

PAUL BEDARD - CHRISTINE BENDRY - CHRISTINE DREW  
BENJAMIN - KERMIT BURNS - THERESA BURNS  
- JAMES CASTIGLIONI - **THE** ANNIE CHANG - MARK  
COSTELLO - JEROME ELLIS - JEFFREY ENG - SEAN DANIELS  
- BECCA FORESMAN - DANIELLE FORTNER - PAUL FRUCHT  
- RICK FUDGE - INÉS GARCIA - KATE GAZZANIGA - SHIFRA  
GOLDENBERG - ALLY GOODBAUM - ARIELLE HADER -  
JOHN **DEATH** GRAHAM - KATHERINE  
KENNEDY - RACHEL LIN - / GRANT-SUTTIE - MEGHAN  
MERCADO - JAMES SAL MANNINO - ERIC  
MONROE - JUDI OLSON - MONACCO - ASHLEY  
- EMILY ROSE PRATS - BEN OTTO - KATIE PALMER  
JONATHAN PRIM - RUSSELL **MEMORY** PECK  
- GREG REDLAWSK - ALEX REYNOLDS - JACQUELINE RUSSO  
- MARINE SIALELLI - EUGENE MICHAEL SANTIAGO - RAMSEY  
SCOTT - ZDENKO SLOBODNIK - JENN TASH - YUMI  
TAMASHIRO - FRANK TYL - ALEX USTACH - EVAN WATKINS  
- STEPHANIE **PROJECT** WARREN - JACOB  
WELDON

PRESENTED BY THEATER IN ASYLUM

# LITERARY MAGAZINE

Presented Sunday, April 3, 2011  
New York Theatre Workshop

# LINE-UP

## **Drumming: Part I** by Steve Reich

PULSE: pursuit of presence

Percussion performed by Jeffrey Eng, Dani Fortner, Jacqueline Russo, Frank Tyl

## **Dirtballs in Her Pocket (Or Dressed to the Nines)** by Christine Drew

Benjamin

Directed by Ashley Monroe, Starring Emily Daly

Dirtballs in Her Pocket (Or Dressed to the Nines) is dedicated to my American Girl doll, Kirsten. The basis of this play involves the death of someone's childhood. Not only does it have to do with the fact that we do (unfortunately) grow up/ become adults, etc. but more than anything it has to do with the connections we have with certain things as children and how we learn to leave those things behind us someday. It has occurred to me recently that many people in their late teens to early twenties are suffering from such a dilemma. It is a struggle to move past the idealistic dreams that once filled their childhood fantasies, only to wake up one morning with student loans, Craigslist ads, and health care/cell phone bills piled on their kitchen table (or maybe that's just me). When does the act of imagining stop? Is it when we pack up all our old toys and move off to college, or is it even earlier than that? Whatever happens to those dreams, those imaginary stories that we once believed so wholeheartedly? These are only some of the serious issues I have been contemplating for quite some time now. Thus came this one woman play. Oh, and please note that this was also inspired from the seriocomic/classic film Toy Story 3. Thank you.

*"What is necessary, after all, is only this: solitude, vast inner solitude. To walk inside yourself and meet no one for hours - that is what you must be able to attain. To be solitary as you were when you were a child, when the grown-ups walked around involved with matters that seemed large and important because they looked so busy and because you didn't understand a thing about what they were doing."* - Rainer Maria Rilke

## **Poetry by Alex Ustach**

This collection of poems reflects upon which memories we choose to leave behind, those that we are forced to take with us, and those that we can never regain and that are simply lost in the tug-of-war with time. These poems are about grief, family, love, and the battle we face with the possession of memory versus the taking of death. - Alex

## **? Corporel**, a percussion piece for one body; by Vinko Globokar

Performed by Alex Reynolds

"I recently read this remark: The history of mankind is a long succession of synonyms for the same word. It is a duty to disprove this." – Vinko Globokar

## **Nearly Thereafter** by Jenn Tash

Directed by Greg Redlawsk

Featuring: Arielle Hader, Ben Otto, Rebecca Foresman, Emily Rose Prats, John Graham

"Lives are of different lengths. That does not mean one is less whole than another at its end."

