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**TOM O'HORGAN, STAGING THE OUTRAGEOUS:
A CHRONOLOGICAL STUDY OF HIS THEATRE**

by

MARTIN R. RUSSELL

**A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in Theatre
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York**

1997

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This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in Theatre in satisfaction of the dissertation requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

Abstract

TOM O'HORGAN, STAGING THE OUTRAGEOUS:
A CHRONOLOGICAL STUDY OF HIS THEATRE

by

Martin R. Russell

Adviser: Professor Albert Bermel

This dissertation is the first chronicle of the career of the American experimental director Tom O'Horgan, the most prolific and renowned New York theatre director of the Sixties. His lifework includes over two hundred productions.

At the age of seventy-three, O'Horgan has a schedule of new works and projects that continue unabated, the 1995-96 season alone included six major productions, as well as the formation and debut of his latest troupe, the La Mama 2000 Repertory Company. In celebration of the La Mama Experimental Theatre's thirty-fifth anniversary, he adapted, scored, and directed three new works.

The study examines the sixty-plus years of O'Horgan's theatrical experiences, and the influences on his production styles and professional philosophy. The work traces O'Horgan's rise to alternative theatre eminence, from his early New York and La Mama experiences at home and abroad, to his Off-Broadway acclaim. It looks at O'Horgan's fame at

its Broadway peak, and tracks the ensuing years, tracing the legacy his work and plans offer future theatre artists.

Appendices include the few extant written reflections of O'Horgan, and a chronology of his artistry.

Acknowledgments

The realization of this work is a dream come true for me, and I am indebted to all those whose support and encouragement helped in its completion. In particular, I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to my parents, Ethel and Bill Russell, whose contribution is immeasurable, as is that of my wife, partner, and best friend, Jill Russell, and that of my daughters Sarah and Zoë. Amor vincit omnia.

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Special thanks are also due to Fools Company's Executive Administrator, Susan Cline, for holding the fort these ten years, to Ellen Stewart for her great inspiration in this work, and to Oswaldo Rodriguez, Peter Craig, Tom Lee, and Kesha Robinson for helping keep its research

credible. Thanks too to all the interviewees of this project, who gave so generously of their thoughts and memories, including Michael Butler, Bertrand Castelli, Mari-Claire Charba, Jules Fisher, Galt MacDermot, Albert Poland, James Rado, Paul Sills, Ellen Stewart, and Robin Wagner.

Above all, of course, I want to thank Tom O'Horgan, the grand master of the revels of our time, for his gentle patience, wonderful stories, and good humor, all of which helped inspire this undertaking. All hail, Dionysus.

TOM O'HORGAN, STAGING THE OUTRAGEOUS:
A CHRONOLOGICAL STUDY OF HIS THEATRE

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Introduction

Life is like a long circuit of incandescent moments that call out in the darkness to each other. Once in a while a piece of art, no matter how distant, can illuminate a forgotten corner of your life.--Tom O'Horgan'

This dissertation is an analytical chronicle of the lifework of the American director Tom O'Horgan. In 1934, at the age of ten, he played Hansel in a school production of Humperdinck's operetta Hansel and Gretel. Thus began a career that includes some two hundred productions, and now spans sixty-three years. With over fifty productions of new works at the La Mama Experimental Theatre Company alone, ten Broadway productions,² four of which ran concurrently, and numerous major productions on five continents, O'Horgan was the most prolific and renowned New York theatre director of the Sixties.

At the age of seventy-three, O'Horgan's schedule of new works and projects continues unabated, with six major productions in the 1995-96 season alone, including the premiere of a "new ballad opera" in Bangkok, with an international roster of artists that included 53 actors, a chorus of seventy-three singers, thirty-four dancers, an eight-piece orchestra and a production staff of twenty-four. The season also included a "conceptual suspension" performance recording, an "organic virtual reality

theatrical fun house," and an inaugural performance forum with a company of twenty-eight, that included a public installation artist,³ a Butoh⁴ dancer, a tap dancer, a composer, a didgeridoo player, and other musicians. The season also contained the formation and debut of O'Horgan's latest troupe, the La Mama 2000 Repertory Company in celebration of La Mama's thirty-fifth anniversary, for which he adapted, scored, and directed three new works with a company of fifteen.⁵ O'Horgan completed the season by directing concert versions of Hair, Jesus Christ Superstar, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, a reading of Edward Albee's The American Dream, and a public performance workshop with a cast of eight, together with a slide show presenting highlights of his career--all aboard a Caribbean cruiser.⁶

This study examines O'Horgan's theatrical experiences, and focuses on his production styles, creative methodologies, and professional philosophy. In analyzing his lifework, it seeks to discern O'Horgan's talents and contribution to the theatre of his age, thereby arguing the need for our society's more-active support of its artists. The close of the twentieth century does not even approach a golden age, certainly nothing to match the hopes of the late Sixties' Age of Aquarius. Based on available history, prevailing conditions, and need, each generation reinterprets the theatre of and for its time. It is hoped

that this document of O'Horgan's journey of discovery may offer guidance to future questers.

My first encounter with O'Horgan's work was the 1967 presentation of Tom Paine at the Vaudeville Theatre, London. It was a production that radically changed my understanding of what the theatre might become. In contrast to the prevailing West End vestigial whodunits and creaky farces, O'Horgan's rough, total theatre arrived from the New World as a gust of fresh theatricality that set my twenty-year-old life on a course into the experimental performing arts. My ensuing thirty years in the theatre were sustained with the benefits of Royal Academy of Dramatic Art discipline, mime studies at the Ecole Jacques Lecoq in Paris; the ambience of creative possibility of La Mama E.T.C. company, guided by Ellen Stewart; and my association with the faculty of the City University of New York Graduate Center Theatre Program. These decades in the contemporary performing arts in London, Paris, and New York, in my roles as a non-profit producer, director, teacher and performer, have also had consequences in the compilation of this work. Above all, it has been made possible by the generous cooperation of Tom O'Horgan over the past five years.

As yet, no publication, scholarly or otherwise, treats the lifework of this leading American director. Perhaps this dissertation may in part redress this omission. A leading theatre historian, Oscar G. Brockett, acknowledges

the director's techniques as "controversial though important." Brockett's description is reductive: "O'Horgan tended to place primary emphasis on frantic physical activity, pulsating light effects, electronic sound, and gimmickry of various sorts."⁷ Nor has the press granted much esteem of late to the director it once lauded. In a 1992 review of the Broadway musical, Tommy, Frank Rich, then theatre critic of The New York Times, praised it by way of comparison with Hair and Jesus Christ Superstar, finding O'Horgan's two shows "the commercial theatre's . . . watering down . . . simulating . . . and ripping off [of] rock music."⁸ Rich attributes the style of Tommy, "which coalesces as a continuous wave of song, scenes, kaleidoscopic design and dance," to "musical-theatre innovations unknown until the mid-1970's." Tommy's director Des McAnuff, said Rich, shrewdly turned to "examples set by such directors as Harold Prince, Michael Bennett, and Robert Wilson."

The acclaim accorded the Broadway musical Rent, also overlooked O'Horgan's influence in its conception and shaping. A 1996 Village Voice commentary that could readily pass for one of an earlier generation's Hair, lauds the "roughness," of style of the show that "moved from Alphabet City to Broadway," and its "validation of lives lived in pursuit of artistic dreams and earthly pleasures."⁹ The review also delights in the contemporaneity of the issues

raised in the song "La Vie Bohème," the show's musical centerpiece, identical issues raised in Hair some thirty years earlier: freedom of choice, the need to express a hatred of convention and pretension, and an exploration of topics ranging from dildos, Lenny Bruce, and carcinogens, to shame, apathy, and sodomy. Yet the review dubbed Rent the "anti-Hair of the '90s." O'Horgan remains a sometime prophet without the honor he has earned in his own land.

The text that follows springs largely from lengthy and numerous interviews with O'Horgan and playwrights, composers, producers, actors, and designers of his productions, past and present, which were recorded from spring of 1993 through April 1997. Selected O'Horgan planning sessions, rehearsals, workshops, readings and performances of that period were also observed. Beyond the considerable theatre and periodical library collections of New York City,¹⁰ this work also draws on O'Horgan's personal archives, and those of La Mama E.T.C. Producing O'Horgan's contribution of Dream Pirates, a work I commissioned for New York's 1995 International OFFestival,¹¹ together with Jitters¹²--a work-in-progress, and a performance workshop,¹³ provided me with invaluable first-hand insight into O'Horgan's *modus operandi*.

Chapter 1, "Beginnings: Toy Troupes and Trumpets," explores O'Horgan's childhood, education, and military service, the roots of his attachment to the performing arts.

An only child, O'Horgan's playtime at home was often occupied building puppet theatres and devising shows for them. At school he pressed classmates into service in improvised troupes of players. His high school and college appetite for music composition and harp playing also proved most useful, keeping him busy with matters orchestral for the duration of World War II.

Chapter 2, "One-Man Tours: the Exploding Harp," examines the director's early professional career as a musician, performer, and director in the post-war era. Demobilized, O'Horgan was soon crisscrossing America singing and playing music for a living on the last of vaudeville's circuits. He developed a one-man comedy harp act that was to share the bill with Mae West, Odetta, Mort Sahl, and Lenny Bruce.

Chapter 3, "Off-Off-Broadway to Off-Broadway: the Village, La Mama and Europe," traces O'Horgan's rise to alternative theatre eminence, from his early New York and La Mama experiences at home and abroad to Obie recognition and Off-Broadway acclaim. O'Horgan soon gravitated to the alternate East Village performance spaces that were emerging in the early Sixties. The Caffé Cino and Ellen Stewart's La Mama gave a new downtown edge to his earlier zany experiments. He returned triumphant with critical acclaim from his first tour to Europe with the La Mama Troupe, establishing that company and such hitherto unknown

playwrights as Leonard Melfi, Paul Foster, Jean-Claude van Itallie, Sam Shepard, William Hoffman, and Lanford Wilson.

Chapter 4, "Broadway: Hair and the Age of Aquarius," looks at O'Horgan's fame in its peak period. Hair on Broadway and elsewhere around the world, brought O'Horgan's name and style to the attention of the theatre community and audiences world-wide.

Chapter 5, "Peripeteia: After the Ball is Over," tracks the ensuing twenty years of O'Horgan's stellar passage from supernova to neutron star. With Hair, Lenny, Jesus Christ Superstar, and Inner City running consecutively, O'Horgan took a commanding position on Broadway and off. It is hard to envision the tending of four Broadway companies, often in the same day. Harder yet to contemplate the effect of the closing of these productions, leading to his fall from professional grace. If previously O'Horgan could do no wrong, his work on Broadway became widely viewed as an aberration, part of a flamboyant, excessive era past. Theatres Off- and Off-Off Broadway, out-of-town and overseas, however, remained receptive and continued to host his ground-breaking theatre, film, and television.

Chapter 6, "Concluding: Continuing," summarizes O'Horgan's theatre of the late twentieth century, comparing the theories and practices of other influential, experimental directors with his, and tracing the legacies

that his present work and future plans offer the theatre artist of the future.

Appendices include the few extant written reflections of O'Horgan, and a chronology of his lifework.

Notes

1. See Appendix A.
2. Hair, 1968; Lenny, 1970; Jesus Christ Superstar, 1971; Inner City, 1972; Dude, 1972; Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band On The Road, 1974; The Leaf People, 1975; Hair (revival), 1977; I Won't Dance, 1981; Nimrod and Senator Joe were also slated for Broadway, but were aborted owing to producer Adele Holzer's arrest and imprisonment for fraud. The first four of these Broadway productions ran concurrently for some one hundred performances.
3. "Public installations" are generally large-scale works of art in public facilities, frequently allowing the public the possibility of entering them and interacting with them.
4. Butoh is an avant-garde Japanese dance form created by Tatsumi Hijikata in 1959. It presents an Artaudian vision of a pure, essential theatre, using nightmarish, post-nuclear holocaust imagery of contorted, ashen, human forms of living death to display the soul or creative unconscious.
5. The La Mama 2000 Repertory Company included Peter Craig, one of the actors with whom O'Horgan has worked for more than three decades.
6. The Caribbean cruise made stopovers in Grand Cayman, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, and Mexico.
7. History of the Theatre, 702.
8. "Capturing Rock-and-Roll and the Passions of 1969," April 23, 1993, C1, C23.
9. Evelyn McDonnell, "Not Just a fable, a TESTAMENT," April 30, 1996, 27-30.
10. Research sources include The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts Research Collections, the Donnell Media Center, the 42nd Street Research and Periodical Collection, the Mid-Manhattan Library Picture Collection, the Science, Industry and Business Library; the Broadway Theater Institute Collection; the City University of New York library system; the International Theatre Institute Collection; the Museum of the City of New York Theatre Collection; and the Shubert Archive.
11. An annual series of contemporary performing arts from around the world, produced by Fools Company, Inc., a not-for-profit producing and presenting organization of which I

am the co-founder and artistic director. Dream Pirates was the inaugural production at Fools Company Space.

12. Performed as part of Caboodle, a fund-raising event.

13. For Fools Company's New York School for Performing Arts' Artswoker Apprentices, a youth development program for sixteen- to twenty-one-year-olds.

Chapter 1--Beginnings: Toy Troupes and Trumpets

The formative period of Tom O'Horgan's life--his family, Chicago background, childhood, education, and military service--was marked with the kind of vivid, singular experiences that his hundreds of avant-garde productions would later draw on.¹ An only child who had toy theatres built for him, he organized puppet shows and fielded ready playmates into makeshift troupes of experimenters, as unwitting preparation for his efforts with actors and designers for the ensuing half-century. His school and college passion for music would also provide him with a virtually orchestral view of World War II and beyond.

Earlier, Thomas Foster Horgan's² mother, Leona Lucille Smith, had come north to Chicago from Alabama, with her mother, Mathilda, or "Mattie" as she was known in the family, after Leona's father, John Smith, had died. Mattie's mother was reportedly half-Cherokee, and it was said her husband had died of an overdose of opium-based laudanum. Mattie, née Legg, had lived to the age of one hundred, had known Lincoln's wife, Mary Todd, and told tales of the Civil War to her grandson, Tom.³ As a child, O'Horgan spent summers with them in the South, hunting for Indian arrowheads and fossils behind their property. To this day, a fossil collection still features in his life as part of the decor of his downtown Manhattan loft, along with

well over a thousand musical instruments and props from past productions.

The families of O'Horgan's father, Foster Browne Horgan, William C. O'Horgan (his paternal grandfather), and his mother, Mary (née Chambers), made their separate ways from Dublin, via Canada, to the Chicago area. Foster sang a great deal as a child and loved the prevailing theatre of his day--vaudeville. Foster's mother refused several invitations from roving talent scouts for him to join touring "newsboy acts," singing groups much like the ones portrayed in the musical Gypsy.⁴

Though Tom O'Horgan's parents were both the youngest of large families, he was their only child, conceived eight years after their marriage. Born in the Chicago suburb of Oak Park on May 3, 1924, O'Horgan considers himself to have grown up "a very pampered only child." His father had "nudged and encouraged" "Tim" or "Tittymouse," as his parents had called him, to go into the theatre from an early age, and took the boy to his first operas, Madama Butterfly,⁵ and Il Trovatore, even though Foster didn't care for opera.

A little later, a similar excursion to a performance of the magic show of the then-famous Thurston the Great also left a lasting impression on O'Horgan. He was taken frequently to the popular "presentation houses," where film and vaudeville shared the bill--never dreaming that he too

would play such houses in his early twenties, at the end of World War II. Stage facilities for these shows were often rudimentary, despite the staging complexity of the wildly popular, baroque visual spectacles of the kind immortalized by Busby Berkeley on film. O'Horgan recalls one particular musical number, typical among the many he saw at the time, that included a huge "sink" set lit in ultraviolet blue, into which singing, dancing girls "dripped" from a giant faucet.

On the first day of grammar school, at the age of six, having already decided that he was to be "a stage manager," he asked to see the stage. He was, he recalls, "disappointed--they had no footlights." His father immediately set to work with an electrician friend, not only constructing footlights for the school, but also building dimmers too, and, at a later date, a wind machine.

Like most of his family, Foster Horgan worked in the print trade, which he hated, despite his union position on The Chicago Sun-Times. Ever inventive, Foster had even published a suburban paper of his own in Melrose, Illinois, which, though a failure, brought him considerable joy. He was, O'Horgan reflects, a dreamer. Earlier on, Foster had come across a complete set of Punch and Judy glove puppet heads with a shady past: they had reputedly been made in an Italian prison. The refurbished puppets would soon become the first repertory company O'Horgan would direct. It

seemed only natural to the young O'Horgan that his father went on to build him a puppet company that had its own small-scale theatre, complete with working footlights, and elaborate changeable costumes. Later, when a marionette performance they had visited entranced O'Horgan and, despite the fact that his father found the marionettes "less hands-on" than the glove puppets, Foster readily converted their theatre by turning it upside down to accommodate its eight-year-old director's newfound alternative theatrical direction.

O'Horgan's mother, Leona, had such a locally-renowned organizational talent that a group of businessmen in Melrose Park, where he and his family lived by this time,⁶ had sought for years to go into business with her, but she had never "felt it her position" to do so. O'Horgan recalls how, though not particularly interested in classical music herself, she readily sold all the tickets to some local community concerts in just a couple of weeks. Had she been the breadwinner, O'Horgan feels their fortunes might have greatly improved; but, despite its local reputation as a "kind of free-thinking, 'pinko' family," the prevailing family wisdom held a woman's place to be in the home.

Though not of the card-carrying kind, William C., his paternal grandfather, nevertheless considered himself a communist and left the Catholic church. O'Horgan recalls that this grandfather believed "suspicious people, bankers

and gangsters, hung out in churches." While the aviation exploits of the Wright brothers were much in the news, William C. had worked for some time on plans for a flying machine of his own. Indeed, one of O'Horgan's earliest memories of this grandfather's home was a surreal Magritte/Rousseau-like picture of a cigar-shaped flying machine which O'Horgan had taken a distinct dislikeing to, with its fourteen flapping wings in a nightscape with a mustachioed conductor/pilot type, in a carriage suspended above the trees. Despite the depression, and the socialist setting of his working class childhood, O'Horgan felt very much a part of a larger, American middle class.

When he was in fourth grade, at the age of nine, a new teacher, Robert Sheahan, a musician, came to his school, and O'Horgan recalls him as having opened up the world of opera and classical music for him, not least of all by casting him as Hansel in Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel--his first show for Mr. Sheahan.⁷ He was not the only teacher to aid young O'Horgan's sense of specialness and singular passion for the performing arts. Mrs. McGillacuddy, in fifth grade, was another.⁸ Reportedly a teacher whom everyone hated, including O'Horgan initially, an affection developed between the two, and they began to go to the theatre together.

Over the next three years, in addition to his regular scholastic obligations, he threw himself into the performing arts with Dionysian zeal. He acted and danced his way

through as many school shows as possible, while pursuing every available music class. Both parents encouraged him in his performance compulsion. O'Horgan readily admits, "Oh, I was driven, of course; my father wanted to be in the theatre himself, so it was like fruition for him. But I loved it all, I was totally insane about it all."

Indeed, O'Horgan came into puberty and seventh grade with a fervor that was so consuming that the family physician was eventually summoned. O'Horgan was exhausted, and though it is possible that Dr. Swealey misinterpreted his symptoms, it seems more likely, as O'Horgan surmises, that the doctor realized "he had to get this guy off the street, as he was living too fast and too hard." He thus diagnosed a "touch of T.B."

In an era with few miracle drugs, one of the most popular remedies of the day was prescribed--fresh air. O'Horgan's uncle had a trailer and, at first, until it got very cold, the young O'Horgan slept out in it "until around Thanksgiving, when the snows came in the window," at which point he was moved back into their house. His father then built a dormer window, and suspended the cot on springs so that it stuck out the window, into a little place with louvered, wind-up glass venetian blinds. There was a great, red velvet curtain that hit him about mid-chest, which provided him with another mini-theatre to play with, as well as maintaining a warmer room temperature. Thus he slept,

wearing a hood, with his head sticking out into the cold night air. This was apparently standard treatment for tuberculosis at that time, though the design was uniquely an O'Horgan device. His father had decided on this unlikely arrangement, and the doctor had reportedly responded: "Yeah, I guess that'll work."

O'Horgan remembers other outlandish medical treatments. At the end of the following summer, at the age of thirteen, he went to the doctor with a persistent cold: "I was just skin and bones, the last time I've ever been thin in my life, and the doctor put it to me very bluntly: 'If you don't gain some weight, you're going to die!'" He was consequently put on a ghastly diet that demanded he drink milkshakes two to three times a day, consisting of milk, cream, half a dozen eggs, and chocolate to make it more palatable. He recalls having to drink it quickly before it coagulated, but his stomach was so small that he was obliged to lie down to prevent the mixture from being instantly regurgitated. Later, following yet another strange health notion of the times, on a slant board he was to lay upside down for thirty minutes each day in an attempt to rid him of congestion.

His adolescence then, was intense by any standards, a time of isolation and of difficult self-recognition. This painful coming-of-age was, no doubt, exacerbated by his homosexual awakening. Most of his working-class, male peers

tried frantically to meet the social expectations of white middle-American norms, playing sports and watching girls. It is difficult to imagine what role or quarter his immediate community would have afforded this odd, only child, so driven to sing,⁹ dance, write music, play the piano, and dream up theatrical productions.

Spending a year at home, away from school and the many other extracurricular activities from which he had been "running like a mad fool," surely provided the young O'Horgan with pause for thought, and a salutary perspective on the excesses of one's passions, and on human limits, physical and emotional. This year of imposed isolation provided a pause for self-reflection and may have also set the seemingly infinite arts world of fantasy and invention in his mind as a freer and more inviting domain than that of his early childhood. O'Horgan's home thus supplied distance and safety. With these he could comment on the surreal folly of the human condition that surrounded him.

Though pulled from most of his previous, feverish activity, he continued to do a great deal of writing and composing. "Just suddenly slowing down" resulted in a very curious catch-up year--thinking everything over, 'Who am I, and what the hell am I doing?'" He had always felt unlike the other children at school: "not a pariah in any sense, but 'just different.'" Though never a part of any of the local gangs, he organized numerous groups.

I never felt I was an outsider, though others may have thought me one. . . . Yes, I'm an only child, and unless you're an only child, you just don't know. It's not lonely, because that's life, you just get by by yourself. I still need to close the door and get everybody away, and be by myself. I'm not very successful at it, but I try.¹⁰

When O'Horgan returned to school a year later, for eighth grade (the school's graduating class), being bigger and older than his classmates did little to reintegrate this peculiar young man into his community. Rather, he had an even greater need, and ability, to become a leader. O'Horgan must have felt far more comfortable and in control of his environment when allowing for a performance world of seemingly limitless possibilities. His passion for, training in, and experience, of both dramatic and musical forms gave him an edge over his peers, providing him with the approbation to which he was accustomed.

Back among classmates, he continued to gather children together and, to their delight, kept doing shows. Half the troupe were Sicilian-American, as there was an Italian neighborhood at one end of the town. Most of the other children too were of European origin. Conflict and adjustment, so central to human experience and art, also mark this period of O'Horgan's development as battling artist. On one occasion, while on his way to school, with a hefty score of Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg in his briefcase, he got into an argument with "good-looking, blond, Sicilian, twin boys." One of them called him a

"motherfucker," which he recalls as an extraordinarily rare term at that period. Not normally a physically violent child, he nonetheless hauled off and swiped them both with his briefcase, sending them sprawling: "I don't think I had any particular strength, but it was just the power of Wagner!"

O'Horgan was a busy high school student, catching up academically, learning composition, singing, piano, and organizing and performing in his school's musical and theatrical productions. The school then bought a harp. He was immediately drawn to the large instrument,¹² but not knowing how to write for it, or what to do with its pedals, he soon struck a deal. Up to that point, only "a couple of little girls had been learning it," and he agreed to transport the harp around. In exchange, he would be taught to play it.

O'Horgan thus passed through high school with idiosyncratic consistency. Imbued with his parents' enthusiasm for things musical and theatrical, his understanding of both disciplines continued to be seasoned by practice and study. With hindsight, he appears to have been destined from the outset to develop into one of the late-twentieth-century's consistently experimental musical theatre directors. The only other career choice, outside of the theatre, that remotely occurred to the young O'Horgan, was paleontology. He was not good at math or the sciences;

though he feels that had anybody ever told him that music was mathematics, he might have been more interested.

Though deeply involved in music, he was also "extremely sexually active at this period within that kind of world." Though O'Horgan considers his parents to have been enlightened people for their time, there was, all the same, never any kind of sexual discussion. There was no homosexual dialogue or support structure available at that time, certainly none that he was aware of.

As for conflict and adjustment, the world was in the throes of World War II, and his ability to adapt to change would prove vital, enabling him to shoulder musical instruments rather than instruments of destruction. Working towards high school graduation with the expectation of covering new ground in music and theatre at college, he had little idea that he would soon be playing parade ground marches for those embarking for the theaters of war. His earliest wartime memory, however, is of Italy's invasion of Ethiopia,¹³ when he was just eleven. Though the large Italian contingent in his school had cheered Italy on, his parents were dubious about Italian motives. O'Horgan, generally outspoken for his age, recalls avoiding any mention of this, yet another viewpoint that set him apart from his peers.

A year or so later, the son of a neighboring German family, who was about a year younger than O'Horgan, had

spent the summer with his younger brother and parents in Germany. He returned elated, proudly announcing: "I shook hands with Hitler!" O'Horgan recalls no discussion of the war, either at home between his parents, or in the available newspapers. His parents, however, being of a liberal persuasion, privately mentioned to him that they did not think Hitler was "the best of all possible political choices." Regardless, O'Horgan grew fond of this neighboring family. The mother, in particular, regaled him with stories about going to the opera as a young girl in Germany.¹⁴

O'Horgan was sitting listening to the New York Philharmonic's regular Sunday program on the radio, when it was interrupted by the announcement that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor.¹⁵ When the U.S. entered World War II, he was seventeen-and-a-half and "totally against war, coming from this pinko family that thought the Boy Scouts were some kind of Nazi organization." Everyone had seemed "suddenly, totally crazed." He nevertheless remembers approaching the war as "a fascinating field trip."

On graduating from Proviso High School, he was obliged to register for military service, and rather than trying to elude it, he looked forward to it. His parents, however, had hoped, since he had been out of school officially with some sort of incipient tuberculosis, that his service medical examination would reveal T.B. scars on his lungs,

thus causing a deferment or disqualification from active duty, but no trace of the disease could be found. O'Horgan then concluded that Dr. Swealey had fabricated the T.B. scenario, fearing that the young O'Horgan "was ready to run into a mountain"--a diagnosis with which, O'Horgan later concurred.

His parents decided he would be best off in a service band; at least he would be doing something he might want to do. Believing that the harp would not be of value to a military band, he was immediately given French horn and percussion lessons in preparation.¹⁶ Family concern was apparently widespread, and on the day he was to go into the service, his cousin called from Wisconsin, "in a panic," inquiring whether his mother had taught him how to tie his tie. She knew that up to that point he would never have had to do it himself. In fact, he had learned, but only days before his induction.¹⁷

He was eventually inducted into an army band, not for the French horn, though he doubled on that instrument, but, ironically, because he played the harp. His father, of course, responded immediately, making a complicated case for his harp with holding devices and shipping the instrument off to him posthaste. Band practice was not his very first military maneuver, however. Amid all kinds of tests and examinations at the induction center in Kalamazoo, Michigan, a doctor, in need of more light for what was then

affectionately called a "short-arm inspection" (checking for hernias, crab lice, and so forth), drafted GI Horgan [sic] to the job of holding the examination light for him eight hours a day. The first few days of his military service were thus marked indelibly with the memory of "endless guys walking by, coughing."

To this day, O'Horgan wonders whether that experience had something to do with the prevalence of nakedness in his work. There were other factors, however. Around the age of ten or so, he had been studying ballet, modern, and tap dancing,¹⁸ in the Maywood suburb of Chicago. The father of Billie Warmholtz, his dance teacher, was a painter, and she told O'Horgan she wanted him to introduce them to each other. The meeting proved memorable, if disturbing. They had gone to the father's painting loft in her ramshackle, old house, where the seemingly ancient fellow was working. O'Horgan was fascinated, not least by the fact that all the paintings were of nudes, mostly of rather voluptuous women, "guys as well, and sculptures too." Up to that point he had seen such works only in museums; somebody actually doing the work left a powerful impression.

Military service was, "a rather weird situation" for O'Horgan. He had never even had any sort of summer camp experience. In fact, it was the first time he had been anywhere at all without his family. It proved an extraordinary time for him: "to be in this barracks with

these guys." The band he was drafted into was quite particular. A regiment of company engineers, "usually referred to sarcastically as 'the brain trust,' in the armed forces," needed a band for ceremonial drilling. Records were screened and anybody who had ever played any instrument, "or if his brother had played an instrument," was immediately inducted into the band.

It was a hideous little band of about twenty-six pieces or so, with guys from Oklahoma, nice, southwestern guys, you know. And when they established the band they got a lot of the 'ratings'--sergeants and master sergeants. But musically, they couldn't blow their noses.

When the unit wanted to upgrade the band, "they brought in a whole gaggle of Jewish boys from Juilliard, who were wonderful, extraordinary musicians," who had played with orchestras all around New York. Shortly after, another group "from way out West, who didn't know what they were doing," joined the band, providing "a curious mix of totally alien people, who were just like oil and water. . . . the dolts all had the higher ratings, and the other people were all privates, getting all the laborious duties that you get in the army . . . K.P. and other penalties."

The band was then transferred to a staging area in Newport News, Virginia, where soldiers from all over the country were processed. The troops would stay in "this strange camp in the middle of a dense forest for a week or two, and then get on a boat and go off to war." O'Horgan's band had been selected to play for them as they passed

through to active duty. They sometimes played for ten hours a day, marching back and forth. Fainting from exhaustion was commonplace, particularly for the older men, among whom was the legendary Dixieland player, Wild Bill Davidson. "He was just like three minutes below the cut-off age of getting in." O'Horgan remained in this strange purgatory of band, rather than bayonet, practice for three years, until the close of the war.

The band was then in the process of being divided in half for different postings, with no one seeming to know what was to happen next, when another serendipitous event occurred. A famous bass baritone, Doda Conrad,¹⁹ came to give a lieder recital. O'Horgan managed to meet him, and they discussed lieder and other matters musical. Conrad, it turned out, held some position of authority, and subsequently spoke about him to someone in the high command. O'Horgan feels he might well have been shipped off to "who knows where," had it not been for this unsolicited endorsement.

Instead, he was assigned to the half of the band that was sent to "a particularly beautiful part of the country," Asheville, North Carolina,²⁰ and were billeted in an abandoned girls' school that included an old church building with its own organ. The band used to rehearse in a chemistry lab, complete with experiment apparatus. He remembers feeling "as if somebody had just blown a whistle

and all the girls had left--a very surreal time." At the war's end, he found himself playing to the homecoming troops, who were being examined, reevaluated, and either discharged or relocated. The band mostly played dinner music and show tunes for the wounded. He recalls playing the harp so much, in fact, that he had "callouses all the way up to my elbows!" He also played percussion and French horn for seemingly endless numbers of traveling shows that came through the base.

As a result of his reading a bulletin board announcement one morning in 1946, O'Horgan learned that Black Mountain College, in North Carolina, was to host a concert by Bela Bartók, one of his last as it turned out. O'Horgan found his way there, and it proved a revelation. Black Mountain College had an avant-garde reputation, hosting a number of major painters, writers, composers and choreographers.²¹ "All the art that I'd never seen before, all of the art that was to happen in the '50's and '60's was being born there." After the concert,²² O'Horgan had the audacity to bring some of his own music to Bartók for his opinion:

Bartók was not known to be nice to people, but he was wonderful to me. I was in love with his music at that time. It was an incredible experience, we discussed this movement, these lines, nuts and bolts stuff--but he was just nice.

With the war over, O'Horgan considered expanding his service experience of music therapy and planned to go back

to school to study it further, when, by coincidence, somebody of rank decided that what was left of the band would move to a Cleveland hospital, to provide just that kind of service. Here, they made all kinds of improvised experiments and explorations, such as attempting to raise the catatonic from their stupor through playing various material in unusual transformations--the kind of occupation, it might be said, O'Horgan has spent his life at. By the time the band finally regrouped and settled in Cleveland, however, it had been decimated by demobilization and, shortly thereafter, O'Horgan too was discharged.

Returning home, eager to continue his musical education, he enrolled in the music department of De Paul University, Chicago. Freshman O'Horgan entered the world of higher learning, nurtured in a home environment of liberal, socialist thought, the prime focus of his parents' creative energy and purpose from the outset, his sense of specialness and artistic calling already heightened and affirmed by his scholastic and military experience. A puppet-head theatre, a strange fresh-air-bed contraption, rigorous composition theory and practice, a crash-proof harp case, and countless hours of performance. These were some milestones in his coming-of-age.

Notes

1. Unless otherwise noted, all quotations are from O'Horgan. His early biographical material is based on initial interviews with him at his Union Square loft in New York City, on January 28 and 29, 1993. Meetings from February 12, 1993 through July 10, 1995 were audiotaped. Quotations from page fifteen on in this chapter are from the February 12, 1993 interview.

2. Not until he left university did O'Horgan replace the "O'" in his family name. Family lore had it that it had been lost on emigrating to the United States, by some hasty immigration official. O'Horgan reclaimed it "as a kind of stage name."

3. A favorite family story was of a Northern soldier stealing a doll from their home in the South.

4. Gypsy was produced on Broadway by David Merrick in 1959, with music by Jule Styne and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, the work is based on the memoirs of Gypsy Rose Lee. The musical features a child-artist talent scout-cum-presenter called Uncle Jocko, who presents "Uncle Jocko's Kiddie Kapers," typical of many such groups of the day. (Karl Malden plays Uncle Jocko in the 1962 Mervyn LeRoy film, Gypsy.) A generation later, when O'Horgan was in grade school, he recalls such scouts still visiting the schools. He notes: "The prevailing tyranny of freedom today" precludes such possibilities at the close of the twentieth century.

5. Madama Butterfly was performed by the San Carlo Opera Company, and played at the Chicago Auditorium Theater, with Hizi Koyke in the title role. In his review, in The American Chicago Daily, September 19, 1933, Herman Devries recognized her as "young, beautiful, and possessed of every exquisite femininity." O'Horgan recalls that his father didn't care for such entertainment, but nonetheless took him to see the work as part of his cultural education. Tickets ranged in price from 25¢ to \$1.10. "I distinctly remember his having discussed how she seemed unable to hold several important notes," O'Horgan recalled. See Appendix A.

6. The Horgans' [sic] address was 1505 North 16th Avenue.

7. O'Horgan also appeared in Sheahan's musical version of Tom Sawyer, and sang in the Episcopal church choir, in the neighboring town of River Forest, where Sheahan was the musical director. Mozart's motet, "Alleluja" from "Exsultate Jubilate" was one such work.

8. Mrs. McGillicuddy taught the equivalent of an experimental, world civilization class. An earlier childhood development experiment had a less positive effect on O'Horgan. It forbade the children to learn the alphabet, or sound out words.
9. Even his singing teacher at this time, William Hughes, was "an oddity: half-Welsh and half-Hawaiian."
10. O'Horgan interview, February 12, 1993.
11. O'Horgan considers the Sicilian boys the possible source of his lifelong affection for and fascination with twins. "They're just the most amazing stutter of nature. The incredible idea that two people could have almost the same brain structure and fingerprints!"
12. O'Horgan describes having been initially drawn to the harp by "some atavistic nonsense." He nonetheless notes of his present instrument-rich loft (six harps feature among his some one-thousand-piece instrument collection): "It's interesting in this house, if you set people free, they will gravitate to their own atavistic instrument. I believe that. Some people go immediately to percussion instruments, some to the woodwinds or whatever. And the harp has some deep, ancestral relationship to me."
13. Italy invaded Ethiopia on October 3, 1935.
14. One tale in particular that his friend's mother recalled was of an outdoor production of Die Walküre where so much smoke had been used that the audience gagged.
15. December 7, 1941.
16. He later felt that he would have been far better off in some special services' organization that put on shows.
17. O'Horgan thinks that both his parents had probably been even more spoiled and pampered than he had been.
18. He apparently really hated tap dancing, and thought it "boring as hell."
19. He had toured extensively with the renowned harpsichordist Wanda Landowska.
20. Asheville, North Carolina is where the author Thomas Wolfe (You Can't Go Home Again et al) hails from, and writes about. O'Horgan met Wolfe's mother there.

21. In Greenwich Village 1963, Sally Banes notes that "Black Mountain College looms large as a generating force for the Sixties avant-garde. The ongoing collaboration on the dance stage between three men who worked together at Black Mountain in the Fifties--choreographer Merce Cunningham, painter Robert Rauschenberg, and composer John Cage--was influential in more realms than dance," (p. 26).

22. Bartók had played the piano part of his "Contrasts" composition for piano, clarinet, and viola.

Chapter 2--One-Man Tours: the Exploding Harp

O'Horgan returned home frustrated, with a sense of having lost three years of his life to the military. He was unaware at the time that his army experience had provided him with the first of a series of intense, professional, performing arts internships that would anneal him for the intense, gonzo-guerrilla lifestyle that his calling would demand. His second training experience, higher education, was also a direct result of this "wasted time." The G.I. Bill assured O'Horgan a first-class university education free of charge.

Accepted as a "student at large" for the "autumn quarter, 1946," he entered the core curriculum of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences of De Paul University, Chicago² with the same voracity that had so alarmed Dr. Sweaney a decade earlier. His hopes and expectations were soon dashed. His reaction, immediate and acute, has not tempered much in fifty years: "I quickly learned that though there were some good teachers there, they'd never played ten hours a day in their life."³

Taking as many proficiency exams as he could, he minimized his basic course work, and was not obliged to "sit through dumb theory classes." Instead, he consistently took double session summer courses and, where possible, graduate level courses. He soon identified his passion, and began

writing show scores; his major was quickly amended from "Music Education" to "Composition."

For one of his Master's projects he devised a blocking notation system for musicals and operas which would record the orchestration and setting of the placement and rhythm of the actors' trajectories through the stage space. Similar to Laban dance notation, his system displayed the scenes' bar-by-bar rhythmic structure on an extra staff at the top of the musical score "to show where the actors were." This practical, do-it-yourself approach must have seemed to follow quite naturally for the son of a man who had devised indoor/outdoor beds, toy theatres, puppet companies, and footlights for his son's needs. O'Horgan's transcript presciently describes this "Episcopal [sic] Musician," as a "candidate for the degree of "SPECIAL." On June 5, 1949 he received his Bachelor of Music degree and, a year later, at the age of twenty-six, his Master of Music degree.'

Written under the supervision of the distinguished composers Leon Stein and Alexander Tcherepnin, O'Horgan's thesis composition was an Appalachian folk opera, Sop Doll, based on a regionally well-known Appalachian folk tale Sop Doll is a "Jack story," one that tells of a boy who wanders around the hills looking for work. One night, after a farmer allows him to work and sleep in his mill, twelve cats circle him as he sleeps. Waking, he catches one of them with its paw in his gruel and cuts off the cat's paw with

his knife.⁵ In the morning, Jack tells the farmer of his experience, and when he goes to show the paw to the farmer it has turned into the farmer's wife's finger, complete with her wedding ring. Fearing that his wife, Marthy, is in league with the devil, the farmer checks on her, only to find her sickly in bed. She tells him that she is not feeling well and that he should summon "the women of the sewing circle." He insists on seeing both her hands above the bed sheets, and horror!--a finger is indeed missing. As soon as the members of the sewing circle have arrived, the farmer bids Jack "Come on, nail up the windows, nail up the doors." Fearing the worst, the whispering hags begin to "dance about the devil's altar," singing "Sop Doll." The farmer then summons a passing stranger to surround the farmhouse with straw and "Burn the witches down." As "Satan has made glad their young days . . . they must burn."⁶

In tracing the common themes and styles of O'Horgan's lifework, Sop Doll seems in many ways to be the immediate successor of his earliest work, Doom of The Earth,⁷ a fifteen-minute opera written at the age of twelve, "and greatly influenced by Flash Gordon." These surreal, operatic morality masques are harbingers of much that follows, through the Broadway successes to the present day. Megan Terry's Futz comes to mind in particular, with its avenging countryfolk. In a curtain speech in March of 1996, before the premiere of three new works produced especially

for the debut of the latest incarnation of the O'Horgan troupe, the "La Mama 2000 Repertory Company," O'Horgan described his latest productions respectively as "a grim fairy tale," "word jazz," and "poetic drama."

Despite his vehement reaction to academics, and the intensity of his workload, the list of subjects in which he excelled reads like the ideal academic development for this musical theatre director: composition, counterpoint, ensemble orchestration, exposition and argumentation, form and analysis, keyboard, literature, pedagogy of theory, speech, and voice.

The De Paul music and drama departments shared premises, with the music people using the space until six each evening, when the drama people took over. Inevitably, O'Horgan "bled over into the drama world," where much of his childhood interest had centered, and he was often involved with the activities of the drama department and its members. Despite an increasing disenchantment with what was going on around him, O'Horgan started working towards his doctorate in his last year at De Paul, "when I said, 'Wait a minute, this is total nonsense.'" Rather than enter deeper into the theoretical and philosophical aspects of his craft, he chose to tour Chicago and its environs as "a mercenary church singer," earning his living playing in one of Mozart's early operas, Bastien und Bastienne. This and his thesis work impressed the music department sufficiently for them to

suggest that he stay on and start an experimental opera company at the school. It was believed that such a developmental unit could feed the programming of the rapidly-developing post-war television industry, providing the college with a new marketing resource, as well as the financial incentives to develop musical theatre talents for this new medium. Having completed the required hand-copying of the four copies of his thesis opera (photocopiers were as yet unavailable), O'Horgan decided that, after such a concentration of hours at De Paul, his urge was to "go out and do something." He surmises that had he accepted their offer, he would still be teaching there today.

Having completed his graduate studies, and decided against a future in academe, he received \$500 from his mother to go to the Tanglewood music festival that summer "to clear my head." But he came to New York first, in the late spring of 1950, where he "got a hotel room and looked around, and nothing happened." Low on funds and determined to get things moving, he went to audition for The Ben Yost Singers, and was hired as a top tenor for a subsequently-formed singing group, "The White Guards."⁸ This post-graduate experience would prove a third valuable, professional training ground. It not only placed him in the spotlight of audience attention, but also inured him to the hardships in the floating world of the traveling player. It seasoned him for his reversed Christopher Columbus role a

decade later, on behalf of Ellen Stewart, when he led the first troupe of La Mama players east to Europe in search of fame, if not fortune.

The White Guards toured entertainment circuit venues that ranged from holiday resorts like Grossinger's Hotel in the Catskills' "borscht belt," to major sports events like the Kentucky Derby. Midwestern convention centers, however, were their principal market. Hired to tour medleys of popular show tunes, they soon found themselves constantly in demand in and around Chicago. The irony of this was not lost on O'Horgan, who had left the Midwest for the more alluring East Coast. Chicago at that time was the center of the convention world, and most of its major hotels presented two or three events on any given night. Consequently, most of the remaining old vaudeville acts converged there for steady work. The White Guards were doing some five shows a night themselves, and were making so much money that they "just couldn't afford to walk away from it. So there I was, captured for two years in Chicago."

Living at home again, supplied with steady work in Chicago, and touring throughout the Midwest, provided him a vantage point from which to experience first-hand an enormous amount of entertainment "shtick" in these years. Working on a nightly basis, sharing the bill with an astounding variety of "wrinkled acts," many of whom had made their livelihood for decades providing night-after-night,

show-after-show, popular entertainment, provided O'Horgan with a sense of what worked with an audience, and why.

His post-graduate experience thus continued the intense, pragmatic artist's training that the army had previously provided. There were three strong differences, however: though still music-based, his work now concentrated on variety and theatrics; he was now employed for joy and profit; and his audiences were no longer conscripted to mitigate the possibility of imminent death and the horrors of war. Rather, they were buoyed with a feeling of national self-confidence that came from pride at having won the war and saved the free world--a world of celebration and boundless fun, in which they were free to command the popular entertainment they desired with their newfound purchasing power.

O'Horgan found himself riding what would prove to be the first of a number of augmenting waves of success. Sharing the bill with the likes of the young Sammy Davis, Jr. and his father's band, the Will Mastin Trio, O'Horgan was now living amid a formidable array of professional virtuosity: rope skippers, mentalists, ventriloquists, singers of every stripe, and clowns, comedians, chorines, and freaks who plowed their way through innumerable comedy skits. Typical among O'Horgan's favorite groups was a comedy dance act⁹ that would come out with dignity, start dancing beautifully, and then fall apart with farcical

results. Evan Bradrich provided another precursor of the decorum-debunking world of camp that O'Horgan would later relish in San Francisco, in sharing a venue with the legendary Mae West. The curtain opened to reveal a lady in an evening gown, standing by a magnificent, nine-foot, concert grand piano. A tuxedoed gentleman played a cadenza and she sang some high coloratura material, only to lift her dress to reveal a pair of cymbals between her knees. Having crashed them mightily to close, she would then skate off. "There were all kinds of weird acts of this nature."

These were the absurd progenitors of O'Horgan's one-man, comedy harp act, that he would later hone under the tutelage of vaudeville star zanies Olsen and Johnson. Though politically and otherwise naive, these early "weird acts" contributed to his future lifework. Big Me, Futz, Hair, and Lenny, even Jesus Christ Superstar, and much of his subsequent oeuvre, to varying degrees, embody an arch quality of style and content that challenges mores, disturbing and touching with a paradoxical, surreal aesthetic that mixes the sublime with a cornball poke in the ribs. This "pop'ra" form, as O'Horgan has dubbed it, is a particularly American cocktail of borrowed styles: part opera, part pastorate, part masque, part lyrical romantic comedy, part morally instructive melodrama. Stirred or shaken, and served with a wry twist of high camp, and a dollop of farcical low comedy, the audience is served a rich

mix of total theatre which results, at best, in giddy intoxication, or at worst, a headache.

While still in his last year at De Paul University, O'Horgan had heard of a group of young players who were in need of a composer. Under the artistic direction of Paul Sills, they had taken over a second-floor Chinese restaurant and converted it into the Playwrights Theatre Club, a professional repertory company.¹⁰ This group was the nucleus of what was to become the Second City troupe, including Paul Sills, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Ed Asner, and Barbara Harris.

O'Horgan composed and performed music that was taped and played behind some two dozen plays in all, including Woyzeck and Volpone (1952), The First Part of King Henry the Fourth, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Tempest, Peer Gynt, and Romeo and Juliet (1953), The Dybbuk, and Miss Julie (1954), Macbeth and The Tempest--a second version (1957)--Hamlet (1958), Much Ado About Nothing, A View From the Bridge, and Lysistrata (1959), and yet a third score for The Tempest (1961).

Improvising dramaturgical scores with the Playwrights Theatre Club, later Second City, was a fourth major component of O'Horgan's formative years. Composing accompanying scores and effects for these productions obliged him to analyze and improvise on the themes, structures, and characters of these landmark plays,

providing a crash, on-the-job, dramatic literature primer for O'Horgan. Sills recalls: "He always showed up at the last minute to save us, like the Lone Ranger. A witty fellow, and smart, as well as being able to do the music. Everyone liked him."

Improvisation, albeit more as background to the preparation for these classic performance texts, than in their performance, was central, even at the early stage of the troupe's development. Sills, whose performance perspective had been powerfully influenced by his mother, Viola Spolin, shared with her and O'Horgan, a childhood marked with an enthusiasm for charades, role playing, and fantastic stories. "For them, 'Give me a Where, a Who, and a What' was a source of family fun long before it became a cornerstone of the Second City improvisational approach,"¹² and of Spolin's seminal work Improvisation for the Theatre.

Much of the Spolin/Sills methodology employs "the diffusion of imagination and mind games."¹³ In our efforts to fulfill our social responsibilities, we lose touch with our organic responses, and with our own-born poetry. These improvisations and theatre games often combine sensitizing and liberating techniques. They nourish individual release as well as successful group-sport functioning, and have enormous potential for creative productivity. In group

relationships, they also promote an atmosphere of mutual respect and affection.

O'Horgan's early musical training, with its improvisation and ensemble work, and the company's Spolin-influenced theatre game performance training, proved mutually beneficial. Immediately after his last work¹⁴ with Second City in New York in 1963, he began to use exercises and improvisations with a group of individuals who would become the La Mama Troupe. He has used and refined these sensitization and group awareness exercises consistently thereafter, and they remain a part of his *modus operandi* to the present day.¹⁵ Working much as a jazz band leader might, O'Horgan lays out the themes, keys, and tempi, and devises jam sessions to discover and refine the optimum interpretative collaboration. "Paul Sills got his way in the most invisible fashion, and I do myself."¹⁶

Over the years, the Electrical Workers' Union of Chicago had gained a reputation for presenting monthly social hours complete with a live orchestra. These year-round entertainments culminated in an annual Christmas show to boost their public relations.¹⁷ The shows ran for three and four nights at a time, and included entertainment celebrities¹⁸ and professionals, as well as amateurs from the union's own ranks.¹⁹ Though each show was original, O'Horgan describes them as "tacky." Their main objective was to dazzle Chicago with the power and glory of their union, by

using the latest electrical skills and technology available--including lighting and special effects that O'Horgan would have to wait twenty years or more to see reappear in the theatre elsewhere.

In 1953, the union hired The White Guards for their Christmas show, which starred Olsen and Johnson, "two guys who were like low vaudeville comedians, but they had a real bizarre turn of brain." More than a decade earlier the duo's career had culminated in a two-year run on Broadway, followed by a movie version of the show, Hellzapoppin.²⁰ The film is an invaluable theatre history archive of the genre. It also provides proof of the powerful influence of vaudeville in general, and of these "Mad Monarchs of Monkey Business"²¹ in particular, on O'Horgan's production aesthetics. This association provided him with a fifth source of training: a graduate-level, vaudeville practicum that synthesized his experience of the genre. A review of an earlier incarnation of their work accurately captures the nature of their style:

Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson have whipped together another of their roughhouse revues Besides these rowdy splurges [of slapstick], there are the required song and dance numbers and hijinx with . . . lavish, handsome scenery Besides the customary stunt performers, midgets, freaks, pistol shots and explosions, prop gags, sound effects and general pandemonium onstage and occasionally up and down the aisles, there are several acceptable singers, at least three striking dancers and . . . a covey of neatly-stacked showgals.²²

The commonalities noted at the La Mama Troupe 2000 debut production, some forty-five years later, are worthy of note:

Perhaps due to the constraints of time and money, much of the evening had a hastily-assembled, home-spun quality, though this frequently appeared to have been gleefully intentional.

Broadly-drawn, over-articulated, story-book scenes, characters, and lines ("Gulps and spews, that's all we doos,"[sic]) give an arch, almost willful quality to the proceedings.

There's prancing and dancing, and scampering round in oddly-filled tights, a strange dwarf on wheels, and pratfalls and scuffles galore. Incantations, magical allegory, and the occasional reference to "black, napalm pussy" prevail. A thunder-sheet rattles a storm on a one-woman rowboat, on a blue sateen sea, as all wade through an ocean of props, before a faux-neo drop of sunset and rising tide.

At intermission, long-haired, soft, silk-robed young sirens come up through the aisles, handing out napkins and smiles, gently asking, "Do you have a pen? Please tell us what love is for you. We really need to know." As the last act unfurls, so do their robes, and their hair, and six naked titties appear for our delectation, with pink puppy noses all in a row.

What's not to like?²³

For the Olsen and Johnson Christmas show, the audience entered the auditorium to discover a huge goose-neck lamp on the conductor's podium with an incredibly large bulb in it, facing the audience. Two or three minutes before the show was to begin, the lamp went on, blinding the audience, whereupon a whole flock of assistant stage managers and house managers came running down to the lamp and started arguing with the electricians, the audience, and each other. Finally a supercilious stage manager arrived and, failing to turn the lamp off, tugged at the cord, ultimately giving it

a big yank, whereupon, with a flash, all the lights in the theatre go out. And thus began the show. "It was a weird, cornball, unbelievably bad show--but I loved it, of course."

O'Horgan considers this experience to have provided "just the greatest training," readily admitting to having always been in love with such zaniness.

They were always firing off shotguns, and things would fall down everywhere. The important thing about being in their shows was to be sure to be somewhere else than where they would shoot their guns, as they would often shoot up into the grid which was always dirty and full of stuff that would come showering down around on top of everyone. Often the debris would include decoy ducks that had been planted to fall all over the stage, and then they'd say "Thank God cows don't fly," and a cow would fall out of the grid.

He recalls their work as "an endless mosaic of this madness that just kept going, along with wonderful, original music written for them."

With the momentum for such material waning, due in part to the arrival of television, the White Guards disbanded at the end of their contract. O'Horgan, however, dragged his harp in from home and auditioned for Olsen and Johnson (in the men's bathroom). He was promptly hired "to play the harp and sing, and do silly things" in their new show Share My Antenna, a spoof of television, that opened in San Francisco for try-outs before heading to Las Vegas for a major engagement. Several nights into the San Francisco run, in the middle of O'Horgan's act, while playing the harp

for all he was worth, there was a loud explosion overhead. Unannounced, they had put a flash pot in the top of the harp so that it could appear to blow up, "creating a perfect mushroom cloud. . . . Just the nuttiest things." All of which fed into the pop-absurdist events and happenings of the Sixties, deconstructing and challenging the status quo, in form and content, subverting expectations, often to radical effect. Another similar influence of this transitional period was the work of Spike Jones' touring comedy bands:

His was a big band format, and they played presentation houses and theatres, and television shows, later. One show I saw, featuring Ish Kabibble, had a front curtain that was cobbled together from towels from all the hotels that he'd stayed at. . . . And there were guns going off, and a solo on the "guitarlet," a guitar made from a toilet seat."

They did outrageous things. I can remember being literally on the floor between the rows of seats, from laughter! Incredible arrangements, the musicians were sensational too, just endless insanity, all this was part of what was humor for me, and still is."

Vaudeville's farce resounds through O'Horgan's directing.

The Fifties had a surrealism all its own, and O'Horgan found himself in San Francisco "in a wonderful gangstery nightclub called the Italian Village," where he was rehearsing in the day, and Mae West was playing, "with her muscle-building guys," in the evening.

Mae West for me has always been the goddess. I think that she's the American Molière. It was just amazing watching her at work. You have to understand that what I wanted for my eleventh or twelfth birthday, was a score to "Tristan and

Isolde," and a picture of Mae West--now I was a peculiar child. I knew all her movies . . . she certainly was something, very peculiar, a "sexuality," a brazenness.²⁵

Though he never saw any of West's rehearsals, he did linger after his rehearsals, much as he had at De Paul, to catch some of her memorable performances:

It was just outrageous, with all this tawdriness, body builders in mini-briefs, oiled and flexing, with her walking through them and rolling her eyeballs, it was just this incredible cartoon. There were some marvelous dance acts in the show too. Very high camp, but it was never named that at that point. Flamboyant, outrageous, of course, that's what Mae was. She was a kind of a distillment of Marlene [Dietrich], it was amazing to see.

Mae West is thus a sixth contributor to O'Horgan's formation, adding a sense of sophisticated knowing and artifice to his palette. They also share a remarkable talent for being "at the center of what was hot,"²⁶ and having been "ready to go anywhere or do anything if it would lead to some new . . . idea that [they] could incorporate into [their] act[s]."²⁷ West is quoted as having said, "My fight has been against depression, repression and suppression," a mission shared by O'Horgan.

The negotiations for Pardon My Antenna's Las Vegas venue fell through and thus, on his first visit to San Francisco, O'Horgan found himself stranded, but captivated by its charms:

I thought it must not be there, except when they see you coming, they turn it on. I could never believe that it really existed all the time at that level, the bay, the bridge, it was like a

bright, sunny, Mediterranean port to me at that age.

Having previously had little time between demanding rehearsal and performance schedules, O'Horgan was loath to just pick up and leave, without savoring the scene for which the city was renowned. "This was the Fifties, the period of the existentialists, when Jack Kerouac and Corso and all those guys were hanging out and writing their poetry in San Francisco.

