ABSTRACT

Title of Thesis: **HAUNTINGS**

Julia Grace Smith, Master of Fine Arts, 2016

Thesis directed by: Director of Graduate Studies, Karen Kohn Bradley; Department of Theater, Dance, and Performance Studies, University of Maryland

The thesis paper is about the process of creating and directing *Hauntings,* a dance theater work, performed in the 2016 MFA Spring Thesis Concert. The concert was shared with Curtis Stedge, fellow cohort and MFA candidate in the Department of Theater, Dance and Performance Studies at the University of Maryland, College Park. This document is meant to accompany the archival footage of the dance. *Hauntings* is a moving lyric poem depicting themes and motifs of the emotional landscape of its characters. It is a *time-less* world rendering the complexities of the psyche and soul. Love, obsession, loss, and nostalgia emerge as Smith and her fellow artists represent characters struggling with impermanence and mortality. The work is seeped in symbolism and metaphor. The dances/scenes draw inspiration from the music of Chopin, Liszt, Stravinsky, Charles Trenet, Rina Ketty, and poetry by John Keats, Sylvia Plath, Ted Hughes, W.B Yeats, and Claire Clemons Cowan.

HAUNTINGS- A HEARTBREAKING JOURNEY THROUGH THE MIDDLE PASSAGE

by

Julia Grace Smith

Thesis submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the
University of Maryland, College Park, in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts
2016

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Preface

I resist writing. It's worse than the feeling of having my teeth yanked out of my mouth. Writing is a slow, painful, and tedious process of articulating information in an organized linear progression. My mind doesn't work that way. My thoughts bounce around like a kaleidoscope of images- not words. I hear, sense, taste, touch, sniff and draw pictures in my mind of what my reality appears to be at any given moment in time. I breath impermanence. My memories are not fixed on pages of a book or sequenced ones and zeroes. They are ephemeral…. fleeting…. subjective and susceptible to change.

So I must ponder these questions; "Why am I writing this paper? What are the most important components/information/memories about the project that I feel compelled to articulate? What is significant about the documentation- in words- of the thesis performance? Why must I share a literary explanation of the dance making, which I want to remain mysterious?

I do this begrudgingly. I have about a month to tap, tap, tap, or better yet peck, peck, peck, my way to the end. One of the fears I have is the question of whether the work will lose it's magical and mysterious quality from its dissection. It's as if I have been asked to describe/justify/explain in detail each brushstroke of a painting I have created. Impossible!

Why is this document necessary? If a picture is worth a thousand words and the performance has 70 minutes of moving images, why not just watch the archival footage of the concert? What is the significance of MY explanation and reflection of the imagination and creativity that went into the project? Why must I discuss the

research- Jungian psychoanalysis and the collective unconscious, poetry/music/visual art and how it inspired the creation of this project?

I believe my work speaks for itself. It's all that is needed. The rest of this is what I like to refer to as higher education's value of mental masturbation. Is there a reason or something to be gained by distilling an 18 month long investigation of embodied research into words on paper? By being forced to explain my art to university, there is a piece of my soul and the soul of the project that is being obliterated.

My preferred form of communication is movement. It is a universal language. I intend to tell this story through the lens of body, space, time, and effort. Therefore, my goal is to treat the writing *about* the thesis dance concert like a creative writing assignment. Stream of consciousness would be an ideal format, but alas, I don't think the powers that be would approve. However, I will approach the process of writing like any other choreographic/creative project and work outside of the formalized constraints of university scholarship.

This project was intimate and personal. It took on a life of its own, and the stories it tells are full of symbolism and poetic imagery. I will do my best to express in words the breadth of the work- what it took to distill ideas churning under the surface, bubbling from the unconscious into consciousness.

The research process was extensive, inside and out of the dance studio. I gently molded and nurtured motifs and ideas. I collaborated closely with the dance artists, musicians, and designers. I valued their ideas and expertise. I trusted their knowledge and intuition. I trusted my own as well. I gave the designers enough space

and autonomy to create. The project took on a life of its own, divorced from any preconceptions I may have started with.

Foreword: Program Notes

The impetus…. the calling…. the germination for *Hauntings* is summed up in my director's notes for the program.

Director's Notes:

I have spent the past few years reflecting on what it has meant to dance through half of my life. My journey through graduate school has not been easy- on myself, my loving husband Mike, and my two children, Ian and Emily. I cannot possibly forget to mention my beautiful mother, Claire, who jumped right into the void and volunteered to cook almost every dinner for our family for the past 3 years. I'm thankful for all of her cleaning, dog walking, carpooling, and encouragement she has given me every step of the way. As an actress, director, writer, and poet, she has been an inspiration to me.

The germination of this project was a moment of reflection of a dance, which has haunted me the closer and closer I approach middle age. (Wait a minute- I am middle aged!) The late dancer and choreographer, Eric Hampton, choreographed *Half a Life*, an autobiographical piece for three dancers. In a Washington Post review written by Sarah Kaufman in 1998, she describes the poignancy of the dance:

The work centers on an older man looking back on his life and its too-brief moments of passion and inspiration. It is steeped in loss and longing. But in typical Hampton style, these emotions are expressed in movement of such tenderness, pliant ease and arresting beauty that one comes away not with a feeling of despair but of comfort.

I met and performed some of Eric's dances around the time he was beginning to show signs of Lou Gehrig's disease. The dance community watched in horror as the disease slowly ravaged his body and took his life. *Half a Life* was created a year before his diagnosis, and originally danced by himself, Karen Reedy, and Tony Powell. Alison Crosby and Bruno Augusto have both danced *Half a Life*.

As I have crept closer and closer to the age Eric choreographed *Half a Life,* an age when most dancers retire from performing, I have had to take a hard look at what it means to be a middle aged performer, choreographer, and teaching artist. What really matters as I ponder my own mortality and reflect back on how I've lived my life? How can I best serve my community? What do I still have to offer the dance and theater community?

I wanted to create an evening of dance that Eric Hampton might enjoy coming to see. I asked my fellow colleagues to take this journey with me. If I had my way, there would be more of us involved in the project- Ingrid Zimmer, Karen Reedy, Mane Robelo Plaut, Roger Plaut, Kristina Windom, Kate Jordan, Natalie Smith, Pam

Mathews, Lucy Bowen McCauley, Austin St. John, Tony Powell, Juan Carlos Rincones, to name a few.

I have been a performer my entire professional career but this project is my directorial debut. Alison, Florian, Bruno, and Kate have kept me going through moments of trepidation and self-doubt. I hold dear every new memory we create together.

I want to thank my thesis committee members Karen Kohn Bradley, Alvin Mayes, Sara Pearson, and Patrik Widrig for their support, feedback, and encouragement. A special thank you to Alvin Mayes, my long-standing mentor and dear, dear friend whose performance coaching and guidance has been invaluable. A very special thank you to Anne Warren whose mentorship and friendship I cherish. Thank you to Cary Gillett, Cate O'Brien Barger, Tarythe Albrecht, and the entire production team for all of their hard work and support.

Hauntings has been the culmination of a rich and marvelous collaboration- a devised work where every designer, musician, and performing artist has contributed to what you are about to see. *Hauntings* is my version of a lyric poem, created for the people I love and treasure in my life. I dedicate this performance to the memory of Sylvia Crosby- I think if she were here, she would be delighted to see her daughter on stage again. I think Eric and Sylvia are watching…..

This Living Hand
This living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb

So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thou be conscience-calmed- see here it is-
I hold it towards you.

John Keats

Dedication

I dedicate *Hauntings* to my beautiful mother, Claire Clemons Cowan, and my two children Ian Mathew Smith, and Emily Grace Smith.

I Love Flowers That Fade

By Robert Bridges

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents:
A honeymoon delight,
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour
My song be like a flower!.

I have loved airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere
My song be like an air!.

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom;
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

Acknowledgements

There are so many people to thank for getting me through graduate school and assisting me with the creation of *Hauntings.* In no particular order I thank the entire faculty of Theater, Dance, and Performance Studies at the University of Maryland for a comprehensive graduate education. I feel fortunate to have been accepted in the graduate program and surrounded by great teachers- Karen Kohn Bradley, Alvin Mayes, Anne Warren, Sharon Mansur, Sara Pearson, Patrik Widrig, Miriam Philips, Adriane Fang, Christopher Morgan, and Mané Rebelo Plaut.

A special acknowledgement to my committee chair, Karen Kohn Bradley, and committee members Alvin Mayes, Sara Pearson, and Patrik Widrig. Their wisdom, unwavering support, and guidance were vital to the success of the project.

My choreography professors Sara Pearson and Sharon Mansur shared many gifts with me- among the most influential were philosophical underpinnings, including for example, the value of trusting the creative process and my own intuition as an artist, the importance of establishing creative habits, and defining ways of working that are unique to each project. Authentic movement exercises that my cohort and I participated in with Sharon Mansur were revelatory. I tapped into resources I never knew existed. Thank you, Sharon!! Sara Pearson introduced me to books and authors I had never read, visual artists and architects I knew very little about, and choreographers I had never heard of before. The wealth and breadth of her experience as a choreographer and dance maker were invaluable.

Miriam Phillips taught me how to research. She provoked, prodded, and asked questions relentlessly. She helped me realize that my curiosity, formalized, IS the

definition of research and scholarship. She did what great educators do- helped to instill confidence in my own abilities to come up with original questions and ideas. Some of the best memories I have of grad school occurred in Miriam's courses; *Dance Research* and *Dance in Global Context*. Miriam facilitated lively and provocative discussions.

The designers who were assigned to the project, Dylan Uremovich, Jeff Dorfman, Katie Sullivan, Jeannette Christensen, and Kelly Colburn were my dream team. The collective energy, imagination, and symbiosis of the project felt like it gelled from the very first design meeting. I cherish and admire their many talents. I learned so much from them.

Production managers Cary Gillett and Cate O'Brien Barger, and stage manager Tarythe Albrecht, carried the performance into the theater with incredible grace. Kate Jordan, my dramaturg and hand holder, helped keep me stay focused and provided poignant insight throughout the process. Thank you, Tarythe and Kate; you both are the embodiment of the Sacred Feminine.

Finally, a sincere and heartfelt thank you to the entire cast- Isiah Johnson, Florian Rouiller, Alison Crosby, Bruno Augusto, Mathew Hill, Alexa Cantalupo, Kaitlin Moreno, Troy Pryor, and Erin Snedecor for taking this incredible journey with me. I am so grateful for your trust in me and generosity of spirit. I am a better artist and human being because of you.

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Chapter 1: The Middle Passage- Reconnecting to Spirit and Soul

Introduction- Musings

"We are living in a society that doesn't understand metaphor…concretizing everything… a society where God doesn't matter anymore, ritual doesn't matter. Everything is materialized in a gross way to feed the need for a sense of satisfaction and completeness of the soul." Marion Woodman

Everybody is afraid but if you make a connection to another human being, you can turn fear into joy…

The Music of Strangers, Yo Yo Ma and the Silk Road Ensemble

At the time I entered graduate school three years ago, I didn't know I was going through an identity crisis. What I did know was I was searching- searching for meaning and happiness in my middle years and beyond. Graduate school turned into a major expedition of self-examination and reflection- a difficult and painful journey into the psyche. I entered graduate school miserable and depressed- an identity crisis in full bloom. What I unearthed was a renewed sense of purpose and happiness.

It all began with a mid-life crisis- or what James Hollis, Jungian psychoanalyst and author, likes to call the middle passage (Hollis). *Hauntings* is a culmination of this rite of passage. I unknowingly, or unconsciously, began channeling the disruptions in my life into ideas and musings which would ultimately turn up in the scenes of the thesis.

The Beginnings- The Bridge and Its Eerie Influence

In the fall of my second year in grad school, 2014, my parking assignment was a covered garage far from the Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center. It was a 7 to 10-minute brisk walking distance from where I spent my days.

That fall semester, for about 6 weeks, I was assistant choreographer/director to a musical theater production, and I found myself leaving The Clarice every night at about 10:30pm to walk to my car. My route took me by some of the dorms and the gym, with the final leg being a long series of stairs leading to a pedestrian bridge and a short concrete path to the garage. The bridge hovered over a wetland area and was surrounded by trees.

I had mixed feelings about the trek. Walking back to my car in the dark and over the bridge was eerie most nights but also a time I could spend reflecting back on the day…. and daydreaming. I hardly passed anyone. The quiet was disconcerting and my senses were heightened. I felt vulnerable walking alone in the dark. Once I got to the bridge, any anxiousness I felt dropped right out from underneath me. One reason was that I was very close to the car. The second reason was I couldn't help but imagine a site specific dance happening across the bridge. An overwhelming sense of wonder would wash over me at the beauty of the bridge and its surroundings- the smells… the colors…. the darkness. The absence of sound except for my breathing and footsteps, was soothing. The fall air had turned crisp and cool, and even in the darkly lit trail, I could make out the brilliant amber and yellow colored leaves on the trees.

I was beginning to research music for the thesis and Max Richter's score, *November* and *Embers* on the album, *Memoryhouse,* were two of my favorite pieces of music to listen to (Richter). I would pop my headphones in and begin a speedy walk back to the car, listening to the two pieces of music over and over again while images popped up like dandelions around me.

Several phenomena happened in one week. Luckily, one morning I had paid attention to the forecast because it was expected to rain and I remembered to bring an umbrella. When I left the Center that night it was damp and misty with a light rain falling. As I descended the stairs and reached the edge of the overpass, I noticed thick fog swarming around the light posts and hovering above the surface of the water below. The fog hung heavy in the air like jazz music in the morning and I recalled a vivid memory of my Grandparent's old farmhouse and porch, where I would watch my grandmother rocking peacefully in the shadows of moonlit nights. The image of me standing in the drizzle with that umbrella and my grandmother on her front porch became two formative images represented in the work.

I remember daydreaming about the project consistently during those walks because by the end of that fall semester, our proposals were due. Flushing out ideas through daydreaming to music is intoxicating. It's the beginning stages of the creative process for me. The genesis of the project began with those walks coupled with music and the research I had begun on Jungian concepts of individuation, archetypal energy, and the Divine Feminine.

In addition to my research into depth psychology and Jungian analysis, I had also begun reading the biographies and poems of Romantic era poets John Keats and

Edgar Allen Poe, confessional poets Sylvia Plath and Robert Lowell, French symbolists Charles Baudelaire and Arthur Rimbaud, and Transcendentalists Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau. The romantics were interested in the supernatural and passionate displays of emotions; the confessional poets were concerned with the expression of very personal and private experiences; the symbolists conveyed transient sensations and inward experiences; and finally the Transcendentalists like Thoreau expressed intuitive knowing and the rejection of intellectualism. For poets like Thoreau, self-reliance and self- discovery of the spiritual nature of man and universe- the relationship of oneself to the cosmos (God)- were the keys to enlightenment.

I knew I wanted to use poetry but I wasn't sure in what way. Was I going to have poetry recited by the performers? Was I interested more in the poets' biographies as subject matter? How would the poetry inform the movement making?

Eric Hampton

In the director's notes of the program (see Foreword), I describe briefly the impact that beloved DC dance artist and choreographer, Eric Hampton, had on me and my dancing career. In fact, I learned so much about choreography and the way to craft dances from dancing in his works.