## **Music For Spring, Parts I & II**

Composed and performed by Jerome Ellis

"So the world, grounded in a timeless movement by the Soul which suffuses it with intelligence, becomes a living and blessed being." –Plotinus

For more music by Jerome, contact him at [jje2105@gmail.com](mailto:jje2105@gmail.com)

## THE PERSISTENCE OF ANNABEL LEE

Created with the cast by Paul Bedard and Katie Palmer of IN ASYLUM

Costume Design by Ramsey J. Scott // Lighting Design by Eric Mercado

Performed by: Theresa Burns, Annie Chang, Allison Goodbaum, Katherine Grant-Suttie, Arielle Hader (Archangel), Meghan Kennedy (Annabel Lee), Judi Olson, Russell Peck (Me)

“But our love it was stronger by far than the love / Of those who were older than we-  
Of many far wiser than we- / And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea, / Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams / Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes / Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side / Of my darling- my darling- my life and my bride,  
In the sepulcher there by the sea, / In her tomb by the sounding sea. “  
- Edgar Allan Poe (1849)

## Music for Pieces of Wood by Steve Reich

PULSE: pursuit of presence

Percussion performed by Jeffrey Eng, Dani Fortner, Paul Frucht, Jacqueline Russo, Yumi Tamashiro

## Segment from Do You Like That Man?

Created and performed by James Monaco

Do You Like That Man? at the Tank April 7-9, 9:30 pm, \$5. Contact James at jamesharrisonmonaco@gmail.com

## The Haunted

Created and Directed by Inés García

Performed by: Rachel Lin, Jonathan Prim, Eugene Michael Santiago, Marine Sialelli

The Haunted is a glimpse at three siblings struggling to bury a dead patriarch in his final resting place. As the body is dragged, folded, propped, pushed and laid down we see the siblings argue, chastise and mourn together.

## Ach Du Lieber Himmel: A Forgetful Farce

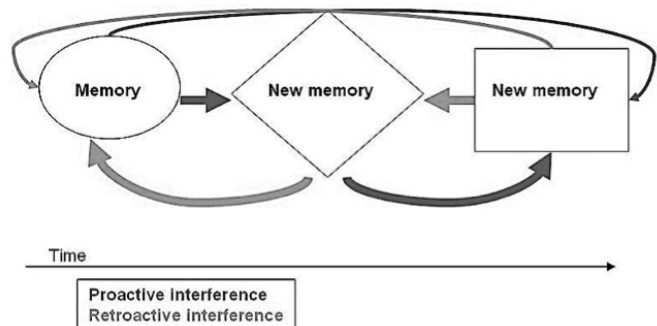
By Mark Costello, Sean Daniels,  
Eric Mercado, and Evan Watkin

## Hardy Street

Hardy Street is Kermit Burns,  
Zdenko Martin, and Sal Mannino

Hardy Street was born in 2005 in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. After a year of fusing styles together, its members followed their individual endeavors, and went in their own direction. In the fall of 2009, Hardy Street reunited in New York City where they are pursuing their individual artistic careers, as well as the expansion of their collaborative musical efforts.

[www.hardystreetmusic.com](http://www.hardystreetmusic.com)







Soon  
Antonio Estevez  
[lendmeyoureyes.org](http://lendmeyoureyes.org)

### It Isn't Long

I don't know where this starts; I don't know how.

A dusty seersucker couch; thick beige shag carpeting. I might be wrong—the couch might be beige, the carpeting full of dust, prison-patterned lines. The couch might be orange, the carpeting a darker orange that appears brownish in certain light. Everything might be soft, freshly vacuumed, dustless. Someone is stroking my hair, always, my head in her lap;

I think this is my mother. She is younger, her hair longer and blacker, pants wider  
**3** at the ankle. The lighting is amber and

dim and sleepy, bar lighting, old lamps with brass chains you have to pull hard to turn on. Neil Diamond is playing. My father is singing: do-do-do-girl, you'll be a woman soon. I try not to think of the Ouija board in the closet, the spirits hovering, gaping, shivering in the dark as they wait to be summoned. No,

This is a different place. The walls smell of cigarette, patches gone missing from the carpeting, lower, firmer than the carpeting of the other place. The dogs howl from outside, scratch at the sliding glass doors, paw at our heads as they race inside. One lays beside



me, I place my head against his belly. His heartbeat sounds like mine only faster; he's been running. We will not move from this spot. We are happy with heart-sounds and still.

Dark. I don't remember this dark, only hands reaching through it and lifting me skyward, grunting at the weight of our bodies being lifted, mine and the girl's beside me, and the bed we share.

There are nights in the bed above this one where a woman's hand creeps up the wall from below, silver rings on every finger. It is the hand of a tall woman, full of veins. It does not reach for the girls with their hands over their eyes, clutching each other at the shoulders. It waits and waits and then, disappears.

