Waiting for Godot in New Orleans: A Field Guide

Organizing notes ................................................................. 89
Teachings ........................................................................... 107
Schedules ............................................................................. 117
PRODUCING WAITING FOR GODOT IN NEW ORLEANS ............. 138
Gavin Kroeber

KEYWORDS: Punk Planet, incompleteness, Lynne (Stewart), evacuee cities, disarm race, “Waiting for God to do…,” casting notice, University of New Orleans (UNO), Contemporary art seminar, Xavier University, “Practicum,” NOCCA, Lusher High School, Frederick Douglass High School, John McDonogh High School, The Porch, a dare, silence, Jennifer Day, Lake Pontchartrain, Dan Krall, rumor, Rebecca Solnit

All photos in this chapter by Tuyen Nguyen
Wendell Pierce, T. Ryder Smith, Christopher McElroen, and Paul Ceres at John McDonogh High School, 2007
April note, 2007, pen on paper

Notes
To Do 04/2/2007

Get punk planct involved (Via ABEEM?)
Get yr: food network for Food at Play?
Will we do costumes?

Cannot be whole or finished: incompleteness!
Lynne should speak at Loyola Law Clinic
Find arts reporters in evacuee cities!
Atlanta, Houston, Austin, Chicago
Who leads Ya-Ya now?
Cayleen Smith to do video?
Kathy Hanans works with SAC
Get more info on Ashe Cultural Center
Incompetence as an aesthetic
Shanghai Dog's sign (no one wants people pace)
Read Oxfam report
Meet team w/me in NOLA
Talk to Ashley Hunt
Use tub and trash
Go down for anniversary
Connect w/vietnamese community
How to disarm race?

(Top and bottom) June notes, 2007, pen on paper

Waiting for godot in New Orleans: A Field Guide
Organizing map, 2007, pen on photocopy paper
NEW ISRAEL BAPTIST CHURCH
Where the Holy Spirit is the Divine Leading Force

Enter to Worship......

Depart to Serve......

Whoever calls on the name of the LORD shall be saved.
Romans 10:13

REV. DOUGLAS M. HAYWOOD, PASTOR
6322 SAINT CLAUDE AVENUE
P. O. BOX 1777
NEW ORLEANS, LA 70117
504-450-8893

(Above and facing page) Program notes from the New Israel Baptist Church, 2007

Waiting for Godot in New Orleans: A Field Guide

Waiting for Godot in New Orleans: A Field Guide
COMMON GROUND COLLECTIVE HEALTH MEDS
WISHLIST 2007

HEALTH CLINIC PROJECT

AED-automatic external defibrillator

Computers-desktops and laptops. Must be relatively quick. Also, hard drives> 2 gigs, memory, wireless cards, routers, laser printers, LED monitors.

Working car

Van or bus to be used for Mobile Clinics

Sharps Boxx for needles

Toshiba Photocopier Toner T-3560

Portable small home O2 tanks

LOTS and LOTS of BD, Accencia and OneTouch glucometer test strips

lancets and lancet 'pen-pokers-' (for BD & One Touch Ultras)

Disposable Earpieces for Otoscopes (Lots)

LOTS of probe covers for Genius Tympanic & regular small electronic thermometers

Pregnancy tests

"Emergen-C"

New gluimeters (BD and OneTouch)*

lancets and lancet 'pen-pokers-' (for BD & One Touch Ultras)

Ear Specula Adult & Child size

Tympanic thermometers with LOTS OF PROBE COVERS*

Ora/rectal electronic thermometers with LOTS of probe covers*

Child, Regular, Large Adult, Extra Large & Thigh BP cuffs*

O2 Peak Flow Meters*

O2 Saturation monitors (portable)

Nebulizers (small, we will give to patients)*

O2 Nebulizer chamber with masks or mouth pieces

Nonrebreather Face Masks

Penlights or head lamps

Automatic BP & Vital Sign monitors (if small-we give them away to patients)