Hampton graduated from the Julliard School and danced for Netherlands Dance Company, The Scapino Ballet, and Washington Ballet of which he was one of the resident choreographers back in the 1970's (Kaufman). He later formed his own company, Eric Hampton Dance, which Sarah Kaufman describes so concisely:

"Neither Hampton's teachings nor his works have been forgotten. How could they be? The programs his company performed over its eight-year existence were often laugh-out-loud funny, with a core of emotional truth. Like the best comedy, his dances turned on situations and timing, driven home with unpredictable musical panache. And his character sketches! What caricaturist Al Hirschfeld did with his pen, Hampton could do with a few gestures, a slouch, a cigar — and just the right dancer" (Kaufman).

I met Hampton in the spring of 1996 at the Maryland Youth Ballet, where he was a core faculty member and shortly before his diagnosis. I had had my first child in 1995 and was getting back in shape in order to resume my professional dancing career. I remember taking Eric's modern dance class Friday mornings, and what a wonderful teacher he was. He was quite fond of me and I was of him. Little did I know at the time, I would be dancing in his works.

One day he came in complaining about mild stiffness in his foot. Several weeks later he mentioned a foot tremor and numbness in his toes. This image would later make its way, quite unconsciously, into the bench solo (scene 10).

Eric's company never performed full concerts again but some of his works remained in repertory with other companies. Former company members such as Juan Carlos Rincones, Tony Powell, Lucy Bowen McCauley, and Natalie Smith established their own companies and included Hampton's repertoire. I danced for all of them throughout the past several decades. Also, back in the late 1990's and early 2000's, the director of City Dance Ensemble, Paul Emerson, was also a huge Hampton fan. I ended up performing several of his works while dancing for CityDance. Needless to say, Hampton's influence on me and my creative process is undeniable.

Three of Hampton's dances have lingered and left noteworthy impressions with me. One of my favorite Hampton pieces, *Fon Fon Odeon*, a delightful tango inspired quintet set to Ernesto Nazareth's music for piano titled, *Fon Fon*, inspired the tango duet scene, choreographed on Florian Rouiller and Alison Crosby. Most notably, *By The Light*, set to Beethoven's Moonlit Sonata was a ghostly duet he created toward the end of his life. The third dance, *Half a Life,* a trio he choreographed around age 50, has haunted me off and on for the past three years since entering graduate school.

I bring up *Half a Life* in the director's notes of the program (see Foreword). Now that I'm close to age 50, I am reminded more often than not how mortality walks beside me. I have a new companion- an accompanist, which follows me wherever I go. I don't have a negative or positive association with this idea- it's just my reality. In fact, the more conscious I am of my own mortality, the more I savor life's gifts.

I have never danced *Half a Life*, which is why I wonder what it would be like to take on the character of the older gentleman in the piece. At the time Eric choreographed *Half a Life*, he had no idea his life was going to be cut short. The dance is filled with beautiful images of a middle aged man's notable memories of love, yearning, and loss. The ending is bittersweet as the aging man takes a look at his own reflection played by the younger man's character. The dance's resolution is uplifting as the two faces of the same man, his younger and older self capture a moment together peering into each other's eyes. I started to imagine the end of my

work with the woman in black character, sitting on the bench contemplating her own mortality.

Bedridden and barely able to speak, Hampton choreographed *By The Light* by whispering instructions to the dancers in his apartment. Karen Bernstein and my long time mentor, Professor Alvin Mayes, were the original dancers. Talk about 6 degrees of separation! *By the Light* is haunting- filled with painful images of a figure struggling to rise, to move… to breathe.

A female dancer moves painstakingly slowly in a shaft of light created by one light positioned downstage right. The illumination creates a harshly lit narrow pathway from downstage right to upstage left. The woman's own hand moves slowly up the front of her torso to the flesh of her dimly lit neck. It appears she is hanging by her own elbow while her hand wraps around and clutches her throat. A dark figure in the background appears and disappears eerily in pools of light that also appear and disappear suddenly. The dark male figure eventually grabs and supports her body, his hands gasping both shoulders. She is pitched forward, one leg in arabesque while her upper body appears to hover while suspended by the figure's large hands. The figure stalks and manipulates her and they both eventually finish upstage at the edge of the lit pathway. The figure strangles the woman as she descends into the original pose she rose from in the beginning of the dance. There's a black out on the second to the last note of the music, and the last image we are left with is the woman frozen in time in a soothing pool of light. The dark figure has disappeared. We see her in profile- she grips her throat, legs in a wide precarious lunge, while her back is arched in an extreme caombré back. She appears frozen in fear.

To me the figure represented death. Karen Bernstein kept insisting the dance was about a woman being murdered, but I couldn't divorce the idea that the figure represented the disease, which was slowly and excruciatingly preventing Mr. Hampton from breathing. He knew he was dying of Lou Gehrig's disease when he made the dance. To me, the figure represented death or the disease ravaging his body. When I danced the part of the woman, death was my dance partner. The idea of having a dialogue with death- an examination of mortality and the life so far led, became ideas I wanted to explore for the thesis. Ultimately, these musings of my own feelings of mortality would manifest into the bench solo of the thesis.

I wanted to tap into haunting images from my past and investigate unconscious and conscious rumblings propelling me through mid life. I drew psychic parallels between me and Mr. Hampton. I began to wonder what it would be like to receive a terminal diagnosis. This may sound morbid to the reader but take for example, the Romantic era poet John Keats, who wrote some of the most beautiful and powerful poetry in the last months leading up to his death. Keats knew he was dying at the age of 25 with tuberculosis and poured his feelings onto the page.

Hampton died at age 54 in 2001. I still think about him… I still miss him… I am still haunted by his dances….

Reaching middle age, I have spent time reflecting of what my half a life has meant. Who am I divorced from the cultural and familial roles I inhabit? In other words, who am I outside of my relationship to family, community, and cultural expectations? What inspires me? What do I still dream about? What haunts me from

my past and continues to unconsciously affect the present? What lies ahead? All of these questions went into the making of the dance

The Proposal

With middle age, poetry, and depth psychology at the forefront of my mind, and the impulse to explore the ideas choreographically, I wrote the proposal for the thesis in December of 2015, more than a year before the concert:

I have always loved poetry. I experience poetry the same way I experience dance- through sound, rhythm, mood, imagery, and emotion. For me, dance is moving poetry. Currently, I am researching select poets of the Romantic era- John Keats, Edgar Allen Poe, Ralph Waldo Emerson (Transcendentalist), 19th century French Symbolists Arthur Rimbaud and Charles Baudelaire, and four great modern poets- Thomas Hardy, W.B. Yeats, Wallace Stevens, and Sylvia Plath. Love and death (and rebirth), loss of ideal beauty, the significance of memory, mystery, and the use of symbolism are emerging themes.

In addition to my interests in the aesthetics of the fore-mentioned poets, other questions being unearthed are psychological/philosophical in nature. Carl Jung's theories of the collective unconscious, archetypes, and the undiscovered self have peaked my curiosity. Jung's collective unconscious represents, "a form of the unconscious (that part of the mind containing memories and impulses of which the individual is not aware) common to mankind as a whole and originating in the inherited structure of the brain. It is distinct from the personal unconscious, which arises from the experience of the individual. According to Jung, the collective unconscious contains archetypes, or universal primordial images and ideas" (Brtitannica.com). In other words, it is a universal primal memory.

While considering some of the literary and psychological/philosophical currents of the 19th and 20th century, my intention is to explore these emerging phenomena by choreographing a series of loosely connected vignettes, consisting of primarily duets and solos, depicting individuals caught in the complexities of intimate relationships. The dances will be constructed based on my understanding and interpretation of the soul and human relationships while collaborating with the cast. I am asking the question, how will my research influence the creative process and help shape the content, form, and meaning of the dances?

How will the imagery of the poetry influence my aesthetics and the dance? What will be the strongest archetypal characters, themes, motifs, and/or patterns to come forth? How will I successfully capture the spoken word (or its essence) and embody the experience? What choreographic devices will I use? Daniel Nagrin's approaches/principles of choreography will play an important role in my exploration. He was an actor, dancer, and choreographer in his lifetime and his book, Choreography and the Specific Image: Nineteen Essays and a Workbook, will help inform my process.

A preliminary idea I have revolves around a central figure, an artist/poet/dancer in her 70's or 80's suffering from dementia. As she mourns the loss of her memories and loved ones, she senses that death is near. Spirits visit her in her dreams. Memories flood her consciousness, but these memories are not necessarily her own. The spirits represent the collective unconscious and archetypal characters/images. She writes one final poem- an ode to her children, expressing her eternal love for them. The dances may symbolize: 1) The transformative power of art making; 2) Memories as a source of wisdom; 3) Love and loss of ideal beauty.

I decided to organize my research into three branches; three avenues that would compliment and inform each other. One would be finding music. I knew I wanted most of the music to be live and I knew I wanted to use a combination of classical, contemporary, and improvised pieces. The second would be the investigation into the psychology of Jungian analysis. I was beginning to envision the container for the dances, the *world of the play,* as some kind of psychic space where the characters are haunted by memories and complexes. The third branch of research would be an exploration into literary and visual art.

As soon as Anne Warren read my proposal, she had resources to share with me regarding the development of the psychic/emotional/spiritual dimensions of the characters. Professor of dance for more than 30 years and mentor to me in undergraduate as well as graduate school, she just recently retired from the university's dance department. Professor Warren has been deep into the work of Carl Jung and Jungian analysis for some time. I chose two authors she introduced me to, James Hollis and Marion Woodman, for the bulk of my research.

Marion Woodman- the Divine Feminine

Professor Warren let me borrow a documentary about Marion Woodman, directed by Adam Greydon Reid. The title of the film is based on the co-authored book by Woodman and Elinor Dickson titled *Dancing in the Flames: The Dark Goddess in the Transformation of Consciousness.*

Woodman is arresting in the film. I found myself utterly captivated with her and her life's work on feminine psychology. Author and religious scholar Andrew Harvey, interviews Woodman throughout the film, and together they touch upon the critical importance of an examined life for the birth of a new era of consciousness. Death and rebirth and the pathways to the unification of the masculine and feminine, the spirit and the soul in all mankind, were recurring themes.

Woodman's opening remarks in the film are powerful:

"I do believe that we all have a destiny. We either live it or we escape because we are afraid to live our own reality…. I feel blessed. I didn't really have choices. I have been forced- through dreams, through my body responses, through illness- to surrender. The surrender feels like death, but if you are going to live your full soul's journey and find the spiritual dimension, you are going to go this way and surrender the old life to the new. I do not see surrender as failure at all…..in the death was the birth of a whole new consciousness" (Reid).

Woodman is a Jungian analyst, teacher, and writer and is best known for her work on feminine psychology and addiction. In the film, her life's work is described as a pioneering celebration of the feminine. Andrew Harvey, spiritual scholar and activist who interviews Woodman describes her work as connecting "the sacred marriage of the masculine and feminine inside ourselves- uniting the profound clarity and vigor of the masculine with the ecstasy and passion of the feminine" (Reid). Woodman posits;

"I believe my whole mission in life was to find the feminine and to help other people and I say people, not women, women and men, to find out what their genuine femininity is (pause) and that leads to a new masculine. What is that relatedness that is the feminine? What is that emotional vibrancy that comes from the body right through the whole being? And men have to find this too. I'm talking about an energy like the wind that blows through the body, through all the musculature and the nerves of the body, and that sensibility and sensitivity is the reality of the person (Reid).

Harvey believes her celebration and illumination of the Sacred Feminine- the Divine Feminine- can help restore a fractured and shattered humanity (Reid).

Like the principles one finds in so many of the worlds religions- the yin and yang in Taoism and the paradoxes found in Buddhism, Christianity, Islam, and Hinduism- Woodman and Harvey believe in the paradoxes of opposites. They both claim the way to spiritual enlightenment is the unification and understanding of duality. Most notably, the idea of duality, the paradoxes of opposites, was represented by the poet/writer character in the thesis.

Andrew Harvey proclaims, "Everything in the universe is paradox, everything in the universe is the unity of opposites, and the mafic process of the universe is a death process leading to rebirth…. (Reid). The poet in the thesis, performed by Bruno, Augusto, represents order and chaos. He is the creative and imaginative spirit teetering on madness. The concept of death and rebirth is the journey of the woman in black. (The character I portrayed.) She is the haunting and the haunted. She must experience death in order to make room for the birth of a new consciousness.

Woodman's philosophy is to hold those opposites sacred- yes to creation and yes to destruction- yes to pain and yes to joy, yes to the shadow and yes to the light. Marion concedes, "The shadow and the light belong to each other…Death is essential to life… Something must die in order for there to be room for birth or re-birth (Reid).

"To feminine consciousness, the spiritual and the physical are two aspects of one totality. Spirit confirms body, articulates body's wisdom…. 'As above so below' translates into 'as in the head, so in the belly'; the two are simultaneously present, not dialogically opposed" (Woodman 8).

These concepts were woven throughout the thesis and helped to create a multitude of layering and linked symbolism and metaphor. Woodman's writings were the inspiration behind creating a character for the thesis who would personify the untamed creativity that breathes in every artist- the writer/poet character. The character played by myself would undergo the transformation of death to re-birth. I just wasn't clear what that would actually look like when I began working on the dance scenes.

The Poet and the Typewriter.

One of my earliest and most nostalgic memories I have of my mother is her sitting at her desk hunched over writing in the loft of our house in Lebanon. I could hear the tap tap tapping of her fingers stroking the keys of the old, circa 1968 typewriter. I wanted to create scenes where the writer/poet struggled with the act of creating- of writing. I imagined the dances (referred to also as *scenes*), in a sense flying off the writer's pages. The words would manifest into moving poetic images, or dances, representing themes of love, nostalgia, yearning, and loss. I envisioned The typewriter scenes progressing in intensify and climaxing with a "to be or not to be" mad scene- a monologue with mortality, frustration, and madness.

I often see glimmering images of the ending of a work before I see the middle and beginning. Ultimately, at the end of the thesis I imagined a surrendering, much like what Woodman describes in the documentary. A death to rebirth.

Ironically, the second to the last scene in the thesis, what is referred to as the bench solo, was the first to be choreographed.

I leaned heavily on symbolism and metaphor to guide the devising, choreographing, and overarching direction of the thesis. The use and examination of metaphor is a powerful literary device AND a major component of Depth Psychology.

In Depth Psychology, Jungian analysts see the world through metaphor, and Woodman's belief in the power of *surrendering* and my own interpretation of the idea became specific gestures in the bench solo.

The bench solo was choreographed toward the end of my second year, and in the middle of the Jungian research. I had several renditions and experimented almost every time I danced it with different gestures that would come out of the ideas of memory/yearning/loss/ and ultimately surrender and acceptance.

I set a strict improvisational structure- I would begin the dance the same way every time and not the leave the bench. I had a set ending and would return to it every time. After I had performed it in the last showing of the semester, I did not rehearse the dance until three weeks before the thesis concert. My reasoning was to come back to it with a fresh perspective. I believed the middle section should not look like it did in the spring. The character of the woman on the bench should evolve and change in relationship to herself. Eventually Karen Bradley helped me narrow and specify the subtext in order to clarify the effort qualities and phrasing of the movement. The dance became clearer and more refined. The movement and music,

Nocturne in E minor, by Chopin, complimented and contrasted one another. The meaning or intention behind every gestural movement became crystal clear.

