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My character is maybe named Apple.

13, on the cusp of a gender awakening -
sort of tomboyish + brash in some ways
- lacked male or female role models to emulate

An orphan used to making it on her own
as a rough + tumble person fendin' for
herself - followed the circus out of town
and never looked back.

Initially shy because of these insecurities
but when given the spotlight is seen
to harm it up in the protective
space of "performance."

Her search for order is finding meaning,
and her impulse is to constantly
try to connect with the audience
or have the audience provide it.

When looking for an answer, she
tries to get a response or affirmation
out of the audience - a laugh, a
smile, applause, eye contact. This
fleeting human connection is desperately
important - they are a surrogate family,
friends, love.

She is used to her as an individual identity being insignificant to others - overlooked on the street. It was always easier to dress as a boy in order to avoid unwanted attention or get odd jobs.

Maybe she started busking? Juggling, or singing. An alternative persona of fearless stage presence began to glimmer out. (Mimicry?)

When the circus (the troupe?) came through, it was like an epiphany. Her willingness to shovel elephant poop and her shocking rakka proclivity for unicycling meant that while initially shy, she would take whatever you throw at her, and often shine!

She has big, grand, imaginative, goopy, rainbow cotton candy ideas that she is afraid to volunteer, but if asked - or under the protective halo of a character - they all tumble out. Her hope is boundless though often suppressed - she dreams in spite of reality.

part of her love of mime comes from being used to not being heard, to being overlooked, to saying the wrong thing. She can show anything through her face and body - but when she does get to speak, she loves to sing - words fluidly tumble out and soar over everyone, untouchable.

Her clothing masks her body and identity - hat like a safety blanket pulled around her ears. She would probably like a mask, or more likely, a clown nose - don't look at her, look at her character.

The stage is her real home because she never had one. She isn't trapped by her destiny - homeless, family-less - she can be anyone or do anything, she's never alone.

Maybe there is an 11 o'clock number where she takes her hat off and her hair down and sings from the rafters, but only a moment.

Everything she does is for the audience. She dislikes telling a story, or keeping the 4th wall entirely intact, because she needs that connection. This is another reason she enjoys mime — the troupe doesn't provide the words, the audience does. The meaning can be fluid.

The sacks and tubs full of crappy props are magical to her. Production value has no meaning. Instead the Urgent, immediate, pressing desire to make those people who have come to see her laugh, react, escape as she does, is the most important impulse of all. A play that says something to them, that they say something through. The troupe is intimidating, inspiring, protective. The fourth wall is fluid.

The stage is safest because she can control it. It is ^{also} most dangerous. She doesn't care for a past or plan a future. She is all about the now.

Lars

- wants to be the 'ringmaster'
- because he desperately wants to be liked
- he loves attention, because it makes him feel less lonely.

~~he is lonely~~

- Loves the attention of women, because he has always wanted to be a Don Juan type, but never has the ability of follow through to actually do so

- wants to be a lover but is always a friend

Lars is lonely because he ~~lost his best friend~~ ^{lost his best friend} because of something. He masks his sorrow with his showman like demeanour, but his sadness comes out in the fact that he wants so desperately to be loved and to love. He pursues this 'troupe' because it allows him to melt out of himself, and to become something new and different every time. The excitement of change is what drives him to do things making a new stage area new man upon it every time. It's what makes Lars happy. Avoiding his own pain by portraying someone other than himself, a tactic that will inevitably backfire, something that Lars is acutely aware of, but chooses to ignore because of its upsetting implications. As the ringmaster Lars has control but only a tenuous one.

Lars is kind of a dope. Not that he is stupid, but rather he is preoccupied with finding

and making beautiful things, and does not quantify them even slightly, nor does he make an effort to. He is content with the idea that by making something beautiful, you make it necessary and that's all that needs to be said. The troupe is vital to him, not because it is a living of anything but because he wants it to make beautiful harmony and art, and it can create his beautiful ~~and~~ happy world, and can impose that artistic order.

Blah. I've repeated myself a lot. But there you have it. Thoughts are what not.

Lars is very much about

lets make a new world order, and lets make it my way.

My name is Morgan. It's a name I've chosen for myself. I grew up in a normal middle-class family. My parents are academics, but... I don't really talk to them anymore. I did well in school and then went to college and majored in Math. Or rather, I started to. At the end of my junior year, I came to crisis. Things stopped making sense. I have always had trouble making myself heard, and maybe my crisis came from some need to find a voice, or maybe it was the realization that I had spent my life trying to define things in concrete terms, math terms, right and wrong, on the curve or not on the curve, finding the equation, the formula, the answer, but I lived in a relative world and if I was going to find some order, then it needed to be relative. Absolute location is not only impossible, but it's useless. Knowing where I am is only helpful in relation to where other things are, or maybe I just decided that I want to write poetry instead of do math. At any rate, I left school. I wandered around for a while, doing this and that, but eventually I found this troop of people. At first I just travelled with them, carefully noting landmarks to determine my relative location, but after a long series of events, which I will

explain at a later date, I discovered a certain freedom on stage. Don't get me wrong, It sometimes kills me, and everytime I do it I swear that I'll never do it again, but there is a thrill to standing in front of people and talking and knowing that they hear me.

