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the university of rochester international theatre program presents

todd

annual one-act play festival

8th

may 3-6
at 11pm
may 6
at 3pm

$3
flex or cash
tickets at the door

the hour we knew nothing of each other
a man walks across [an] empty space and that is all that is needed for an act of theatre to be engaged.

Peter Brook, The Empty Space

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Tom Malczewski - Patrick Manuel - Bridget Mayne - Pat McIntyre - Celia Mengel - Jay h Min - Matt Morgan
Robert Mygatt - Jake Nacherman - Robert Nickodem - Sungsie Pae - Emily Pye - Avis Reese - Dan Rivers
Alexandra Schott - Julie Shin - Bryan Solomon - Barbara Speck - Yael Tarlovsky - Paul Valdez - Jacob Zoske

(very) special thanks

Pamela C. Smith, School of Nursing - Amanda Donahue and the Staff of the Geva Theatre Costume Shop
Kevin Kehoe, UR CAD Specialist - School of the Arts Department of Theatre Technology - Bob Marchiano
Obadiah Eaves - Mercedes Murphy - The Freesound Project - Allene McNally & The Albion Volunteer Fire Dept.
Michelle Bonker - Trina Sirico - Morris and Georgia Eaves - Hilltop Market
Thos. Paddock Oriental Rug Exchange
Kevin Lamark and the RIT School of Film and Animation - Paul Tankel
Duane Fregoe and the LeChase Construction Services - Terrance Schaefer at University of Rochester Eye Institute
Aaron from Eye Clinic - James De Pinto from The Institute of Optics
Stephen Jacobs and Jessica De Groot at The Institute of Optics - Kevin O’Neill - Kevin Chandler
Ray Pipitone and Mike Epping from UR Security - Jarrod and Park Avenue Bikes
Sally Morales, Jane Possee and George H. VanderZwaag of Goergen Athletic Center
Mary Stern and Megan Colbert - Lauretta Cichin and Franco Gambato
Brian Miller and the Pigeon Fanciers of Rochester - University of Rochester Mail Service
Wilbert’s Christmas Tree Farm - University of Rochester Outing Club - Geva Theater
Seneca Park Zoo - Dean William Scott Green - Frank Shufelton and the UR English Department
and all who lent, procured, donated personal items and objects to make this production possible

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**urban space**

Urban space can simply be defined as the area geographically bounded by buildings, and therefore can be seen as any open space within an urban environment. However, there is more to a simple urban space when it is considered or created to be a town square. Some squares grow organically out of a community, while others are planned architectural spaces. Squares play several different roles within a community. Not only are they public spaces that exist on a physical level, they also function on a mercantile, social, religious, political, and aesthetic level.

On the mercantile level, the town square offers a landscape for open markets and merchants. Bars of any structures, the square is able to house merchants’ stands and space for people to explore. More than a mere empty space, an open market fills a void with an organized area that allows the free flow of travelers in search of fresh produce, arts and crafts, or whatever else may be available.

Squares are also quite often anchored by a major public building, be it a church, a town hall, or a municipal edifice. The space is often divided into sub-spaces, perhaps a colonnade ringing the outside perimeters, with steps leading down to a traffic or pedestrian thoroughfare. In many squares (those created within the heart of urban megalopolis), the square often combines a mixture of residential and mercantile locations (shops on the ground level, apartments in the buildings above). Even in major urban areas where the residential quarters are in the suburbs, building codes often mandate the inclusion of public spaces as a pre-requisite of new office tower design.

The square is also an area principally of human traffic, designed for mass movement or group gatherings, a place for social interaction, concerts, rallies, and other events in addition to the simple exchanges of conversation that may occur everyday. The square, fixed in its location, connects the arterial paths of the town or city and, though a place for rest, relaxation and gathering is also, primarily, a hub for the daily passages of a community, offering a respite from the exertion of the street or the confinement of narrow alleys and smaller roads which empty into it.

The landscape of urban spaces and town squares offers many artists a large, open canvas. In many urban settings, graffiti, posters, notice boards and announcement placards are an intrinsic part of that environment. Graffiti has been a part of cultures since inscriptions were found on the walls of ancient caves. It has evolved since then, but settings, graffiti, posters, notice boards and announcement placards are an intrinsic part of that environment. Graffiti is still a public art form that finds its medium through large-scale markings on common surfaces.