As the last scene unfolds in a wintery landscape of snow, the woman on the bench- the woman who has haunted the world of the play, leaves the illuminated bench and exits through the doorway. Before she's transformed, she picks up and examines one of the pieces of paper off the floor. The paper has been flung and blown with ferocity by the poet and his leaf blower in the previous scene. She clutches the paper, passes the poet as she circles the desk and brushes his shoulder with her hand. As she looks skyward towards the "heavens" or the spirit world, she lets go of what has haunted her, the demons who have been holding her hostage and surrenders.

Jungian analysts, like Woodman believe the healing is in the metaphor- the dream through the body into the brain. If that's the case, I took the opportunity to work through my misery of the middle passage by pouring my wild imagination into the dance making. The divine feminine- the creative wild gypsy spirit- was allowed to surface. I remember so clearly Woodman stating in the film, "Only I discern infinite passion and the pain of finite arts that yearn…It's a lovely balancing of the yearning for the infinite and having to be satisfied with the finite (Reid)"

Woodman describes her own embodied experience of marrying the polar opposites- the highly developed spiritual yearning coming from her upbringing as a minister's daughter with what she defines as the wild gypsy energy that refuses to be tamed. Harvey interjects and reflects; "then it became your life's journey to search and honor both in their own terms and to bring them together in a mystery of

presence." Woodman confirms that her life's work has been all about finding the ways to honor both;

> "The gypsy energy has to always be given a chance to speak… to dance… it has to be expressed or it is a killer. There is a rage in the gypsy- the gypsy sees and feels the destruction of the planet and the greed of man stripping its resources, the ignoring of the essential nature of ritual, all the things that she believes are essential to a human life. What is there to worship? The people in power make the earth its enemy… our educational system would kill the body if it could…the way we treat the body in our culture is just drug it, anything wrong just take a pill and you'll be silent. You won't be better but you'll be silent. And your body will be silent" (Reid).

I discovered I had buried the gypsy energy Woodman speaks of and had also failed to search inside of myself for the clarity, vitality, and strength of the masculine. Finding humility and surrendering was key to moving through the discomfort I was feeling in mid life. I discovered if the soul and spirit are not nurtured, there will be no relief from the discomfort.

I connected to Marion Woodman's teachings on such a deep and profound level. The Divine Feminine must be embraced for healing to occur.

James Hollis- The Middle Passage, Hauntings, and The Eden Project

Why was the research into Hollis' work important for the project? How did it influence the dance making? It's difficult to articulate. I wanted to explore the inner life and the psychic relationship of four middle aged characters- the relationship of self and to each other. A deeper understanding of unconscious behavior would deepen the meaning of the dances. The moving lyric poem, as I like to call the work, became a collection of loosely connected dream sequences or scenes representing the emotional landscapes of its characters. The emotional and psychological inner world was the container- the world of the dance.

James Hollis is a Jungian analyst, prolific writer, and the current director of the Jung Society of Washington in Washington, DC. My research focused on three of his books- *The Middle Passage: From Misery to Meaning in Midlife, The Eden Project: In Search of the Magical Other, and Hauntings: Dispelling the Ghosts Who Run Our Lives.* I connected with Hollis' "psychological" explanations of the way unexamined histories impact the present. I had so many "aha" moments reading *Hauntings* that I named the thesis concert after the book. (The other title I was considering was *Letters to the Dead*: *Ghost Stories.*) The research was rich with insight and self discoveries- an examination of spirit and soul, which poured into the creative process.

My "middle passage" definitely felt like a mid-life crisis. Just as Hollis discusses in *The Middle Passage: From Misery to Meaning*, I was living in fear and "stuck" in feelings of depression and banality. My life felt immovable. I had lost interest in the things I enjoyed doing (including dancing), I was raising wild alien creatures called teenagers, my marriage was dull and full of loneliness, and I had elderly parents to take care of- a wonderful recipe for misery.

I had abandoned my identity as a performing artist thinking it was time for me to retire. Now in my late 40's it became more and more difficult to satisfy the expectations I had of myself as a physically vibrant performer. The bottom line was I couldn't do what I used to be able to do in my 20's and 30's- obviously! It was still a hard pill to swallow and I believed it was time to let go of performing. My identity and sense of value was totally wrapped up in my role as a preforming artist.

According to Hollis, the middle passage is a wonderful opportunity to reexamine our lives and ask the often "frightening, always liberating question: 'Who am I apart from my history and the roles I have played?' When we discover that we have been living what constitutes a false self, that we have been enacting a provisional adulthood, driven by unrealistic expectations, then we open the possibility for the second adulthood, our true personhood" (*The Middle Passage* 7).

The key to surviving the middle passage requires courageous self-examination into the complexes that have overrun the inner voice and have caused neuroses and anxiety/depression. Carl Jung said, "Only the man who can consciously assent to the power of the inner voice becomes a personality" (116). Hollis explains,

> "The conscious experience of the Middle Passage requires separating who we are from the sum of the experiences we have internalized. Our thinking moves from magical to heroic to human. Our relations with others become less dependent, asking less of them and more of ourselves. Our ego takes a beating and we have to reposition ourselves with regard to the outer world- career, relationship, sources of empowerment and satisfaction….If our courage holds, the Middle Passage brings us back to life after we have been cut off from it (116).

As I stated earlier, I did not realize when I entered graduate school that I was in the throes of the Middle Passage. Hollis describes the experience as if waking up one day to find one's self "on a pitching ship, with no port in sight. One can only go back to sleep, jump ship or grab the wheel and sail on" (94). I decided to sail on and pour my energy into graduate school.

The *provisional personality* and the influences of family tree and childhood must be investigated in order to continue the journey to wholeness (9). The *provisional personality* of young adulthood must be shed. Hollis spells out,

"While genetic predispositions play their role, it is clear that families transmit their vision of life from generation to generation. The lens passes from parent to child, and out of that refracted perspective choices and consequences are repeated…Perhaps the first step in making the Middle Passage meaningful is to acknowledge the partiality of the lens we were given by family and culture, and through which we have made our choices and suffered their consequences…The lens we received generated a conditional life, which represents not who we are but how we were conditioned to see life and make choices. All generations are seduced into anthropocentrism, tending to defend their vision of the world as superior to that of others. So too, we succumb to the belief that the way we have grown to see the world is the only way to see it, the right way to see it, and we seldom suspect the conditioned nature of our perception (9,10).

The provisional personality plays out in young adulthood (*The Middle Passage*). "We live out, unconsciously, complexes and reflexes accumulated over time from our past" (14).

Great literature and art reflect these concepts-writers and artists are beacons asking the question what does it mean to be human? Artists pour their tragic human experiences into the art making and making sense of the world. "The liberating power of Greek tragedy was that through the suffering the hero came to wisdom, that is, a revise relationship between inner truth (character) and outer truth (the gods of fate)" (15). Hollis continues, " Our lives are tragic only to the degree that we remain unconscious of both the role of the autonomous complexes and the growing divergence between our nature and our choices" (15).

Like Woodman, Hollis states that one must die unto the old self so that a new one can be born. Death of the person one has been, the provisional, to birth of true adulthood can happen on this voyage. Death to rebirth- the Middle Passage is a "summons from within" to move from the false self to authenticity (15).

The Eden Project: In Search of the Magical Other expounds on Hollis' theories in the *Middle Passage* about the nature of intimate relationships and relationship with Other:

"If there is a single idea which permeates this essay it is that *the quality of all of our relationships is a direct function of our relationship to ourselves*. Since much of of our relationship to ourselves operates at an unconscious level, most of the drama and dynamics of our relationships to others and to the transcendent is expressive of our own personal psychology. *The best thing we can do for our relationships with others, and with the transcendent, then is to render our relationship to ourselves more conscious* (*The Eden Project* 13).

The book is about the psychodynamic relationship of self and Other. Hollis defines these two terms as:

"The use of *self*- not to be confused with capital –S Self, Jung's term for the holistic intentionality of the human organism- is meant to refer to our conscious sense of who we are, quite apart from the fact that we can know only a tiny fragment of that huge mystery which we embody. Similarly, the word Other is capitalized as a reminder of how huge, how cosmic, another person may become in our psychic mythology. For the child, the parent as Other is as infinite as the idea of God is to the adult. The use of these terms then, is meant to be a reminder of the universal, archetypal dynamics of relationships, quite apart form the obvious fact that each relationship is unique, each influenced profoundly by the particularities of time, place, culture, family of origin and the like (12,13).

I wanted to explore Hollis' four principles of relationship choreographically, so at some point in the process of working with each of the dance artists- Florian Rouiller, Alison Crosby, and Bruno Augusto- we spent time discussing how these principles could manifest into movement. "Transformation is about enlargement, and enlargement generally comes form suffering….consciousness only comes from tension of opposites" (85). The four principles of relationship according to Hollis are:

* What we do not know about ourselves (the unconscious project) or will not face in ourselves (the shadow), will be projected onto the Other.

* We project our childhood wounding (personal pathology), our infantile longing (the narcissistic going home agenda), and our individuation imperative onto the Other.

* Since the Other cannot, and should not, bear responsibility to our wounds, our narcissism or our individuation, the projection gives way to resentment and the problem of power.

*The only way to heal a faltering relationship is to render our going home project conscious and take responsibility for our individuation (74).

For example, the tango duet (scene 4) between Alison and Florian became a dance about relationship and power. Throughout the thesis the umbrella's symbolism changes, and in this duet, the umbrella symbolizes power and the power struggle between the two characters. Igor Stravinsky's Tango music, even though one of his most rhythmically regular compositions, becomes the backdrop for the dance of power with its dissonance and syncopations. The flirtatious and light hearted tone of the dance brings much needed levity in the thesis.

The dance is also a little nod and salute to Eric Hampton's *Fon Fon Odeon,* which I spoke of earlier.

It was important in the duet that the characters rarely fell into sync with each other. In fact, there are only a few steps in the beginning where the couple is in unison and moving together. Although bright and playful, I wanted there to be palpable tension and a tautness in the dance.

Halfway through, Alison's character seizes the opportunity and steals the umbrella. She appears to triumph at the end as she is the last one holding the

umbrella. Florian, Professor Mayes, and I had a wonderful time imagining what could be the male character's response. At one point, we discussed the possibility that the character would exit the stage and come back with a patio sized umbrella. I'm not sure which one of us brought up the idea of the little tiny drink umbrella appearing from Florian's jacket pocket, but we thought the representation of the small umbrella symbolizes a true false sense of self and the pettiness of such power plays in relationships.

Reading *Hauntings*, was revelatory. Hollis describes the many faces of the *ghosts* that can run our lives unconsciously. Hollis focuses on describing the various ways in which our psyche or soul can be affected by what he calls spectral presences- the ghosts of our parents, hauntings as complexes, guilt and shame ghosts, and the haunted ghosts of modernism.

The chapter on the haunted soul and modernism was fascinating. Hollis explains:

> "Of all the haunting of which we have spoken, the most powerful, profound, and pathologizing is our culture's psychic haunting by the lost gods of old. The eroded tribal mythologies, which once helped people locate themselves in time and space, the tattered divine narratives that gave meaning, purpose, connection, the faded cosmic story have lent a tenuous edge to all our dialogues, despite what a culture of denial and distraction may protest….Whenever centers of meaning or tribal myths collapse, there will be great fear and anxiety, dispersion of the faithful, and the rapid rise of snake-oil salesmen of all stripes and persuasions. Such is our time: whether they are hawking cars or salvation, all one has to do is turn on the cable channels to see them in coifed finery and full flummery" (*Hauntings, 103,104)*.

What rings true is if we do not feel we are a part of a larger story or we are not living a spiritual and psychological truth, we are dissatisfied and distressed (106). Hollis describes four orders of mystery that never go away. The eternal questions are:

1. Why are we here, in service to what, and toward what end? *The cosmological question.*
2. How are we as animal forms, empowered with spirit, to live in harmony with our natural environment? *The ecological question*.
3. Who are my people, what is my duty to others, and what are the rights, duties, privileges, and expectations of my tribe? *The sociological question*.
4. Who am I, how am I different from others, what is my life about, and how am I to find my way through the difficulties of life? *The psychological question* (106).

Even though we may not realize on a conscious level, we are finding ourselves unconsciously answering these questions with the wrong objects/answers. "..get a job, make money, have a good time, resist aging and the natural decline towards death" and we wonder why it feels unnatural, unsatisfying, superficial, and soul denying, Hollis questions (107):

> "But then who really believes that he or she has a soul these days? In place of the gods of old, we rely instead on materialism, hedonism, narcissism, and distraction to get through the night. And just how well has that worked for us (107).

Well, it certainly wasn't working for me at all, and Hollis' work was a real eye opener. The insight I gained and the dialogue I opened with the unconscious, worked its way into the creative process and influenced the thematic structure of the dance.

Chapter 2: The Specific Image

"Don't only practice your art, but force your way into its secrets, for it and knowledge can raise men to the divine" Ludwig van Beethoven

Daniel Nagrin and the Specific Image

Choreography and the Specific Image: Nineteen Essays and a Workbook, by Daniel Nagrin, became my bible for the project. Nagrin's approach to choreography and theatre teases out *content* as the lens to see the trinity of Space, Time, and Effort of dance making- through the point of view of "the specific image" (Nagrin 1). I lived and breathed this way of thinking throughout the process of devising, choreographing, and directing the thesis. It also connected seamlessly with using metaphor and symbolism.

Nagrin was born in 1917 and died in 2008. He was an American modern dancer, Broadway dancer, choreographer, author, and teacher who studied with Helen Tamaris, Martha Graham, Hanya Holmes, and Anna Sokolow, to name a few (Cohen 530, 531). He was best known for jazz concert dance and what is described as "Dance Portraits," solo choreographic studies depicting specific characters/figures/images on human behavior (531). His work with Tamiris greatly influenced his dance making.

Nagrin does not make any claims of being objective in writing about his choreographic prejudices and beliefs. I love that about him. Theatre/acting devices were an integral part of his process. It was important to know who the figures were in the dance: Who or what were the dancers? Were they people, spirits, or did they personify energy, elements, or archetypes? Did the dancers represent some other

abstract quality in human form? Nagrin would define beats, or subtext, for his movement phrases within his dances, just like an actor assigns subtext to dialogue. What is the action? Who is doing the action? Where is the action taking place? Why? What is the inner motivation of the figure? Nagrin explains:

> "Undoubtedly, the profoundest insight given me by Helen Tamiris was the *need to discover the inner life that fired up the motions.* The moment she opened that conceptual door, I walked right through it and found a technical freedom far beyond my years of training and an inexhaustible choreographic freedom. The foundation for this way of working in the theatre was uncovered by Constantin Stanislavski. Tamaris came by this at the very moment it was being introduced to America by the great actors and directors that formed the Group Theatre. She was the first to teach them body movement in their earliest two summer sessions…. These were the people who reshaped the American theatre. Tamaris in turn, brought Lee Strasberg in to teach her dancers (Nagrin 19).

I researched Stanislavski, mostly online, and realized I did not have the time nor was it relevant to dig deeper into his life story and work for this project. However, it is important to mention that I have intuitively used his method- a psychological approach and a deep desire to connect emotionally to role or character. When I had to work with choreographers who would not tell me what the dances were about, I made up stories of my own. I always wanted to tap into meaning- even if the choreography was apparently only about design and movement for movement sake.