O'Horgan soon found his way to North Beach, and auditioned for Enrico Banducci who ran the hungry i, a decade before the height of its fame in the Sixties, when the likes of Barbra Streisand and Woody Allen would head the bill. "One of the great crazies of all time," Banducci had arranged the club like "a concert hall, where you could get a drink or a sandwich," and would bring the people in and seat them on the kind of school chairs that have little writing areas attached. On stage were "folk and jazz people, and political satirists." O'Horgan felt at home in this new environment, playing his harp and singing Massenet arias and such, along with twelve-tone tunes. "Nobody knew what I was doing, they just sort of enjoyed it. And I was a kind of good act to precede Mort Sahl." One of the period's first major political satirists, Sahl was described by the English critic Kenneth Tynan as "brilliant but essentially non-subversive."²⁸ O'Horgan worked on the bill with him for many months at the hungry i, when he was just beginning.

Lenny Bruce played there too, though O'Horgan did not share the bill with Bruce until later, in Los Angeles and Pittsburgh. He recalls Bruce as "humane, politically concerned, and warm--he helped me with some ideas for my show. He was very friendly, not like most comics. Sahl was chilly, quite chilly." The animus of cutting-edge comedy had shifted from "Come up and see me some time,"²⁹ to "Did you come? Did you come? Good. Did you come good?"³⁰

In his late-twenties, O'Horgan was now regularly shuttling between the hungry i in San Francisco and Theodore Bikel's Cosmo Alley in Los Angeles for three-month sojourns. This was the seventh and final stage of his professional performing arts apprenticeship. In a dozen years, he had shrewdly maneuvered his uncanny good luck for being in the right place at the right time into a career-training that now placed him amid some of the West Coast's sharpest hipsters. Tynan's observations on Bruce, are also indicative of the changing needs of a new audience:

Bruce is the sharpest denter of taboos at present active in show business. Alone among those who work the clubs, he is a true iconoclast. Others josh, snipe and rib; only Bruce demolishes. He breaks through the barrier of laughter to the horizon beyond, where the truth has its sanctuary. People say he is shocking and they are quite correct. Part of his purpose is to force us to redefine what we mean by "being shocked." . . . Where righteous indignation is concerned, we have clearly got our priorities mixed up. The point about Bruce is that he wants us to be shocked, but by the right things; not by four-letter words, which violate only convention, but by want and deprivation, which violate human dignity.³¹

Though a socio-political agenda, as such, had never previously been at the forefront of O'Horgan's interests and activities, his upbringing, homosexuality, and analytic intelligence set him apart from much of the chaotic landscape of American normalcy that the Forties and Fifties had presented, even demanded; a terrain through which he had so deftly maneuvered in these formative years.

In his San Francisco-L.A. shuttlings, O'Horgan had been able to earn a consistent living from the performing arts for over a decade; he also now found himself in the vanguard of his field. The merry pranksters among whom he now lived and worked were intent on shooting down more than decoy ducks and prop cows. The truths served up nightly in these increasingly new-age club rooms by the generation of young performers were headier concoctions.

The post-war shows of Olsen and Johnson, though straining mightily to startle, were reactionary in form and nature. In attempting to resuscitate their pre-war successes, they fabricated a fixed universe that shrugged off the existential, absurdist visions of reality that the war had brought of age. When they said "Let's face it," it assumed the cynical, reactionary bonhomie of "the more things change, the more they stay the same." A nugatory evening was guaranteed for all, with little threat of any really consequential idea spoiling the mirth.

For the emerging new generation of nudniks of the Fifties, however, "Let's face it" meant just that. Mort Sahl's trademark was the newspaper of the day, the events of which provided the focus of his nightly comments. Lenny Bruce's infamous ten-letter obscenity ("cocksucker") routine is a radical case in point. He asked his audience to consider the unhealthy personal and societal damage done in persisting with the kind of hypocrisy that turns a pleasurable sexual act--conceded by his audience--into a derogatory term of abuse, and an obscenity when verbalized. (Bruce was later arrested, and tried, though acquitted, on obscenity charges for this routine.)

Issues that ask us to consider the true nature of obscenity in ourselves and our societies are, of course, central to theatre around the world and have been throughout its history. The acute wit, shocking directness, and hilarity of many of Bruce's performances produced an Aristophanic catharsis said to have been palpable.³² This new breed of club performers, presaging the Sixties, was anxious not only to look back in anger, but, buoyed with a certain "can do" national confidence, to also lean into an as-yet-unrecognized dawning of an age of Aquarius.

The sense of accomplishment must have been heady, despite the shady surroundings, where alcohol, drugs, and marginal criminality abounded, yet O'Horgan remained constant in his passion: the show was the thing. The

opportunity to act up and challenge propriety was, after all, somewhat of a family tradition. At the age of thirty now, he was absorbed in developing what he describes as "'hip harp,' satirical craziness--really outrageous--twelve-tone songs, a version of a Stephen Crane was the basis of one--a stand-up harpist: a 'harpist erectus.'"

When envoys from the popular television show, the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts, came to the hungry i and saw O'Horgan, they immediately had him come to New York for the show. Three contestants shared the bill each week: "There was a bluegrass group, and Anita Bryant. I won, but of course I got no work out of it, and they got all kinds of offers." In 1955 he returned to finish the last month of his engagement at the hungry i, and then returned to New York, where he has been based ever since.

Plotting the principal stages of O'Horgan's evolution presents a picture of an orderly, if hectic, progression. He arrived in New York with seven professional influences: military musical ensemble credentials; a graduate-level education in music composition; touring performance experience with The White Guards, and exposure to a wide diversity of vaudeville entertainment; a working introduction to the structure of classic performance texts and improvisational theatre games with the Playwrights Theatre Club; Olsen and Johnson's synthesis of vaudeville, consolidated into a comedy harp act; Mae West's high and low

camp sensibilities; and the politically charged, socio-satiric consciousness of Sahl and Bruce. The travelling aspect of *The White Guards* alone defies a short recounting, such was their zigzag path all over America in response to the vagaries of booking venues and seasons. A similar scenario presents itself for his solo harp act, with countless performances over the years. The full-scale productions alone that he has directed number well in excess of two hundred works at the time of this writing. The attached Appendix F: Chronology gives a more detailed picture of the scope of the material, and the number of miles traveled.

By 1956, O'Horgan was playing his hip harp act, at the Upstairs at the Downstairs club in New York, sharing the bill with Annie Ross.³³ Over the next few years, he developed contacts and continued to play the revue circuit, in and around town, including an Off-Broadway musical called Fall Out written by Martin Charnin, in which he played a beatnik harpist. When the Second City people moved from Chicago to New York, O'Horgan "became their musical person for a couple of years." This period of his career ended coincidentally with President Kennedy's assassination, in 1963. It was also at this time that his mother died (his father had died earlier while O'Horgan was still in his early twenties). He recalls spending several weeks in Washington Square which was close to his apartment. He was

now approaching forty, and had wanted to direct and compose, and recalls feeling that "things were going all wrong, although I was making a living, and living in such a wonderfully stimulating environment." Work with Second City began to diminish too, for no apparent cause, "Perhaps," O'Horgan reflects, "Kennedy's death put an end to satire."

By the early Sixties, the times they were a-changin' (Bob Dylan had been working in New York since 1960), the cold war was at its height, and the next generation was awash in Beatlemania. After more than a decade since the flashpot first exploded in his harp, and he had begun trundling the instrument across country and around town, it had inevitably lost much of its "hipness." O'Horgan, was ready to put the instrument aside and chart a new course,³⁴ one that would satisfy his composing needs, let him direct shows, and keep him feeling up to date. "I was collecting unemployment and doing a show called Big Me--about a guy who has an operation and becomes a woman, and becomes a star." A book called Little Me by Patrick Dennis, author of Auntie Mame, came out in 1961 and was eventually made into a musical. O'Horgan took the book's premise and turned it into an flagrantly camp send-up of all that was going on around him:

It was done at a nightclub called Frankie's Tropical,³⁵ full of fake palm trees, and an undecipherable clientele. We talked to the owner and "wumped" up a show that was based on Little Me. Although I'd composed and directed a lot by

this point, I think this was the beginning of what came after.

The first number is called "Sissy," about a boy who didn't fit in--he wanted to be an actress. He eventually goes to a Groucho Marx of a booking agent who turns into a plastic surgeon. There's a twenty-minute opera at the end of the first act. He goes through an operation. Finally they rip the covers asunder, and a full drag creature comes out, off the operating table. That was the end of the first act.

It goes on to the career of this "Big Me," who has an affair with one of the Kennedys, and with Albert Schweitzer, and runs off with a big gorilla and makes a movie called Blown With the Breeze, a parody of Gone With the Wind.

At this point, O'Horgan had yet to hear of a woman named Ellen Stewart.

Notes

1. All transcript material was provided by the Office of the Registrar, De Paul University, Chicago, and used with O'Horgan's permission.
2. He was admitted on September 16, 1946.
3. Unless otherwise noted, all quotations in this chapter are from the interview with O'Horgan, February 12, 1993.
4. O'Horgan's Music M.A. was granted in June 14, 1950.
5. A paw is referred to in Appalachian regional terminology as a "doll," adding significance to the tale.
6. This material was provided by O'Horgan in a telephone interview, April 14, 1996.
7. There is no extant copy of Doom of The Earth.
8. Comprised of two tenors, two baritones, and a bass, the group's name, "The White Guards," conjured up images of a singing, elite Russian army unit.
9. O'Horgan no longer recalls the name of this act.
10. Donna McCrohan's 1987 book, The Second City, a Backstage History of Comedy's Hottest Troupe, concedes that "Tom O'Horgan joined Playwrights as a harpist and composer, showing some of the promise that led to his later nightclub routine--an improvisational humor act on the harp." (Indexed incorrectly, the note appears on p. 24.)
11. Telephone interview with Paul Sills, April 17, 1996.
12. McCrohan, 19; originally referring only to Sills and Spolin.
13. Ibid.
14. O'Horgan wrote the words and music for the opera Copra; regrettably, both are lost. The work was never presented, owing to an administrative snafu.
15. O'Horgan used just such exercises with his troupe's latest incarnation, La Mama 2000 Repertory Company.
16. Telephone interview, April 18, 1996.

17. No further union information exists on the Christmas show, according to telephone interviews with Local 1031 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers Union staff, Hernan Cortes (Newsletter Director), and Rita Guajardo, (312) 693-3600; 5247 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois. The only surviving union archives of such events, are the contents of the union's newsletter, Light Up The Sky. Unfortunately, the earliest newsletter remaining on file is dated 1957.
18. Other annual Christmas shows included celebrities such as Jimmy Durante, Guy Lombardo, Danny Thomas, and Sophie Tucker.
19. According to union archivist Ms. Guajardo, the shows' producer, Frank Darling, was known as "a fast operator, with body guards and such. In the days when organized labor was much more influential than it is today, he knew everybody, and was a powerful figure in Chicago politics."
20. Hellzapoppin, "A Universal Picture," was made in 1941, (black and white, 84-mins.); it is available for rent from Video Room in New York City.
21. Anthony Slide, The Encyclopedia of Vaudeville, 377-79.
22. Unidentified newspaper clipping review of Pardon Our French, headed "Plays on Broadway," and credited to "Hobe," a one-time reviewer for Variety: "At Broadway, N.Y., Oct. 5 '50; \$6 top (\$8.40 opening). [The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts Research Collections' clipping file ref.: MWEZ+ 28,405.]
23. My morning-after recollections of the production.
24. Telephone conversation, April 19, 1996.
25. Martha McPhee's July 27, 1997 New York Times Book Review of Emily Wortis Leider's autobiography, Becoming Mae West, notes that "[West] wrote about prostitution, homosexuality, drag queens, interracial relationships," 11.
26. McPhee, *ibid*.
27. *Ibid*.
28. From Tynan's "Foreword": to Bruce's autobiography, How to Talk Dirty and Influence People, ix.
29. Mae West's most renowned invitation.

30. This famous line is part of Bruce's comedy routine that led to his being charged with violating Section 311.6 of the Penal Code of the State of California (How to Talk Dirty and Influence People, 159).

31. Ibid., vii, viii.

32. The effect of Bruce's material, his battles with the authorities, and his subsequent demise, left a powerful, lasting impression on O'Horgan. See Chapter 5.

33. Annie Ross was later part of the popular Lambert, Hendrix, and Ross jazz trio.

34. This harp, one of several in his collection, is still with him, at this writing.

35. The nightclub Frankie's Tropical was located at 23 East Eighth Street, near University Place, New York City, where the store Azuma was until April, 1996. A measure of the changing realities of producing in alternate spaces in the city is revealed by the following excerpt from "Kerouac to Kmart," by Andrew Jacob in The New York Times, Sunday, April 21, 1996, CY11: "But the new Eighth Street, it seems, no longer has a place for small-business owners like Minoru Sato, who sells paper lanterns, futon covers, and other first-apartment furnishings at Azuma. . . After 30 years on Eighth Street, Mr. Sato said he can no longer afford his rent, which the landlord wants to raise \$5,000 to \$20,000 a month."

Chapter 3--Off-Off-Broadway to Off-Broadway: the Village, La Mama, and Europe

Nineteen-sixty found John F. Kennedy in the White House, and Tom O'Horgan in a presentation house, as a singing harpist in the Chicago Theater Ice Show. The country's political backdrop darkened, Kennedy became embroiled in the Bay of Pigs' fiasco, and the U.S. intensified its "advisory" role in Vietnam. O'Horgan continued his comedy harp nightclub act, which appeared on the "Dick Clark TV Variety Show" (ABC), where, for a big finish, he sang "Mack the Knife," and pulled out a switchblade and cut all the harp's strings.

In 1962, troops quelled de-segregation riots and the world held its collective breath over the Cuban missile crisis, and Big Me played Frankie's Tropical. Born of such ferment, it marks O'Horgan's debut as a director, and the beginning of his Dionysian, postmodern oeuvre. "It was ecstatic, it was awful. It was holy, it was profane. It was unclean, and it was divine. Like all things in Dionysus, a mixture of opposites. Dionysus the creator and the destroyer." The socio-political clamor of the age is now recognizable as a reverberating element within the chaotic structure of O'Horgan's work, and a prescient nightmare.

The president was convinced he was teaching aggression a lesson. The aggression of the Sixties was to teach the president a lesson. But

does aggression ever learn? On either side of such instruction? The seeds of confusion scatter the dead, and the living seem to grow more lethal or more paralyzed, more exacerbated and powerless every day--and that continues, the only supply-side theory that really works, depending as it does on chance. The rest is outrage. . . . it was the outrage which got our attention in the Sixties.²

O'Horgan began to tote and tour his harp act less in club and revue milieux in- and out-of-town. He became drawn to the excitement of the alternate Village performance spaces Off-Off Broadway. He himself became a recognizable presence in New York's flourishing, downtown arts scene, playing, singing, directing, acting, composing, and scoring for most of the seminal venues whose names epitomize much of the cutting edge of the period: the Village Vanguard, Caffé Cino, Second City, St. Mark's Theatre, The Judson Poets' Theatre, and La Mama.

[I]n 1963 another kind of history and another kind of politics were [sic] being made, in Greenwich Village, New York City. This was a political history that had nothing to do with states, governments, or armies, or with public resistance. It had, instead, to do with art and its role in American life. For it was not only the policymakers in Washington who were shaping American postwar culture, but also, importantly, groups of individuals setting forth models of daily life for a generation--gently loosening the social and cultural fabric by merging private and public life, work and play, art and ordinary experience.³

That year, O'Horgan created the Celebration of "A" at the St. Mark's Theatre--"a parade and congregation centering around the musical pitch of 'A.'" It had originated with the playwright, Harry Koutoukas. Tickled by the novelties

of arts funding, Koutoukas offered O'Horgan a grant of a dollar and a half. O'Horgan recalls going to Canal Street with this, his first and only grant, to a sheet metal merchant and buying steel disks that were very musical and sounded, he imagined, like "crotales" (antique cymbals).

Purely by chance, one played a perfect "A," and he decided that this was an occurrence worthy of celebration, and consequently wrote a piece for a small festival of new music. He then found other objects that produced the tone of "A," and had people start from different parts of the Village, repeatedly "reciting the text and playing different melodic structures that all came together at that place." A couple of counter-tenors sang nothing but "A" all the way through the work.

"There was an ebullient spirit in the avant-garde arena--a spirit of engagement, of confidence, of pleasure, and also of transgression."⁴ Set amid the resentment that would erupt into the bloody Harlem race riots, O'Horgan's gentle, whimsical parade can be seen as the beginnings of the wistful and wishful placing of flowers down the barrels of National Guardsmen's rifles. "Theirs was an alternative community that looked to folk, popular, and transgressive subcultural styles, as well as to ritual, for means to reject the values of both the previous generation of artists and the socio-political establishment."⁵

The following year, 1964, O'Horgan presented a piece called The Garden of Earthly Faucets, at the Judson Memorial Church. It was described as "a grand festival chance masque oratorio (an aleatoric event held together by time), with a rhythm band, a chance orchestra, and a large cast" at the Judson Memorial Church. The script was entirely based on text printed on boxes of tools, such as those found in a hardware store: "fit 'A' into 'B,'" "Stillson Wrenches," and so forth. There were lengthy recitations of hardware catalog listings: hammers, saws, nails, and so forth. "The ordinary stood for many things, but, given the political tenor of the period, it stood, above all, for the populist aims of accessibility and equality--for both artists and audiences."⁶

A chance orchestra⁷ of some fifteen instruments played chance music, while another chance group of some thirty friends played various percussion instruments on cue, from the choir loft of the Judson Memorial Church. This was music that, though sometimes scored quite carefully, would also include general instructions at various points, such as "high," "low," "short note," "long note," and "anything you want." The musicians had empty bars of sheet music with indicators such as "yield," "mute," or "vibrato," and they could decide what they would play. "The activity of artmaking had been opened wide by the artists' assertion that anyone could make art. They were living proof."⁸

O'Horgan also included large drawings in the event, providing a graphic sense of the moment.⁹

"We used everything we could. It was great madness. It was one of those pieces where from the first beat we kept the audience out in the hall for as long as we could, which seemed to be a custom at that time."¹⁰

When the public was finally admitted and seated, the lights dimmed to black, and the company hummed an "A," "until the audience was ready to kill us." At around the time they sensed the audience was about to revolt, the lights came up as "a parade of freaks came forth." One of the principles was that the piece be done in five-minute segments (there were clocks located all over the space), so that one could start something, but after five minutes the next event would start and overlap it.

This decidedly postmodern debt to Olsen and Johnson, culminated with two dancers' being rolled out on big dollies, dressed in nothing but aluminum foil. The girl and a boy resembled giant "Oscars." Scotch-taped into the foil were some silver ribbons. The actors moved these dancers out into the audience and gave different people pieces of this ribbon, which were about twenty feet long.

The audience was now in control, and understood that if they pulled the ribbon it would tear off the foil. The idea caught on quickly, and the "statues" began to rip apart, revealing the dancers' naked bodies underneath, culminating

with a snap black-out of the lights. "That was the kind of thing that we were into."

The piece is typical of the early Sixties' artworks, which Sally Banes has observed as "rife with impudent bodily images," where "artists asserted the concreteness, intimacy, and messiness of the human body as not only acceptable, but beautiful," it also contained an example of what O'Horgan describes as "orgasmic performance." The two dancers later danced a sensuous pas de deux to an unorthodox accompaniment. O'Horgan, who inherited a Boston terrier from his recently deceased mother, fed the dog each day at this point in the show. The terrier sat in a little throne chair on one side of the playing area with O'Horgan in one on the opposite side. The dog had a contact microphone attached to her and, as people began feeding her cooked hamburgers, O'Horgan played a serpent as accompaniment to her amplified snuffles, snorts and hungry chomplings. "The effervescent body," central to the Sixties' avant-garde, "with its emphasis on the material strata of digestion, excretion, procreation, and death,"¹² appears here for the first time in O'Horgan's work, and hereafter recurs throughout his lifework.

According to O'Horgan, some fifty percent of the cast, were gay earthly faucets.¹³ O'Horgan felt that this was typical for the period and milieu, and that the gay community had been an essential part of the theatre of the

Sixties. "Theatre is a very strange beast, from the sexual standpoint. Homosexuals have been involved from the beginning . . . the blend of sexuality has always been freer in the arts anyway, being more tolerant."

At this time, O'Horgan was doing shows¹⁴ with Jimmy Wigfall in the West Village. Wigfall was a funny, irrepressible performer who, among other roles, had developed a Hattie McDaniel mammy character. "People loved what he did. He'd never really done much acting before, but this act got him going and he couldn't stop." It was Wigfall who mentioned to O'Horgan that "a woman over on Second Avenue has a theatre, you should meet her, she's quite crazy and wonderful."

They had been working together on Jean Genet's The Maids in the small dance studio where they lived.¹⁵ Eventually, when Wigfall told the "crazy and wonderful" Ellen Stewart about the show, she replied: "Well, why don't you come and do it at my place?" And on October 21, 1964, O'Horgan made his La Mama directing debut with the play. It ends with Solange's triumphant assertion: "We are beautiful, joyous, drunk, and free!"¹⁶

Given the times, we had wanted to do The Maids as closely as we could to what we understood Genet to have wanted--with the guys doing the parts. Nobody had done that, at least in this country at that point. It was curious, in spite of all the stuff that I was involved with, it would take me about ten or fifteen minutes of the play just to relax into looking at these guys dressed as girls and not lose the play.¹⁷

As the name implies, Cafe La Mama was then a cafe, serving coffee, hot chocolate and the like at table seating. With a scrim in place, the actors entered upstage of the scrim in the simple spill of an offstage bulb as the audience was being seated, and started talking to each other quietly, as they began getting into drag. The lights very slowly cross-faded, cafe out/stage up, so that the audience had time to adjust to the world of the play. "The actors talked about their day, or whatever," and interspersed the opening lines of the play, such that one never quite realized when the play had begun. "It was quite a lovely effect," O'Horgan recalls fondly. He had the Madame played by a very feminine young woman,¹⁸ such that her relatively short scene in the middle of the play induced one to again reassess the gender and sexual contexts of the work.

O'Horgan's had also inherited "some shocking perfume" from his mother. This was sprayed into the audience as the Madame came in, "and the play was a completely different play on the other side of that scene. It was bizarre, what happened in your head."

O'Horgan, consequently a lifelong friend of Stewart's, later directed and scored all manner of shows for her.¹⁹ "I was perfect for her, because I would just do anything." Playwrights were trying anything too it seemed, at that time. The period is recalled by O'Horgan as one of question and answer in alternative theatre, of "How can we solve

this? How can we solve that?" He arrived on Second Avenue, not yet forty years old, with a lifetime of performance and presentation experience. His arrival provided the La Mama alternative family with a second parent to help answer the questions. Traditional gender roles reversed, Stewart provided the traditionally paternal support: food, shelter, and cash, and O'Horgan encouraged the artists to grow and work together.

In O'Horgan's view, Stewart's real genius, has been in putting people together. Not overly concerned with the details of what they did, but sensing when a pairing would most likely prove productive. People increasingly gave her their plays as it became known that she was doing this. She would feel the scripts and get their vibrations from her "beeps," as she called them. She rarely read or attended the plays and to this day has a strong dislike of "theatre as it is commonly expressed, I hate it--boring, you see. I mean sitting and listening to somebody talk on stage I cannot abide."²⁰

O'Horgan feels she shares his belief that "if you give people a certain kind of leeway and freedom, within certain artistic parameters, things will happen, and people will come." He recalls that "she would control everything without putting her hands in it" as she sat out on the steps, never seeing any of the plays,

. . . partly because it was slightly illegal, as permits were hard to come by, she was always there

to fend off people who shouldn't be coming in. So she never saw the shows, and I think it was just a trick because she didn't want to get involved with the arguments when she put people together. She is a very canny lady.

Ellen Stewart purchased cheap tickets on the Castello Felice, an old Italian cruise ship on its last trip before being scrapped and, in September 1965, packed the two groups off to Europe together, to garner recognition.²¹ On the advice of actress Ruth York, Stewart made contact with Danish writer and critic Elsa Gress, who had agreed to act as den mother/producer in Stewart's absence. Stewart's plans were audacious: one group, led by O'Horgan would go to the Gress home, a large converted village school in Glumsa, an hour outside Copenhagen, and prepare and present some ten new plays, while Ross Alexander and the other group would perform different works at the American Center in Paris.²² After six weeks, the companies would exchange locations and, with luck, continue the others' success.

The playwrights represented by O'Horgan's group,²³ Alex Civello, Paul Foster, William Hoffman, Leonard Melfi, Sam Shepard, Gerald Schoenwolf, Jean-Claude van Itallie, and Lanford Wilson, epitomized much of the written work of the period, Ross Alexander's material, some his own, was of a much more overtly camp character.

Stewart had financed the adventure by working for the Bijou Company, dressmakers on University Place.²⁴

She'd trudge over there and grind out some line of swim wear or something. She invented the Granny Dress, which became very popular in the Sixties. And she hated doing it, just hated doing it, but she'd do that and make a bunch of money and then she'd just stick it into the club, that's how she did it. And she got this grandiose notion of sending these two groups.

The event, as intensive for learning as anything O'Horgan had previously known was "a wonderful period for me, I've been trying to relive it, in many different ways." Approaching forty at the time, his co-venturers were all around twenty--"but you know I have never belonged to any period I've ever lived in, never. . . . If there is one, it hasn't happened yet." Though the sense of being a stranger in a strange land is hardly alien to the artist in American society, especially the experimental theatre artist, O'Horgan feels that being an only child and coming from a family that was "far left of center in their thoughts," he was "always . . . biding my time for this period to pass--there must be something different--let's go on to the next piece."

Prevailing La Mama mythology has it that Stewart sent the troupe to Europe as La Mama couldn't attract reviewers. This may have been true of the "uptown" press (there were at least seventeen publications not covering La Mama productions at the time),²⁸ but certainly not of the downtown press. There are over thirty reviews on file in the La Mama Archives, prior to O'Horgan's debut, most from the Village

Voice, which provided excellent coverage, and stirred a public debate.

O'Horgan's La Mama debut set off a mini-furor in the paper. Critical response from Sydney Schubert Walter noted that:

Of the three productions of The Maids that I have seen, the one which played last weekend at the Cafe La Mama was at once the least skillful and the most interesting, simply by following Genet's directive that the roles of the maids be enacted by boys. . . . Tom O'Horgan's production was embellished with some bizarre accoutrements. . . . O'Horgan should be commended for using Genet's suggestion. Unfortunately, the lack of a clear directorial viewpoint, made the evening a camp instead of an illumination.²⁶

The following week, in a lengthy response to the "letters to the editor" section, headed "Maids Misread," Anthony Holland comments that

Most of the criticism of Sydney S. Walter's review of The Maids (VV, October 29) is based on a single assumption, that "we are to see the actors as real transvestites. . . . No one would claim that Tom O'Horgan's production maintained a high professional level, but no one would claim that as its aspiration, either. Jerry-built props are hardly a just cause for complaint off-off Broadway. To Mr. Walter they matter because they destroy an illusion--an illusion, I think, which he would have done better never to have entertained.

The response goes on for some one thousand words, addressing each of the critics' concerns, ending:

Whatever merit his review might have, however, it is grossly unfair in its final statement: the director has not, in any sense, turned either the play or the evening into a camp instead of an illumination. It may not have been what Mr. Walter wanted, but he shouldn't imply that it is something that it is not.²⁷

In the same column, of November 26, yet another, now famous, voice is heard, under the heading "Julie Bovasso on Humanizing The Maids," in a letter of over two thousand words, she takes issue with Holland's analysis of the play as "far too intellectual." And asks "what kind of human beings are there except real people? And, "Human is human. What ordinary sense? . . . Does it mean these characters are sub-human? Or super-human? Or does it mean that they are human in the extraordinary sense?" She goes on to note that "The Maids is a simple play," and, speaking of both Genet and artists generally:

This confrontation with his own potential is as strange and mysterious to the artist as the artist's "resulting product" is strange and mysterious to the audience. That is why artists are "strange." They themselves cannot accept the reality of what is extraordinary, and being human themselves, reduce it, deny it, make a freak of it, hide it behind an impossible-to-accept mask. . . . Dehumanization never reinforced anything except our own fears and defenses against our own humanness and potential for greater humanness.²⁸

The following year, the work was revived and O'Horgan garnered his critical due:

The staging is beautifully conceived and executed and Tom O'Horgan has done a masterful job in providing a setting for Genet's drama of the conflicting and flickering roles of man in society. . . . They are not pretty, but this is not a pretty play, and through their performances the full power of The Maids comes into alarming focus. I would hope that La Mama would see fit sometime in the future to revive the play again so that more people might have the opportunity to see it.²⁹

Such informed, engaged response to Off-Off-Broadway work today is rare indeed.

Whatever the reasons for sending the troupe to Europe, however, the Denmark contingent finally arrived at Glumsa (meaning "Gloomy Bog," according to O'Horgan), to be met by a cigar-smoking Elsa Gress. The theatre was too far from Copenhagen to attract audiences, and the two Danish actors³⁰ cast in major roles were no longer available.

O'Horgan reacted strongly. Stewart (who had christened him "Rumpelstiltskin," "because I used to scream and jump up and down"), was soon on a plane to Denmark to mediate--a role that she would repeat frequently over the years ahead. There was apparently little dissension within the La Mama players, however, possibly because there was just so much to contend with.

We did nine plays, in three weeks.³¹ We only did them because we didn't know any better. We would rehearse them out at the Glumsa farm, and we came in [to the Comediehuset³² theatre in Copenhagen] and did three of them each week--an endless evening. They really weren't that long, but, you know, by the time you put them up and took them down . . . They were quite beautiful, the productions, considering the lack of funds. And Clifford Wright [Gress's American husband] painted the sets, and there was an Indian guy staying there, and he built puppets.

We had a [Volkswagen] van that we found more ways to fit eight to nine actors into. I slept in the theatre on the stage, quite often. And we rehearsed, and we drove, and we rehearsed. Clifford, the painter, was the only one allowed to drive. He had callouses from driving. . . . We all got fat as pigs, so I guess we weren't starving, [the cash for our keep came] mainly from Elsa's articles in the major papers.

There was a prevailing atmosphere of resentment toward America in regard to the escalating Vietnam war, "of course, but we were on the other side." The American Embassy offered the company nothing but suspicious questions. Nonetheless, Elsa Gress was able to saturate the newspapers with promotional material, such that audiences for the hundred-seat Comediehuset were lined up around the block trying to get tickets. "We were sold out. We were celebrities in two minutes. It was just the greatest thing. By the end of the third week we were national treasures."

Typical of the praise and appreciation is this early review: This is a strong, accomplished, lively troupe. . . . The Mamaists are not afraid, they have no vacuity to hide behind fake, foggy profundity . . . they are all worth seeing and hearing, and very impressive indeed--without any reservation whatsoever.³³

The La Mama group that went first to Paris, were not so fortunate. Though not less capable actors, they not only had weaker material, but were also strongly disliked by both the people at the American Center where they were playing, and strongly disdained by the Parisian public in general, in O'Horgan's estimation. By the time the Paris group arrived in Denmark, the Danes had grown so attached to O'Horgan's group, that they were, again, ill-received by comparison. The O'Horgan troupe fared better in Paris, however, arriving as they did, with great advance press--they were nonetheless obliged to live from hand-to-mouth.

At the end of their run in Paris, as they were packing to return to the U.S., Gress called, "'Everybody wants you to come back. Come on back.' So we said, 'why the hell not?' and drove back. The other group soon returned to the States, as they'd had a miserable time." Back in Denmark, O'Horgan's La Mama Troupe took the same plays and toured them, mainly in Denmark, and Sweden, for some six months.

It was just heavenly, by this time we were integrated into the Gress/Wright family and into the Danish nonsense, they have a word called "Hoogelicht," which means "homeness" or "homely," you know, kind of "comfort."

They played each night in a different place, in people's basements, living rooms, castles, and state-of-the art theatres.

Gress was the power behind all of this, arranging the venues, traveling arrangements, and accommodations.

O'Horgan recalls that "She was very much like Ellen, in a way." She was an up-and-coming figure in the country, and the notoriety of the La Mama Troupe and her reputation were mutually beneficial. "She would go along with us to these dates, this little woman, a bit like my dog, Maggie, this toy Bull Terrier. Heavy glasses and sweet expression; a bitch, and mean, and wonderful, and capable, and filled with earth spirit, you know."³⁴

Gress travelled with them, often giving introductions to the works. The audiences reportedly understood the

plays, with the aid of Gress's preambles, and the prevalence of English as a second language.

They understood English, but not in the way that an American would understand it. So they would not get trapped in the language of the play, but they would get its poetics, and not get trapped in the kind of word crunching that these authors were doing. So an American would watch these plays and say, "What the hell are they . . . what am I supposed to feel?" But they would just accept it, and say, "Isn't this wonderful?"

That same year (1966), the troupe shot Boxiganga, subtitled "a goofy documentary," for Statens Filmcentral, the Danish State film and television center.³⁵ Written by Gress and directed by O'Horgan, the film curiously juxtaposes humorous scenes performed by the troupe as a mythic band of Renaissance strolling players past, and documentary footage of the blue-jeaned troupe traveling, rehearsing, and partying.³⁶ An avuncular, Danish-accented voice-over narrates the somewhat meandering path of the work. This is the only extant record of the troupe and its functioning in Denmark at this time.³⁷

That spring, the La Mama Troupe returned to the U.S. heady with critical acclaim. The tour had established the art-worthiness and professional credibility of O'Horgan and troupe, the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club, and the hitherto unknown playwrights.

Some six months later, Harvey Milk, a close friend of O'Horgan's, observed "You went off with something, but you've come back with something completely different."

It was because all of that experience had evolved some kind of know-how, for these people who had never really acted that much. It's the only way to learn the damn craft. And it allowed me to confront problems that I'd never even thought about: I remember once standing in the folds of a curtain, with some lackey with a microphone, and because we'd just arrived and put the thing up in two seconds, I had to say, 'Okay, lights out, black out, get a light over on the door' and so on, while it was going on. (Laughs) You had to do it, that's all.

Having performed six of the nine touring plays as Six From La Mama³⁸ back at La Mama,³⁹ O'Horgan then directed Three From La Mama⁴⁰ for PBS television. The La Mama Troupe had grown to maturity as artists while abroad but, like T. S. Eliot's Magi⁴¹ they returned to an even more alien people, clutching their alien gods. Brice Howard, the producer who had championed the work for PBS, would lose his job as a result of his choice. At least one of the company, Mari-Claire Charba, would fall victim to nervous breakdowns, and subsequently withdraw from acting altogether.

Prior to La Mama, O'Horgan had already made a Village reputation for himself. Approaching the directing of written drama in the theatre with the training and professional discipline of operatic composition and military musical performance, and apprenticed to the likes of vaudeville zanies, Olsen and Johnson, and hard-punching, edgy Lenny Bruce, O'Horgan's drive and vivid imagination had burgeoned in the racy freedom of the downtown arts world. His work had been expansive by nature, and marked by the broad strokes of camp romps, avant-garde pageants, and

extravaganzas whose charms often relied, in good part, on the non-professional performer. Ellen Stewart, however, dedicated "to the playwright and all aspects of the theatre," while recognizing O'Horgan's valuable talents, was shocked at her new-found protégé's taste for nudity, and profanity, and was particularly unreceptive to his penchant for the "swishing queens and prancing fairies,"⁴² that inhabited the gay greenworld of the Caffè Cino.

Dispatched on the Castello Felice to seek recognition abroad by Stewart, O'Horgan found himself pressed into service as a neophyte director of what were essentially two-character dialogue plays. "Directing was something he was learning as he went along, he'd never really directed before, he was a stager before," recalls Mari-Claire Charba, one of the original five La Mama actors with O'Horgan for the tour. "Tom wasn't interested in doing more of those small-jewel plays anymore, he said, 'I'm not a director.' He was into staging extravaganzas and so on, not putting on plays."⁴³

Harry Koutoukas, whom O'Horgan refers to as "a wonderful seminal person, and crazy, and a truly interesting playwright,"⁴⁴ would again make a significant contribution to O'Horgan's work. In the early part of 1967, he called to say "in kind of florid, West Village style, 'You know there's this playwright, she's just wonderful and you really should be doing her work.'"

The playwright was Rochelle Owens, and Koutoukas sent O'Horgan her first full-length play. It was Futz, which O'Horgan describes as "a martyr play," with several plots, and a narrator, to whom she had ascribed all of the stage directions. He was struck by the play, and loved the idea of it. "Here's this girl from New York who wrote a kind of martyr play about Appalachia, with the Futz character in love with a pig, and Oscar Loop, a crazed person, who saw this love affair and it drives him crazy, and he kills this girl because of it."

Again the Dionysian contrast of "the stainless kind of boy," and a character who speaks of "everything that is dark within ourselves." As with the ancient Greek theatre, the work seeks out the irrational in the human condition. It may be significant that, at this time, on the vaster stage of American politics, President Johnson's advisors were taking an increasingly anti-war stance, and the first "be-ins" were occurring.

The contextual sexuality too was heightened by O'Horgan's staging: "the boys wore overalls and hats, and no shirts, and nothing under the overalls." The narration was shared among the company. The various voices came from on and around a central stage. They would describe the location and action, and the players would step up onto the central platform⁴⁵ to become their characters.

This constant interaction, on-stage or "off" also allowed the actors to play more than one character, not so much to reduce costs as to create a more intimate, intense experience for the audience, where the company could, in chorus-like condition, also take an intermediary role between audience and on-stage character, blurring the line between voyeur and "voyee."

O'Horgan had a vision of what the stage should look like. He wanted these rural characters to exist and interact atop an unnatural, highly polished, black, marble-like surface.⁴⁶ He also had a notion about an upstage Louise Nevelson-like sculpture. The audience was seated on three sides of the production, and very close to it.

It seemed natural to me to do it this way. It was very sculptural. The guys, were young, good-looking kids, and they might jump down, and with everybody around, and the actors were breathing close to you, and the piece itself being on a disturbing subject. They were unbuttoned and loose and it was a very athletic play, and part of the game was to see how much you could see, I suppose. It seemed natural to me to do it this way.

To the audience of the day, however, its effect ranged from stunning to numbing. The New York producer, Albert Poland's recollections, capture not only his reactions to the production, but also his own difficult conversion from commercial entertainment to anarchic Dionysian theatre.

The house lights went down and we heard a barely perceptible human musical tone, which was slowly joined by other harmonically discordant tones from off and backstage. The sound gradually increased in volume. It made the listener feel

stoned. Then the La Mama Troupe bounded onto the stage in their farm clothes, with crude hand-made musical instruments like washtubs, saws, etc. The tones developed into a song with no words, which was at first gentle, then playfully confrontational, then totally hostile.

Suddenly it stopped, the play began: "Let's give a stra-a-a-nge passion, to our stor-y-y-y-y-y," the troupe said in unison as they ran about the stage, whirling, dipping and swooping. Paul Berkowsky was right, I had never seen anything like it. It was a nightmare. Actors running around the stage screaming and licking each other, simulating sex acts, switching roles, and sometimes playing inanimate objects. This was not acting, and these were not performers who wished to be loved. (Which was the kind of performers I was used to).

The plot, such as it was, seemed to be about a farmer's sexual relationships with his sow, mercifully invisible, which, though in the privacy of his own barn, made his raunchy neighbors, who were themselves in the final stages of incest, so crazy, they finally killed him. No wonder they couldn't find the money, I thought, this is insanity.

Finally it was over. The slightly more than one-hour running time had seemed like a slow millennium. I was speechless, but seething. "Well, whatever it is, darling, you are the Associate Producer," said Martin Hergill. "Where is Paul Berkowsky?" I asked Martin, only half-laughingly, "I'm going to kill him." Just then Israel Horowitz went over to Tom O'Horgan and kissed him. I thought, "Now who is he kidding?" We rushed out.

Whether I was the associate producer or not, Futz incensed me. It was a violation of everything I knew about or expected in the theatre. How would I ever explain it to my mother? I went home and read the full page Jack Kroll had written about it in Newsweek. He spoke of an exciting new form of theatre, and called the play, "a parable for our time." What in the hell is going on?

The next day I rampaged down to the Theatre de Lys. I discovered myself alone in Paul Berkowsky's office, with La Mama herself, Ellen Stewart. She was on one telephone with Tom O'Horgan, and another with Michael Butler, who was to be the producer of Hair. Every time she switched phones, dozens of bracelets jingled up

and down her arms. She barely noticed me. For a producer, I was feeling very unimportant in my own theatre. As I watched Ellen Stewart, I noticed that she was the producer. The real alchemy, which I consider the crucial elements of producing, had been done by her and Tom O'Horgan. She didn't have to advertise it. Her commanding presence said it. She wore it, she owned it, she was it. Our names might be the ones appearing above the title in the ads and in Playbill, but we weren't that, just checkbooks, who, hopefully, might have something to say about the advertising. I felt like an outsider, a poser, involved with a show I didn't like or understand. I introduced myself to Ellen Stewart. "Take good care of my babies," she said, and rushed out the door. "How come the troupe can only stay for six weeks?" I said, trying to assert my produceorial authority. "Oh, they have other things to do, baby," Ellen said, "they've already done this show."

Clearly, commercial success, paybacks to investors etcetera, was not a concern. The idea of six weeks at the Theatre de Lys appealed to all concerned, but after that, we would fend for ourselves. "Don't worry," Ellen assured, "we're already working on a second company, and they will be ready. We did the same thing with Tom Paine. The troupe only does six weeks, and then they move on, baby." With that, she left.

Enter Paul Berkowsky. I had barely opened my mouth, when he said, "Did you see it last night? Exciting, huh?" and slapped an advance copy of the Random House book in my hand. Futz and What Came After It it was called, with an introduction by Harold Clurman. Clearly there was something going on here. I had to find out what in the hell it was. I went to the first preview that night. I met Rochelle Owens in front of the theatre, she was tall, Jewish, with beautiful long, red hair, and the kind of eccentric, slightly exotic features. She spoke in a sometimes shrill voice that seemed on permanent "anxious." I liked her, and she said that she was glad I was involved with the show. At last I felt at least a little welcome. "Have you done this kind of theatre?" she asked. "I've never even seen this kind of theatre," I responded. "Well, give it some time," she said, which seemed to support Harold Clurman's observation in his introduction, not to get to know her work too quickly. I certainly felt that particular danger had passed.

The preview audience seemed very hip, and this time the play was preceded by a seven-minute color film clip from Ed Emshwiller's Relativity, which showed graphically the slaughtering of hogs spurting blood and convulsing to their deaths in the stockyards. The film stunned the audience. I got more of the play the second time, and the audience cheered at the finish. The unsettling quality was clearly part of it, but there was much more.

Afterward, we had a party at Harlan Kleiman's penthouse in the West Seventies, it certainly seemed like the place to be. John Prescott, one of the show's press agents, pointed to Tom O'Horgan sitting on the couch with some of the actors, "He's the hottest thing in town," he said. The La Mama actors were radical and intimidating, why not? Everyone else was. The mild-mannered gratitude I had come to expect from actors was not to be found. At best, I was viewed as an equal, with a part to play in the function of the production, at worst, an exploiter, not to be fully trusted.

Futz opened on June 13, 1968, and exploded into the press. It became, and has remained a reference point for the theatre of the Sixties, and for the outrageous. Clive Barnes gave it a superlative review in The New York Times, and the other critics were either tantalized, outraged, or both. A subsequent edition of the Sunday Times [sic] devoted the entire front page of the "Arts & Leisure" section to Futz, in which a scathing pan by Walter Kerr appeared side-by-side with a thoughtful essay by Elenore Lester calling it "a wave of the future."

The night Kerr attended, I sat behind him with Lucille Lortel, who had been away on vacation. She always carefully selected the productions that played her theatre, and often became involved on the productions of those she particularly liked. She had neither read nor seen Futz, and it was booked at the last minute by Paul to fill the vacant summer slot. We were filled with anxiety about what she might think, and Harlan and Paul thought that since she had become fond of me, I should take her to see it.

We sat through the proceedings as Walter Kerr cringed continuously, and wrote feverishly in front of us. I thought, "This is a disaster. Lucille cannot be unaware of his response." I feigned calm as the cast took its final bows. "It's biblical, dear," Lucille said, and patted me

gently on the hand. David Merrick was badmouthing us in Esquire and Variety, and he hadn't even seen it. Harlan and I invited him, and pursued him as he left the theatre in his all-white suit. "Worst evening I ever spent in the theatre," he said, "I'm sorry."

I saw the play many times in the next several weeks, at least twice under the influence of rare herbs, and I finally got it. And it got me. I could see why David Merrick hated it. I could see why I hated it. Its minimalist form, its egoless performances, and its anti-establishment style were the antithesis of what we had come to expect from the commercial theatre forms, which I came to view as exploitive. Futz permanently changed my ideas. After repeated viewings, I found that the play was really a poem which was indeed "biblical," and in language, a great pungency and beauty captured the essence of a part of rural America, and used it as a powerful metaphor for the hypocrisy and hate of every society.

The La Mama troupe did not act in the usual way, but in service of Tom O'Horgan's masterful orchestration of the text. The actors offered a journey which explored and illuminated facets and possibilities of the characters, the situations, the rural society, the language and imagery, and sometimes even the individual words of the text. The result was an anarchy in which everything was freed.

To the uninitiated, the unwilling, or the impatient, which included most of its audience, Futz was an ordeal, much as I had experienced it the first time. It was lost on them, as much of Shakespeare has been lost on me, because of an unwillingness, or inability to take time to know or examine it. It has been more convenient to dismiss it. And, of course, people could claim to dismiss Futz (a highly moral play) on moral grounds.⁴⁸

It changed my head, it really did. It changed my head, and I could never go back to the old theatre.⁴⁹

Futz, was no "small-jewel play," but rather, a brightly theatrical, darkly poetic extravaganza. The Troupe's next major work too, rejoiced in a shameless theatricality that must have seemed madness to method actors. At the time he

was commissioned to write a play for O'Horgan and the La Mama Troupe for the 1967 official Edinburgh Festival, Paul Foster was reading Howard Fast's Citizen Tom Paine,⁵⁰ and immediately chose the philosopher-pamphleteer as the locus of the work. Involved with the project from the outset, O'Horgan had been reading Maeterlinck's The Life of Termites, which speaks of a divine spirit in all things, including humankind, which protects life in an unknown and hostile universe. He became fascinated with the notion of "the termite queen turned on," in regard to the play, envisaging all the people around Marie-Antoinette in insect terms. Foster immediately began to weave this concept into the second act of Tom Paine.⁵¹

In creating Tom Paine, Foster readily recognized his contribution to the whole to be partial:

I serve up a matrix of ideas; the Troupe and Tom fill it up with matter. I supply the words and some basic ideas and their work completes it. For example, much of the humor in the production I didn't write; it grew out of free experiment during rehearsal and is still changing. I give them guidelines to get them into improvisations and out of them again. The actors write during rehearsal.⁵²

Three of the twenty-four scenes of this epic saga are indicated as "improvisational" and at these times the cast assumes their off-stage personas and may talk and mingle with themselves as readily as with the audience. Their discussion might specifically cover "the Negro revolution in the United States," or even the concept of revolution in far

broader terms. At another performance the audience might be momentarily startled, à la Olsen and Johnson, to find a policeman enter and fire off a popgun at the stage.

O'Horgan notes, however, that the playwright "lays the boundaries before the actors step into the play. The script was not arrived at through improvisation"⁵³

With a troupe of eleven, playing sixty-two characters, plus insects and the elements, Foster, it appeared, had found in O'Horgan, the ideal experimental director with whom to collaborate. Who better to stimulate and develop his teeming, theatrical vision? Amid the exhilarating atmosphere of critical acclaim, he declared himself an iconoclastic playwright who would "rather show things than talk about them. I want to present ideas through action, breaking down the theatre forms to which we are accustomed and really showing what people are involved in."⁵⁴ As with others, however, O'Horgan's prolific imagination had left Foster overwhelmed. Ellen Stewart recalls,

Paul Foster [was] kicking and screaming--and he did not want--he hated the production of Tom Paine, the way Tom O'Horgan did it. It was only its success that mellowed him out, but he hated it. Oh, it was 'too busy, it didn't need all this music, da-da-da-da-da.' He hated it.⁵⁵

Nor was the troupe's reaction to this resurgence of the extravaganza in O'Horgan's work unanimously favorable.

Mari-Claire Charba recollects ruefully:

My experience in working with Ellen [Stewart] was that it was a group, and I had gone there to act. . . . Tom was able to stay because he was able to

work out his ideas, but for me, one became somewhat the tool of the director. . . . The director became the creator of the idea, the directorial piece. . . . It had a lot to do with calisthenics after the first tour, Futz and Tom Paine were directorial montages. I felt that my personal contribution wasn't important, anybody could've done them. [sic] I was getting burnt out, and wasn't getting the fulfillment that I had had before. . . . I felt that it was draining me rather than fulfilling me. It was becoming a big stew, just feeding these people into these plays, and I was losing my individual identity. I felt my space was being eroded, and everything was mushing together. . . .

We started doing calisthenics, and I was doing my entrances on a sliding board. It was more of a concept piece of Tom's, and he was shifting us around in the roles, we didn't know what we'd be doing before we got to the theatre. It was becoming more watered down. . . . So I was fading, I didn't have to be there.⁵⁶

Critic Charles Marowitz too, had reservations:

"In most cases, what the actors are doing is more impressive than what the play is doing It is too cocky and dim-witted to assume that the given style of an acting company is going to apply in all cases and to enforce it willy-nilly."⁵⁷

Though the Edinburgh press for Futz⁵⁸ predictably seesawed between the "Filth on the Fringe!"⁵⁹ "BESTIALITY!"⁶⁰ genre, and the "Ultimate in Theatre Expression"⁶¹ school, the reviews culled for the London publicity of Tom Paine appeared as raves.⁶²

In less than three years from his La Mama debut in the fall of 1964, through some forty works, O'Horgan had achieved a notoriety and acclaim that only Ms. Stewart could have dreamed of. Capped by five Obie awards and an Off-Broadway run for Futz, and West End critical recognition for Tom Paine, O'Horgan had beaten a path from Second Avenue

via Europe that seemed naturally to lead to Broadway.

Notes

1. British theatre director Michael Elliott, in Ronald Harwood's thirteen-part history of the theatre: "All the World's A Stage," Part Two: "Enter Dionysus."
2. Blau, The Eye of Prey, 1-2.
3. Sally Banes, Greenwich Village 1963, 1-2.
4. Ibid, 5.
5. Ibid, 9.
6. Ibid, 122.
7. These chance orchestras were composed of whatever instruments and players showed up on a given night.
8. Banes, 1-2.
9. Unfortunately, no extant examples of O'Horgan's drawings remain.
10. All quotes hereafter are from the February 23, 1993 interview with O'Horgan, unless otherwise noted.
11. Banes, 189.
12. Ibid, 191.
13. Notable among the cast of The Garden of Earthly Faucets was Harvey Milk, who would later achieve notoriety, and be killed, as the first openly gay Superintendent for the predominantly gay Castro district of San Francisco.
14. These shows included Big Me.
15. O'Horgan lived there from 1963 to 1964, and had already rehearsed and presented two works of Elmer Kline's, The Teacups of Prince Wo, and Under the Cross-Eyed Eagle, but he had decided that it would be insufficient for The Maids. Although Wigfall would eventually appear in the work at La Mama, he was not cast in the first La Mama production.
16. Genet, The Maids, 100.
17. The production included costumes by Ellen Stewart and a set design by O'Horgan, who had planned a front scrim on which to project a film of "the two guys in complete maids' uniforms in Abingdon Square doing the shopping one morning."

This was intended to give the audience adjustment time. The film closed with a flickery fade-to-black of the actors in tableau, the stage lights would then fade up on the same actors and characters in the same clench. The film director, Robert Downey, Sr., shot the piece in 16mm black-and-white film (now lost) very early one Sunday morning in Abingdon Square. Unfortunately, O'Horgan's home movie projector kept breaking the five-minute film. So they cut that section, though the scrim prevailed.

18. Madame was played by Tilla Petra, and subsequently by Mari-Claire Charba.

19. The La Mama Archive lists 48 shows presented at La Mama alone.

20. Interview with Ellen Stewart, June 21, 1993.

21. The Living Theater was closed by the IRS in October 1963, and early in 1964 the Becks left New York with some members of their own troupe for a European tour (which became a four-year, self-imposed exile). Stewart also visited two of La Mama's actresses, Mari-Claire Charba and Jacque Lynn Colton, who, had gone off to Paris under their own auspices to play The White Whore and the Bit Player, which Tom Eyen wrote expressly for them for this purpose. Through Ruth York, the German-American Jewish actress, they had eventually visited Elsa Gress in Denmark. Stewart subsequently arranged for the two fledgling companies, the Paris contingent under the direction of Ross Alexander, to play at both venues.

22. They had flipped a coin to decide which locale each group would visit first.

23. The members of the Denmark contingent were Mark Korbel, a stage manager whom they had "picked up" on the boat, O'Horgan, and actors: Mari-Claire Charba, Sylvie Papernik, Victor LiPari, Kevin O'Connor, Stefan Sztybel, and Michael Warren Powell. Jacque Lynn Colton, who had been in the Paris group, joined O'Horgan's group in time for the first production.

24. The Bijou Company was located between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets, on the fourth floor.

25. These publications included New York Daily News, New York Post, The New York Herald Tribune, The New York Journal American, The New York Times, The New York World Telegram and the Sun, The New York Law Journal, Women's Wear Daily, Christian Science Monitor, The World Journal Tribune, The

Saturday Evening Post, The New Yorker, Newsweek, The New Republic, The Nation, and Time.

26. October 29, 1964, 14.

27. Village Voice, November 5, 1964, 4.

28. Julie Bovasso, Village Voice, November 26, 1964, 16, 18.

29. "S.S.," Village Voice, August 26, 1965, 10.

30. Jens Okim and Jutta Ablestrom (who was to play the title role in Paul Foster's The Recluse).

31. Week 1 included America Hurrah, by Jean-Claude van Itallie, The Circus by Gerald Schoenwolf, and Hurrah for the Bridge by Paul Foster; week 2 included Thank You Miss Victoria by William Hoffman, The Circle by Alex Civello, and Birdbath by Leonard Melfi; week 3 included The Recluse by Paul Foster, Chicago by Sam Shepard, and War by Jean-Claude van Itallie.

32. "The Little Comedy House."

33. Per Gudmansen, Actuelt, October 19, 1965, (page number unavailable, as per telephone call to Copenhagen office, July 1997).

34. See Appendix B, "Mind Bytes," O'Horgan's 1996 reflection on Elsa Gress.

35. A copy of Boxiganga belongs to O'Horgan.

36. "The idea of inserting Renaissance sequences derived from an extract of an old Spanish book on strolling actors in the late Renaissance. This [unnamed] book dates from 1603, and treats in conversation form, of the various phases and forms of 'the theatre of the road' that flourished then A boxiganga was a middle-size group of strolling players, which, unlike the English troupes of the time, also had female members" (Gress, Boxiganga, 106). This film was made with funds obtained by Gress from the Danish Government, and was about the La Mama Troupe in Denmark. O'Horgan conceived of the piece as a twenty-minute documentary, on two time levels: the present and the seventeenth century, with the focus intercutting back and forth between the two periods. O'Horgan recalls that "it would have been marvelous except that we did the basic shooting and all of that and then we had to leave. Everything got pushed further and further, and finally the troupe had to leave Denmark." O'Horgan left the editing to Elsa Gress, with the intention of producing a tight, twenty-

minute documentary of their traveling, going into Danish castles, playing in schools, and all of the performances and interactions that they were involved with.

37. Unfortunately, in O'Horgan's view, Gress "just fell in love with every damn inch" of the film and failed to edit it into the simpler, cohesive whole it could have been. In consequence, he noted, "I would rather have my bronchial tubes ripped out than sit through a viewing of it."

38. Birdbath, War, Chicago, This is the Rill Speaking (only given one performance in Europe), The Recluse, and Chicago.

39. Later presented at the Martinique Theatre, by Paul Libin and Theodore Mann.

40. Actually, only The Recluse was from the original European tour, the other two plays were a premiere performance of Sam Shepard's Fourteen Hundred Thousand, and Pavane by Jean-Claude van Itallie.

