

A CREATIVE PROJECT PAPER FOR "FREE THE PEOPLE"
A PROGRAM PRESENTING A LOOK AT THE SIXTIES

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CHAPTER I

IMPORTANCE, JUSTIFICATION AND BACKGROUND OF THE PROJECT

As a future teacher and director, this writer believes that the practical experience to be gained through directing a creative project is invaluable. For this reason, coupled with the writer's special interest in the field of oral interpretation, a reader's theatre production was presented.

The presentation was a script compiled by this writer, entitled "Free The People." The decision was made to center the program around the literature of a particular decade. The 1960's were chosen because it is her belief that that decade was particularly exciting and unpredictable in that it did not appear to follow in any sequential pattern established by the preceding decades. The new ideas of the 1960's relied a great deal on shock value and abrupt changes. It was the writer's opinion that the literature of a particular period reflects the attitudes and the trends of that period; consequently, literature from the 1960's was emphasized. Because it would be impossible to compile a program of literature that is totally representative of a decade and that could be presented within a few hours, it became necessary to limit the scope of the script. This writer believed that the search for freedom, both as a people and as an individual, was a prevalent issue throughout

the Sixties. Consequently, the decision was made to limit the material to literature representing various searches for freedom.

The writer believed that a program presenting this type of material was relevant. It is a common belief that to understand the present, one must know the effect of the past. Although this writer did not presume that "Free The People" would provide any answer, she hoped that the program would present an interesting and provocative evening of entertainment.

Producing a program of such diversified material presented a challenge to both the director and cast. Since the program was performed by four men and two women, it was necessary that each reader be versatile. Each member of the cast was called upon to act as a narrator and as various characters throughout the program. This challenge was compounded by the fact that the readers were expected to succeed in creating several different atmospheres and situations without the aid of scenery or costume changes. It was hoped that the readers as well as the director would gain, not only in experience, but also in knowledge of how to accomplish such a feat.

CHAPTER II

STATEMENT OF THE PROJECT

The project involved the presentation of an hour program of literature of the 1960's. The production dates were May 3-6, 1972, and the production took place in the Thymele Theatre in the Humanities Building of the Kansas State Teachers College.

DEFINITION OF TERMS

By "presentation," this writer includes the compiling of the script, the interpretation, the casting, the rehearsing and all other decisions pertaining to the production. The latter part of this statement means the decisions made about lighting, costumes, scenery, sound, slides and the equipment to be used.

LIMITATIONS OF THE PROJECT

The director anticipated certain problems and limitations in the staging of this production. The decision to use black tormentors instead of scenery was based on the idea that with the different locations required by the literature used in the program, the stage needed to provide an atmosphere of timelessness and of placelessness. The emphasis was on literature rather than on staging. It was the responsibility of the readers to establish location through the literature without the aid of scenery. This

was accomplished through suggestion of action and projection of imagery.

Since the Thymele Theatre is so small, it was up to the director to utilize the maximum area provided. The director intended to "use" the audience in various places throughout the program, and the readers were placed in the house when appropriate.

A program that has so many scenes and cuttings from various styles and types of literature might suffer in continuity. This was a major problem within the script. An attempt to solve this problem was made through careful transitions and the aid of lighting and sound.

CHAPTER III

PROCEDURES

ORGANIZATION AND PLANS TO DEAL WITH THE PROJECT

Steps Followed in the Project

The first step of procedure was the choice and arrangement of material to be used in the presentation. The goal of the director was to create the various moods and movements of freedom seekers in the 1960's. Material was chosen from several novels written in or pertaining to the decade and from various speeches, editorials and articles written in the 1960's.

The first selection was from an editorial written by Eugene McCarthy, entitled "The Young People Revitalized America." This selection was chosen because it characterized the decades leading up to the 1960's and because it pointed out how the decade of the Sixties was out of context in relation to its predecessors.

The first major cutting from a novel was from Catch-22, by Joseph Heller. The cutting was chosen because this writer believed that it showed the absurdity of war in a light manner. Although Catch-22 was written before 1960, it was widely read in the Sixties and its comment was pertinent to that decade.

The next portion of the script was compiled from the speeches of Martin Luther King, Jr., Eldridge Cleaver

and Dick Gregory. Quotations were chosen and placed in an order to represent the Black movement in the decade. The writer placed the war comment and the Black material early in the script because she felt that these topics were vital to presenting the moods and movements in the 1960's.

A cutting from The Collector by John Fowles followed the Black material. The writer chose this particular novel because she felt that it made an important comment on individual freedom in that it tells the story of a girls' desire to be free from the captivity imposed upon her by a man who represents the base side of human nature. Until this point in the script, comment was made on the obvious and overt freedom movements, and it was felt that the personal searches for freedom were just as prevalent and important as those that were most in the news.

The next selection was from the novel One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest by Ken Kesey. This particular cutting was chosen because it made a comment on an unfair and over-riding establishment. This writer could also see a correlation between one of the characters in the novel and President John F. Kennedy.

The writer decided to divide the presentation into two parts at this point. It was thought that both the readers and the audience would need a five minute intermission. The opening of the second part of the presentation was a satire of the 1965 Northeast Power Failure. The satire opened with one man recounting the technological

feats of the Sixties and ending with music sung by the cast.

Following the power failure satire, was an interpretive dance set to Clair De Lune. Originally this writer had planned to have played in the background a recording of part of the conversation that took place between Apollo 11 and earth, but she later decided that the dance and music alone would be most effective. The theme of the dance was man in search of himself and discovery of the universe around him.

The dance was followed by a fanatic "woman's lib'er" who commented on the moon segment. This portion led into the cutting from The French Lieutenant's Woman by John Fowles. This selection was made because this writer felt that the contrast between the sexual mores of the Victorians as presented in this modern novel plus the comments of the modern narrator would make an interesting comment on the sexually liberated woman.

Next this writer chose a comment by Bertrand Russel, which dealt with trying to find one's self. That segment lead into the prologue from the Valley Of The Dolls by Jaqueline Susann. This writer felt that the prologue exemplified the tendency for people to take themselves too seriously. She thought the "Search" became too popular, too emotional and psuedo-intellectual, and that it would be fun to point this out.

The final selection in the script was a quote from

Life magazine. The particular issue was the end of the decade edition, and in it reference was made to the Miss America tradition as being about the only event that remained constant throughout the Sixties. This writer felt the comment to be very apt and decided to end the program which illustrated the changing atmosphere of the Sixties on a note which implied that there was something unchanging - Miss America.

After compiling the script, the researcher formulated ideas on the staging and interpretation of the script. She fully realized that her plans for staging were tentative and subject to change during actual rehearsal.

The next step was to arrange for the use of the Thymele Theatre for auditions, rehearsal and actual presentation.

Auditions took place on March 20 and 21. They involved: various movement exercises such as body opposition, pantomimes, dancing to 1960's music, improvisations both within and without the script and finally reading from the script. The director utilized these techniques because she wanted readers who were imaginative and sensitive, and who could use their bodies and voices well.

Rehearsal began March 22, 1972. The first evening the director handed out scripts, discussed the script and the goal she had in mind. The cast was given a bibliography of the material used in the script as well as the material that helped formulate the ideas of the director. The next

several rehearsal periods were spent becoming re-acquainted with the events in the Sixties, discussing various views about these events, and generally trying to recall and secure in our minds our impressions of the Sixties. This also allowed the cast to get to know each other. This type of discussion was aided by listening to popular music of the decade and use of the Time-Life series "This Fabulous Century." The director felt that the time spent on such activities was well worthwhile in that it helped to put the cast in a good frame of mind for viewing the 1960's. It helped the cast begin to relate the material used in the script to the decade. The director also spent considerable time in the first several rehearsals promoting discussion of the literature used in the script. The members of the cast were expected to read the novels the cuttings were taken from and be able to discuss the various characters, narrators and interpretation.