The square is central to the political functioning of communities and thus central, possibly, to the notion of democracy. Squares are inherently democratic spaces: both open and enclosed, places of standing and movement, gathering and passing. They are spaces of coming together and parting. They are apophors for the journey of life in architectural form.

**food**

The UR International Theatre Program 
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Wardrobe Coordinator: Nadine Brooks Taylor
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**program information written & compiled by:** Daniel Mauro
**URITP Photographer:** Paul Miller at www.theoryofpaul.net
**graphic, program & poster design:** i:master/studios at imaster.studios@gmail.com

urban space

**URITP photographer**

**Dressers**
- Carmine Casale

**Props Masters**
- Carlotta Gambato & Michelle Cohen

**Assistant Wardrobe Coordinator**
- Anna Crisologo

**Assistant Props Master**
- Savannah Kringlie

**Theatre Intern**
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**The UR International Theatre Program fondly wishes well and godspeed to the following seniors who have enriched our program and our lives during the course of their undergraduate years:**

- Gordon Arsenoff, Alex Blakeney, Daniel Boyar, Mike Caputo, Carmine Casale, Dave Cernikovsky, Michelle Cohen, Walter Daley, Jess Davis, Carol Faden, Meredith Flouton-Barnes, Paul Gau, Annie Herzig, Chris Justus, Clair LeBlanc, David Lu, Jeff Monheit, Matthew Morgan, Rob Mygatt, Mitchell Nelson, Katie Pyonteck, Ben Smitkoff, Patti Tahan, Jason Thall, and Nels Youngborg.
while someone else is watching him, an act of theatre to be engaged
in the empty space
Peter Handke was born on December 6, 1942 in Gräfenz, Carinthia, Austria. He grew up in a Catholic boys’ boarding school in Tanzenberg, Carinthia, where he began publishing his first text in the school newspaper. In 1961, he began to study law at the University of Graz. During his time at the University, he joined an association of young writers, Grazer Gruppe, and later left his studies when his novel Die Hortexsen (The Hornets) was published by Suhrkamp Verlag.

He continued with literature and drama, and acquired popular attention when he presented his play Publikumsbeschimpfung (Offending the Audience) in Princeton, New Jersey. Handke traveled the world during the 1980s, and in 1996 published his travelogue, Eine wandershie Reise zu den Flüssen Donau, Save, Morava und Drina oder Gerechtigkeit für Serbien (A Journey to the Rivers: Justice for Serbia), in which he portrayed Serbia as a victim of the Balkan War and attacked Western media for wrongly portraying the causes and effects of the war. He has continued to be a freelance writer.

Novels by Handke include The Griffen, Anxiety at the Penalty Kick, Wrong Move, My Year on the No-Man’s-Bay, and Don Juan (Told by Himself). He is also the author of an acclaimed memoir, A Sorrow Beyond Dreams.

Other dramatic pieces by Handke include Kaspar, The Ride Across Lake Constance, The Ward Wants to be Warden, They Are Dying Out, and The Outside Ride or The Play About the Film About the War. Film is another medium that Handke has worked in. He co-wrote the screenplay for Wim Wenders’ highly acclaimed Wings of Desire, wrote The Wrong Move, and made his directorial debut with The Left-Handed Woman.

Handke has one daughter and has been living with German actress, Katja Flint, since 2001.

Silence, in its simplest form, can be described as the absence or lack of sound. It is often used in society as a gesture of respect when a moment of silence is given in order to acknowledge or pay respect to someone or something. However, in dramatic literature, it is somewhat of an anomaly tured around poetic language and verbal dialogue.

When silence enters a space, people often ambient sound that is missed when it is gone, but of silence is recognized as if it is a loud noise. For of silence is not typically created, yet it is notably sometimes narrative structure.