Stanislavski searched for the conscious means to the unconscious, which of course resonates with the Jungian analysis research I did for the thesis. Nagrin, Tamiris, Strasberg, Stanislavski- the lineage is undeniable.

The creativity and inner life of the motions of the thesis became a process of tapping into the flow of inspiration, and using analytical skills to keep me focused. Whether my inspiration was coming from the music, the content, or the emotional

and psychological life of the characters (or any combination of the three), I tried to tap into an inner reservoir of unconscious or instinctive effort/energy.

I found myself relying heavily on authentic movement exercises which facilitated the ability to tap into intuitive or subconscious energy. Sharon Mansur, my second year graduate choreography professor had us use this device often in improvisation. When I was generating movement material for the thesis, especially in scenes like the bench solo and coming up with movement for Alison Crosby's balloon dance, I used this device. I would enter the studio, warm up, and then get very quiet on the floor. With a blindfold covering my eyes, I would allow the other senses to take over, especially sound, and improvise to selected pieces of music. I videotaped every session and then selected movement phrases to learn off of the video. The exercise became a choreographic device that generated a plethora of juicy material to mold and sculpt. I employed it as a tool to tap into the infinite abundance of the body's intelligence and the unconscious. As Nagrin professes, "Perhaps my first rule has been to not ask questions when the blood goes from warm to hot….Go with the flow (Nagrin 26). He further explains,

"Every time a dance came at me, demanding to be done, I lost the knowledge of time working on it. Not for a moment do I denigrate intellectual processes, but for what we do as dancers, if any idea is not something floating on and being carried along by feeling, by emotion, look out. Try canoeing in a shallow river bottom (26). He further posits:

> "The curse and the glory of being human revolves around this business of uncertainty. If you, sitting where you are as you read this, were to hear a distinctly unfamiliar sound, you would put away the book and try to identify what you heard. That impulse is the source of all science and philosophy. Unfamiliar sounds are the

least of it. On every side, we are confronted with unsolved and unknown forces from that unfamiliar sound to the mystery of the space past death. Not many can live with the certainty that we can be sure of nothing. The solution? They believe. They search out something as irrevocably true. Too bad, for dance is a galaxy of unknowns and mysteries" (26).

Nagrin admired Tamaris' intuition *and* analytical skills (19). This particular way of working resonated with me. I did what Nagrin suggested (which came from Tamiris); when getting *stuck* in process and when ideas didn't seem clear, I asked the questions "Who?" "What?" and "Where?" When teaching choreography workshops, Nagrin would present a method for his students to try or reject in improvisational and choreographic exercises:

The Six Questions:
1. *Who? Or What?*
2. *is doing what?*
    action analysis:
        a. *The spine*
        b. *The beats*
        c. *The subtext*
3. *to whom? Or to what?*
4. *where/when?*
5. *to what end?*
6. *engaging what obstacle?* (Nagrin 30)

I didn't realize how much of his philosophy poured into the creative process until I had to sit down and write about it! Nagrin used improvisation as a primary source for new movement ideas, and I found myself doing the same thing. Nagrin *found* his dances, he did not *make* them (27). I believe the scenes for the thesis materialized in similar fashion. Nagrin quotes film director Arthur Penn's way of working, which is similar to Nagrin's philosophy, "Tap into what you don't want to say, tap into that secret place despite the agony, despite the personal pain" (27).

Nagrin believed the core of the dance could be whatever is alive on the other side of make-believe, and what I choose to call tapping into… a listening…. a seeing into the collective unconscious- the archetypes of the whole of humanity and accessible to everyone- and the personal unconscious, a vast reservoir of archetypal imagery.

I examined almost every scene through Nagrin's six questions to comb through material and find the specific image. For example, each object chosen, whether it was protruding from the wall of the set, or handled by the characters/performers, was chosen for its symbolism. I used the literary device in the thesis much like a poet uses symbolism. The characters represented particular archetypes, which sometimes changed from scene to scene.

One of my dear friends, Judy, who is not a dancer and came to the show, left a voicemail on my phone about her overall impression of the show:

"Each of the characters who were in your dream scene came on to the stage and was transformed. They left growing into something else- none of them the same person they were when they entered the world for the first time. So there was a whole transformation that went on in your scenario and it was a beautiful thing. It was kind of like a dialectical conversation each was having with the other and those pieces together, those symbols, those people represented and were symbolic of different things in your dream….and they all spoke to each other- all interwoven. What you did was create this amazing set of relationships that were entwined together like a tapestry and was surprisingly contained in these dream set. Each of the characters had a different part to play and each transformed the other. It was a dynamic work of art, which is why you have to get away from it to really see it as you walk and as you talk and as you think about it, because the symbols resonate and continue to tell you things about what they meant. And that's how we learn from our dreams, right? I was very moved…It was so thought provoking…"

I didn't tell Judy anything about the show. She found her own meaning and thread apart from mine. I left enough space for multiple interpretations, but I was clear with what the specific images meant to me.

Each character experienced a transformation with the help of symbolic objects or the idea of the Other.

Bruno's typewriter scenes were structured improvisations, with a clear set beginning and ending, and composed of specific tasks he had to accomplish in each scene. In scene 2 (what I like to refer to as the poet and typewriter duet), Bruno had to set up his work station with specific objects in the desk- ashtray and cigarettes, liquor bottle and shot glass, manuscript and loose blank paper. He was to:

- Feed a total of three pieces of paper into the typewriter.

- Type any way he wanted to with deliberate attention to speed and timing.

- Play and manipulate the parts of the typewriter- the space bar, the device that feeds the paper into the typewriter, the return handle, the position of the typewriter on the desk in relationship to himself etc.

- Rip each piece of paper out of the typewriter with frustration, ball it up and toss each balled-up piece of paper in a different direction.

The projections designer, Kelly Colburn, and I discussed the use of repetition as a choreographic device for Bruno's scenes. I told her, "Imagine a poet unable to sleep. He's awake and at his desk in the middle of the night trying to write. He's possessed or haunted by an idea or memory and he's trying hard to articulate it. He is struggling. Perhaps he's the embodiment of the creative mind on the verge of going a bit mad."

I mentioned I would like to see the progression of time represented by a moon travelling slowly across the set's walls. Kelly's interpretation of the specificity I described turned into projections of moons of varying sizes travelling across the

projection surfaces. They were gorgeous. The repetition of Bruno's movement was emphasized and re-enforced with projection of the repeating moons. Kelly's projections for Alison became balloons, and Florian's became rain for his umbrellas.

I realized it was also important to find movement vocabulary that made sense in each scene. Again, working with the idea of specific imagery from the research- from poems/paintings, music, or the psychic condition of the characters, I discovered a fortune of material. Nagrin warns of the trap choreographers can fall into when trying to come up with fresh and original movement**:**

> "The specific image, which Helen (Tamiris) put at the center of our work, can bring out a movement vocabulary that is personal, while the trap of being addicted to generalized dance vocabulary is such that even though the artist may have specific, exciting, personal images, this generalized or traditional vocabulary cannot reveal the shape of the personal vision-and so there is a distressing complexity happening on stage in which one senses someone trying to articulate something specific but coming across are old, familiar and irrelevant moves" (21).

Reading Nagrin's book was a delightful experience. I would curl up by the fireplace at home and feel like he was in the room with me chatting away. I listened… and listened carefully. There are so many practical exercises he shares in the workbook section of the book that can aid in generating ideas. There are exercises for discovering metaphor, using sense memory, finding gold in bad habits, and props fantasy exploration to name a few. I highly recommend his books to all choreographers. Not only does his choreographic methods and philosophical beliefs resonate, he helps fuel the imagination. David Dorfman says, "Not a day goes by where I do not call on Daniel's brilliance as an artist and educator, a writer, a thinker, and a person to aid me in my job as choreographer, performer, and teacher" (Nagrin,

back of book cover). I will continue to incorporate what I learned from him in my own creative process.

Chapter 3: Collaboration

Order/Chaos

Interaction between human & Supernatural

Haunted Duet

Writer/Demon (typewriter)

Life & Death/

Tension & Release

Nostalgia/Memories Deterioration/

overgrown/decay

These were the words staring back at me that the marketing team wrote down after our initial meeting almost a year before the concert. The Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center was ready to begin advertising the performance and create the poster image. After our conversation, I received an email with the words and a suggested image for the poster. I Loved it. It appeared to be the side profile of a woman walking with the edges of her body and dress dissolving behind her. Although the photo wasn't used as the final image for the poster, it left quite an impression with me. I would keep coming back to the image of the photo and the distillation of our conversation for ideas.

Bruno

The cast of four mature dance artists was determined right after the proposal was accepted. I was allowed to hire four outside artists. I knew I wanted live

piano music and would have to hire a pianist. Isiah Johnson, pianist and teacher in the department of dance for over 2 decades, was my first choice. He and I had a wonderful working relationship. He had been playing and teaching at the university since I was an undergraduate at the college, and when I was adjunct for 4 years before entering the graduate program, he had played for all of the ballet classes I taught. We knew each other very well.

I asked Florian Rouiller, Alison Crosby, and Bruno Augusto, close colleagues, to participate in the project. Alison and Florian lived right here in Washington DC, however, I knew it was still going to be a challenge to establish weekly rehearsals because of their busy work schedules. However, one of the toughest challenges was going to be working with Bruno Augusto who was residing in Oakland, Ca.

We all knew each other very well. Bruno, Alison, and I had been members of a modern dance company together in the late 1990's. Alison, Florian, and I had danced for Citydance Ensemble and Dancesmith. Bruno and Florian had developed a very close friendship when they both danced for Citydance Ensemble. It just had been after the time Alison and I danced for Citydance. I hadn't really stayed in touch with Bruno since he went to New York to study at NYU for his master's degree, but Bruno was special and I wanted him to play a significant role- the role of the poet. Florian mentioned to Bruno that I was working on my thesis and he expressed interest. I was thrilled! Bruno would bring a very different energy and skill set to the project.

Bruno is a brilliant artist. He is a Renaissance man- moves like Baryshnikov, composes, writes poetry, sings, and excels at visual and digital art. Most recently, he and his wife, Kate Jordan, (dramaturg for the thesis*)* started a duet company named

Arts and Above. He and Kate create evening length multi-media installations using structured improvisation.

I was so excited he was interested in the work. Our plan was for me to fly out to Oakland in November (2015) for a few days, he would come to Maryland in mid December (2015) for three days so I could work with the entire cast and sound designer, Jeffrey Dorfman (minus the string quartet). Finally, he would plan on coming 10 days before opening night. I would need him here a week before the show to solidify transitions, rehearse the opening and closing scenes, solidify the improvisational structures of his typewriter scenes, and set the parameters for our duet. Also, I needed the string quartet, Rogue Collective, to be in rehearsal with he and I so we could get a feel for how they would be improvising the scenes.

Bruno's typewriter scenes were all devised by discovering tasks for Bruno to do. During the December 2015 intensive we were successful in setting the first scene with the typewriter and the paper argument with Alison. For about 30 minutes Alison and Bruno improvised around the desk. I knew I wanted her to cause disruption to his writing, so the first time she pulled out one of the papers he had just fed into the machine, we kept it. I videotaped the rehearsal because we would not get a chance to come back to the material until Bruno came back to town for the performance. By the time we got into the theater, the scene was set. Jeff Dorman's typewriter sound score complimented the action and interaction of the characters, adding additional tension.

I wanted Bruno's mad scene with the typewriter to be the start of the climax of the thesis. I wanted Dorfman to compose an electronic score, which the string quartet would improvise around. We didn't get a chance to get to the scene in

December, so I had to wait until a week before the performance for us to invent the scene. I couldn't help but worry because Bruno and I still had the duet between the two of us to choreograph. It was going to follow his mad paper/leaf blower section.

We had tested out the leaf blower idea in December with the help of the production manager, Cary Gillett. She reserved the Kogod Theater one afternoon while Bruno was here for the intensive. We blew papers all over the space. Kate suggested he fixate on one piece of paper after he had spent time dispersing the piles of paper. He was able to suspend one piece in the air for several minutes. We all agreed the idea was a keeper!

The leaf blower idea surfaced during my visit to Oakland when Bruno and I first began working together. The visit was only two days and most of the time was spent conceptualizing the role he would play. The character was going to be obsessive and restless. Haunted by the ghostly woman in black and tormented by writer's block, his frustration, distress, and afflictions would culminate in the mad paper scene revolving around the typewriter and desk. He would eventually end up throwing his manuscript and any paper he could get his hands on in the desk drawers all over the set. We decided the solution to the clean up should be overkill for his character. "What if he cleaned up with a leaf blower?"

We saw the world of the play and its dream scenes coming from the poet's imagination. His scenes helped weave the thesis together, and in the second to last section, the poet would confront the haunting woman in black.

What was the duet going to be about? What did he and I think was the relationship between the two figures? The duet between the woman in black and the

poet for us represented the struggle of the anima and animus- the desire of the masculine and feminine to come together. Bruno had another interpretation he thought was a strong image- the self and Other or the spirit and soul struggling to connect. Another colleague who came to the show had another interpretation. Bruno and conflict between the two characters represented the internal dialogue and emotional state of the woman in black.

Is it possible Bruno and the duet were a representation of the woman's psyche- the unconscious coming into consciousness? Could it be that that there is deeper intelligence than our egos at work; the haunting of things present and absent in our unfulfilled lives and driven by the ego?

In the preface of *Hauntings,* Hollis points out that Henrik Ibsen identified those ghosts, those shackles of our past we drag around with us, long before depth psychology did. (*Hauntings* xi). In *Ghosts,* "Ibsen deeply intuited the impact of an unexamined history upon the present" (xi). Mrs. Alving says:

> "I am frightened and timid because I am obsessed by the presence of ghosts that I never can get rid of . . . When I heard Regina and Oswald in there it was just like seeing ghosts before my eyes. I am half inclined to think we are all ghosts, Mr. Manders. It is not only what we have inherited from our fathers and mothers that exists again in us, but all sorts of old dead ideas and all kinds of old dead beliefs and things of that kind. They are not actually alive in us, but there they are dormant all the same, and we can never be rid of them. Whenever I take up a newspaper and read it I fancy I see ghosts creeping between the lines. There must be ghosts all over the world. They must be countless as the grains of the sands, it seems to me. And we are so miserably afraid of the light, all of us (xi).

The Lyric Poem, Confessional Poetry, and the Haunting.

Florian invited me to be in his thesis in the fall of 2012. We really enjoyed working together and we both loved partnering work. It was such a successful

working relationship, I asked him to reciprocate the favor and be in mine. In January, 2015, over the college's winter break we got started- slowly and methodically. We met every Friday morning and continued that schedule up until the show.

He was more than just a dancer in the process. He was my emotional support, my sounding board, and my friend. Together we choreographed the duet, which I like to refer to as *The Haunting*. I had been reading several biographies on Sylvia Plath and combing over her poetry in *Sylvia Plath: The Collected Poems.* The combination of her life story and poetry were compelling. In fact, we spent the first few rehearsals discussing the research when several ideas surfaced:

1. The duet represents a lyric poem.
2. A male character is haunted by the sudden and tragic death of the woman he loves.
3. The female character is haunted by death, represented by the male figure.
4. Or, both characters are haunted by each other

We weren't ready to determine the specifics of the relationship but we did know we had to get started with some kind of beginning sequence. I wanted to establish a consistent relationship between the two characters and the idea of the female figure orbiting the male figure was what we settled on. I also thought because they did not occupy the same place at the same time, the two should not *see* each other until halfway through the dance. The idea of suspending time, or placing the characters into a *time-less* world, made sense to both of us. The duet would represent a lyric poem.

