2 = # of Davids

5 - 2 + 1 - 1 + 1 - 1 + 1 = 5

5 = students

5 x 72 = 360

360 maps

\( x = \# \text{ of possible 5 map combinations drawn from 72 maps per place} \)

\( x = \text{a lot} \)

5 = number of presentations

5! = number of possible juxtapositions

3 = # of juxtapositions done

1 = # of guitars

3 = # of classes with a guitar present

5 = # of spotlight maps assigned

25 = \( \frac{1}{5} \) = expected # of spotlight maps achieved. Sorry

Statistically significant? maybe?

4 = # of maps to describe each person

1 = # of short scenes per person assigned

4 = # of scenes turned in that involved modern dance

1 = # of voiced over poems

1 = # of scenes about Euler

1 = # of non-traditional narratives

1 = # of Mobius strip conversations

2 = # of mapmakers, one novice, one not

5 = # of hobos in a theater troupe

1 = Giant piece of paper
1 = cruel man
1 = paper airplane
1 = giant crane
2 = stupid hats
1 = toole skirt
4 = pockets full of rocks
1 = Talented Musician

42 our current company
The first 6 weeks.

In the beginning, there was a firmament, a mass of initial ideas, rife with capital Ms, and droplacs, and out of this chaos came the 360.

These 360 were born of desperation, fabrication, Miep, personification, and mystification. They were words, images, drawings, photographs, and essays, all disordered, and fresh.

The disorder inherent to this 360 continued, there were still more pouring forth from the creative vein that had opened, indeed all things came forth from this gushing crevasse of Art.

There were lights in the darkness, the depredation of man, ruby slippers, flat worlds, collapsing bridges, deserted islands, twisting zombies, and a vast field of samite stained eternally with the blood of... The Great Casktopher's Villainess.

Thus did the month stop gushing forth, and the children of the 360 ceased to propagate what remained in their gestating cocoons was informed and new. A pair of casktophraphics, philoseers, are a rag-tag motley of wanderers set to perform.
"Play"

Mel did not want to play—she was sleepy. Sara, Carl, Cate and Stephen did not want to
bother Mel and tiptoed as a group over towards Mel to see if she was sleeping (she waddled
away).

With Mel out of the picture our group of four turned their attention to a sacred object.
A bottle. With utmost secrecy, Stephen carefully smuggled the object to the center of the
group, who accordingly hid it from the audience.

We took turns, having the object by rotating 90° (we failed at this, often
undershooting The Mark).

After the object lost its draw our group decided to confuse the audience and leave
all at once without explanation. We shot out from different directions and met in
the crossovers where we decided we should sing a song to let the audience
know we were together and happy. We
sang some West Side Story tune... Then we
decided to go back, having hoped with the
audience enough.

We banded together (Cate disappeared) and Sara
said we looked like a funeral procession. Carl
and I quickly shifted into "sad" mode and
walked out on stage. We laid flowers on the
grave we realized we were visiting and
Sara suggested we say some words. Carl got
overwhelmed with emotion at this point and we
cried a little. Sara suggested we go to the bar.