41. In the poem, "The Journey of the Magi."

42. Interview with Ellen Stewart, June 21, 1993.

43. Interview with Mari-Claire Charba, January 20, 1997.

44. Unidentified quotes hereafter are from an interview with O'Horgan, March 26, 1993.

45. Eighteen by twenty-four feet.

46. It was, in fact, linoleum painted black.

47. June 30, 1968.

48. Excerpt quoted with permission, from Off-Broadway, My Way, copyright as an unpublished work, 1996.

49. On March 2, 1967, Rochelle Owens's Futz opened at La Mama E.T.C., by May it was awarded 5 Obie Awards by the Village Voice (Best Play: Rochelle Owens; Best Director: Tom O'Horgan; Best Performer: Seth Allen; Best Musical Score: Tom O'Horgan; Best Company: La Mama Troupe). Futz was also presented in Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Munich, and at the Narren Theatre on the island of Gronelund under the auspices of the Pistol Theatre, in Stockholm, and at the University of Lund, Sweden; in Aarhus, Jutland, Herning, and Copenhagen, Denmark; at the Mickery Theatre, Leunerslot, Netherlands; at Saint Croix, Virgin Islands, and at the Edinburgh Festival; and at the Mercury Theatre, London. On June 13, 1968, Futz opened Off-Broadway, at the Theatre de Lys Theatre, and was

filmed in 1969. The work was reprised at La Mama on October 18, 1991.

50. The play was first published in 1943.

51. Act I was first rehearsed at La Mama, and opened on April 26, 1967, and then toured to Frankfurt, Heidelberg, and Munich. It was then re-rehearsed in Nice, incorporating Act II, and performed at the Spoleto Festival, which also included the participation of Jerzy Grotowski, and with whom the La Mama Troupe met--they would later meet and take a workshop with him when they were on tour with Futz in Herning, Denmark. That production then played in repertory in Stockholm, Jutland, Copenhagen, Leunerslot (Netherlands). The production then was moved to the Vaudeville Theatre in London's West End, returning to Stage 73 in New York in March 1968 in its full form.

52. "La Mama on La Mama." Interviews by Rebecca Cox and Eric Bass in Prompt, 20.

53. Ibid.

54. Ibid, 23.

55. Stewart interview, *ibid*.

56. Charba interview, *ibid*.

57. "Marowitz on La Mama," in Prompt, *ibid*, 25.

58. Futz was presented by the Traverse Theatre at the Church Hill Theatre as part of the Fringe Festival.

59. Scottish Daily Express, August 23, 1967 (page number and all other article verification are unavailable due to Scottish Daily Express's loss of all 1967 records [telephone call, May 29, 1997]).

60. Scottish Daily Express, August 24, 1967. (Page note unavailable; see endnote 58.)

61. The Scotsman, August 23, 1967, 4.

62. ". . . the ensemble feeling of the Company is triumphant,"--Eric Shorter, "La Mama Troupe's exciting style," The Daily Telegraph, October 23, 1967, n.p. ". . . undoubted theatrical excitement"--Herbert Kretzmer, "This forgotten hero deserves a better epitaph," The Daily Express, October 18, 1967, n.p. ". . . no praise can be too high . . . what a magnificent attack it makes, on eyes and ears, mind and imagination; and what disciplined vitality

this young American company brings to it,"--Cordelia Oliver,
 "Tom Paine," The Guardian, September 7, 1967, 9.
 "Adventurous and exciting,"--Michael Billington, The Times,
 September 7, 1967, 7. ". . . superbly impressionistic
 performance wonderfully comic
 outstanding . . . theatre,"--John Kerr, "'Tom Paine'
 outstanding theatre," The Glasgow Herald, September 5, 1967,
 12. "La Mama are all movement, fluidity, ballet. Sensual
 recreation of Paine's exuberance and impact,"--Walter Reid,
 "Tom Paine bounds back to life," The Scotsman, September 5,
 1967, 7.

Chapter 4--Broadway: "Hair" and The Age of Aquarius

The political picture of America in 1968 was violently charged. U.S. troops in Vietnam numbered over one-half million, the Tet offensive jarred America, as did the assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Chicago Democratic Convention's bloody riots. Tumultuous disorder appeared central to the American zeitgeist, television beamed its images around the world. Millions of Beatles' fans worldwide chided "the all-American bullet-headed Saxon mother's son" in sardonic sing-along choruses of "Hey, Bungalow Bill, what did you kill, Bungalow Bill?" Resistance to violent insurrection is evident too, in another of the group's popular songs, "Revolution":

You say you want a revolution,
Well, you know,
We all want to change the world.
You tell me that it's evolution.
Well, you know,
We all want to change the world.
But when you talk about destruction,
Don't you know that you can count me out,
Don't you know it's gonna be alright, alright, alright.²

By 1969, the latest Lennon and McCartney pop mantra was even more ardent: "All we are saying is Give Peace A Chance."³

The West Coast hippies, with their laid back, dope-smoking, free love, slacker alternative to mainstream American work-ethic found echoes, allies and imitators in the East Village. Perhaps from the pressure of city life, and the Village's long history of drawing the nation's more

artistic freaks, New York bohemia developed distinctly new creative voices. Amid the cataclysmic events of the period, young artists and audiences fused into a downtown community that, rather than lying back, leaned forward into a new age--some spoke of the Age of Aquarius, an era of peace, love, and harmony.

The period later referred to as "the Sixties," (1968 to 1972), would find O'Horgan at the height of his fame and fortune, with four Broadway shows running concurrently.⁴ The period began quietly enough at O'Horgan's La Mama laboratory, with an experiment that sought to touch people, not as blocks of warring views, but as individuals. Megan Terry's aptly titled Changes, while hardly cost-effective, required thirty-four actors to manage a maximum nightly audience of seventeen, and gave the participants unprecedented experiences. The five actors of this "single-file theatre" piece carried their audience blindfolded, one-by-one, to and from its various scenes and environments. Each spectator was offered considerable choice regarding the outcome of each segment.

The show's program included the following proposal from its director:

We would like to enlist your cooperation in this experiment. It is a probe into new dimensions of theatre experience. Perhaps, it is somewhat like an amusement park fun house--it may have some relation to cinema technique. It is very much like a Dionysian initiation. It is a full experience, hopefully stimulating and

pleasureful--under any circumstance, you need not fear for your safety.

At this point, I don't know for certain how one might produce King Lear in this fashion, but given enough time it could be done. Certainly, new plays can be written--right now, this is the most impractical theatre project conceived by the mind of man. But, perhaps in the doing we shall find other ways. . . .⁵ [emphasis added]

This last gentle phrase is a key to O'Horgan's beguiling manner and method of developing his productions. Though often time-consuming and exhausting (and far from foolproof), this empirical approach--the rehearsal and performance as collaboration, exploration, and adventure--is one of O'Horgan's distinctive methods of getting the most out of a performance text. Secure in the conviction that as a professional he could, as he put it, "wump something up" if need be, O'Horgan offers his companies trust and generosity, as well as structure and provocation. Actors, playwrights, composers, producers, and designers attest to his providing them with the freedom and encouragement to explore the limits of their imagination. "He was a mentor of mine. One of the three teachers in my life," recalls actress Mari-Claire Charba, "He gave creative freedom--he was so trusting, and in his trust of me, I could create things. And working off his intellect, I was able to come up with ideas that I would have never come up with on my own. We worked so well together"⁶

Playwright and actor, James Rado confirms that

O'Horgan gave so much freedom to the actors, he manipulated them as a director must, to do the

staging, but they didn't know it, they were having fun. They were following instructions, but it didn't seem like anything was being imposed on them.⁷

The creative process that O'Horgan employed, drawing on the company's experience and interpretative suggestions, seemed as contemporary and revolutionary to the actors as the staged results appeared to the audience, generating a sense of fun and excitement unlike that of the book musicals and more traditional plays they were accustomed to. O'Horgan is not given to lengthy descriptions of his reading of a work, leaving the actor relatively unencumbered by the director's philosophical opinions and creative theories, thereby allowing the actor a sense of maximum involvement in, and control over, his role. Actor, lyricist, and director, James Rado recalled,

In playing Claude, I think he only gave me one note, one time, he just came up to me and said, "It's very good that you are, at times, very still on stage, as opposed to all the tumult and pandemonium that's going on around you." And really, basically, nothing else. I don't think he was a very meddlesome director, as far as the actors and the flow of creating something.⁸

Composer Galt MacDermot also appreciated O'Horgan's gentle manner. When re-ordering the songs in Hair for its Broadway premiere, MacDermot recalled, more than twenty-five years later, despite the pressure, "He asked me: 'Is it okay, if I do that?' and I said, 'Sure.'"⁹

Veteran producer Bertrand Castelli recognized that O'Horgan "has a certain tranquillity about himself

He's a wise man. He's not just a director, he's a very peaceful man. And sensitive to the freedom of others and the joy of feeling."¹⁰ In allowing his collaborators a maximum of initial freedom, Castelli sees O'Horgan as functioning as a classic sculptor, stripping away dross to reveal an aesthetic essence. "It's the guy who cut the marble who makes the thing. And, that's what he did, he gave the freedom to those young people."¹¹

Designer Robin Wagner admired the chemistry, "Tom worked as a catalyst. . . . he always had all his antennae up on everything that was going on."¹² Being open to suggestion from all sources, however unlikely, gave O'Horgan's work a scale, richness and diversity that would have been difficult to realize from his own mind alone, as fertile as it was. "It was always reflected in his work--verdant, big images,"¹³ recalled Wagner. Lighting designer Jules Fisher concurred,

With discipline, Tom encouraged people to experiment He would say "Try it." When somebody else would roll their eyes and say "That's stupid, why are you going to waste time on it?" He would say "Do it. Try it." That was his way, someone out of the spirit of the 60's, the love-in and the love stuff. It wasn't a director saying, "No, read it like this." He would say, "Try it your way." And then he would change it, and then he would get you to do it the way he wanted.

He was certainly not weak, he was very strong on what he wanted. He had ideas, lots of them, and they just flowed out of him. I was impressed with his wellspring of ideas and creativity."¹⁴

O'Horgan thus educes, drawing forth rather than directing in the literal sense, bringing out the widest range of performance colors, textures and tempi available, from which he selects and mixes his own theatrical palette.

Gerome Ragni and James Rado had been busy with their own form of theatrical exploration. Having come to New York in the early 1960's,¹⁵ they were intent on making their mark in the theatre community. They had worked together in Off-Off-Broadway and touring productions, and had become close friends in the striving downtown ferment of acting workshops, auditions, shows, and anti-war protohippies.¹⁶ By spring 1965, Ragni and Rado were already noting and collecting material for a show of their own, based on the lifestyles and denizens of Greenwich Village. Their goal from the outset was to create a smash Broadway musical that, by dint of its dynamic portrayal of its characters' hopes, fears, and strivings, would speak to and for the burgeoning, next generation of American dreamers.

The resulting Hair, with its slight plotline of "kids protesting everything,"¹⁷ revolves around a ménage à trois, of which the central character, Claude, troubled by his obligation to his country, finally goes to the Vietnam War and is killed. O'Horgan sees the work as "about integration of all kinds,"¹⁸ individual and societal, of the body, intellect, and emotions, and all the divisive components of

society--gender, age, sexual proclivity, wealth, ethnicity, and religion--which comprise the individual.

Barbara Lee Horn's The Age of "Hair", documents the work's development and worldwide success. It is clear from Horn's book, that O'Horgan's contribution to the success of Hair was surely greater than the musical's contribution was to his success. His principal qualities as a director are well drawn by the fellow artists who collaborated with him on the Hair experience.

As Ragni and Rado searched for a producer, predictably no one of the Broadway establishment was interested in Hair, including Hal Prince, Robert Whitehead, and David Merrick. Joe Papp, however, "was particularly drawn to the freshness, naivete, and sincerity of the group"¹⁹ and, once Galt MacDermot was engaged as composer, Papp secured the production rights and had the work mounted by in-house director Gerald Freedman to inaugurate his Public Theater downtown. Despite rancorous disputes between authors, producer, and director, the show was well-attended for its eight-week run, and then closed.

The rights were then optioned by Michael Butler and Bertrand Castelli but, after a brief run at the youth-oriented Cheetah discotheque in midtown proved financially disastrous, Hair closed again in January 1968. Determined to take the production to Broadway, yet dissatisfied with Freedman's direction, Butler allowed the authors and

Castelli to persuade him that O'Horgan could give the work its due.

Ragni and Rado were familiar with O'Horgan's downtown work, and wanted him to direct it from its inception, but he was touring with Tom Paine in Europe at the time. Having seen the show on his return, O'Horgan was not overwhelmed. MacDermot remembers his coming to the production, "He said something like, 'We'll talk, Babe,' and left."²⁰ O'Horgan recalls:

It was a sprawl, and the production was so bland. . . . The kind of theatre that Hair was, we'd been doing it for half a decade at least, in full bloom. So what I saw was certainly not mind-boggling. . . . I just thought it was a watered-down version of the idea. . . . They said, "We're going to do this show on Broadway." At that point, nobody had ever moved from Off-Broadway to Broadway. It wasn't the thing to do. But they said, "We want you to direct it."²¹

Executive producer Castelli had been "flabbergasted" by O'Horgan's work with Futz at La Mama:

I saw someone who was able to use the body and sound as a sculptor would use clay and light. The words were not important anymore. It was the generosity of the movement and the freedom, and at the same time, the discipline. It was not just anarchy on stage, it was very well organized, and yet you didn't feel that the actors were being victimized by the work of Tom. On the contrary, he let them express their beauty and their soul.

In 1967, Castelli, then director of the Harkness Ballet, had tried to instill the company with a new spirit. He had invited Jean-Claude van Itallie, among other collaborators, to write for it as an experiment "to make the dancers get in touch with now rather than the past."²²

O'Horgan was brought in to direct the work, Walking and Talking. Hoping to revitalize the creative energy of the company, Castelli gave him a free hand.

The talent of Tom!--all my life I wanted to see dancers walk on stage not like a dancer, but like somebody in the street. And when I saw that after two or three weeks, through his classes, through his manipulation of people, he was able to make the dancers walk and talk--and those were very well-trained, classical dancers. He had to overcome years of technique to make them find a way to be themselves.²³

Though the directors of the Harkness Foundation wanted nothing to do with the kind of reformation O'Horgan had accomplished, Castelli was not dismayed.

With the director of choice secured, the Hair production returned to the Ukrainian Hall in the East Village to be overhauled by O'Horgan in readiness for its Broadway opening. A theatre had to be secured, and the Shuberts, Nederlanders, and others were duly invited and came down to see the work in progress. Though the production was fully financed, the Broadway theatre owners did not want the scruffy tribe of downtown performers in their chandeliered, red-veloured, legitimate houses. Butler and Castelli were outsiders, and there seemed little chance that theatre party groups, a Broadway mainstay, would be drawn to inelegant noise and sweaty sights, not to mention the alternative politics, language, and full, frontal nudity. Since there was no precedent for an Off-Broadway transfer, the business and contractual arrangements were

complex, even fearsome. Clearly, there might be little to gain and much to lose.

Despite the lack of support or encouragement from the Broadway establishment, the production gathered more momentum under Butler and O'Horgan's stewardship. They also picked the rest of its creative team. Designer Robin Wagner, who had worked with Castelli at the Harkness, was hired and brought lighting designer Jules Fisher on board. Through family contacts of Butler's, the producers prevailed upon David Cogan, the owner of the Biltmore Theatre, and Hair consequently opened on April 29, 1968, barely three months after its closing at the Cheetah.

MacDermot, characterizing O'Horgan as "one of the smartest guys I know,"²⁴ recalled that Ragni and Rado were also readily recognizable as bright men, despite their cryptic manner, and complex connections to the hippie zeitgeist:

but [O'Horgan] always knew what they meant by what they'd written. I don't think they had communicated it. . . . It was just that he seemed to know. . . . It had to do with theatricality.²⁵

In the revamping of Hair for Broadway, MacDermot notes, "We'd written a whole musical opening."²⁶ [emphasis added] He had been unsure about whether they could bring that off. "It wasn't a prelude, it was just one little song [like "Sodomy"] after another, introducing the characters." MacDermot had felt unsure that the audience would stand for

that, "but Tom had no doubts about how to do it. He knew exactly what to do, and saw it through."²⁷

Despite the considerable pressures of time and money endemic to Broadway production schedules, O'Horgan's perception and experience gave him the skills to structure an entertainment that was satisfying and as seemingly chaotic and topical as any that Olsen and Johnson's vaudeville audiences ever encountered. O'Horgan had the expertise and confidence to share the creative process, and the production greatly benefited from the offerings of his collaborating artists. Enhancing his soundly engineered theatrical structure with the best of all the resultant ideas and youthful exuberance, he produced a work of such richness and dynamism, that many would return time and again to absorb more of its energy and images--the piece reflected the audiences' most optimistic sense of themselves and their age.

O'Horgan, familiar with opera tradition, had explained to MacDermot that one foolproof device was "to bring in a big tenor number near the front."²⁸ He did this with the "Donna" number for Berger's entrance (the character played by Ragni). O'Horgan also relies heavily on his instincts, however. "He knows what bores him, and he knows what bores a lot of us. But he's not afraid to take an audience's time to make them watch something"²⁹ he believes worthwhile.

Comparing the styles of Freedman's production and O'Horgan's, having worked on both, MacDermot stands closer to Castelli's praise than Charba's criticism, in regard to O'Horgan's use of plastic or sculptural staging: "Freedman was realistic. It was a stage full of kids, doing the scenes and singing the songs, and being kids. Whereas Tom used the bodies to make pictures, [Freedman's version] was much more trivial."³⁰ O'Horgan and the authors took the Freedman version of the script-based work, which Martin Gottfried describes as "a regular book musical," with a "corny, but nevertheless, cogent story,"³¹ stripped out the non-musical scenes, interweaving the work's interpenetrating themes with the casts' impressions and improvisations into what would be hailed as the first concept musical.

Despite the minimal plot, mixing of themes, and busily staged activity, the resulting work, with its broader, rougher-edged images and rhythms, seemed more natural to the audience than conventional attempts at realism. Rather than distancing the audience so that they became passive observers, the disparate elements of style, theme, and non sequitur that O'Horgan had combined into Hair's carnival atmosphere, lent an immediacy to the celebration that engendered the audience's sense of participation. By the time the audience arrived at the song segment "I Got Life," the lyrics appeared to confirm the self-evident, shared vivacity of the audience and show, as well as that of the

characters and their points of view. The show that opened at the Biltmore also included thirteen new songs, a larger orchestra, and greater amplification, as well as what Horn calls, "an encounter group sensibility."³² "The Broadway Hair had developed its pro-love, pro-sex, pro-drugs, and other antiestablishment causes, more broadly than at the Public. James Huffman notes that O'Horgan, "more than anybody else is responsible for the injection of the counterculture into the moneyed theatre."³³

In common with the Harkness Foundation's board, Mari-Claire Charba, Paul Foster, and the Broadway patriarchy, MacDermot too had balked at O'Horgan's Dionysian disruptions, though he had only one serious disagreement over the show. "Toward the finale, the kids are banging drums, and he told the kids to bang off, off-tempo, off-side, off, and that annoyed me. I was trying with my band to get as hot a groove as we could, and he wanted chaos."³⁴

Robin Wagner, however, approved of O'Horgan's anarchic delight in the rougher, less-perfected, seemingly haphazard look, and objet trouvé design. Encouraging the entire company to strengthen the design of the performance environment elicited diverse suggestions and further involved the participants personally in the work's identity, and continued its organic evolution. The company's tribalism seemed truly "psychedelic": "showing the soul"³⁵ of its generation in word, deed, music, and design. The

original designer of the production at the Public, Ming Cho Lee, "began the tradition of using 'real' hippie artifacts, objects, posters, and found objects, taken directly from head shops and hangouts in the Public's immediate vicinity."³⁶ The new team of O'Horgan and Wagner, however, took the process to the limits of Broadway possibility. Wagner recalled,

I never sat down and designed the show. I used to bring him a piece at a time, an idea, and he would give some ideas back, and then the actors began bringing things in, and we decided that we were going to build this junk tower, down in the East Village. Anything that could be found in the street was within the design concept, anything we didn't have to pay for. I rented scaffolding that went up sixty feet, a single scaffolding tower with ladders up the sides. And then we started dressing it. Then I found an old awning that said "Fruits and Vegetables," and we hung that over the truck. And we had the old Waverly movie sign, just great junk that was around the streets. And then the kids in the cast started decorating, they'd bring in fluorescent tape, and old tires, and such. We started hanging painted scaffolds around the theatre, and put up chicken wire, and people would stuff it with chicken feathers.

We threw away the maskings, anything that made stages clean, uncluttered, or sterile was thrown in the alley. And the Biltmore became an authentic piece of that age. And it was all Tom's doing.³⁷

O'Horgan filled the show with unexpected elements, both whimsical and explosive. The public, brought in through a side-alley exit door, met with the unanticipated from the outset. Entering the auditorium with already-ruffled Broadway expectations, they encountered more carefully constructed chaos. The chandelier house lighting had been replaced with theatrical lighting, and Jules Fisher's five-

color palette of spots and floods, augmented by the O'Horgan-inspired use of glaring spots, was, at times, as much in evidence in the auditorium as on stage, contributing considerably to the sense of unity rather than separation between those two worlds. The auditorium floors were strewn with popcorn and other debris that seemed to spill out from the street-junk, stage-set conglomeration. Cast members, meanwhile, either related with, or sat among the audience, some in patrons' choice seats. The effect was as discombobulating as any Olsen and Johnson had wrought:

About 10 minutes prior to curtain time, CLAUDE comes on stage, looks around, and then sits down in the center. At the same time, The TRIBE appears from the wings, in the tower, on the scaffoldings, and in the audience. THEY carry flowers and burning incense sticks, which THEY hand out to the members of the audience. About four minutes later, TWO GIRLS come on stage with an "altar" cloth, and a burning flame in some kind of earthenware receptacle on a stand. THEY set this up in front of CLAUDE. A strange kind of electronic sound starts in the orchestra and it builds and intensifies in rhythm over the next five minutes. Bird calls and the chanting of astrological signs are employed here by the TRIBE. At the same time the TRIBE in a ritualistic kind of slow motion starts converging on stage, each person concerned with something--an article of clothing, a part of their body, anything personal to each. BERGER and SHEILA approach CLAUDE, and BERGER, with a pair of scissors, cuts a lock of CLAUDE's hair. HE hands it to SHEILA who puts it into the flame. At this point there is a 3-second freeze to stop action. RON picks up the flame and starts to sing.

RON
 WHEN THE MOON IS IN THE SEVENTH HOUSE
 AND JUPITER ALIGNS WITH MARS
 THEN PEACE WILL GUIDE THE PLANETS
 AND LOVE WILL STEER THE STARS
 RON AND 6 MORE

THIS IS THE DAWNING OF THE AGE OF AQUARIUS
 THE AGE OF AQUARIUS
 (4 more join in)
 AQUARIUS
 AQUARIUS³⁸

Thus consecrated, the proto-post-modern extravaganza that followed was as playful and good-willed as it was radical, full of illusion, decoration, and complexity, and borrowing liberally from historical vernacular styles. Theatre history buffs must have delighted in identifying O'Horgan's heady, if unconscious, blend of style appropriations. Elements of ancient Greek choral evocations, and comic bawdiness, along with the physical antics, improvisations and lazzi reminiscent of the commedia dell'arte appeared, and Shakespearian fluid staging and contemporary dress conventions mingled with the more familiar Broadway fare of light-hearted or emotional songs, and exuberant dances, all mixed with a liberal sprinkling of downtown, youthful obscenities and resentment. The work's stylistic diversity thus ranged from village-square ur-theatre, to the most up-to-the-minute Washington Square Village shenanigans. The distinctions between indoors and out, stage and house, real and theatrical, public, actors and characters, amateur and professional, had been stirred and blurred. The musical's themes were comic and tragic. It was downtown uptown. It was disturbingly Dionysian: sacred and profane, unnerving to some, seductive or endearing to others, yet ultimately comforting, and life-

affirming. It brought to life a universal, yet distinctly American, total theatre.

Though Hair proved startling in its unconventional presentation of form and content, Fisher noted, "At the end of the play you were hit with a wallop, because it was all connected, it all had a shape to it. That Tom did."³⁹ O'Horgan had forged a new wholeness out of the show's seemingly clashing parts--that which was most sorely wished for the nation as a whole.

Fisher was given free rein in interpreting the show's lighting. He recalls O'Horgan's stimulus and efforts as having been made "in a subtle, quiet way." Fisher rates directors in "two camps: they're either nurturing or despotic, and Tom was nurturing. And he also engendered nurturing, and that involved having happiness around him. Tom did that with discipline, he encouraged people to experiment."⁴⁰

Glenn Loney had already recognized Hair at the Public Theatre as "A Rock musical," identifying it as "clearly the first American show to try to come to terms with this popular, pervasive musical idiom and with the Hippie condition. . . . The performers," he added, however, "though a bit too cleanly professional in general to simulate Hippies, were alert and attractive, no small virtue in a musical."⁴¹

The night of the Broadway opening (April 29, 1968), the electronic media reviews, true to their medium, were the most immediate:

Broadway's most expectant opening night audience turned out Monday to witness a New York theatrical first, a musical number in which eight members of the cast faced the footlights stark naked.

When the first act of Hair ended, men in police uniforms raced down the center aisle yelling at the audience, "You're all under arrest!" But they, too, were members of the cast.

When the second and final act was over, some members of the audience joined the cast dancing in the aisles, cheering lustily and shouting "Bravo."

Not all of the audience was still around at the end, however. A handful had been driven out, by the nudity, the proliferation of four-letter words or outrageous attacks on religion, home, parents, the draft, the flag, the government and assorted other targets.

Hair is that kind of show. You love it or you hate it. There's no middle ground, and it is going to do nothing to bridge the generation gap. It probably should carry a warning: "not for mature audiences."

But for those who can be "turned on," the vastly talented young cast sent repeated charges of electricity crackling through the Biltmore Theatre, whipping up a frenzy rarely seen on Broadway.

There's no discernible story line, very little dialogue, just music and dancing. It might be described as a psychedelic Hellzapoppin, a love-in, a freak-out, a living underground newspaper, a trip--all wrapped in one. From the nature of the targets, it might also be described as a musical protest to end all protests.

Described as an "American tribal love-rock musical," the show has a cast of 23 and they are on the move practically all the time--literally swinging from the rafters, racing or dancing up and down the aisles, strewing flowers through the audience, passing out incense sticks. . . .⁴²

Leonard Probst of NBC News noted the show's topics, as "the draft, peace, love, air pollution, the generation gap,

and, of course, long hair," and identified its key attractions: "There is not much of a story line and none is needed. The folk-rock is bouncy, the lyrics clever, and the voices just right. But what carries the show is a sense of humor and honesty."⁴³ He had also seen the downtown version, and proclaimed the show "better than it was originally," noting that it was "the only new concept in musicals on Broadway in years and it's more fun than any other this season."⁴⁴

Allan Jefferys of ABC-TV dealt with the nudity first, explaining that:

This little episode occurs in the finale of Act I. By the time it happens, you are more than prepared for it. In fact, you are prepared for anything.

You've seen actors writhe and crawl up the aisle in slow motion. You've been given flowers and had confetti and corn thrown at you. You feel you're entitled to combat pay for sitting so close to the stage. You've heard innocent-looking girls use gutter language. You've seen actors swing out over you à la Tarzan . . . and you've hoped the rope would hold. You've leaned away from the aisle to avoid being clobbered by an actor riding a motorcycle up the aisle. You've seen Hair. Or perhaps I should say you've experienced Hair. And it is quite an experience. . . . directed in a wonderfully wild fashion by Tom O'Horgan.

Wild is the word for Hair. It makes Marat/Sade seem like Peter Pan. It's more than a psychedelic be-in. It's the most theatrical theatre in years. Put it on your must-see list.⁴⁵

Len Harris of CBS-TV felt that he had "finally found the best musical of the Broadway season." He too had seen the Public Theatre production largely preferred the O'Horgan version. The plot had originally been "sentimental and old-

fashioned," but it had now been "subordinated to the iconoclasm and the total commitment to a hippie aura." Despite the move from thrust stage to proscenium, he found the latter preferable "because it has been moved by director Tom O'Horgan into the realm of controlled anarchy. O'Horgan has found a way to get his cast to envelop the Biltmore, which was not designed for those sorts of goings-on."⁴⁶

Peggy Stockton of MCA Radio News also noted that "Hair isn't a musical in the traditional sense, but the first of its kind; a rock opera. There is very little dialogue, just one beautiful production number after another, staged with brilliance by Tom O'Horgan."⁴⁷ She too sensed that the work had given "Broadway a much-needed turn-on."⁴⁸ Mike Stein of NEW-Radio, concurred: "Hair sweeps Broadway like a breath of fresh air,"⁴⁹ he noted:

Without reservation, I recommend to you Hair as the most energetic and most entertaining musical on Broadway this year--and maybe, for many years to come. It is an outrageous show--outrageously funny, outrageously tuneful, outrageously caustic--and in sum, marvelously enjoyable. . . .

Caution: Mary Poppins it ain't. There is an abundant supply of four-letter words--and a few longer ones that are even more descriptive. There are songs that take apart religion, race, middle-class mores, and Vietnam.⁵⁰

Stein captures the after-burn imagery technique that O'Horgan had worked to achieve, both in aural and visual stimulation: "The music builds to a rock beat that never stops pulsating until the final curtain. In fact, after--because by then, the whole audience is clapping and stomping

along."⁵¹ The nude Be-in scene that closed Act I, happened so fast that "you're only aghast after the curtain falls."⁵²

John Wingate of WOR-TV, more distanced the next day, found that O'Horgan had "directed with consistent drive and plenty of violent invention. . . ."⁵³ Stockton had noted that "Hair" was "a musical for today." Wingate agreed: "Verdict: Hair is the one current show which exactly reflects the temper of the times. Unless [those] times abruptly change, it should be around for quite a while."⁵⁴

The drama critic for WNYC, Alvin Klein urged listeners to

. . . mark April 29, 1968 as the date the musical revolution infiltrated Broadway. That is the night that Hair, the hippie-folk-rock-raga musical opened at the Biltmore Theatre, and it is now going to be tougher than ever to go back to the How Now Dow Joneses, and the Happy Timeses, and the Mames.⁵⁵

Though the Broadway "revolution" would prove less influential than Klein suggested, he had evidently had an epiphany of sorts. He had found the Public Theatre version "fresh and exciting," but the Broadway experience had proved "exhilarating; the original weak, sloppy book has been virtually dispensed with and what remains of it is cogent, and a very effective bridge between musical numbers." Most reviewers, like Klein, lauded the work's refreshingly unexpected form and content, as well as its youthful rebelliousness--and inevitable naivete:

Some may find it just impertinent. I found its impertinence very pertinent. It is about youth,

and love, and peace, and pot, and only occasionally is it sophomoric, and somehow, even when it is, that is part of its charm--and for all the outspokenness and sexual references--its real innocence. There is nothing ordinary about Hair. It is a rite. It is a celebration. And it is spectacular. My reaction to Hair can be summed up in two words: "I flipped."⁵⁶

Klein's enthusiasm brings him to the reductive popular jargon of the period, but he does manage to give a sense of the extreme joy many experienced from the production, as well as the static existing Broadway scene upon which it burst.

The important elements of Hair are its energy, its freedom--of movement and attitude--its relevance and its uncontained, absolute joy. And the actors that personify that joy literally spill over the stage, into the aisles, onto the balconies, surrounding, enveloping the audience until it is impossible to be uninvolved.

And in this era of musicals that we hope and pray will give us just one number that will raise the pressure somewhat--in this era where a show like Hello, Dolly builds a reputation and four years of prosperity on the strength of one great number in the second act, Hair gives us twenty in the first act, and ten in the second. . . . they range from excellent to dazzling to more dazzling, and only a handful are merely excellent.

I will not attempt to estimate the goose-bumps and the chills, and yes, the tears, that I experienced just through the technical virtuosity and grace of this production, as newly directed by Tom O'Horgan, it is a miracle for the Broadway stage. . . .

What a farce that the "Tonys" and the Critics Awards have already been announced. If Hair isn't the season's best musical and its most thrilling production, what is? But in this season of putrid musicals, that is a meaningless statement. Hair is a fabulous show, as important an innovation in the history and development of musicals as Oklahoma and West Side Story.⁵⁷

Ellen Stewart's chest must have puffed mightily to see one of her foremost "babies" so lauded--a scant thirty months after having sent him off to Europe with a fledgling troupe on the good ship Castello Felice in search of laurels.

In his "theatre journal" in the Village Voice, Michael Smith also hoped for a Broadway revolution, and shared Klein's affection for the vernacular, opening his report by noting that "Instead of reviewing Hair I should simply report that something downtown, dirty, ballsy, and outrageous has hit Broadway at last, and it's a smash, and hopefully Broadway will never be the same."⁵⁸

These commentators' recognized the coup that Hair represented, and hoped the Broadway stage would finally prove a sounding board for their wondrous new age. After the Eisenhower years of laissez-faire domestic policy, the popular, "can-do" spirit of the U.S. was refueled by the industrial boom economy it enjoyed, and by the election of President Kennedy in 1961, and his call for "new frontiers" of American endeavor. The American youth culture of the Sixties saw itself as a paradigm of human possibility unlike any that had preceded it. This sense was endorsed by its newfound purchasing power, and intensified by the explosion of recreational drug use. The earth had been orbited, and the threat of cold-war nuclear annihilation defused, all things seemed possible to the baby boomers, the buoyant next

generation of a nation that would see its astronauts bounce across the moon.

Hair's protagonist, Berger, is a radical descendant of G.I. Joe, and Superman, opposing many of his society's norms in his quest for truth, justice, and the American way. He is the quintessential embodiment of "post-modern youth," identified by Kenneth Kenniston by five key features: "fluidity, flux, change, and movement, both ideational and spatial; exclusive identification with members of his own generation; emphasis upon personalism and participation; ambivalence towards technology; and adherence to the principle of non-violence."⁵⁰

The positive resolution of timeless, universal human issues: ignorance, equality, sexuality, poverty, disease, even war, seemed at hand, and America's theatre, like those of other nations' golden ages past, appeared to have been reinvented. O'Horgan had crafted a work that was of and for its new age. For many of its post-war generation, Hair confirmed the sense that the artifice and decorum of the previous generation's social and theatrical environment was outmoded, and was in the process of being replaced with a vibrant, new America as palpable as pot paranoia. Perhaps the world could now find answers to the human follies of past millennia, and embark on a new age of peace and love.

At the close of the twentieth century, this seems a far-fetched, pop-art romanticism, yet it differs little in

essence from the current "keepin' it real" jargon of Gangsta Rap and the so-called Hip-Hop Generation that is promoted by music industry corporations worldwide. Hair demonstrated for Smith that "there's really no need to be cautious, polite, and self-censoring, that you can get away with anything, that you actually can do your thing and win fame and fortune too."⁶⁰ The American Dream redux--and what better place, among many, for this renaissance than in the New York theatre? "The Beatles have been saying it for years now, and it's high time that liberating spirit hit the theatre. Hair on Broadway is a good start."⁶¹

Remembering that "Hair was a pushy, phony drag in its original version at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre," Smith recalls the basic idea, "a rock musical about hippies," as a good one, "but it was hoked up and conventionally show-bizzed in the writing, acting, and staging to the point of betraying everything it was trying to represent."⁶²

O'Horgan's contribution was clear:

Instead of a patronizing portrait of hippies, Hair is now a direct freak-out. O'Horgan pulls every trick in the book, old and new, and writes a second volume of tricks of his own. Never has a show been so chock full of shock effects, so manic in pursuit of novelty. Every mockable subject yields its moment of fun--flag, church, home, color line.⁶³

To professional theatregoers like Smith, the greatest value of the work lay in its potential to change the seemingly moribund Broadway climate. "[Hair's] importance is not

anything it says about hippies, though, but the plain fact that O'Horgan has blown up Broadway."⁶⁴

Ellen Stewart remembers the damage of success with a different, and more specific recollection,

After the performance, people went crazy--like euphoria, overnight That's when the antagonism began. Jimmy and Gerry were jealous of Tom throughout the production because nobody ever talked about them, only Tom O'Horgan, Tom O'Horgan. Tom O'Horgan became a world name."⁶⁵

Stewart's own relationship with him at that period was also remembered, some twenty-five years later, as having been strained by the success: "I was completely outside of his crowd. He had nothing to do with me. . . . He had 20 people as his constant entourage--an entourage, who only fed this thing against me"⁶⁶

On a less personal note, Joyce Tretick's review, "Wow,"⁶⁷ focused on distinguishing O'Horgan's theatrical talents:

The themes of love and peace that run thru [sic] (and inspire) Hair . . . really stay with you and leave the audience in the rarest of moods--ecstatic. . . .

O'Horgan's inspired direction was a thing of beauty in itself. . . .

Mr. O'Horgan made identification with his actors so easy that it was hard to differentiate where life leaves off and theatre begins."⁶⁸

When The New York Times issued Clive Barnes's journal-of-record review a couple of days later, the report was already of a fait accompli:

What is so likable about Hair, . . . positively panting with love and smelling of sweat and flowers . . . is simply that it is so likable. So new, so fresh and so unassuming, even in its pretensions.⁶⁹

Barnes hailed it as having been "made into the frankest show in town--and this has been a season not noticeable for its verbal or visual reticence." Declaring that "Mr. O'Horgan has worked wonders," and that he "makes the show vibrate from the first slow-burn opening . . . to the all-hands-together, anti-patriotic finale." Barnes, a British expatriate also captures an all-American romanticism as central to Hair's success:

. . . the essential likability of the show is to be found in its attitudes . . . those of protest and alienation. As the hero says at one point: "I want to eat mushrooms. I want to sleep in the sun." These attitudes will annoy many people, but as long as Thoreau is part of America's heritage, others will respond to his musical that marches to a different drummer.⁷⁰

In his London Sunday Times review of the London production, British theatre critic Alan Brien adds another perspective, underscoring the humane, universal nature of the piece, and the particularly American perspective at the heart of O'Horgan's lifework.

The dominating theme is the agony and ecstasy of total involvement with humanity--love for truth, love for peace, love for men and women, love for all races, love for sensuality, love for fantasy. It sounds simple-minded and childish. But Europeans, conditioned to picture America as a land of conformists and careerists, gunmen and ghettos, the rat-race and the riot, forget the heroic idealism at the heart of the national character.⁷¹

Not everyone was impressed with the work. The East Village Other, which prided itself on its fierce commitment to an alternative perspective, tendered Lita Eliscu's review, beginning, "Hair makes me sick." Addressing the national nature of the work, albeit naively, Eliscu felt that "the play is an only-in-America product, because this is the only country where people go to the theatre in order to be reassured that what they have always wanted to think IS true." The "ersatz tribe" of "quasi-hip people," were merely "doing Tom O'Horgan's thing,"⁷² in her opinion, merely singing of the "Now Generation," with no real understanding of the subject. That authority, in her view, was the exclusive purview of those living below the cultural boundary that Fourteenth Street represented, where the downtown alternative crowd abuts the midtown mainstream establishment.

As the self-appointed voice of the downtown disaffected, Eliscu resisted any notion that the verities of the musical and its age could be shared by those of another generation, or zip code: "Unfortunately, the sell-out audiences insist, it seems (including the critics who have also sold out) on watching the play as though it is a reflection of The Reality of Their Kids, and tells them the answers." [sic] Unlike Tretick, who found the life of the play and the reality it represented virtually indistinguishable, Eliscu's "greatest objection to the play

was that it totally nullifies the meaning of being alive . . .
 . ." Instead, "the audience all too willingly accepts the
 idiocy onstage as reality, and involves itself in yet
 another Big Lie; and O'Horgan feeds their consumptive
 blindness with propagandized mental pabulum."⁷³

The New Yorker's Brendan Gill also resisted the work's
 charms, seeing it foremost as "a tour de force of adroit
 press-agentry," and "the best evidence so far for the
 McLuhan hypothesis that the medium is the message; one sits
 and gapes and listens and consents." Gill resents being
 manipulated, and ultimately seduced by O'Horgan's
 theatricality: "The fact is that one can't not consent to
 this merry mind-blowing exercise in holy gibberish."
 Ultimately, however, he concedes that "to be made to feel
 twice life-size and the next thing to immortal is no small
 boon" and that "new means . . . are what are wanted on
 Broadway. . . . it is these that Mr. O'Horgan provides . . .
 ."⁷⁴

Walter Kerr also recognized the beguiling nature of the
 production, though he ascribed to it quite the another
 dimension, the liberating catharsis of freedom.

The show isn't a hard sell. It isn't even a sell.
 And that, I think, is the secret of its success.

Yes, the din is dynamic, the stomp is
 perpetual, the put-on is unflagging, the nudes are
 there. But there is no pressure to make you buy
 the bag, no fear in the performers. They aren't
 wooing you anxiously. Neither are they walloping
 you desperately. They are simply beside you, like
 bears coming into your cabin in Yellowstone Park,
 soliciting no love, causing no trouble, doing what

they do do, occupying a lot of space but effortlessly belonging. They float free--free of your pleasure (take pleasure if you wish), free of design (or any designs upon you), free of all urgency except the inspiration of the beat.

They are above everything--above their own material, above the flag, above LeRoi Jones--but not superior about it. There is no hostility in them; they discard cheerfully. . . . The smile is just right: infinitely knowing, never presumptuous. There are no scolds here; it would interfere with the flow. . . . And for the audience this relaxation of demand, of consciousness of position, of the need to behave in any one way is quickly soothing by association. It doesn't even feel its obligation as an audience; to applaud, to stay, to analyze. Freed of obligation by the uncommitted playfulness, it is freed of inhibition, too. . . . the audience snuggles in. It just feels accepted, which is for everyone a rare sensation.

Mr. O'Horgan . . . has an eye for shapely shapelessness, for the single wandering figure who will counterbalance a mass gone mad, for the shifting, unstable outline that will keep a happy crowd from turning into a calculated chorus. There is a hidden discipline in the spontaneity .
 . . .⁷⁵

Seven months later, The New York Times reported "Mexico Shuts Hair And Expels Its Cast After One Showing."⁷⁶ Other productions in London, Los Angeles, and Copenhagen fared better, and were the highlights of their respective seasons. In New York, the show was still going strong, though its demands, physical and psychic, had already taken their toll, and the original cast had been almost entirely replaced. Clive Barnes reported that "Hair is beautiful. Now, nearly a year after the opening . . . the show has a kind of radiant freshness. It still seems as though the whole thing is swiftly, deftly and dazzlingly being improvised before

your eyes." Barnes understands the masterful illusion at work here:

I realize I have not mentioned Tom O'Horgan, the director. This is totally justified, because it is Mr. O'Horgan's ultimate triumph that he disappears into the background, and all his work to make an illusion seem like reality is so successful that you can forget the man who created the illusion."

O'Horgan's subsequent Broadway productions, in particular Lenny and Jesus Christ Superstar, whether lauded or damned for the director's abundantly fertile imagination, were received far less dynamically. Whether because O'Horgan's work, unbridled by success and bigger budgets, sought ever-greater image excess, or because the mood of the country, and the Broadway audience in particular, sought stabler, less disturbing reflections in its entertainment, the embracing tide of affection was turning.

Hair's closing lines are intended to leave the audience in no doubt about its principal themes of unity and enlightenment as the essence and future of the human experience: "Life is around you and in you . . . let the sunshine, let the sunshine in, the sunshine in (During the curtain calls, Audience is encouraged onstage to dance with cast)." The status quo of the safety zone between the proscenium picture and the onlooker's personal responsibility to participate, however, would soon be reestablished. Theatre-going audiences, by and large, enjoyed the safety of their spectators' roles. They no more

wanted the issues and activities of their stage pictures to reach out and really touch them, than they wanted their foreign wars or national conventions to spill out into their streets, hearts, and minds, demanding that they accept their individual responsibility, and act upon it.

Hair has nonetheless spawned hundreds of productions around the world in the ensuing decades. Ellen Stewart summed up its effect:

You can go to the Philippines, you can go to Indonesia, you can go to Russia, you can go to Romania, you can go to France, to Germany, to Italy, to Africa, you can go to Australia, you can go anywhere you want, and what Hair did it is still doing [nearly thirty] years later, and this came from Tom O'Horgan. A kind of emancipation, a spiritual emancipation that came from his staging. Now his staging was based on the vision of these two boys [Ragni and Rado], so it was not his alone, but he took the vision and made it possible for the world to share.⁷⁸

Notes

1. "The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill," copyright 1968, Northern Songs Limited.
2. Copyright 1968, Northern Songs Limited.
3. "Give Peace a Chance," copyright 1969, Northern Songs Limited.
4. Hair opened at the Biltmore Theatre, April 29, 1968, and closed July 1, 1972; Lenny opened at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre, May 26, 1971, and closed July 9, 1972 (estimated: 453 performances at eight per week); Jesus Christ Superstar opened at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, October 12, 1971, and closed June 30, 1973; and Inner City opened at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, December 19, 1971, and closed March 11, 1972.
5. O'Horgan used this fun house structure again in 1972, again in collaboration with Megan Terry in her St. Hydro Clemency at St. Clement's Theatre. Presented as A Fun House of the Lord, it used over a hundred performers, who set up an amusement-park-type fun house equipped with chutes and rides inside St. Clement's church. Performed over a 16-bar ground bass that some 20 songs fit, the music was piped through all the passageways, from the basement to the attic, with the actors in these tunnels singing appropriate songs that fit over the bass line.
In 1995, O'Horgan again used a similar technique, with a company of 30, in Greed/Flood at HERE Theater, "An Organic Virtual Reality," written by some 16 playwrights (including H. M. Koutoukas). The program described this event as "Single-file theatre; a theatrical fun house based on the Johnstown Flood, from 7:00-10:00. The show is continually running, starting over every half-hour."
6. Interview with Mari-Claire Charba, January 20, 1997.
7. Interview with James Rado, January 15, 1997.
8. Ibid.
9. Interview with Galt MacDermot, August 2, 1995.
10. Interview with Bertrand Castelli, January 19, 1997.
11. Ibid.
12. Interview with Robin Wagner, July 30, 1996.

13. Ibid.
14. Interview with Jules Fisher, July 16, 1996.
15. Ragni came to New York from Pittsburgh and Rado, from Washington D.C.
16. The first recorded use of the term "hippie" was by Michael Fallon, a San Francisco Examiner columnist, on September 5, 1965, according to Bruce Cook, The Beat Generation, New York: Charles Scribner, 1971, 200.
17. Telephone interview with O'Horgan, March 14, 1996.
18. Ibid.
19. William Harris, "Theatre: A Man for All Seasons," East Side Express, October 27, 1977, 9.
20. Interview with Galt MacDermot, *ibid.*
21. Lawrence Wunderlich interviews with O'Horgan, November 28, and December 5, 1983.
22. Interview with Bertrand Castelli, *ibid.*
23. Ibid.
24. Interview with Galt MacDermot, *ibid.*
25. Ibid.
26. Ibid.
27. Ibid.
28. Ibid.
29. Ibid.
30. Ibid.
31. Interview with Martin Gottfried, New York City, April 19, 1990, cited in Horn, 34.
32. Horn, 40.
33. James R. Huffman, "Jesus Christ Superstar--Popular Art and Unpopular Criticism," Journal of Popular Culture 6, no. 2 (Fall 1976): 264, cited in Horn, 41.
34. Ibid.

35. Psychedelic is derived from the Greek psychē (soul) and dēloun (to show).

36. Horn, 33.

37. Interview with Robin Wagner, *ibid.*

38. Act I, Scene 1 of Hair, "The American Tribal-Love Rock Musical," copyrighted in 1966 and "Revised - May 8, 1969."

39. Interview with Jules Fisher, *ibid.*

40. *Ibid.* Fisher also notes that "In today's world, literally no good director would do that work without a share in the authors' rights--5% of the authors' share, because today, in many instances the director is an author. . . . It's very standard today."

41. Glenn Loney, "Broadway in Review," Educational Theatre Journal, March 1968, 97-103.

42. Milton L. Kaplan, for the Hearst Headline Service, Hair. La Mama Archives: Troupes. Repertory Troupe (O'Horgan); Tom O'Horgan--"Hair--(New York press)."

43. *Ibid*, Probst.

44. *Ibid.*

45. *Ibid*, Jefferys.

46. *Ibid*, Harris.

47. *Ibid*, Stockton.

48. *Ibid.*

49. *Ibid*, Stein.

50. *Ibid.*

51. *Ibid.*

52. *Ibid.*

53. *Ibid*, Wingate.

54. *Ibid.*

55. *Ibid*, Klein.

56. *Ibid.*

57. Ibid.
58. Michael Smith, Village Voice, May 2, 1968, 39, 52.
59. Kenneth Kenniston, Young Radicals: Notes on Committed Youth, New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1968, 275-285. Cited in Barbara Lee Horn's The Age of Hair, 2.
60. Smith, *ibid.*
61. Ibid.
62. Ibid.
63. Ibid.
64. Ibid.
65. Interview with Ellen Stewart, June 21, 1993.
66. Ibid.
67. Joyce Tretick, "Wow," Show Business, May 4, 1968, n.p.
68. Ibid.
69. Clive Barnes, "Hair--It's Fresh and Frank," The New York Times, April 30, 1968, 40.
70. Ibid.
71. Alan Brien, "Alan Brien takes an advance look at a frontal attack on Broadway," Sunday Times, April 28, 1968, 54.
72. Vol. 3, No. 23, May 10, 1968, 7, 15.
73. Ibid.
74. Brendan Gill, The New Yorker, May 11, 1968, 84-85.
75. "Hair: Not in Fear, But in Delight," "Arts & Leisure," The New York Times, May 19, 1968, D3.
- '76. January 6, 1969, 35. The entire cast and production staff were given twenty-four hours to leave town (Jules Fisher interview, *ibid.*).
77. "Hair Holds Up Under 2nd Look," The New York Times, February 5, 1969, 36.

78. Interview with Barbara Lee Horn, May 15, 1990. Cited in The Age of "Hair", 137.

Chapter 5--Peripeteia: After the Ball is Over

Though ensuing Hair productions would keep O'Horgan occupied at home and abroad, he also explored the nascent developments of video technology, in 1969, with Heimskringla: or The Stoned Angels, a television play by Paul Foster on the unchanging killer instinct in man, based on the Vikings' discovery of America. This was the culmination of producer Brice Howard's project to extend the visual possibilities of the video camera to their limits.' "The day the Eagle of Apollo 11 landed on the moon, Tom O'Horgan's eyes were intent on a TV monitor showing the Vikings' discovery of America in a miraculous flow of color and kaleidoscopic images unprecedented in television history."² For Judy Stone of The New York Times, there was little comparison: "Technology transformed the mythic moon into just another rockpile and it was somehow more wondrous to watch Videospace than outer space."³

O'Horgan had won an Obie as Best Director, been hailed as "off-off Broadway's high priest,"⁴ and "Super-Director,"⁵ and dubbed the "Calm Eye in the Hair Hurricane."⁶ and "buddha-like,"⁷ Ms. Stone, while adding "a delightfully pudgy Puck,"⁸ to the laudatory journalese, nonetheless recognized a key attribute of O'Horgan's craft. As he rehearsed Heimskringla amid what must have seemed to her a doubled chaos--his improvisational, exploratory work-style

applied to both the La Mama Troupe and the video distortion experiment--she observed in him "a center of absolute calm clarity in the midst of enormous creative exuberance . . . happily juggling his time and talent."

O'Horgan also juggled these assets in his first foray into the world of film, directing Futz in Hollywood that same year. Far from the "goofy documentary"⁹ that Boxiganga had been, this work remains a powerful testament to O'Horgan's gifts, themes, and passions, wrought with the La Mama Troupe and a finely-honed text with which author and director were by now as intimate as they were professionally familiar with one another. In a bloody, Dionysian rite, the chorus of townsfolk sacrifices the film's eponymous central character, a man in love with a pig.

Futz is hunted down for slaughter in a protracted chase sequence, ritually smeared by the mob with the blood of his beloved sow, whom they have already butchered, and finally castrated and/or rectally impaled, in a brief but complex cinematic moment. A knife is thrust down into the camera, an extreme close-up of a phallus entering a vagina and, finally a slow zoom into an extended close-up of the open-mouthed scream of the agonized victim. The camera then pans across the townsfolk's small rural hamlet. It is sunset, and the villagers, now spent by this collective spasm of self-righteous blood-spilling fury, return to their normal lives. A calm descends upon the village. The film's

opening, upbeat, folksy, jug-band music fades up under the credits. Futz's last words, screamed at his executioner, resonate yet in the audience's mind: "Why? Damn, why? Why did you kill the animal?"¹⁰

Hair producer, Bertrand Castelli, defining his own Stoic philosophy underscores the point: "A man is half-animal, the one who doesn't know it is only half a man. I think that has a lot to do with Tom in his work. He accepts the animal in others and meets them in their soul."¹¹ This perspective effects O'Horgan's primal theatrical magic, stimulating his companies and, in his most realized productions, profoundly disturbing his audiences. Castelli had caught O'Horgan's humorous harp act at an evening of Second City entertainment in Chicago, in the early Sixties:

It was a marvelous moment of theatre. I mean, a very funny evening. . . . It was a very subtle bit. On the humor of music, and yet, he had a very lonely presence on stage, and at the same time, it seemed that he was always in touch with the audience. A lone man, very tranquil, not neurotic at all, extremely peaceful. And yet, you knew that there was a rage, or not really a rage, but there was a definite commitment to provoke.

O'Horgan had masterminded writhing, sweat-drenched, full-frontal assaults on the psyches and expectations of his audiences at home and abroad, on both alternative and mainstream stages. In 1970, he continued the provocation with the Broadway production of Julian Barry's Lenny, based on the life and words of the acerbic nightclub comedian, Lenny Bruce.¹² "Constant, abrasive irritation produces the

pearl: it is a disease of the oyster," wrote Kenneth Tynan. "Similarly--according to Gustave Flaubert--the artist is a disease of society. By the same token, Lenny Bruce is a disease of America. The very existence of comedy like his is evidence of unease in the body politic."¹³

O'Horgan had first shared the bill with Bruce at Theodore Bikel's Cosmo Alley in San Francisco. He greatly admired Bruce as performer and man, and would later consider Lenny his favorite production.¹⁴

"Most comics are not very nice--I mean--to know them in person. They're very calculated and they keep thinking of what's funny--they're just kind of difficult usually. Lenny was not that at all. He was extremely funny and warm, and he even gave me some suggestions for my act. . . . I just loved him, I thought he was extraordinary."¹⁵

Bruce, both outraged and outrageous, used his humor to point out the dangers of his society's hypocrisy. In one infamous routine, for which he was tried for obscenity,¹⁶ he muses with his audience on the term "cocksucker." He asks us to consider why it is a term of such contempt; the act itself, he reasons, is such a delight. Asking his audience who among them enjoys such activity, the audience wholeheartedly affirms his thesis. He then asks who among them offers such delights, to be met with a silence of denial. He concludes the routine by underscoring the unhealthy rift between our animal and social selves. "Lenny threatened people, he made them 'fess up to what they really believed," observed O'Horgan.¹⁷

Ralph J. Gleason, a jazz critic and columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle, was called to testify when Bruce was arrested and tried for obscenity in San Francisco:

It is in Lenny Bruce--and only in him--that there has emerged a cohesive "new" comedy of nakedly honest moral courage at the deceptions all down the line in our society. Bruce thinks of himself as an ethical relativist and shares Pirandello's preoccupation with the elusiveness of any absolute, including absolute truth. . . .

More than any others of the "new wave," Bruce is a thoroughly experienced performer and his relentless challenges to his audience and to himself are intertwined with explosive pantomime, hilarious "bits," and an evocative spray of Yiddishisms, Negro and show-business argot and his own operational semantics. Coursing through everything he does, however, is a serious search for values that are more than security blankets.¹⁸

It is little wonder that O'Horgan should have prized his work on Lenny above all, there is much of essence that they share. "It's semantics--the search for the ultimate truth that lies beneath the social hypocrisy in which we live. All his performances relate to this."¹⁹

Producer Marvin Worth, Bruce's ex-manager, had originally approached O'Horgan to work on a film about Bruce for Columbia Pictures. "And so we started the honey dance: endless discussions about this and that."²⁰ As he worked with the writer Julian Barry, two versions of the script were completed, and another rewrite begun, but its production was ultimately scotched as unmarketable by the company's upper-echelon executives. "Well, I was just going crazy, I did my Rumpelstiltskin act, and I carried on, and

said "Well fuck you, we've done all this research, we've got two-and-a-half scripts here, we'll just do it as a play."²¹

O'Horgan secured the necessary funds from Jules Fisher,²² and Michael Butler, and the show went forward, with Robin Wagner working closely with O'Horgan on its design. Butler, though confident about O'Horgan's talents, was less than enthusiastic over Bruce as their subject.