Samuel Beckett’s Breath, originally performed 1969, basically consists of the curtain coming 35 seconds. During this time, there is a haling accompanied by the light intensity second cry that ends the piece. The Beckett writes in the script, and there a

Some who a comment on the others thought it was

Breath by Samuel Beckett

CURTAIN

1. Faint light on stage littered with miscellaneous rubbish. Hold about five seconds.
2. Faint brief cry and immediately inspiration and slow increase of light together reaching maximum together in about ten seconds. Silence and hold for about five seconds.
3. Expiration and slow decrease of light together reaching minimum together (light as in 1) in about ten seconds and immediately cry as before. Silence and hold about five seconds.

CURTAIN

Rubbish: No verticals, all scattered and lying.

CURTAIN

Breath: Amplified recording.

CURTAIN

Curtain: No vertcal, all scattered and lying.

CURTAIN

Breath: Instant of recorded vagitus. Important that two cries be identical, switching on and off strictly synchronized light and breath.

CURTAIN

Maximum Light: Not bright.

Breath: Amplified recording.

Maximum Light: Not bright.

Breath: Amplified recording.

Maximum Light: Not bright. If 1 + dark and 10 + bright, light should move from about 1 to 6 and back.

Breath: Amplified recording.
Within Handke’s circus is the beauty, the fireman, the mother, the child, the drunk, the waiter, the keeper, the fool, and a slice of every other aspect of life. Much like Fellini’s circus, there are certain reappearing characters, such as the beauty. For Fellini, the beauty intrigues his characters in their youth and gives them a different look on life in their middle age. Likewise with Handke, the beauty shows intrigue, as well as a vulnerability. Yet, the beauty also shows strength and grace, and takes different forms. Regardless of form and factor, the beauty is pivotal for Handke’s circus amongst the troupe of many other characters.

Handke’s play consists of more than four hundred characters, yet each of these circus members has a background that can only be described as human. No matter how complex or simple, exaggerated or natural, the characters all have a human quality resembling that of the characters in Calvino’s stories. They love. They learn. They express. They experience the most basic human emotions and touch each other's lives through simple gesture in a way that is miraculous to the human species and beautiful to the human condition. Even though Handke does not give the characters verbal dialogue to speak, they speak through a human dialogue as they pass through the space. By coalescing reality and illusion in a similar manner to Calvino, Handke allows discoveries to be made in the everyday life.

In an interview in 1970, Fellini questions his film, I clowns, “Is the surprise, the feeling of bewilderment, of the unknown and at the same time the familiar, which I felt the first time I saw the clown, Pierino? …And what about… the mysterious gloom up there under the dome of the big top, the heart-rending music, the sense of play and at the same time of an execution, of holiday and butchery, of grace and sadness, all of which makes up the circus: has all this gone into my film?” Handke has answered Fellini’s questions in The Hour... He has done so by revealing the human qualities and conflicts in all of Fellini’s circus and carrying them to Calvino’s Riviera.
When you listen to the voices who speak in this “Speech-piece,” try asking yourself: To whom are these men and women talking? And where are they talking? Are they accusing themselves to a priest hidden behind the screen of a confessional, unfulfilling both their ordinary and extraordinary sins? or in a court-room, pleading to the jury and the judge? or are they describing their hidden guilt to an attentive psychoanalyst? or are they speaking to some hidden god? or telling their story to a crowd, a group of friends or enemies? And do they speak freely or under duress, say, talking to a group of torturers who have asked them to spill all they know of their complicity with a secret organization, a nation of criminals? Or are these men and women somehow competing with each other, each to take more fully, guilt upon themselves? Is this a way to injure or to seduce the other? Perhaps is each speaking to his or her self in solitude, only to have their own memories, endlessly unforgiving. Is this a way of mocking themselves or mocking their listeners? Can we even give a name to these “I’s”? And then, who are you who listen?

Do we know more about them by the end than we know about ourselves? And how can such ordinary things be the subject of self-accusation, as if the simplest, most ineradicable facts of living were a crime? “I spoke. I heard noises...I learned to fear absent forms...I was to a group of torturers who have asked them to spill all they know of their complicity with a secret organization, a nation of criminals.” A little dangerous to others, as much as to oneself; they speak to us and not to us.

We do not know what kind of company each “I” keeps with the other, or with us. How human are they? And have they indeed been born? Each time we think we recognize them they shift. They are ourselves and not ourselves; they speak to us and not to us. 