Sometimes feathers fall from the ceiling; a woman comes in the morning to collect them, pull them from pressed-together lips, shimmy them into a fat linen bag with the others. The collector-woman weaves one, the one she has been waiting for—orange, slender as a rib of fire—into a piece of cord around her neck and expects good things to happen from then on and when they don't she goes sort of mad and spends most days in bed, clawing at the walls or moaning or sleeping.

My mother is stroking my head again and clicking her tongue, saying it won't be long it won't be long, and it isn't long. It feels long when darkness is remembered only in hands or how they feel beneath your back, around the thicker parts of your legs but living, she says, is a choice and cannot be only warm blood and a beating heart; there are many people dead and still breathing. I ask how she knows this, how she knows they've stopped—the collector woman, the lifting man, the girl—she says she knows she just knows by the hollow way they breathe when there's a silence and how they've stopped opening mail.

The dog is put down while I am away. This dog, he licked my bleeding leg once. I was

five; I'd found a razor in the bathtub. We'd just met, the dog and I, and he did this for me. There are people I've known my whole life who wouldn't do as much.



Love, Lot 121  
Lemia Bodden  
[www.quelquefoisphoto.tumblr.com](http://www.quelquefoisphoto.tumblr.com)  
[www.quelquestore.com](http://www.quelquestore.com)

The girl and I, sometimes we are vampires. We make ourselves very small, hide tucked into narrow shelves of the linen closet. One at a time, we jump out and make to bite the other's neck and when this happens the one newly bitten is made to bleed out in the closet until sunset.

It isn't long. The hand with silver rings disappears entirely and there are relatives everywhere, whispering about it. The girl whose shoulders I clutched in the dark goes in sections. This is after we have cars and breasts. She wears the necklace with the orange feather, the skin-soft flame, the collector-woman's necklace, expecting better things. They do not come. She does not learn, my mother clicks, the girl does not learn.

Reflections On The Pond You Are Drowning in

\*

There are reflections  
on the pond  
that you are  
drowning in.

They are beautiful  
sequences of light that calculate  
the how and why  
of a perfect waiting game

A perfect puddle  
from the hawk's vantage  
where he stands in the way of nothing  
ready to determine death  
at any moment

\*\*

There are infinite prisms  
that wish you well  
and pray you make it  
through all these translations and  
hard-luck carbon copies

They whisper  
obscure cantations  
and watch wave-forms  
gather around the campfire  
-the sight of the sacrifice-  
right outside  
your many moonlit windows

Off-white couch, blue carpet flecked with red.  
My mother strokes my hair, asks me about the  
girl and about anger, about how I am always  
full without having eaten anything. I don't know,  
there are some things you really don't know  
and some things you pretend to not know,  
and some things you mostly understand but  
in many ways still do not and may not ever, or  
not for a very long time at least. I tell her how  
I wake with feathers spilling from my lips. With  
no one there to collect them, I can fit nothing  
else inside. Have you ever swallowed  
one, I ask? When feathers meet the liquid  
5 of your stomach, they expand, huge, like

They see the symptoms in the wind  
A uniformed hierarchy of wanting  
that stretches the cross section  
of your barely waking face

They take off  
with your majesty  
They vanish  
without a trace

\*\*\*

Slowly approaching infinity  
the concerto begins -  
First the cellos,  
then the strings

You make a splash in the atrium  
as champagne glasses  
are smashed on the floor.  
The fat lady never sees a thing,  
so she never lets out a scream

Now your leaky eyes  
are like telescopes

running

from the evening sky

...

Arrow McGowan  
arrow.kev@gmail.com

fists. Imagine all that stuff in there and then  
you try to eat. you try.

The dog is back, rolling in a sprawl of field,  
with Pop-pop, who is gone and who is not  
gone, here, now—this one perpetual second  
of both-ness.

The little whitewashed shelter-shack in the  
middle of the flat flat plain, a dim blue room;  
Paul cradles his child to his chest. In a different  
room, a room across the hall, he hides with  
me beneath the twin bed as we watch glitter  
hurricane from the ceiling, twisting and roiling



Light  
Benjy Susswein  
[facebook.com/susswein](https://www.facebook.com/susswein)

and settling like silt on the wood-planked floor. We understand that this is Pop-pop now. This is how he sounds when he speaks to us.

tired sleeps, years spent searching, digging up earthworms with butter spoons—it won't be long.