Throughout the first rehearsals, the cast experimented with vocal and physical exercises. The vocal exercises involved over-enunciating the vowels, counting as far as possible on one breath, and saying one word as many different ways as possible. The physical exercises consisted of trust-falling, pretending to walk on air and calisthenics. To develop the reader's sensitivities, an exercise was performed where each cast member was given an object which he was to imagine as another object and handle in such a way that the rest of the cast could tell what it was. The

director wanted the cast to feel free to work with one another mentally as well as physically.

It was not until the second week of rehearsal that the director told the cast which roles they would be playing in the various cuttings. The reason for such a delay was that she felt that the cast needed time to "digest" the script in its entirety without worrying about their individual roles. She believed that this action would aid in an understanding of the literature and would help to develop cast unity. This would also insure that each cast member had a basic understanding of what was required of all the characters, and this understanding would aid each cast member in developing his own characters because he would have a better grasp of the inter-relationships among the characters.

Once the cast members were informed as to which roles they would be playing, the director had them do improvisations sporadically for a week. Situations similar to those within the cuttings were set up and each member of the cast was expected to react as one of his particular characters. This was meant to help develop stronger and more complete characterization.

Once the characters were fairly well established, intensive work was started on each individual cutting. The director had the basic blocking planned; however, she encouraged the cast members to move as they were motivated. Gradually the movement was set, combining the ideas of both

director and cast. Until the last several rehearsals the director thought it best to work on only one or two of the major cuttings during each rehearsal period. As rehearsals progressed, the director and cast worked on rhythm and pacing in each major cutting. Finally in the last several rehearsals the whole script was put together in sequence, and special attention was paid to transitions and the pacing of the show as a whole.

Tools Employed in the Project

Although construction of scenery was not necessary, there were several technical aspects that needed consideration. The director wanted to employ the use of slides at various times throughout the script. Two make-shift screens were placed on either side of the stage area and two slide projectors were placed on shelves at the center of the back wall of the house. Lights were utilized throughout the performance as well as sound.

Anticipated Problems and Possible Solutions

This writer anticipated several problems before starting the project. Perhaps the first problem she encountered was the fact that she never before had considered herself as a leader. She proposed to solve this problem by giving herself long serious lectures and by constantly reminding herself that she was competent. The writer realized that the director of a show has a responsibility to her cast as well as herself; therefore, she set out to

show what strength she really had.

Another problem that was anticipated centered around the weakness of the script. This writer recognized the fact that the script was not totally cohesive. She hoped that by constant revision of the transitions she could overcome this weakness. She believed that the material collected was appropriately related to her central theme. The remaining problem was putting it together in a clear and orderly fashion without being didactic and overbearing. She hoped that a good deal of this problem would be corrected during rehearsals by actual experimentation and through the aid of sound and lighting. This was perhaps the greatest problem the writer faced.

The third problem was a technical one. Since this writer planned to use slides in various places throughout the presentation, a feasible plan for doing so had to be worked out. A collage effect was desired, and the researcher planned to rely on the aid of another student adept at such matters to help her.

Another anticipated problem was casting. The writer noted the problem of an inadequate number of people auditioning had been apparent in former shows. To help solve this problem, posters announcing the project along with information concerning auditions were placed in the halls and classrooms of the Humanities Building. The writer also requested that it be announced in all speech classes and even went to several classes to explain the project and

announce the audition dates.

ACTUAL PROBLEMS ENCOUNTERED DURING THE PREPARATION OF THE PROJECT

There were several problems encountered during the actual preparation of the project. Some of the problems were anticipated and some were not. These problems and their solutions are presented in the following section.

The first problem the director faced occurred during the first several rehearsals. During the discussions, both the director and cast had trouble staying on the topic. There were times when the conversation almost got out of hand.

The second problem the director noticed was the lack of enthusiasm for warm-up exercises.

Another difficulty was caused by the varying ages of the members of the cast. Their ages ranged from 18 to 29 and the influences on each other were sometimes strange. The lack of responsibility on either side effected the other.

The next problem was that of inadequate transitions. The director attempted to write narrative transitions to tie the material together, but she was never satisfied with the attempt; therefore, she turned to movement and music.

Another problem within the script was the segment that dealt with the moon. The timing of the dance and the music with the recorded conversation was not working. It seemed as though there was too much going on in that segment

and that it was not effective.

A particular problem had to be faced when experimenting with the transition between the Black material and The Collector. The director asked the cast to work with various chants and become involved physically and emotionally in the activity. However, one member of the cast insisted that she could not do so. Her inability to force herself to take part almost broke down the cast unity that had been established. When she expressed this feeling, a few of the other cast members agreed; and work on this transition became very difficult.

Another difficulty became apparent toward the middle of the rehearsal schedule. Several members of the cast, as well as the director, were involved in the activities of the Flint Hills Oral Interpretation Festival that took place April 13, 14 and 15. Rehearsal could not be held on those dates, and the director believed the progress would fall behind schedule.

Finally, there were technical problems that had to be solved. Not only did there have to be a way to use two projectors, but the director had to find two projectors that would work alike and that had zoom lenses. This in itself became quite an undertaking. The problem was partly due to the lack of technical knowledge by the director, and part was due to lack of cooperation. The help provided by the stagecraft class was sporadic and often the class did not have the technical knowledge to meet some of the problems

that arose. Costumes were provided by the cast and friends, and the cast took care of many of the technical preparations that were needed.

SOLUTIONS TO THE PROBLEMS ENCOUNTERED

The fact that the discussions tended at times to stray from the topic at hand helped in the long run to develop cast unity. When the director felt that the discussion had strayed too far, she led the conversation back to the point.

The lack of enthusiasm for the warm-up exercises was partly due to fatigue. The project took place at the end of the semester, and the cast members were very busy with class activities. Consequently, the director had to emphasize the importance of such exercises. She tried to introduce different exercises from time to time and encouraged the members of the cast to do so also. She found she could generate more enthusiasm if she took part in the activities.

The problem of inadequate transitions was never fully solved. The director felt that the transitions were either too didactic or too sketchy. She had hoped that light and sound effects would aid this situation, but it failed to do so. An attempt to rearrange the script was made, but the director felt that such an action would not be beneficial because it was not a substantial improvement and it would have made too great a demand on the cast.

After careful consideration, the director decided to cut the recorded moon conversation. She felt that the music along with the dance and the slides would convey the mood she wanted.

When the problem arose while working on the transition between the Black material and The Collector, the director decided to change the emphasis from chanting slogans to rhythm. Through experimentation the director and cast arrived at the point of singing a freedom slogan. The director decided that the singing would fade out, putting the audience in the correct mood for The Collector. This solution seemed to suit all the members of the cast, and they could work in unison toward that goal.

While it was impossible to hold rehearsal during the Flint Hills Oral Interpretation Festival, progress did not fall as far behind schedule as the director feared. Emphasis was placed on the importance of studying the script and working individually during that time. Before and after the Festival, intensive work took place on problem areas. After a few rehearsals, everything was back on schedule.

The technical problems encountered were solved through persistence. The director found two projectors, one with the zoom lense and one without. However, the one with the zoom lense did not work properly. Consequently, she had to find two different projectors that could be coordinated together. The projectors were finally found and checked out

through the Instructional Media Center. The inexperience of running crew was corrected through repeated technical rehearsal. Unfortunately, this put an added strain on the cast.

METHODS FOR INTERPRETATION

The director evaluated her work on the basis of audience reaction, cast evaluation and on the basis of her own ideas. She utilized a list of questions as the criteria for the evaluation. The list is located in the appendix. Copies of the questions were given to random audience members, and they were asked to fill out the form and return it to the director. Written evaluations were requested from the cast; and in most cases, the cast members wished to talk with the director about the show and make comments.