I didn't like him. I couldn't stand it, because I didn't like his scatological material. I found his language crude, unattractive, but his right to do it was totally different. I didn't have to listen to him, I could . . . walk out of the nightclub, which I did. I had no use for him. I didn't like him personally, but I felt that the treatment that he was put through was inexcusable--it was a political perspective--and so I never saw Lenny when it opened.²³

What Butler saw when he did attend the play was O'Horgan's vision of Bruce, the man and his material. For many, it was both shocking and obscene. Tynan clarified the point, "People say he is shocking, and they are quite correct. . . . The point about Bruce is that he wants us to be shocked, but by the right things; not four-letter words, which violate only convention, but by want and deprivation, which violate human dignity."²⁴

Visually, designer Wagner recalls, "It ended up on the stage as a kind of hallucination, the way the world appeared to Lenny." O'Horgan had sought an overwhelming, monumental, central visual image for Lenny. Watching television in his hotel to unwind after a hectic day of rehearsal on the Washington D.C. Hair production, he happened upon

Hitchcock's 1959 thriller North by Northwest, with its protagonists clambering across Mount Rushmore. O'Horgan had Wagner recreate the memorial, but with the faces of the most recently elected public faces of the American people: Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon. Endorsing one of the many conspiracy theories of the period, the play implies that Bruce was provided with tainted heroin by the FBI. In a prescient coup de théâtre (Nixon would easily win reelection in 1972), O'Horgan had the giant Nixon head roll forward at the end of the play, and his mouth open to reveal the toilet where Bruce died of poisoned heroin. "It wasn't symbolism in the traditional German sense, it was provocative suggestiveness,"²⁸ recalls Wagner.

Though the show was not a musical, O'Horgan wrote an extensive score for it. Much to the chagrin of the musicians' union, he insisted that they play in character on stage. "So the musicians were junkies and club owners, friends and whatever. In negotiating their parts and their contracts . . . the only way we could do it was to say that 'the piano player doubles on cop,' and 'the bass player doubles on junkie club owner.'"²⁹ The union finally concurred, and the show opened, on the understanding that the members would get an additional fee, as they would if playing a second instrument.

Though the work received mixed reviews, Fisher recalls that, from a Broadway profitability standpoint, it "did not

get good reviews. Theatre party ladies, who are essential to building an advance of a show--the people who say, 'Okay, I'll buy two hundred seats for next January,' and you've filled your advance, in making a show run--hated it."²⁷ In addition to its Nixon-toilet-mouth imagery, indecent language, and accusatory nature, the work also included the, by then, trademark O'Horgan nudity. Even America's beloved Camelot was sullied, with a Jackie Kennedy character saying that rather than climbing back to help her husband at his assassination, "she was saving her ass by jumping out of the car. It [the play] was anti-Catholic, it was anti-religion. . . . They didn't want to hear about it. . . ."²⁸

Although Lenny received some positive critical response, and Cliff Gorman won a Tony award for playing the title role, these did not translate into ticket sales. "And not a full house, ever. Even though the cognoscenti and the taste-makers thought this was wonderful, the real theatre audience, [and] the tourists, did not want to see it. It was frightening to them."²⁹ The intensity of the work was, again, not without its toll on its cast. O'Horgan recalls "The problem with Cliff Gorman was that the kind of fame he had, apart from the difficulty of doing this part eight times a week, kind of unhinged him."³⁰

When O'Horgan called for clear plastic caskets with frontally nude cadavers, Fisher, knowing that it was not in the script and that it would upset a lot of people, asked

why this was necessary. "Off-Broadway is different, Off-Off-Broadway is different, but Broadway is a safe place for these people to go to. They were not going to be assaulted and see two guys standing there nude."³¹ O'Horgan replied that he was not trying to be a martyr, but that he was doing visually what Bruce had done verbally. Bruce felt that if you say words that are considered dirty, long enough and loudly enough, they lose their meaning. "So if you say 'nigger, nigger, nigger' over and over again, after a while it has no meaning; the word is a mere word."³²

O'Horgan insisted on the nudity, and it did shock a lot of people. "The purpose was to get over it, he wanted it to be an assault. It was part of his panoply, his visual story that he was telling."³³ The results were contradictory, as in all things Dionysian. Fisher recalls:

There were a lot of these elements that made the evening wonderful, made it brilliant, and frightening--meaning that it made you sit up and look. It made you open your eyes. You weren't going to fall asleep. You weren't going to take this calmly, just another musical to relax in. I think great art is something that disturbs you. . . . Tom made a great contribution to Lenny: he kept it raw, he kept it from being safe. Anywhere it could have gotten safer, he didn't let it. . . .

I confess, I was scared to death of what he was doing. I didn't know why he was doing some of this, and I fought with him, I don't think very vociferously, but I didn't understand [the point of] some of the language. For example, if they say the word fuck once, why do they have to say it five times in the same sentence? I would argue as the traditional theatre person: "You made your point, why hit 'em in the face with it?" Tom understood the real depth of Lenny Bruce. He'd say, "No, you must hit 'em in the face. You must

make 'em uncomfortable, make 'em squirm in their seats."

The movie is more about the human Lenny Bruce. I think the play lets you see more of what Lenny Bruce said, as a confrontational artist. Tom liked Lenny Bruce and wanted to carry on that rebellious, argumentative, putting-a-needle-into-everybody-in-the-audience approach. There are great similarities between what Lenny Bruce said and what Tom says: Lenny Bruce said, "we need the pervert." That's a line from the play, and that's what Tom realized. It's the pervert who's going to show us what needs to be changed.³⁴

What change the Broadway theatre audience was willing to consider at that particular moment was far from evident, judging by the widely varied critical responses to Lenny. Perhaps because of the notoriety of Hair, Broadway's bastard son, born on the wrong side of Fourteenth Street, a profusion of words was spilt across the media over Lenny. The most immediate responses, from the broadcast media, were rushed to television audiences on opening night, May 26, 1971. Leonard Probst of NBC declared:

Lenny is a brilliant play. It is total theatre. . . . The show works on many levels. It is enormously funny. it is also sad and very entertaining. . . . The style of the show is low-down dirty burlesque . . . silly slapstick . . . then it turns grotesque and becomes deadly serious. . . . O'Horgan, who directed Hair, is even more inventive with this show. Lenny is better than any new show this year. . . . It is a wonderful show . . . sad, funny, original and tough.

John Schubeck of ABC pronounced the piece "the best American play of the season, one that many will see, a play that many should see. Religionists³⁵ are sure to rate it 'X' . . . but purists of absorbing theatre will see only its

unique dynamite qualities." CBS's Leonard Harris said:
 "Lenny Bruce has got himself the kind of director he
 deserves." Harris clarifies the mutuality and the evening's
 appropriate match of content and style:

" . . . he was a dirty-talking, relentless,
 brilliant performer . . . for whom director Tom
 O'Horgan has created a dirty-talking, relentless,
 brilliant show. . . . It's political, anti-
 religious, musical, show biz . . . surrealistic .
 . . very hip . . . and often innocent . . . and,
 therefore, the stage embodiment of the late Lenny
 Bruce."

The dailies' critics had a little more time to file
 their reports for them to be on the newsstands the following
 morning. Clive Barnes, writing for The New York Times--
 then, and still, the most influential paper of record for
 the survival of New York theatrical ventures--went to the
 heart of the material from the outset:

"What is obscenity: Loose and vulgar talk about
 human genitalia, or kids starving in ghettos,
 humorous celebrations of sexual intercourse or men
 getting blown to pieces by grenades? Obscenity is
 usually in the mouth of the listener."³⁶

Barnes too, found the unorthodox treatment well-suited to
 Bruce as subject. Barry's work was "a curious play, but a
 dynamite shtick of theater. It raises issues, twists nerves
 and at times rages with scatological fury. It is neither
 for the prurient nor the prudish--but neither was Lenny
 Bruce."³⁷ Finally, Barnes I thinIdefines O'Horgan's
 contribution:

Tom O'Horgan has taken the play, with its
 multiplicity of nightclub scenes, and given it a
 phantasmagoric style. He has made it into an

American nightmare--full of crazy judges, tribal chieftains, lepers, jazz musicians, irreverent priests, naked prophets and the whole pressure-cooked madness of the neurotic way of life.

In part the style comes from Mr. O'Horgan's staging of Tom Paine and, to a lesser extent, Hair, but it is more innovative than either in its use of parody and blockbusting theatrical trickery. Here he is most imaginatively helped by the giant scenery of Robin Wagner, who provides the play with a truly Wagnerian sense of gods and twilight.

Where Mr. O'Horgan has been very successful is in capturing the pace and sleaziness of show business, and little nightclubs, and bands that laugh and customers that don't. . . .

I found Lenny sad, funny and yes, refreshing.³⁸

The tabloids shared quite a different evening. ". . . It seemed to me a very dull show that did nothing to explain [Bruce] or justify all the furor he caused. . . . his monologues no longer appear witty or pertinent," observed Richard Watts in the New York Post.³⁹ "What matters is that his story proves dull and oddly pointless, and the elaborate production, with gigantic figures in the scenic background and actors made up to look like Abominable Snowmen bounding around the stage from time to time, fails to enliven it."⁴⁰ No mention of O'Horgan appears in the review.

In the New York Daily News, Douglas Watt concurred, speaking with the vox populi: ". . . For most of us two hours of Lenny Bruce is apt to prove wearing. Lenny stays on too long."⁴¹ Where Barnes located obscenity in the mouth of the listener, Watt locates it "only in the ear of the listener, so to speak. [Bruce] never seemed to realize [it was] also tiresome." He does note, almost begrudgingly that

"The production, staged by Tom O'Horgan, whose Hair, by the way, is across the street at the Biltmore, is an imaginative blending of the fantastic with the real."

Two weekends later, The New York Times dedicated two articles on the upper half of the front page of the Sunday "Arts & Leisure" section to Lenny.⁴² On one side of that ultimate confirmation of Broadway stardom, a Hirschfeld cartoon (of Gorman in the title role), Walter Kerr's article explored the work, considering how "Lenny Lost His Cool . . .," while, on the other, Guy Flatley expounded on his interview with Gorman entitled: ". . . But Cliff Is a Cool Lenny."

Flatley and Gorman shed light on the lead actor's central character, both real and fictive, with Gorman noting from his research that Bruce "had this thing about lepers. He identified with them because they were social outcasts."⁴³ Gorman's own passion for the work, and O'Horgan's, one senses, is rooted here:

I can't put . . . my rage . . . into words.
That's why I love to do it through Lenny. Lenny
identified with the freaks, the outcasts. . . .
When I was a kid, I never fit anywhere. . . .
There were . . . the guys with the punches. And
then there were the poor little guys--the weirdos,
the arties, the creeps, the commies. The guys
with the skinny arms and the long hair. But today
they're all one."⁴⁴

Kerr discerns a central obsessiveness in the work, shared by Bruce and O'Horgan: "Lenny Bruce, somewhere along the way, lost his cool, lost his place on the brink, toppled

right over into the quicksand in which the characters of comedy forever mire themselves."⁴⁵ Referring to Lenny as "a new floor-show spectacular," he notes:

Where laughs are probably not going to be forthcoming, dodges are used. . . .

Mr. O'Horgan's work is visually more disciplined than usual: stage compositions are sharp, movement is generally well-focused. But intellectually the director is still pandering, pouring gratuitous and question-begging devices over the stage with a lavish, leering hand.⁴⁶

The following week, Time magazine too seemed underwhelmed: "O'Horgan's Lenny uses Bruce, played by Cliff Gorman, as a symbol to illustrate how America silences her rebels. Abetted by elaborate theatrical masques and imaginative staging, Lenny attempts to be a frenzied morality play."⁴⁷ A week later, however, Time's Douglas Auchincloss hailed the production as one which worked brilliantly for the most part, "the result of the triangulated talent: the real Lenny Bruce's savage eloquence, the dynamism of Actor Cliff Gorman in the title role, and the high theatrical imagination of Director Tom O'Horgan."⁴⁸ For Auchincloss, "O'Horgan . . . emerges in Lenny as one of the top directors of the U.S. theater."⁴⁹

No matter that Martin Gottfried had made his view abundantly clear a week earlier in Women's Wear Daily: "It is no play at all Such play-mounting is not Tom O'Horgan's kind of theatre. He marvelously is disposed to the physical, the visual, and the musical, but not the verbal. . . . the play's halves--the script and the

production--never are able to get together."⁵⁰ Auchincloss would appear to have experienced a quite different director at work:

He manages to meld Bruce's sleazy world of one-night stands, his marital hopes and horrors, his helpless, raging entanglement in the courts, and even his vaulting fantasies into a fluid continuum up, down and around the multilevel stage."⁵¹

Jack Kroll's insightful review in Newsweek, detected distinct and detracting differences between the style and content of the work:

Director Tom O'Horgan, who brought his communal, behavioral style from off-off-Broadway's La Mama to Broadway with the uptown production of Hair, has done some effective things staging Julian Barry's script, but in the end he is really exploiting Bruce rather than defining him. . . . [C]haracters, supposedly necromancers of a "tribe" which, from some undefined empyrean, mischievously instigate the hypocritical morality that destroyed Bruce, represent the campy side of O'Horgan which turns the show wrong. This campiness also obtrudes in his staging of some of Bruce's routines. . . . O'Horgan does Bruce a disservice when, for example, he . . . drowns Bruce's ironic fireworks of gags with a deluge of supernumeraries (including two pointless male nudes as Jesus and Moses) and a trunkful of ecclesiastical costumes.

This sort of camp blasphemy is not Bruce, who triggered genuine shock in his most sophisticated audiences, in part through what was obviously his deeply ingrained puritanism which had been backed to the wall by the moral squalor of contemporary life (including his own).⁵²

Kroll goes on to cite critic Albert Goldman, who, at the time, was writing Ladies and Gentlemen: Lenny Bruce!!.

Kroll felt Goldman caught the true quality of Bruce:

. . . He compared the comic to a primitive shaman, explaining that Bruce "has taken on himself the role of exorcising the private fears and submerged fantasies of the public by

articulating in comic form the rage and nihilistic savagery hidden beneath the lid of social inhibition."⁵³

This role could equally be ascribed to O'Horgan, but for Kroll, "Lenny has nothing to offer here but a shower of camp and Gorman's good performance."⁵⁴

Kroll seems to have been too deeply disturbed by the demise of Bruce and its implications for America to entertain the highly theatrical antics of Lenny. It is as if the obsessive quality in Bruce had struck a nerve in Kroll, who goes so far as to suggest in a final paragraph subtitled "Sanctification," how a more biting ending would have better served the work:

The irony of the event, and of the Bruce recrudescence, reached a peak when on opening night the audience rose and gave Gorman a standing ovation. They were applauding more than the actor, they were applauding the man whom he was posthumously sanctifying. But if O'Horgan were really sharp, that wouldn't have been the end of his show. At that point, suppose he had sent another actor, made up to look exactly like Bruce, crashing through the back drop with its papier-mâché Mount Rushmore heads of the last four Presidents, dragging his shredded grave-cloths behind him, pushing aside the smiling Gorman and shouting at the audience, "Why you m----- f-----g c-----s, you're full of s---. This guy is doing my act! Where were you schmucks when I was alive? Who the f--- are you applauding? I'm dead!" How would the audience have reacted?⁵⁵

As Gottfried had discerned: "If the comedian lived recently, the task [of recreation] is overwhelming. We remember Bruce too well" ⁵⁶ Kroll is one of the cognoscenti who admired Bruce. O'Horgan admired him too, but he was, after all, conceiving the work for a Broadway audience. In their

fervent crusades, Kroll, Bruce, and O'Horgan share a Dionysian zeal for creating and destroying in the name of truth, justice, and the American way--each in its own arena. Kroll closes his heartfelt article, with every bit as much passion and distaste as O'Horgan had for the Lenny Bruce story:

But poor Lenny Bruce is safely gone. Two years after he died, his conviction for obscenity was reversed by the New York Court of Appeals. As one of the New York assistant district attorneys remorsefully told Bruce's lawyer, Martin Garbus: "We drove him into poverty and bankruptcy and then murdered him . . . We all knew what we were doing. We used the law to kill him." And now the show can go on.⁵⁷

Moved by Bruce's memory, Kroll's humanity rails professionally against the pitiful insubstantiality of theatrics, while O'Horgan's theatricality rails professionally against the pitiful insubstantiality of humanity. They are not far apart. To maintain a maximum of the show's images as "afterburn" on the audience's inner retina, Lenny closed in subdued fashion, as

THE ACTORS GATHER UP THEIR COSTUMES AND PARAPHERNALIA. THEY BEGIN TO DISROBE OF THEIR LAST COSTUME [sic] AND CHANGE BACK INTO THEIR TRAVELING CLOTHES (The costumes they arrived in at 8:15). THE ACTORS TAKE PROP AND COSTUME BOXES DOWN INTO THE AUDIENCE ... THAT'S IT FOLKS. THANK YOU. HOPE YOU LIKED THE SHOW ... THANK YOU ... THANK YOU ... WE LOVE YOU ... WE LOVE YOU... YOU WERE REALLY GREAT ... THANK YOU ... WE HAVE TO GO NOW ... THANK YOU LENNY ... THANK YOU.

THE AUDIENCE LEAVES

THE END⁵⁸

In his "Afterword" to How to Talk Dirty and Influence People, Dick Schaap, has "One last four-letter word for Lenny. 'Dead.' At 40. That's obscene."⁵⁹

O'Horgan's next major production, Jesus Christ Superstar by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, took the director from a profane hero to a sacred one. Bruce's material, however, was far more sacred for O'Horgan than that of Rice-Webber, which seemed little short of profane in comparison. Douglas Watt found the show:

so stunningly effective a theatrical experience that I am still finding it difficult to compose my thoughts about it. It is, in short, a triumph. . . . O'Horgan has set [the stage] ablaze with action (it is probably the most energetic show I've ever seen) and special effects. . . . he has filled the stage with color and movement.⁶⁰

Stanley Kauffmann saw to the heart of the matter, however, noting agony rather than ecstasy: "The real agony manifested here," he recognized, "was not that of Jesus but of Tom O'Horgan, the director, as he struggled to give drama to a story that, in its very being, is undramatic. The whole point of the Passion is that, though Jesus questioned, he did not struggle."⁶¹

Religionists and critics who had struggled with Lenny, however, were now almost ecstatic in their agonizing over Superstar:

When Tom O'Horgan's production of Jesus Christ Superstar opened . . . the high and the mighty of New York theater criticism suffered what might be described as a collective fit. Their high voltage invectives, hurled primarily at

O'Horgan's direction and concept, all but charred the pages they were printed on.

The staid Walter Kerr of The New York Times, in an unusual display of verbal fireworks, minced few words: "It is a deep mystery to me how this man has been able to identify himself with the counterculture that prides itself on 'relevance.' . . . Mr O'Horgan is eternally bent on cutting across what is good, or might be good, severing head from body. . . . Hollywood at its coarsest has never come up with the like. . . . But there is a worst to be dealt with and it lies in the unbelievable vulgarity of Mr. O'Horgan's imagination."⁶²

O'Horgan's photo appeared across the front cover of The New York Times Magazine, accompanied by this comprehensive review by John Gruen of the critical response to O'Horgan's Superstar. The article is entitled "Do You Mind Critics Calling You Cheap, Decadent, Sensationalistic, Gimmicky, Vulgar, Overinflated, Megalomaniacal?' 'I Don't Read Reviews Very Much,' Answers Tom O'Horgan." The cover shot shows O'Horgan peering out from the "swamp" of tropical plants in his Thirteenth Street loft. He is playing two small hand cymbals, and smiles for the camera with the fixed, if somewhat tired and battered determination of the Castello Felice, a tramp steamer that has crossed the Atlantic for the last time, albeit successfully. Gruen's article too, captures a sense of the peripeteia that is already under way:

Time [m]agazine of Oct. 25 enticed its readers with a "Superstar" cover, and a luscious four-page color spread of the production, then proceeded to demolish it by printing: Superstar's vulgarity is less in the realm of religion than in theatrical taste. . . . O'Horgan's aim is mainly to shock the sensibilities; often, alas, that is

all he manages to do. . . . Jesus Christ Superstar is show biz with a twist: O'Horgan, who was influenced by Olsen and Johnson, has made it into a sort of "Heavenzapoppin." On that same date, Newsweek, also allotting Superstar four pages of ravishing color, wrote of O'Horgan: "When he came uptown to direct the Broadway version of Hair, he slipped somewhat into a bitchy Busby Berkeleyism that boded ill; with last season's splashy, campy Lenny, things got still worse, and now his staging of Superstar apparently confirms him as the Petronius⁶⁵ of our theatrical decadence, the drag-haberdasher of the lumpen-avant-garde."

And so it went. The acerbic John Simon, writing in New York magazine, planted one more kiss of death:

The superstar of this production is not Jesus, not any of the actors or authors, but Tom O'Horgan, who "conceived" and directed it. . . . The entire production looks rather like a Radio City Music Hall Show into whose producers' and designers' coffee cups the gofer had slipped some LSD.⁶⁴

The press resisted the work, as did the show's creators: "In a surprising gesture of unsolidarity, Superstar authors, Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (music) practically disowned their director in a recent New York Times interview. . . ."⁶⁵ Gruen muses with some irony that O'Horgan is now clearly a "solid-gold villain of a production that had a \$1.2 million advance sale, and promises to be an unparalleled hit."⁶⁶ Gruen recenters the issue by underscoring the fact that:

There is no question that O'Horgan's staging of Jesus Christ Superstar has added immeasurably to its success. For all its outrageousness, for all its gaudy theatricality, and for all its desperate striving for effects, the production bristles with life.⁶⁷

Attributing the critics' indignation to O'Horgan's "handling of a sacrosanct theme," he notes that no outrage was evidenced toward the work's original two-disk album's reduction of the Scriptures to "a simplistic, one-dimensional rock opera describing Christ's last days on earth."⁶⁶ In contrast, O'Horgan's vision

had the temerity to question Christ's sexuality, brings on a Herod in grotesque drag, has Judas played by a black man and turns the Crucifixion into a 3-D tour de force. And so the critics were offended.⁶⁷

True to name and nature, the critics, Gruen remarks, are most frequently to be found:

. . . bemoaning a dying theater, carping about directors bereft of imagination, upbraiding plays whose productions sag, limp and creak for want of vision, they were suddenly shocked and dismayed by a production alive with a brilliant, though admittedly bizarre and overwrought range of visual and physical tricks.⁷⁰

Gruen had accompanied O'Horgan on his "rounds," looking in and taking notes on the productions of Hair, Lenny, and Jesus Christ Superstar, and discussing plans for the soon-to-open Inner City--all in the course of one evening. Returning to his loft to discuss his work and the critics' responses, O'Horgan finally fell silent. At the pinnacle of his career, not quite seven years since he had set sail on the Castello Felice in search of a brighter future, he was perhaps considering the voyage. Asked what he was feeling, he very quietly gave his view from the bridge: "I feel calm and crazy--agonized and ecstatic."⁷¹ Dionysus has never been

an easy god to follow. A later production of Superstar by O'Horgan in Buenos Aires was firebombed for its audacity and never opened.

Inner City, Eve Merriam's and Helen Miller's musical about a hippie commune, opened in 1972 and is remembered by O'Horgan as one of his favorite shows. Clive Barnes's New York Times review felt it dwelt "happily on the misery of New York City dwelling. The indifference, the drugs, the pain, the numbness, all are here in deep and dreary monochlor."⁷² Nonetheless, he felt that O'Horgan "who conceived the work as well as directed it, has . . . done an excellent job. . . . possibly, apart from Tom Paine, the best thing Mr. O'Horgan has achieved in the mass theater."⁷³

Richard Watts's review, "Songs of a Dreadful City," underscored the "boring and unpleasant experience"⁷⁴ the work represented and, while he acknowledges that "Mr. O'Horgan has a gift for bringing in hits," and that "conceivably he has another prospective smash in Inner City . . . despite the applause of that first night audience, I am inclined to doubt it." Douglas Watt found the work "as a whole disappointing,"⁷⁵ and "overproduced," and "The entertainment is basically a dishonest one. . . . O'Horgan's terribly busy staging, in which there is a good deal of meaningless activity, also includes some weak choreographic attempts."⁷⁶

Walter Kerr felt that "Most of Inner City is composed of posters, real ones and people who seem to have been

scraped from billboards."⁷⁷ Emphasizing the two-dimensional quality of the work, he recognizes it as "a Tom O'Horgan collage which does indeed manage to catalogue every conceivable urban complaint--the drug scene, cheating grocers, telephone recordings, geraniums that die in their window boxes--but which does so with a minimum of wit."⁷⁸

There is also discernible in Kerr's review, a sense that as they have become familiar, some of O'Horgan's more absurdist trademarks have begun to appear inane, or vacuous, ultimately even irritating:

And there is, just to keep the franchise, the usual O'Horgan waste. A huge mousetrap is hauled across the stage floor. Three unsteady masked figures in what seem butterfly shrouds wave their arms in counterpoint for a moment or two. An American flag is composed of ashcans. At the end of the evening the curtains part to reveal an enormous white structural sculpture made up of bird cages, bicycles, dressmakers' dummies, automobile doors and ironing boards. None of these products of Mr. O'Horgan's pop-art dreams need have been wrong as such. It's simply that he doesn't use them. He plants them on stage as objects unrelated to what the company is doing at the time and lets them rest there, heavy, expensive, extraneous.⁷⁹

Six months after his weary smile fronted the Gruen article, only Jesus Christ Superstar's marquee remained to light O'Horgan's name on Broadway. The vicissitudes of critical response, press agentry and business strategies seem to have given the director cause for thought. Perhaps he had advanced too rapidly into hostile territory. A

return home might stabilize his footing, prior to his next Broadway exploit. The Sunday Bulletin reported:

Tom O'Horgan has spent the last four years giving Broadway such sensationalistic pieces of direction as Hair, Jesus Christ Superstar and Lenny. Now, for the moment, he wants to return to the final flowering of his Off-Off-Broadway intuitions. . . . O'Horgan is reviving "Paine." [sic] . . . "We all did this thing," Tom O'Horgan says now, "And I suppose it really was 10 years coming: a certain kind of movement and the Off-Off-Broadway thing. We all had that kind of explosion. And then a lot of people didn't want to go on. They were just so exhausted that they just didn't want to do the next beat.

"I think that is in every peaking, or in every revolution of ideas. There's a terrific energy needed to do that. And after that gets to a certain kind of level, then there is the need to do something else, to take the next step.

"And a great many people had the energy to get it to that level, but they didn't want to go any further. They were tired; they wanted to do something else."

"What excites O'Horgan now, he says, "is the fact that everybody wants to get back together and do something.

"Tom Paine promises to be more than just another revival. It intends to be a revival of a spirit. . . . But we must have a group that works together . . . on a pretty regular basis. . . . does their workshops everyday . . . able to spend eight hours a day working on no specific project. Just trying to develop something, for ourselves. Taking what we learned, what we were forced into . . . and really trying to develop something which is organic to us. . . .

"Since all of those have become parts of the new theater, now it seems that you can hear the play." . . .

O'Horgan and his La Mama people want to go back too. To listen.⁸⁰

His tactical retreat to Off-Off-Broadway did not herald a new dawning of smaller, alternative troupe creativity, as O'Horgan had hoped, but rather a series of Broadway flops that seemed to give credence to Jules Fisher's view that

"the critics like to build you up to knock you down."⁸¹ The rawness of Bruce's material, on which Lenny was based, was not appreciated by either the Broadway establishment or its steady clientele, nor by the theatre community at large--it was not even nominated for a Tony award, these are also contributing factors. O'Horgan's production style too, identified an age that many were glad to retreat from.

Shortly after O'Horgan's avowed retreat to his Off-Off-Broadway roots, he was called in to save Dude, a million-dollar disaster written by Gerome Ragni and Galt MacDermot, and produced by Adela and Peter Holzer. Ragni, by then a Hair millionaire, had not had the benefit of O'Horgan's firm if gentle guiding discipline on this show, and the self-indulgent wreck that O'Horgan came aboard to pilot sank swiftly and expensively. Based on the peregrinations of an autobiographical Everyman, Ragni's book largely lacked a second act when O'Horgan took over for the last three weeks, telling the rallying cast "The audience thirsts for a story in Dude. . . . for one tiny thread to connect your gorgeous songs. We're going to make connections and enjoy ourselves while we're doing it."⁸² But ultimately even O'Horgan had to meet in secret with the principal actors and the producers to tell them despairingly, "I cannot get Gerry to make any crucial decisions. . . ."⁸³

Walter Kerr analyzed the failure in a rational and generous manner, finding it lacking in most areas,

principally due to the restructuring of the theatre's playing area. His comments also implicitly addressed a broader restructuring issue that speaks to both the era in general, and the Broadway musical in particular:

Restructuring implies more than tearing apart an old formula, a tired architecture. It suggests that a new one is going to be put in its place. But the one specter that has haunted the rock musical from the beginning is its structural flimsiness, its cavalier primitivism as architecture, its intertwined innocence and gaucherie.⁸⁴

Other reviews seem more spiteful than insightful.

Newsday's Joel Oppenheimer, for example, in a review titled "Dud's the Name for Dude,"⁸⁵ chronicled the misbegotten musical's deteriorated lineage from Gerald Freedman's Public Theatre Hair production:

Once upon a time--1967, to be exact--there was a youthful, charming and fresh musical entitled Hair. . . . Six months later it was moved to Broadway and redirected by Tom O'Horgan into a spectacular, rowdy and largely tasteless exhibit. Thanks to its superior rock score, enough of its original quality, the addition of some gratuitous nudity . . . and its cheap sensationalism, Hair became a smash hit.

There followed, in vapid succession, Lenny . . . the apotheosis of the sick man's American folk- hero . . . O'Horgan took the story . . . and blew it up into a vast and vulgar spectacle. . . . and . . . Jesus Christ Superstar had already enjoyed success . . . before O'Horgan put his stamp on it: Christ rising in a robe of gold . . . Judas . . . surrounded by what looked-like female fugitives from the "Folies-Bergeres" . . . and Herod in elevator shoes turning out to be a fag.

Inner City . . . was . . . bland and dull. .

. . . Now comes Dude Once again O'Horgan is collaborating with Ragni . . . and MacDermot . . . what damage Ragni has done to the twice-

told legend of Everyman is irreparably aided by O'Horgan's staging.⁸⁶

Even the fact that O'Horgan was called in as a last-ditch attempt to save the fiasco, now works against him:

It is true that he was called in to follow another director, but he gets solo credit for the ensuing cataclysm and I feel sure he deserves it. The tricks and effects of Lenny and Jesus Christ Superstar are repeated ad nauseam in this latest O'Horgan Mardi Gras.⁸⁷

Such commentary adds weight to Robin Wagner's theory that "they went after him. The critics decided it was enough."⁸⁸

O'Horgan took time out of the Broadway ring to direct and score Den Sarede Filoktet (Philoctetes Wounded) by Elsa Gress for Danish National Television the following year (1974). The teleplay about a little known Danish painter (Nicholas Abildgaard), was a variation on the Philoctetes legend. It unfolds in three time zones: mythic time, the eighteenth century (Abildgaard's own period) and modern times. The myth tells of its hero's having been bitten by a snake. The wound's stench, though hardly his fault, causes him to be abandoned, and left to support himself with a bow and arrow as best he can. Gress may have had O'Horgan in mind when she chose this theme, feeling that the Broadway producing coterie had deserted O'Horgan owing to the poor material available to him and the changing interests of a fickle critics' circle.

O'Horgan returned to Broadway direction that year with Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road, which he

also "co-conceived and co-adapted" with Robin Wagner, based on twenty-nine Lennon and McCartney songs from the Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper" and "Abbey Road" albums. The arrow quickly hit, wide of its mark. Leonard Probst of NBC television gave his verdict, as usual, on opening night: "If you go to see new stage effects by Tom O'Horgan you'll be disappointed." Calling the work "a revival of O'Horgan's old tricks," and noting that the story was "silly," he described "What is on stage here is Tom O'Horgan's trip. He is knocking himself out, and his cast, trying to shock us, keep us electrified, stunned, and awake. It is tricks for tricks' sake." As far as he was concerned, the developmental pattern was clear: "O'Horgan's early work was creative. Now it's derivative."

Mel Gussow's New York Times review noted the work's lack of humor and style, and concurred that "this trip seems to be mostly through Mr. O'Horgan's attic."⁸⁹ Success, it seemed, had deafened O'Horgan to the changing demands of the marketplace. As the character Norma Desmond is often given to saying in Webber's Sunset Boulevard, "Everyone needs new ways to dream." Sgt. Pepper, according to Gussow, was "an excuse for Mr. O'Horgan to indulge his gift for elephantiasis. . . . The director leaves very little to the audience's imagination." Noting that the director and his cohorts Wagner and Fisher were mechanical wizards, Gussow notes that "at some point, one must ask, what's new? Those

puppets, the confetti from the rafters, the blinding blazes of light--we have seen them all before" Worse yet, O'Horgan's talents had done the unimaginable: "what is submerged is the terrific Beatles music." All of which led to "an inflated production." The New York Daily News's Patricia O'Haire concurred more graciously, "the production is so spectacular, with all its tricks and its overwhelming staging, that it all but obscures the music on which it was based."⁸⁰

The New York Post's Martin Gottfried put it in more direct, tabloid fashion:

Tom O'Horgan attempted the ludicrous last night O'Horgan tried to give the songs some theatrical shape, but he wound up with a cheapskate circus, rehashing bits and pieces of his Hair and Jesus Christ Superstar. . . . It is leaden and cheap."⁸¹

Although Gottfried wished that O'Horgan could "bank his Hair and Superstar business along with the money it brought him," he is a supporter rather than a nay-sayer of the director's talents: "He is too talented and bright a director to keep grinding out overblown versions of work he should have long since outgrown."⁸²

James Spina's article in Women's Wear Daily the same day was less generous, referring to "O'Horgan's dated stage tactics," he noted "There are always so many idiotic things going on that you never know where to look . . . a dated hodge-podge of flower-power images" He recommended

that his readers "avoid the Beacon Theater . . . and leave this production of Sgt. Pepper as lonely as possible."⁸³

Time magazine wrote the production's epitaph. Under the title "Contagious Vulgarity," T. E. Kalem opened the review with an air of categorical finality:

If a medical dictionary of the theater should ever appear, one entry would be a grotesque disease known as O'Horganitis. Its chief aspect is the metastasis of spectacle over substance. Its subsymptoms are bloat, inanity, hallucination, sexual kinkiness and contagious vulgarity.⁸⁴

Noting that "the disease reached plague proportions in the late '60's," and that "sporadic outbreaks still occur," Kalem advises his readers that "if one wishes to be mortally infected, the place to go is Manhattan's Beacon Theater where Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road is on germ display." O'Horgan's excesses were not to be interpreted in any way as pure either, for in the reviewer's opinion, "Exploitation is at the core of this show. The idea was to cash in on the popularity of the Beatles."⁸⁵ Reiterating similar sanctity-besmirched themes of Superstar critics past, Kalem is horrified that such purity could be used for profit: "Their songs . . . are trampled under the dreck of Tom O'Horgan's grimagination [sic]." There were also no redeemable features in the work either, to judge from the review: "For the rest, O'Horgan simply grubs around in his museum of Halloweens Past and bemuses the audience with such papier-mâché wonders as a huge walking dental plate."⁸⁶

Kalem's righteous indignation emboldens him to take Oppenheimer's homophobic language to an even lower level, with no objection from Time magazine's editorial staff. Objecting to "a Beef Trust chorus-girl number featuring women padded out with lardy stomachs and grossly enlarged behinds," he warns, "The faggy odor of the show may be sniffed at its gamiest."⁹⁷

Surely grateful for the opportunity to avoid such savage blows to his career, O'Horgan switched coasts for the Twentieth Century Fox Hollywood studio where he directed Ionesco's Rhinoceros⁹⁸ (1974), from a screenplay by Julian Barry, with whom he had worked well on Lenny. The same would not prove true of his relationship with the Hollywood studio production industry, or with Zero Mostel, who was recreating the Broadway role which had proved a major contribution to his fame. The film, produced by Eli Landau for the American Film Theater and starring Gene Wilder and Karen Black, appears strangely wooden, and marked by a self-consciousness on the part of the actors--perhaps a result of O'Horgan's struggles with the film industry's established production formats, and with Mostel, whose infamous reputation for being an extremely "difficult but brilliant"⁹⁹ artist were confirmed by the director's experience.

O'Horgan accepted an invitation in 1975 from Egon Seefehlner, the new intendant of the prestigious Vienna State Opera, to direct Berlioz's Les Troyens the following

year as the first premiere under his governance. The work's vast libretto would prove a welcome creative oasis, away from the punishing American critics, in what had proved an ever-accepting Europe. In the more decorous and financially sheltered terrain of grand opera, with two of his most trusted and creative allies, set designer Robin Wagner, and costume designer Randy Barcelo, along with an ample budget, O'Horgan was on surer ground. It seemed that there would be little chance of accusations of over-production in this milieu. "It was," recalls O'Horgan, "just Babes in Toyland, we had just the greatest time."¹⁰⁰ Lest an idyllic picture form too quickly here, of opera buff immersed in redefining this massive opera for a new age, complete with nymphs, fauns, and the entire Vienna Boys' Choir as Nubian slaves, it should be noted that O'Horgan had also agreed to direct Sgt. Pepper at the Regent Theatre, Sydney, at the same time. He was consequently flying back and forth regularly between Australia and Austria--the surreal persisted, now on two continents.

The more formal, conservative world of classical music in Vienna had become somewhat staid, in Seefehlner's view, and he confided to O'Horgan that he needed a scandal to establish his reputation. He need have said no more. Robin Wagner recreated the scene:

We had the horse, the Trojan horse, which was pulled downstage by about a hundred people, under wraps, like a Christo. Then the wraps were taken off, and you saw this gigantic Trojan horse, made

of old armor--old broken shields, thousands of shields put together. On a cue, every shield burst open and a warrior with a spear was behind it. So that suddenly you had a massive sixty people in the space, it was amazing. And then, and this was the best part, when Tom totally blew 'em all away, underneath that there was a red velvet staircase, which was supposed to be the temple of the vestal virgins. He hired what they called "Statistens," the German word for super-numeraries--all these 200-lb, fat stripper ladies, naked. And when it was revealed, they pull away the gates, and there were all these naked fat ladies, and the house went crazy!¹⁰¹

There was strong conservative resistance to the work; one of Vienna's leading critics, Hans Lossmann, viewed the results of the O'Horgan team as a "banal Monster-Show,"¹⁰² a "blown-up Berlioz-Musical," and, ultimately, "a Monster-Spectacle which descends into the cheapness of a poster-like musical show. Glenn Loney, disagreed, finding the results "not a cheap Broadway show--not even an expensive Broadway show. This is no 'Berlioz-Musical,'" he responded, "but an operatic epic that the O'Horgan team has been able to visualize with skill and artistry. There are some moments, however," he conceded, "when some of Wagner's and Barcelo's visions lapse into silliness or vulgarity, and the critics were quick to seize on these as evidence of Broadway-itis."¹⁰³

Back on Broadway, O'Horgan directed and scored The Leaf People, by Dennis Reardon (1975). The critics pounced. "The play is a mess, and couldn't be expected to draw flies," pronounced Watt in the New York Daily News,¹⁰⁴ under the headline, "Leaf People: for the birds." The

lighthearted manner in which the work was dismissed indicates just how much O'Horgan's stock had tumbled: "The main trouble with the Leaf People is that they're an appallingly dull lot and are doubtless so small in number from having bored one another to death over the years." The director too, was not worth much more consideration, apparently: "Tom O'Horgan, working in his familiar ritualistic vein, has staged all this as idiotically as possible."¹⁰⁵

Gottfried even admits that he never saw the entire production he is panning, observing that:

What opened last night at the Booth isn't a play, it is a punishment, and I wouldn't take any more than one act of it.

The evening begins with Tom O'Horgan setting the stage. As the years have passed, O'Horgan direction has grown ever more involved with grotesque spectacle O'Horgan's setting for this play . . . involves just about all the seaweed from the seven seas; a couple of elevated space capsules; and an airplane. Some space is left for the costumes, headdresses and feathers for the semi-nude, heavily painted, large and badly confused company.

What all of this represents, in terms of physical production, is O'Horgan's mania; Las Vegas avant-garde, revelry in vulgar spectacle.¹⁰⁶

Barnes's New York Times's review, the same day, was more gracious, though no more enthusiastic, "The Leaf People, opened. It bombed. But it bombed with decent reverberations. It bombed with class."¹⁰⁷ Though he recognizes that the playwright "was assisted in his purpose by the staging of Tom O'Horgan," he cannot but point out that

the play looks like an opera libretto in search of a composer, its sheer visual extravagance outstrips the play's fundamentally simple confrontation of old and new, of past values and future heresies.

The show closed that week.

In May of 1976, O'Horgan's production of Fernando Arrabal's The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria opened at La Mama. Glenn Loney has described the work as a "two-character allegory of man as devourer and devoured."¹⁰⁸ There is much in the work that can be seen, in hindsight, as a metaphor for key aspects of O'Horgan's life. The central characters spend the larger part of their time communicating through role-playing activities. The program notes that it is "almost a comedy. Like all of [Arrabal's] panic theatre, it revolves around a few personal obsessions, always the same," and are "expressed but never exercised through dramatic projections."¹⁰⁹ Reflecting a putrid civilization, Arrabal's Architect, possesses magical powers, and "can turn day into night and command the birds and the gorillas to serve him. These gifts desert him when the civilizing process is completed . . ."¹¹⁰ Arrabal has described his "Theater of Panic" as "a mixture of tragedy and Punch and Judy show, of bad taste and refinement, sacrilege and the sacred."¹¹¹

The complex rules of the game played in this work may also be construed as germane to the relationship between O'Horgan and his lifework:

Rule 1: One starts with an "I," empty and innocent consciousness. Rule 2: The "I" looks at himself and creates a "me" in his image: The game and the dialog may now proceed. Rule 3: "I" can make "me" into anything he wants, including "I" himself by reversing the roles. Rule 4: The game consists of the exploration of "me" by "I", and vice versa: The players move from discovery to discovery, enacting various relationships and problems they encounter. Rule 5: At any time "I" or "me" can interrupt the game, or question its rules, or subvert them through ridicule moves.¹¹²

In common with Arrabal, Ragni, Bruce, and even Christ it could be said, O'Horgan is "an exhibitionist who wants to shock," for "as a public, we are a group of quite blasé voyeurs who may need to be shocked into the recognition of their mirror-image."¹¹³ Reaction to such shocks, however, is rarely uniform, and these iconoclasts share public reactions which, like those for O'Horgan's production of The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria, range from "perfection,"¹¹⁴ and "transcendental,"¹¹⁵ to "Bizarre and Unappetizing,"¹¹⁶ and "Distasteful."¹¹⁷ Inevitably perhaps, "some will be shocked by the dialogue, confused by the structure, or overwhelmed by the substance."¹¹⁸

Stanley Kauffmann, however, felt that The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria showed Arrabal to be "a frittering little symbolist-absurdist fop,"¹¹⁹ who had conceived "a vaudeville as much as an acting bill."¹²⁰ He also marked it as the nadir of O'Horgan's fall from grace:

. . . its methods are perfectly suited to the perfervid O'Horgan. I first saw his work in a bill of La Mama short plays in 1966 and was immediately struck by a theatrical talent--explicitly, a talent for theatricality. Soon

afterward he did Rochelle Owens's play Futz about the love of a farmer for his sow, and handled it with just the right outrageous lyric wildness. His film of Futz was the first sign that the outrageousness was beginning to overgrow, and by the time he did the Broadway production of Jesus Christ Superstar he had become America's most daringly chic theatrical window-dresser. But with Superstar, admittedly, he had to manufacture a dramatic occasion where none really existed. Now in The Architect he had at least found a work intended to live as a play and, what's even happier for him, a play that plumbs the fruitier reaches of O'Horgan's rank, jungle-growth temperament; and that revels in the scatology and campy naughtiness he loves. . . . I had the feeling that, instead of a director finding exactly the right play for him to serve . . . a director had found exactly the right play to serve him. The substance and intent don't particularly worry O'Horgan: there are just enough of both to serve as a scaffolding for him. Style is damned well going to be all, he implies.¹²¹

When Hair was revived in 1977, only five years after the original smash hit closed on Broadway, and a year after Kauffmann's observations, there was little critical delight expressed towards either its style or content. What enlightenment was to be gleaned from the failed production was Richard Eder's realization that "its message-- liberation, joy, pot, and multiform sex, the vision of youth as a social class of its own and, in short, the notion that there can be flowers without stalks, roots or muck to grow in--has faded."¹²² John Beaufort's review, "Reviving Hair is 'notion whose time has gone,'" [sic] also recognized that "iconoclasm, graffiti, drugs, and sloganeering were not the answer to pollution, confusion, and the bomb."¹²³ O'Horgan's reputation suffered doubly as a result of his earlier

success, for having recreated a timely work from an era immediately past, and a work whose very notoriety engendered familiarity. "Its glow is forced; its warmth becomes sentimentality and worse, sententiousness. . . . There is something familiar about the spectacle."¹²⁴ Excess too is still a detraction: "a feeling of over-production, of over-elaborateness, creeps in. . . ."¹²⁵ In the choreography too, the effect is of movement for movement's sake. It is too much; exuberance attacks too frequently and at the end of two and a half hours it is a surfeit."¹²⁶ Again, it fell to T. E. Kalem to toll the death knell:

The latest archaeological dig is at Manhattan's Biltmore Theatre. Hair is deader than King Tut and the relics that were buried with him.

The first pop-rock musical has not changed much since its Broadway debut nine years ago. But the social climate of the 60's embraced and sustained it. The intellectual and psychological temper of the 70's is utterly alien to it. . . .

Hair is a cross between a Dionysian revel and an old-fashioned revival meeting. . . .

For those who dote on exotic costuming and up-the-aisle jogging, there is much in the current revival of this defoliated musical to greet the eye, though little to feed the mind. Director Tom O'Horgan lashes up his usual theatrical typhoon with a nimble, scarcely distinguishable cast. But distraction is no substitute for destination. . . .

. A decade of history has written good night to Hair.¹²⁷

Interviewing O'Horgan a short while after Hair's revival had failed, Al Haas encapsulated matters in his article "Director Tom O'Horgan is still the innovative showman," observing that:

For a time, he enjoyed commercial success on Broadway, and a large audience was being

entertained by, and was paying serious attention to O'Horgan's sheer showmanship, his bombardment of the senses with every medium available, and his notion of theater as a communal celebration of life and ideas not unlike old time religion.

Then, just as suddenly as he emerged from the relative obscurity of Off Broadway, he disappeared back into it. . . . where he now feels he can work and grow as a serious artist.

This return to the scene of his early successes . . . is exemplified by the acclaimed Off-Broadway production of The Architect and The Emperor of Assyria

The . . . show was ecstatically received by Clive Barnes when it opened in New York. Wrote Barnes: ". . . I was overwhelmed. It was a great theatrical experience. A play about relationships that genuinely related. . . . the best thing [O'Horgan] has done in years."¹²⁸

The article-interview reveals a reflective O'Horgan who is "looking back at the 1960s and seeing what we were doing and why we were making the sorts of decisions we made."¹²⁹

O'Horgan recalled Hair and Superstar as attempts "to bring new, youthful audiences to Broadway. But in the end, he laments, the attempts were frustrated by "the people who protect and maintain Broadway as they think it should be."¹³⁰

He cites the then smash hit, Annie, as representing the reestablished Broadway status quo, one that has no need "to relate what's on stage to real life, past or present."¹³¹

By 1981, The Soho News's Tish Dace recalled 1968 as the year that Marilyn Stasio dubbed O'Horgan "Off-Off-Broadway's High Priest" in Cue Magazine,¹³² and the Village Voice's Michael Smith characterized his work as "a brilliant exploration of the possible."¹³³ Also noting that he had had four Broadway shows running simultaneously a decade earlier,

Dace asked "What's happened to the man who, a mere decade ago was New York's most revered and reviled, famous and infamous director? Where's Tom O'Horgan gone?"¹³⁴ Wondering if "a generation who may never have heard his name knows how important he was," she pondered whether "the previous ten years left O'Horgan happier, wealthier, wiser? Or just older?"

As a result of Dace's interview with him, she reported that "The last decade has clearly agreed with O'Horgan," finding that he had "mellowed marvelously. . . . Gentle and softspoken, he's nevertheless in perpetual motion." O'Horgan explained the failure of Inner City as due, in part, to the facts that "nobody wanted to know about the inner city," and, in a period when "conservatism was beginning to encroach on the wave of flower power he'd ridden to Broadway,"¹³⁵ "nobody wanted to see a mixture of blacks and whites on stage."¹³⁶ Noting the ensuing failures of Dude, and of Mary C. Brown and the Hollywood Sign,¹³⁷ which folded during its previews in Los Angeles, Dace inquires about the film foray that followed with Rhinoceros. "When I found out what film was really about, it was a great disappointment," responded O'Horgan. Noting that his theatre had been more influenced by film than by what he had seen in the theater, O'Horgan underscored what is for him an essential characteristic of live theatre and the period he was working in: "What the world needs more of is congress

between people." Dace initially wondered "if the decade had brought O'Horgan any measure of self-contempt or bitterness," but found the director "not dispirited but elated. 'My taste is eclectic.' he chuckles, 'and I have the attention span of a three-year-old, so I've got to have different things going on. I've been able to do what I've wanted to do in the theater.'"

On the front page of the May 5, 1987 "Extra" entertainment section of the New York Daily News, under the headline "Have Players, Will Travel" and a photo of an almost willful-looking O'Horgan, Don Nelsen asked "Where are we going and what are we now?" Reportedly backed to the tune of \$4.5 million, by producers Adela Holzer and Chester Fox, O'Horgan was about to relaunch his career with The New York Pop'ra Company. This new company, dedicated to producing popular, contemporary, and accessible opera, was slated to include twelve musicians, and an equal number of actors. The touring repertoire was to include a production of John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, with a libretto by Eve Merriam, scored by O'Horgan, and described by him as "Ford's answer to Romeo and Juliet. It's very sensual, romantic, filled with violence and fights."¹³⁸ Also scheduled were Nimrod and the Tower of Babel, John Walker's work that "has to do with this period where we are all questioning religious faith on many levels. One of the derivations of 'Nimrod' means rebel, and he was a rebellious

guy against God," explained O'Horgan. The third work slated for production was Senator Joe, by Perry Arthur Kroeger, scored by the director, and based on the life and times of Senator Joe McCarthy. "O'Horgan hope[d] to fuse a variety of American musics--jazz, folk, the 32-bar ballad, for example, and their different moods and harmonics--into a new form that, for all its freshness, would not be intellectually distant."¹³⁹ Styled as "a giant song-cartoon with elements of [the successfully imported British, absurdist television comedy series] Monty Python, and [the Swiss, abstract mime company] 'Mummenschantz' [then playing to sell-out houses in Manhattan]."¹⁴⁰

By November 7, of 1988, The New York Observer's Valerie Block reported that "The 64-year-old director, who made his name creating interactive performances with flamboyant staging at Cafe La Mama, is ending a ten-year hiatus from Broadway"¹⁴¹ O'Horgan had confided in her, "I don't know what's appropriate for Broadway anymore--it's just a tourist attraction now."¹⁴² He had, nonetheless, already put eighteen months into creating the two Pop'ras. Senator Joe, he explained, was "not a gloss on the Fifties, but more a look through a distorted mirror," and Nimrod was "a romantic rock piece, almost Wagner rock, with extraordinary costumes we got from Sumerian and Babylonian art."¹⁴³ In May he planned to "tour the country before alighting in New York for an indefinite stay."¹⁴⁴ By the fall, however, it was

clear that though O'Horgan was ready for America, America was not so sure about him. "We needed to make a name for ourselves on Broadway, so that we could go and tour the show in the right places--what I call the hockey circuit,"¹⁴⁵ O'Horgan explained, "arenas that seat five thousand and certain theaters that are usually . . . doing revivals of My Fair Lady." In conclusion, Block noted, "Mr. O'Horgan is sporting a ponytail again after abandoning the look for a while."¹⁴⁶

Despite O'Horgan's rejuvenation and hard work, the long-dreamed-of Pop'ra company was not to be, and the Eighties would close on a resoundingly disappointing note. Determined and desperate to see the project succeed, Adela Holzer lured investors into a fraudulent investment scheme by persuading them that she was secretly married to David Rockefeller.¹⁴⁷ She was arrested on February 18, 1989, and ultimately pleaded guilty in State Supreme Court to stealing four million dollars. The following year, she was sentenced to four-to-eight years in prison.¹⁴⁸ Though uninvolved with the fraud, and at liberty, O'Horgan too had had his creative freedom curtailed to the tune of four-and-a-half-million dollars.

In a 1993, front-page article in the "Arts & Leisure" section of the Sunday New York Times¹⁴⁹ entitled "Lighting a Candle for Hair at 25," David Richards observed that "It was only a quarter of a century ago, but sometimes it seems

light years." He began his retrospective evaluation, as others had before him with a visual description:

Tom O'Horgan--the director who helped transform Hair from an earnest Off Broadway protest play into a high-flying display of counterculture excess and, for a while at least, the rock extravaganza the whole world clamored to see--is looking curiously Buddha-like these days.

. . . .
At 66 [sic], the man who once qualified as the Busby Berkeley of the acid set is right back where he started--directing what he calls "these nutty pieces" in out-of-the-way places for audiences that tend to number in the dozens, not the thousands. It's as if Hair never happened, although, of course, it did, because that's what allowed Mr. O'Horgan to buy the large triangular loft . . . where he lives ¹⁵⁰

O'Horgan had little doubt that his demise was coerced:

"The pieces that came after [Hair] that were cut down immediately, they never had a chance to exist. The establishment held the line. By the time we did Inner City, which was a wonderful musical, maybe the best cast of any show I ever directed, it was mercilessly treated. First of all, they didn't want it to go on--to hear about the problems of the inner city. Secondly there was an enemies' list. There always is. I've been on it for a long time. Who cares? . . .

What was really unfortunate is that a gigantic audience was built up by Hair, and not just in this country, and we lost it. What I always called the yuppie avant-garde inherited this great crowd of people. You'll see them if you go to the Brooklyn Academy of Music. But you can't get them to go to Broadway. They don't even think about Broadway. Well, just look at Broadway. It's shrunk down to . . ."

His voice trails off. . . .

Mr. O'Horgan . . . still dreams about putting together a company that would tour the country, although the notion hasn't met with a whole lot of encouragement so far.

[He] claims to be philosophical. "God knows, we all go through scripts by the tons," he says. "A lot of the stuff you do never has the life you expect it to have. But it's like an itch. You have to scratch anyway. You do it because you

want to experiment with things. I guess it's fallen to me to be the director people turn to when they don't know who else to get. So I've inherited a certain crazy kind of play. Most of it's Off-Off- . . . always has been"151

One of Lenny Bruce's most well-known sketches, "Thank You, Mask Man,"¹⁵² tells a quintessentially American success story with a Lone-Ranger-good-guy central character who guards a Wild West town against marauding villains. The mayor and good folk of the town come out to greet and thank Mask Man periodically. On each occasion, Mayor De Angelo's "Ma" offers Mask Man coffee and cake and presents, and each time Mask Man politely declines and rides off. Though happy to keep the peace, he has no interest in sharing the mediocrity of social niceties. The mayor and townsfolk become increasingly irate with his unwillingness to take: "He don't want no part of nobody."

Hearing of the Messiah's return, he is told by the righteous, "Men like you thrived upon the contamination of segregation, violence, and disease; now all is pure, you're in the shit-house."

"Well, then I'll make trouble, because I'm geared for it," he replies.

When asked what he does want. Mask Man casts an eye across the crowd and, fixing his gaze on one, replies, "I want the Indian."