Downstairs, the metal stove clicks its tongue as my mother stirs rice, the full of her belly pressed against her palms. Cat-curved inside, listening to the rice sounds and the humming sounds dripping from her throat like honey, I press back. This is how I sound when I speak to her. It won't be long now, she says to me—fingers rushing through my scalp, combing out the tangles, peanut-buttering out the gum, shampoo, car-crash filaments of glass, long

By Kate Weinberg  
[groglogger@gmail.com](mailto:groglogger@gmail.com)  
[kateweinberg.daportfolio.com](http://kateweinberg.daportfolio.com)



## Saying Goodbye

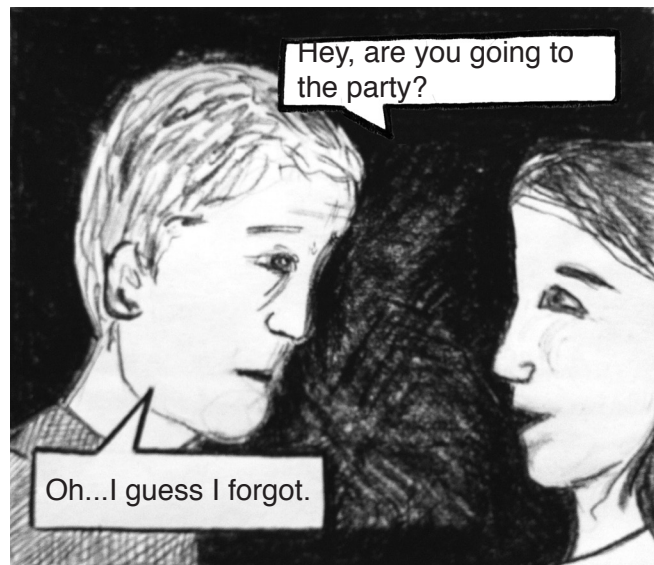
They said she could hear me,  
as she laid there violently still.  
Her soft Irish skin spread like putty to the  
mattress;  
her speechless mouth hung open,  
as if the screws of her jaw I imagined, had  
loosened  
and fell, and her eyes,  
like fish eyes— glossy, unfocused, bulging.

How I prayed to hear words  
from her, there, living lips  
as if to pull out some meaning.

I remember the day  
she told me this might happen.  
How naive I was about her bruised  
and wheezing body.  
And when asked a month before,  
if the chance of her dying might come,  
Any questions? Anything to say?  
I just stared at the evening  
stroking tall buildings outside.

How much I'd change that,  
the closed mouth, the young mind.  
What I might ask of her now—  
all the things I'd love to know.

By Alexandra Ustach



Hannah Schmidt  
Rick Fudge



New Year's  
Lisa Bauer  
[lisagraceannbauer@gmail.com](mailto:lisagraceannbauer@gmail.com)  
[www.lisagbauer.tumblr.com](http://www.lisagbauer.tumblr.com)

## Ghosted

Ghost: (n) A mere shadow or semblance. A trace of the past.



Ghost Parking Lot

Ghosts are stuck between two worlds, between the living and the dead. In 1977 the design firm SITE, Sculpture in the Environment, began a decade's long exploration of "ghosting" objects. An object does not pass out of your life as dramatically as a person, and the continuum from remembered to forgotten can last centuries.

Ghost Parking Lot was installed in a Hamden, Connecticut strip mall in 1977. It is an eerie monument to shopping trips past. Twenty junkyard cars were partially submerged in the parking spaces at the street edge and covered over with asphalt. The relationship between vehicle and roadway is inverted.

Asphalt, the paved surface that enabled

the automobile revolution of the 20th century, here holds the vehicles hostage. They are immobilized, frozen in time. The installation was in place for twenty-six years, from 1977 to 2003. These cars had already reached the end of their functional lives before they were included in this project. Their presence in this lot memorialized not only their individual histories but also an era of design, consumerism, and automobile dominance. The ghosted objects extended the memory of 1977 shopping by more than a quarter century. More importantly the memory is not just a story but a physical presence. Their history is visible and tangible.