EVALUATION AND CONCLUSIONS

Evaluation

As stated before, the evaluation is the result of various factors. The evaluation deals with several different areas: the selection and staging of material, the conduct of rehearsals, the effectiveness of the acting and the technical aspects.

In regard to the selection of material, the cast members enjoyed working with the majority of the cuttings. They felt that the least enjoyable selections were the Black

material and The French Lieutenant's Woman. They seemed to agree that the intention behind the Black material was hard to grasp because they had very few experiences that they could relate it to and use. The staging of The French Lieutenant's Woman was static and boring. This writer believes this to be due to poor cutting of material. The cast realized the problems with script cohesiveness. For the most part, the cast felt that the staging was appropriate and that it helped to illustrate the literature involved. The audience members who returned the questionnaires had mixed ideas about the selection and arrangement of material. Most seemed to feel that the individual selections were good, but that a different arrangement could have aided the cohesiveness of the script. Approximately half of the audience members who replied believed that the first portion of the show was arranged effectively, but that the second half was not. The other half of the audience members who replied said the exact opposite. Most of the audience members believed the staging to be effective. However, a few comments were made about the staging of The French Lieutenant's Woman and that the use of the isles was repetitious. This writer believes that the selection of material was appropriate, but the arrangement and cohesiveness suffered through poor transitions. She feels that the staging was effective for the most part.

As for the conduct of the rehearsals, the cast agreed unanimously that the director needed to be more

direct and "mean." The director agrees that she needs to develop a firmer leadership. She recognizes the fact that the lack of such a firm hand can cause confusion and a lack of self-confidence on the part of the individual cast members. At this point the director realizes a need for more self-discipline and organization. Despite the seeming lack of discipline, the cast members reported that they felt a good deal of personal growth through working with the project. They reported that they all felt free to make suggestions, to ask questions, and in general, discuss material and work together. The director felt lucky to have the opportunity to work with such an open group of people.

In regard to the effectiveness of the acting, the audience members reported that all the readers seemed well prepared and believable most of the time. They did note, however, that one of the readers had a problem with diction and another on two occasions seemed to be lost. Several members of the audience believed the narration to be weak in the cutting from One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest. The cast members reported that they felt more confident in certain roles than others, and they noted the trouble spots. For the most part, the cast felt fairly good about the performances. The director could see weaknesses in the narrative sections especially. She believes that more time should have been spent on the diction problem. She also believes that in the case of one reader, she began pushing

his out of the script too soon, thus causing a lack of self-confidence when it came time for performance. The director saw throughout the rehearsal period and performances an immense amount of growth, but she also noted a lack of credibility in some cases.

The last area of evaluation is important because it helped tie the whole presentation together. The technical aspects of the show were very important because the director chose to use them as a cohesive element. There were many positive and negative statements about the technical effects from the audience. The audience pointed out that the use of slides at various places throughout the presentation was effective and enjoyable. Several members of the audience thought that slides could have been used even more throughout the show. The slides were most effective when the person running the projectors did not become confused. The director noted that part of the problem was with the tools the running crew had to work with, but at the same time, she realized that the slides should have been timed better.

The lighting and sound effects could have been timed better too. In a few instances, the audience members questioned the choice of music. The director feels that she could have made better use of the music she chose and realizes that sound could have been used to a greater extent. For instance, in the cutting from Catch-22, the actors created their own sound effects. The director does not believe that this was as effective as recorded sound effects

would have been. She also believes that the light effects could have been utilized to a greater extent to enhance the presentation.

Conclusions

Through work on this project, this writer has put to use a few of the theories she has been studying. Some of the ideas were successful while others were not. Looking back on the project, the writer realizes there were many things she should have done differently in the way of interpretation and staging. However, she was basically pleased with her endeavor. She has learned of the many intricacies involved in any type of theatrical production. Further, this writer was pleased to learn from her cast that they felt their participation worthwhile. They mentioned that they better understood some of the theories of Readers Theatre and how those theories can be put into practice.

Included in the appendix is a list of the sources this writer used for her project. This writer's thinking on the Sixties and this project was influenced in some degree by all of these sources.

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APPENDIXES

CRITERIA FOR EVALUATION

1. Was the production a complete unit in terms of lighting, costumes, sound, slides, readers and directing?
2. Was the script cohesive?
3. Was the interpretation of the script made clear to you?
4. Was the audience mood established and was it appropriate to the play?
5. What was the general response of the audience?
6. Did the readers seem well prepared for their roles?
If not, who seemed ill-prepared?
7. Were there distracting elements in the show not observed by the director?
8. Were there any observable weaknesses in the script and, if so, what were they, and were they properly handled by the total production as you viewed it?
9. Did the director make sufficient use of the available area?
10. Was this production appropriate to the Thymele Theatre?

The following pages consist of the selections that were included in the program. They are presented here in the order in which they were performed.

"Free The People"

The Thirties were marked by the depression, partial recovery and the beginning of World War II; the Forties, by the war itself and the immediate postwar adjustment. The Fifties bore the stamp of the Eisenhower administration: it was a time of quiet, of silent and passive students, of restrained economic progress, of quantitative religious growth.

Not only did these decades carry a distinctive set of marks, but each bore a relationship to the one that had gone before. There were clear lines of continuity running from one to the other. And there were understandable reactions in a later decade to conditions existing in the previous one.

The Sixties seem to be generally out of context. They are not a continuation of the Fifties not a reaction to the Fifties. Even within the decade itself no clear directions or lines of movement have become manifest.

. . . the general condition of the Sixties has been one of contradiction, of confusion, of conflicting currents.

Americans are a violent people with a violent history, and the instinct for violence has seeped into the bloodstream of our national life . . . We are today the most frightening people on this planet . . . It is almost as if a primal curse had been fixed on our nation.

1st WOMAN: Milo Minderbinder's planes flew in from everywhere, the pursuit planes, bombers and cargo ships streaming into Colonel Cathcart's field with pilots at the controls who would do what they were told. The planes were decorated with flamboyant squadron emblems illustrating such laudable ideals as Courage, Might, Justice, Truth, Liberty, Love, Honor and Patriotism that were painted out at once by Milo's mechanics with a double coat of flat white and replaced in garish purple with the stenciled name M & M Enterprises, Fine Fruits and Produce.

2nd WOMAN: The M & M in M & M Enterprises stood for Milo & Minderbinder and the & was inserted,
(Milo revealed candidly...)

MILO: to nullify any impression that the syndicate was a one-man operation.

1st WOMAN: Planes arrived for Milo from airfields in Italy, North Africa and England, and from Air Transport Command stations in Liberia, Asconsion Island, Cairo and Karachi. Everybody had a share, and men got fat and moved about tamely with toothpicks in their greasy lips. Milo supervised the whole expanding operation by himself. Deep Otter-brown lines of pre-occupation etched themselves permanently into his careworn face and gave him a harried look of sobriety and mistrust.

2nd WOMAN: Everybody but Yossarian thought Milo was a jerk, first for volunteering for the job of mess officer and next for taking it so seriously. Yossarian also thought that Milo was a jerk; but he also knew that Milo was a genius.

1st WOMAN: Despite the fact Milo was a genius, M & M Enterprises verged on collapse. Milo cursed himself hourly for his monumental greed and stupidity in purchasing the entire Egyptian cotton crop, but a contract was a contract and had to be honored, and one night, after a sumptuous evening meal, all Milo's fighters and bombers took off, joined in formation directly overhead and began dropping bombs on the group. He had landed another contract with the Germans, this time to bomb his own outfit. Milo's planes separated in a well-coordinated attack and bombed the fuel stocks and the ordinance dump, the repair hangers and the B-25 bombers resting on the lollipop-shaped hardstands at the field.