"Whaddya want the Indian for, Mask Man?" asks the mayor.

"To perform unnatural acts."

"Bah! Mask Man's a fag!"

"I'm not a fag," replies Mask Man, "but I've heard a lot about it, and read exposés. I want to try it to see how bad it is, just once. . . . Tell you what, give me the horse too."

"What the hell you want the horse for?"

"The act."

"Dang, he's a queer freak!"

The skit comes to a close with Mask Man and Tonta [sic] riding off into the sunset to the hoots and catcalls of the righteous, regular townsfolk. One is left to wonder how long it will be before the earlier, lawless status quo ante returns. Parallels of this story, of an individual's good deed and/or frankness, punished by the public's moral guardians occur in Futz, Hair, Lenny, and Jesus Christ Superstar. There is also an echo of this scapegoating in the treatment of O'Horgan by both the Broadway oligarchy and the larger American theatre community too. Perhaps O'Horgan's disinterest, or inability, to fit in with the inner circles of the Broadway and Hollywood power elite kept him disenfranchised and downtown. Jealousy, of course, should not be too readily discounted as a motive in such a situation either. Nor were O'Horgan's interests and experiments necessarily those of Broadway producers, whose huge overheads and running costs dictated more predictable,

comforting fare, such as Cats, Phantom of the Opera, or Les Misérables, where the only barricades climbed are safely behind the proscenium arch.

A part of Hair's success was due to its themes' universality, promising, as it does, a broad range of freedoms and human rights. The contemporaneity of its style and content gave it an immediacy that also contributed to its audiences' sense of being a part of an experience that was of and for its time. A decade or so after its genesis, in a revival and film version, the work seemed over-drawn and garlanded in self-conscious celebration. Like a tragic mask or Dionysian thyrsis no longer imbued with the energy and power of its explosive socio-politics, it had become one more remnant of a bygone era. Dionysus had withdrawn to Mount Olympus to contemplate a postmodern world of unparalleled global greed and terror. The final quarter of the twentieth century would be tinged with a fin de millénium cynicism born of multi-national corporate glory. The brief moment of the Sixties, both sacred and profane had passed, and the Viet Vet returned to a seemingly safer land, fit not so much for heroes, as for its next antitheses: tabloid sensibilities of socio-political correctitude and lurid scandal. By the late Nineties, the much-touted "revitalized" Broadway theatre district, or Times Square Business Improvement District, as it is referred to, sports new names over its marquees: Disney, Madame Tussaud's

Waxworks, Warner Brothers, and "XS" virtual reality rides--a
Six-Flags-over-everything sensibility.

Out of order and under control, vice versa.
The terror is filed away
The emptiness is left draining in the mesh
 strainer
The black light is exchanged in the corner hardware
 store
And the night is left for tomorrow.¹⁵³

Notes

1. Howard's project was developed by Vidiospace, at KQED, then San Francisco's educational television station.
2. Judy Stone, "Datebook," New York Times, Sunday, November 2, 1969, D23.
3. Ibid.
4. Marilyn Stasio, "Theatre as Rite," Cue, January, 6, 1968, 4.
5. John Gruen, The New York Times Magazine, January 2, 1972, Sect. 6, 14.
6. Harvey Perr, "Tom O'Horgan---Calm Eye in the Hair Hurricane," "Stage" Los Angeles Times, Calendar, Sunday, December 1, 1968, 26.
7. Donald J. Mayerson, "Tom O'Horgan On Hair and Futz," The Villager, November 13, 1969, 7.
8. Ibid.
9. See chapter 3.
10. The original response, "You make my brains red," was shortened in the film to the seemingly apter: "You make my brains."
11. Interview with Bertrand Castelli, January 19, 1997.
12. Barry, who played in a club band that accompanied Bruce in the Fifties, had originally written the work as a screenplay, was ultimately unable to secure the support of a producer, and had reformed the work with O'Horgan for the stage--it was awarded a Pulitzer Prize. Barry later wrote the screenplay for the film of the same name, produced in 1974, directed by Bob Fosse, and starring Dustin Hoffman as Bruce, and Valerie Perrine as his stripper wife, Honey Harlowe.
13. Cited from Tynan's "Foreword" to Bruce's autobiographical How to Talk Dirty and Influence People, vi.
14. Interview with Tom O'Horgan, March 26, 1993.
15. Ibid, April 6, 1993.

16. His first trial was in March 1962: "The Municipal Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California: the People of the State of California, Plaintiff, vs Lenny Bruce, Defendant; Verdict . . . not guilty of violating Section 311.6 of the Penal Code of the State of California." (How to Talk Dirty and Influence People, 139).
17. Interview with Tom O'Horgan, *ibid.*
18. Cited in Lenny Bruce, How to Talk Dirty and Influence People, 143-144.
19. *Ibid.*, 145.
20. Interview with Tom O'Horgan, April 4, 1993.
21. *Ibid.*
22. Fisher's first venture as a Broadway producer.
23. Interview with Michael Butler, January 18, 1997.
24. Gleason's foreword to How to Talk Dirty and Influence People, vii-viii.
25. Interview with Robin Wagner, July 30, 1996.
26. *Ibid.*
27. Interview with Jules Fisher, July 16, 1996.
28. *Ibid.*
29. *Ibid.*
30. Interview with Tom O'Horgan, April 6, 1993.
31. Interview with Jules Fisher, *ibid.*
32. *Ibid.*
33. *Ibid.*
34. *Ibid.*
35. For O'Horgan's views on theism, see Appendix C.
36. Clive Barnes, "Lenny Evokes Memories of an Angry Man," The New York Times, May 27, 1971, 31.
37. *Ibid.*

38. Ibid.
39. Richard Watts, New York Post, May 27, 1971, 27.
40. Ibid.
41. Douglas Watt, "Gorman Fine as Bruce In the Strident Lenny," New York Daily News, May 27, 1971, 117.
42. Walter Kerr, "Arts & Leisure," The New York Times, June 6, 1971, 1, 5. Guy Flatley, "But Cliff is a Cool Lenny," "Arts & Leisure," New York Times, June 6, 1971, 1.
43. Ibid.
44. Ibid.
45. Walter Kerr, *ibid.*
46. Ibid.
47. Anonymous article: "Bruce Boomlet," Time, May 31, 1971, (97:73).
48. Douglas Auchincloss, "The Broken Taboo Breaker," Time, June 7, 1971, 62.
49. Ibid.
50. Martin Gottfried, "Lenny . . . an American Tragedy," "Arts & Pleasure," Women's Wear Daily, May 28, 1971, 14.
51. Douglas Auchincloss, *ibid.*
52. Jack Kroll, "Lenny Lives," Newsweek, June 7, 1971, 75.
53. Ibid.
54. Ibid.
55. Ibid.
56. Gottfried, *ibid.*
57. Jack Kroll, *ibid.*
58. The last page (118) of Barry's Lenny production script.
59. Dick Schaap in Bruce's, How to Talk Dirty and Influence People, 240.
60. Douglas Watt, New York Daily News, October 13, 1971, 88.

61. Stanley Kauffmann, Persons of the Drama, 258.
62. John Gruen, The New York Times Magazine, January 2, 1972, Section 6, 14-16, 18-20.
63. The Oxford Companion to Classical Literature notes that Petronius, "the Latin satirical writer, author of the Satyricon ('tales of satyrs'), usually assumed to be the voluptuary of that name at Nero's court . . ." was described by Tacitus (Annals, 16. 18) as "devoted to the refined pursuit of pleasure, indolent in his ordinary life, but energetic in public affairs," 425.
64. Gruen, *ibid*, citing John Simon.
65. Gruen, *ibid*.
66. *Ibid*.
67. *Ibid*.
68. *Ibid*.
69. *Ibid*.
70. *Ibid*.
71. *Ibid*.
72. Clive Barnes, The New York Times, December 20, 1971, 48.
73. *Ibid*.
74. New York Post, December 20, 1971, 57.
75. "Inner City Tries to Make Light of the Many Troubles of Our City," New York Daily News, December 20, 1971, 51.
76. *Ibid*.
77. "Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum--How About a Little Fun," "Arts & Leisure," The New York Times, December 26, 1971, II: 1, 3.
78. *Ibid*.
79. *Ibid*.
80. Walter F. Naedele, "O'Horgan Wants to Return To Off-Off Broadway Days," The Sunday Bulletin, July 23, 1972, n.p.
81. Interview with Jules Fisher, *ibid*.

82. Patricia Bosworth, "Dude... An \$800,000 Disaster. Where Did They Go Wrong?" Front page article of the The New York Times, "Arts and Leisure" section, October 22, 1972.
83. Ibid.
84. "It Lets Down Its Hair Pedigree," The New York Times, Sunday, October 22, 1972, 1, 14.
85. Joel Oppenheimer, Newsday, October 22, 1972, 9, 23.
86. Ibid.
87. Ibid.
88. Interview with Robin Wagner, *ibid.*
89. Mel Gussow, "Sgt. Pepper Goes on the Road," The New York Times, November 18, 1974, 46.
90. Patricia O'Haire, "Pepper--A Triumph of Staging," New York Daily News, November 18, 1974, 52.
91. Martin Gottfried, "Sgt. Pepper on Stage," New York Post, November 18, 1974, 44.
92. Ibid.
93. James Spina, "Sgt. Pepper on Broadway," Women's Wear Daily, November 18, 1974, 20.
94. T. E. Kalem, "The Theater," Time, December 2, 1974, 75.
95. Ibid.
96. Ibid.
97. Ibid.
98. Rhinoceros was available for home viewing on videotape at the time of this writing.
99. Interview with O'Horgan, April 4, 1993.
100. Ibid, April 29, 1993.
101. Interview with Robin Wagner, *ibid.*
102. Cited by Glenn Loney, "Tom O'Horgan: Pop Goes The Opera. Mounting 'The Trojans' at the Vienna State Opera," After Dark, June 1977, 41.

103. Ibid.
104. Douglas Watt, New York Daily News, October 21, 1975, 48.
105. Ibid.
106. "The Leaf People Can Leave You Cold," New York Post, October 21, 1975, 19.
107. Clive Barnes, "Papp's 'The Leaf People,' by Dennis Reardon, Opens," The New York Times, October 21, 1975, 42.
108. "Tom O'Horgan: Pop Goes the Opera," After Dark, June 1977, 36.
109. Program notes by Jean Alter, Professor of French, University of Pennsylvania, which appeared in the Zellerbach Theater's production, December 7, 1977.
110. William B. Collins, Philadelphia Inquirer, December 8, 1977, 6C.
111. Ibid.
112. Alter, *ibid.*
113. Ibid.
114. Collins, *ibid.*
115. Rubén Monasterios, "Primera Fila," El Nacional, Sunday Section, Caracas, July 16, 1978, D28.
116. Philip F. Crossland, Evening Journal, Wilmington, Delaware, December 9, 1977, 42.
117. Bob Sokolsky, Entertainment Editor, The Evening Bulletin, December 8, 1977, 34.
118. Joan Greco, The Daily Pennsylvanian, December 8, 1977, 1.
119. Stanley Kauffmann, Theater Criticisms, 34.
120. Ibid.
121. Ibid.
122. "Stage: Revived Hair Shows Its Gray," The New York Times, October 6, 1977, C22.

123. John Beaufort, The Christian Science Monitor, October 12, 1977, 17.
124. Ibid.
125. Ibid.
126. Ibid.
127. T. E. Kalem, "Defoliated," Time, October 17, 1977, 94, 96.
128. Philadelphia Inquirer, December 4, 1977, 1-I, 16-I. The Clive Barnes's review cited herein is from "Arts & Leisure," The New York Times, May 30, 1976, 8, 9.
129. Ibid.
130. Ibid.
131. Ibid.
132. Marilyn Stasio, "Theatre as Rite," Cue, January 6, 1968, 4.
133. Michael Smith, Village Voice, December 1, 1981, 16, 20.
134. Tish Dace, The Soho News, December 1, 1981, 16.
135. Ibid.
136. O'Horgan, *ibid.*
137. Mary C. Brown and the Hollywood Sign, by Dory Previn, was produced by Zef Bufman at the Shubert Theater, Los Angeles.
138. O'Horgan, cited in Nelsen, "Have Players, Will Travel," New York Daily News, May 5, 1987, 1.
139. Nelsen, *ibid.*
140. Ibid.
141. Valerie Block, The New York Observer, November 7, 1988, 12.
142. Ibid.
143. Ibid.
144. Nelsen, *ibid.*

145. Block, *ibid.*

146. *Ibid.*

147. Ronald Sullivan, "Broadway Producer Guilty of Fraud," The New York Times, April 17, 1990, B3.

148. Sentenced on May 24, 1990, Ms. Holzer, then 62, had plea-bargained her case so that she would be eligible for parole in thirty-three months.

149. David Richards, "Arts and Leisure," The New York Times, April 25, 1993, 1.

150. *Ibid.*

151. *Ibid.*

152. John Magnuson Associates of San Francisco produced Lenny Bruce in a cartoon animation, "Thank You Mask Man," in 1968 in association with Columbus Productions, Inc. "Story and narration by Lenny Bruce. Direction, story, characters, sound by Lenny Bruce and John Magnuson." Distributed by Vestron Video. 6 mins.

153. Jill Russell, "Out of Order," Abstracts and Brief Chronicles, New York: Fools Company Ink, 1982.

Chapter 6--Concluding: Continuing

There is always this kind of wonderful explosion of invention and expression and then there's a kind of more conservative period of cutting back and refinement. Then we eventually get tired of that and go on, back to the celebration form. That's the vibration that's been going on forever.'

The Seventies concluded for O'Horgan with world festival productions of The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria in Caracas and Taormina, Sicily. The period had been marked for him by a return to both La Mama and to more classic texts, including Caligula, The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui, and two different productions of The Tempest. A brief foray into the television and pop music worlds thereafter, directing the Donna Summer Special for ABC Television, proved to be creatively unfulfilling for O'Horgan, given the time and technical constraints and stylistic orthodoxy of network television production. However, the succession of new plays, musicals, operas, and performance events at home and abroad continued unabated.

The Eighties too, for O'Horgan, continued the pattern of short rehearsal periods, brief runs, and a broad diversity of material. Whether on Broadway, in Union Square, at La Mama, or in his own loft, O'Horgan's work appeared widely but with little lasting impact. The decade, often recalled as a period of unbridled corporate greed and fiscal folly, culminated for O'Horgan in producer Adela

Holzer's arrest. Their plans for an underwritten, traveling troupe, free of both time and financial constraints, dissolved as quickly as an opening night party after the pans are read. With the stoicism and unwavering intent of the truly needy, O'Horgan, then sixty-five, responded, as one might suspect, by directing and scoring more new works. He seems not to have looked back, nor to have immediately engaged in any long-term plan. "I don't think there is a purpose to it . . . it's like bees doing their thing. . . . the honey dance."²

The honey dance continued into the Nineties, with O'Horgan averaging six productions a year in his loft, Off-Off- and Off-Broadway, and on tour: from the tri-state region to Italy, Thailand, and even a two-week Caribbean cruise featuring concert versions of Hair, Jesus Christ Superstar, and Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. The program also included a reading of Edward Albee's The American Dream, and a workshop with actors and passengers. Some of the workshop exercises had served on an earlier sea voyage, rehearsing the first La Mama troupe tour, aboard the Castello Felice in 1965. O'Horgan has used these group exploratory exercises consistently ever since.³ One might conclude that fading into the sunset with cruiser concerts of past glories might offer a placid semi-retirement for O'Horgan's golden years. Not at all.

Working with new collaborators, as well as those whose association with him spans two and three decades, O'Horgan continued to shape performances.⁴ On the occasion of his sixty-ninth birthday,⁵ he rose early to outline three types of entertainment he wished to pursue (in addition to the steady stream of projects that seek his stewardship): the arena spectacle, musical pranks, and what he has termed "Bel Scato" productions. Each reveals distinct O'Horgan production characteristics. Outlines of them are as close to a manifesto as this pragmatic director might come.

The first category, arena spectacle, identified his lifelong commitment to phantasmagoria, and large-scale works. It would reanimate the thwarted Pop'ra plans, and harken back to the earlier spectacles that marked the Seventies for O'Horgan:⁶

An Arena Shamanist, Farcical, Slapstick, Political, Hootchy Kootch, Wonder Carnival.

A spectacular made for the Hockey Circuit, that is those two- to six-thousand seat arenas that every town in America owns. These amphitheaters are generally underwritten and used for sports, concerts, and ice shows. Our revels would be aimed at the young adult audience, more specific than the Cirque du Soleil, and certainly not Disney-on-Ice family fare. There is no product out there, at least not what I have in mind.

These fantastic transformations would be filled with music, masks, giant fantoccini [puppets], and raunchy audience participation. The closest to this non sequitur form might be Hellzapoppin or the Blue Man Group.⁷

The second category, musical pranks, also reworked surreal ideas and images that recur throughout O'Horgan's

career. Their lineage is traceable back through O'Horgan's "orgasmic performances" of the Sixties, and his Fifties' exploding harp club dates, to the vaudeville antics of Olsen and Johnson and company. These predominantly musical-based flights of fancy, iconoclastic and whimsical in the extreme, highlight O'Horgan's affinity for dadaist absurdity:

Humor in music is ancient, from before Mozart and beyond Spike Jones, the need to burst music's pretentious aura is undeniable. Since Gerard Hoffnung's⁸ musical cartoons were first brought to life at the famous Albert Hall concerts, I have been tempted by, and once or twice given in to, the impulse to create an evening of "Lustige Streiche" (merry pranks).⁹

Pranks, by definition, have an aggressive edge to them, and O'Horgan's are no exception:

I have often thought of an evening devoted to an "Over-Fifty Women's Chorus." Each member would be chosen for their ample figure, and wide vibrato. They would sing selections from the turn of the century, and works of Ethelbert Niven, and Mana Zuca. Personally, I would like to compose a cantata on the subject of Chihuahua breeding. It would have a large solo part for an over-weight tenor, and twenty of the ladies would play an elaborate obbligato on the Theremin. The arm movements required by this instrument would accent the motion of the upper arm flesh, revealed by their sleeveless chiffon dresses. At intermission they would serve nasturtium sandwiches.¹⁰

The focus of such mockery, is not overweight women, but rather our proclivity to formalism, and the foolishness and danger that its concomitant stasis and comfort belie. Recognizing a dignified concert context (a classic comic setting), we quickly accept and enter into the dignified normality it confers. Our expectations are soon deflated,

first by the indecorous appearance of the women and then by the unfamiliar sounds of the Theremin, and finally by the text's inappropriate subject matter. This socially contrived universe is not holding together. Embarrassed, we laugh at the performers' fall from gracefulness. But our laughter also contains accusation, judgment and condemnation. How dare these women not be young and slender? We deride, confident in the comfort of our assumed normalcy, and the safety of our anonymity in the distanced dark side of the space. But then, O'Horgan has his ladies graciously serve us the quintessentially refined nasturtium sandwiches at intermission. In the light now, we are thus obliged to encounter the warmth and generosity of these individuals personally, as well as confront our own darker predilections, fears, and loathings.

In another such prank, a "Concert For The Musically Impaired," O'Horgan chooses as his subjects politicians who do not favor the strong support of the arts with public funds. Their public displays of moral rectitude, he seems to suggest, denote a boorish ignorance and aggression towards the aesthetic needs of their constituents:

It would feature a showy piano concerto written specially for a conservative non-piano-playing political personality--such as Alphonse D'Amato, or Jesse Helms. It would have long cadenzas and solo sections for the non-pianist to bang with his fists or whatever."

Our blindness in accepting the moral and artistic governance of others is not limited to the realm of politics alone,

O'Horgan infers, but is perhaps more enticingly encoded in our popular cultural amusements:

Another way to brighten up long, serious musical evenings, particularly solo piano recitals, would be to have "Celebrity Page Turners." Imagine a pianist playing a program of Beethoven sonatas with Regis Philbin, or Roseanne Barr turning the pages. And for truly festive celebrations, each music stand of a symphony orchestra could have its movie-, TV-, or rock-star-page-turner.¹²

O'Horgan's work here, is far more politically charged than his wit will allow. He challenges us to examine our fondness for pre-packaged standards and genres. It is, of course, yet another call to critical thinking.

One dream I have long cherished is to form what I would call "The All Electric Faggot Band." Faggot in many other languages is the word for bassoon. The Electric Faggot Band would be an all-electrified bassoon marching ensemble. Of course, the contra bassoon may offer some difficulties during marching, however, a skate board might be fitted to its lower spike. One can hear, in one's mind, the jolly tones of this band marching down the boulevard in the Gay Day Parade.¹³

With this seemingly innocuous foolishness, O'Horgan can leave images on his audiences' psyches, impressions that may draw us to consider and address our concealed terrors and anxieties. Their absurdity precludes denial as a response, while their seemingly non-challenging context, and non-verbal nature, deny us recourse to the benefits of elision or rebuttal inherent in more forensic challenges.

In 1884, along with his studies on Hystero-Epilepsy, Gilles de la Tourette identified the disorder now known as "Tourette's Syndrome," a rare disease characterized by involuntary tics and

verbalizations (grunts, whoops, and barrages of four-letter expletives).

It has struck me that this unusual condition might have an interesting musical application. To that end I would like to form "The Tourette's Syndrome Philharmonic A Cappella Choir." It may well be difficult finding excellent singers who have this ailment, but the possibilities are extraordinary. Conjure up in your mind a choral group singing the music of Palestrina, Okeghem, and Byrd with unexpected chance, John Cage-like interruptions of hoots, yells, and shouted profanities, while the sea of singers explodes with disconcerting tic choreography. This could certainly take choral performance to another region.¹⁴

O'Horgan wants us to recognize our fear and denial of the irrational in our personal and social lives, as well as the relief and enlightenment our laughter can engender. Rather than snickering at those conditions we have deemed disgusting or pitiful, we are given a brief cathartic flash of prelapsarian liberty. Momentarily freed from the pressure of our social necessities and expectations, our laughter can unite us in a joyous, healing recognition of our shared humanity and common folly:

Once I used the nose flute: a small whistle-type instrument that you place over your mouth and under your nose, and by blowing through your nose you can create clear flute-like tones, and this instrument was used to enhance a choral presentation. This was a choir of some two hundred voices, that had been singing some of the most exalted music in the choral repertoire. At the appropriate moment the entire group placed the little red plastic flute under their collective noses. Not only did this produce a unique sound, playing in unison, harmony, and counterpoint, but when the chorus put the flute in place, it gave its two hundred members a distinctly pig-snout-like appearance.¹⁵

For O'Horgan, these experiments have wider implications than mere onstage oddities: "My interest in these musical divertimenti, as Mozart would have called them, is not merely entertainment, but an exploration into the effects of an extramusical circumstance on the performers and audience."¹⁶

Some of mankind's most furtive and hypocritical duplicities have centered in our sexuality, and it is as important an issue for O'Horgan as it was for Lenny Bruce. Whether personal or social, our shame in this regard, ironically, is at the root of much inhumanity. Addressing this issue will continue to rank high on O'Horgan's list of priorities for a theatre of enlightenment:

Back in the Sixties, before we slipped into the sexual dark ages, we experimented with what we called "Orgasmic Performance." That is, a vocalist, violinist, or any instrumentalist would play or sing virtuosic material while experiencing sexual stimulus. The point was to observe the effect on their performance by this most intimate physical and emotional involvement.

The Garden Of Earthly Faucets was an oratorio/happening we presented in 1966. It had a large cast of wonderfully freakish actors, singers, and musicians. At one point in the action a young man shuffled out to center stage naked in a large black box. The box came up to his chest. He began to chant a long soaring list of tools and plumbing procedures, and was supposed to climax at the top of a cascading cadenza of wrenches, drill bits, and sand paper. However a trombone player in the balcony orchestra looked down and saw the young man was not alone in the box, and beckoned his compatriots to have a look. By the time the young man had finished his aria there was a bouquet of musicians peering down from the balcony, reminiscent of Hieronymus Bosch's "Musician's Hell." The piece was variously successful, we found that it was rather difficult

to achieve the hoped-for results in front of an audience. Possibly more exposure and practice would have brought about a more copious yield. We did however experiment on a non-performance, more intimate level with greater success. A young violinist who was stimulated from both directions gave an extraordinary rendition of the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven. There was a surprising tenor and soprano duet from the last scene of the first act of "La Bohème," if indeed the high "C" climax was somewhat misplaced.

However when I think back on all this, it seems like mythology, but that was then and this is now."

O'Horgan's delight in operatic form and mixing genres has remained as constant as his penchant for fantastical extravaganzas and intimate concert pranks. The third category he intends to explore, "Bel Scato," contains all of these whimsical delights, and offers a paradigm of O'Horgan's culminating style and philosophy. To this end, in association with librettist and designer Perry Arthur Kroeger, a collaborator on various theatrical projects for over twenty years, he has outlined and scored Lies, Cries, And Size. In a prospectus to potential producers, O'Horgan outlines the genre and its intended production and presentation:

It is our desire to bring together the power and energy of two disparate forms: the sound and color of the free ornamented movement of jazz "scat" singing, and the pyrotechnical dynamics of 18th century "Bel Canto."

We have named this new art form "Bel Scato."
How is BEL SCATO achieved?

The concept of linking 18th and 19th century vocal style with contemporary "Scat" singing, can only be accomplished with an intensive workshop in which much of the opera rehearsal time is devoted to an in-depth study of diverse vocal styles. We will contrast the roulades and coloratura splendor

of early music, with the rhythmic freedom of jazz scat singing.¹⁸

Though O'Horgan's intended new sound is as eclectic as his production elements, its diverse components are quite clearly defined:

The art of the legendary Luisa Tetrazzini and Amelita Galli-Curci, together with the work of today's Marilyn Horne, will be compared with Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, and scattist John De Robertis. We will also look into Hindustani vocal music, Fado (Fadinho), and Flamenco singing and, in the hope of pushing the boundaries even further, we will study the rough styles of Joe Cocker and Jimmy Durante.

Unlike most modern operas of today that eschew vocal technique altogether (opting for an instrumental style), or attempt the romantic vocal writing of the last century, the music for Lies Cries and Size is more accessible and modern, making possible a more exciting, more vocal art form.¹⁹

O'Horgan knows his market, and offers prospective sponsors a marketable, economically feasible package:

The evening will consist of three one act operas, each 30 to 40 minutes in length, built to travel with a company of ten, including technicians and singers. The operas are performed to a digital accompaniment, thus avoiding a travelling orchestra.

The sets for the three operas are made mostly of soft materials which easily collapse and fold up to fit into a van, requiring only four or less hours to set up, assembled by two technicians.

Imaginative masks allow our small cast of performers to impersonate countless historic and fictional characters.

Our costumes range from high fashion to the bizarre and outrageous.²⁰

O'Horgan's lifelong honey dance has been a continuum of such detailed, practical considerations, but what conclusions can be drawn from his life in art? Despite his

resistance to theoretical analysis, and staunch insistence on pragmatism, an examination of O'Horgan's principal aims, methods, and the style and philosophy they embody might prove a valuable asset to future theatre practitioners.

Though O'Horgan is sui generis as an artist, and has written no body of theory regarding his practice and convictions, we can examine some of the leading features of his work in comparison to other artists, most of them from the twentieth century.

Music is not the only artistic allegiance that Wagner and O'Horgan share. Both reject realism, seeing the artist's role more as one of myth-weaver, rather than recorder of psychological minutia. The importance of music in their works, literally and structurally, is another shared, perspective, as is their delight in a total theatre that incorporates the other arts as fully as possible. Both are author-composer-directors, who could be said to produce Gesamtkunstwerks. O'Horgan, however, as shown earlier, displays a postmodernist delight in mixed genres, and his masterworks are replete with mixed metaphors, non sequiturs and a diversity of stylistic borrowings of other genres that are frequently used to comment, often critically, on the various episodes of his pieces.

O'Horgan's delight in mixing dramatic and narrative forms often lends his work a resemblance to Brechtian epic. These two directors also share a mutual resistance to

slavish adherence to various interpretations of Stanislavskian methods and realism. Like Brecht, O'Horgan is as likely to ask his actors to think of and speak their roles in the third person as in the first. Roles can also be reversed, and even exchanged on a nightly basis, to keep the performances fresh and vital, as well as engendering a strong interactive troupe consciousness. Fragmented, and chorally appropriated, texts are frequently juxtaposed with songs and narrative commentary. The resulting productions, in common with Brecht's Verfremdungseffekt, provide us with "a representation that alienates . . . allow[ing] us to recognize its subject, but at the same time mak[ing] it seem unfamiliar."²¹ In this way the images disconcert our mind's complacent file-server, thereby burning a more vivid impression into our psyche.

These impressions, as with those of the theatre envisaged by Artaud, are not ends in themselves, but intended to move us to change. O'Horgan's convictions combine the seemingly disparate views of Artaud and Brecht. By recognizing and liberating repressed aspects of our sexuality and darker inner selves, we can more readily recognize and accept our moral responsibilities to effect positive change in our global village.

To this end, O'Horgan has unabashedly arrived at a style that combines elements from such seemingly antithetical genres as the theatre of cruelty and the

Italianate intermezzo-borrowings of the seventeenth century Stuart Court masques, as well as from the mid-nineteenth century burlesque-extravaganzas that, ironically, begat the frothy musical comedies that have proved O'Horgan's bane. A new-age Master of the Revels, O'Horgan has crafted post-modern musical extravaganzas and fantasias to achieve something akin to Artaudian effects and goals. As we have seen, they can include elements that are whimsically humorous, nightmarishly sexual and/or violent, and may employ musical, mimetic, song, and dance components. They often use both direct and narrative speech, and may appear on a bare stage, or amidst a swirl of extravagantly baroque, story-book scenography.

The excesses in the presentation styles of these apparently frivolous moralities belie their Artaudian connections: "the more important aspects of existence are submerged in the unconscious, those things that cause divisions within people and between people and lead to hatred, violence, and disaster."²² O'Horgan's delight in the root of the word "entertainment" ("mutually held") is allied with Artaud's conviction that "given the proper theatrical experiences, man can be freed from ferocity, and can then express the joy that civilization has forced him to repress."²³ This essential human joy is ever at the heart of O'Horgan's aesthetic.

The monstrosity of his most vivid theatrical images-- a rouged transvestite Herod in sexy buskins, Lenny Bruce dead of an overdose in his bathroom set in the mouth of a giant head of President Nixon, or a Tourette's Syndrome Philharmonic A Cappella Choir--is never vicious, or merely capricious, but an attempt to bypass the conscious mind which has been conditioned to absorb shock, and sublimate basic human impulses. In breaking down the audience's defenses, in common with Artaud's theatre of cruelty concepts, he obliges audience members to confront themselves, with the intention of moral and spiritual purgation.

Much of O'Horgan's lifework may be read as a direct response to Artaud's "First Manifesto":

Every spectacle will contain . . . cries, groans, apparitions, surprises, theatricalities of all kinds, magic beauty of costumes taken from certain ritual models; resplendent lighting, incantational beauty of voices, the charm of harmony, rare notes of music, colors of objects, physical rhythm of movements whose crescendo and decrescendo will accord exactly with the pulsation of movements familiar to everyone, concrete appearances of new and surprising objects, masks, effigies yards high ²⁴

Theatre critic and author Ross Wetzsteon astutely captured the strengths and weaknesses of the New Theatre movement:

The 1960s were probably the most creative years in the history of American theatre What's most astonishing, though, is that . . . the '60s left virtually no legacy--a few texts, a couple of directors, and the remnants of some of the superb ensembles, that's all, except for

memories. The . . . major focus of the period was on ensemble performance rather than individual self-expression, on companies rather than scripts, on directors rather than playwrights; the theatrical moment . . . actors and audiences . . . sharing a specific time and space. . . . such theatrical moments could not be repeated.²⁵

In 1958, eleven years after having founded the Living Theatre, Julian Beck and Judith Malina discovered the work of Artaud, and found it seminal in its powerful possibilities for personal, theatrical, and social revolution. Artaud held that if we could release our deepest sensations and impulses we would find our suffering so intolerable that we would find ways to resolve it, enabling us to be one with "the joy of everything else, of loving, of creating, of being at peace, and of being ourselves."²⁶ They were originally interested in a non-realistic, poetic theatre, not unlike O'Horgan's and, despite their success with severe, slice-of-life works like The Brig, their later works such as Frankenstein and Paradise Now in the 1960s were created in somewhat similar style to O'Horgan's more collaborative works. Like O'Horgan's, these works explore issues and aspects of total freedom. However, the Living Theatre productions were intensely confrontational, and sought to take its anarchic politics out of the theatre and into the streets. O'Horgan's perspective is well represented by a verse from the 1968 song "Revolution," by John Lennon and Paul McCartney:

You say you'll change the constitution,
 Well, you know, we all want to change your head.
 You tell me it's the institution.
 Well, you know, you better free your mind instead.
 But if you go carrying pictures of Chairman Mao,
 You ain't gonna make it with anyone anyhow,
 Don't you know it's gonna be alright, alright,
 alright.²⁷

The "poor theatre" of Jerzy Grotowski was not only the antithesis of O'Horgan's bounteous stagings, but also attracted the kind of religiosity that O'Horgan abhors. O'Horgan's typically new-world, anti-intellectual, populist view of words of theory, manifesto, and kindred academicism is apparent in his definition of what he refers to as the "The Grotowski madhouse," of the Sixties:

I suppose there was a decade when we were all doing the same things in the same places, with the same theories, but I just don't have that religious fervor or political commitment. That was just so much jerking off.²⁸

Peter Brook attended Grotowski's Wroclaw "research university"²⁹ during the summer of 1975. Brook sought alternatives to formulaic production methods that would replace "the deadly theatre." More theoretically engaged than O'Horgan, he defined three principal forms of theatre that share aspects of O'Horgan's practice. "The holy theatre," according to Brook, typified by the work of Artaud and Grotowski, was an idealistic theatre that spoke to the highest possibilities of mankind. O'Horgan has repeatedly used ritual and ceremony to evoke the more hallowed aspects of his audience members. Brook's "rough" theatre, embodied by Brecht's demystifying, popular theatre, is also to be

found in O'Horgan's works, often appearing in the same scene as a more sacred moment, to change the tempo and move the action along.

In common with O'Horgan's goal of a theatre of "total integration" is Peter Brook's concept of "immediate theatre," which focuses on the uniting of the participants:

I think that the moment the separation between any of the elements [of theatre] ceases, the moment there's no longer actor, author, subject, spectator--the moment all those fuse together into a new unity--and that unity has a taste that is different from a taste one can get anywhere else in an evening, day, life--then the theatre exists.³⁰

The significance of the etymology of the term "entertainment" to O'Horgan, something "mutually held," and the notion that "the only definition that truly describes theatre is an appointment in time between the audience and the actors,"³¹ are views shared, if differently articulated, by Brook:

At the beginning of a performance, you have a number of people, fifty, five hundred, two thousand people, all of whom are self-contained fragments with no natural flow going between them. . . .

One comes into a special surrounding, which is an amphitheatre--an amphitheatre has only one virtue: it brings people together--and one sees that the more different the people together, in the end, the better result. And then, through a number of steps, through the fact that--perhaps the theme, perhaps the rhythms, perhaps the work of the actor perhaps the presence of the actor, all those together gradually attract a common interest, so already there's a common factor. Those people who are very different from one another, who have come together, begin to share a common interest.

Now that becomes dynamic, because the common interest turns into a common process, something begins to unroll and flow, shared by everyone. And then you have, like water comes to the boil, if you're lucky, a change of state.³²

As Ross Wetzsteon noted acutely,

Our Western traditional concept of personality seems to be regarded as a denial of our common humanity. . . . O'Horgan . . . seek[s] archetypal patterns and shared impulses which we will value all the more, rather than less, once we realize they are held in common.³³

Another commonality of these directors' work is the central element of collective creation, one shared by Ariane Mnouchkine, and others such as Joseph Chaikin³⁴ and Richard Schechner, who also formed companies in the 1960's. Such company members are asked to invest far more of their personal lives and views than more traditional "interpretative" actors might expect to give.

These directors all sculpt their productions with a mind to leaving a vivid memory on the inner eye of the beholder. O'Horgan has frequently observed that very little of his oeuvre has not been inspired by dreams. Artaud's vision of a revolutionary theatre that has the power to move its public to action, to effect positive personal and social change, that begins with the spectators' recognition of their sublimated, nightmarish obsessions:

The theatre will never find itself again . . . except by furnishing the spectator with the truthful precipitates of dreams, in which his taste for crime, his erotic obsessions, his savagery, his chimeras, his utopian sense of life and matter, even his cannibalism, pour out, on a level not counterfeit and illusory, but interior.³⁵

O'Horgan's aims as an artist are certainly to delight and enlighten, to "let the sunshine in." To that end, his theatre's healing disturbances are focused on "integration of all kinds."³⁶ And at its most successful, as with Hair, his "theatre is not representational but reality--the method of seeking that fusion of the physical and spiritual, of ourselves and others, which is our lost Eden."³⁷

Key to O'Horgan's achievements are his developmental methods, "I've been lucky, in devising methods of working with people so that they enjoy themselves, and it becomes a wonderful kind of co-operative, growing circumstance."³⁸ Though his early studies of musical composition, counterpoint, ensemble orchestration, exposition and argumentation, and form and analysis, are recognizably the basis for his ability to craft dramatic structures, it is his trust and generosity of spirit that draw out the best from his collaborators. Ellen Stewart identifies this as O'Horgan's greatest asset.

Tom is very patient with actors, and he seems to know how to find the particular gift of the person and use that as the potential in their development. He is very kind. . . . with tender, loving care, he'll help you become confident--he's very humane.³⁹

Ultimately, for O'Horgan, it is the actors' "personal truth and focus"⁴⁰ that can, at best, bring to life the concepts and images of their collaboration, leaving us with "incandescent moments"⁴¹ that provide a vivid, life-affirmation of our shared humanity, aliveness, and presence.

Beyond his obvious respect for the intelligence and suggestions of his team, O'Horgan has developed a broad range of theatre games and exercises, that nurture both individual performers, and group functioning. They develop performers to "be thought, you cannot act thought, it is too swift,"⁴² Appendix E outlines O'Horgan's workshop aims and exercises. These exercises not only enrich his work with the fruits of the groups' collective imaginations, but also provide his companies with the self-assurance necessary to powerfully communicate the magic they have prepared, despite the vicissitudes of texts, locations, and audiences, and frequently insufficient rehearsal time.

Whether from past experience, other shows, or auditions, O'Horgan selects players of diverse talents and attributes, who are needful of the associative creative spirit. His casting begins not with character-type and professional skills in mind alone, but with an eye to the overall cumulative effect, visually, vocally and dynamically, of the range and diversity of the resulting troupe. Of equal importance is the personal disposition and imagination of each individual who, over countless hours of workshops and rehearsals, may contribute as much to the content as to the style of the work in question.

Need, urban survival skills, and robust mental and physical health are also principal factors in the often mutual selection of the individuals invited to join

O'Horgan's working group. Considerable time and effort are required of company members, in order for O'Horgan to help "let them express their beauty and soul."⁴³ Working together as often as possible, for little, if any, remuneration, in a city with the high cost of living that New York calls for considerable grit and commitment from the members of O'Horgan's company.

For a director who believes that "theatre's not a narcotic, it's an awakening I want to lift the audience out of its seat. I want to enliven people, to pull them into the energy line of their lives,"⁴⁴ one might imagine rehearsals to be explosive occurrences. They are not. Ross Wetzsteon has captured the tenor of O'Horgan's rehearsals:

He guides rehearsals as if conducting an orchestra, pointing at performers to cue them when to speak, referring to allegro and crescendo, concerned as much with the rhythm of a speech as its meaning.

But the thing most characteristic of his rehearsal style, I found in several hours of watching him prepare The Leaf People, was an astonishingly quiet and democratic openness--He seems to direct by quiet question, "Is there any reason you can't move over there instead?" he'll ask. "Not at all." "Well could we try it that way then?" Later, an actor suggests a change in position, and O'Horgan gently quiets the company. "Could you all listen to this?" he asks, "It's important." And he nods to the actor to tell the company his suggestion.

"Let me ask this question"--the phrase is used over and over, like a verbal tic, as he seems almost to be directing by vote. There's never any question of who's in charge, however. As one of the cast says, "It's only the insecure directors who're tyrannical. Tom's secure enough to listen."

In addition to creating an unusual sense of rapport in the company, this directorial method carries with it an implicit vision, similar to Chaikin, that performance is an act of investigation. . . . says a member of the cast, ". . . Tom doesn't even think blocking has much to do with directing. With him you feel mainly a constant sense of questioning. This isn't like most theatre, where people just land a role like other people take a job. This is like a dangerous exploration we've all undertaken together."⁴⁵

The resulting works, as we have seen, are often rich, flamboyant affairs that may call on their performers to be psychically, and sometimes physically, naked before each other and their audiences. O'Horgan orchestrates his players' imaginations, skills, and knowledge, as well as their naiveté and wonder, through improvisations and rehearsals, yielding performances designed to leave vivid, long-lasting, surreal impressions. In time, as the company's mutual trust and flexibility develop, its members' creative contributions are maximized, as is their ability to create and sustain what O'Horgan calls "subliminal residue. For me, the success of the piece is the quantity of residual memory--residual image, versus spoon-fed predigested information."⁴⁶

At the frequent rehearsals and readings at the director's loft, the concentration and enjoyment in the work, by the considerable number of seasoned and younger actors, designers, and technicians that respond so readily to O'Horgan's calls to new projects, reflect the high professional esteem in which the director is held. Though

O'Horgan subscribes to the tendency in theatre over the past forty or fifty years to replace or at least tame and subordinate the writer, as in movies, he has increasingly worked on creative projects that include a parallel group of writers. They often participate in the performers' workshops and rehearsals, as well as writing, editing, and adapting the material of the themes being treated in response to the actors' interpretative contributions. O'Horgan believes this has, to a degree, resolved the isolated playwright's need to "make a director-proof, actor-proof structure. They never come away from that. Basically writers take performers and the creative end of the theatre as their first line enemies."⁴⁷

When working with designers, O'Horgan's method again, is to offer the widest leeway imaginable. Though not for the faint of heart, this approach has brought forth amazing designs from designers of Robin Wagner's scale. Discussing ideas with Wagner for the design of Jesus Christ Superstar, O'Horgan had sought a sense of the outer limits of the Mark Hellinger Theatre, and they had gone to the farthest reaches of the upper balcony. Looking down on the stage he had wondered, "What would it be like if the people in the front row had this view?" This simple question was sufficient stimulation for Wagner to begin designing. The show consequently opened with the entire floor pivoted to the vertical. It slowly declined with the opening music, as the

entire cast crawled forward over its edge and slid down towards the audience, until the floor was horizontal.

O'Horgan's desire to shock and amaze his audiences has been interpreted by detractors as camp extravagance that offends as an end in itself. Audiences seeking art which disturbs, stimulates, develops, and attempts to burn long-lasting images into their inner minds' eyes, however, are ever in search of the extraordinary, including unflattering revelations about life, the U.S., and themselves. O'Horgan believes the theatre to be based on hospitality, and it is our often isolated, desolate human condition and inhumanity which his works point to as the real obscenity.

The paradox of O'Horgan's large productions and access to a wider audience, lies in the essentially mediocre nature of the majority. Despite the universal access to mainstream commercial film and television, the market rules reflect an abysmal demand for formula--pabulum. (McDonald's restaurants worldwide boast of "billions and billions sold," as a result of their packaging and aggressive marketing strategies.) The work of artists like O'Horgan will require private and public funding for their research and development. Will sizable audiences attend even then? Perhaps developmental work can rarely hope to have a large audience. O'Horgan thinks not, and hopes that his "Arena Shamanist, Farcical, Slapstick, Political, Hootchy Kootch, Wonder Carnivals" will

attract investors willing to gamble on over-estimating the American public.

Perhaps, as Artaud might have argued, if the cruelty of selfishness and mindlessness becomes intense enough, the next generation will seek, demand, pay for, and nurture excellence from its artists as well as we do from athletes today. O'Horgan's best patrons are probably young, venturesome people looking for different theatrical thrills. He won enough of them once to sustain a big show. Perhaps that was a fluke of its time, and the sheer novelty of Off-Off Broadway on Broadway, a miracle, as O'Horgan refers to it. Can he or his troupe can the interest to raise the capital to raise curtain on the next theatrical revolution? For O'Horgan, the honey dance, continues.

The introduction to the first work of the Lies, Cries, and Size trilogy, marks his targets as the classic quarry of comedy. "There is little truth in commerce, less of it in religion, and absolutely none of it in politics."⁴⁸ He then identifies what may well be the central issue of the theatre, and its application to his proposal. "Truth is the most elusive quality of life, and what better person to prove our point than world famous composer and bombastic pathological liar, Richard Wagner?"⁴⁹ O'Horgan then identifies the genre in which he is working, and outlines the action's thrills and spills, complete with the work's resolution, one that is close to his heart:

In this cartoon opera buffa, our anti-hero manages to manipulate the King of Bavaria, monopolize the bank of Sweden, denounce a Jewish father, institutionalize a wife, father numerous illegitimate children, and destroy the careers of several up and coming conductors--all in the course of one half hour!

How does Richard Wagner redeem his Götterdämmerung of lies? By revolutionizing for eternity the one thing to which he remains true. Music.⁵⁰

The high jinks of Olsen and Johnson, and Big Me reverberate still.

The second piece, Cries, in broad comic guise, contains O'Horgan's cri de coeur for a fully-sentient world that can wrest its destiny from global corporate oligarchies and others intent on the continued dumbing down of the populace, replacing substance with packaging for their own profit-hungry ends.

Imagine a world where there are no countries, only large corporations. A world governed by a class of tycoon scientists. A restless, overpopulated world impossible to govern.

But there is a solution close at hand.

Teams of highly skilled scientists have been sent to third world countries to "treat" expectant mothers by altering the genetic structure of their unborn fetuses. The slightly retarded, unconditionally loving, gentle, and beautiful creatures that result from these experiments have become all the rage for lonely, wealthy owners like Muriel Kent, who is about to receive two such "house pets" of her own--Adam and Eve.

Yet somewhere in this chaotic world, numbed by the morals of a new class of scientist dictators, Muriel is the only soul who regains consciousness in the midst of chaos, precipitates disaster, and rescues the two souls she once abused from a loveless, lifeless oblivion.⁵¹

The last piece in the trilogy, though in different context, returns to the theme of an earlier O'Horgan romp,

Big Me. Size focuses in outlandish fashion on another universal component of man's folly, a dramatic subject as old as the theatre itself, the phallus.

The colossus of Rhodes, the Eiffel tower, the Empire State Building. Since the beginning of time man has been preoccupied with the matter of size in relation to all of his erections--one in particular. And it is the dimension of this "member," that is the focus of our third opera.

It's a stormy night and a stalled car that brings Dick Johnson to Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey where he first meets Veronica Villandorf, a frustrated forty year-old virgin on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She agrees to help him solve his problem if he will help her with hers. Joe gives in, and after the encounter he is delighted to find that his personal prowess has been increased by one inch. Could another visit mean another inch?

Soon, word of Ms. Villandorf's amazing effect on men elevates her to the status of a modern-day Venus, visited by all the powerful world leaders--even the Pope! Women's rights groups are outraged. The Mafia attempts an abduction. The Japanese want to buy Veronica. War! Violence! A global ejaculation!

The warning of this nightmare fable leaves us with the question: have we been thinking with the wrong part of our anatomy?⁵²

For the 1996 celebration of La Mama's thirty-fifth anniversary of producing and presenting new and experimental works, O'Horgan appropriately contributed three premieres.⁵³ In an introductory curtain speech, O'Horgan described the works as "a grim fairy tale, word jazz, and poetic drama." Styled fantastically for the large La Mama Annex, with painterly sets designed by Alexander Tinti, they were the next steps of "the honey dance." Typically, O'Horgan's contribution to the anniversary was also a "memory of the future"⁵⁴--looking back, and forward, to the need for an

active company to produce contemporary, experimental works of style and content for the next millennium. The production celebrated the debut of O'Horgan's new troupe. The title of the company's latest incarnation says much of the perseverance and intent of its seventy-two-year-old director: the "La Mama 2000 Repertory Company."

With a curriculum vitae that spans more than sixty years,⁵⁵ as catalogued here in Appendix F, O'Horgan's professional philosophy, style, and methods have been developed and honed over countless scripts, casting quests, rehearsal hours, and performance proofs. This is the legacy that this new company inherits, one that may inform future generations of "theatricals" seeking their own interpretation of their craft and era. "I'm going to go on doing what I've been doing all along," says O'Horgan, "and that is creating some sort of magic, because that's what theatre is all about. I believe in transformations."⁵⁶

Notes

1. Wunderlich interview with O'Horgan, November 28, 1983.
2. Interview with O'Horgan, March 24, 1993.
3. See Appendix E for workshop aims and goals.
4. See Appendix F.
5. May 3, 1993.
6. Including Starmania, Palais des Congrès, Paris, 1979; Les Troyens, Vienna State Opera House, 1976; Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band On the Road, The Beacon Theatre, NYC, and the Regent Theatre, Sydney, 1975; Jesus Christ Superstar, The Amphitheater, Universal Studios, Hollywood, 1972; Jesus Christ Superstar, Mark Hellinger Theatre, Broadway, 1971; Lenny, Brooks Atkinson Theatre, Broadway, 1970; and seven productions of Hair.
7. O'Horgan's May 3rd, 1993 project proposal, drawn up as a statement of intent, as a basis for soliciting prospective producers' involvement.
8. Post-war British cartoonist and comedic monologist, whose work was principally concerned with absurdist, often whimsical, fantasies on concert music and musicians.
9. O'Horgan proposal, *ibid*.
10. *Ibid*.
11. *Ibid*.
12. *Ibid*.
13. *Ibid*.
14. *Ibid*.
15. *Ibid*.
16. *Ibid*.
17. *Ibid*. See Appendix D for more of O'Horgan's reflections on the politics and celebration of sexuality.
18. *Ibid*.
19. *Ibid*.

20. Ibid.
21. Bertolt Brecht, "A Short Organum for the Theatre," Brecht on Theatre, 179.
22. Brockett, 604.
23. Ibid.
24. Artaud, 93.
25. Ross Wetzsteon, "Chaikin and O'Horgan Survive the '60s," Village Voice, Vol. XX, No. 44, November 3, 1975, 81, 82, 84, 86.
26. Kenneth Brown, The Brig, 25.
27. Copyright 1968, Northern Songs Limited.
28. Ross Wetzsteon, "Chaikin and O'Horgan Survive the '60's," Village Voice, Vol. XX, No. 44, November 3, 1975, 81, 82, 84, 86.
29. Under the sponsorship of the Théâtre des Nations.
30. Peter Brook, cited in Ronald Harwood, "Makers of Magic," All the World's a Stage, 16.
31. See Appendix E.
32. Ibid.
33. Wetzsteon, *ibid.*
34. Who also attended the 1975 Grotowski workshop.
35. Artaud, 92.
36. See Chapter 4, 100.
37. Wetzsteon, *ibid.*
38. Interview with O'Horgan, March 24, 1993.
39. Interview with Ellen Stewart, May 21, 1993.
40. O'Horgan, see Appendix E.
41. O'Horgan, see Appendix A.
42. O'Horgan, see Appendix E.

43. Interview with Castelli, January 19, 1997.
44. Wetzsteon, *ibid.*
45. *Ibid.*
46. O'Horgan interview with Lawrence Wunderlich, November 28, 1983.
47. Interview with O'Horgan, March 24, 1993.
48. *Ibid.*
49. *Ibid.*
50. *Ibid.*
51. O'Horgan, *ibid.*
52. O'Horgan, *ibid.*
53. See Appendix F.
54. The title of a 1981 Danish National Television production directed by O'Horgan and written by Elsa Gress.
55. See Appendix F.
56. Quoted by John Gruen, The New York Times Magazine, January 2, 1972, 20.

Appendix AMemory Short Circuit

The mind is a spider web of steel girders that can, with the slightest overload, crash into a tangle. Memories separated by decades can knot together.

A friend of mine insisted on seeing Dreams, Akira Kurosawa's amazing film. He hated it, but I was disturbed and deeply moved. The opening episode was about a ten-year-old Japanese boy. Probably Kurosawa's memory of himself.

The next day, I awoke drenched with the film. That noon, at one of my regular haunts, I looked up from my meal, and sitting across from me was a Japanese family. A mother, a father, a grandmother, and a ten-year-old boy. They were obviously tourists visiting New York. The father was pointing out and explaining foreign things to his son.

Then, in a sudden blur, not an "Industrial Light and Magic" trick, but a soft bend in time, I was standing, with my friend Marc, on the brow of a hill overlooking Nagasaki harbor. It was a few years earlier, on a trip to Japan, I thought to myself, "It wasn't that long ago we vaporized this beautiful place."

I turned away, and up the hill, directly in front of me was a marble statue of a Japanese woman dressed in traditional costume. Mr. Higashi, the theatrical director

of the Tokyo Kid Brothers theater, who was showing us the very special sights of Japan, was standing there.

"Who is this woman?"

"She was Hizi Koyke, a great soprano, who sang the role of Cho Cho San all over the world."

Then, in a blink, I was nine years old, sitting with my father, in the balcony of Chicago's Auditorium Theater. We were waiting for a performance of Madama Butterfly to begin [See Chapter 1, Endnote 5]. My father was pointing out the conductor, the orchestra, and the proscenium arch. The curtains parted, and I saw a bluish garden with tiny flickering lights that were supposed to be fireflies. It was my first opera, I have never been the same.

My father didn't care for opera, he said it sounded to him like the maternity ward of the Cook County Hospital, but he felt I should experience it. In the twinkling of an eye, I was back at the restaurant staring at the little Japanese family. Quickly, I placed some money on the table, and ran into the street trying to breathe.

Life is like a long circuit of incandescent moments that call out in the darkness to each other. Once in a while a piece of art, no matter how distant, can illuminate a forgotten corner of your life.

Tom O'Horgan, April 12, 1997.

Appendix BMind Bytes

I was an eighteen year-old soldier stationed in Asheville, North Carolina. I played in an army band, my life was music. It was early spring. One afternoon I went into town to spend some time in my favorite record shop. In those days record shops had private listening rooms.

I was in one of those rooms, I had just dropped the needle on a recording of Ravel's sonatina for piano. Even though I was far from home, and lonely, and there was a war going on, at the sound of the music I was at peace. There was a small window in that room. It was slightly ajar, and the smell of spring engulfed me.

Now, whenever I hear that sonata, I can smell that spring.

What a wonder the mind is, filled with gems of memory that can call back all the sounds, smells, and emotions, if we can find the key.

There is another sound that can trigger a whole moment for me: when I hear the rustling of small creatures (birds or mice) in dry reeds.

It was many years after my soldier's tale, I was in Denmark with my acting company. It was the first time I had been in that enchanted country. The troupe was staying in an old school house some distance outside of Copenhagen.

Elsa Gress was our hostess and guardian, she kept us under control and fed us constantly. Elsa was not externally beautiful, but her soul and mind were awesome. She looked, with her thick glasses and round face, a bit like a Boston Bull pup I had owned, named Maggie.

One long winter night, one of the first nights of our stay, we sat around a large table drinking wine and listening to Elsa tell stories. One-by-one the listeners disappeared, I found myself on the stairs to my attic room.

This was an ancient thatched-roof building, straight out of Hans Christian Anderson. Thatchers literally sew the thatching to the roof with long needles. I was stopped in my tracks by the sound of some small animals living in the thatch. Suddenly out of the shadow Elsa appeared. She kissed me on the lips. We stood there for an awkward moment. She must have known this was impossible, and swiftly ran down the stairs.

Over the years, I learned to love Elsa deeply, and wished I might have fulfilled that moment. Now Elsa is gone, but each time I hear a rustling or rattling in some dry reeds, the perfume, the awkwardness, the longing returns in a perfect, imperishable image.

Tom O'Horgan, April 19, 1996

Appendix CTheism

Consider the possibility, that this massive slow-motion explosion we call the universe is only part of a process, that after billions of eons it reverses its action and begins to implode, and crushes back down to its original point of combustion. Then starts the whole routine over again, and over again, and over again. Perhaps this has been going on for an inconceivable amount of time.

The inescapable thought is that during some earlier time-scale there may have been some parallel worlds, eras, or existence.