When a novel is read, there is an attention to the progression of time. Time moves the plot along; the forward movement of the plot through its complication and resolution is essential (Mount). According to Nick Mount, University of Toronto English professor, a lyric poem is less concerned with the progression of time than it is an attempt to stop time:

> "The lyric tries the impossible. It tries to temporarily stop time- to slow us down in order to allow a moment of perception. Sometimes a moment of confusion, sometimes of understanding, sometimes emotional, sometimes intellectual, and often a bit of both" (Mount).

The virtue of poetry and what a lyric poem excels at is its ability to get us to stop and pay attention- capturing experiences we don't see because they are in front of us all the time (Mount).

The relationship the lyric poem has to time became another concept for the thesis. It informed our duet and ultimately all of the dances/scenes.

The lyric poem gets written because a normal progression of time has been blocked (Mount). For example, the poet must stop and write about a moment of grief or loss. He or she must write about the *block* before retuning to the moment of time (Mount). Mount states so beautifully, "The lyric poem tries to stop time but we live in time. The lyric is an entrance to another world. It's a world we cannot inhabit for long if we are going to hold onto sanity…." (Mount).

The lyric poem became the world of the duet and the world of the thesis- a place where no one can remain for long without going mad. A place where time stands still.

Confessional poet Sylvia Plath, and her vivid and often violent imagery informed the way Florian and I generated movement. Plath describes her poetry:

"I think my poems come immediately out of the sensuous and emotional experiences I have…but I must say I cannot sympathize with these cries from the heart that are informed by nothing except a needle or a knife or whatever it is….I believe one should be able to control and manipulate experiences, even the most terrifying- like madness, being tortured, this kind of experience- and one should be able to manipulate these experiences with an informed and intelligent mind. I think that personal experience shouldn't be a kind of shut box, and mirror-looking narcissistic experience. I believe it should be generally relevant, to such things as Hiroshima and Dachau, and so on" (Schmidt 203).

Confessional poetry by Sylvia Plath influenced the way I generated context, content, and phrasing of the movement. Devising the work, I *moved* the imagery I mined from poems such as *Ariel, The Rabbit Catcher,* and *Lady Lazarus*. I combined the material with my own stories of the *ghosts* interrupting and *haunting* my life- just as a confessional poet like Plath revealed the very personal and private disturbances of her life.

Plath's ability to tap into her emotional states and knead them while maintaining perspective was the way I wanted to work. Her ability to take something so personal and get to the universal heart of the matter was brilliant. Unfortunately, she also suffered from mental illness, and with the dissolution of her marriage to Ted Hughes on the horizon, she committed suicide at the age of 31 in 1963.

After researching Plath's biography and learning about her relationship with her father, mother, and Ted Hughes (British poet and laureate), I was haunted by her poetry. In fact, the projections Kelly Colburn and I discussed became a silhouette of the character I played in the thesis, who I thought of as Sylvia Plath's ghost at times.

I read Hughes' *Birthday* Letters, an entire book of poetry addressing his dead wife. The book was released decades after Plath's death and the poetry helps to open a small window into what had otherwise been a mystery of the relationship between

the two poets. The poetry is so beautifully written and compelling. I couldn't help but think Hughes' life was more tragic than Plath's, for not only did Plath commit suicide but Hughes' second wife committed suicide and took their four-year-old daughter with her to the grave. In 2009, Hughes's son with Plath committed suicide. Hughes had already passed away at age 68 in 1998.

Florian and I talked a lot about Plath and Hughes. I used to think Florian's character embodied Ted Hughes and his poetry, and the character I played embodied Plath. We came up with the idea of improvising with leverage (or counter-tension), compression, and release in order to generate movement for the partnering. We choreographed the entire duet without music, creating our own sense of timing, breath, and rhythm. We videotaped at the end of every rehearsal and began the next meeting by watching the video- scrutinizing, analyzing, editing, changing and building upon what we had choreographed the week before. We always started rehearsal this way- watching the choreography on video. We were able to maintain perspective while we crafted and polished the work.

I had a few classical pieces of music in mind for piano- one being a piece by Mompou, which ended up being discarded. After consulting with mentor, Alvin Mayes, Florian and I agreed upon a gorgeous piece of music by Franz Liszt, *L'vidi in terra*, one of three piano pieces Liszt set to Francesco Petrarca's sonnets. Petrarca was a Renaissance scholar and poet and referred to as the "Father of Humanism". About Petrarch's legacy, the poet J. D. McClatchy has said;

> "True love—or rather, the *truest*—is always obsessive and unrequited. No one has better dramatized how it scorches the heart and fires the imagination than Petrarch did, centuries ago. He dipped his pen in tears and wrote the poems that have shaped our sense of love—its extremes of longing and loss—ever since" (Poet.org).

Longing and loss and obsessive love seemed quite apprapos for the duet.

Mathew Hill

Because live music was essential, I now needed to find a tenor to sing the Petrarch sonnet. Enter stage right, Mathew Hill. I don't recall what month, but some time late spring of 2015, I was in the grand foyer of the Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center getting my lunch at the café that perches atop of the grand foyer stairs. An opera group from the School of Music was perfoming in the grand foyer, filling the center with a bellowing of bewitching sound. I looked down and saw someone I knew; someone who had taken my ballet class in the dance department for at least 2 semesters. His name was Matt Hill and I knew he was a music major when he was an undergraduate student taking the ballet course. Now he was a graduate student in the opera school, singing and performing with grace, elegance, and maturity. It was a beautiful and passionate performance. I was so impressed with his commanding stage presence. (Alvin would later comment, "Well, of course he has presence. He's a tenor!) After the performance, I approached him and asked if he would be interested in performing in the thesis. I told him about the music selection and he enthisiastically said he would ask his advisors in the opera school.

I wanted the project to be worth his time and effort, so we discussed the poosibiltiy of him performing two of the Petrarch sonnets. We both decided that *Pace Non Trovo S. 270*: *I* resonated with the themes of the thesis (Translated from Italian into English by A.S. Kline):

I find no peace, and yet I make not war:

And fear, and hope: and burn, and I am ice:
And fly above the sky, and fall to earth,
And clutch at nothing, and embrace the world.

One imprisons me, who neiter frees or jails me,
Nor keeps me to herself, nor slips the noose:
And Love does not destroy me, and does not loose me,
Wishes me not to live, but does not remove my bar.

I see without eyes, and have no tongue but cry:
And long to perish, yet I beg for aid:
And hold myself in hate, and love another.

I feed on sadness, laughing weep:
Death and life displease me equally:
And I am in this state, lady, because of you.

The poem is full of contradiction. I didn't have any idea what the "dance" or "scene" would look like at the time Matt and I initially spoke, and I wasn't ready to work on it just yet. Neither was he. We discussed starting rehearsals during the winter break of 2015, just a few months before the performance date. He and Isiah Johnson, the pianist, would need to spend time together rehearsing in January, and then I could work with them in the studio with the rest of the cast. It turned out we blocked most of the scene when Bruno Augusto was able to fly in from Oakland, Ca for the December three day intensive.

It grew into a quartet about love, loss, and grief. Florian portrays a middle aged man and Matt portrays his younger self. Florian's character is remembering when he was young and full of sorrow over the loss of the object of his affection. Alison sits on the bench in the distant future. She is pensive. She searches the crevices of her mind trying to remember. She is the object of desire- the muse. She is Terpsichord, Anima, the epitomy of the archetypal Lover or Eros. The poet sits at his

desk ruminating. The older man, the wise man, the archetypal image of the actualized Self, watches while his younger self, buckles with grief.

At the end of the dance, the older male figure comforts his younger self and they both travel through the upstage doorway, the older man leading the way out.

There was one prop that fell by the wayside after I had a pow wow meeting with my advisors, Sara Pearson and Patrik Widrig. I had intitially imaged Matt Hill doing the scene in an old antique wheechair that I had found in the prop warehouse. Somehow in my mind, him being in a wheelchair would reinforce the idea of a wounded and conflicted soul. I knew he didn't want to sing the entire song while sitting in the wheelchair so I thought he would have "an outer body experience" and leave the chair to walk around the set, only to return to it at the end and get wheeled off by one of the other performers.

In Decemeber 2015 when Bruno was in town for the intensive, I managed to set the scene with Matt moving in and out of the wheelchair. However, after talking to Sara and Patrik, the wheelchair wasn't making sense anymore. The first time we see Matt is in scene 1 and he walks a figure 8 pathway around the desk and bench and then lingers at the window, looking out of it for a moment pensively. It just didn't make sense that he would then appear later on in a wheelchair. I could have had him enter scene 1 in the wheelchair and establish his character as wheel bound but he could not remain seated in the chair and sing *Pace Non Trovo* well, so I dropped the idea of using the wheelchair. It just wasn't necessary in conveying the meaning of the scene. Adding Alison and Florian on the bench was a decision I made as we got

closer to the performance and I'm so glad I did. It was reflective of their relationship in the balloon dance and continued a thread between the two of them.

Alison and the Red Balloons

I choreographed a dance for myself and about 50 red helium balloons for a choreography assignment in my second year of graduate school. It was a site specific work performed in an art gallery on campus. The idea for the balloons came from a Halloween costume I created for my daughter, Emily, when she was in 5th grade. From a cardboard box, a pair of suspenders, ribbons, and a bunch of multi-colored helium balloons attached to the big box and suspended above her head, Emily became an ethereal little person riding in a hot air balloon. The costume was fabulous!

I was cleaning out the corner of the attic one day and found the costume. Flooded with nostalgia, I was transported back to a time when raising my daughter seemed a lot less complicated. When I used to watch the wild gypsy in her run free… unencumbered… full of joy…joie de vivre!

Now sixteen and filled with teenaged angst, I longed for those carefree days when the most difficult decision we used to make together was how often she wanted to go ride horses.

I hoped now more than ever she would not lose more of her authentic self to the complexities of peer pressure and life in our postindustrial society. Would she one day suffer my middle age misery as well?

The incarnation of the balloon lady started to take shape. The enourmous bouquet of red helium balloons would be worn around the waist for the dance. The

character, who I began to refer to as Sylvia, would improvise in-between a choreographed entrance and ending. The balloons were attached by ribbon to a belt I wore, which allowed the balloons to float around my torso and head. I looked like a balloon bouquet with legs. I didn't know at the time, but the balloon lady would show up again in the thesis, but this time with even more melencholy and *Romantic-era* yearning.

In January, 2015, Alison and I began working on the dance because there was an opportunity for her to perform it at Dance Place in July. I was invited to present two dances in an evening length program produced by Word Dance Theatre. I titled the piece *Dear Sylvia* after Alison's mother.

Alison and the red balloons embodied nostalgia, loss, and longing in the thesis. The female character revisits a time and place where she is remembering a relationship and love long gone. She holds in her hands the bouquet of 50 red helium balloons and enters into the world. She comes back to the balloons for comfort and assurance, eventually wrapping herself in their symbolisim of love and comfort.

I called the dance *Dear Sylvia,* after Alison's mother who has passed away. Although Alison seems to be the one telling the story, the remembering is actually coming from the male character sitting on the bench. She visits the bench upstage, sitting beside him- flirting, conversing, and reminiscing. Florian plays the object of her affection and love. He never acknowledges her. He is there in a different time. The only movement he does throughout the entire scene is a painstakingly slow pivot from sitting with his back to the audience and eventually ending up facing the audience. I stuck with *J'attendrai*, by Rina Ketty, and chose a song by Charles Trenet

called *Que r'est-t-il de nos amour*. I loved their 1930's-40's sentimental feel. Plus, Alison's father loves everything French and the dance was dedictaed to his late wife.

As the dance concludes, Alison leaves the bench with one more sorrowful gesture towards him- he is still. Alison wraps herself up in the balloons for comfort and exits. As she does, Florian's character echoes her last gesture and we realize the memory- the dance- is from his point of view as he pulls one of her white gloves out of his pocket and caresses it.

I used this device several times in the thesis, shifting perspective back and forth between characters and objects.

Rogue Collective

All four musicians in Rogue Collective, the string quartet, are current or former undergraduate students from the University of Maryland's music department. Alexa Cantalupo, Kaitlin Moreno, Troy Pryor, and Erin Snedecor were fantastic to work with! I met Alexa Cantalupo when she began accompanying Bob Novak, the department's percussionist in some of the modern dance classes. Her imrpovisational skills on the violin are splendid.

I approached Alexa after class one day towards the end of the spring semester, 2015. I had music for strings in mind for several scenes- opening scene, closing scene, and Bruno's mad paper scene. I didn't know she was already a member of a string quartet and I asked her if the group would be interetsed in being part of the project. She would ask the other members and get back to me. Happily, they agreed.

At that time, I told her I was still waiting to hear from the production manager whether we had secured the rights to the Max Richter pieces of music I wanted to use- *Embers* and *November* from the *Memoryhouse* album. At our first meeting the last week in August, we made sure to come up with a plan b because we still hadn't heard anything about the right to the music.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, we never received permission, so plan B went into effect. The group would compose music that had the same feel and length as *Embers* and instead of *November,* which needed to be shortened and modified for string quartet, we decided on starting with Vivaldi's Concerto in F Minor for Violin Op. 8 no. 4 Rv. 297 and ending with Vivaldi's The Four Seasons Winter I Allegro for the fianl scene.

It was serendipidity because in the final scene, winter is summoned as snow begins to fall. The music was beautiful with the imagery in the scene. I was able to block the musicians entering the scene and surrounding the woman in black sitting on the bench as she is enveloped with the presence of the musicians and the music. The musicians fan out when they begin playing the allegro section of Winter and travel on the circumference of a circle. When I choreographed their movement, I would refer to it as the clock dance. The musicians travelling and pausing equidistant from each other, representing the progression of time forward. It was as if to signal the ending of the lyric poem and the ending of the performance; the end of time suspended.

The Rogue Collective was such an integral part of the show. I asked Alexa if the group had a piece of music in their repetoire that they could play in the grand foyer before the performance began and then lead the audience into the theater

following the group in as they continued to play. It was a lovely transition and added a beautiful auditory layer to the experience of entering the theater and the world of the show. I knew I wanted to incorporate the quartet while the first poem was being heard and the woman in black rocked in the rocking chair behind the window. I called it the family portrait section.

I asked the musicians if they would be open to "dancing" or moving without their instruments and they were actually really excited to try. I set the choreography on them in one rehearsal and we really only needed a couple more to polish and practice. (I know they practiced on their own.) The three women, Alexa, Erin, and Kaitlin gestured with intent and feeling. They were absolutely gorgeous. Troy brought a tranquil but powerful presence to the stage. One of my favoirte moments in the entire thesis is when Erin clasps her hands in her lap during the family portrait dance. I loved it so much, I made sure it was a gesture I incorporated into the bench solo.