2nd WOMAN: His crews spared the landing strip and the mess halls so that they could land safely when their work was done and enjoy a hot snack before retiring. They bombed all four squadrons, the officers' club and the Group Headquarters building. Men bolted from their tents in sheer terror and did not know in which direction to turn. Wounded soon lay screaming everywhere. A cluster of fragmentation bombs exploded in

the yard of the officers' club and punched jagged holes in the side of the wooden building and in the bellies and backs of a row of lieutenants and captains standing at the bar. They doubled over in agony and dropped. The rest of the officers fled toward the two exits in panic and jammed up the doorways like a dense, howling dam of human flesh as they shrank from going farther.

1st WOMAN: Colonel Cathcart clawed and elbowed his way through the unruly, bewildered mass until he stood outside by himself. He stared up at the sky in stark astonishment and horror. Colonel Cathcart let go a stricken gasp of dismay and hurled himself headlong into his jeep. He found the gas pedal and the ignition and sped toward the airfield as fast as the rocking car would carry him. He leaped from the car while it was still skidding dangerously and hurtled up the flight of steps inside the control tower. He squeezed the microphone in a bestial grip and began shouting hysterically at the top of his voice:

COLONEL CATHCART: Milo, you son of a bitch! Are you crazy? What the hell are you doing? Come down! Come down!

MILO: Stop hollering so much, will you? I'm right here. Very good, men, very good, but I see one supply shed still standing. That will never do, Purvis-- I've spoken to you about that kind of shoddy work before. Now, you go right back there this minute

and try it again. And this time come in slowly. . . slowly. Haste makes waste, Purvis. Haste makes waste. If I've told you that once, I must have told you that a hundred times. Haste makes waste.

2nd WOMAN: The loud-speaker overhead began squawking.

ALVIN: Milo, this is Alvin Brown. I've finished dropping my bomb. What should I do now?

MILO: Strafe.

ALVIN. Strafe?

MILO: We have no choice, it's in the contract.

ALVIN: Oh, okay, then, in that case I'll strafe.

1st WOMAN: This time Milo had gone too far. Bombing his own men and planes was more than even the most phlegmatic observer could stomach, and it looked like the end for him. High-ranking government officials poured in to investigate. Newspapers inveighed against Milo with glaring headlines, and Congressmen denounced the atrocity in stentorian wrath and clamored for punishment.

2nd WOMAN: Mothers with children in the service organized into militant groups and demanded revenge. Not one voice was raised in his defense. Decent people everywhere were affronted, and Milo was all washed up. . .

1st WOMAN: . . . until he opened his books to the public and disclosed the tremendous profit he had made. He could reimburse the government for all the people and property he had destroyed and still have enough money

left over to continue buying Egyptian cotton.

Everybody, of course, owned a share. And the sweetest part of the whole deal was that there really was no need to reimburse the government at all.

MILO: In a democracy, the government is the people, we're people, aren't we? So we might just as well keep the money and eliminate the middleman. Frankly, I'd like to see the government get out of war altogether and leave the whole field to private industry. If we pay the government everything we owe it, we'll only be encouraging government control and discouraging other individuals from bombing their own men and planes. We'll be taking away their incentive.

Contradiction, confusion, conflicting currents were "run of the mill" throughout the 60's. People simply could not get together on any topic. "All out war" or "make love not war". Not only was there discord concerning the foreign policies but there was internal strife -- people just living together.

1st MAN: You remember Brotherhood Week? The only week in the year when you wanna take a Negro to lunch, you gotta ask for a number?

2nd MAN: I am convinced that the method of non-violent resistance is the most potent weapon available to impress people in their struggle for freedom and human dignity. . . . Our aim is not to defeat or to humiliate the white man but to win his friendship and understanding.

2nd WOMAN: . . . only the police through their fears and prejudice have goaded our people to riot. And once the riots start, only the police or the National Guard have been able to put an end to them. This demonstrates that these violent eruptions are unplanned, uncontrollable temper tantrums brought on by long neglected poverty, humiliation, oppression and exploitation. Violence as a strategy for social changes in America is non-existent. All the sound and fury seems but the posturing of cowards whose bold talk produces no action and signifies nothing.

3rd MAN: . . . Demonstrations, experience has shown, are part of the process of stimulating legislation and law enforcement. . . . Beyond this, demonstrations have a creative effect on the social and psychological climate that is not matched by the legislative process. Those who have lived under the corrosive humiliation of daily intimidation are imbued by demonstrations with a sense of courage and dignity that strengthens their personalities.

2nd MAN: We must meet hate with creative love.

1st WOMAN; But on April 4, 1968, while speaking with friends on the balcony of his room at the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, Martin Luther King, Jr. was shot once in the neck and killed by an assassin who fired from the bathroom window of a flop-house across the street.

2nd MAN: He is free at last. (exit)

3rd MAN: Other people are being destroyed, starved and killed in our name; it is this that should piss us off most of all. It is no use to say that we were not consulted, that it is all happening against our will, and that we do not have any power. Others have dipped our hands in blood for us. The point is that the blood is still there, and we are all Babylonians. For my part, I feel guilty about this shit, principally because I know that I have not done enough to bring it to an end. As long as I am alive and this system which creates all this suffering, all this

pain, is also alive, I will know that I have not given my all to destroy it. And it has to be destroyed in its lair--in Babylon. It is for that reason that I must return. But that is not the only reason I want to return. There is so much there that I love. But why speak of love. . . except that Che was quoted to have said that we must hate our enemies with a revolutionary love. . . .

One last word. I think that we have all been sold a trick--this shit about us being powerless--by the pigs who benefit from the sale. In the formal sense, yes, we have been organized out of the power structure. But we still have the ultimate power: the power to overturn systems, to smash power structures, and to bring pigs to justice. We have that power, and the pigs tremble when they think of it because they know it's true, even if we don't.

. . . . My mind is already blown, wide open, because I dig life. And when I die, my death will be the price I paid to live. Right on! Power to the people! Oink to the pigs!

(THE COLLECTOR)

CLEGG: Near Redhill I drove off the main road as planned and up a lovely side road and then got in the back to look at her. I laid a torch where it gave a bit of light and I could see. She was awake. Her eyes seemed very big, they didn't seem frightened, they seemed proud, almost as if she'd decided not to be frightened, not at any price.

Don't be alarmed, I'm not going to hurt you. Do you want anything?

She began to shake her head. I could see she meant the gag was hurting.

We're miles in the country, it's no good screaming, if you do, I'll put the gag straight back, do you understand?

She nodded, so I undid the scarf. Before I could do anything she reached up as high as she could and sideways and she was sick. It was horrible. I could smell the chloroform and the sick. She didn't say anything. She just groaned. I lost my head, I didn't know what to do. I suddenly felt we had to get home as quick as possible, so I put the gag on again. She struggled, I heard her say under the cloth, no, no, it was horrible, but I made myself do it because I knew it was for the best in the end. Then I got into the driving-seat and on we went. We got here just

after half past ten. I drove into the garage, went
 2nd WOMAN: It's the seventh night.
 and looked about to make sure nothing had happened
 in my absence, not that I expected anything. But I
 didn't want to spoil the ship for the little bit of
 tar. I went down to her room, everything was all
 right, not too stuffy because I'd left the door open.
 I slept in it one night before to see if there was
 enough air and there was. There were all the doings
 to make tea with and so on. It looked very snug and

cozy. Well, at last the great moment was come. I
 2nd WOMAN: I keep on thinking the same things. If only they knew. If
 went up to the garage and opened the back of the van.
 only they knew.