Her name is Beatrice, but she'd rather you call her Bee. Her friends have been known to call her Boots, as an affectionate, gently mocking diminutive.

Boots because she's either got no shoes or OR a big pair of hiking boots. The boots protect her feet when she's exploring a new space or a space she knows to be unsafe. She explores spaces because that's how she understands them. If she had to pick a tool — a slide rule, a calculator, a plumb bob — she'd choose her own feet. It's not that she doesn't trust expert-system understandings of the world, but rather that she derives immense comfort and even enjoyment from understanding things through her own travels. That's why she'd prefer to be barefoot.

Why the ladders, why the vantage points? Bee wants 1) to understand things as a whole, to see how things relate on the biggest scale she can manage. 2) She wants to experience

the places she sees. I climbed the ladder in the directing studio originally because I wanted to be up by the grid, to see the room/world from that Stratum. Once up there I realized that just below the grid was the perfect place to be in order to both participate in the action and have the most perfect viewpoint with which to understand the room/world.

This exploration → understanding
Vantage point ↑

plays a huge role in how Bee's social interactions are undertaken. (I haven't figured out quite yet how best to physically embody these following thoughts) She is all about clearly seeing the group dynamic. She wants to 'get' everybody and their various relationships. I imagine it's quite frustrating to Bee when someone is sort of mystifying or closed-off from her.

Her explorer persona is not imperfect. Bee climbs a ladder with a specific goal in

mind, and that goal is NOT 'climbing a ladder.' So it can be difficult for her when she realizes that she has to get down the ladder in her giant tulle skirt. It's not that she's incapable of foresight, it's more that the journey, for her, is not an objective in and of itself, but rather a means to an end. I'm not saying that Bee's journeys are NOT interesting or exciting. It's just that they're NOT her primary reason for undertaking them.

Bee has a childlike sense of wonder about her world, which is why I was struggling to avoid making her an actual child. I think I should have less and less trouble with that as we go on. BUT it is very important that in some regards, Bee prefers experience to analysis. I think this makes her a pretty visually oriented person, if you want to get all left-brain/right brain about it.

Oh, and there's the giant skirt. The reason I didn't get to that? Bee doesn't think about it, necessarily. She interacts with it and plays with it but it's like ~~a~~ hair... a hairstyle... I'm not sure.

It's a uniform.

It's armor.

It's big — it doubles the amount of volume I take up in space. That's important.

As discussed in class, my character's name is Geek. I am a work of art of sound and movement with my use of electronic devices. I grew up in the city of California, Kentucky (unless you think Booneville is better—it's an actual place and they literally have a population of 111). At one point in my childhood I vowed to become a mime, I swore to myself and to my family that I would never speak again in public, in my life! However, I began to realize that I had too much to say that I could not mime, so I began to make recordings at home and take them with me. I can create symphonies with my recordings, and some of the recordings are symphonies. I use one of my recorders as a private journal, and I have a tendency to confuse it with my intellectual recorder, and play it at painfully awkward moments.

I am sometimes talkative and sometimes not.

People don't know this, since it is not something that I prerecord, but I love to dance. It is my secret weirdness (more secret than the rest). I like to groove and jiggy out when I believe that I am by myself, and don't even get me started on my happy dance. The only professional dance training I have had is in aerial silks, which I figured was safe to learn, since it is unsafe and I will rarely have a chance to perform it. But when I do, I put my whole soul into it.

I dress in all black and have white shoes, which mirrors my random but sweet ability. I interact well with other people, but I am a bit strange, there is just something strange about me. And sometimes I can go into periods of silence. Sometimes I get really frustrated about having to manage my instruments when I talk to people, and I storm out, but overall they are viewed as merely an addition to my person, there is no me without them. I enjoy bubble baths with oatmeal (What? They make my skin soft!) I love to take pictures, and to observe the typically unobserved beauty in life. I can appear tough and isolated with all of my gadgets, but inside I'm really a big mushball that just wants what's best for everybody and makes people happiest. I have been known to speak in accents every once in a while, just to mix up my recordings. I like what is strange, outlandish, weird, bizarre, wackily fantastical, and unfamiliar.

Oh, and I speak three languages and when I get angry I have a tendency to revert to my native tongue or say unkind things in one of the other two languages. Yep.