Grasping a more realistic sense of time is more than being mesmerized by the click off of seconds on your wrist watch. An image I find helpful is to think of the few feet of soil eroded each year by the Niagara Falls. It is estimated that, at this rate, in fifty-thousand years the falls will be in Flint, Michigan, or whatever there is in that spot. I can almost grasp this example. It's the wonder of these time comparisons that causes us to have hysterical ideas like God.

My problem with Theism is that it abnegates responsibility, and in the hands of the powerful it is a powerful tool.

Any religion that denigrates the individual, and his unique moment of existence, by visions of after-life, and reincarnation, aids the forces that control the masses to the advantage of those forces.

As far as we know in all this inconceivable universe, and it may, or may not be of any concern to any other intelligence in the great void, but this one of a kind, spirit finger print, passes by only once, and that is what should be celebrated.

Tom O'Horgan, July 20, 1995

Appendix D

Two Decades

Throughout our history, periods of enlightenment come and go. The Sixties and the Seventies were about many kinds of enlightenment. They were called freedom-seeking, political-thought-racial integrating, but down deep, underneath it all, was the unspeakable concept of Messasexualism [sic].

Messasexualism is not homosexuality, or any form of bisexuality. It is more related to Agape than Eros, that is more related to spiritual love than erotic love. It takes the energy of the male and the nurturing aspects of the female and fuses them. This strikes a blow at the bastions of the ancient Patriarchal system. In the Sixties, when males began to grow their hair long, espouse anti-war sentiments, and openly demonstrate against the U.S. involvement in Vietnam, the Patriarchal fist began to clench.

During the Sixties, with its sexual re-centering, a large percentage of the so-called straight men experienced homosexual relationships. This did not mean that they were in any way homosexual. They were expressing that part of their sexual spectrum that had been denied them. With the onslaught of the AIDS plague, once again these relationships are unthinkable.

Sexuality is one of the most natural and wonderful gifts bestowed on human kind, and its control is one of the oldest red herring-slight-of-hand tricks used by those in charge, to keep the unruly under thumb. Guilt is one of the strongest shackles ever devised.

In the early Forties, when the sulfa and antibiotic drugs were discovered, a world-wide network was proposed to monitor venereal disease. Complete eradication was within the realm of possibilities. However, the medical world, and the Patriarchal right, put a stop to it. Granted this does sound like science fiction, but the more information about the Tuskegee experiment is known, the more plausible it sounds.

If that global grid had been constructed back in the Forties, in all probability AIDS would not have evolved in the way that it has. In the early part of this century a planet-wide influenza epidemic killed twenty-five million. With the Ebola virus, and yet unknown killers, a similar medical world grid has been suggested. Once again we are told that we haven't the money to pay for it, although we can find billions for planes that will never fly. As always it is the masturbation of the Patriarchal right. The simple fact is we will pay for it now, or later.

The Sixties and Seventies were a wondrous period of freedom, particularly sexual freedom. It was an unabashed rejoicing of human relationship, some deeper understanding

of erotic joy as a separate experience from higher spiritual love. The conservative right has found it handy to blame everything negative that happened on this period.

Carefully layered guilt has allowed no proper celebration of this Dionysian time. What was productive and good about this era has been squelched and denied.

If there is to be a celebration of this moment it must embody the humor and creative energy of the time. So much of the literature on this subject is dark and forlorn and filled with culpable blame. It must have the amazing excitement and ingenuity of these unlikely adventures.

A young man finds himself in the standee section of the opera. While listening to some of the most divine music ever created, he has a complete sexual experience, from both directions.

Three men go to a fast-food restaurant, they sit at a long table. A young, good-looking stranger is across from them. The eyes of the third man and the stranger meet. The stranger leaves the table, and in a moment the third man excuses himself. The two meet upstairs. A short time later the third man returns. No one was the wiser, at least, if they were, none let on.

A friend pulls a young man into a dark bedroom. He is admonished to be silent. He takes off his clothes.

A third man drags him into bed. No one talks. The three have extraordinary sex. Afterwards the light is turned on. The third man is his brother.

Along with these lively adventures, the celebration must have a deep political base. It must say the things that no one is saying to this repressed group.

"What has evolved now is places set up to allow folk mostly vicarious sexual experiences--it's quite contained: a guy from Ames, Iowa comes to New York and encounters that for the first time, with drinks, drugs, flashing lights. In the Sixties it seems that one went far beyond this "end," to explore the infinity of intimacy through and beyond this initial recognition of sexual and emotional/spiritual love. The most important thing is that it diminishes the moment you're living--the guilt control of the power-holders over the other 95% of us. My main pain is how much time does one have to do what one can? And, being a theatre person, what can I do? Is there any purpose to making art at all?

Tom O'Horgan, July 20, 1995

Appendix E

Workshop Aims and Goals

When observing an American theatre performance, I am struck by the hodgepodge of styles. We are quick to say, that is what America is about. Perhaps to some degree this is true. The English have opted for a fiercely technique-driven style that tends to eradicate individualism. As in ballet on occasion, a talent is strong enough to break through this kind of technical strait jacket. The ideal would be to find a way to enhance the unique power of each actor, and still have a cohesive form and style to the overall performance.

Acting is always the same no matter if it's classic or modern theatre, film, TV, or opera. It is finding the personal truth and focus, in an extreme close-up or a two-thousand-seat house.

When forming a new theatre group you are faced with a wide spectrum of talent, because of experience, age, and background. Learning in any art comes primarily from facing new challenges and rubbing up against other artists.

What is the best way to level the playing area, to make compatible the various acting forms, and degrees of experience?

First, we must decide what theatre is. There is a great confusion between the stage and the recorded forms.

Many young actors come to New York to be in theatre primarily to audition for film or TV, as if these idioms were vaguely similar. Film is something you watch in a dark room in a near hypnotic state, and TV is more closely related to the telephone.

The only definition that truly describes theatre is an appointment in time between the audience and the actors. It is present and never the same. Theatre is totally alert, totally awake. If not, it isn't theatre. The actors must keep nudging the audience; and say, "You're alive! You do exist!

The theatre is one of the last places people can come together for a group experience, and it is important to keep developing forms that bring people together.

A technique must be evolved that will satisfy both modern and classical drama, realistic and abstract acting. A process that can instantaneously open a path to the actors' real, intellectual, and emotional center.

Many performers feel acting is hiding, and hiding is what much of our theatre has been devoted to for the last ninety years. It is not easy for an actor to accept real freedom or responsibility on stage. Most actors are ambivalent: "What am I supposed to feel? What's this about? Who am I?" These are important matters, but I must know who I am, not whom I will pretend to be. Most methods boil down to acting thought. This inevitably elicits a shallow and

false reality. You must be thought, you cannot act thought, it is too swift.

The theatre group must have a common physical language, and a process that will give immediate access to the energy center of each performer.

The first part of each session will be devoted to group exploratory exercises. These will prepare for the second part of the day's work, THE PLAY.

To that end these are some of the exercises:

- Breathing: The breath is the engine of the actor.
Diaphragm, heart beat, pulse, breath and movement, phrasing.
- Voice: Range, color, vowels, consonance, fricatives, melody.
- Movement: Shape (round, angular), texture (soft, sharp), tempo (fast motion, slow motion, staccato), freeze, sculpting.
- Vision: Eye movement, blind exploration, texture and color, memory, visual transformation.
- Ganglion
Memory Setting the secondary brain free. Putting duties on the subconscious--two things at once or more diversifying what the brain can do.
- Sensual
Vocabulary Building a bank of sensual images for instant use (fire, ice, wet, sweet, tart, color,

sex).

The Crawl

A Synapse exercise (origin: Chicago friend, pianist Bill Mitchell, to help neurological impairment; one relinquishes one's control to five other people; personal and group function benefits)

Right Brain/
Left Brain

Conversation between the two hemispheres of the brain; intellectual/emotional intercourse.

The Row

A slow motion cross-over, with activities and a secret through-line idea carried independently. "The Row" refers to a Schönberg technique of twelve tones to permute with specific patterning and distance to go; atonality.

Tom O'Horgan, November 20, 1995

Appendix FChronology

Months and dates indicated are opening nights. Names are reproduced from the program or poster; there may be some disparities in the spelling.

- 1924 born in Chicago, IL
May 3
- 1934 Hansel and Gretel (operetta version) (Hansel)
 by Engelbert Humperdinck
 Robert Louis Stevenson School
 Melrose Park, IL
- 1934 Punch and Judy (puppeteer)
 Punch and Judy Puppet Theatre (built by his
 father)
 Melrose Park, IL
- 1935 Tom Sawyer (Tom)
 by Mark Twain
 Robert Louis Stevenson School
 Melrose Park, IL
- 1936 Doom of The Earth
 opera by Tom O'Horgan
 A fifteen-minute opera; greatly influenced by
 Flash Gordon.
- 1936 Boy soprano soloist
 River Forest Episcopal Church
 River Forest, IL
- 1936 Vocal study with Robert Shehan
 Riverside, IL
- 1936 Devises & creates a fun house for the neighborhood.
 Melrose Park, IL
- 1937 The fun house eventually makes its way into the
 Grace Episcopal Church
 Riverforest, IL
- 1937 Why the Chimes Rang (child actor)
 Maywood Players
 Maywood, IL 1937 The Ring
 by Wagner

By turning the marionette puppet theatre upside down, Tom is able to create an abbreviated string-puppet version of this opera.
Melrose Park, IL

- 1937 child actor with Maywood Players
Maywood, IL
- 1938 Tom creates a magic show for the neighbors after seeing The Great Thurston. The highlight of the show is the disappearing dog trick (done with mirrors in the bathroom).
Melrose Park, IL
- 1938 Dance studies at the Billy Wormolts Studio
- 1939 Begins piano and music theory with William Hughes
Oak Park, IL
- 1941 Harp studies with Marie Ludwig
Lyon and Healy
Chicago, IL
- 1942 The Time of Your Life (director, Dudley)
by William Saroyan
Staged reading
Proviso High School
Maywood, IL
- 1942 Macbeth (musical score)
by William Shakespeare
Directed by Dr. Maurice Gnesin
The Goodman Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1943 Arsenic and Old Lace (director, Mortimer)
by Joseph Kesselring
Staged reading
Proviso High School
Maywood, IL
- 1943 Drafted into U.S. Army
played horn and harp in a military band
- 1946 Entered De Paul University, School of Music
Sept 16
- 1946 Messiah (tenor soloist)
by Handel
Maywood Choral Society
Maywood, IL

- 1947 harpist with
The Chicago Young People's Orchestra
Chicago, IL
and
The Joliet Symphony Orchestra
Joliet, IL
- 1947 The Mix (music, libretto, director)
A street corner cantata about racial mixture.
Wabash Avenue and Lake Street
Chicago, IL
- 1947 Eileen (operetta) (singer, actor, conductor)
by Victor Herbert
Alternates between singing the leading role
(Barry O'Day) and conducting the orchestra.
De Paul University Theater
Chicago, IL
- 1947 Dear Brutus (musical score)
by James Barrie
Directed by Bella Itkin
De Paul University Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1948 Stabat Mater (tenor soloist)
by Rossini
Chicago Presbyterian Church
Chicago, IL
- 1948 Bastien und Bastienne (opera) (director, singer)
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
A small touring group of students from De Paul
that performed with a concert version of
"The Liebeslieder Waltzes" by Johannes
Brahms
with Dorathea Bradbeck, Herman Baldesare,
Mildred Smith, Tom O'Horgan, Elaine
Mitchell, William Mitchell
Chicago, IL and the Midwest
- 1948 "Ich baue ganz auf deine Starke" (singer)
From Die Entführung aus dem Serail
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
De Paul Symphony Orchestra
Chicago, IL
- 1949 Studies musical composition with Leon Stein
De Paul University
Chicago, IL
- 1949 The Merry Widow (tenor, actor)

by Franz Lehar
 Sang role of Camille de Rosillon. Georgio
 Tozzi appeared in this production.
 De Paul University Theater
 Chicago, IL

- 1949 The Candid Man, The Heart, I Saw a Man (musical score)
 Poems by Stephen Crane
 Composes music for three Epigrammatic poems by Stephen Crane in an atonal style, set for a tenor and string quartet.

The Candid Man' (singer, composer)

Forth went the candid man
 And spoke freely to the wind--
 When he looked about him he was in a far
 strange country.

Forth went the candid man
 And spoke freely to the stars--
 Yellow light tore sight from his eyes.

"My good fool," said a learned bystander
 "Your operations are mad."

"You are too candid," cried the candid man
 And when his stick left the head of the learned
 bystander
 It was two sticks.

The Heart²

In the desert
 I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
 Who, squatting upon the ground,
 Held his heart in his hands,
 And ate of it.
 I said, "Is it good, friend?"
 "It is bitter--bitter," he answered;
 "But I like it,
 Because it is bitter,
 And because it is my heart."

I Saw A Man³

I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
 Round and round they sped.
 I was disturbed at this;
 I accosted the man.
 "It is futile," I said.

"You can never--"

"You lie," he cried,
And ran on.

Midwest Symposium of New Music
Northwestern University
Evanston, IL

- 1949 Bachelor of Music degree
June 5 De Paul University
Chicago, IL
- 1950 Studies musical composition and orchestration with
Alexander Tcherepnin.
De Paul University
Chicago, IL
- 1950 Sop Doll (composer)
An Appalachian folk opera; composition master's
thesis
De Paul University
Chicago, IL
- 1950 Master of Music degree
June 14 De Paul University
Chicago, IL
- 1950 Sonata For Trumpet and Piano (composer)
Midwest Symposium of New Music
Northwestern University
Evanston, IL
- 1950 Graduates with a master's degree in music from
De Paul University
Chicago, IL
- 1950-52 The White Guards (top tenor)
A touring singing group of The Ben Yost
Singers; plays on same bill as Victor
Borge, Wally Cox, Sammy Davis, Jr., The
Great Yonelli, and The Wier Brothers, among
others.
New York, NY
Chicago, IL
and the midwest
- 1952 Woyzeck (musical score)
by Georg Büchner
Directed by Paul Sills
with Ed Asner (Woyzeck), Zohra Lampert, Eugene
Troobnick, Tom Erhart, Anthony Holland,

Barbara Harris, Byrn Piven, Owen "Jerry"
Cunliffe
Playwrights Theatre
Chicago, IL

- 1952 Volpone (musical score)
by Ben Jonson
Directed by Paul Sills
with Ed Asner (Volpone), Eugene Troobnick, Mike
Nichols, Marvin Peisner, Zohra Lampert,
David Shepard, Joyce Hiller, Byrn Piven
Playwrights Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1953 Henry The Fourth, Part I (musical score)
by William Shakespeare
Directed by Paul Sills
with Byrn Piven, Ed Asner, Robert Kidd, Lee
Henry
Playwrights Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1953 A Midsummer Night's Dream (musical score)
by William Shakespeare
Directed by Bill Alton
with Barbara Harris, Ed Asner, Elaine May,
Zohra Lampert, Bill Alton, Robert Kidd, Lee
Henry, Byrn Piven
Playwrights Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1953 Peer Gynt (musical score)
by Henrik Ibsen
Directed by Paul Sills
with Byrn Pivin, Joyce Hiller, Anthony Holland
Playwrights Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1953 Romeo and Juliet (musical score)
by William Shakespeare
Directed by Henry Weinstein
with Gene Halbath, Ed Asner, Byrn Piven, Rolf
Forsberg
Playwrights Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1953 Muriel Abott Revue (actor, singer, harpist)
with Bambi Lynn (who had danced the part of
Laurie in the "Dream Ballet" in the
original Oklahoma (1943), Rod Alexander,
Leo de Lion (first vocal multiphonics in
the U.S.), Lulu Bates, and Joe Howard, then

75 years old, composer of the song "Hello
Ma Baby" (1909).

Palmer House
Chicago, IL

- 1954 The Dybbuk (musical score)
by Shloyme Anski
Directed by Byrn Piven
with Alex Horn, Ed Asner, Joyce Hiller,
Creighien Clarke, Owen "Jerry" Cunliffe,
Bob Smith, Richard Davidson, Barbara Harris
Playwrights Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1954 Pardon My Antenna (harpist, actor, singer)
by Olsen and Johnson
Directed by Olsen and Johnson
Harris Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1954 The Tempest (musical score)
by William Shakespeare
Directed by Rolf Forsberg
with Edward Asner, Zohra Alton (Lampert), Lee
Henry, Bill Alton, Barbara Harris, Eugene
Troobnik, Bob Smith, Elane May, Mae Munro,
Carol Horning, Sandra Boikin, Joyce Hiller,
Lucille De Vise, Gene Halboth, Paull Sills,
Rolf Forsberg, Byrne Piven
Playwrights Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1954 Miss Julie (musical score)
by August Strindberg
Directed by Elaine May
with Zohra Lampert, Ed Asner, Joyce Hiller,
Barbara Harris, Owen "Jerry" Cunliffe
Playwrights Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1955 The Olsen and Johnson Show (harpist, actor,
singer)
by Olsen and Johnson
Directed by Olsen and Johnson
Italian Village
San Francisco, CA
- 1955-58 Nightclub act (harpist, singer)
Plays with Mort Sahl, the Kingston Trio, and
Professor Irwin Corey; performed here
several times over the years.
the hungry i
San Francisco, CA
- 1955 Nightclub act (harpist, singer)

- Plays here with Odetta and Lenny Bruce.
Cosmo Alley
Los Angeles, CA
- 1955 The Art Linkletter Show (harpist, singer)
TV program
ABC
Los Angeles, CA
- 1956 Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts (contestant, winner)
TV program
CBS
New York, NY
- 1956 Nightclub act (harpist, singer)
Le Cupidon
New York, NY
- 1956 Nightclub act (harpist, singer)
Julius Monk's Upstairs at the Downstairs
Plays here with Annie Ross (later of Lambert,
Hendricks and Ross) and with Ronnie Graham
and Alice Ghostly.
New York, NY
- 1957 Macbeth (musical score)
by William Shakespeare
Directed by Rolf Forsberg
San Francisco Shakespeare Festival
San Francisco, CA
- 1957 The Tempest (new musical score)
by William Shakespeare
Directed by Rolf Forsberg
San Francisco Shakespeare Festival
San Francisco, CA
- 1957 The Dick Clark Show (harpist, singer)
TV program
Philadelphia, PA
- 1957 Jack Parr Talk Show (harpist, singer)
TV program
NBC
New York, NY
- 1958 Hamlet (musical score)
by William Shakespeare
Playwrights Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1959 Much Ado About Nothing (musical score)

- by William Shakespeare
Directed by Basil Langton
with Jerome Kilty, Barbara Baxley
Studebaker Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1959 A View From The Bridge (musical score)
by Arthur Miller
Directed by George Keathley
with Luther Adler, Alan Nixon, Louis Zorich
Studebaker Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1959 Lysistrata (musical score)
by Aristophanes
Directed by Paul Sills
with Elaine May, Barbara Harris, Mike Nichols,
Severn Darden, Eugene Troobnik
Studebaker Theatre
Chicago, IL
- 1959 Fallout (musical revue) (beatnik comedy harpist)
May 31 with Charles Nelson Reilly, Grover Dale,
Margaret Hall, Paul Dooley
Renata Theater
New York, NY
- 1959 Nightclub act (harpist, singer)
Sept Plays here with Geoffrey Holder.
Art D'Lugoff's Village Gate
New York, NY
- 1959 The Tempest (second new score)
Dec 27 by William Shakespeare
Directed by Rolf Forsberg
E. 74th St. Theatre
New York, NY
- 1960 Chicago Theater Ice Show (singing harpist)
Presentation House (film and stage show)
Chicago Theater
Chicago, IL
- 1960 Geoffrey Holder Dance Concert (harpist, composer)
92nd Street YMHA
New York, NY
- 1961 Dick Clark TV Variety Show
Comedy harp act
For a big finish, sings "Mack The Knife," then
pulls out a switchblade and cuts all the
harp strings.

- ABC TV
New York, NY
- 1961 Nightclub act (harpist, singer)
Plays here with Phyllis Diller, Jean Borge,
Tiger Haynes, Felicia Sanders and Kaye
Ballard
Bon Soir
New York, NY
- 1962 Nightclub act (harpist, singer)
Begins his relationship with this club on a
double bill with Beckett's Endgame
featuring Barry Primus and Tom Aldredge.
Later, O'Horgan plays there with Woody
Allen, Phyllis Diller, The Smothers
Brothers and "many others."
Crystal Palace
St. Louis, MO
- 1962 Clérambard (musical score)
by Marcel Aymé
Directed by Ted Flicker
At the same time O'Horgan plays at the Crystal
Palace, he composes the music for this
show, which ran concurrently.
Crystal Palace
St. Louis, MO
- 1962 Frances Farmer Talk Show (harpist, singer)
TV program
Indianapolis, IN
- 1962 Big Me (A sex change musical) (book, musical score,
and director)
Based on the book Little Me by Patrick Dennis
which was later made into a musical and
presented in "picture book" style with
captions of a fictitious actress with posed
actors.
with Steve Gary, James Wigfall, Kenneth Burton,
Barbara Vlachos, John Savastano, Billy
Henesey, Glen Campbell, Robert Rodriguez,
Jack Remy
Frankie's Tropical Bar
New York, NY
- 1962 Strings Can Really Hang You Up the Most (director,
writer, music, actor)
A musical revue.
Set designer: Ernest Trova
Crystal Palace
St. Louis, MO

- 1962 Dogs of the Waltz (director & musical score)
by Fred Landesman
92nd Street YMHA
New York, NY
- 1962 Nightclub act (harpist, singer)
Plays here with Nina Simone and Miriam Makeba.
Max Gordon's Village Vanguard
New York, NY
- 1962 Paul Hartman Revue (actor, singer, harpist)
Coconut Grove Playhouse
Coconut Grove, FL
- 1962 Dogs of the Waltz (musical score and director)
by Fred Landesman
92nd YMHA
New York, NY
- 1962 The Masters (author, director)
with Robert Rodriquez, Kenneth Burton
Caffe Cino
New York, NY
- 1963 To the Water Tower (revue) (musician, composer,
Apr 4 actor)
Improvisational theatre directed by Paul Sills.
with Barbara Harris, Severn Darden, Jimmy
Holland, Bob Dishy, Alan Arkin, Alan Alda
Second City
Square East
New York, NY
- 1963 Love and Variations (librettist, musical score and
Apr 29 director)
with Don Madia, Maggie List, Bob Dagny, Ray
Walsh
Caffe Cino
New York, NY
- 1963 When the Owl Screams (revue) (musician, composer)
Sept 12 Second City
Square East
New York, NY
- 1963 COP/Opera (composer, librettist, director)
Second City
New York, NY
- 1963 Bookstore Oratorio (concept; musical score and
director)

A piece of musical contraction of time,
 designed to introduce two individuals.
 Third Street Bookstore
 New York, NY

- 1963 Celebration Of "A" (text, musical score, and
 director)
 A parade and congregation all centering around
 the musical pitch "A"
 St. Mark's Theatre
 New York, NY
- 1963 Hotel Euphoria (film) (director, actor)
 by Elmer Kline
 with George Alvarez, Elmer Kline, Galen
 McKinley
- 1964 Open Season at the Second City (musician, composer)
 Jan 22 Second City
 Square East
 New York, NY
- 1964 The Wrecking Ball (musician, composer)
 Apr 15 Second City
 Square East
 New York, NY
- 1964 Babo 73 (film) (musical score)
 by Robert Downey, Sr.
 with Taylor Meade as the President of the
 United States of America.
 New York, NY
- 1964 The Jade Tea Cups of Prince Wo (musical score and
 director, lead actor
 by Elmer Kline
 Third Street Loft
 New York, NY
- 1964 Under The Cross-eyed Eagle (musical score and
 director)
 by Elmer Kline
 with James Felisiano, Steve Gary, Barbara
 Vlachos
 Third Street Loft
 New York, NY
- 1964 Imogene Coca Revue (singer, actor, harpist)
 Set designer: Robin Wagner
 Hilton Hotel
 St. Louis, MO

- 1964 The Maids (musical score and director)
 Oct 21 by Jean Genet
 with Steve Gary, Clay Haney, Tilla Petra
 Third Street Loft
 New York, NY
- 1964 The Maids (musical score and director)
 by Jean Genet
 with Steve Gary, Clay Haney, Mari-Claire Charba
 Cafe La Mama
 New York, NY
- 1964 Garden Of Earthly Faucets (a Chance Oratorio)
 (concept, score, director, actor, singer)
 "A grand festival chance masque" oratorio.
 An aleatoric event held together by time with a
 rhythm band, a chance orchestra, and a
 large cast including Harvey Milk, Robert
 Downey Sr., Galen McKinley, Elmer Kline,
 James Felisiano, Kenneth Burton, Sherley
 Stoller, Jean Reavey, Deborah Lee, Jeffery
 Aptor, Edward Bartoon, Frank Ventrola-De
 Somma, Christopher Cable, Tom O'Horgan,
 James Wigfall, Robert Rodriguez, Barbara
 Vlachos, Beverly Barone, John Savastano,
 Lafayette Melanson, Marlene Fisher, and
 Christopher Ross
 This piece also contained an example of
 "Orgasmic performance."
 Judson Memorial Church
 New York, NY
- 1964 Street Tour (concept, musical score, director)
 The audience was guided through the Village
 streets and encountered theatrical events.
 Streets of Greenwich Village
 New York, NY
- 1965 All Men Are Apes (film) (actor)
 by Robert Downey, Sr.
 Adelphia
- 1965 Chafed Elbows (film) (musical score, role of Puerto
 Rican brain surgeon)
 by Robert Downey, Sr.
 New York, NY
- 1965 OP'PRA/Saint Siegfried, or (How To Make a Hero)
 (musical score, director, writer, actor)
 An Op-Art event where the protagonist was
 chosen by ballot from the audience;

O'Horgan stages his first nude scene (with Edward Bartoon).

Presented with a prologue (La Création d'Adam) with Elmer Kline (God), Galen McKinley (Adam), Beverly Barone (Bag Lady)

Saint Seigfried with Jeffery Aptor, Edward Bartoon, Beverly Barone, Marlene Fisher, Elmer Kline, Deborah Lee, Galen McKinley, Lafayette Melanson, Harvey Milk, Tom O'Horgan, Christopher Ross, Frank Ventrola-De Somma

Cafe La Mama
Second Avenue
New York, NY

1965 The Circus (musical score and director)
 by Gerald Schoenwolf
 with Tilla Petra, Victor LiPari, Joe Davis,
 Marvin Peisner, Gerald Schoenwolf, Warren Pincus
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY

1965 Sweet Smell of Sex (film) (musical score, actor)
 by Robert Downey, Sr.
 New York, NY

1965 And Now The Weather (director)
 by Paul Rawlings
 with Mari-Claire Charba, Basil Farckwart (as Harvey Milk), Marlene Fisher, Victor LiPari, Rick Kanehl
 Set designer: Nick Tambasco
 Lighting designer: Lee Levine
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY

1965 Bunny Hop (musical score and director)
July 14 by Jean Reavey
 with Jamil Zakai, Rich Kanehl, Elaine Ives Cameron
 Costume designer: Chippy McKellen
 Set designer: Richard Ligh
 Lighting designer: Lee Levine
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY

1965 In The Water Market (musical score and director)
July 14 by Robert Hart

with Lenette Ruben, Victor LiPari, Marlene
Ficher, Mari-Claire Charba, Robert Hart
Lighting designer: Lee Levine
Cafe La Mama
Second Avenue
New York, NY

- 1965 America Hurrah (director)
by Jean-Claude van Itallie
Later known as Motel, it had large puppet-like
Ugly American costumes, and was performed
to a tape of Ruth White's voice.
with Mari-Claire Charba, Victor LiPari, Sylvie
Papernik
Set designer: Clifford Wright
Design assistant: Roman Patel
Lighting designer: Mark Korbel
Stage manager: Stefan Sztybel
Comediehuset
Copenhagen, Denmark
- 1965 The Recluse (musical score and director)
by Paul Foster
with Jacque Lynn Colton and Mari-Claire Charba
Set designer: Clifford Wright
Design assistant: Roman Patel
Lighting designer: Mark Korbel
Stage manager: Stefan Sztybel
Comediehuset
Copenhagen, Denmark
- 1965 Hurrah For The Bridge (musical score and director)
by Paul Foster
with Michael Warren Powell, Mari-Claire Charba,
Kevin O'Connor, Victor LiPari, Marc Korbel,
Stefan Sztybel
Set designer: Clifford Wright
Design assistant: Roman Patel
Lighting designer: Mark Korbel
Stage manager: Stefan Sztybel
Comediehuset
Copenhagen, Denmark
American Center
Paris, France
- 1965 Birdbath (director)
by Leonard Melfi
with Kevin O'Connor, Mari-Claire Charba
Set designer: Clifford Wright
Design assistant: Roman Patel
Lighting designer: Mark Korbel
Stage manager: Stefan Sztybel

Comediehuset
Copenhagen, Denmark
American Center
Paris, France

- 1965 The Circle (director)
by Alex Civello
with Michael Warren Powell, Victor LiPari
Set designer: Clifford Wright
Design assistant: Roman Patel
Lighting designer: Mark Korbelt
Stage manager: Stefan Sztybel
Comediehuset
Copenhagen, Denmark
- 1965 Thank You Miss Victoria (director)
by William Hoffman
with Michael Warren Powell
Set designer: Clifford Wright
Design assistant: Roman Patel
Lighting designer: Mark Korbelt
Stage manager: Stefan Sztybel
Comediehuset
Copenhagen, Denmark
- 1965 Chicago (director)
by Sam Shepard
with Kevin O'Connor, and Mari-Claire Charba,
Jacque Lynn Colton, Victor LiPari, Mark
Korbelt, Sylvie Papernik
Set designer: Clifford Wright
Design assistant: Roman Patel
Lighting designer: Mark Korbelt
Stage manager: Stefan Sztybel
Comediehuset
Copenhagen, Denmark
American Center
Paris, France
- 1965 The Circus (director)
by Gerold Schoenwolf
with Kevin O'Connor, Victor LiPari, Mari-Claire
Charba, Stefan Sztybel, Sylvie Papernik,
Tom O'Horgan
Set designer: Clifford Wright
Design assistant: Roman Patel
Lighting designer: Mark Korbelt
Stage manager: Stefan Sztybel
Comediehuset
Copenhagen, Denmark
- 1965 War (musical score and director)

by Jean-Claude van Itallie
 with Kevin O'Connor, Victor LiPari, and
 Mari-Claire Charba
 Set designer: Clifford Wright
 Design assistant: Roman Patel
 Lighting designer: Mark Korbel
 Stage manager: Stefan Sztybel
 Comediehuset
 Copenhagen, Denmark
 American Center, Paris

- 1965 And This Is The Rill Speaking (director)
 by Lanford Wilson
 with Jacque Lynn Colton, Mari-Claire Charba,
 Victor LiPari, Michael Warren Powell, Kevin
 O'Connor, Rob Thirkield
 Aso Skole
 Glumso, Denmark
- 1965 Passacagliathon (co-author, musical score and
 director)
 by Elsa Gress/Wright, Clifford Wright,
 Jean-Claude van Itallie, Leonard Melfi,
 Roman Patel, Paul Foster, Tom O'Horgan
 An event comprising many segments
 played over a "ground bass" of
 sixteen bars of music
 with Elsa Gress/Wright, Clifford Wright, Barbra
 Gress/Wright, Jonathan Gress/Wright, Roman
 Patel, Mari-Claire Charba, Victor LiPari,
 Michael Warren Powell, Kevin O'Connor,
 Jacque Lynn Colton, Vivi Tengberg, Hans
 Kragh Jacobsen, Bolette Jacobsen, Per
 Henrik Friis, Bror Westman, and "a thousand
 others"
 Den Frie Udstillingsbygning
 Copenhagen, Denmark
- 1966 Six from La Mama
 Apr 11-12 6 1-act plays that took two nights to perform
 War (musical score and director)
 by Jean-Claude van Itallie
 The Recluse (musical score and director)
 by Paul Foster
 Thank You Miss Victoria (director)
 by William Hoffman
 Chicago (musical score and director)
 by Sam Shepard
 Birdbath (director)
 by Leonard Melfi
 This Is the Rill Speaking (director)
 by Lanford Wilson

The bill was later amended to include only
Chicago, Birdbath, and This Is the Rill
Speaking.

Martinique Theatre
 Martinique Hotel
 New York, NY

- 1966
 July Window (musical score and director)
 by Jean Reavey
 with Jacque Lynn Colton, Jeff Weiss, Victor
 LiPari, Maggie Dominic, Saul Paul Sirag,
 and Steven Van Vost
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY
- 1966
 July 27 Madonna in the Orchard (musical score and director)
 by Paul Foster
 with Roberts Blossom, Beesen Carrol,
 Mari-Claire Charba, Steve Gary, Clay Haney,
 Helen Hanft, Mel Hobson, Tessa Kaner,
 George Linjeris, Victor LiPari, Katona
 Mandas, Otto Mjaanes, Michael Warren
 Powell, Gary Stevens, Burton Supree, Steve
 Van Voast, Barbara Young
 Lighting designer: Bob Margoleff
 Set designer: Lanford Wilson
 Stage manager: Howard Vichinsky
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY
- 1966 The Recluse (musical score and director)
 by Paul Foster
 with Ruth White, Bryarly Lee
 Producer: Brice Howard
 Producer's assistant: Enid Michelson
 Camera director: Don Hallock
 Set designer: Edward Burberidge
 PBS TV
- 1966 Fourteen Hundred Thousand (director)
 by Sam Shepard
 with Joe Chaikin, Kevin O'Connor, Joyce Aaron,
 Ruth White, Albert Ottenheimer
 Producer: Brice Howard
 Producer's assistant: Enid Michelson
 Camera director: Don Hallock
 Set designer: Edward Burberidge
 PBS TV
- 1966 Pavane (musical score and director) (later known as
Interviews)

by Jean-Claude van Itallie
 with Ruth White, Sudie Bond, Paul Dooley, Joe
 Chaikin, James Coco, Shellie Feldman, Alvin
 Epstein, Cynthia Harris
 Producer: Brice Howard
 Producer's assistant: Enid Michelson
 Camera director: Don Hallock
 PBS, TV

- 1966 Pavane [Stage] (musical score and director)
 Sept 15 Later known as Interviews.
 by Jean-Claude van Itallie
 with Mari-Claire Charba, Katina Mandas, Victor
 LiPari, Michael Warren Powell, Kevin
 O'Connor, Marilyn Roberts, Beth Porter, Rob
 Thirkield
 Zagreb Festival
 Zagreb, Yugoslavia
- 1966 Homo (musical score, set and costume design, and
 director)
 Called Homo sapiens in Zagreb
 by Rochelle Owens
 with Katina Mandas, Rob Thirkield, Victor
 LiPari, Kevin O'Connor, Mari-Claire Charba,
 Michael Warren Powell
 Sets and costumes: Ellen Stewart, Tom O'Horgan
 Zagreb Festival
 Zagreb, Yugoslavia
- 1966 Boxiganga [film] (director)
 by Elsa Gress
 with Mari-Claire Charba, Katina Mandas, Rob
 Thirkield, Jerry Cunliffe, Marilyn Roberts,
 Victor LiPari, Michael Warren Powell, Elsa
 Gress, David Gress, Barbara Gress/Wright,
 Jonathan Gress/Wright, Clifford Wright, Tom
 O'Horgan, Vivi Tengberg, and Paul Foster
 Statens Filmcentral
 Denmark
- 1966 Hessian Corporal (director)
 Dec 21 by Paul Foster
 with Kevin O'Connor, John Kramer, Katina
 Mandas, Blanche Dee, Marvin Peisner, Clark
 Gardner, Ted Menten, Peter Van Der Meulen,
 Mari-Claire Charba, Bobby Bailey
 Set designer: Kikuo Saito
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY
- 1967 Lord Byron's Garden (director)

by Clifford Wright
 with Beth Porter, David Gress, Peter Craig,
 Mari-Claire Charba, and Michael Warren
 Powell and Victor LiPari
 Aso Skole
 Glumso, Denmark

1967 Futz (musical score and director)
 Mar 2 by Rochelle Owens
 with John Bakos, Seth Allen, Mari-Claire
 Charba, Marilyn Roberts, Beth Porter, Peter
 Craig, Michael Warren Powell, Rob
 Thirkield, Beverly Atkinson
 Costume designer: Ellen Stewart
 Set designer: Kikuo Saito
 Lighting designer: John Dodd
 Stage manager: Steve Whitson
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY

1967 Tom Paine (part one) (director, musical score, set
 Apr 27 design)
 by Paul Foster
 with Kevin O'Connor, John Bakos, Beth Porter,
 Mari-Claire Charba, Marilyn Roberts, Victor
 LiPari, Peter Craig, Claris Erickson, Rob
 Thirkield, Jerry Cunliffe, Michael Warren
 Powell
 Lighting designer: John Dodd
 Stage managers: Steve Whitson
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY

1967 Futz is awarded five Obies by the Village Voice:
 May Best Play, Best director, Performer (Seth
 Allen), Best Musical Score, and Best Company
 (La Mama Troupe).

1967 Times Square (director, musical score)
 May by Leonard Melfi
 with Mari-Claire Charba, Kevin O'Connor, Beth
 Porter, Claris Erickson, Jerry Cunliffe,
 Marilyn Roberts, John Bakos, Peter Craig
 Costume designer: Ellen Stewart
 Set designer: Kikuo Saito
 Lighting designer: John Dodd
 Stage manager: Steve Whitson
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY

- 1967 The Tattoo Parlor (director and music)
 by Tom LaBar
 with Michael Warren Powell, Rob Thirkield
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY
- 1967 Futz (musical score and director)
 June by Rochelle Owens
 Times Square (musical score, musician, and
 director)
 by Leonard Melfi
 Melodrama Play (musical score and director, set and
 costume design with Ellen Stewart)
 by Sam Shepard
 with Kevin O'Connor, Mari-Claire Charba, Seth
 Allen, Victor LiPari, Marilyn Roberts,
 Peter Craig, Michael Warren Powell
 Band: Beth Porter, Rob Thirkield, John Bakos,
 Claris Erickson, Jerry Cunliffe
 Lighting designer: John Dodd
 Tom Paine (first part) (musical score and director)
 by Paul Foster
- La Mama Troupe performed all four plays with the
 original Futz cast with the exception of Claris
 Erickson's replacing Beverly Atkinson.
 Frankfurt Theater Festival
 and broadcast on German TV
 Frankfurt, Germany
- 1967 Futz (musical score and director)
 June by Rochelle Owens
- Melodrama Play
 by Sam Shepard
 Same cast as in Frankfurt
 Heidelberg, Germany
- 1967 Futz (musical score and director)
 June by Rochelle Owens
 Tom Paine (first part)
 by Paul Foster
 Same cast
 Munich, Germany
- 1967 Futz (musical score and director)
 June by Rochelle Owens
 Times Square
 by Leonard Melfi
 Melodrama Play
 by Sam Shepard

- Tom Paine (part one)
by Paul Foster
Same cast
Narren Theatre on Gronelund Island, under the
auspices of the Pistol Theater
Stockholm, Sweden
- 1967
June Futz (musical score and director)
by Rochelle Owens
Same cast
Lund University
Lund, Sweden
- 1967
July rehearsal of Tom Paine (part one), Melodrama Play
Nice, France
- 1967
July Tom Paine (part one)
Same cast
Spoleto Festival
Spoleto, Italy
- 1967
July Futz (musical score and director)
by Rochelle Owens
Melodrama Play
by Sam Shepard
Same cast
Arhus
Jutland, Denmark
- 1967
July Futz (musical score and director)
by Rochelle Owens
Same cast
Herning, Denmark
- 1967
July Futz (musical score and director)
by Rochelle Owens
Jerry Cunliffe replaced Seth Allen, otherwise
the cast remained the same.
Times Square (musical score and director)
by Leonard Melfi
Melodrama Play (musical score and director)
by Sam Shepard
Rob Thirkield replaced Seth Allen, otherwise
case remained the same.
Tom Paine (part one)
by Paul Foster
Copenhagen, Denmark
- 1967
July Times Square (musical score and director)
by Leonard Melfi
Futz (musical score and director)
by Rochelle Owens

Same cast
Mickery Theatre
Leunerslot, Netherlands

- 1967
August Futz (musical score and director)
by Rochelle Owens
Melodrama Play (musical score and director)
by Sam Shepard
Times Square (musical score and director)
by Leonard Melfi
Chicago (musical score and director)
by Sam Shepard
Same cast
Edinburgh Festival On the Fringe
- 1967
Sept 4 Tom Paine (musical score, director, set design)
Full-length production commissioned by Traverse
Theatre
by Paul Foster
with Kevin O'Connor, John Bakos, Beth Porter,
Mari-Claire Charba, Marilyn Roberts, Victor
LiPari, Peter Craig, Claris Erickson, Rob
Thirkield, Jerry Cunliffe, Michael Warren
Powell
Lighting designer: John Dodd
Edinburgh Festival
Church Hill Theatre
Edinburgh
- 1967
Sept Futz (musical score and director)
by Rochelle Owens
Times Square (musical score and director)
by Leonard Melfi
Melodrama Play (musical score and director)
by Sam Shepard
Chicago (musical score and director)
by Sam Shepard
Same cast
Mercury Theatre
London, England
- 1967
Oct Tom Paine (musical score, director, set design)
by Paul Foster
with Kevin O'Connor, John Bakos, Beth Porter,
Mari-Claire Charba, Marilyn Roberts, Victor
LiPari, Peter Craig, Claris Erickson, Rob
Thirkield, Jerry Cunliffe
Lighting designer: John Dodd
Presented by The Traverse Theatre in
association with Michael White
Vaudeville Theatre
London

- 1968
Jan Changes (musical score and director)
A single file theatre piece.
by Megan Terry
with Seth Allen, Christopher Allport, John Bakos, Walter Burns, Mari-Claire Charba, Peter Craig, Victor Davis, J. Dodd, Maggie Domenick, Don Duffy, Ron Green, Virginia Kaiser, Sally Kirkland, George Lenjeris, Carlos Lersundy, Victor LiPari, Bill Maloney, Jack (Galen) McKinley, Harvey Milk, Bill Mitchell, Tom Murrin, Tom O'Horgan, Olin Orr, Yoram Porat, Beth Porter, Richard Portnow, Peter Reid, Marilyn Roberts, Alfred Robinson, Ellen Stewart, Ann Squire, Jane Whitehill, Steve Whitson
Lighting designer: John P. Dodd
Stage manager: Steve Whitson
Cafe La Mama/NYU School of the Arts
Central Plaza Annex
New York, NY
- 1968
Jan Futz (musical score and director)
by Rochelle Owens
Seth Allen replaced Jerry Cunliffe, and Sharon Ganz replaced Claris Erickson, otherwise same cast.
Melodrama Play (musical score and director)
by Sam Shepard
Michael Warren Powell was replaced, otherwise same cast.
Times Square (musical score and director)
by Leonard Melfi
Sally Kirkland replaced Claris Erickson, otherwise same cast.
The Island Center
Saint Croix, Virgin Islands
- 1968
Feb Futz (musical score and director)
by Rochelle Owens
Sally Kirkland replaced Sharon Ganz, otherwise same cast.
Times Square (musical score and director)
by Leonard Melfi
Sally Kirkland replaced Claris Erickson, otherwise same cast
Melodrama Play (musical score and director, set and costume design with Ellen Stewart)
by Sam Shepard
with Kevin O'Connor, Mari-Claire Charba, Seth Allen, Victor LiPari, Marilyn Roberts, Peter Craig, Michael Warren Powell

Band: Beth Porter, Rob Thirkield, John Bakos,
 Sally Kirkland, Jerry Cunliffe
 Lighting designer: John Dodd
Chicago (musical score and director)
 by Sam Shepard
 with Kevin O'Connor, Mari-Claire Charba,
 Marilyn Roberts, Peter Craig, Victor LiPari
 Cafe La Mama
 Second Avenue
 New York, NY

1968 Tom Paine (musical score and director)
 Mar 25 by Paul Foster
 Sally Kirkland replaced Claris Erickson,
 Michael Miller replaced Michael Warren
 Powell, otherwise same cast
 Stage 73
 New York, NY

1968 Tom Paine (musical score and director)
 Apr by Paul Foster
 1 perf. Irvine Auditorium
 sponsored by the YMHA Arts Council
 Philadelphia, PA

1968 Drama Desk award for director of Tom Paine

1968 Dance Piece (director and choreography)
 Also called Walking and Talking
 by Jean-Claude van Itallie
 A ballet in which the dancers would speak, sing
 and walk/move naturally without
 affectation. This was, at this point in
 time, considered heresy.
 Music: Stan Walden
 Harkness Company
 New York, NY

1968 Hair (director)
 Apr 29 by Gerome Ragni, James Rado, and Galt MacDermot
 with Gerome Ragni, James Rado, Ronald James
 Dyson, Sally Eaton, Jonathan Kramer, Paul
 Jabara, Melba Moore, Lynn Kellogg, Shelley
 Plimpton, Stephen Curry, Diane Keaton,
 Lamont Washington, Robert I. Rubinsky; and
 The Tribe: Donnie Burks, Lorrie Davis, Leata
 Galloway, Steve Gamet, Walter Harris, Diane
 Keaton, Hiram Keller, Marjorie LiPari,
 Emmaretta Marks, Natalie Mosco, Suzannah E.
 Norstrand, Robert I. Rubinsky
 Producer: Michael Butler
 Executive producer: Bertrand Castelli

Musical director: Galt MacDermot
 Set designer: Robin Wagner
 Costume designer: Nancy Potts
 Lighting designer: Jules Fisher
 Sound designer: Robert Kiernan
 Dance director: Julie Arenal
 Stage manager: Fred Rheinglas
 The Band: Warren Chaisson, Alan Fontaine,
 Donald Leight, Jimmy Lewis, Galt MacDermot,
 Leo Morris, Neil Tate, Eddy Williams, Zane
 Paul Zacharoff
 Biltmore Theatre
 New York, NY

1968 Tony nomination for direction of Hair.

1968 Futz (musical score and director)
 June 13 by Rochelle Owens
 Frederic Forrest replaced Michael Warren
 Powell, Jerry Cunliffe replaced Rob
 Thirkield, otherwise cast remained the
 same.
 Produced by Harlan Kleiman in association with
 David Cryer, Albert Poland, Theodore
 Hoffman, and La Mama
 Theatre de Lys, presented by special
 arrangement with Lucille Lortel
 Productions, Inc.
 Theatre de Lys
 New York, NY

1968 Massachusetts Trust (director, musical score)
 Aug 21 by Megan Terry
 with Kevin O'Connor, John Bakos, Mari-Claire
 Charba, Marilyn Roberts, Peter Craig, Jerry
 Cunliffe, Sally Kirkland, Frederic Forrest,
 Clay Haney
 Set designer: Howard Bay
 Costume designer: Ellen Stewart
 Interact
 Spingold Theatre
 Brandeis University
 Waltham, MA

1968 Creative Arts Award from Brandeis University

1968 Hair (director)
 by Gerome Ragni, James Rado, Galt MacDermot
 with Gerome Ragni, James Rado, Greg Arlin, Teda
 Bracci, Alan Braunstein, Michael Butler,
 Adam Christian, Jim Carroza, Kay Cole,
 Jerry Combs, Denise Delapenha, Delores

Hall, Abigale Hanes, Gina Harding, Elaine Hill, Gloria Jones, John McKinnis, Carol Miller, Susan Morse, Rhonda Ogleaby, Joey Richards, Jobriath Salibury, Bert Sommer, Ben Vereen, Jennifer Warren, Willie Weatherly

The Band: Joe Baerga Jr., Ron Benson, Lee Callet, Leslie Drayton, Melvin Moore, Cubby O'Brien, Bryon Olson, Reinie Press, Ed Sheftel, Al Vescovo

Producers: Michael Butler, Ken Kragen, Tom Smothers, Ken Fritz

Executive producer: Bertrand Castelli

Dance director: Julie Arenal

Production stage manager: Larry Pool

Stage manager: Randy Hoey

Assistant stage manager: Jim Carroza

Company manager: Richard Osorio

Set designer: Robin Wagner

Lighting designer: Jules Fisher

Costume designer: Nancy Potts

Costume assistant: Warren Morrill

Musical director: Danny Hurd

Sound designer: Guy Costa

Aquarius Theater

Hollywood, CA

- 1969 Futz (film) (musical score and director)
 based on the play by Rochelle Owens
 screenplay by Rochelle Owens
 with John Bakos, Seth Allen, Michael Warren Powell, Peter Craig, Mari-Claire Charba, Marilyn Roberts, Jerry Cunliffe, Frederic Forrest, Sally Kirkland, Clay Haney, Baby Jane Holzer, Jeannette Ertelt, Rochelle Owens, and Ellen Stewart
 Commonwealth United
 made on location in Stockton, CA
- 1969 Heimskringla or the Stoned Angels (music and director, musician)
 by Paul Foster
 A TV play about the Vikings' discovery of America. This was the culmination of producer Brice Howard's project designed to develop all the visual possibilities of the video camera. "Chromakey was developed and first used by KQED, San Francisco, for this show."- Tom O'Horgan
 with John Bakos, Marion D. Bermudez, Peter Craig, Mari-Claire Charba, Jerry Cunliffe, Jeannette Ertelt, Clay Haney, Victor

LiPari, Gretchen MacLane, Elbert Morris,
and John Scanlon, Paul Foster, Galen
McKinley

Floor manager: Danny Nordby

Producer: Brice Howard

KQED TV

San Francisco, CA

1969 Hair (director)

by Gerome Ragni, James Rado, Galt MacDermot
with Paul Nicholas, Oliver Tobias, Annabel
Leventon, Ethel Coley, Tim Curry, Kookie
Eaton, Vince Edward, Michael Feast, Lucy
Fenwick, Andy Forray, John Gulliver, Gary
Hamilton, Marsha Hunt, Colette Kelly, Linda
Kendrick, Sonja Kristina, Diane Langton,
Annabel Littleddale, Rohan McCullough,
Elaine Paige, Leighton Robinson, Linbert
Spencer, Gloria Stewart, Peter Straker,
Joanne White, Liz White, Sheila Wilkinson,
Jimmy Winston

The Band: Derek Andrews, Laurie Baker, Maurice
Cockrell, Alex Harvey, Mickey Keene, Bud
Parks, Frank Ricotti, Ashton Tootell, Peter
Wolf

Producers: Michael Butler, Robert Stigwood,
James Verner

Executive producer: Bertrand Castelli

Assistant director: David Toguri

Dance director: Julie Arenal

Set designer: Robin Wagner

Lighting designer: Jules Fisher

Costume designer: Nancy Potts, re-created by
Herbert Sidon

Musical director: Derek Wadsworth

Sound designer: Robert Calder

Stage manager: Eileen O'Hare

Assistant stage managers: Rebecca Watts,
Matthew Faint

Shaftesbury Theatre

London, England

1969 Hair (director)

by Gerome Ragni, James Rado, and Galt MacDermot
with Blake Anderson, Tom Bowden, Julianne
Ciukowski, Dennis Cooley, Ellen Crawford,
Charlotte Crossley, Michael DeLano, Andre
De Shields, Robert Golden, Kenneth Griffin,
Edmund Handy, Kathleen Johnson, Ursuline
Kairson, Gary Keyes, Joe Mantegna, James O.
McCloden, Michael Meadows, Mary Mendum,
Eamon O'Neill, Helen Pollock, Tiny (Alaina)

Reed, Carol Ruth, Stan Shaw, Rita Simonini,
Arlene Vrhel, Valerie Williams
Producers: The Pottawatomie Tribe, Hair
Confederacy, Michael Butler, and Paul
Butler

Executive producer: Bertrand Castelli
Dance director: Julie Arenal
Assistant director: Jerry Combs
Musical director: Steve Gillette
Set designer: Robin Wagner
Costume designer: Nancy Potts
Lighting designer: Jules Fisher
Sound designer: Dan Dugan
Production stage manager: Galen McKinley
Shubert Theatre

Chicago, IL1969 Hair (director)
by Gerome Ragni, James Rado, Galt MacDermot
with Toad Attell, Arsenio S. Avizado, Nancy
Blossom, Michael B. Brown, Tom Bullock,
Elizabeth Caveness, Maria-Elena Cordero,
Roger Kent Cruz, Star Donaldson, Marsha
Faye, Gayle Hayden, Bruce Hyde, Paulette
Ellen Jones, Jolie Kanat, Danny Lawyer,
Reggie Mack, Susan Madley, Robert Marcum,
Soni Moreno, Lydia Phillips, Karl Richey,
Merria A. Ross, Annie Sampson, Eron Tabor,
Philip M. Thomas, Charles Weldon, James
Wigfall, Jeannie Wood

Producers: Michael Butler, Marshall Naify, Tom
Smothers and The American Conservatory
Theatre

Executive producer: Bertrand Castelli
Set designer: Robin Wagner
Lighting designer: Jules Fisher
Costume designer: Nancy Potts
Musical director: Steve Gillette
Sound designer: Guy Costa
Dance director: Julie Arenal, re-staged by
Jerry Combs

Dance captain: James Wigfall
Astrologer: Maria Crummere
Tarot reader: Earl Scott
Navigator: Harry Blackstone, Jr.
Production stage manager: Jose Savilla
Stage manager: Randy Hoey
Assistant stage managers: Fred Kopp, Jonathan
Stuart
Geary Theatre
San Francisco, CA

1970 Hair (director)
by Gerome Ragni, James Rado, and Galt MacDermot

with Sue Allanson, Debbie Andrews, Ynez Anthony, Dennis W. Browne, Michael Brown, Charlotte Crossley, Linda Deater, Tish Diskin, Dylan Dunbar, Charles Irwin, Patricia Keene, Ted Lange, Hellen La Shaunne, Lee Mallory, Bob Mandolph, Michael Meadows, Meatloaf, Mary Mendum, Steve Menkin, Jimi Milton, Karin Patterson, Stanley Ramsey, Steve Scharf, Gregg Smith, Stoney, Bruce Taylor

The Band: Robert Ojeda (conductor), David Mendenthal (guitar 1), Bill Rosevear (guitar 2), Clint Houston (bass), Gary Gauger (drums), Grover Mooney (percussionist), Bob Isle (trumpet 1), Robert Ojeda (trumpet 2), Kurt McGettrick (baritone saxophone, flute, piccolo, clarinet)

Producers: Michael Butler, Hair Confederacy, Jupiter Company

Executive producer: Bertrand Castelli

Dance director: Julie Arenal

Costume designer: Nancy Potts

Set designer: Robin Wagner

Lighting designer: Jules Fisher

Musical director: Margaret Harris

Sound designer: Abe Jacob

Production stage manager: Michael Maurer

Stage managers: Martin Herzer, James Lucas

Assistant to Mr. Fisher: Marc Weiss

Assistant to Miss Potts: Warren Morrill

Astrologer: Maria Crummere

National Theatre

Washington, DC

1970 Holy Ghostly (musical score and director)

by Sam Shepard

with Peter Craig, Ben Vereen, Michael Meadows, Diatra Lambert, Jennette Ertaltdt, Ted DeColo, Victor LiPari, Alan Braunstein, Cleve Roller, Edward Barton, Lea Scott, Hedy Sontag

Melodrama Play (musical score and director)

by Sam Shepard

with Peter Craig, Ben Vereen, Michael Meadows, Diatra Lambert, Jennette Ertaltdt, Ted DeColo, Victor LiPari, Alan Braunstein, Cleve Roller, Edward Barton, Lea Scott, Hedy Sontag

Gurton's Apocalyptic Needle (author, composer, director)

A mix of Gammer Gurton's Needle by Nicholas Udall and a tenth century church drama of the apocalypse sung and spoken in Tudor English and Latin.
 with Ben Vereen, Jennette Ertaltdt, Alan Braunstein, Peter Craig, Victor LiPari, Ted Decolo, Michael Meadows, and Diatra Lambert, Lea Scott, Edward Barton, Hedy Sontag, Cleve Roller, Michael Warren Powell

Canadian, American and European tour
 Production stage manager: Galen McKinley
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Lighting designer: John Dodd
 The New Troupe
 Canadian, American and European tour

1970 Alex In Wonderland (film) (film music score)
 by Paul Mazursky
 with Donald Sutherland, Ellen Burstin, Federico Fellini, Viola Spolin, Paul Mazursky, Jeanne Moreau
 MGM
 Hollywood, CA

1971 Lenny (musical score and director)
 May 26 by Julian Barry
 with Cliff Gorman, Joe Silver, Jane House, Jeannette Ertelt, Erica Yohn, Robert Weil, James Wigfall, Marc Cohen (Marker Bloomst), Paul Lieber, Jody Oliver, Melody Santangelo, Johnny Armen
 The Band: Vaughn DeForest (trombone), Ernie Furtado (bass), Ron Odrich (flute, clarinet, bass clarinet, tenor saxophone), Warren Meyers (piano), and Adam Smith (drums)
 Producers: Jules Fisher, Marvin Worth, Michael Butler
 Set designer: Robin Wagner
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Lighting designer: Jules Fisher
 Production stage manager: Richard Scanga
 Assistant stage manager: Marc Cohen
 Brooks Atkinson Theatre
 New York, NY

1971 Drama Desk award for director of Lenny

1971 Jesus Christ Superstar (conception, director)
 Oct 12 by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber

with Jeff Fenholt, Ben Vereen, Yvonne Elliman,
 Barry Dennen, Ted Neeley, Dennis Cooley,
 Alan Braunstein, Michael Meadows, Clifford
 Lipson, Phil Jethro, Bob Bingham, Samuel E.
 Wright, Steven Bell, Michael Jason, Tom
 Stovall, Anita Morris, Peter Schlosser,
 Paul Sylvan, Paul Ainsley, Robin Grean,
 Robert Lu Pone, Bonnie Schon, Pi Douglass,
 Pat Gorman, Linda Rios, Kay Cole, Kurt
 Yaghjian, Margaret Warncke, Laura Michaels,
 William Gray, Ferne Bork, William Parry,
 Denise Delapenha, Robalee Barnes, Doug
 Lucas, Charlotte Crossley, Cecilia
 Norfleet, Janet Powell, Edward Barton, Tony
 Gardner

The Band: Randall's Island
 Producer: Robert Stigwood
 Set designer: Robin Wagner
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Lighting designer: Jules Fisher
 Music director: Marc Pressel
 Sound designer: Abe Jacob
 Production stage manager: Larry Gray
 Mark Hellinger Theatre
 New York, NY

1971 Inner City (director)
 Dec 19 by Eve Merriam, Hellen Miller
 Based on Eve Merriam's book of poems Inner City
 Mother Goose
 with Joy Garrett, Carl Hall, Delores Hall,
 Fluffer Hirsch, Linda Hopkins, Paulette
 Ellen Jones, Larry Marshall, Allan
 Nicholls, and Florence Tarlow
 Producers: Joseph Kipness, Lawrence Kasha, Tom
 O'Horgan
 Associate producers: Harvey Milk, John M. Nagel
 Set designer: Robin Wagner
 Costume designer: Joseph G. Aulisi
 Lighting designer: John Dodd in association
 with Jane Reisman
 Sound designer: Gary Harris
 Orchestration: Gordon Harrell
 Musical director: Clay Fullum
 Production stage manager: Nicholas Russiyan
 Ethel Barrymore Theatre
 New York, NY

1972 Jesus Christ Superstar (conception, director)
 by Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber
 (music)

with Carl Anderson, Ted Neeley, Heather MacRae,
 Alan Martin James Carroza, Jim Turner,
 James Sbrano, Winston Tong, Tom Stovall,
 Tony Cacciotti, Danny Lawyer, Mark Shannon,
 Frankie Madrid, Ynez Anthony, Jeannie
 Jurgen, Elaine Hill, Bruce Scott,
 Maria-Elena Cordero, Tom Westerman, Tony
 Bellson, Kay Cole, David Hunt, Susan
 McAneny, Reggie Mack, Jennifer Lee, Linda
 Nichols, Susan Allanson, Sherman Segraves,
 Allan Nicholls

Orchestra: Thomas Brenner, Shirley Cornell,
 William Criss, Phil Davis, Kurt Dieterie,
 Joseph Di Tulio, Robert Levine, Joel Lish,
 Richard Mackey, Jack Marsh, Ray Neopolitan,
 Dan Neufeld, D'Vaughn Pershing, Joseph
 Porcaro, Robert Rafkin, Gale Robinson,
 Joseph Roccisano, Ed Rosa, Victor Sazer,
 Thomas Scott, Edward Sheftel, Art Smith,
 Jerry Williams, Marc Wolin.