Like the rest of the operation it went according to
 plan. I got the straps off her, made her sit up,
 her legs and feet still bound, of course. She kicked
 about for a moment, I was obliged to say that if she

2nd WOMAN: Share the outrage.
 did not keep quite I would have to resort to more of
 the chloro and CTC, but that if she kept still I
 wouldn't hurt her. That did the trick. I lifted her,
 she was not so heavy as I thought; I got her down
 quite easily; we did have a bit of a struggle at the
 door of her room, but there wasn't much she could do
 then. I put her on the bed. It was done.

Her face was white, some of the sick had gone on
 her navy jumper, she was a real sight but her eyes
 weren't afraid. It was funny. She just stared at
 me, waiting.

This is your room. If you do what I say, you won't be hurt. It's no good shouting. You can't be heard outside and anyway there's never anyone to hear. I'm going to leave you now, there's some biscuits and sandwiches and if you want to make tea or cocoa. I'll come back tomorrow morning.

2nd WOMAN: So now I'm trying to tell it to this pad he bought me this morning. His kindness.

CLEGG: Well, I lay there thinking of her below, lying awake

2nd WOMAN: Calmly.

too. I had nice dreams, dreams where I went down and comforted her; I was excited, perhaps I went a bit far in what I gave myself to dream, but I wasn't really worried. I knew my love was worthy of her. Then I went to sleep.

After, she was telling me what a bad thing I did and how I ought to try and realize it more. I can only say that evening I was very happy, as I said, and it was more like I had done something very daring, like climbing Everest or doing something in enemy territory. My feelings were very happy because my intentions were of the best. It was what she never understood. To sum up, that night was the best thing I ever did in my life.

2nd WOMAN: Deep down I get more and more frightened. It's only surface calm.

CLEGG: I hope you slept well.

1st WOMAN: Where is this, who are you, why have you brought

me here?

CLEGG: I can't tell you.

1st WOMAN: I demand to be released at once. This is monstrous.

CLEGG: We stood staring at each other.

1st WOMAN: Get out of the way. I'm going to leave. Get out of the way.

CLEGG: You can't go yet. Please don't oblige me to use force again.

1st WOMAN: I don't know who you think I am. If you think I'm somebody rich's daughter and you are going to get a huge ransom, you've got a shock coming.

CLEGG: I know who you are. It's not money.

2nd WOMAN: No nastiness, no sex thing. But his eyes are mad. . .

1st WOMAN: And don't I know who you are? Town Hall Annexe.

2nd WOMAN: Grey with a grey lost light in them.

CLEGG: I don't know what you mean.

2nd WOMAN: To begin with I watched him all the time.

1st WOMAN: You've got a moustache.

2nd WOMAN: I thought it must be sex.

CLEGG: I still don't know how she knew. She saw me a few

2nd WOMAN: If I turned my back I did it where he couldn't spring at times in the town, I suppose. Perhaps she saw me out me, and I listened. I had to know exactly where he was in of the windows of their sometimes.
the room.

1st WOMAN: Your photo was in the paper.

CLEGG: I've always hated to be found out. I don't know why, I've always tried to explain, I mean invent stories to explain. Suddenly I saw a way out. I'm only obeying orders.

1st WOMAN: Orders, whose orders?

2nd WOMAN: Power. It's become so real.

CLEGG: I can't tell you.

1st WOMAN: Whose orders?

CLEGG: I tried to think of someone. I don't know why, the only name I could think of she might know was Mr. Singleton. He was the manager of the Barclays. I knew her father banked there, I saw him several times there when I was, and talking with Mr. Singleton.

2nd WOMAN: I know the H-bomb is wrong. But being so weak seems wrong now too.

CLEGG: Mr. Singleton's orders, I'm not meant to tell you, he'd kill me if he knew.

1st WOMAN: What's he going to do to me?

CLEGG: I don't know.

1st WOMAN: Where is he now?

CLEGG: He'll be coming. I expect.

1st WOMAN: Of course. This must be his house in Suffolk.

CLEGG: Yes.

1st WOMAN: He hasn't got a house in Suffolk.

CLEGG: You don't know. I came to ask you what you'd like for breakfast.

1st WOMAN: I don't want any breakfast, this horrid little room.

CLEGG: Would you like tea or coffee?

1st WOMAN: Coffee, if you drink some first.

CLEGG: I made the Nescafe and I took it in and she watched me drink some and then she drank some. All the time she asked questions, no all the time I felt she might ask a question, she'd come out quickly with a question to try and catch me. About how

long she had to stay, why I was being so kind to her. I made up answers, but I knew they sounded feeble, it wasn't easy to invent quickly with her. In the end I said I was going into the shops and she was to tell me what she wanted.

1st WOMAN: I just want to be set free.

2nd WOMAN: This crypt-room is so stuffy, the walls squeeze me, I'm listening for him as I write, the thoughts I have are like bad drawings. Must be torn up at once.

CLEGG: That evening after her supper, which she didn't eat much, I went and sat by the door. For some time she sat smoking, with her eyes shut, as if the sight of me tired her eyes.

1st WOMAN: I've been thinking. All you've told me about

2nd WOMAN: Try, try, try to escape.

Mr. Singleton is a story. I don't believe it.

He's just not that sort of man, for one thing.

And if he was, he wouldn't have you working for him.

He wouldn't have made all these fantastic preparations.

CLEGG: I didn't say anything. I couldn't look at her.

1st WOMAN: You've gone to a lot of trouble. All those clothes in there, all these art books. I'm your prisoner, but you want me to be a happy prisoner. So there are two possibilities: You're holding me to ransom, you're in a gang or something.

CLEGG: I'm not. I told you.

1st WOMAN: You know who I am. You must know my father's not rich or anything. So it can't be ransom.

CLEGG: It was uncanny, hearing her think it out.

2nd WOMAN: It's all I think of.

1st WOMAN: The only other thing is sex. You want to do something to me.

CLEGG: It's not that at all. I shall have a proper respect. I'm not that sort.

1st WOMAN: Then you must be mad, in a nice kind of way, of

2nd WOMAN: A strange thing. He fascinates me. I feel the deepest course. You admit that the Mr. Singleton story is contempt and loathing for him, I can't stand this room. . . not true?

CLEGG: I wanted to break it gently.

1st WOMAN: Break what? Rape? Murder?

CLEGG: I never said that, . . . she always seemed to get me on the defensive. In my dreams it was always the other way round.

1st WOMAN: Why am I here?

CLEGG: I want you to be my guest.

1st WOMAN: Your guest!

CLEGG: She stood up and walked round the armchair and leant against the back, eyes on me all the time. She'd taken her blue jumper off; she stood there in a dark green dress, like a school-girl tunic. With a white blouse open at the throat. Her hair swept back into the pigtail. Her lovely face. She looked brave. I don't know why, I thought of her sitting on my knees, very still, with me stroking her soft blonde hair, all loose as I saw it after.

I love you. It's driven me mad.

1st WOMAN: I see.

2nd WOMAN: Every night I do something I haven't done for years. I lie and pray. I don't kneel, I know God despises kneelers. I lie and ask him to comfort M and D and everyone else, even the ones it would do good to suffer for me (Or anyone else). I ask him to help this misery who has me under his power, I ask him to help me. Not to let me be raped or abused and murdered. I ask him for light.

Literally! Daylight.

CLEGG: She didn't look at me any more then.

2nd WOMAN: The time in prison. Endless time.

Freedom -- for a people, for an individual -- was an important goal in the Sixties. For some it was a physical freedom from physical oppression--but for others it was more a fight for mental freedom. Sometimes this fight reached heights of insanity.

(ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST)

1st NARRATOR: I've given what happened next a good lot of thought, and I've come around to thinking that it was bound to be and it would have happened in one way or another. The Big Nurse would have found out some way what had gone on maybe just by the look on Billy's face, and she'd have done the same as she did whether McMurphy was still around or not. And Billy would have done what he did, and McMurphy would have heard about it and come back.

2nd NARRATOR: Would have had to come back, because he could no more have sat around outside the hospital, and let the Big Nurse have the last move and get the last play, than he could have let her get by with it right under his nose. It was like he'd signed on for the whole game and there wasn't any way of him breaking his contract.

1st NARRATOR: As soon as we started getting out of bed and circulating around the ward, the story of what had taken place was spreading in a brush fire of low talk.

2nd NARRATOR: "They had a what? A whore? In the dorm? Jesus."

1st NARRATOR: Not only a whore, but a drunken blast to boot. McMurphy was planning to sneak her out before the day crew came on-but he didn't wake up.

Those who had been in on the night started

telling about it with a kind of quiet pride and wonder, the way people tell about seeing a big hotel fire--very solemn and respectful because the casualties aren't even counted yet--but the longer the telling went on, the less solemn the fellows got.

2nd NARRATOR: Everytime the Big Nurse and her hustling black boys turned up something new, such as the empty bottle of cough syrup or the fleet of wheel-chairs parked at the end of the hall like empty rides in an amusement park, it brought another part of the night back sudden and clear to be told to the guys who weren't in on it and to be savored by the guys who were. Everybody had been herded into the day room by the black boys, Chronics and Acutes alike, milling together in excited confusion. The two old Vegetables sat sunk in their bedding, snapping their eyes and their gums. Everybody was still in pajamas and slippers except McMurphy, he was in his black shorts with the white whales.

1st NARRATOR: One of the black boys saw the screen was unlocked and locked it and went into the Nurses station for the big flat ledger, came back out running his finger down the roll and lipping the names he read out loud as he sighted the men that matched up with them. The roll is listed alphabetically backwards to throw people off, so he

didn't get to the B's till right at the last. He looked around the day room without taking his finger from that last name in the ledger.

2nd NARRATOR: Bibbit. Where's Billy Bibbit? Who saw Billy Bibbit go, you damn goons?

1st NARRATOR: The black boy went back into the station, and we saw him telling the nurse. She smashed the phone down in the cradle and came out the door with the black boy hot after her; a lock of her hair had broken loose from beneath her white cap and fell across her face like wet ashes. She was sweating between her eyebrows and under her nose. She demanded we tell where the Eloper had gone. She was answered with a chorus of laughter, and her eyes went around the men.

BIG NURSE: So. He's not gone, is he? Harding he's still here--on the ward, isn't he? Tell me. Washington! Come with me for room check.

2nd NARRATOR: The nurse reached the door of the Seclusion Room at the end of the hall. We pushed up close to see, crowding and craning to peep over the Big Nurse and the two black boys as she unlocked it and swung it open. It was dark in the windowless room. There was a squeak and a scuffle in the dark, and the nurse reached out, flicked the light down on Billy and the girl where they were blinking up from that mattress on the floor like two owls

from a nest. The nurse ignored the howl of
ter behind her.

BIG NURSE: William Bibbit! William . . . Bibbit!

BILLY: Good morning, Miss Ratched, this is Candy.

BIG NURSE: Oh, Billy, Billy, Billy--I'm so ashamed for

1st NARRATOR: Billy wasn't awake enough to respond

to her shaming, and the girl was fussing around

looking under the mattress for her nylons, moving

slow and warm-looking after sleep. Every so often

she would stop her dreamy fumbling and look up

and smile at the icy figure of the nurse standing

with her arms crossed, then feel to see if her

sweater was buttoned. They both moved like fat

cats full of warm milk, lazy in the sun; I guess

they were still fairly drunk too.

BIG NURSE: Oh, Billy, a woman like this. A cheap! Look

Painted--

2nd NARRATOR: Courtesan? Jezebel? Not Jezebel? No.

How about Salome? She's notoriously evil. Perhaps

"dame" is the word you want. Well, I'm just trying

to help.

1st NARRATOR: She swung back to Billy. He was concentrat-

ing on getting to his feet. He rolled over and

came to his knees, butt in the air like a cow

getting up, then pushed up on his hands, then came

to one foot, then the other, and straightened. He

looked pleased with his success, as if he wasn't

even aware of us crowding at the door teasing him and horrahing him.

2nd NARRATOR: The loud talk and laughter swirled around the nurse. She looked from Billy and the girl to the bunch of us behind her. The enamel-and-plastic face was caving in. She shut her eyes and strained to calm her trembling, concentrating. She knew this was it, her back to the wall. When her eyes opened again, they were very small and still.

BIG NURSE: What worries me Billy, is how your poor mother is going to take this. Mrs. Bibbit's always been so proud of your discretion. I know how she is when she gets disturbed, Billy; you know how ill the poor woman can become. She's very sensitive. Especially concerning her son. She always spoke so proudly of you. She al--

BILLY: Nuh! Nuh! You d-d-don't N-n-need!

BIG NURSE: Billy, Billy, Billy, your mother and I are old friends.

BILLY: No! N-n-no!

1st NARRATOR: We'd stopped laughing. We watched Billy folding into the floor, head going back, knees coming forward. He rubbed his hand up and down that green pant leg. He was shaking his head in panic like a kid that's been promised a whipping just as soon as a willow is out. The nurse touched his shoulder to comfort him. The touch shook him

like a blow.

BIG NURSE: Billy, I don't want her to believe something like this of you--but what am I to think?

BILLY: Du-duh-duh-don't T-tell, M-m-miss Ratched. Duh--duh--

BIG NURSE: Billy, I have to tell. I hate to believe you would behave like this, but, really, what else can I think? I find you alone, on a mattress, with this sort of woman.

BILLY: No! I d-d-d-didn't. I was--she did.

BIG NURSE: Billy, this girl could not have pulled you in here forcibly. Understand, I would like to believe something else--for your poor mother's sake.

BILLY: She d-did. And M-m-McMurphy. He did. And the-the rest! They t-t-teased me, called me things!

2nd NARRATOR: Now his face was fastened to hers. He didn't look to one side or the other, but only straight ahead at her face, like there was a spiraling light there instead of features, a hypnotizing swirl of cream white and blue and orange. He swallowed and waited for her to say something, but she wouldn't; her skill, her fantastic mechanical power flooded back into her, analyzing the situation and reporting to her that all she had to do was keep quiet.

BILLY: They m-m-made me! Please Miss Ratched, they may-

may--

1st NARRATOR: She checked her beam, and Billy's face pitched downward, sobbing with relief. She put a hand on his neck and drew his cheek to her starched breast, stroking his shoulder while she turned a slow, contemptuous look across the bunch of us.

BIG NURSE: It's all right, Billy. It's all right. No one else is going to harm you. It's all right. I'll explain to your mother.

1st NARRATOR: It was strange to hear that voice, soft and soothing and warm as a pillow, coming out of a face hard as porcelain.

BIG NURSE: All right, Billy. Come along with me. You can wait over here in the doctor's office. There's no reason for you to be submitted to sitting out in the day room with these . . . friends of yours.

2nd NARRATOR: She led him into the office, stroking his bowed head and saying,

BIG NURSE: Poor boy, poor little boy.

2nd NARRATOR: While we faded back down the hall silently and sat down in the day room without looking at one another or speaking. McMurphy was the last one to take a seat.

The Chronics across the way had stopped milling around and were settling into their slots. I looked at McMurphy out of the corner of my eye,

trying not to be obvious about it. He was in his chair in the corner, resting a second before he came out for the next round--in a long line of next rounds. The thing he was fighting, you couldn't whip it for good. All you could do was keep on whipping it, till you couldn't come out any more and somebody else had to take your place.

