENTS</th>
<th>CUE</th>
<th>1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RED SPOTS</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>&quot;ear-grabbin grin. Bideon's back&quot; right at start. Dale - center.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;spots out 2&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>&quot;Luckily - la - bull.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RED SPOTS</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>&quot;Wednesday night Babs told her roommate.&quot; Sally - center.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPOTS OUT</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>&quot;you'd troop off after him immediately.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AM. SPOTS</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>&quot;Mary &amp; Dawn were the only ones there.&quot; MARY - center.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPOTS OUT</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>&quot;flush the toilets only when they're full.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BL. SPOTS</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>&quot;Thursday morning.&quot; Ethel - center.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPOTS OUT</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>&quot;I don't know if it's here, Ethel.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RED SPOTS</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>&quot;I'm meeting him in L.A. next week.&quot; DALE - CNTR.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPOTS OUT</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>&quot;besides De's out there.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AMBER SPOTS</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>&quot;her jeans were torn at the knee.&quot; CHUCK - CNTR.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPOTS OUT</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>&quot;Cycling - let's go.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AMBER SPOTS</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>&quot;This has been the neatest time.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPOTS OUT</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>&quot;But why now - you don't even know this dude.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cue</td>
<td>Comments</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>----------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AMBER</td>
<td>SPTS 15</td>
<td>&quot;message of a female caller&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>SPTS OUT 16</td>
<td>&quot;he ignored her attitude...&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>SUNDAYS ARE SLOW;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Boss found Lenny on the beach</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>THINKING POSITIVE THINK WE'LL</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Oh God what is happening to us</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>DEAR God what now Him + Her</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Long Time** HER - R PINK

**Lenny** + Pink

**Boss** + Amber

**Dear** + Jay

**Blackout**
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


Unpublished Materials