Note: We are not sure how one can see. Here even their mouths are invisible. The rhythm, relentless, urgent noise of their speech is what must draw us in, the dance of that noise and its curious invitations.

The “I” is relentless in Self-Accusation. It begins every sentence, as that were the only way to speak a language. There is no escape from such an “I.” And far from not having been born, these “I’s” speak all too clearly about what it means to enter into the world, to gain sensation and knowledge, to feel pleasure and pain, to play, to be educated, to find one's way, to grow and mature, to be taken up by others, to take part in the world’s demands, laws, prohibitions, rules, to conform to and to transgress those rules, to transgress willingly and unwillingly.

And yet these “I’s” are in their own way unutterable, hard to hear. For each of the “I’s” is eerily generalized and emptied out, speaking in darkness, caught by fear of the self. And however much their words speak of being caught up in the world, they speak from a place not quite aside, in some weird combination of pleasure and pain, exposure and self-concealment. We do not know what kind of company each “I” keeps with the other, or with us. How human are they? And have they indeed been born? Each time we think we recognize them they shift. They are ourselves and not ourselves; they speak to us and not to us.

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Note: We are not sure how one can see. Here even their mouths are invisible. The rhythm, relentless, urgent noise of their speech is what must draw us in, the dance of that noise and its curious invitations.
What’s different in our lives after September 11? While we at the University of Rochester should be used to and grateful for living next to a major airport, it is still unnerving to see a low flying plane coming in on its descent. The numbers “9/11” embrace us, with newfound significance, even if it’s just glancing at a clock with that particular time on display. When we immerse ourselves in the beauty and inspiration of the city skyscrapers, we now recognize both their magnificence as well as their fragility. When we gaze upon the tranquility of the blue sky we worry if it will be suddenly be shattered by dark clouds of despair. When we look in the mirror, we no longer feel so innocent. When we look at the world around us, we no longer feel so small. There is simply something fundamentally altered in our lives as Americans.

There is now a vast storehouse of familiar memories that we can attribute to that day in September. The lost despair in her eyes as she wanders through a silent sea of faces. Uncertainty envelops like a weed and suffocates the idea of hope. Uncertainty about whether you know that distant person, or if you could provide a verdict on their life. Digging through the monuments of the past and the carnage of the present as you choke on the dust and tears. The horrific scream that shocks you because you all think your world was such a safe and predictable place.

The play is titled "The Hour We Knew Nothing," but that’s actually a bit misleading. Instead what it portrays is how we actually know glimpses of each other’s lives and through a strange game of fate, we touch each other’s lives in ways both big and small. We build our lives around a labyrinth of experience in which we constantly move along divided walls of politics, religion and, culture. But now every now and then we find a gap in the maze and are allowed to meet someone who briefly changes our life. 9/11 showed the world how we could come together as a country regardless of race, gender, religion, wealth, or status. We knew nothing of each other except the feeling of despair and the eternal hope for a better world. We became one when everything else seemed to be falling apart. We condensed a lifetime’s experience into a momentary stare or a hand shake. Time stopped. We were all stuck in a moment that none of us could get out of.

Austrian writer Peter Handke was born 1942 in provincial Corinthia and entered the literary scene in 1966 with the scandalous play Publikumsbeschimpfung (Offending the Audience) in which a single actor provokes and insults the audience in a relentless monologue. After thus alienating theater audiences, Handke managed to create an uproar a year later among Germany’s most influential literati when he accused them of irrelevance and “descriptive impotence” during a meeting of the famed Gruppe 47 at Princeton University. The young enfant terrible and avant-garde playwright then went on to win all of Germany’s and Austria’s literary prizes and is today securely entrenched as a canonical voice in post-war German-language literature. His work is known as much for the introverted prose of numerous novels as for his provocative dramatic art.

Handke’s explosive beginnings in the 1960s were followed by a return to a more introspective mode in the 1970s. His work has become synonymous with the “New Subjectivity” movement of that period, a moment in German letters when many writers turned away from the overtly political function that literature had taken on in the late 1960s. His short novel Wunschhüse Ungluck (1972, translated as A Sorrow Beyond Dreams) e.g. was occasioned by his own mother’s suicide note and chronicles a son’s attempt to reconstruct his mother’s suffering, contrasting different perspectives and voices to highlight the difficulty of objective description. Handke’s intense focus on language as constitutive of reality, language as revealing unconscious thought, language as means and barrier in the communicative act, is a leitmotif throughout his work.