1st NARRATOR: There was more phoning going on in the Nurses' Station and a number of authorities showing up for a tour of the evidence. When the doctor himself finally came in everyone of these people gave him a look like the whole thing had been planned by him, or at least condoned and authorized. He was white and shaky under the eyes. You could see he'd already heard about most of what had gone on here, on his ward, but the Big Nurse outlined it for him again, in slow, loud details so we could hear it too. Hear it in the proper way, this time, solemnly, with no whispering or giggling while she talked. The doctor nodded and fiddled with his glasses, batting eyes so watery I thought he must be splashing her. She finished by telling him about Billy and the tragic experience we had put the poor boy through.

BIG NURSE: I left him in your office. Judging from his present state, I suggest you see him right away. He's been through a terrible ordeal. I shudder to think of the damage that must have been done to the poor boy.

2nd NARRATOR: She waited until the doctor shuddered too.

BIG NURSE: I think you should go see if you can speak with him. He needs a lot of sympathy. He's in a pitiful state.

2nd NARRATOR: The doctor nodded again and walked off toward his office. We watched him go.

1st NARRATOR: Mack, none of us blame you. Wished I'd had my tongue pulled out as soon as I saw the way he looked at me.

2nd NARRATOR: He closed his eyes and relaxed. Waiting, it looked like. Harding got up and walked over to him and had just opened his mouth to say something when the doctor's voice screaming down the hall smashed a common horror and realization onto everybody's face. We knew there wasn't anything for us to do now but just sit tight and wait for her to come to the day room to tell us what we all had known was one of the things that was bound to happen. She walked straight to McMurphy.

BIG NURSE: He cut his throat, he opened the doctor's desk and found some instruments and cut his throat. The poor miserable, misunderstood boy killed himself. He's there now, in the doctor's chair, with his throat cut. I hope you're finally satisfied. Playing with human lives -- gambling with human lives -- as if you thought yourself to be a God!

1st NARRATOR: First I had a quick thought to try to stop him, talk him into taking what he'd already won and

let her have the last round, but another, bigger thought wiped the first thought away completely. I suddenly realized with a crystal certainty that neither I nor any of the half-score of us could stop him.

2nd NARRATOR: We couldn't stop him because we were the ones making him do it. It wasn't the nurse that was forcing him, it was our need that was making him push himself slowly up from sitting his big hands driving down on the leather chair arms, pushing him up, rising and standing like one of those moving picture zombies, obeying orders beamed at him from forty masters. It was us that had been making him go on for weeks keeping him standing long after his feet and legs had given out, weeks of making him wink and grin and laugh and go on with his act long after his humor had been parched dry between two electrodes.

1st NARRATOR: We made him stand and hitch up his black shorts like they were horsehide chaps, and push back his cap with one finger like it was a ten-gallon Stetson, slow, mechanical gestures--and when he walked across the floor you could hear the iron in his bare heels ring sparks out of the tile.

2nd NARRATOR: Only at the last--after he'd smashed through that glass door, her face swinging around, with terror forever ruining any other love she might ever try to use again, screaming when he grabbed

for her and ripped her uniform all the way down the front, screaming again when the nipples circles started from her chest and swelled out and out, bigger than anybody had ever imagined, warm and pink in the light--

1st NARRATOR: Only at the last, after the officials realized that the three black boys weren't going to do anything but stand and watch and they would have to beat him off without their help, doctors and supervisors and nurses plying those heavy red fingers out of the white flesh of her throat as if they were her neck bones, jerking him backward off of her with a loud heave of breath, only then did he show any sign that he might be anything other than a sane, willful, dogged man performing a hard duty that finally just had to be done, like it or not.

2nd NARRATOR: He gave a cry. At the last, falling backward, his face appearing to us for a second upside down before he was smothered on the floor by a pile of white uniforms, he let himself cry out.

1st NARRATOR: A sound of cornered-animal fear and hate and surrender and defiance, that if you ever trailed coon or cougar or lynx is like the last sound the treed and shot and falling animal makes as the dogs get him, when he finally doesn't care any more about anything but himself and his dying.

president Kennedy has been assassinated.

Modern technology - it's really something. The strides that have been made in the past decade are truly phenomenal. Man seemed to be searching for control of the world around him. Even things he could not understand he sought control of; such as life and death. But being basically good, man decided that he would try to use his power to aid humanity, not to destroy. For example the peaceful atom was researched. And, the heart transplant gave a longer lease on life to people who had before been without hope. And perhaps the most amazing technological feat was the moon flight. Man has actually been on the moon, not only figuratively but factually. It was through this advancement that (lights flicker and go out.) oh . . . uh . . . Ladies and Gentlemen, we seem to be having a small problem with lights . . . have it fixed in no time . . . have a match? . . . (others enter) . . . What happened? . . . Oh, uh, lights out . . . all you ladies hold on to your purses, we'd hate for something bad to happen . . . you can't trust anyone . . . (someone strikes a match and reveals boy and girl kissing) Put That Out! . . . Paper-paper, who wants to buy a paper! (Man strikes a match and reads headline)

"Power Failure Snarls Northeast;

800,000 Are Caught in Subways Here;

Autos Tied Up; City Gropes in Dark."

. . . Hey what's going on? . . . Oh, yeah, it's an air raid drill. I forgot they were going to have it . . . I think we're under attack . . . (someone stumbles) Ooop! God

Damn . . . "On A Clear Day, You Can See Forever"
Peanuts, Popcorn, Candles? . . . "If everyone lit just one
little candle . . ." "I believe for every drop of rain that
falls a flower grows . . ." Sunshine, Lollipops . . ."
"Strangers in the night . . ." "Let the sun shine . . ."
(recorded voices)

EAGLE: Our position checks down range here seem to be a
little long.

HOUSTON: Eagle, you are go--you are go to continue power
descent.

EAGLE: We've got good lock on. Altitude lights out . . .
And the earth right out our front window.

EAGLE: 1202, 1202!

CONTROL: Good radar data. Altitude now 33,500 feet.

EAGLE: Give us the reading on the 1202 program alarm.

HOUSTON: Roger. We got--we're go on that alarm.

CONTROL: Still go. Altitude 27,000 feet.

EAGLE: (We) Throttle down better than in the simulator.

CONTROL: Altitude now 21,000 feet. Still looking very good.
Velocity down now to 1,200 feet per second.

HOUSTON: You're looking great to us, Eagle.

EAGLE: Good, roger.

HOUSTON: Eagle, you're looking great, coming up 9 minutes.

CONTROL: We're now in the approach phase, looking good.
Altitude 5,200 feet.

EAGLE: Manual auto altitude control is good.

CONTROL: Altitude 4,200.

HOUSTON: You're go for landing. Over.

EAGLE: Roger, understand. Go for landing. 3,000 feet.

EAGLE: 12 alarm. 1201.

HOUSTON: Roger, 1201 alarm.

EAGLE: We're go. Hang tight. We're go. 2,000 feet.

47 degrees.

HOUSTON: Eagle looking great. You're go.

CONTROL: Altitude 1,600 . . . 1,400 feet.

EAGLE: 35 degrees. 35 degrees. 750, coming down at 23.
700 feet, 21 down, 33 degrees. 600 feet, down at
19 . . 540 feet . . . 400 . . . 350 down at 4 . . .
We're giggered on horizontal velocity. 300 feet,
down 3 1/2 down, 220 feet. 13 forward. 11 forward,
coming down nicely . . . 75 feet, things looking
good.

HOUSTON: 60 seconds.

EAGLE: Lights on. Down 2 1/2. Forward. Forward. Good.
40 feet, down 2 1/2. Picking up some dust. 30
feet, 2 1/2 down. Faint shadow. 4 forward.
Drifting to the right a little.