The ghosting of objects was explored further in SITE's 1985 design for a historic





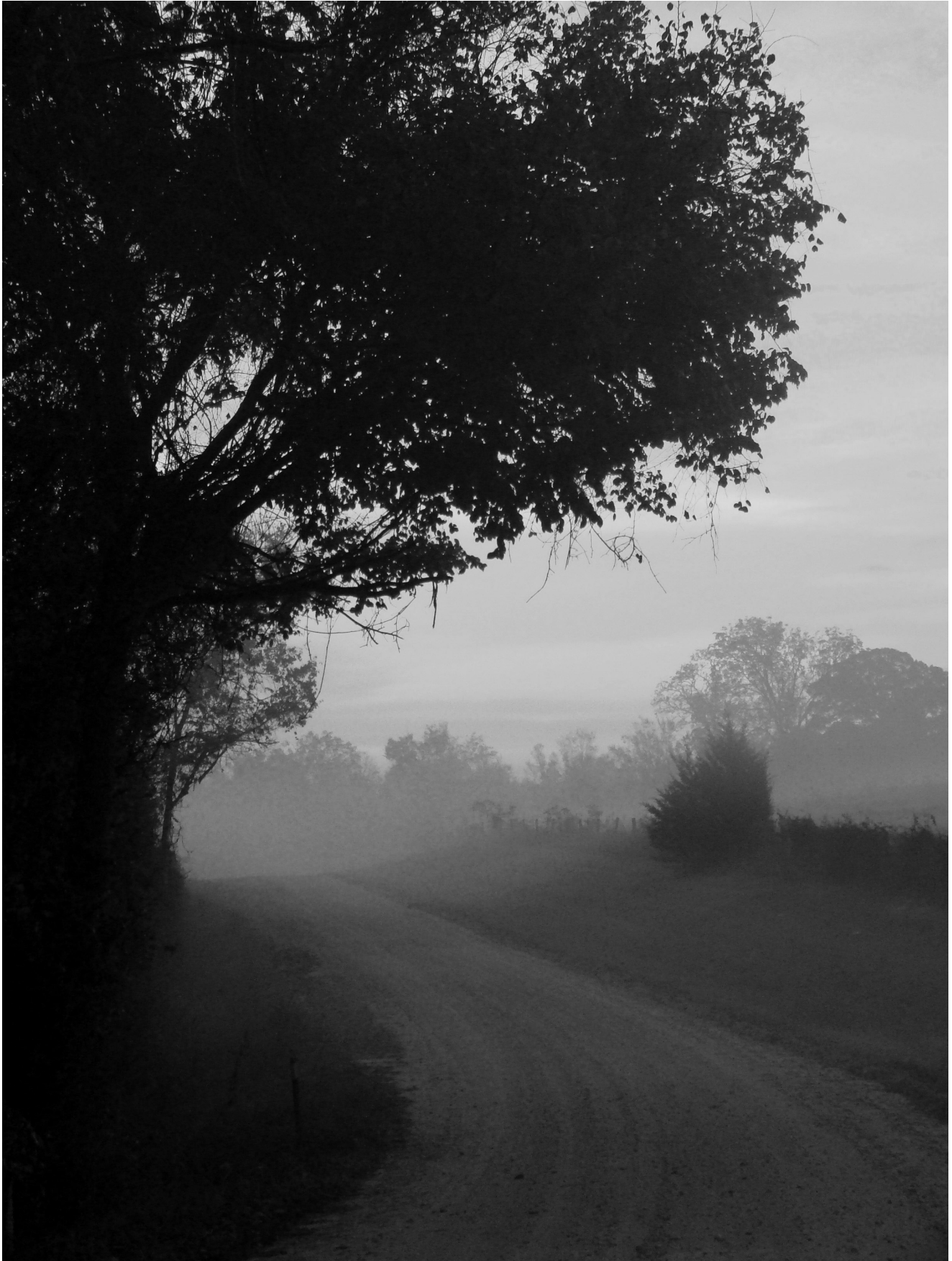
Laurie Mallet House

Greenwich Village house. The home, built in 1820, was redesigned for Laurie Mallet and her family. Items in the house were ghosted by fading them into the walls. The objects chosen to incorporate into the surfaces of the house included items from the house's past and the owner's personal history. The narrative layers of the home's history are made visible by the ghost objects. The centuries of history are made corporeal. However, unlike antiques that are still usable, these objects are not operable; they are one step removed, beginning to fade from presence to nonexistence.

stories items hold can last long beyond the functional life of the objects themselves, but having a physical reminder can also extend the memory of a person or event. Mementoes, memorials, artworks, are all ways of extending memory through physical representation. In addition to representing the history of these objects, these two projects draw attention to the process of memory creation.

By Rachel Blatt

What SITE accomplishes with these projects is a visualization of the transition from functional object to historical artifact. The



Fog On The Road



Walking With Them  
Benjy Susswein  
[facebook.com/susswein](https://www.facebook.com/susswein)

## Return

A fallen dime  
craving retrieval  
shimmering with potential,  
then pocketed by a mindless passerby.