Producers: Robert Stigwood, in association with
 MCA, Inc. by arrangement with David Land

Associate producer: Peter Brown

General management: Gatchell & Neufeld

Company manager: Brian Avnet

Production Supervisor: Charles Gray

Production stage manager: Joel Rudnick

Stage manager: Fred Kopp

Dance captain: Pi Douglas

Robert Stigwood's assistant: Jef Tornberg

Tom O'Horgan's assistant: Marc Cohen

Set designer: Robin Wagner

Costume designer: Randy Barcelo

Lighting designer: Jules Fisher

Sound designer: Abe Jacob

Orchestrations: Andrew Lloyd Webber

Musical director: Gordon Lowry Harrell

The Amphitheater

Universal Studios

Hollywood, CA

1972 St. Hydro Clemency (musical score and director)
 by Megan Terry

"A Fun House of the Lord."

An amusement park-type fun house equipped with
 chutes and rides inside St. Clement's
 church. It was performed over a 16-bar
 ground bass that 20 some songs fit. The
 music was piped through all the
 passageways, from the basement to the
 attic, and the actors in these tunnels

would sing appropriate songs that fit over the 16-bar bass line.

"The Excursion"

The Lobby

with Kevin O'Connor, Steve Evans, Jean Halant, Larry Goosen, Henry Sturtevant, John Colwill, Henry Strouss, The Reverend Gene Monic

The Red Door Theatre #1

with Bobby Weil, Orrin Reiley, Jerry Cunliffe, Jack McClure, Harvey Fierstein, Jim Wigfall
Stage manager: Jack Hofsiss

Poseidon's Grotto #2

with Bob Bingham, Paul Ainsley, Steve Klein, Marshall Wurth, Stuart Ross, Bobby Rodriguez, Victor Carranza

Stage manager: Ellen Chenawith

Davey Jones Locker #3

with David Hanigan, George Martin, Margery LiPari, Robert Rubinsky, Eugene Foot, Kelly Bishop, Fluffer Hirsch, James Blaimeyer, Stanley Ramsey, Rich George, Patric Epstein, Peggy Whitlock, Pi Douglas, David Patrick Kelly, Carl Wilson (Pink Lady), Jeffery Hillock, Willy Windsor, Brian Spenser, Victor LiPari, Paula Wagner, Francesca Barracini, Melody Santangelo, Miss Zollo, Lucy Silvay, Gale Garnett, Dale Soules, Charlotte Croslely

Stage manager: Clint Jakeman

The Fire Tent #4

with Joe Silver, Peter Craig, Michael Federal, Paul Knowles

Stage manager: Bill Schill

The Squared Circle #5

with Marilyn Chris, Marilyn Roberts, Alaina Reed, Shezwae Powell, Danny Villa, Dennis Cooley, Cliff Lipson, Bill Parry, Doug Lucas, Dennis Simpson, Kay Cole, Margaret Warncke, Katherine Wright, Cicilia Norfleet, Carol Este, Kelly, Marta Heflin, Karin Bihari, Lyn Gerb, Robin Grean

Stage manager: Galen McKinley

The Angel Tunnel #6

with Alan Braunstein, Billy Grey, Sonney Morino, Joy Garrett

Stage manager: Gary Keeper

Vestry House #7

with Shirley Stoller, Susan Peretz, Zora
Rasmussen, Amy Curry, Stephen Curry, Peter
Schloser, Candice Gleason, Ilsa Lamb
Stage manager: Frank Morino

General Gamahooch Room #8

with Ben Vereen, Alan Nichols, Mary Louise,
Candy Carrel, Linda Rebach, Jim Cintolla
Stage manager: Kenny Cox

American Pie #9

with Danny Lawyer, Bill Gestrich, Jay Rasumny,
Michael Arian, Walter Rivera, Andre
De Shields, Bob Bingham, Howard Soloman
Stage manager: Merl Freimark

Hydro-Clemency Room #10

with Carl Hall, Nat Morris, Realinda Farrel,
Lorri Davis, Martha Deering, Lorraine
Feather
Stage manager: Steve Roylance
Set designer: Douglas Vogel
Costume designer: Carl Wilson, Lori Watson
Lighting designer: Beverley Emmons
Sound designer: Abe Jacobs
Production stage manager: Marc Cohen
Band: Gordon Harrell, Billy Cunningham, Peter
Phillips, Tom Pierson, Michael Lamont, Alan
Herman, Sally Halbert, Jeffrey Hoffinger,
Billy Schwartz, and Elliot Randall
St. Clement's Theater
New York, NY

1972

Mary C. Brown and The Hollywood Sign (director)

by Dory Previn
with Elizabeth Ashley, Philip Michael Thomas,
Delores Hall, Seth Allen, James Sbano, Don
Chastain, Billy Bardy, Ferne Bork, Penelope
Bodry, Sorel Booke, Jennifer Lee, Delores
Hall, Marria Ross, Thomas Madden, Danny
Goldman, and Walt Wonderman
Set designer: Randy Barcelo
Lighting designer: Jules Fisher
Sound designer: Abe Jacob
Musical director: Gordon Harrell
Production stage manager: Frank Morino
Stage manager: Lawrence Cohen
Producer: Zev Bufman
Shubert Theater
Los Angeles, CA

- 1972 Dude (director)
 Oct 9 by Gerome Ragni and Galt MacDermot
 with Allan Nicholls, Ralph Carter, Salome Bay,
 Delores Hall, Karen Maria Faatz, Katie
 Field, Scott Firestone, Hellen Jennings,
 David Kruger, Cary Mark, Mark Perman, Aida
 Random, Lynn Reynolds, Alan Braunstein,
 Sandra Loys Toder, Dawn Johnson, Michael
 Jason, Robin McNamara, Rae Allen, William
 Redfield, Nell Carter, James Patrick
 Farrell III, Leata Galloway, David Lasley,
 Jim Turner, Dale Soules, Barbara
 Monte-Britton, Babby Alessi, Billy Alessi,
 Michael Meadows, Georgianna Holmes, Carol
 Estey, Dennis Simpson, and Nat Morris
 Producers: Adela and Peter Holzer
 Production design: Eugene Lee, Franne Lee,
 Roger Morgan (and Robin Wagner)
 Musical director: Thomas Pierson
 Musical arrangements and orchestrations: Horace
 Ott
 Production stage manager: Michael Maurer
 Broadway Theatre
 New York, NY
- 1973 Rhinoceros (film) (director)
 release Play by Eugene Ionesco
 date '74 Screenplay by Julian Barry
 with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, Karen Black,
 Robert Weil, Joe Silver, Melody Santangelo,
 Manuel Avilas, Marilyn Chris, Robert
 Fields, Lou Cutell, Don Calfa, Kathryn
 Harkin, Lorna Thayer, Howard Morton, Percy
 Rodrigues
 Production design: Jack Martin Smith
 Director of photography: Jim Crabe
 Editor: Bud Smith
 Music: Galt MacDermot
 Producer: Eli Landau
 Executive producers: Edward Lewis, Henry T.
 Weinstein, Mort Abrahams
 American Film Theatre
 Twentieth Century Fox
 Hollywood, CA
- 1974 Philoctetes Wounded (musical score, director,
 orchestra conductor) (Den Sarede Filoktet)
 by Elsa Gress
 A teleplay about a little known Danish painter
 (Nicholas Abildgaard), it is a variation on
 the Philoctetes legend. It plays in three

time zones, mythic time, the 18th century, Abildgaard's time, and modern times.
 with Erik Mork, Susse Wold, Kirsten Walter, Bendt Rothe, Elith Pio, Henning Jensen, Inger Stender, Troels Munk, John Hahn Petersen, Aage Poulsen, Ingo Wintrap, Beatrice Bonnesen, Eik Koch, Christoffer Bro, Poul Huttel, Niels Hinrichsen, Baard Owe, Troels Moller, Martin Mieke-Renard, Hanne Winther-Jensen, Mogens Hermansen, Jess Ingerslev Jensen, Jorn Budolfson, Ruddy Nyegaard, Gertie Jung, Eva Sigsgaard, Carsten Aarestrup.

Set designer: Sture Pyk
 Costume designer: Marianne Anderson
 Makeup: Magna Linnemann
 Sound designer: Ebbe Valbjorn
 Lighting designer: Axel Ludwig
 Technical producer: Jan Ulrich Pedersen
 Producer: Palle Wolfsberg
 Danish National TV
 Denmark

- 1974 Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band On The Road
 (director)
 Conceived and adapted by Robin Wagner and Tom O'Horgan
 Music and lyrics by John Lennon and Paul McCartney
 A Rock Spectacle
 with Ted Neeley, Allan Nicholls, Kay Cole, B. G. Gibson, William Parry, Alaina Reed, David Patrick Kelly, Blake Anderson, Walter Rivera, Edward Q. Bhartonn, Arlana Blue, Ron Capozzoli, Michael Meadows, Stoney Reece, Jason Roberts
 Producers: Robert Stigwood, Brian Avnet and Scarab Productions Inc.
 Set designer: Robin Wagner
 Lighting designer: Jules Fisher
 Costume design: Randy Barcelo
 Sound designer: Abe Jacob
 Arranger and conductor: Gordon Lowry Harrell
 Production supervisor: Richard Scanga
 Stage magician: Marc Cohen
 Beacon Theatre
 New York, NY

- 1975 Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band On The Road
 (director)
 Conceived and adapted by Robin Wagner and Tom O'Horgan

Music and lyrics by John Lennon and Paul McCartney

A Rock Spectacle

with Alaina Reed, Brenda Kristan, Stephen Thomas, Doug Parkinson, Robert Forza, Graham Connors, Anita Stevenson, Mariette Rups, Ross Coleman, Mike Meade, Malcolm Lee, Ric Herbert, Glen Murray, Nick Gazzana, Stephen Campbell

Stage magicians: Peter Stamford, Chris Orchard

Set designer: Robin Wagner

Costume designer: Randy Barcelo

Lighting designer: Stefan Haag

Musical directors: Patrick Flynn, Michael Carlos

Producers: Pat Condon, David Frost, Robert Paterson, in association with Robert Stigwood

Executive producer: Paul H. Riomfalvy

Director's assistants: Blake Anderson, Ross Coleman

Regent Theatre

Sydney, Australia

1975

Spring Rites (musical score and director)

A benefit piece for La Mama based on the Persephone legend, with short plays by numerous playwrights.

by Arrabal, Paul Foster, Elmer Kline, H. M. Koutoukas, Leonard Melfi, Eve Merriam, Rochelle Owens, Jerry Ragni, and Frank Wedekind

with Divine (Isis, Pluto, and Kali), Alaina Reed (Ceres), Denise Delapenha (Persephone), Serge Gubelman (Eros); also with Lamar Alford, Bob Appelgarth, John Bakos, Edward Q. Bhartonn, James Blaimeyer, Alan Blair, Arlana Blue, Alan Braunstein, Michael Brennan, Michael Brody, Brigitte Calan, Ron Capozzoli, Kelly Carrol, John Sebastian Chan, Didi Charney, Marilyn Chris, Marc Cohen, Billy Conway, Dennis Cooley, Peter Craig, Robert Cranshow, Sherry Dewitt, Pi Douglass, Candice Early, Jack Ellis, Jeannette Ertelt, Paul Fleisher, Kevin Geer, Dale Goodwin, Billy Griego, William Duff Griffin, Robert Grillo, Delores Hall, Ben Harney, Gordon Lowery Harrell, Jeff Hillock, Donald Hittenger, Susan Hovey, Little John, Ray Jordan, Victoria Kramer, John Kuhner, Michael Lamont, Marjorie LiPari, Jim

Lowerie, Doug Lucas, Larry Marshall, Laura Michaels, John Michel, Soni Moreno, Kevin O'Connor, William Parry, Scott Penn, Peter Phillips, Shezwae Powell, Shelley Plimpton, Laura Rambaldi, Jozella Reed, Jeff Richards, Ruben Rivera, Walter Rivera, Ozzie Rodriguez, Otis Salid, Peter Schlosser, Lea Scott, Arthur Smith, Seth Sternberg, Don Tabor, Josh Talace, Richard Taylor, Lacey Thomas, John Vaccaro, Carl Weaver, Madeline Welsing, James Wentworth, James Wigfall, Ray Wood, Stephen Barrell
 Set designer: Robin Wagner, Don Madia
 Light design: Johnny Dodd
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo, Max Hager
 Makeup: Candy Carrell
 La Mama Annex
 New York, NY

1975 The Leaf People (musical score and director)
 Oct 20 by Dennis Reardon
 with Tom Aldredge, Raymond J. Barry, Susan Batson, Francisco Blackfeather, Roy Brocksmith, Geanine-Michele Capozzoli, Ron Capozzoli, Jeffrey David-Owen, Denise Delapenha, Jeannette Ertelt, Joanna Featherstone, Ernesto Gonzalez, Grayson Hall, Margaret Hall, Donald Hettinger, Anthony Holland, Joel Kaye, Michael Lamont, Ric Lavin, Ted LePlat, Josevaldo Machado, Soni Moreno, Leon Morenzie, William Parry, Ruben Rivera, James Sban, Lane Smith, Louis Turenne, Efstratios Vavagiakis, and Jelom Vieira
 Set designer: John Conklin
 Costumes and Makeup: Randy Barcelo
 Lighting designer: John McLain
 Sound designer: Roger Jay
 Production stage manager: Galen McKinley
 Producer: New York Shakespeare Festival, Joseph Papp
 Associate producer: Bernard Gersten
 Booth Theatre
 New York, NY

1976 Les Troyens (The Trojans) (opera) (director)
 by Hector Berlioz
 with Helga Dermesch (Kassandra), Wolfgang Schone (Chorobus), Judith Holzmeister (Andromache), Michael Weber (Astyanax), Olga Warla (Polyxenia), Guy Chauvet (Aeneas), Sona Ghazarian (Ascanius), Ewald

Aichberger (Helenus), Milkana Nikolova (Hecuba), Alfred Sramek (Priamus), Peter Wimberger (Pentheus), Tugomir Franc (Der Geist Hectors), Christa Ludwig (Dido), Margarita Lilowa (Anna), Horst Laubenthal (Iopas), Nicola Ghiuselev (Narbal), Georg Tichy (voice of Merkur), Wiener Staatsoper Chorus (Trojans, Greeks, People of Tyre and Carthage)

Ballet (Chasse Royale): Marialuise Jaska (Dido), Ludwig M. Musil (Aeneas), Milan Hatala (King), Corps de Ballet (Nymphs and Fauns), Vienna Choirboys (Nubian Slaves)

Vienna Choir Boys Musical director: Arnold Hartl

Chorus director: Norbert Balatsch

Technical directors: Hans Langer, Robert Stangl

Set designer: Robin Wagner

Costume design: Randy Barcelo

Choreography: Wesley Fata

Conductor: Gerd Albrecht

Vienna State Opera

Vienna, Austria

1976

Warren G. For President (director)

A new ragtime musical.

by Elmer Kline, Lou Carter, and by Terry Waldo with Lawrence Weber (Warren G. Harding); and

Blake Anderson, Thomas Batten, Alan Braunstein, Eva Charney, Alan Dellay, William Griffis, Sandra McClain, Linda Myers, Thelma Nevitt, William Parry, Iris Rosenkrantz, Thomas Lee Sinclair, Ian Sullivan, Jennie Ventriss, Margaret Warncke, Robert Weil

Musicians: Nick Archer, Kim Cusack, Eddy Davis, Vince Giordano, John Gill, Lewis Green, and Wayne Jones

Producers: Mack Gilbert, Sonny Harris

Production stage manager: J. Galen McKinley

Stage manager: Marc Cohen

Assistant stage manager: Susan Elkind

Technical Consultant: Seth Sternberg

General manager: Eugene Wolsk

Company manager: Manny Kladitis

Stage design: Bill Stabile

Lighting designer: Cheryl Thacker

Costume designer: Joseph G. Aulisi

Wigs and hairstyles: Lyn Quiyou

Sound designer: David Congdon

Musical arrangements: Eddy Davis

Choreography: John Wilson

Dance Captain: Blake Anderson
Manhattan School of Music
New York, NY

1976 The Conjuror (director)
 Music and libretto: Michael Sahl and Eric
 Salzman
 with Candice Earley, B. G. Gibson, Dana Kyle,
 Larry Marshall, Laura Michaels, Raymond
 Murcell, William Parry, Gerianne Raphael
 Set designer: Bill Stabile
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Stage manager: Marc Cohen
 Producer: Joseph Papp
 New York Shakespeare Festival
 Public Theater
 New York, NY

1976
May

The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria (musical
score and director)
by Fernando Arrabal
translated by Everard d'Harnoncourt and Adele
Shank
with (alternating casts) Leon Morenzie
(Architect), Ronald Perlman (Emperor);
Lazaro Perez (Architect), Eric Tavaris
(Emperor), M. A. Whiteside (pre-recorded
Mother's voice)
Set designer: Bill Stabile
Masks: Barbara Sexton
Costume designer: Joseph Aulissi
Lighting designer: Cheryl Thacker
Production stage managers: Marc Cohen, Galen
McKinley
Production Coordinator: Nelly Vivas
La Mama Annex Presents The Nelly Vivas Co.
La Mama Annex
New York, NY

1977
Jan

The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria
(musical score and director)
by Fernando Arrabal
translated by Everard d'Harnoncourt and Adele
Shank
with (alternating casts) Lazaro Perez
(Architect), Ronald Perlman (Emperor);
Victor Attar (Architect), Thomas Kopache
(Emperor), M. A. Whiteside (pre-recorded
Mother's voice)
Set designer: Bill Stabile
Masks: Barbara Sexton
Costume designer: Joseph Aulissi

Lighting designer: Cheryl Thacker
 Production stage managers: Marc Cohen, Galen McKinley
 Production coordinator: Nelly Vivas
 La Mama Annex presents The Nelly Vivas Co.
 La Mama Annex
 New York, NY

1977 The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria
 Mar-Apr (musical score and director)
 by Fernando Arrabal
 translated by Everard d'Harnoncourt and Adele Shank
 with (alternating casts) Lazaro Perez (Architect), Ronald Perlman (Emperor); Victor Attar (Architect), Thomas Kopache (Emperor), M. A. Whiteside (pre-recorded Mother's voice)
 Same production
 Production stage manager: Galen McKinley
 Production coordinator: Nelly Vivas
 European tour: six weeks in Holland and Belgium

1977 Caligula (musical score and director)
 by Albert Camus
 translated by Justin O'Brien
 with Seth Allen, Victor Attar, Eva Charney, Gary Easterling, Nameer El-Kadi, Naseer El-Kadi, Patrick Farrelly, Kavin Geer, Walt Garney, Dennis Gregory, Alfred Karl, Thomas Kopache, Dino Laudicina, Frank Laurino, Ric Lavin, Barbara Montgomery, Marybeth Ward, Margaret Warncke, and Aggripina the Goat
 Set designer: Bill Stabile
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Lighting designer: Jo Mayer
 Sound designer: David Congdon
 Production stage manager: J. Galen McKinley
 Assistant stage managers: Susan Elkind, Seth M. Sternberg
 Production assistant: Donald Madia, Charles Wright
 Director's assistant: Johnathan Gress-Wright
 Set designer assistants: Cynthia Paulson, Van McDermott
 Costume assistants: David Dangle, Kimberly Pierce
 Master carpenter: Jun Maeda
 Master electrician: Charles Collum
 Prop Goat: Barbara Sexton
 Musical instruments: Serge Gubelmann

Musicians: Didi Charney (flute, alto flute, piccolo), Joel Kaye (oboe, oboe d'amore), David Skolnik (oboe, heckelphone), Michael Ellert (bassoon, contra bassoon), Gene Citronbaum (trumpet), Lawrence Malin (piccolo trumpet) Robert Hughs (horn), James Still (tenor trombone), Ronny Ambrogio (bass trombone), Ron Leighty (guitar, psaltries), Stephen Barrell (keyboard, organ), Alyssa Hess (harp), Steve Machamer (percussion), Virginia Benz (percussion), Justin Raschid (percussion)

Singers: William Parry, Jerry Cunliffe, Peter Schlosser, Justin Raschid

La Mama Annex
New York, NY

1977
Oct 5

Hair (director) (revival)

by Gerome Ragni, James Rado, and Galt MacDermot
with Randall Easterbrook, Michael Hoit, Scott Thornton, Cleavant Derricks, Ellen Foley, Iris Rosenkrantz, Alaina Reed, Kristern Vigard, Michael Leslie, Annie Golden, Louis Mattioli, Perry Arthur (Kroeger), James Rich, Eva Charney, Martha Wingate, Carl Woerner, Linda Myers, Brian Utley, Lorie Wagner, Emily Bindiger, Paul Binotto, Loretta Devine, Peter Gallagher, Doug Katsaros, Raymond Patterson, James Shano, Deborah Van Valkenburgh, Doug Wall, Charlayne Woodard

Producers: Michael Butler, in association with K. H. Nezhad

Associate producer: George Milman

Choreography: Julie Arenal

Assistant Choreographer: Wesley Fata

Set designer: Robin Wagner

Costume designer: Nancy Potts

Lighting designer: Jules Fisher

Sound designer: Denzil A. Miller

Production stage manager: J. Galen McKinley

Assistant stage manager: Seth Sternberg

The Band: Muhammad Abdullah, Chris Alpert, Danny Bank, Billy Butler, Rick Cutler, Richard Hurwitz, Jerry Jemmott, Brian Koonin, Denzil A. Miller

Vocal director: Patrick Flynn

Biltmore Theatre

New York, NY

1977
Nov

The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria
(musical score and director)

by Fernando Arrabal

translated by Everard d'Harnoncourt and Adele Shank

with (alternating casts) Raymond Patterson (Architect), Thomas Kopache (Emperor); Naseer El-Khadi (Architect), Nameer El-Khadi (Emperor), M. A. Whiteside (pre-recorded Mother's voice). (Naseer and Nameer are identical twins.)

Same production
University of Pennsylvania
Annenberg Center
Zellerbach Theater
Philadelphia, PA

1978 The Tempest (third new musical score and director)
Feb 14 by William Shakespeare

with Thomas Kopache, Robin Karfo, Raymond Patterson, Akin Babatunde, Nameer El-Kadi, Michael Brody, Naseer El-Kadi, Jack Eric Williams, Patrick Burke, Robert Stocking, Joe Pichette, Simeon Westbrooke, Isaiah Smalls, Janette Moody, Paulette Gazzara, Gwen Moten

Cast musicians: Didi Charney, Richard Cohen, Simeon Westbrooke

Rehearsal pianist: Jack Eric Williams

Set designer: Bill Stabile

Costume designer: Randy Barcelo

Lighting designer: Laura Rambaldi

Prop and mask design: Wes Cronk

Production stage manager: Steve Reed

Director's assistant: Galen McKinley

Costume assistant: Karen Miller

Additional lighting designer: Seth Sternberg

Sound Recording: Paul Blank, Paul Wickliffe

Musical instruments created by Serge Gubelman and Jun Maeda

Musicians: David Barg (flute), Didi Charney (flute), Joel Kaye (oboe, heckelphone), Richard Cohen (clarinet), Simeon Westbrooke (bassoon, contra bassoon), Ellie Josephs (horn), Steve Manicola (horn), Jeff Albright (trumpet), Paul Litteral (trumpet), Deborah Knaack (percussion), Mike Mahaffay (percussion), Raymond Patterson (percussion), Caroline Dutton (violin), Olga Gusson (violin), Megan Asher (viola), Laura Epstein (cello), Lou Paer (bass), David Hopkins (clarinet), Al Smith (percussion), Ron Miller (bass), Paul Litteral (trumpet)

La Mama Annex
New York, NY

- 1978 The Resistible Rise Of Arturo Ui (musical score and director)
 by Bertolt Brecht
 Translated by Ralph Mannheim and John Willett
 with Christopher Cable, Eva Charney, Jerry Cunliffe, William Duff-Griffin, Thomas Kopache, Michael Meadows, William Parry, Raymond Patterson, Avra Petrides, Michael Warren Powell, Catherine Schultz, Margaret Warncke, and Ronald Perlman as "Arturo Ui"
 Set and lighting: Bill Stabile
 Lighting associate: Elsbeth Battel
 Costume designer: Frank Krenz
 Masks: Barbara Sexton
 Production stage manager: J. Galen McKinley
 Annenberg Center
 University of Pennsylvania
 Philadelphia, PA
- 1978 The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria
 Aug (musical score and director)
 by Fernando Arrabal
 translated by Everard d'Harnoncourt and Adele Shank
 with Raymond Patterson (Architect) and Thomas Kopache (Emperor)
 Same production
 Festival Internacional De Teatro De Caracas
 Teatro Cadafe
 Caracas, Venezuela
- 1978 Elmer's Tune (director)
 by Elmer Kline and Arthur Tress
 Robert Samuels Gallery
 New York, NY
- 1978 Lily (opera) (director)
 Music and libretto: Leon Kirchner
 An opera based on Saul Bellow's novel Henderson the Rain King
 with Ara Berberian, George Shirley, Geanie Faulkner, Joy Blackett, Susan Belling, Lloyd Walser, Victoria McCarty, Benjamin Matthews, Sandra Walker, Gertrude Kirchner (voice on tape); and
 The African Tribe, the Arnews: Stanley Bates, Charles Douglass, Hubert J. Edwards, Marvin Foster, Joyce Griffen, Lee Harley, Jan Hazell, Stephanie Howard, Yvette Johnson, Rudy Lowe, Mentha Marley III, Jasper McGruder, Jr., Myles McMillan, Gary Moncrieffe, Trente Morant, Glenn Roberson,

Lea Scott, Dale Shields, Vernon Spencer;
and
Cocktail Party: Don Madia, Mari-Claire Charba,
Dennis Gregory, Peter Craig, Jeannette
Ertelt, Victor LiPari
Conducted by: Leon Kirchner
Set designer: Bill Stabile
Scenic Supervisor: John J. Moore
Media designer: Lynda Rodolitz
Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
Lighting designer: Richard Nelson
Electronic Sound designer: Ivan Tcherepnin
Chorus Master: George Branson Gray
Technical director: Hans Sondheimer
Production stage manager: Don Abrams
Stage manager: Stephen J. Chaiken
The New York City Opera
New York, NY

1979 The Tempest (musical score and director)
Feb 27 by William Shakespeare
 with Larry Atlas, Akin Babatunde, Paul Binotto,
 Jerry Cunliffe, Patrick Farrelly, Ernestine
 Jackson, Stephen Keep, Michael Meadows,
 Janette Moody, David Nieske, Raymond
 Patterson, Michael Warren Powell, Richard
 Spore, Deborah Van Valkenburgh
 Set designer: Bill Stabile
 Costume designer: Frank Krenz, Karen Miller
 Masks: Michael Warren Powell
 Lighting designer: Laura Rambaldi
 Production stage manager: Gallen McKinley
 Annenberg Center
 Zellerbach Theatre
 Philadelphia, PA

1979 The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria
Aug (musical score and director)
 by Fernando Arrabal
 translated by Everard d'Harnoncourt and Adele
 Shank
 with (in alternating roles) Raymond Patterson
 and Michael Meadows (Architect), Thomas
 Kopache (Emperor)
 Same production
 "Teatromusica Taormina '79"
 International Festival of Taormina
 Taormina, Sicily

1979 Donna Summer Special (director)
 Written by Rod Warren and Ernest Chambers

with Robert Guillaume, Debra Lee Scott, Pat
 Ast, Twiggy, Amy Summer, John La Matta,
 Lawrence Cohen, Albert Cohen, Jay Rasumny,
 Symie, Dennis Doderer Woods
 Camera director: Don Misher
 Producer: Ernest Chambers
 Musical director: Michael Warren
 Art director: Rene Lagler
 Costume designer: Fleur Thiemeyer
 Lighting designer: Carl Gibson
 Executive producer: Susan Munao
 ABC TV
 Hollywood, CA

- 1979 Starmania ("La Passion de Johnny Rockfort")
 (director)
 About what happens to people who become stars--
 their adulation and destruction.
 by Francis Morane, Michel Berger, Luc Plamondon
 with Daniel Balavoine, Etienne Chicot, Diane
 Dufresne, France Gall, Rene Joly, Gregory
 Ken, Roddy (no last name given), Fabienne
 Thibeault, and Nanette Workman
 Singer-actors: Patrick Arnault, Gilles Buhlman,
 Florence Davis, Pascale Geille, Joël
 Jovignot, Hervé Lebeau, Bernard Marsan,
 Isabelle Michlin, Michel Mellat, Veronique
 Mucret, Françoise Ney, Jean-Claude Valat,
 Lydia Verkine, Violette Vial
 Dancers: Joanna Bartholomew, Kenny Cohen, Marc
 Drouin, Mary McDevitt, Scott Elder, Verne
 Hendrick
 Movement director: Serge Gubelmann
 Set designer: Bill Stabile
 Assistant to Mr. Stabile: Gilles Nicolini
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Assistant to Mr. Barcelo: Jean-Pierre Clech
 Assistant to Mr. O'Horgan: Robert Blanchet
 Prop design: Francois Landry
 Lighting design: John Maclain
 Sound designer: Abe Jacob
 Production assistant: Chantal Danet
 Projection technician: Gilles Signard
 Photographer: Ange Manganelli
 Producer: Roland Hubert
 Musical director: Michel Bernholc
 Artistic collaborators: Francis Morane, Michel
 Berger, Luc Plamondon
 Palais des Congrès
 Paris, France

- 1979 Unsigter Og Indsigter ("Outside and Inside")
 (musical score and director, musician)
 Created with the paintings of Clifford Wright,
 with text by Elsa Gress
 An environmental art instillation with moving
 and focusing light, music, songs, and
 storytelling voices on tape.
 Voices: (singers) Edith Guillaume, Ulrik Cold;
 (actors) Berthe Quistgaard, Ove Sprogøe.
 Music on tape: Didi Charney (flute, alto
 flute), Joel Kaye (oboe, English horn,
 heckelphone), Richard Cohen (clarinet, bass
 clarinet, contra bass, clarinet), Simeon
 Westbrooke (bassoon, contra bassoon),
 Steven Maniscola (French horn), Robert
 Solone (piano, organ, regal), Shem Guibbory
 (1st violin), Caroline Dutton (2nd violin),
 Richard Carbone (viola), Richard Share
 (cello), Serge Gubelmann (didgeridoo), Tom
 O'Horgan (serpent), Nicholas Sean Austin
 (percussion), Serge Gubelmann (percussion),
 Tom O'Horgan (serpent), Galen McKinley
 (percussion), David Nieske (percussion),
 Michael Shenker (percussion), Nicholas Sean
 Austin (vocals), Stephen Hunter (vocals),
 Tom O'Horgan (vocals), Raimond Patterson
 (vocals)
 Engineer: Tom Randol
 Studio: Robert Cubbage
 Producer: Galen McKinley
 Lights: Jonathan Gress Wright
 Sound designer: Per Rasmussen
 Photographs: Lillian Bolvinkel
 Lighting designer: Jonathan Gress Wright
 Louisiana Museum
 Denmark
- 1980 I Won't Dance (musical score and director)
 by Oliver Hailey
 with Shirley Knight, David Selby, and Arlene
 Golonka
 Set designer: Bill Stabile
 Lighting designer: Craig Miller
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Production stage manager: Galen McKinley
 Producer: Neal Du Brock
 Studio Arena Theater
 Buffalo, NY
- 1981 I Won't Dance (musical score and director)
 by Oliver Hailey

with Gail Strickland, David Selby, and Arlene Golonka

Set designer: Bill Stabile

Lighting designer: Craig Miller

Costume designer: Marty Pakledinaz

Production stage manager: Alan Hall

Stage manager: Ruth E. Rinklin

Director's assistant: Nan Penman

Producer: David Merrick

Helen Hayes Theatre

New York, NY

- 1981 Memory of The Future ("Lerdindrig Om Frentiden")
(musical score and director)
by Elsa Gress
with Erik Mork, Niels Alsing, Lene Axelsen,
Rita Benning, Morten Caving, Jannie
Faurschou, Ulla Henningsen, Kristian Holm,
William Kisum, Tonny Lambert, Per Moller
Hielsen, Benny Petersen, Proben Ravn,
Holget Vistisen
Producer: Palle Wolfsberg
Camera director: Jan Ulrich
Set designer: Sture Pyk
Prop designer: Mogens Jensen
Makeup: Grete Josephsen, Agnete Knudsen
Lighting designer: Erik Sorensen
Sound designer: Kent Munch, Bent Petersen,
Henning Engelbak
Floor manager: Inge Wolle
Production assistants: Vibe Gad, Benedicte
Rosenkrantz
Danish National TV
Denmark

- 1981 Union Square Grand Reunion Or The Entire and
Original History Of Union Square--The Last
Million Years (musical score and director)
Mayor Koch's dedication of the reopening of
Union Square
Lyrics: Perry Arthur (Kroeger)
Music: Tom O'Horgan
with Bertilla Baker (Emma Goldman) Sal Viviano
(George Washington), Jeff Johnson (Walt
Whitman), Keith David (Paul Robeson); and
Mark Andresen, James Blaimayer, Paul
Carroll, J. P. Dougherty, Leslie Feagan,
Mack Gilbert, Francis Gray, Serge
Gubelmann, Robin Haft, Andrew Hammond, Ray
Jivoff, Brad Little, Toni Marchion, Suzanne
Morey, Rosa Nova, Paula Redinger, Roseann

Ruggiero, Susan Selig, Kate Shein, Michael Shenker, Rick Stanly, Jason Rath
 Stilt walkers: Gabriel Barry, Rita Nachtman
 The Band: Gordon Harrell (conductor), Wayne Green (synthesizer), Gary Haase (bass guitar), Grant Miller (guitar), Chris Rogers (trumpet), Richard Weller (drums)
 Designer: Perry Arthur (Kroeger)
 Company manager and scenic engineering: Houston Demere
 Brontosaurus by Perry Arthur (Kroeger)
 Producers: Norman Cohen, Joan Talbot, 14th Street-Union Square Local Development Corp., The City of New York Parks and Recreation Dept.
 Union Square
 New York, NY

1981 Birdbath (director)
 by Leonard Melfi
 with Kevin O'Connor (Frankie), Basta Barbara Eda-Young (Velma Sparrow)
 Set designer: Bill Stabile
 Lighting designer: Laura Rambaldi
 Costume designer: Gabriel Berry
 Stage manager: Marc Cohen
 20th Anniversary Celebration
 La Mama E.T.C.
 New York, NY

1981 Sonar, King of Darkness (serpent)
 Oct 24- Composed by Kirk Nurock
 Oct 25 A New York Zoological Society Event
 Halloween Happening: Who's Who at the Zoo
 Natural Sound Ensemble: Gabriela Amon, Bob Casanova, Janet Chartier, Amber Chiang, Benjamin Donenberg, Vicki Garner, Studebaker Hawk, Mary Johnson, Pamela Joy, Gerry Kaplan, Rob Kaplan, Margie Kessler, Dale R. Lally, Richie Michaels, Soni Moreno, Paula Nelson, Randy Pentilla, Joseph Shrand, Sasha Silverstein, Desiree L. Vasquez, Curt Williams, Jean-Marie Youngstrom, Amielle Zemach
 Instrumentalists: John D'earth (trumpet, flugelhorn, ocarinas), Geoffrey Gordon (world percussion instruments), Skip LaPlante (homemade percussion instruments), Tom O'Horgan (serpent), William Schimmel (accordion)
 Conductor: Kirk Nurock
 Visual effects: Stan Peskell

Aerial choreography: Batya Zamir
Bronx Zoo

- 1981 Hurrah For The Bridge (director and music)
by Paul Foster
with Thomas Kopache (Rover), Lisa Fahrner
(Ruby), Nameer El Kadi (Eeny), Steve
Monarque (Meeny), Naseer El Kadi (Meiny),
Dennis Gregory (Mo)
Set designer: Bill Stabile
Lighting designer: Anne Militello
Costume designer: Gabriel Berry
Sound designer: Jeffery Peterson
Stage manager: Marc Cohen
20th Anniversary Celebraton
La Mama E.T.C.
New York, NY
- 1982 Sky Music (concept; musical score and director)
An outdoor musical event scored for twenty
brass instruments and fifty percussion
instruments. An outdoor musical event
scored for twenty brass instruments and
fifty percussion instruments. Four groups
of five brass instruments were stationed on
the roofs of five buildings surrounding New
York's Union Square. They played
antiphonally for a half hour. At this
point a circle of fifty percussion
instruments, placed three blocks from and
around the center of the park began to play
and march towards Union Square. When the
percussionists reached the perimeter of the
park they were joined by the five brass
quintets. The entire ensemble then
proceeded to the plaza at the downtown edge
of Union Square Park and played a finale.
It was a Charles Ivesian celebration.
Union Square
New York, NY
- 1982 The Day of The Child (director)
Emergency benefit event to aid the children of
Cambodia
with Bette Midler, Raul Julia, Alaina Reed,
Jamie Bernstein, Frank Zuback's Big Jazz
Band, The United Nation's Orchestra playing
"The Choral Movement" from Beethoven's
Ninth Symphony, and "a host of other
participants."
Executive producer: Kazuko Hillyer
Producer: Michael Riddell

Beacon Theater
New York, NY

- 1982 The Soldier's Tale (director)
by Igor Stravinsky
Staged production to honor the Stravinsky
centenary
Text by C. F. Ramuz in a translation by Sheldon
Harnick
with John Rubinstein (The Reader), John Shea
(The Soldier), Andre De Shields (The
Devil), Christine Sarrey (The Princess),
Nameer El-Kadi (Stage Magician), Naseer
El-Kade (Stage Magician), and members of
The St. Paul Chamber Orchestra: Gerard
Schwarz (Conductor), Pinchas Zukerman
(Violin)
Production design: Randy Barcelo
Lighting designer: John McLain
Choreography: Wesley Fata
Carnegie Hall
New York, NY
- 1982 Battle Of The Giants (Chapter One) (director)
by Steve Brown and Alan Menken
with Perry Arthur (Kroeger), Paul Binotto,
Stephen Bogardus, Camille (Saviola), Eva
Charney, Judith Cohen, Baby Jane Dexter,
Carl Hall, Linda LLOYD, Michael Meadows,
Raymond Patterson, Alaina Reed, Camille
Tibaldeo, Ron Taylor, Martha Wingate
Set designer: Bill Stabile
Costume designer: Randy Barcelo, David Dangle
Lighting designer: Tammi Temptation (Laura A.
Rambaldi)
Sound designer: Jay Thomas, Bob Klitzner
Electronic musical effects: Larry Kraman
Production stage manager: Marc Cohen
Assistant stage managers: Eva Charney, Donald
Hattinger
Choreography: Chrissy Bocchino
Assistant choreographer: Michael Meadows
Dildo puppet: T. Sam Parrish
Assistants: Random Gott, Bob Howard
Master electrician: Alan Lampel

Electrical assistants: Anguss Moss, Rick
 Tsukada, Harry Primeau, Jey Stark, Jerry
 Goralnick, Chuck Dishian
 The Band: Chris Cherney (keyboards), Alan Cohen
 (guitar), Richard Cook (drums), Jeff
 Philips (bass), Ira Siegel (bass)
 Producers: For Quadrille Productions: Michael
 Bennett, Bob Avian, Robin Wagner
 General manager: Marvin A. Krauss
 890 Broadway
 New York, NY

- 1982 Blake Songs [8] (musical score and director)
 From "Songs of Innocence and Experience"
 Poems by William Blake
 A musical piece for 3 tenors, 3 bassoons (3rd
 doubling on contra bassoon) and percussion.
 The Poems:
 1. "Tyger, Tyger, Burning Bright"
 2. "The Poison Tree"
 3. "Divine Image"
 4. "My Pretty Rose Tree"
 5. "Infant Sorrow"
 6. "The Sick Rose"
 7. "The Lilly"
 8. "Little Fly"
 with (tenors) Raymond Patterson, Paul Binotto,
 Michael Meadows; Simeon Westbrooke (1st
 bassoon), Michael Ellert (2nd bassoon), and
 Donald Hettinger (3rd bassoon and contra
 bassoon)
 840 Broadway Loft
 New York, NY

- 1983 American Heroes (director)
 by Michael Heath Johnson, Barry Mason, Don
 Gould
 with Perry Arthur (Kroeger), Paul Binotto, Alan
 Braunstein, Eva Charney, Stephanie Conlow,
 J. P. Dougherty, Leata Galloway, Ursuline
 Kairson, Michael Leslie, Raymond Patterson,
 Ronald Perlman, Jay Rasumny, Jacqueline
 Reilly, Madalyn Reinheimer, Daryl
 Richardson
 Stage design: Bill Stabile
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Lighting designer: Laura A. Rambaldi
 Sound designer: Bob Klitzner
 Musical director and vocal arrangements: Tom
 Spahn
 Orchestration: Don Gould
 Choreographer: Chris Bocchino
 Production stage manager: Marc Cohen

Stage managers: Eva Charney, Donald Hettinger
 Production assistants: Michael Shenker, Jaimie
 Certilman, Charlie Coco

The Band: Robert Mast (saxophone/flute), Eva
 Charney (alto saxophone), Michael Shenker
 (bass saxophone), Dean Bailin (guitar),
 Brad Simmons (conga and percussion), Frank
 Vilardi (drums), Frank Ferrucci
 (synthesizer), Thomas Spahn (piano)
 Producer: Howard Katz

890 Broadway
 New York, NY

1983 The Plagues (musical score and director)

by Eve Merriam

A dramatic dance oratorio, a modern adaptation
 of the Old Testament plagues.

with Mary Barber, James Bamberg, Gabriel Barre,
 Kenneth Bell, Christopher Cable, Jonathan
 Dewberry, Jeff Johnson, Kevin Kirsten,
 Chuck Muckle, James Nauyok, Mark Wolff,
 Mary Barber, Pamela Joy, Eleni Kelakos,
 Ruth Kidder, Lisa Kirchner, Jill Kotler,
 Anne Miyamoto, Thelma Nevitt, Marchand
 Odette, and Susan Postel

Production stage manager: Marc Cohen

Musical conductor: David Aurelius

Stage design: Bill Stabile

Prop and mask designer: Marc Cohen

Lighting designer: Harry Primeau

Costuming: Gabriel Barry

La Mama Annex

New York, NY

1983 The Great Gottschalk (director)

by Hugh Wheeler, based on his book Louis Moreau
 Gottschalk

A musical about the adventures of the legendary
 19th century concert pianist, Louis Moreau
 Gottschalk. The story was told by the
 pianist's friend and servant Firmen (Ben
 Vereen), and Gottschalk was portrayed by a
 dancer (Edward Villella).

also with Matthew Bernstein, Elman R. Anderson,
 Joel Czarlinsky, Michael Cichetti, Marla
 Bingham, Philomena Nowlin, Chris Hoskins

Producer: Len Mogel

Music: Louis Moreau Gottschalk

Set designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger

Stage manager: Marc Cohen

Studio 890

New York, NY

- 1983 Mrs. Farmer's Daughter (director, co-author)
 by Jack Eric Williams and Tom O'Horgan
 with Stephen Berger, Don Chastain, Rhonda
 Coulet, Mary Dale, Denise DeMirjian, Brian
 Hurley, William Kiehl, Eve Martinez, Kristi
 Mordica, Raymond Patterson, Sharon Troyer
 Screggs, Joseph Stockdale, Larry J. Victor
 Set designer: Bill Stabile
 Costume coordination: Randy Barcelo
 Lighting designer: John McLain
 Musical director: Jack Eric Williams
 Conductor: Marc Irwin
 Assistant Conductor: Dale Zurbrick
 Choreography: Ted Rotante
 Production stage manager: Marc "Marcus" Cohen
 Director's assistant: Wendy West
 Research and documentation: Joseph Stockdale
 State University of New York
 Purchase, NY
- 1983 Y (director) (The "Go To Health" Musical)
 Later, with new score, known as Sun.
 by Gerome Ragni, James Rado, and Steven
 Margoshes
 with Perry Arthur (Kroeger), Pierre Asselin,
 Carol Cass, Brian Destazio, J. P.
 Dougherty, Annie Joe Edwards, John Germoin,
 Fred Harris, Timothy Landfield, Tom
 McBride, Raymond Patterson, Zora Rasmussen
 Ruby Rims, Patrick Taylor, Maria Vidal,
 Lillias White, Georgia Wise, Robert Wolberg
 Set designer: Perry Arthur (Kroeger)
 Costume designer: Gabriel Berry
 Sound designer: Laurence Basinski
 Choreographer: Alice Farley
 Robot and Gogenshein Costume designer: Alice
 Farley
 Stage manager: Marc Cohen
 Band: Steven Margoshes (piano), Ed Sterbenz
 (bass), Richard Crooks (drums), Edwina
 Tyler (percussion); Bill Ware (vibraphone),
 Rich Ulfik (synthesizer)
 Actors Theater
 New York, NY
- 1983 Brooklyn Bridge Centennial (director)
 A sound and light spectacle
 by Lael Werenbaker and Baird Hersey
 with Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, Paul
 Roebling, Peter Craig, Jerry Cunliffe,
 Marilyn Roberts, Patrick Farrelly

Lighting and special effects: Robert Davis and
 Jules Fisher Associates
 Sound designer: Erskine Shapiro Theatre
 Technology
 Fireworks: Grucci Productions
 Producers: Frances Ann Dougherty and Omar K.
 Lerman
 Brooklyn Bridge
 New York, NY

- 1983 Pal Joey (director)
 Music by Richard Rogers
 Lyrics by Lorenz Hart
 Book by John O'Hara
 with Joel Grey, Alexis Smith, Kelly Bishop,
 Randy Graff, John La Motta, Ronald Perlman,
 Jana Robbins, J. P. Dougherty
 The Ensemble: Judy Austin, Blake Atherton,
 Kelli Barclay Boelsterli, Peggy A. Byers,
 Andrea Cohen, Valerie Dowd, Jerrilyn
 Ferguson, Cherilyn James, Kim Kilway, Sandy
 Rowe, Polly Seale, Valerie Seles, Steven
 Cralle, Michael LaForêt, Campbell Martin,
 T. J. Meyers, Terry Morrow, Steve Pantuso,
 Bob Sherry, and Steven Welborn
 Choreography: Grover Dale
 Musical director: Peter Howard
 Set designer: Randel Wright
 Lighting designer: David Gibson
 Costume designer: Arthur Boccia, Shelly
 Goldstein
 Dallas Summer Musicals
 Dallas, Texas
- 1984 Little Mighty (director)
 by James-Paul Grady, J. Richard Harrison, and
 Craig Giles
 . . . The Greatest Boy Who Ever Lived . . .
 The World Knows The Man,
 But Who Was The Boy?
 A musical about the childhood of Christ.
 with Don Chastain, Judith Cohen, Victor Cook,
 Ed Dixon, Ellen Foley, Joie Gallo, Sam
 Harris, Jeff Johnson, Perry Arthur Kroeger,
 Pam Lloyd, Karen Longwell, Lisa Miller,
 Mennie Nelson, Charles Pistone, Glenn
 Rosenblum, Steve Schocket, Tena Wilson
 Stage manager: Houston Demere
 Assistant stage managers: Taryn James, Ray
 Jivoff
 Costume designer: Animal X
 Set designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger

Musical director: James-Paul Grady
 Assistant musical director: Yves Abel
 Pianists: Pam Drews, Clay Fullum
 Westbeth Theatre
 151 Bank St.
 New York, NY

- 1985 Mowgli (adaptation, director)
 A new musical based on Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book
 by C. J. Ellis and Kirk Nurock
 with Bertilla Baker, Stephen Berger, Samir Chowdhury, Cain Devore, Leslie Feagan, Marc Heller, Michele Hendricks, Sara Riva Krieger, Michael Leslie, Steve Schocket, Kirk Taylor, Gretchen Weihe
 Set designer: Bill Stabile
 Costume designers: Alice Farley and Annie Hickman
 Lighting designer: John McLain
 Puppetry design: Herbert Leith
 Music arranger: Kirk Nurock
 Music director: Peter G. Phillips
 Stage manager: Marc Cohen
 Judith Anderson Theatre
 Theatre Row, 42nd St.
 New York, NY
- 1985 Mowgli (adaptation, director)
 A new musical based on Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book
 by C. J. Ellis, Kirk Nurock, and Tom O'Horgan
 Performance dedicated to the memory of Galen McKinley.
 with Roy Bailey, Bertilla Baker, Edwin Battle, Ray Contreras, Penney Davis, Leslie Feagan, Andrew Hammond, Michael Leslie, Maria Maxwell, Geoffrey Nauffts, Sasha Charnin, Steve Schocket; and
 Scatist: John DeRobertis
 Stage design: Bill Stabile
 Costume designer: Alice Farley, Stacy Morse, Annie Hickman, Joan Peters
 Puppet design: Jane Stein
 Puppeteer: Peter Baird (Kaa the Pithan)
 Light design: John McLain
 Sound designer: Tom Gould
 Production stage manager: Marc David Cohen
 Stage manager: Houston Demere
 Vocal and instrumental arranger: Kirk Nurock
 Producers: Marjorie Samoff, Eric Salzman, in association with The Music/Drama Company

Inc., Chester Fox, Chantpleure (David H. Peipers), Marc Cohen
 Harold Prince Theatre
 Annenberg Center
 American Music Theater Festival
 Philadelphia, PA

- 1985 The Light Opera (director)
 by Charlie Marrow
 An environmental theatre piece about the
 origins of light and its effects on the
 history of mankind.
 with (The Western Wind), Ma Prem Alimo
 (soprano), Dore Ohrenstein (soprano),
 William Zukof (counter tenor), William Lyon
 Lee (tenor), Elliot Levine (baritone),
 Albert deRuiter (bass); and
 Min Tanaka and his Butoh Group: Hisako
 Horikawa, Matsumi Seki, Kenji Yubuuchi,
 Jocelyne Montpetit, Nelson Zayes, Kyoko
 Komatsu
 Choreography: Min Tanaka
 Space design: Bill Stabile and Jun Maeda
 Lighting designer: Harry Primeau
 Production stage manager: Marc "Marcus" Cohen
 Prop designer and special effects: Marc
 "Marcus" Cohen
 La Mama Annex
 New York, NY
- 1985 A Wonderful Life (director)
 (Adapted from the film It's A Wonderful Life)
 by Sheldon Harnick and Joe Raposo
 with Joe Kolinski, Gwyllum Evans, Dan
 Strickler, Jim Whitson, James Gleason, John
 Carpinter, Phyllis Grandy, Jeff Johnson,
 Alan North, J. P. Dougherty, Donna Lee
 Marshall, Donna Bullock, Abra Bogham,
 Edmund Lyndeck, Mary Ellen Ashley, Stephen
 Berger, Joseph Reff, Kimi Morris, Piper
 Lawrence
 Musicians: Wayne Green (piano), Rich Sanders
 (synthesizer), David Nieske (drums)
 Set designer: Perry Arthur (Kroeger)
 Costume and Prop designer: Susan Selig
 Choreography: Billy Wilson
 Production stage manager: Marc "Marcus" Cohen
 Production assistant: Houston Demere
 890 Broadway
 New York, NY
- 1986 Kith and Kin (director)

by: Oliver Hailey
 with Philip Carroll, Ellen Foley, Kevin Geer,
 Jonathan Hadary, and Margo Skinner
 Set and lighting designer: Daniel R. Bauer
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Sound designer: "The Gremlin"
 Producers: Lucille Lortel, Russ Bannum
 White Barn Theatre
 Westport, CT

1986

Mass (director)

by Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Schwartz
 with Joseph Kolinski (Celebrant), Michael Hume
 (Cover), Hector Milletti (Boy Soloist)
 Street Chorus: Perry Arthur (Kroeger), Saverio
 Barbieri, Jamie Bernstein, Paul Binotto,
 Stephen Bogardus, J. P. Dougherty, Louise
 Edeiken, June Fiske, Ethan Freeman, Karen
 Hunt, Bill Johnson, Ursuline Kairson, Dana
 Krueger, Raymond Patterson, Patti Perkins,
 Shezwae Powell, Eileen Rose, Margaret
 Schmitt, Ron Taylor, and Wayne Turnage