As I said earlier, my brilliant sound designer Jeff Dorfman had composed a percussive score for the string quartet to improvise with for Bruno's mad paper scene. When Bruno arrived a week before the performance, I had two rehearsals to get all of us in the same room to make some magic happen. Bruno and I had set the improvised structure two days before and now I needed Jeff and the musicians to play with Bruno. I basically stepped out of the way and watched as the scene unfolded for the first time. It was magnificent! We ran it several times including the duet section between me and Bruno, which was also improvised with the musicians. That

happened exactly two days before going into tech. I rehearsed the quartet one last time on Saturday the day before tech and we were good to go!!

Working with Rogue Collective was one of the best decisions I made for the project, and I think our working relationship was such a success because I was prepared and knew ahead of time how I wanted to work with them. I had finished all of my research on music and I had come up with a plan for rehearsals. Also, I was very clear, concise, and prepared with movement and ideas when we finally did start working in the studio. At no time did I waste their time with ambivalence, uncertainty, or a lack of vision of how I wanted to use them in the project. I also think because of all of the years I have spent teaching and raising children, it has allowed me to hone the skills necessary to be a good director.

The Designers- Scenic, Lighting, Projection, and Costumes.

Collaboration with the designers was a dream come true. By the time I began working with them in the fall of 2015, half of the dances were already choreographed. Alison's balloon dance, the bench solo, and duet between me and Florian had structure and content. I was going to begin work on the tango duet in September so I had the music already picked out. Bruno's three scenes had yet to be devised, but I could tell the designers what his character would be like- a poet, or a creative spirit walking the fine line between imagination and madness.

Scenic designer, Katie Sullivan, was the first designer I reached out to when classes resumed. The email had a plethora of information:

August 31, 2015:

Hi Katie,

Great to hear from you and I am excited too. I definitely have shifted a bit from my proposal- I suppose I should read it again! Distilling the ideas into five words, you say?! Wow, what a challenge I am not up for yet. (I will work on those five words.) What a challenge. Here is what I can tell you:

An unseen world or spirit world co-existing beside the "real" is an idea. There are spirits, ghosts, and real people/characters. The dancers play different people and/or sprits depending on the scene. There is no specific world of the play in the sense that it's 1936, in a flat in London in the dead of winter. Time is either suspended or moves fluidly from past to present and then present to past. Think dreamscape- lyric poem- moving painting

I have music that I know I will be using and some poems I am using for inspiration and may or may not be used as spoken text.

I have video and/or description of three dances I can share with you. It would be so much easier in person of course.

More stuff to throw at you:

1. I know I have a Live pianist and of course a piano- Isiah Johnson and recorded music. I will send you the music that I know I will be using. I would like to light the pianist with an old street lamp- possibility.
2. I have a tenor, Matt Hill, a master's degree candidate from the music department on board, and one of my dancers will be singing two songs- I think.
I am hoping to incorporate Matt Hill into a few scenes so he is not just narrating on the side but is actually plays a character in the scenes.
4. Dining/kitchen table and chairs that hopefully are on wheels to roll quickly in and out.
5. At least one bench with horizontal slats- I can take a picture of the one I have been using.
6. Projection surfaces- Three walls with at least one door and large window(s) maybe
7. Shattered wall mirror?

The scenes/dances are loose narratives representing psychological/emotional sites. I have interior spaces in mind- a study or kitchen, an old abandoned home or old theater?? Interior room could be more abstract or just kind of out of this world. And outdoor spaces- a park setting perhaps. Projections and sound design could help with this.

Is there a way to move the set around so the audience experiences different points of view- the audience sees in the "room" the dancers inhabit and then maybe view

another scene from outside the window(s) or door(s)?

I am going to send you a bunch of images and links. I know there are too many ideas right now swimming around in my head but hopefully I've given you some food to chew on.

On September 8, 2015, I followed up the email I sent Katie with one addressed to all of the designers:

September 8, 2015

Hello design team!

Hauntings explores themes of nostalgia, mortality, love and obsession, the fine line between imagination and madness, and the human struggle to connect.

Maybe the dances can be seen as a series of lyric poems, moving paintings, or dreamscapes. Inspiration right now for choreography comes from:

> *The life and poetry of Sylvia Plath- poems Ariel, Edge, and Lady Lazarus*
> *The life and poetry of Ted Hughes. Birthday Letters was a collection of poetry he published in 1998 long after her death.*
> *W.H Auden*
> *Life and poetry of John Keats*
> *Irish folklore and the its rich history of storytelling-*

The description below of the lyric poem is quite apropos:
- "the lyric poem tries to stop time but we live in time. The lyric is an entrance to another world. It's a world we cannot inhabit for long if we are going to hold onto sanity…." Poe was a lyric poet, and so was Paul Verlaine (French Symbolist poet), Hart Crane, Robert Lowell, and Sylvia Plath have all written lyric poems.

I love this idea for world of the dance:
- https://press.princeton.edu/chapters/i9412.pdf
In "For the Time Being," a long poem written by W.H. Auden, there is an ultimate existential dislocation…. "It's as if we had left our house for five minutes to mail a letter, and during that time the living room had changed places with the room behind the mirror over the fireplace…."

Here is a wonderful description of how I see time represented- From Einstein's Dreams, written by Alan Lightman:

"Imagine a world in which cause and effect are erratic. Sometimes the first precedes the second, sometimes the second the first. Or perhaps cause lies forever in the past while effect in the future, but future and past are entwined……
A young woman sits near a fountain in the Botanischer Garten. She comes here every

Sunday to smell the white double violets, the musk rose, the matted pink gillyflowers. Suddenly, her heart soars, she blushes, she paces anxiously, she becomes happy for no reason. Days later, she meets a young man and is smitten with love. Are the two events not connected? But by what bizarre connection, by what twist in time, by what reversed logic….

In this acausal world, scientists are helpless. Their predictions become post dictions…. Scientists are buffoons, not because they are rational but because the cosmos is irrational. Or perhaps it is not because the cosmos is irrational but because they are rational. Who can say which, in an acausal world?

In this world, artists are joyous. Unpredictability is the life of their paintings, their music, their novels. They delight in events not forecasted, happenings without explanation, retrospective.

Most people have learned to live in the moment……"

OR:
Imagine a world in which there is no time. Only images.

I will provide images at the meeting on Friday. Paintings by Edvard Munch and Jack Vettriano have inspired ideas.

Katie's set design had to accommodate both theses. Curtis Stedge and I were sharing the concert so the set had to work for both of us. We wanted the floor and the walls to be projection surfaces so Katie designed a grey semi-circular wall as the backdrop and a floor built out of Masonite, also painted grey. White would have made the environment feel sterile so we steered away from white. The grey color changed gradually from a lighter grey at the front of the stage to a darker grey at the top of the wall. The floor and the wall blended together seamlessly. The entire set was a projection surface.

I wanted the world of the play to feel askew, otherworldly, and irrational- where past and present were intertwined; where cause and effect were erratic. How was this world going to materialize?

Katie furnished a third of the set's semi-circular wall with a collection of objects protruding from its surface. These objects- chairs, old fashioned sconces,

mannequin hands, coat rack, 1940's radio, Victrola speaker, typewriter, cello- appeared to be either coming through the wall or receding back into it- into another place… *somewhere else*…*some time* beyond what was in the foreground of the space. All of the objects were relevant and chosen because they related to the objects handled by the performers/characters.

For example, gestural movement was inspired and created from *This Living Hand,* by John Keats (see program notes in the Foreword) so there were *hands* (mannequin) sticking out from the wall. The same set of gestures were used throughout the thesis but the meaning behind each gesture changed depending on who was performing them and in which scene. Hands and *port de bras* were profoundly significant and Katie represented them in the wall with hands reaching forward toward the audience.

In this irrational world, I knew I wanted a window and some kind of peculiar entrance nestled in-between the objects. I wanted the option to place characters on either side of the window. For example, I knew one of the first images I wanted to see at the beginning of the show was the woman in black rocking back and forth in a rocking chair on the outside of the window while Claire Cowan's poem, Rebec to Bowman, was recited. The *family portrait* danced by the string quartet in the foreground, the *present*, happened simultaneously with the *past* represented by the woman in the rocking chair.

The way through the wall became a "shrunken" door; something you would imagine in Alice in Wonderland, and it was tipped to one side. The performers had to bend over to reach the door handle and hunch over in order to get through it. It was

mounted on a spring and closed by itself. A marvelously bizarre and strange addition to the set! All we did the first day in the theater after we received the ok was play with the window and the little door.

Projections played a major role in the project. Kelly Colburn, projection designer, and I worked symbiotically. We got to know each other very well because we shared an office together. We were able to toss ideas back and forth frequently. I believe this is the reason why projections played a prominent role.

The moon imagery became a through line- a thread and a representation of repetition. I pulled inspiration for the moon imagery from a poem by Sylvia Plath called *Edge:*

The woman is perfected.
Her dead

Body wears the smile of accomplishment,
The illusion of a Greek necessity

Flows in the scrolls of her toga,
Her bare

Feet seem to be saying:
We have come so far, it is over.

Each dead child coiled, a white serpent,
One at each little

Pitcher of milk, now empty.
She has folded

Them back into her body as petals
Of a rose close when the garden

Stiffens and odors bleed
From the sweet, deep throats of the night flower.

The moon has nothing to be sad about,
Staring from the hood of bone.

She is used to this sort of thing.
Her blacks crackle and drag.

Colburn created worlds inside the world- gorgeous landscapes of travelling moons, balloons floating skyward, rain, and snow. The cityscape for the tango duet was a blown up section of a Gustave Caillebotte's *Paris Street: Rainy Day* (1877). The illustration of the leaves on the ground and wall for Alison's balloon dance were exquisite and produced a pathway for her to dance in and out of.

Kelly came up with the idea of filming me in the light lab against a green screen so she could create haunting silhouettes of the lady in black moving across the set. She connected immediately to the concept that the work was a lyric poem.

The weekend before the show when Bruno had arrived, she filmed us both shaking our heads and hands from the shoulder up to add tension and chaos to our duet. The struggle of two opposing forces was represented by her overlapping our images on top of each other and speeding up the action.

Every projection was relevant. The images moved the world of the play forward and backwards in time, reinforced the emotional states of the characters, and/or created dreamy landscapes.

Lighting designer, Dylan Uremovich, captured the essence of the work. He and I worked so well together. We met only a handful of times outside of the three principal design meetings.

The first toy Dylan gave me was a lit umbrella. He had seen Alison's balloon dance and decided to experiment with a set of wireless LED lights on dimmers attached to the inside roof of the black umbrella that Florian holds while sitting on the

bench. We now had the capability of isolating the performer on stage with just the lit umbrella. During the rehearsal process, we experimented with setting the umbrella down on the floor in front of him to see how many shadows we could cast or throw around the space.

The second magical idea he came up with was to light the bench. He designed the bench with dimmers underneath the slatted surface. The rendering he sent me was stunning. Dylan could play with the intensity of the light and make the bench solo even more wraithlike. I had asked him early in the process if some of the objects in the wall could be lit as well. The objects cast sinister and eerie shadows on the wall and floor.

Lighting the underbelly of the typewriter came late in the process- about a week before the show. Between the umbrella, the bench, and the typewriter, we had wonderfully unique ways to cast light and shadow.

Once we were in the theater, the world materialized. The lighting was brilliant. The world appeared strange and mysterious. Shadows were thrown everywhere. It was spooky, ominous, and at times ravishing and divine. I was reminded of Hitchcock's *Rear Window* or Orson Well's *Citizen Kane.* The lighting supported and strengthened the tone and mood of each scene.

Jeannette Christensen was my costume designer and a first year graduate student. She is a sweet, calm, and quiet person. I am loud and energetic, but somehow the collaboration worked. Her designs were gorgeous and captured the nucleus of each character.

My only concern was Ms. Christensen had very little experience costuming dance, and so when it came time to fabricating the costumes, we spent some time discussing the importance of fabric and movement. It was not only important that the dancers be able to move comfortably in the costumes but that the dresses for the women had movement and flow.

We tried on many dresses for Alison and just a couple of days before opening night, Jeannette texted me she had found a dress on Amazon.com she wanted Ali to try on. Amazon.com? Really? Well, it was perfectly gorgeous for the show! The dress truly reflected Alison's character and the roles she played throughout the work. The color and design popped.

I ended up with two dresses for the woman in black. I convinced Jeannette the woman in black should have a different dress when she dances with Florian and when she dances with Bruno. It was also for practical reasons. My duet with Florian had sustained, restrained, and moderately strong vocabulary. On the other hand, my duet with Bruno was overloaded with tension and he and I threw each other around and onto the floor. The taffeta fabric of the dress made by for the duet with me and Florian would most likely rip in the other duet. The black dress was purchased online and was made out of stretchy cotton. The fabric could withstand more stress. It was important to me in the duet with Florian that the dress have a lot of movement. It was also imperative that the dress for the bench solo was form fitting and the bodice tight.

As I say in the director's notes of the program, *Hauntings* has been the culmination of a rich and marvelous collaboration- a devised work where every designer, musician, and performing artist has contributed to what you are about to

see. I truly believe this. I molded and shaped the material and the material molded and shaped me. The collaborators- whether performing artist, designer, or musician- bestowed upon me a great honor; a trust in my vision and guidance.

Chapter 4: Final Reflection

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." - Henry David Thoreau

Misery and pain can be catalysts for change and transformation. Those of us who can muster up enough courage to live an examined life, have the ability to shed light on the ghosts that run our lives. We all have them. Those invisible currents of the psyche… the soul… and the hauntings of untold stories. Literature, poetry, and art beg to ask the question, "What does it mean to be human?"

I began a soul searching expedition for the thesis project. I put the life I had led- this half a life- under a microscope of psychoanalytic inquiry. I had nothing to lose but misery and malaise. My advisor, Karen Bradley, summed up the entire thesis after the final showing, "It's about loss, Julia…simply about loss."

She's right. I had to come to terms with the ghostly and troubling currents of unconscious energies running my life. I didn't choose to create *Hauntings.* It chose me. The research was driven by my desire to unearth the reasons I was so disconnected, discontent…disengaged……. disinterested. As the saying goes, I was sick and tired of feeling sick and tired. I had to exorcise festering wounds of loss and discontent. Metaphorically speaking, *something* had to die in order for there to be rebirth. I had to surrender and let go a provisional adulthood to make room for a more authentic self.

It's unfortunate that poets like Sylvia Plath and Charlotte Mew committed

suicide under the weight of their fractured souls. Plath may have had mental illness which of course complicates matters, but she never got over the abandonment of her father when she was 9 years old. (He died of complications from untreated diabetes.) Did these poets write vividly distressing poems to help clear their psychic attics of their hauntings?

Hollis believes, "…we are never more haunted than when we forget the fact that our lives are the variations upon central themes, the dialectical embodiment of which is both our fate and our destiny" (*Hauntings*, 14). Similar ideas resonate in Woodman's writings. The dance with death, with the "seductive grave of diminished choice," can lead to an impoverished inner life. I wonder what might have happened to Plath if she had had a chance to sit down and talk to Marion Woodman and James Hollis:

> "All of us enact our inner Hamlet: though we know what we need to do, for reasons we do not know, we cannot do it, and thus we fret and dither about until our hand is forced. All of us are captive to our inner Lear, that insecure, narcissistic part that takes over from time to time and plays the lion to conceal the bleating lamb. Like Ophelia, all of us pine for what is not possible and end up destroying what is. And all of us yearn beyond measure, beyond intrinsic capacity, and are alternatively saved, condemned, and owned by that same yearning" (14).