A dirty footprint  
captured in mud,  
rebellious against white linoleum,  
then erased with maternal disdain.

An echo  
vibrating with emptiness,  
quivering with inaudible meaning,  
then swallowed by mouths round in awe.

Wind  
sweeping sand from desert ruins,  
and deserted corpses,  
memories we had buried long ago.

Promises  
mouthed in sacred vow  
carelessly discarded  
behind furious lips, furrowed brows.

Time regresses:  
matched rings scatter,  
gold returns into the ground.

By Victoria Wills  
[victoria.wills@hotmail.com](mailto:victoria.wills@hotmail.com)



“Effectively Becoming the Void, Part 2”

Or

“Six-Six-Six”

What small thing I gave you  
I’ve forgotten.  
When we sputtered on the basement floor  
How did that feel?

I said, you are not here, not anymore  
Nothing walks in the kitchen  
before I turn on the light.  
Still I pretend

The water haunts the drain  
Rises like a Judgment bride  
and fouls the air  
like a shiny, smirking Jesus child  
Like Lazarus  
Like a hand holding hands  
still reaching.

What do you want? What was it called?

a swelling, fingers, spreading apart  
pushing up, then rivers  
and six inches of tepid water

This is no place for a waiting heart  
These walls are not to be contemplated against.

This bed is to be yours, again  
But it is not for my aching,

pressing,  
gritting  
tribute.

It is not for the dead  
to walk up to and find me  
when I’ve finally fallen  
into my own, mortal  
mockery of Sleep  
after six whole days.

Six, after which they’d given up---  
The ghosts---  
and left

Because they can’t lie down  
next to me  
and they can’t wake me  
and they can’t remind me  
what it was to touch your warm body.

By Cassandra Andrus  
cassie.andrus@gmail.com



There is no way to avoid death, and no one can change the progression of time. What we can change is our perception of time, how we appreciate it, and how conscious we are of it.

Steve Reich's music makes the audience feel like time is changing, especially in two of his most famous pieces, "Music for Pieces of Wood" and "Drumming: Part I." Both of these pieces are meant to be played so that every performance is different. They are written so that the players can make them as long or short as they wish. The pieces are always played differently, just as every person experiences their time on earth differently. Life and memory are subject to circumstance.

In "Music for Pieces of Wood," the piece is divided into three different sections with three different patterns, representing birth, life, and death. The beginning starts with what is known as "The Rock" in Reich's music, a person who is playing one note over and over again in the same tempo without stopping for the entire piece. "The Rock" represents the unchanging, just like time itself. Then the other four players play varying patterns on top of "The Rock," just as our lives vary on top of time, while time remains unchanging. The piece centers around a technique that is very common in Reich's music called "substituting beats for rests." This is when the player hits one note from the end pattern repeatedly. Then they gradually add in another note and another, until the final pattern is complete. The three players whose patterns change in this piece do this over and over again throughout the



Grenadiere  
48"x18"x18"

Eric Nichols  
backwardsefineart@gmail.com  
www.backwardse.artspan.com

entire piece. Then at the end, the third and final pattern simply stops, and the piece ends with no warning and no preparation, just as death often occurs suddenly.

"Drumming: Part I" is different from "Music for Pieces of Wood" because instead of each player using one piece of wood but with different pitches, this piece uses four sets of two bongos. Every drum is tuned to a



## Don't Look at the Clock, For it is Death

Why do we look at this  
Ticking time bomb?  
Counts down our minutes;  
We could die the next day.  
Be thankful every day  
Is a brand new life.

Why do we keep track of time?  
What is the point of it all?  
We'll just waste away eventually.  
We'll go on fighting and fucking,  
Loving and hating.  
We're only human...skin-deep.

What is the point of  
Having a watch  
When it just  
Drags time  
Away from the human life?

July 11, 2010

By ZM Weiss  
zackmw@comcast.net  
Facebook: Z.M. Weiss: Poet

certain pitch, and each player shares two sets of bongos and plays the same pitched pattern at different times. This piece is composed of two basic patterns, both involving phasing. Phasing is a technique that Reich himself popularized. In phasing, "The Rock" plays the same pattern over and over again at a consistent tempo, while "The Phaser" starts off playing the same pattern, but then "The

Phaser" slowly plays the pattern faster and faster, making it sound jumbled and out of time, until they suddenly land exactly one eighth note off from "The Rock," who is still playing the same pattern from before. "The Rock" and "The Phaser" then continue to play their patterns one eighth note off from each other, and this technique continues throughout the piece.