Acolytes:

Dancers: Joe Alegado, Jung Aulyang, David
 A. Christel, Nancy Lushington, Lindsay
 Mayo

Musicians: Rie Schmidt (solo flutist and
 dancer), Marshall Coid (solo violinist,
 singer, counter tenor)

Pre-recorded vocal soloists: Betty Allen, Karen
 Altman, Dominic Cossa, and Ray De Woll

Brooklyn Boys Chorus: Lee Abrams, Ennis Alford,
 David Alston, Wayne Bradley, Gerald Cherry,
 John Cherry, Terry Coker, Ryan Enstrom,
 Estee Ghee, Peter Gonzales, Evan Govan,
 Everette Govan, John Green, Drew Greene,
 Edward Harrold, Leslie Hinds, Terry Isaac,
 Bradley Jacobson, Brain Keane, Edward
 Laramore, Varney Lymon, Ethan Spenser
 McKenna, Derwin Owens, Erasmo Rodriguez,
 Michael Spruill, Jeff Stiebell, Chawn
 Thompson, David Wilkerson

Chorus: (Sopranos) Linda Allison, Judith
 Borden, Mickey Furson, Carleen Morris
 Hardesty, Yvette M. C. Holt, Rhonda
 Jarrell, Shari Krikorian, Vicki Johnstone
 Longo, Nancy Mathis, Catherine May, Debra
 McGuire, Barbara McKenna, Deborah Miller,
 Martha Novas, Mary Beth Parrotta, Diane
 Soulier. (Altos) Amy Antonelli, Patricia
 Boyd, Charlene Moore Cooper, Karen
 Hettinger, Eleni Kallas, Susan Kerner-Hoeg,

Barbara Kline, Anne Goodwin Miller, Gail Mitchell, Emmy A. R. Moore, Holly J. Reppert, Mary Claire Richardson, Jane Rosenbloom, Bert Reams Wirth. (Tenors) Walter Hunt, Michael M. Mandel, Manuel Juarez Milendez, Byron V. Peters, Edward Randall, David Rees, Alburtt Rhodes, Robert Rooks, Patrick J. Toomey, Anthony Torchia, Richard Turner, Charles Edmund Tyler, Robert Williamson. (Basses) David Allen, Samuel Bonds, William Buddy Cameron, Richard S. Dirksen, R. Travis Evans, Johnson Flucker, Kemal Khan, Clarke Maylone, Dale L. McKinley, Ronald Morman, Thomas A. Protenic, Thomas Schwab, Jay Silberg

Musicians: Priscilla Fritter (flutes), Mark Stein (flutes), Gene Montooth (oboes), Ada Saunders (oboes), James Badolato (soprano saxophone) Robert Silberstein (E-flat clarinet, alto saxophone), Norman Katz (bass clarinet, tenor saxophone), Walter Maciejewicz (bassoon), Richard Seidler (contra bassoon), Orrin Olson (horns), Samuel Ramsay (horns), Robert Ordmark (horns), Virginia Day (horns), George Recker (trumpet), Paul Taylor (trumpet), Michael Applebaum (trumpet), Christopher Gekker (trumpet), Edward Kiehl (trombone), Donald King (trombone), David Summers (bass trombone), Michael Bunn (tuba)

Blues Band: David Abell (keyboard), Thomas Jones (drums), Michael Willens (bass guitar)

Rock Band: Peter Hume (1st guitar), Fred Karns (2nd guitar), Robert Magruder (drums), David Kane (keyboard), Michael Webber (bass guitar)

Strings:

Violins: Nancy Ellsworth, Cynthia Montooth, Eugene Dreyer, Shin-Yeh Lu, Maurice Myers, Patricia Cochran, Genevieve Fritter, Margaret Thomas, Judith Parkinson, Julie Kohl, David Rajnes, Jane Golemon, Dolores Robbins, Eva Black, Carolyn Schmidt, Elliot Siegel, Norma Maciejewicz, Charles Whitten, Boris Roninson, Pamela Grubbe, Suzanne Friedman

Violas: Evelyn Harpham, Margaret Ward, Rodger Ellsworth, Leon Neal, Margaret Beck, Shelley Coss, Leon Feldman

Cellos: Robert Newkirk, David Premo, Helen
 Collman, Keith Fleming, Benjamin Levenson,
 Joseph Tagliavero
 Basses: John Ricketts, Keith Hodgson, Frank
 Carnovale, Hampton Childress
 Timpani: Ronald Barnett
 Percussion: Tom Wardlow, James Stutsman, Nora
 Davenport, Albert Merz
 Harp: Rebecca Anstine
 Organs: John Bayless, Steven Kraut
 Personnel manager: Eugene Dreyer
 Librarian: Samuel Ramsey
 Musical director: John Mauceri
 Choreographer: Wesley Fata
 Stage design: Bill Stabile
 Lighting designer: John McLain
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Sound designer: John McClure
 Choral master: Norman Scribner
 Brooklyn Boys Chorus director: James McCarthy
 Producer: Roger L. Stevens
 Coordinating producer: Charlene Harrington
 Kennedy Center Opera House
 Washington, DC

1987 Nimrod (Pop'ra) (musical score and director)
 by John Walker
 A Pop'ra based on the Old Testament anti-hero
 with Cheryl Alexander, Richard Coombs, Tom
 Desrocher, J. P. Dougherty, Elena Ferrante,
 Michelle Fleisher, Kristen Gray, Jeff
 Johnson, Michael Leslie, Mary Jo Limpert,
 Aaron Mendelson, Raymond Patterson,
 Maggi-Meg Reed, Michael Rapposelli, Mary
 Robin Roth
 Set designer: Bill Stabile
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Lighting designer: John McLain
 Sound designer: Bernard Fox
 Choreography: Wesley Fata
 Musical director: Gordon Lowry Harrell
 National Tour

1987 JABEZ (director)
 by Houston Demere
 Initiated by John Fiedler
 with John Fiedler, Peter Baird, Miles Mason,
 Joanna Pattavina, Annabelle Gurwitch, Jeff
 Poetzel, Ray Jivoff, Kate Shein
 Octoberfest 87
 The Ensemble Studio Theatre
 New York, NY

- 1988 Yellow Cake Review (director)
 A dramatic Song Cycle about the dangers of
 Plutonium
 by Peter Maxwell Davis
 with Stephanie Myszak (soprano), Scott Johnson
 (actor), David Cohen (actor)
 Pianist and musical director: Mimi Stern-Wolfe
 Downtown Music
 YM-YWHA
 New York, NY
- 1988 Senator Joe (Pop'ra) (musical score and director)
 by Perry Arthur Kroeger
 A Pop'ra based on the life and times of Senator
 Joe McCarthy
 with Cheryl Alexander, Richard Coombs, Tom
 Desrocher, J. P. Dougherty, Elena Ferrante,
 Michelle Fleisher, Kristen Gray, Jeff
 Johnson, Michael Leslie, Mary Jo Limpert,
 Aaron Mendelson, Raymond Patterson, Michael
 Rapposelli, Maggi-Meg Reed, Mary Robin
 Roth, Ric Ryder
 Set designer: Bill Stabile
 Costume designer: Randy Barcelo
 Lighting designer: John McLain
 Original Production Art: Marc Kehoe, Dan Gosch
 Sound designer: Bernard Fox
 Choreography: Wesley Fata
 Orchestration: Jimmy Vivino
 Musical director: Gordon Lowry Harrell
 Neil Simon Theatre
 New York, NY
- 1989 A Woman Alone With Out-Of-State Plates (director)
 by Denise Lanctot and Stephanie Salzman
 with Mary Ellen Ashley, Bertilla Baker Abra,
 Bigham Don Chastain, Mary-Pat Green, Hal
 Robinson, Randy Rollison
 Musical director: Steve Alper
 Stage manager: Neil Wilson
 Tisch School of the Arts
 New York University
 New York, NY
- 1989 The Importance of Being Earnest (musical score)
 by Oscar Wilde
 Directed by Thomas Farrington
 TADA Theater
 New York, NY
- 1989 Power Failure (director)
 Apr 29 A postminimalist opera
 by Paul Drescher and Rinde Eckert

with
 Singers: John Duykers, Rinde Eckert, Stephanie
 Friedman, Sara Ganz
 Musical ensemble: Paul Drescher, Miguel
 Frasconi, Gene Reffkin, Ned Rothenberg
 Set and costumes: Michael Olich
 Lighting designer: Larry Neff
 Sound designer: Jay Cloyd
 Producer: Robin Kirk
 Production director: Melissa Weaver
 Stage manager: Roxanne Merryfield
 Technical director: Christopher Anderson
 Director's assistant: Peter Price
 American Music Theater Festival
 The Great Hall
 University of the Arts
 Philadelphia, PA

1989 "How to Use a Dramaturg" (panelist)
 Sept 25 Colloquium
 Moderated by James Leveret
 Panelists: James C. Nicola, Richard Dresser,
 Morgan Jenness, Tim Sanford, Tom O'Horgan
 Marymount College Theatre
 New York, NY

1989 Power Failure (second version) (director)
 Oct 27 by Paul Drescher (composer) and Rinde Eckert
 (librettist)
 with
 Singers: John Duykers, Rinde Eckert, Stephanie
 Friedman, Thomas Eckert
 Musical ensemble: Paul Drescher, Miguel
 Frasconi, Gene Reffkin, Ned Rothenberg
 Sets and costume designer: Michael Olich
 Adaptation of set: Christopher Anderson
 Lighting designer: Larry Neff
 Sound designer: Jay Cloyd
 Producer: Robin Kirk
 Production manager: Melissa Weaver
 Technical director: Justin Hersh
 Assistant technical director: Chad Owens
 Master welder: Jeff Metcalf
 Musical advisor: Jonathan Khuner
 Hancher Auditorium
 Iowa Center for the Arts
 The University of Iowa
 Iowa City, IA

1989 Cloud Walking (director)
 A presentational clarinet recital based on a
 modern Rapunzel story with virtuosa
 clarinetist Jean Kopperud.

by Rosalyn Drexler
 Music: Sal Gallina, Scott Johnson, and Donald
 York
 Choreography: Wesley Fata
 Concert tour to Australia and North America

- 1989 Ballad of Carl Dreyer ("Balladen Om Carl Th.
 Dreyer") (director and musical score)
 by Elsa Gress
 with Erik Mork (Carl Th. Dreyer), also Frederik
 Sunne Esbensen, Soren Saette-Larsen, Ulla
 Jessen Ulla Schytte, Henrik Larsen, Torben
 Jensen, Preben Neergaard, Dick Kaysor,
 Henning Palmer, Christoffer Bro, Poul
 Malmkjaer, Ann-Mari Max Hansen, Ulla
 Henningsen, Bent Liwerissa, Mogens
 Brix-Pedersen, Ingolf Gabold, Axel Strobye,
 Grete Holmer, and Hedwig Rammel (mezzo
 soprano soloist, Denmark Radio Chorus
 Producer: Palle Wolfsberg
 Camera director: Jan Ulrich Pekersen
 Assistant producer: Connie Wiberg
 Stage managers: Inge Wolle, Palle Brix
 Set designer: Sture Pyk
 Costume designer: Marianne Anderson
 Masks: Annelise Lind
 Makeup: Lisbeth Petersen
 TV-Teaterafdelingen Produktionsgruppe 1
 TV-Byen, 2860 Soborg
 Danish National TV
 Denmark
- 1989 Backstage with Warren G: Capitol Cake Walk
 (director)
 by : Elmer Kline (book), Terry Waldo (music),
 and Lou Carter (lyrics)
 with George W. Nicholas, Minnette Coleman,
 Steven Bland, Thos Shipley, Michael Lislle,
 Aaron Mendelson, Miles Watson, Kyra Hilder,
 Cheryl Garland, Vita Jamal
 Production manager: Christophe Pierre
 Producers: Rosetta LeNoire, Mack Gilbert
 Amas Repertory Theatre
 New York, NY
- 1990 Capitol Cakewalk (director)
 A Scandal In Ragtime. The story of President
 Warren G. Harding.
 by Terry Waldo (music), Lou Carter (lyrics),
 and Elmer Kline (book) with Perry Arthur
 Kroeger

with Adrian Bailey, Minnette Coleman, Philip
 Gilmore, Sharon Hope, Kimberly Jones, Jack
 Landron, Miron Lockett, Yoko Matsumura,
 Aaron Mendelsson, Leonard Parker, Jeffrey
 Smith, Marc D. Summers, Jack Waddell, and
 Tina Wilson

Set designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
 Costume designer: Kathryn Wagner
 Lighting designer: Howard Thies
 Production stage manager: Michael Schaefer
 Choreography: Wesley Fata
 Dimson Theatre
 New York, NY

1990 Light (one-act) (director)
 by Leonard Melfi
 with Deanna Deignan
 Actors Gym
 New York, NY

1990 Body Builder's Book Of Love (musical score and
 director)
 by Fernando Arrabal
 translated by Lorenzo Mans
 with Mark Dold (Tao), Saul Stein (Job), Michael
 Garcés (TV Announcer)
 Set designer: Chistina Weppner
 Lighting designer: Debra Dumas
 Costume designer: Deborah Shaw
 Sound designer: Bernard Fox, Gene Perla
 Special effects: Steve Dunnington
 Production manager: Peter G. Davis
 Stage manager: Robert V. Thurber
 Assistant stage manager: Michael Garcés
 Intar Theatre
 New York, NY

1990 Beauty and the Beast (music, text, director)
 A dramatic piece for flute and clarinet in
 which the instrumentalists alternately play
 and speak.
 Performed by "Winds Of A Feather" with Linda
 Chesis (flute), Jean Kopperud (clarinet)
 Lincoln Center Institute Repertory (partial
 performance)
 The Juilliard Opera theater
 Premiere
 "New Music for Clarinet"
 Merkin Concert Hall
 Abraham Goodman House
 New York, NY
 and Tri State School Tour

New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut

- 1990 On the Harmfulness of Being Superstitious
 (director)
 A monologue play
 by Leonard Melfi
 with Deanna Deignan
 Actors Gym
 New York, NY
- 1990 All The Sad Protestants (director)
 by John Ford Noonan
 with Delphi Harrington, Emily Houpt, Brigid
 Murnayhan, Michael O'Neil, Sally Prager,
 Jack Ryland, Jonathan Walker
 Stage manager (Narrator): Robert Thurber
 Producers: Eric Krebs, Raft Theater
 John Houseman Theater
 New York, NY
- 1991 Red Moccasin and the Raven (music, text, and
 director)
 A dramatic piece for flute and clarinet in
 which the instrumentalists alternately play
 and speak.
 Performed by "Winds of a Feather": Linda Chesis
 (flute), Jean Kopperud (clarinet)
 Lincoln Center Institute Repertory
 Tri State School Tour
 New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut
- 1991 Giacinta (opera) (musical score, musical director)
 by Ellen Stewart (libretto), and Tom O'Horgan
 (music)
 Italian version of libretto by Anna Jetzler
 An outdoor, environmental, pageant opera,
 performed in the Piazza Del Duomo of the
 ancient Italian city Viterbo. The opera
 celebrates the life of Giacinta, a local
 saint.
 with Kate Dezina, Alberta Savonuzzi, Sheila
 Dabney, Andrea Paciotta, Laura Allegrini,
 Antonella Mattioli, Genevieve Lachat,
 Huseyin Katircioglu, David Sawyer, Saskia
 Menting, Clara Berna, Klaus Tange, Erika Di
 Giovancarlo, Cristina Guarpenti, Micaela
 Galamini, Giovanni Serra, Ugo Sani, Chiara
 Di Giovancarlo, Angela Ercoli, Barbara
 D'Agostino, Stefano Civilotti, Stefano
 Rosellini, Marisa Buffone, Maria Morena
 Lepri, Paolo Gasparini, Massimiliano
 Isidori, Marc Golding Francesco Mincaroni,

Pietro Morelli, Fabrizio Simeoni, Micaela Galamini, Barbara D'Agostino Angela Ercoli, Cristina Guarpentì, Tommaso Nardone, Jun Maeda, Jonathan Hovson, Claudia Napoletti
 Producer: Claudia Ruspoli
 Director: Ellen Stewart
 Set designers: Jun Maeda, David Adams
 Lighting and sound: Fausto Rosini
 Assistant musical director: David Sawyer
 Chorus director: Sheila Dabney
 Vocal arrangements: Kate Dezina, Sheila Dabney
 Production manager: Osvaldo Rodriguez
 Piazza Del Duomo
 Viterbo, Italy

1991 John Dark (director)
 by Eve Merriam
 with Jean Welden (Woman) and Saul Stein (John)
 840 Loft
 New York, NY

1991 Mozart Scenes (director)
 April by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
 A concert presentation of staged scenes
 from three Mozart operas.
 with Kevin Anderson, Robin Buck, Risa Renae
 Harman, and Sandra Moon
 Le Nozze Di Figaro
 Overture
 Recitativo ed Aria: "Hai gia vinta la causa!"
 Recitativo ed Aria: "Giunse alfin il Momento"
 Terzetto: "Susanna or via sortite"

Don Giovanni
 Recitativo e Duetto: "Alfin siam liberati,"
 "La ci darem la mano"
 Recitativo ed Aria: "Don Ottavio! son mortal"
 Recitativo ed Aria: "Salla sua pace"
 Overture (concert ending by Johann Andre)

Die Zauberflote
 Aria: "Dies bildnis ist bezaubernd schon"
 Aria: "Der vogelfanger bin ich ja"
 Aria: "Ach Ich fuhls"
 Aria: "Der holle rache kocht in meinem herzen"
 Overture
 Conductor: Laurence Gilgore
 Lighting designer: Steven Kwant
 Connecticut Grand Opera, and the Stamford
 Chamber Orchestra
 The Palace Theater
 Stamford, CT

- 1991 Broadway Then & Now (guest panelist)
 "Directing the Musical"; a colloquium
 co-sponsored by the SDC Foundation and the
 Columbia Directors Forum
 Moderator: Susan Schulman
 with directors: Martin Charnin, Scott
 Ellis, Nicholas Hytner, and Tom O'Horgan
 Columbia University
 Altschul Auditorium
 New York, NY
- 1991 The Wayward (The Music of Harry Partch) (director)
 A microtonal hobo opera.
 Performed by The New Band on Partch's original
 instruments
- "Eleven Intrusions" with Wilber Pauley (bass),
 Stephen Kalm (baritone), Aaron Mendelson
 (actor), Neal James (actor), Elizabeth
 Rodgers (guitar 1), Nina Kellman (guitar
 2), Dean Drummond (harmonic canons),
 Michael Lipsey (kithara 2, rattle),
 Theodore Mook (surrogate kithara, cello),
 James Pugliese (diamond marimba), Dominic
 Donato (bass marimba), Frank Cassara (cloud
 chamber bowls)
- "The Wayward"
 with Stephen Kalm (baritone: subjective
 voice), Wilber Pauley (bass: objective
 voice), Aaron Mendelson (actor), Neal
 James (actor), Dean Drummond
 (conductor), Elizabeth Rodgers
 (chromolodeon, harmonic canon), Nina
 Kellman (kithara 2, harmonic canons),
 Michael Lipsey (kithara 2, cloud chamber
 bowls), Theodore Mook (surrogate
 kithara, cello), Dominic Donato (diamond
 marimba, spoils of war), Frank Cassara
 (boo), bass marimba)
- Musical director: Dean Drummond
 Sets and costume designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
 Lighting designer: Steven Quandt
 Stage manager: Michael Schaefer
 Bang On A Can Festival
 Circle in the Square Theater (Downtown)
 New York, NY
- 1991 Futz (musical score and director)
 Oct 18 by Rochelle Owens

with John Bakos (Cyrus Futz), Peter Craig (Sluck), Marilyn Roberts (Mrs. Loop), John Moran (Oscar Loop), Paul Beauvais, Penny Arcade, Sheila Dabney, Thomas Keith, Kimberly Flynn, Jonathan Slath, Doug Von Nessen

Lighting designer: Howard Thies
La Mama Annex
New York, NY

- 1991 The Magic Flute (director)
Nov by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Emmanuel Schikaneder
additional English text by Perry Arthur Kroeger
with Del Bach (Sarastro), Mark Thomsen (Tamino), Jane Thorngren (Pamina), Rise Harman (Queen of the Night), Robin Buck (Papageno), Penny Johnson (1st Lady), Julie Smidt (2nd Lady), Laila Salins (3rd Lady), Mark Tobias (Monastatos), Beth Dunnington (Papagena), Edward Pleasant (Speaker), Christopher King (1st Priest), William Swain (2nd Priest), Beth Wagstram (1st Genie), Marshall Coid (2nd Genie), John Collis (3rd Genie), Christopher King (1st Armored Man), William Swain (2nd Armored Man), Paul Beauvais (1st Stage Magician), Michael Garcés (2nd Stage Magician), Neal James (3rd Stage Magician), Louis Moreno (4th Stage Magician), Doug Von Nessen (5th Stage Magician)
Conductor: Laurence Gilgore
Assistant conductor: Dale Diedert
Orchestra manager: David Wechsler
Chorus mistress: Carol Ann Maxwell
Costumes, props, and stage design: Perry Arthur Kroeger
Connecticut Grand Opera and Stamford State Opera
Stamford, Connecticut

- 1991 Jack's Back! (1st version) (director)
by Elmer Kline and Tom Herman
with John Behonek, Natalie Blalock, Mary Denmead, Neal James Girandola, Adam Michaels, Debra Middleton, Wilbur Pauley, Shari Meg Seidman, Don Stansfield, Pressley Sutherland, Kimberley Vanbiesbrouck, and Joseph Neal (Jack the Ripper)
Set and props: Perry Arthur Kroeger
Stage manager: Michael Garcés
Musical director: John Aschenbrenner

Producer: Dianne Mitchell
 Associate producer: Neil Jacobs
 WTC Arnold Engelman
 Westbeth Theatre Center
 151 Bank St.
 New York, NY

- 1991 **Jack's Back! (director)**
 Second version with Machine Song and new ending
 by Elmer Kline and Tom Herman
 with Natalie Blalock, John Behonek, Mary
 Denmead, Kristen Gray, Neal James
 Girandola, Debra Middleton, Louis Moreno,
 Wilbur Pauley, Shari Meg Seidman, Don
 Stansfield, Pressley Sutherland, and Hugo
 Munday as "Jack the Ripper"
 Set designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
 Production stage manager: Michael Garcés
 Producer: Dianne Mitchell
 Associate producer: Neil Jacobs
 General manager: George Elmer
 WTC general manager: Jane Macpherson
 WTC administrative assistant: Anne Rothchild
 WTC producing director: Arnold Engerman
 Westbeth Theatre Center
 151 Bank St.
 New York, NY
- 1992 **Horn On Edge (director)**
 by Alex Brofsky
 A presentational recital by a remarkable
 jazz horn virtuoso, playing his own music,
 and telling his own tales.
 840 Loft
 New York, NY
- 1992 **A Celebration of Twelfth Night (director)**
 by Ann Utter
 A mythic masque performed by the community of
 Westerly, Rhode Island
 with Jean Kopperud, Paul Beauvais, The Chorus
 of Westerly, George Kent (conductor), "and
 a cast of 200 from 3 to 80 years old"
 Westerly, RI
- 1992 **Forty-Deuce (director)**
 by Alan Bowne
 with Vicente Castellanos (Blow), Russell Coyne
 (Augie), Peter Craig (Roper), Chrisopher
 Zane Gordon (Crank), Sam Koppelman (John
 Anthony), Bobbie Miller (Mitchell), Thom
 Vallette (Ricky)

Set designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
 Costume designer: Todd Tomarrow
 Lighting designer: Adrienne de Guevara
 Sound designer: Alexander Brofsky
 Hair and make-up design: Bobbie Miller
 Stage manager: Johanna Staray
 The Atrium Theater Company
 New School
 and at Theater for the New City
 155 First Avenue
 New York, NY

- 1992 Idioglossia (musical score and director)
 by Mark Handley
 with Deanna Deignan, Allison Janney, Steven
 Keats, Betsy Palmer
 Set designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
 Costume designer: Barbara Forbes
 Lighting designer: Paul Armstrong
 Stage manager: Rachel S. Levine
 Production manager: Deborah Jasien
 George Street Playhouse
 New Brunswick, NJ
- 1993 "The First Plays Broadway: Theatre and the First
 Amendment" (panelist)
 "Broadway: Then and Now Theatre History
 Seminars"
 Moderator: Ed Wilson
 Panelists: Theodore Bikel, Andrew Harris,
 Ph.D., Marjorie Heins, Margo Lion, Robert
 Marx, Tom O'Horgan
 Presentors: The Broadway Theatre Institute in
 Association with The Center for Advanced
 Study in Theatre Arts and The Ph.D. Program
 in Theatre at The Graduate School and
 University Center of the City of New York
 Broadway Theatre Institute: Helen Marie
 Guditis, Executive Director
 Graduate School and University Center
 CUNY TV Studio
 33 W. 42nd St.
 New York, NY
- 1993 Conquering Thursday (director)
 by Elmer Kline
 with Michelle Hurd, Paul Beauvais, Lawrence
 James, Minnette Coleman, Bruce McEwen
 Producers: Diane Mitchell, Mack Gilbert
 Set and costume designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
 Lighting designer: Robert Williams
 Music: Alex Brofsky

Stage manager: Abigail Koreto
Westbeth Theatre
151 Bank St.
New York, NY

- 1993 The Bundle Man (chamber opera) (director)
by Ilsa Gilbert (libretto) and Marshall Coid
(music)
with Marshall Coid, Steven Goldstein, Stephen
Kalm, Daryl Henriksen
Set and costume designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
Lighting designer: Chris Dallos, Robert
Williams
Conductor: Mimi Stern-Wolfe with The Downtown
Chamber and Opera Players
Production stage manager: Michael Garcés
Theater For The New City
New York, NY
- 1993 El Greco (A New Opera) (director)
Sept 15- by Bernardo Solano (libretto) and William
Oct 17 Harper (music)
with Daryl Henriksen (El Greco), Sean Dooley
(Child Soul/Young Jorge Manuel), Tom Bogdan
(Proboste), Selena Cantor (Jeronima),
Maggi-Meg Reed (Eleni), Don Chastain
(Antonio), Veronica Tyler (Teresa), Gabriel
Barre (Quiroga: Grand Inquisitor), Steven
Goldstein (Jorge Manuel), Nicholas
Wuehrmann (Priest)
Ensemble: April Armstrong, Neal James
Girandola, Serafina Martino, Sandra
Rodriguez, Christine Sperry
Musicians: Hugh Cox (guitar), Heidi Modr
(violin), Lih-Wen Ting (viola), Dawn
Buckholz (violoncello), William Harper
(synthesizer programming)
Set designer: Robin Wagner
Costume designer: Donna Zakowska
Lighting designer: Robert Wierzel
Hair and makeup: Bobby Miller
Sound designer: Bob Bielecki
Prop and mask designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
Music director/conductor: Bradford Ellis
Associate music director: Paul J. Ascenzo
Technical director: Kenneth Allaire
Stage manager: J. Courtney Pollard
Assistant stage managers: Kristen Feeney, Louis
Moreno
Mr. Wagner's assistant: Denise Hudson
Mr. Wierzel's assistant: Blake Burba
Master electrician: Tiffany Yelton

Sound engineer: Michael Gillian
 Production assistant: Gwenn Morreales
 Casting: Orpheus Group
 General management: McGibbon & Levy Assoc.
 Press: Cromarty & Co.
 Producer: INTAR Hispanic American Arts Center
 INTAR artistic director: Max Ferra
 INTAR managing director: Eva Brune
 Dramaturg: Lorenzo Mans
 Playhouse 91
 316 W. 91st St.
 New York, NY

- 1993 **Masked Men** (director and musical score)
 Oct by Anthony Cuen
 with Rafael Alvarez (Ranger), Doug Von Nessen
 (Tonto)
 Set designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
 Lighting designer: Chad McCarver
 Assistant: Robert Williams
 Production stage manager: Peter J. Davis
 Assistant: Anthony Nicolau
 Producer: Character Productions, John
 Oppenheimer, Anthony Nicolau
 Westbeth Theatre Center
 151 Bank St.
 New York, NY
- 1993 **The Infinite Lives of Giordano Bruno** (director and
 Nov. 23- musical score)
 Nov. 24 by Alexander Francis Horn with Sharon Gans
 with F. Murray Abraham (Giordano Bruno), James
 Rado (Henri III), Patrick Farrelly
 (Inquisitor 1, Rudolph 2nd, John Dee),
 Rafael Alvarez (Inquisitor 4, Jacapo
 Corbinelli, Sir Philip Sidney), Peter Craig
 (Inquisitor 3. Duc de Guise, Sir Walter
 Raleigh), Kent Dalian (Inquisitor 2), Neal
 James Girandola (Galileo Galilei, William
 Shakespeare, Del Bene), Suzanne Griffin
 (Queen Elizabeth, Catherine De Medici,
 Hypatia), Michael Horn (Johannes Kepler,
 Ben Jonson), Louis Moreno (Waslaw Nijinsky,
 Inquisitor's Scribe), Marvin Silbersher
 (Andrei Sakharov), Saul Stein (Inquisitor
 5, Henri of Navarre (Later Henri IV of
 France), Jack Waddel (Nelson Mandela)
 Set designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
 Stage manager: Peter J. Davis
 Assistant stage manager: Lizzy Yoder
 New Dramatists Theater
 424 W. 44th St.

11. Cloud Chamber Music (with Zuni Indian
song from New Mexico, "Cancion de
los Muchachos")

with Wilbur Pauley (bass soloist), Stephen
Kalm (baritone), Robert Osborne (bass),
Elizabeth Rodgers (adapted 6-string
guitar), Nina Kellman (adapted 10-string
guitar), Dean Drummond (harmonic canons,
kithara, rattle), Michael Lipsey
(diamond marimba), Dominic Donato (bass
marimba), David Cossin (cloud chamber
bowls), Alvin McCall (violoncello)

"U.S. Highball" (1943-55)

with Dean Drummond (conductor), Stephen
Kalm (baritone subjective voice,
"Bloboy," Robert Osborne (objective
voice), Elizabeth Rodgers
(chromolodeon), Nina Kellman (harmonic
canons), Michael Lipsey (kithara, cloud
chamber bowls), Peter Jarvis (surrogate
kithara), Dominic Donato (diamond
marimba, spoils of war), David Cossin
(boo), Chris Nappi (bass marimba)

Music director: Dean Drummond

Costume designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger

Lighting designer: Bill Bradford

Wardrobe and make-up: Catherine Thomas

St. Ann's Church

Brooklyn, NY

1994

March

17, 18

Atom and Eve (director)

by Lisa Ralie Heffter (music, lyrics, books)
Yvette de Botton (book)

with Scarlet Taylor (Eve), Erick Buckley
(Atom), Sean McCourt (Matt, Govt. Rep,
Floyd), Neal James Girandola (Ed, Snake,
Emotion), Yvette de Botton (Yara), Rebecca
Fink (Snake, Govt. Rep. Asst.), Ralph Cole,
Jr., (Snake, Seth), Doli Henshaw (Snake,
Girl), Kristen Gray (Emotion, Trader),
Leilani Rosine Drakefield (Maiya), William
Hernandez (Young Boy), Ivan Thomas
(Victor), Michael-Leon Wooley (Marco, Leo),
Inga Ballard (Tanya), Rebecca Hoodwin
(Sarah), Paul Beauvais (Captain of Police),
Rick Leon (Cop, Passing Man), Todd Murray
(Shades)

Dona Nobis Pacem Choir: Rick Leon, Rebecca
Fink, Ralph Cole, Jr., William Hernandez,
Leilani Rosine Drakefield

Acoustic guitar: Sean McCourt

Guitars: Bobby Messano
 Percussion/drums: Leo Portuesi
 General manager: Albert Poland
 Production coordinator: Peter J. Davis
 Stage manager: Abigail Koreto
 Set designer: Perry Arthur Kroeger
 Lighting designer: Philip Widmer
 Costumes (Yara/Eve): Yvonne Cumberbatch
 Musical director: Annie LeBeaux
 Choreography: Ralph Cole, Jr.
 Sound track producer: Tony Coluccio
 Studio consultant: James Somberg
 Live sound engineer: Sal Marino
 Westbeth Theater
 151 Bank St.
 New York, NY

1994 Body (director)
 Mar 29 by David J. Mauriello
 with James Bohanek (Timothy), Louis Moreno
 (Gonzo), Neal James Girandola (Gus),
 Kristen Gray (The Body)
 Stage directions' reader: Peter Craig
 840 Broadway, 11th Fl.
 New York, NY

1994 Dream Pirates (director)
 April by Anna Dolan, Michael John Garcés, Perry
 12-16 Arthur Kroeger, Lillian Ann Slugocki
 with James Bohanek, Ralph Cole, Jr., Tre
 Corwyn, Peter Craig, Rebecca Fink, Marlene
 Forte, Michael John Garcés, Neal James
 Girandola, Kristen Gray, Michael Horn,
 Michael Meadows, Louis Moreno, Lucille
 Rivin, Elizabeth Schofield, Evelyn Tuths
 Masks and props: Anna Dolan, Denise Hudson
 Production stage manager: Peter J. Davis
 Stage manager: Sam Moree
 Assistant stage manager: Robert Strachen
 Lighting designer: Sarah Russell
 Fools Company, Inc.
 12th annual International OFFestival
 Executive director: Jill Russell
 Artistic director: Martin Russell
 Fools Company Space
 311 W. 43rd St., 8th Fl.
 New York, NY

1994 The Infinite Lives of Giordano Bruno (director)
 May 9 by Alexander Francis Horn with Sharon Gans
 with F. Murray Abraham (Giordano Bruno), James
 Rado (Henri III, King of France, Galileo

Galilei), Patrick Farrelly (Inquisitor 1, Rudolph II, John Dee), Kip Niven (Inquisitor 4, Johannes Kepler), Peter Craig (Inquisitor 3, Duc De Guise), Michael John Garcés (Inquisitor 2), Neal James Girandola (William Shakespeare, Attendant Inquisitor), Elizabeth Bove (Queen Elizabeth 1) Catherine De Medici, Hypatia), Michael Horn (Ben Jonson, Attendant Inquisitor), Louis Moreno (Waslaw Nijinsky, Scribe for the Inquisition, Dance Master and Fool in Elizabeth's Court), Marvin Silbersher (Andrei Sakharov), Ronald Guttman (Inquisitor 5, Henri of Navarre), Jack Waddel (Nelson Mandela)

Stage manager: Peter J. Davis

New Dramatists

424 W. 44th St.

New York, NY

1995 Around The Greenwood Tree (a new ballad opera)
 May (director)
 26-28 by John Cooper (music) and John McConville
 (text)
 with Neal James Girandola (The Goatfooted
 Balloon Man), Jessie Factor (The Tree)
 Bruce Kramer (The Farmer), Karen Ryden
 (Francis Farmer, The Farmer's Wife), Jim
 Clark (The Tailor), Anne Hayden Gilbert
 (Tessa Tailor, The Tailor's Wife), Rebecca
 Fink (The Milkmaid), Paul Binotto (The
 Opportunist), Dina Emerson (Molly Malone),
 Jeannie Griffiths (Flossie Fishmonger, The
 Fishmonger's Wife), Keith Valis (The
 Fishomonger), Linda Logan (Barbara Bunn,
 The Baker's Wife), Casey Vea (The Baker),
 Krissada Clapp (The Romantic), Peerapong
 Sensai (Thai Bird Dancer), Joseph Willden
 (Carrion Crow), Karina Morgensen (Cuckoo
 Bird), Kathy Changho (The Dancing Hen),
 Devon King (Cow), Claire Travers (Sow), Tim
 Russel (Eddie), Sam Chaya (Bill), Omar
 Brahim (Ted), Noah Factor (Guy), Emma Smith
 (Betty), Junli Hopkins (Isbel), Nichole
 Nord (Jill), Tanya Chiranakorn (Pastorale
 Dancer), Peerapong Sensai (Pastorale
 Dancer), Sean Daniel (Blue Jay), Bobby
 Holland (Morning Dove), Oyvind Fensgard
 (Black Bird), Rebecca Vichit-Vadakan
 (Leather-Winged Bat), Tanya Gold (Owl),
 Brandy Worsfold (Swallow), Chris Kitisakkul
 (Woodpecker), Colin Dean (Stage Magician),

Doug Russel (Stage Magician), Oyvind
Fensgard (Stage Magician), Bobby Holland
(Stage Magician)

Ensemble Actors: Ethan King, Matt Kileen,
Carmen Garcia-Decel, Louise Juhlin, Pauline
Kramer, Arundh Krishnamurty, Louisa Kuehne,
Rebecca Milligan, Gavin Roy, Jazmine
Stanley, Liat Segal, Jennifer Smith, Tricia
Sterling

Adult Chorus: Janet Bassi, Kathy Jansson,
Rochele Lamport, Sarah Dryden, Betsy King,
Glen Milligan, Evelyn Emerson, Ken Koepp,
Marie Rennick, Laura Greene, Sandy Kypfer,
Colleen Shannon

Middle School Chorus: Joanne Beashel, Taizo
Harino, Junke Otsubo, Ashley Caroway, Minya
Hengenbarth, Wow Pongpanich, Connie Chan,
Jenny Ho, Laura Simpson, Chris Dochin,
Diane Maroongrog, Pat Talyanna, Jennifer
Dryden, Karen McFadden, Mey Worboys, David
Emerson-Kramer, Wataru Nakamae, Camilla
Flatt, Saori Okawa

Elementary School Chorus: Freda Auyeung, Emily
Siedell, B. J. Chayavichitslip, Jiraporn
Simpson, Stuart Daniel, Blain Tattersall,
Kirk Dettman, Play Thirati, Jonathan
Emerson-Kramer, Kristel Vear, Michael
Friis-Jensen, Alix Wadeson, Stephen
Griffiths, Kerri Wheeler, David Gygi,
Gabrielle Wiles-Pickard, Kelli Harris, Feem
Withyachumanchul, Nancy Ho, Reema A. Zaman,
Aradana Lohia, Yu Nakamae, Amanda Nicholas

Ballet Dancers:

"The Chicken Dance"

with

The Rooster: Michael Abramson

The Hens: Irene Albert, Molly Anderson,
Kyla Atkinson, Annie Brady, Lizzie
Chaipraditkkul, Tess Draham, Alexandra
Geneser, Tracey German, Emilie Gurbert,
Melissa Liput, Tang Singthuset, Alexis
Turnel

"The Hot Cross Buns Dance"

with

The Bakers: Ida Bjornabe, Amanda Blatch,
Laura Downer, Kira Fisher, Alexander
Goodman, Mae Jiratanan, Brianna
Marcotte, Stephanie Sima, Taryn Steely,
Celine Thomya

"The Balloonman Dance"

with

The Birds: Kelly Anderson, Killy Brady,
 Brooke Estin, Anna Gedaloem Caitlyn
 Lamport, Claire Lanier, Pareena
 Limpornkul, Gina Martynova, Mindy
 Ritthaler, Michelle Simpson, Rose Sirna
 Orchestra: John Cooper (conductor), Jamie Shaak
 (first keyboard artist), Arthit Chandra
 (keyboard artist), Sean O'Connor (keyboard
 artist) Kit Young (keyboard artist) Rhonda
 Smith (clarinet), Anup Biswas
 (violoncello), Melissa Coll (percussion)
 Choreographers: Miriam Rother, Jantima
 Wongjikasem, Peerapong Sensai, John
 McConville
 Sets, costumes, and masks: Perry Arthur Kroeger
 Lighting and sound: Jakrawudt Wacharopas
 Production managers: Lucinda Conrad, Toni
 Mullen
 Stage manager: Megan Milligan
 Light and sound: Jakrawudt Wacharopas, Chris
 Cartwright, Vincent Moison, Sean O'Connor
 Prop designer: Carol Pickard
 Costume mistress: Myrleen Hendrickson
 Seamstresses: Khun Oie, Khun Rich
 Publicity and Tickets: Siam City Hotel, Nan
 Marcotte
 Hospitality: Pat Portigal
 Usher: Stevie Steely
 Make-up: Nong Nicholas
 Stage mom: Jackie Lanier
 Photographers: Karen Obal, Jenice Chestnut,
 Brandy Worsfold
 Transportation: Carol Pickard
 Call board design: Rosanne Copeland
 Presented at:
 Unocal Theatre
 International School of Bangkok
 and
 Kamolthip Ballroom
 Siam City Hotel
 Bangkok, Thailand

- 1995 Visor/Future Screenplay (director)
 Sept "A Conceptual Suspension"
 by Robert Schwartz
 with Paul Beauvais, Peter Craig, Kristen Gray,
 Michael Horn, Louis Moreno, Elizabeth
 Schofield
- 1995 Greed/Flood (director)
 Oct "An organic virtual reality"

- 10-14 Single file theater, a theatrical funhouse,
 based on the Johnstown flood. This show
 was performed every half-hour on the hour
 from 7:00 pm to 10:00 pm.
 by Jessica Bass, Minette Coleman, Tony Cuen,
 Brian Dusseau, Rebecca Fink, Michael John
 Garcés, Mack Gilbert, Tom Gilroy, Robert
 Heide, Marilyn Jacovskky, Elmer Kline, H.
 M. Koutoukas, Eliza Miller, Gary Hill
 with Antonie Knoppers, Dyron Holmes, Jordan
 Williams, Paul Hrisikos, Mark Romeo, Andrew
 Van Dusen, Tony Cuen, Mack Gilbert, Lou
 Moreno, Brian Dusseau, Rebecca Fink, Radha
 Kramer, Jessica Bass, Minette Coleman,
 Eliza Miller, Devon Sorvari, Claire
 Winters, Katherine Neumann, Marta Espitia,
 Claudia Arenas, Katya Brue, Joanne Baldo,
 Gabrielle Lansner, Maggie Low, Michael John
 Garcés
 HERE Theater
 New York, New York
- 1995 Jitters (director)
 Dec by Michael John Garcés
 with Adam Cardone (Stash) and Louis Moreno
 (Blue)
 part of a Caboodles, a fund-raising evening
 Fools Company Space
 311 W. 43rd St., 8th Fl.
 New York, NY
- 1996 Lies, Cries, and Size (recording) (composer,
 Jan director)
 Three one-act operas written in a "Bel Scato"
 vocal style that combines pyrotechnical
 dynamics of 18th century Bel Canto with
 free, ornamented jazz "scat" singing. A
 demonstrational recording.
 Libretto and design: Perry Arthur Kroeger
- "Lies"
 with Don Chastain (Richard Wagner), Kristen
 Gray (Minna, Cosima), Rebecca Fink
 (Matilda), Steven Goldstein (Wesondok,
 Ludwig II), Neal James Girandola (Head
 Creditor)
- "Cries"
 with Kristen Gray (Pat), Rebecca Fink
 (Muriel, Indian Mother)
- "Size"
 with Rebecca Fink (Veronica)
 Recording engineer: David Lawson

Full House
New York, NY

1996 Thirteen Clocks (adaptation, director, and musical
Mar score)
6-10 by James Thurber
 Jitters (director and musical score)
 by Michael John Garcés
 Venus' Diary (director and musical score)
 by Lynne McCollough

These three productions were presented by the La
Mama 2000 Repertory Company in celebration of
La Mama's 35th anniversary.

The Thirteen Clocks

with Tony Cuen (narrator), Pam Warwick
(narrator), Adam Cardone (narrator),
Gregory Sims (narrator), Peter Craig (The
Duke), Kristen Gray (Princess Saralinda),
Tom Lee (Prince Zorn), David Anzuelo (The
Golux), Rochele Rosenberg (Young Haga),
Evelyn Tuths (Old Haga), Patrick Farrelly
(Good King Gwain), Louis Moreno (First
Suitor/Captain), and
Townspeople/Guards: Maggie Low, Ileen
Goldsmith, Tony Cuen, Pam Warwick, Evelyn
Tuths, Patrick Farrelly, Adam Cardone,
Gregory Sims, Rochele Rosenberg

Jitters

with Adam Cardone (Stash) and Louis Moreno
(Blue)

Venus' Diary

with Rochele Rosenberg (Woman 1), Kristen
Gray (Woman 2), Ileen Goldsmith (Woman
3), Maggie Low (Rose), Adam Cardone
(Waves), Tom Lee (Waves), Evelyn Tuths
(Mother), Lynne McCollough (Venus),
Gregory Sims (Sailor), Louis Moreno
(Sailor), David Anzuelo (Sailor),
Patrick Farrelly (Phish, Father)

Tenor saxophone: Jerry Ross
Set designer: Alexander Tinti
Costume designer: Carole Tauser
Lighting designer: Yun Young Koo
Stage manager: Marybeth Ward
Assistant stage managers: Amanda Stropes, Sarah
Hart, Rocco van Loenen
Assistant to Mr. Tinti: André R. Lee

Prop creation: Tom Lee, Rocco van Loenen, Marc
 "Marcus" Cohen
 Sound operator: Rocco van Loenen
 Photo/Videographer: Serge Gubbelman
 La Mama Annex
 New York, NY

1996 Time (director)

Mar 28

Inaugural performance forum of "THE BRIDGE
 Stage of the Arts"
 A meditation on the theme of Time as perceived
 by people in different disciplines and
 cultures.
 with presenters: Brenda Buffalino (tap dancer),
 Tom O'Horgan, Tony Rothman (physicist and
 playwright), Michael Sherman (moderator,
 futurist), R. M. Fischer (sculptor and
 public installation artist), and Serge
 Gubelman (didgeridoo), Theo Bleckmann
 (singer), Kirk Nurock (composer), Min
 Tanaka (Butoh dancer), Neil de Grasse Tyson
 (associate moderator, astrophysicist); and
 Actors: Tom Harris, Michael Hollick, Tom Lee,
 Kathryn Newbrough, Mason Pettit, Ron
 Pisaturo, Robert Plasencia, Maureen
 Roberts, Dieter Trayer
 Soloist: Gregory Sims
 Production manager: Marybeth Ward
 Assistant to Ms. Ward: Rocco van Loenen
 Assistant to Mr. O'Horgan: Tom Lee
 Production associates: Joan Cantor, Patricia de
 Paula, Randal Goldsborough
 Lighting designer: Bill Meyers
 Sound designer: Gotham Sound
 The Bridge staff:
 Founder and artistic director: Avra Petrides
 Program and development advisor: Henryka Manes
 Producer of special events: Sam Goodyear
 Marketing/development consultant: Janda Lee
 Presented at the Dean & Deluca Coffee House
 1 Wall Street
 New York, NY

1996 M.S. Crown Dynasty Cruise (director)

Apr

A two-week Caribbean cruise featuring concert
 versions of Hair, Jesus Christ Superstar,
 and Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band,
 plus a workshop with director and actors, a
 reading of Edward Albee's The American
Dream, and a slide show by O'Horgan
 illustrating highlights of his career.

Itinerary:

April 27: Depart from Port Everglades, FL

April 29: Georgetown, Grand Cayman

April 30: Jesus Christ Superstar

by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice

with Bobby Matteau (Jesus), Michael Hollick (Caiaphas, Herod), Michael Messer (Judas), Del Matthew Bigtree (Pilate), Tamar Kummel (Mary I), Rochele Rosenberg (Mary II), Ileen Goldsmith (Mary III), Liz Stanton (Mary IV); and

Crown Dynasty Orchestra directed by Alki Streriopolus

May 1: Cartagena, Colombia

May 2: Panama Canal Transit

May 3: Slide show and discussion

May 4: Puerto Caldera, Costa Rica

May 5: Hair

by Gerome Ragni, James Rado, and Galt MacDermot

with Bobby Matteau (Tribe), Michael Hollick (Claude), Tamar Kummel (Tribe), Ileen Goldsmith (Sheila), Michael Messer (Tribe), Del Matthew Bigtree (Berger), Rochele Rosenberg (Jeannie), Liz Stanton (Crissy); and

Crown Dynasty Orchestra directed by Alki Steriopolus

May 6: Exercises with director, actors, and passengers

May 7: Acapulco, Mexico

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

featuring the songs of John Lennon and Paul McCartney

with Bobby Matteau (Claw Hammer), Michael Hollick (Sgt. Pepper), Rochele Rosenberg (Lucy), Mike Messer (Sgt. Pepper), Liz Stanton (Strawberry I), Ileen Goldsmith (Strawberry II), Tamar Kummel (Rita), Del Matthew Bigtree (Sledge Hammer); and

Crown Dynasty Orchestra directed by Alki Steriopolus

May 8: Reading of Edward Albee's The American Dream

May 11: Arrive at Los Angeles, CA
Musical director: Alki Steriopolus
Electric guitar: David Solomon
Producer: Shelly Shier, Hank O'Neil

1996 Rites At The Well (director)
July A dance opera workshop production
26, 27 by John Craig Cooper (music and story),
Charlotte Spivack (lyrics)
with Keith Strang (Wise Old Man), Paula Moravek
(Ursula), Sarah Carter Saplin (Julian),
Maria Ferrante (The Beloved), Tom Guyette
(The Young Man), John McConville (Spirit of
The Young Man)
Musicians: Ruth Cooper (vocal conductor), Olga
Rogach (piano), Malcolm Halliday
(keyboard), Ajit Mundra (keyboard)
Sets, costumes, and construction: Perry Arthur
Kroeger
Choreography: John McConville
Vocal coach: Ruth Cooper
Stage manager: Mary Ellen Moravek
Producer: Paramita Theatrical Productions
Alden Memorial
Worcester Polytechnic Inst.
Worcester, MA

1996 John Grace Ranter (opera) (director)
Oct by Michael Sahl (composer) and Dr. Margaret
27-28 Yard (poet-lyricist)
with Jeffrey Stackhouse (Ranter), Joan Eubank
(Mercy), Patrick Blackwell (Oscar), Karen
Jolicoeur (Nurse 1), Julie Maykowski (Nurse
3), Marshall Coid (Patient 1, Professor
Snow), Barrett Cobb (Patient 2, Old Lady),
Laurie Schopp (Patient 3), Glen Allen
(Patient 4, Man 2), Joe Fox (Patient 5, Man
1), Scott Darby (Patient 6, Militia Man),
Bradley Dean (TV News Host), James Rio
(Senator Good), Hank Jacobs (Narrator)
Producer: Hirsch Entertainment, Inc.
840 Broadway Loft
New York, NY

1997 Mélisande (director)
Jan 12 A theatre piece with music
by Tony Rothman
with Patrick Farrelly (The Critic), F. Murray
Abraham (The Elder Erik Satie), Hank Jacobs
(The Younger Erik Satie, German

Translator), Peter Craig (Josephin Peladan, Guiraud, Bluebeard), James Rado (Claude Debussy), Kristin Gray (Mélisande, Princess Maleine, Sonia [a Russian girl]), Evelyn Tuths (Woman Interviewer, Gaby DuPont), Ileen Goldsmith (Suzanne Valadon), Jerry Cunliffe (Maeterlinck), Rebecca Fink (Georgette Leblanc, Ariane), Tom Lee (stage directions' reader)

Sound technician: Susan Elkind
840 Broadway Loft
New York, NY

1997 The Prez (director)

A Washington Ragtime Scandal about our black president, Warren G. Harding. A new version of Capitol Cakewalk.

by Elmer Kline (book), Lou Carter (lyrics), Terry Waldo (music)

with Ruth Brisbane (Grandma [Elizabeth Madison Harding]), Mary Denmead (The Duchess [Mrs. Florence Kling Harding]), Andre De Shields (Warren G. Harding), Laura Fois (Nan Britton), Michael Hollock (Harry Daugherty), Michael Messer (Gaston B. Means), Veronica Mittenzwei (Adelaide), James Rio (Jesse Smith), Jeffrey Stackhouse (Senator Fall)

Musical Director: Terry Waldo
840 Broadway Loft
New York, NY

1997 Jack's Back!

A reading.

by Elmer Kline

1997 Oedipus (director)

Apr 24 Microtonal opera

World premiere of Harry Partch's version of Sophocles's Oedipus. This third and final version was completed in 1967.

by Harry Partch

A semi-staged version

with Dean Drummond and Newband

Featuring the Harry Partch Instrumentarium and Joe Garcia (Oedipus), Peter Craig

(Corinthian Stranger), Gregory Sims (Creon), Robert Osborne (Tiresias, The Herdsman), Sondra Stowe (Jocasta), Peter Stewart (Spokesman), Tom Lee (Priest, Court Messenger), Ruby Stardrum (Theban Child), Jake Kelston (Theban Child); and

The Chorus: Cecilia Arana (solo), Rebecca Fink, Melissa Fogarty, Kristen Gray, Sabrina Lipton, Allison Smiffen

Newband: Dean Drummond and Stefani Starin (co-directors), Dean Drummond (conductor), Michiyo Suzuki (clarinet), Patrick Burton (bass clarinet), Gregory Hesselink (tenor violin), John Whitfield (cello), John Catler (adapted guitars), Richard Sosinsky (double bass), Nina Kellman (kithara), Michael Lipsey (harmonic canon [Castor]), Kenneth Schechter (harmonic canon [Pollux]), Phillip Bush (chromelodeon 1), Stefani Starin (chromelodeon 1 sub bass and assistant), Christopher Oldfather (chromelodeon 2), William Ruyle (cloud chamber bowls), Steve Juengst (gourd tree and cone gongs), David Cossin (diamond marimba), Dominic Donato (bass marimba), Seth McConnell (marimba eroica)

Masks and props: Tom Lee
Stage Manager: Rocco van Loenen
Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium
Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York, NY

1997

Ear Garden (serpent and theramin)

"Odysseus Cello Concerto"

with David Eggar (cello soloist in the role of Odysseus)

Soldiers: John Schneider and Wim Hoogewerf (microtonal guitars), Steven Antonelli (mandolin), Henry Lowengard (autoharp), Daron Yomtov and Darius Kaufmann (psalteries), David Bernstein (shofar)

Nature: Skip LaPlante (96ET harp), Virgil Moorefield (percussion), Tom O'Horgan (serpent and theremin), Robert Maloney (large quartz bowl in G), Rebecca Pechefsky (harpsichord), Bradford Catler (pedal steel guitar)

Lotus Eater Island: Andrew Bolotowsky (baroque flute), Bruce Gremo (bansuri and shakuhachi), Carole Weber, (alto flute), David Galt (low ocarina)

Cyclops: Greg Evans (horn)

Aiolius: Larry Cole (Galician and French bagpipes)

Lamos Island: Perry Robinson, Mark Gustavson, Daniel Carter, Harold Seletsky (clarinets)

Circe: Esther Lamneck (tarogato)

Scylla and Charybdis: Jon Catler (just
 intonation guitar), Eric Ross (theremin)
 Underworld: Keslie Ross (baroque bassoon), Ron
 Kozak (bass clarinet), Morris Newman (bass
 racquet)
 Calypso: Kayan Clarke (intoned voice), Meredith
 Borden (soprano)
 Sirens: Carol Flamm, Piera F. Paine (sopranos),
 Christine Coppola (dancer)
 Oggygia: Charles Morrow, David Galt, Carole
 Weber, Skip LaPlante (shells)
 Thrinacia: Chris Washburne, Julie Josephson
 (trombones)
 Skheria: Abiola Pollard, Alana Salcer, Ariana
 Hellerman, Elizabeth Lee, Engi Wassef,
 Janelle Igesias, Ngan-Fong Huang, Siobhan
 Solberg, Victoria Bracco (homemade
 instruments)
 Siren Wraith: Christine Coppola (dancer)
 Homer: Johnny Reinhard (underworld bassoonist)
 Director: Johnny Reinhard
 Assistant Director and choreographer: Christine
 Coppola
 St. Paul's Chapel
 Columbia University
 New York, NY

- 1997 Pope Joan (opera) (director)
 May Libretto and score by Christopher Moore
 Workshop, piece based on the life of a mythical
 female Pope who appeared in the tenth
 century.
 Producer: Michael Butler
 Roosevelt College
 Chicago, IL
- 1997 The Infinite Lives of Giordano Bruno (director)
 fall by Alexander Francis Horn with Sharon Gans
 Raw Space
 New York, NY
- 1997 Directing class (teacher)
 July/Aug New York Performance Works
 85 West Broadway
 New York, NY

Notes

1. Stephen Crane, stanzas of "War is Kind," 1329.
2. Stephen Crane, stanza 3 of "The Black Riders," 1299.
3. Stephen Crane, stanza 24, "The Black Riders and Other Lines," 1306.

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