In his several collaborations with film director Wim Wenders, most notably the 1987 film Hirn mel über Berlin (Wings of Desire), Handke expands the investigation into the possibilities of describing subjective reality as communicable, to explore how personal and national history is shaped in this process. The highly lyrical script of Wings of Desire is haunting in its repeated (and not altogether un-ironic) invocations of the innocence of childhood as a stage when language was still relatively unspoiled: “When the child was a child…” Wenders’ and Handke’s film also illustrates the writer’s second important preoccupation, namely the connection of movement and narration. Handke’s explosive beginnings in the 1960s were followed by a return to a more introspective mode in the 1970s. His work has become synonymous with the “New Subjectivity” movement of that period, a moment in German letters when many writers turned away from the overtly political function that literature had taken on in the late 1960s. His short novel Wunschhüse Ungluck (1972, translated as A Sorrow Beyond Dreams) e.g. was occasioned by his own mother’s suicide note and chronicles a son’s attempt to reconstruct his mother’s suffering, contrasting different perspectives and voices to highlight the difficulty of objective description. Handke’s intense focus on language as constitutive of reality, language as revealing unconscious thought, language as means and barrier in the communicative act, is a leitmotif throughout his work.

A place where you could confidently say “this land is your land.” The dream of freedom in a land of diversity. The dream that we subscribed to in our prayers, we must now let go of in the face of unknown dangers. And in this new darkness we strive to protect our way of life because now we know the high price of doing nothing. The play is titled The Hour We Knew Nothing of Each Other, but that’s actually a bit misleading. Instead what it portrays is how we actually know glimpses of each other’s lives and through a strange game of fate, we touch each other’s lives in ways both big and small. We build our lives around a labyrinth of experience in which we constantly move along divided walls of politics, religion and, culture. But now every now and then we find a gap in the maze and are allowed to meet someone who briefly changes our life. 9/11 showed the world how we could come together as a country regardless of race, gender, religion, wealth, or status. We knew nothing of each other except the feeling of despair and the eternal hope for a better world. We became one when everything else seemed to be falling apart. We condensed a lifetime’s experience into a momentary stare or a hand shake. Time stopped. We were all stuck in a moment that none of us could get out of.

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In Handke’s constant struggle to first grasp the intangibility of perception through language and then to communicate in narration what cannot really be said, Handke’s characters on stage and in prose thematize movement as conscious acts of exploration, interaction, confrontation, accidental meeting and explosive collision. In the narrations of Each Other, but that’s actually a bit misleading. Instead what it portrays is how we actually know glimpses of each other’s lives and through a strange game of fate, we touch each other’s lives in ways both big and small. We build our lives around a labyrinth of experience in which we constantly move along divided walls of politics, religion and, culture. But now every now and then we find a gap in the maze and are allowed to meet someone who briefly changes our life. 9/11 showed the world how we could come together as a country regardless of race, gender, religion, wealth, or status. We knew nothing of each other except the feeling of despair and the eternal hope for a better world. We became one when everything else seemed to be falling apart. We condensed a lifetime’s experience into a momentary stare or a hand shake. Time stopped. We were all stuck in a moment that none of us could get out of.

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Handke has consistently refused to be aligned with a particular ideology, political or literary group. He has not, however, evaded controversy. Most notably in 1999 when Handke took a very public and unpopular stance against the NATO intervention in the Balkan conflict. His pro-Serbian position, as outlined in the piece Justice for Serbia, caused widespread consternation, political up-roar and condemnation. Handke challenged other pro-interventionist German left-wing intellectuals such as Günter Grass with the words: “Morality is the new word for despotism” and returned Germany’s most prestigious literary prize, the Büchner prize, in protest.

Beyond the early scandals of the 1960s and the political controversy of the 1990s, Handke’s work remains a rich and challenging body of texts that will force the attentive reader to slow down, observe closely, question the sim...