The audience is be able to see and hear that "The Rock" and "The Phaser" are playing in unison, and then "The Phaser's" hands start to move faster and faster while "The Rock's" stays the same. During this time, it sounds like the piece is completely falling apart and there is no sense of order. Then all of a sudden "The Phaser's" hands move at the normal speed again, and all of a sudden the pattern sounds perfectly clear again, but they are one eighth note apart from each other. This piece is important to see live because it is more exciting and impressive to see visually than it is to simply hear it.

This piece also uses the "substituting beats for rests" technique. This can especially be seen at the beginning of the piece when two people start out by playing one note together. Then they gradually begin to add one note at a time until the pattern is finally complete. This happens later in the piece as well.

To the listener, "Drumming" sounds like a dream state. Last minute decisions can be made in the piece that determine the entire outcome. In life, we can decide how we want to change our lives. The more a memory lasts or the older it is, the greater chance it has of being altered. With phasing, it is like trying to tear a piece of paper slowly. Naturally, one just wants to tear a piece of paper in one rip instead of doing it slowly. Phasing is the same way. It is easier to just jump to the next pattern that is one eighth note off and push quickly through the phase. Making it drag out and transition slowly is extremely difficult, but when done well, the listener feels like time is being stretched, and the ear doesn't know what to listen to anymore. But when they land into those patterns that are



above:  
Abandoned  
Barbara Jeaneva Lloyd  
catbirdcom@msn.com  
BJLloyd.MosaicGlobe.com

facing page:  
Dance by the Light of the Moon (Ballet)  
Barbara Jeaneva Lloyd  
catbirdcom@msn.com  
BJLloyd.MosaicGlobe.com

one eighth note apart, suddenly time makes sense again, and it feels like the piece is back in order. Instead of simply moving through the progressions of time, the phase makes it so that time is being elongated, as if in a dream.

We don't stop to think about how we see the world or how we see time, but "Drumming" and "Music for Pieces of Wood" make audiences do that. We rarely

take a step back from ourselves and observe. It is easier to simply live in the moment all of the time.

By Dani Fortner



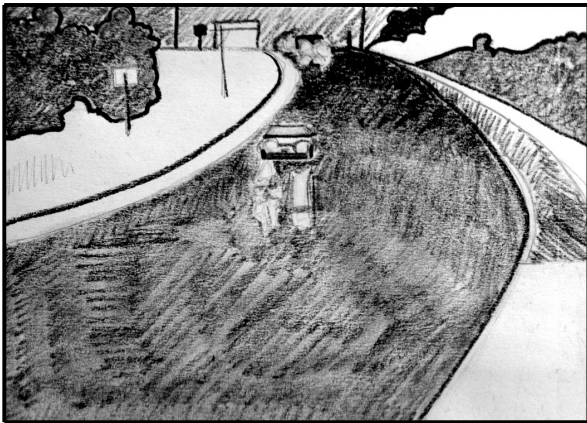




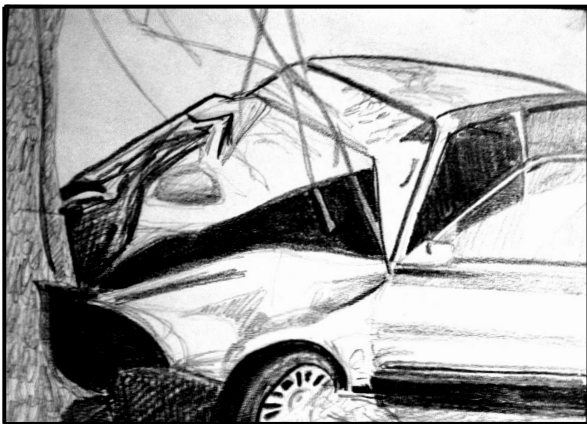


## Creation Machine

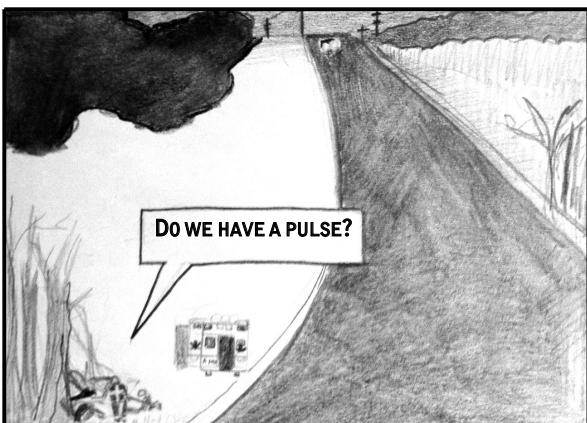
I am a creature,  
a creation machine.  
I live on memories  
until I die.  
Perhaps it sounds gloomy  
living on the past  
but you are a creature,  
a creation machine, too.