Bringing the internalized narrative from the depths of unconsciousness into the light can be a profound experience- and culminate in a dance.

I guess if I had to choose the most prominent through line in the thesis it would be the idea of the healing power of the creative spirit and soul. Channeling the ruminations of half a life into the creative process was deeply cathartic. What materialized was a dance theater piece about death and rebirth- of letting go and

surrendering the ghosts running our lives in order to make room for contentment and happiness. Something must die to make room for a new state of consciousness and serenity. The shadow and the light belong to each other… Order and chaos belong to each other…. Everything in the universe is paradox.

As I finish the last few words I will ever write in this paper, I can't help but feel I have left so many details out. I am so grateful to the dance artists, musicians, and designers for the amount of effort, creativity, and dedication they put into the making of *Hauntings.* I urge the reader to watch the archival footage because although I have done my best in the short amount of time I've had to expound on the work, I can't possibly believe reading the paper will be more enjoyable than watching the show.

I will leave the reader with a nostalgic sentiment. I would like to express my deepest gratitude to long time mentor and dear dear friend, Professor Alvin Mayes. I will never forget the love, support, and guidance he has given me throughout the years. I have learned how to be a choreographer by being in his dances and watching him work for over 25 years. He has influenced every aspect of my art making and performance life. Throughout the process of devising and choreographing *Hauntings*, he was my confidant, gently coaching and assisting me with whatever I needed. I am so thankful… and very proud of the dance.

The Guest House

This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
As an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they're a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,
still treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
meet them at the door laughing,
and invite them in.

Be grateful for whoever comes,
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.

-- Jelaluddin Rumi, translation by Coleman Barks

Illustrations

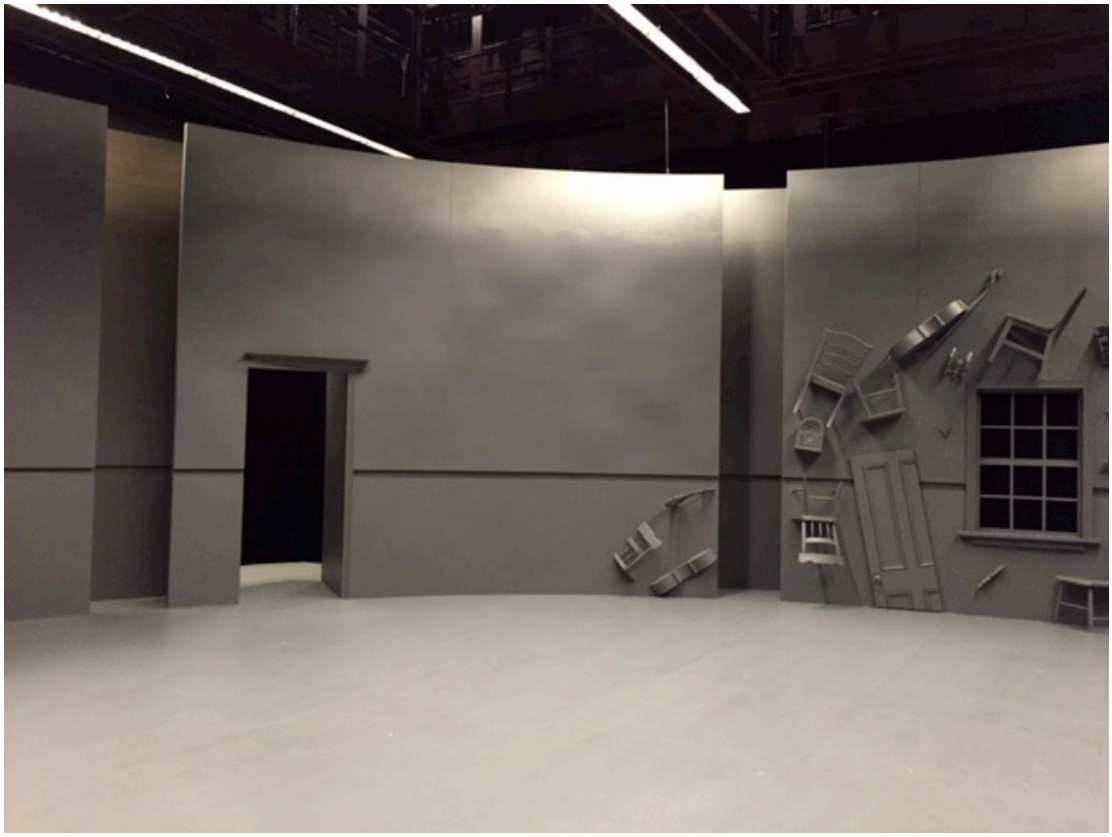

Figure 1: Set design by Katie Sullivan. Photo by Julia Smith



Figure 2: Set design by Katie Sullivan. Photo by Julia Smith



Figure 3: Set design by Katie Sullivan. Photo by Julia Smith.



Figure 4: Set design by Katie Sullivan. Photo by Julia Smith.



Figure 5: Costume Designer- Jeannette Christensen. Final Research Presentation.



Figure 6: Costume Designer- Jeannette Christensen. Final Research Presentation.



Figure 7: Costume Designer- Jeannette Christensen. Final Research Presentation.



Figure 8: Costume Designer- Jeannette Christensen. Final Research Presentation.



Figure 9: Costume Designer- Jeannette Christensen. Final Research Presentation.



Figure 10: Costume Designer- Jeannette Christensen. Final Research Presentation.



Figure 11: Costume Designer- Jeannette Christensen. Final Research Presentation.



Figure 12: Costume Designer- Jeannette Christensen. Final Research Presentation.

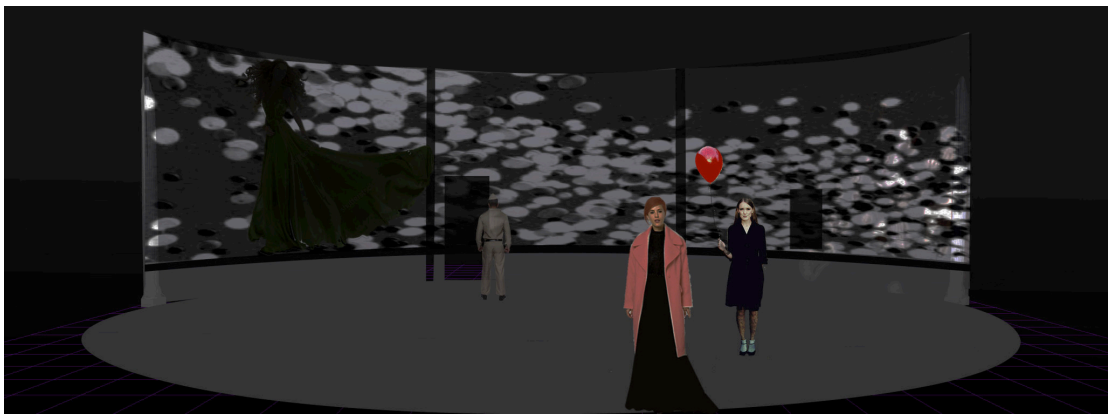

Figure 13: Projection storyboard scene 1. Projection designer- Alexandra Kelly Colburn.



Figure 14: Projection storyboard- scene 1.

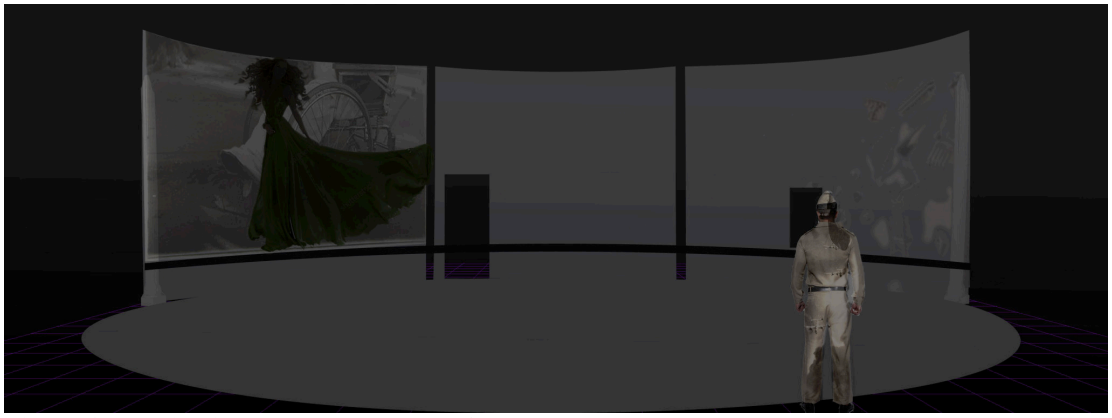

Figure 15: Projection storyboard- scene 1.



Figure 16: Projection storyboard- by Alexandra Kelly Colburn. Scene 1.



Figure 17: Projection storyboard. Scene 2.

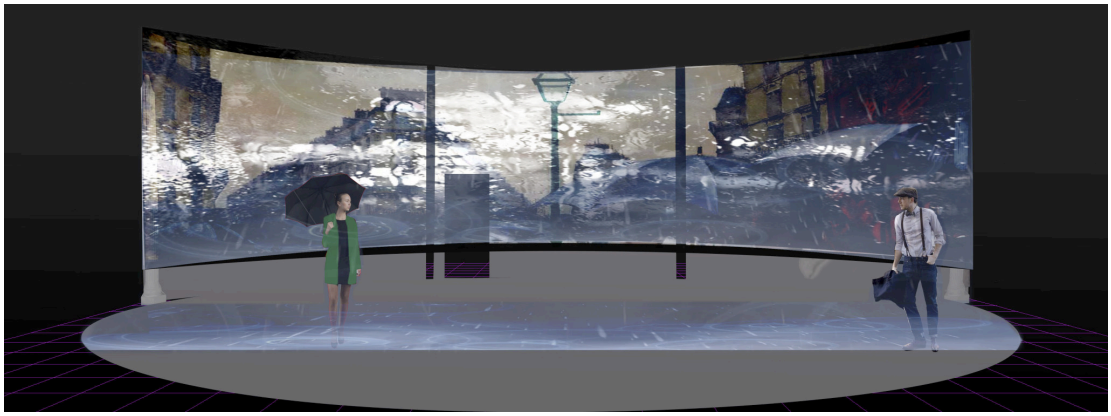

Figure 18: Projection storyboard. Scene 3- tango duet.

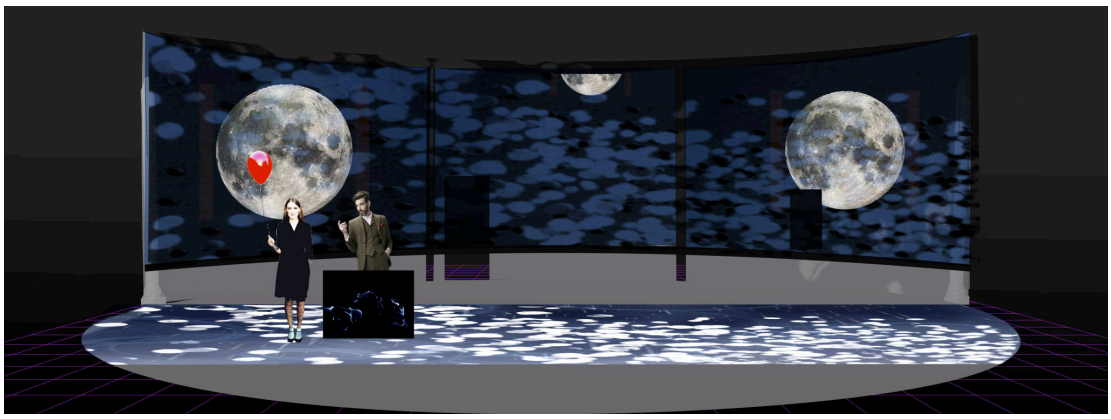

Figure 19: Projection storyboard. Scene 4- paper argument.

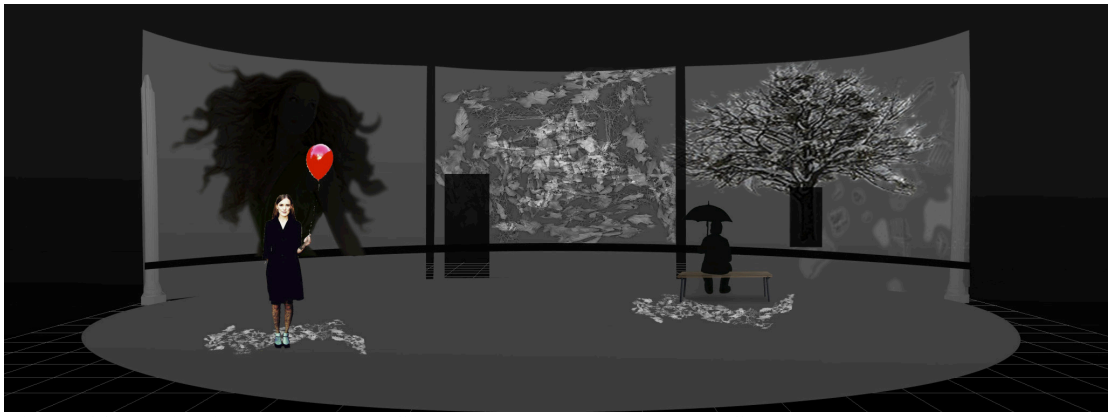

Figure 20: Projection storyboard. Scene 5- balloon dance (Dear Sylvia).



Figure 21: Projection storyboard. Scene 8- Bruno's mad scene.

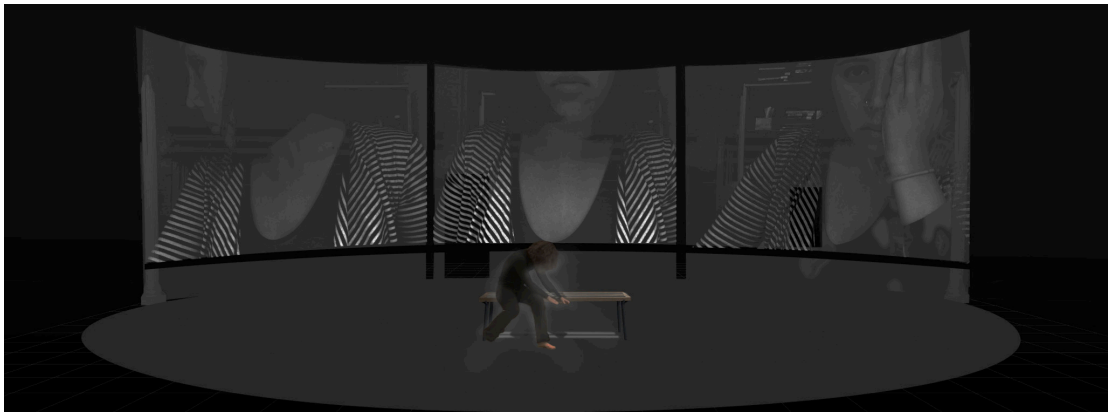

Figure 22: Projection storyboard. Scene 10- bench solo.