HOUSTON: 30 seconds.

EAGLE: Drifting right. Contact light. Okay, engine stop.

HOUSTON: We copy you down, Eagle.

EAGLE: Houston, Tranquillity Base here. The Eagle has
landed.

HOUSTON: Roger, Tranquillity, we copy you on the ground.

You got a bunch of guys about to turn blue. We're breathing again. Thanks a lot.

How do you like that! HA! Not one woman has ever been on the moon. Male Chauvinist Pigs. I'm sick of being regimented to the home-being a sex object-equal rights equal pay. Let us express ourselves. Right on!!! I'm sick of the double standard.

(THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN)

1st NARRATOR: And then, at the least expected moment, she turned fully to look at Charles. Her collar was high, but it seemed to him less embarrassment than a kind of ardor, an anger, a defiance; as if she were naked before him, yet proud to be so.

SARAH: I gave myself to him.

1st NARRATOR: He could not bear her eyes then, and glanced down with the faintest nod of the head.

CHARLES: I see.

SARAH: So I am a doubly dishonored woman. By circumstances. And by choice.

CHARLES: I did not ask you to tell me these things.

SARAH: Mr. Smithson, what I beg you to understand is not that I did this shameful thing, but why I did it. Why I sacrificed a woman's most precious possession for the transient gratification of a man I did not love. I did it so that I should never be the same again. I did it so that people should point at me, should say, there walks the French Lieutenant's Whore-- oh yes, let the word be said. So I married shame. I do not mean that I knew what I did, that it was in cold blood that I let Vargrennes have his will of me. It seemed to me then as if I threw myself off a precipice or plunged a knife into my heart. It was a kind of suicide. An act of despair, Mr. Smithson. I know it was wicked . . . Blasphemous,

but I knew no other way to break out of what I was. If I had left that room, and returned to Mrs. Talbot's, and resumed my former existence. I know that by now I should be truly dead . . . and by my own hand. What has kept me alive is my shame, my knowing that I am truly not like other women. I shall never have children, a husband, and those innocent happinesses they have. And they will never understand the reason for my crime. (pause, as if seeing what she said clearly herself for the first time) Sometimes I almost pity them. I think I have a freedom they cannot understand. No insult, no blame, can touch me. Because I have set myself beyond the pale I am nothing, I am hardly human any more. I am the French Lieutenant's Whore.

1st NARRATOR: Charles understood very imperfectly what she was trying to say in that last long speech. Until she had come to her strange decision at Weymouth, he had felt much more sympathy for her behavior than he had shown; he could imagine the slow, tantalizing agonies of her life as a governess; how easily she might have fallen into the clutches of such a plausible villain as Vargrennes; but this talk of freedom beyond the pale, of marrying shame, he found incomprehensible. And yet in a way he understood, for Sarah had begun to weep towards the end of her justification. Her weeping she hid, or tried to hide; that is, she did not sink her face in her hands

or reach for a handkerchief, but sat with her face turned away. The real reason for her silence did not dawn on Charles at first.

But then some instinct made him stand and take a silent two steps over the turf, so that he could see the profile of that face. He saw the cheeks were wet, and he felt unbearably touched; disturbed; beset by a maze of cross-currents and swept hopelessly away from his safe anchorage of judicial, and judicious, sympathy. He saw at one and the same time Vargrennes enjoying her and the man who sprang forward and struck him down; just as Sarah was to him both an innocent victim and a wild, abandoned woman. Deep in himself he forgave her unchastity; and glimpsed the dark shadows where he might have enjoyed it himself.

2nd NARRATOR: Such a sudden shift of sexualkey is impossible today. A man and a woman are no sooner in any but the most casual contact than they consider the possibility of a physical relationship. We consider such frankness about the real drives of human behavior healthy, but in Charles' time private minds did not admit the desires banned by the public mind; and when the consciousness was sprung on by these lurking tigers it was ludicrously unprepared.

And then too there was that strangely Egyptian quality among the Victorians; that claustrophilia

we see so clearly evidenced in their enveloping, mummifying clothes, their narrow-windowed and corridored architecture, their fear of the open and of the naked. Hide reality, shut out nature. The revolutionary art movement of Charles' day was, of course, the Pre-Raphaelite: they at least were making an attempt to admit nature and sexuality, but we have only to compare the pastoral background of a Millais or a Ford Madox Brown with that in a Constable or a Palmer to see how idealized, how deco-conscious the former were in their approach to external reality. Thus to Charles the openness of Sarah's confession--both so open in itself and in the open sunlight--seemed less to present a sharper reality than to offer a glimpse of an ideal world, but it was not strong because it was more real, but because it was less real; a mythical world where naked beauty mattered for more than naked truth.

1st NARRATOR: Charles stared down at her for a few hurling moments, then turned and resumed his seat, his heart beating, as if he had just stepped back from the brink of the bluff. Far out to sea, above the southernmost horizon, there had risen gently into view an armada of distant cloud. Cream, amber, snowy, like the gorgeous crests of some mountain range, the towers and ramparts stretched as far as

the eye could see . . . and yet so remote--as remote as some abbey of Theleme, some land of sinless, swooning idyll, in which Charles and Sarah and Ernestina could have wandered . . .

There is the need to grasp at something, something solid. Strangely enough we cling to something intangible, yet as old as mankind. Belief in something whether it be humanity or god is necessary. Bertrand Russel once said of his search . . .

". . . the intellectual love of God. I have loved a ghost . . . and in loving a ghost my inmost self has itself become spectral. I have therefore buried it deeper and deeper beneath layers of cheerfulness, affection, and joy of life. But my most profound feelings have remained always solitary and have found in human things no companionship. The sea, the stars, the night wind in waste places, mean more to me than even the human beings I love best, and I am conscious that human affection is to me at bottom an attempt to escape from the vain search for God."

This search became intellectualized, emotionalized and in fact people began to glorify, psuedo-inteclectualize, and over emotionalize this "search."

(VALLEY OF THE DOLLS)

1st WOMAN: You've got to climb to the top of Mount Everest to reach the Valley of the Dolls. It's a brutal climb to reach that peak, which so few have seen.

2nd WOMAN: You never knew what was really up there, but the last thing you expected to find was the Valley of the Dolls.

1st WOMAN: You stand there, waiting for the rush of exhilaration you thought you'd feel--but it doesn't come. You're too far away to hear the applause and take your bows.

2nd WOMAN: And there's no place left to climb. You're alone, and the feeling of loneliness is overpowering. The air is so thin you can scarcely breathe. You've made it--and the world says you're a hero.

1st WOMAN: But it was more fun at the bottom when you started, with nothing more than hope and the dream of fulfillment. All you saw was the top of that mountain--there was no one to tell you about the (together) Valley of the Dolls.

1st WOMAN: But it's different when you reach the summit.

2nd WOMAN: The elements have left you battered, deafened, sightless--and too weary to enjoy your victory.

1st MAN: 60 through 69. Each year was different, unpredictable; almost the only thing all ten years had

in common was the fact that they were all different and unpredictable. Oh, there was one exception, something that happened every single year.

2nd MAN: The rumor persisted that she was one girl, the daughter of an orthodontist, but with as many names as teeth. The Women's Liberation Movement picketed in protest of her 'mindless conformity.' A theologian thundered: 'Are these virtually indistinguishable specimens of white, middle-class postadolescence really the best we can do?' But matter. In a decade of change and upheaval and revolution and God knows what, Miss America remained unchanged, unchanging, fixed, dependable, year

1st MAN: after year

2nd MAN: after year

1st MAN: after year

2nd MAN: after year

1st MAN: after year

2nd MAN: after year

1st MAN: after year

2nd MAN: after year

1st MAN: after year.

2nd MAN: Except '69 is blonde.