Here's how it works:  
I look at an ice cream.  
I remember:  
it tastes good.  
My memory tells me  
I like strawberry,  
so I buy it.  
Or it does not remember  
trying passion fruit  
so I buy it  
to create a new memory.



Thus I trundle through life  
living on memories I make  
(don't you?)  
My conversations include:  
"Do you remember when?"  
or  
"I never want to do that again!"



My memory is packed,  
stored, reused and recycled.  
My friends are, too.  
We create more and more  
till our heads are quite full.  
A few memories escape.  
A few pushed aside.  
But we keep on creating  
memories until death  
when it is someone else's turn  
to create a memory  
of us.

## The Poet Goes Home

The train is on time, and you appreciate this even as you understand the irony of it. Soon you will be there again. Home.

A bridge, the blue hills, a forest, the open fields beneath the deep sky, the smell of salt sea air – all talismans of home, of youth, of memory itself. How many times have you ridden these same rails, in all kinds of emotional weather?

Going away to the military academy, coming home for the holidays, going to the city for university, riding home with friends for your wedding, leaving with your new bride for the honeymoon, coming home a few years later dejected and alone, or when setting out again to live overseas, and finding a new life

for yourself, coming close to marrying again, deciding against it, taking another train to the Far East while you decided about matters of faith, falling ill in a desert country, becoming so sick you could not be moved, the final hours of fever and longing for home, and now the last return trip, over the inward sea of things familiar, the green fields guiding the train so gently, and then so slowly as the train enters the station, where those who will survive you wait to carry your casket to the cemetery where, as a youth, you once wrote poems about everything yet to come.

\*\*\*\*\*

By Christopher Woods  
dreamwood77019@hotmail.com

**THEATER IN ASYLUM** is a new theater company founded by Paul Bedard and Katie Palmer in 2010. We hope you enjoyed the performances tonight and will join us in the future as we continue developing our company, our work and our asylum.

w w w . t h e a t e r i n a s y l u m . c o m

### **THEATER IN ASYLUM Mission**

asylum (n.) - refuge for beliefs, emotions, and personal moralities

THEATER IN ASYLUM pushes the limits of how and why we must understand each other with a rigorous investigation and visceral analysis of our social constructions, both present and past.

### **Founding Artists**

**Paul Bedard** (Artistic Director) is a theater artist hailing from Hartford, CT and is a recent graduate of NYU's Tisch with a focus in theater directing. Past directing work includes NIJINSKY IN ASYLUM, SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER and an adaptation of WOYZECK. Past design work includes ALLIGATOR SUMMER in the 2010 NYC Fringe Festival. [www.paulhbedard.com](http://www.paulhbedard.com)

**Katie Palmer** (Artistic Director) originally from San Diego, California, graduated from NYU, Tisch School of the Arts with a BFA in Drama. She began dancing at age three and never stopped, eventually supplementing her love of dance with theater training as an actor, singer/musician, director, designer, and ultimately a choreographer. She has choreographed full-scale musicals, original musicals, original ballets, solo modern dance theater pieces, and concert dance pieces as well as consulted on movement-based theater projects. She also has performed as an actor and dancer in regional productions, musical and non, throughout the country and is also a passionate about educational theater.

---

### **EVENT STAFF**

Produced by Paul Bedard & Katie Palmer of IN ASYLUM  
Personnel Coordination by Greg Redlawsk  
Lighting by Eric Mercado  
Marketing by Stephanie Warren & Kate Gazzaniga  
Marketing Assistance by Mandy Robbins & Abigail Scheer  
Company Consultation by Jacob Weldon  
Our lovely bartenders: James Castiglioni, Emily Cole & Rick Fudge  
Literary Magazine Edited by Shifra Goldenberg, Designed by Rick Fudge

**Special thanks** to New York Theatre Workshop, Playwrights Horizons Theater School, Sharlene Bedard, Juliet Barbara, Dave & Mary Palmer. We would like to give a big special thanks to Playgarden, Amanda Vierheller and Valeska von Schirmeister for their continuing support in our work.





This edition is one of three that comprise  
The Death/Memory Project's literary magazine.  
Please see [www.theaterinasylum.com](http://www.theaterinasylum.com) for the complete edition.