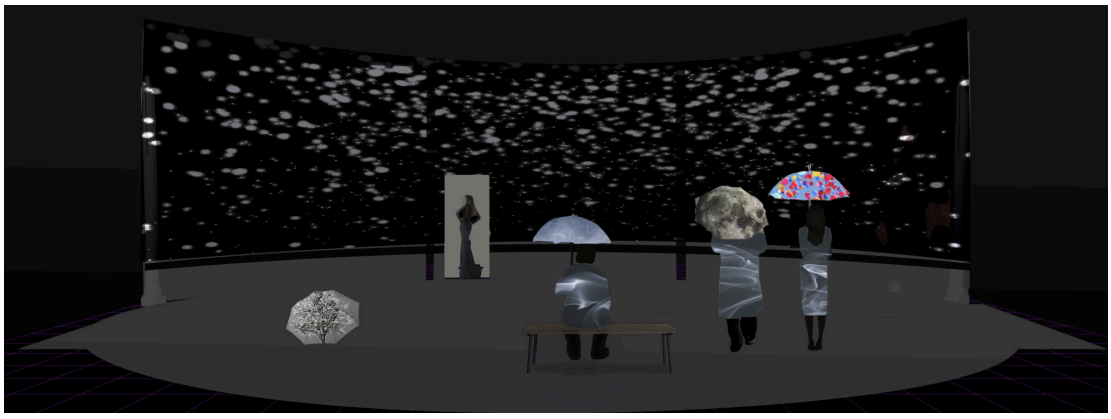

Figure 23: Projection storyboard. Scene 11- finale.



Figure 24: Lighting design rendering of bench solo by lighting designer, Dylan Uremovich.



Figure 25: Lighted typewriter. Pictured- lighting designer, Dylan Uremovich.



Figure 26: Lighted typewriter. Pictured- lighting designer, Dylan Uremovich.



Figure 27: Lit umbrella. Pictured- lighting designer, Dylan Uremovich.



Figure 28: Julia Smith and sister, Janet Curran, at Mom's typewriter



Figure 29: Candid photo. From left to right- Bruno Augusto, Mathew Hill, Florian Rouiller. Photo by Julia Smith.



Figure 30: Candid photo. Bruno Augusto and Kate Jordan. Photo by Julia Smith.



Figure 31: Candid photo. Alison Crosby and her balloons.



Figure 32: Performance. Scene 1. From left to right- Alexa Cantalupo, Kaitlin Moreno, Erin Snedecor, Julia Smith. Photo by Nitsan Scharf.



Figure 33: Scene 1- Julia Smith. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 34: Scene2- Bruno Augusto at the typewriter. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 35: Scene 3- Tango duet with Florian Rouiller and Alison Crosby. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 36: Scene 3- Tango duet with Florian Rouiller and Alison Crosby. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 37: Scene 3- Tango duet with Florian Rouiller and Alison Crosby. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 38: Scene 3- Tango duet with Florian Rouiller. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 39: Scene 4- The paper argument with Bruno Augusto and Alison Crosby. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 40: - The paper argument with Bruno Augusto and Alison Crosby. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 41: Scene 5- Dear Sylvia (balloon dance) with Alison Crosby. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 42: Scene 6- Haunting duet with Julia Smith and Florian Rouiller. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 43: Scene 7- Pace non trovo with Mathew Hill and Alison Crosby. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 44: Scene 7- From left to right: Bruno Augusto, Matt Hill, Florian Rouiller, Alison Crosby.



Figure 45: Scene 8- Bruno Augusto. Photo by Zachary Handler.

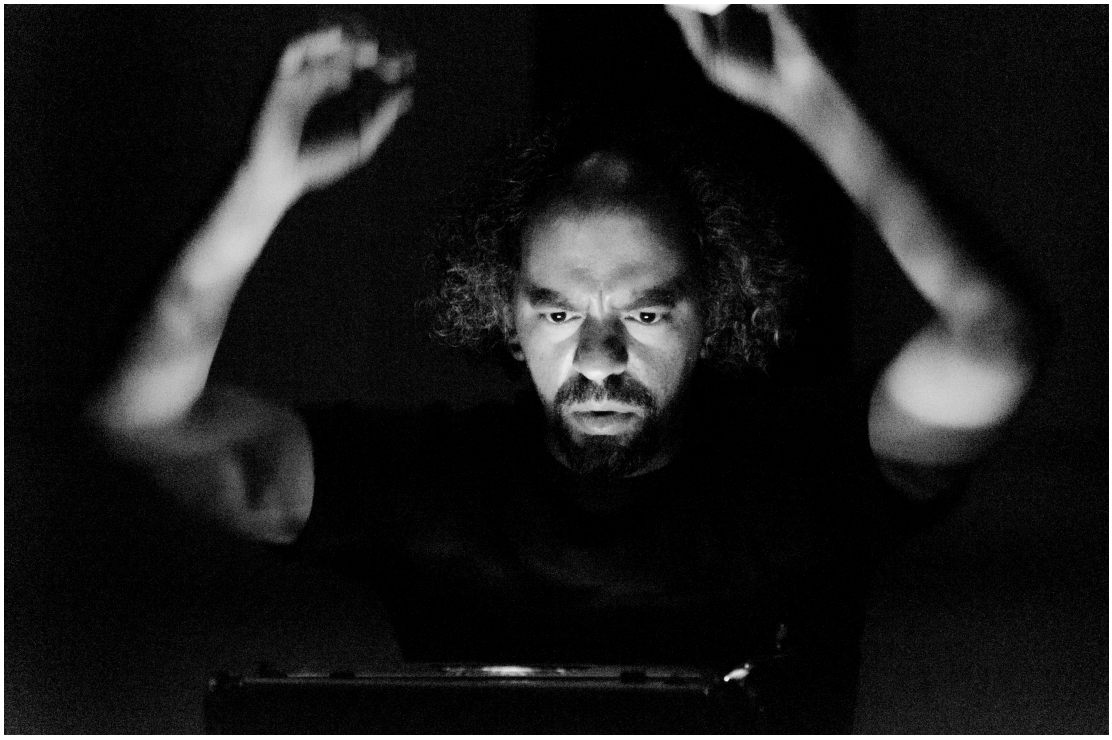

Figure 46: Scene 8- Bruno Augusto. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 47: Scene 9- Bruno Augusto and Julia Smith. Photo by Nitsan Scharf.



Figure 48: Scene 9- Bruno Augusto and Julia Smith. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 49: Scene 10- Bench solo. Julia Smith. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 50: Scene 10- Bench solo. Julia Smith. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 51: Scene 10- Bench solo. Julia Smith. Photo by Nitsan Scharf.



Figure 52: Scene 11-Finale. Winter. Alexa Cantalupo, Julia Smith, Kaitlin Moreno. Photo by Zachary Handler.



Figure 53: Scene 11- Finale. Winter. Entire cast. Photo by Nitsan Scharf.



Figure 54: Scene 11. Winter. Rogue Collective and Julia Smith. Photo by Nitsan Scharf.

Appendix: Break Down of Scenes

Working Script set up in Google docs to assist stage manager, Tarythe Albrecht and designers.

Hauntings

Scene-1

Introduction

Music- includes Fur Alina, poem, and *Ashes*

- Rogue (Erin, Troy, Alexa, Kaitlin) brings audience into theater and as audience settles, musicians place instruments in musicians corner (where piano is). musicians settle on bench

- Matt enters, circles desk, circles bench as musicians are placing instruments down and taking their place on the bench. Matt exits through door and I would like to see him pass by the window in shadow.

-*Isiah passes by window heading toward door right after Matt passes by the window. Isiah enters through door and heads to the desk, where he picks up his folder and heads to the piano. *Fur Alina* begins as soon as Isiah can sit and start playing. Top of the show announcement.

-Music- *Fur Alina* (family portrait danced by Rogue) played by Isiah

Dance- by musicians on bench *Family portrait*

-lights up on Julia behind window rocking in the rocking chair

-Rebec to Bowman poem overlaps with the end of Fur Alina.

- musicians dance on bench with Rebec to Bowman as Julia rocks in rocking chair.

- Florian enters downstage right and stands downstage right with back to audience (in the poem, his que is "monarch dark, she'll dance Rebec to bowman"). Flo moves to coat rack and picks up

umbrella and rain coat (hat comes later). Flo's que is last musician off bench.

Musicians- towards end of poem musicians have left the bench one by one (order: Troy, Kait, Erin, Alexa) and are set up and ready to go right into *Ashes* (3 minutes 10 secs)

- Julia moves from rocking chair to door and enters. Makes her way down to center, opens hand, looks at glove, smells it or touches it against her cheek and continues downstage to coat on floor. Julia picks up coat and shakes it, puts it on, and then turns around to face upstage.

- Ali enters (wearing green coat but no gloves- gloves are on coat rack). She meanders and makes her way to the bench. She looks out the window while seated on bench.

- Florian begins to move and takes his pathway right after Julia heads towards coat. He circles desk and stops beside it on stage right.

- Bruno enters with typewriter from the house. He circles desk and Florian and he pass each other, Bruno on the inside of the circle.

- Bruno sits down at his desk, Florian has paused at the side of the desk and takes his coat off his arm and puts it on. Bruno throws a piece of paper from typewriter onto floor. Florian picks up paper, goes to coat rack to get hat and puts it on, Florian exits through door.

***** que for musicians to begin wrapping up is Julia and Florian sit on bench 2 mins and 45 secs**

- **Alison settles looking out of the window toward the end of the scene. she exits when music ends. She goes to coat rack first and takes off green coat, then walks and exits through door.**
- **Julia walks over to coat rack after Ali and Flo do.**
- **Bruno settles at typewriter**

-Musicians exit as Bruno settles for scene 2 and they tune instruments offstage

Scene 2

Bruno and typewriter

-Julia remains on stage near coat rack while Bruno types.

Toward end of scene, Bruno stands up and Julia brings Bruno his coat and feeds one arm in. Julia looks at paper in typewriter and pulls it out. Bruno waits til Julia is almost off stage through wall and throws paper airplane at her. Julia exits crooked door and Bruno follows her. Flo and Ali in the window walking toward door. Bruno exits through cooked door after Julia. Ali and Flo are seen crossing window as Bruno hesitates at opening and going through crooked door.

Scene 3

Dance- Tango

Music- Isiah plays Stravinsky Tango

-Before music begins, Flo and Ali enter.

- Transition after dance- Alison walks over to desk, Florian pauses and takes out his little umbrella and looks smugly Ali. He then turns and exits through crooked door.

Scene 4

Paper Argument with Ali and Bruno

- **Bruno appears in doorway as soon as Flo has shown his little umbrella and enters through door with stacks of paper. He makes his way to the desk and he and Ali set up the scene.**
- **end of argument. Ali takes umbrella with her and walks to coat rack and picks up her white gloves and green coat, exits through the crooked door. She moves to entrance quickly for balloon dance.**

-Florian crosses window backstage with umbrella. Flo pauses for a pauses briefly while umbrella illuminates and then goes out. He makes his way to the door and umbrella is illuminated again slowly as he enters the space and goes to bench.

Scene 5

Balloon Dance- J'Attendrai, Que-Reste-t-il

- **Florian enters and settles on bench, barefoot, with coat (over pants & white t-shirt), umbrella, no hat.**
- **Ali enters downstage with balloons**
- **End of dance- Ali exits wrapped up in balloons**
- **Florian waits til she is gone before finishing his choreography. He turns to where she was sitting, and gestures then places umbrella down on diagonal stage left of bench and gets Ali's glove out of pocket. Leaves it on bench.**
- **Flo gets up and goes to coat rack- all he needs to remove is the coat and hat. He will be ready for the duet under the coat. (No shoes on during balloon dance)**
- **Florian takes off coat and hat and at the same time we see Matt behind the window. Florian pauses.**
- **Julia is seen in the window as Matt appears in the doorway and Florian has moved and paused at edge of window stage right. Julia is seen in the doorway as Matt moves to place. Matt and Flo pass each other.**

Scene 6

Haunting- Florian and Julia duet.

Music- L'vidi in terra- Isiah and Matt

- **Julia enters through door, music begins as Julia passes Florian**
- **end of scene transition- Julia exits through door and Florian takes a direct pathway to window**
- **Ali and Bruno enter at the same time. Ali enters through the crooked door and sits on bench. Bruno enters and moves his desk and stuff back into place.**
- **Matt needs to disappear and reappear in the wheelchair through the door. (The wheelchair idea was abandoned during tech)**

Scene 7

Pace Non Trovo

Music- Matt and Isiah

- **Ali on bench, Flo at the window**
- **Bruno and Matt enter through door. Matt in Wheelchair**

- **end transition. Matt ends up back in wheelchair. Bruno makes his way back to the desk. Ali exits through the crooked door. As she leaves she will drop the glove on the ground by the bench?**
- **string quartet enters as soon as Matt sits back down in the wheelchair.**
- **Florian wheels Matt outdoor**
- **Bruno goes to desk for mad scene with leaf blower**

Scene 8

Bruno's mad scene

Music- string quartet- improvisation 2.5 to 3 mins

- **leafblower. At the end of improv section, Bruno slams hand down on manuscript. throws the paper everywhere. He exits and comes back with leaf blower. Maybe Troy is improvising on guitar while we wait for Bruno to return.**
- **Julia enters with the end of the extension cord.**

Scene 9

Julia and Bruno Duet

Music- string quartet improvises 2.5 to 3 mins

- **Julia ends up on bench for bench solo.**

Scene 10

Bench solo- Julia- Nocturne in E minor- Isiah

Scene 11

Finale- String Quartet- *Winter by Vivaldi*

- **string quartet enters, playing legato, from onstage door (Erin, first), SL Kogod door (Troy), wall (Alexa & Kait), and go to bench (Alexa sit, others stand)**
- **Quartet stops playing.**
- **Julia on bench- snow begins after 10 seconds of silence**
- **Ali, Bruno, Florian white umbrellas- (white umbrellas were cut during tech week)**
- **Quartet moves to circle DSC - Erin first, then Troy, then Kait, then Alexa**
- **Quartet does 2 quarter turns, then full rotation clockwise, playing allegro section of *Winter. AT end of music the musicians become still.***

When You are Old poem- Julia makes her way towards the door passes Bruno at the desk towards the end of the poem. She turns and watches snow falling with last line of poem, pauses and looks back, turns back towards door. Lights dim and stage goes dark.

The End!!!

Glossary

Amplification. A method of interpretation, developed by Carl Jung in which a dream image or motif is enlarged, clarified and given a meaningful context by comparing it with similar images from mythology, folklore and/or religion (*The Eden Project* 145).

Anima. In Latin it means "soul". The unconscious feminine side of a man's personality.

Animus. The unconscious masculine part of the female personality.

Collective unconscious. "Term introduced by psychiatrist Carl Jung to represent a form of the unconscious (that part of the mind containing memories and impulses of which the individual is not aware) common to mankind as a whole and originating in the inherited structure of the brain. It is distinct from the personal unconscious, which arises from the experience of the individual. According to Jung, the collective unconscious contains archetypes, or universal primordial images and ideas" (Britannica.com).

Complexes- According to Carl Jung complexes are emotion-laden themes surrounding life experiences of an individual. They are parts of the *personal unconscious*, which is differentiated from the *collective unconscious*

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