Stethoscopes

Occult Blood testers*

12 Lead EKG with printer & electrodes*

Small centrifuge for hematocrit*

Quick Sheep Tests*

Urine Dip Sticks

Urine Sample Bottles

Common Ground Collective spreadsheet, 2007
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>ORGANIZATION</th>
<th>PHONE</th>
<th>WARD OR NEIGHBORHOOD</th>
<th>CATEGORY</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bart, Father</td>
<td>Pastor at St. Mary's</td>
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<td>Baum, Dan</td>
<td>The New Yorker</td>
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<td>Moved already</td>
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<td>Ashe Cultural Arts Center</td>
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<td>Don't know what to call that area...</td>
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<td>Xavier U of Louisiana</td>
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<td>Councilwoman Lewis 9th ward assistant</td>
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<td>Artist, member of the Porch</td>
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<td>7th</td>
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<td>Böles, Shelley</td>
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<td>Bradberry, Steve</td>
<td>ACORN director</td>
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<td>Concordia Architects</td>
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<td>Grease and Glue</td>
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<td>Esplanade = Mason Dixon?</td>
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<td>Ya Ya member</td>
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<td>French Quarter</td>
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<td>Cole, Teresa</td>
<td>Tulane Art Dept</td>
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<td>Coleman, Tommy</td>
<td>Collector in NOLA</td>
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<td>Near Tulane?</td>
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<td>Common ground office</td>
<td>Lower 9th HQ</td>
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<td>lower 9th</td>
<td>political</td>
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<td>Common ground office (St. Mary's)</td>
<td>Main building where volunteers and offices are</td>
<td>9th</td>
<td>political, community</td>
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<td>Grier, Rondell</td>
<td>YAYA Former Director of Programs</td>
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<td>production</td>
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<td>Ulbert, David</td>
<td>Theater critic for the Times Picayune</td>
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<td>Drummer, Marina</td>
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<td>Early, Brandon</td>
<td>Community coordinator</td>
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<td>Eckrich, Melanee</td>
<td>Citizens' Road Home Action Team (Gentilly)</td>
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<td>Etheredge, Dan</td>
<td>Porch member, environmental architect, married to Rachel B.</td>
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<td>Fagley, Bill</td>
<td>Curator at the New Orleans Museum of art, friend of Dan Cameron</td>
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<td>Finger, Davida</td>
<td>Loyola Law Clinic under Bill Quigley</td>
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<td>Hammonds, Jim</td>
<td>Tulane Director</td>
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<td>Gandolfo, Tihan</td>
<td>Landlord</td>
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(This spread and the following two spreads) Work-in-progress contact spreadsheet from September, 2007
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<th>WARD OR NEIGHBORHOOD</th>
<th>CATEGORY</th>
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<tr>
<td>Gibson, Sara</td>
<td>NOCCA Manager special projects</td>
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<td>Giseon, Ann</td>
<td>Teaches at NOCCA (New Orleans Center for the Creative arts high school)</td>
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<td>Hammell, Brian</td>
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<td>Harris, Jake</td>
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<td>Big Top Productions, runs a cafe/ performance space called It s ring circus</td>
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<td>Himmelstein, Abram</td>
<td>Neighborhood Story Project founder, teacher at John Mack high school</td>
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<td>community, art</td>
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<td>Honnoll, Takashi</td>
<td>Artist working with Sculpture Center in Queens</td>
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<td>Nimmon press (Jenny and Kyle)</td>
<td>press and poster makers in NULA</td>
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<td>Kamah, Phil</td>
<td>Drama Professor (head) of UNO drama Department</td>
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<td>Kaufman, Ann</td>
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<td>Director of the Lower 9th ward health clinic</td>
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<td>LaFrance, Ciona</td>
<td>New Orleans Public Schools external affairs</td>
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<td>House of the Dance and Feathers, lower 9th ward leader</td>
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<td>Liz</td>
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<td>Montesinos, Claudia</td>
<td>Architect, educator, works with Greta</td>
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<td>artist of “Floodwalls” project, founded Ya Ya</td>
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<td>works with Jim Randels, theater and activism, mentor to Abram</td>
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<td>run the largest independent theater company, All Kinds of Theater</td>
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<td>Katy Means</td>
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<td>St. Bernard Parish</td>
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</table>
Note by Gavin Kroeker, 2007, pen on paper

TEACHINGS

Waiting for Godot in New Orleans: A Field Guide

7-19-07

Curis to send Alexis Dan Zimmerman
Area to contact 1st of meeting meeting tonight
 Principle of MLK School...

Julie Harris: PR person for mayor’s office
Knows Robert Menard at City Works
US to contact - can she help
Toni DeRobertis, Williams

Nel’s and Caroline - Monday or Tuesday
Come by Common Ground

Robert Menard: High Schools

Setup
Alexis calling
Laura - Brenda
Cris in the office - NECA - Sally

UND - Sam Richmond

Cynthia Moore - Olivia Pinnix
Cynthia Willard - Julie Harris
FALL 2007

Paul Chan
Contemporary Art Seminar
University of New Orleans
Liberal Arts building, Room LA104
Tuesday’s at 6:30PM

This seminar introduces the work and life of figures in contemporary art and uses them as
a departure point to explore issues and ideas that affect art, society, and culture today.
This seminar runs for an hour and open to any student or artist living in New Orleans.

August 28: Introduction, recent moving image works
Or art is the reason that makes reason ridiculous

September 4: Kara Walker
Or the art of tragicomedy

September 11: Theodor Adorno (on the occasion of his birthday)
Or the theory of art as art itself

September 18: Richel Harrison
Or art as world turned upside down and inside out

September 25: Kathy Butterly
Or art as Gollem

October 2: Chris Marker
Or art as a remembrance of things present and elsewhere (at the same time)

October 9: Temporary Services
Or art as group material

October 16: Martha Rosler
Or art in the service of knowledge against power

October 23: Isa Genzken
Or art as recycling and redemption

October 30: Samuel Beckett
Or art as the making of a “no-place”

November 6: Yinka Shonibare
Or art as the reinvention of history as parody

November 13: Claude Cahun
Or art as a form of courage

November 20: Henry Darger
Or art as perversity and freedom

UNO syllabus, 2007, pdf
Waiting for Godot in New Orleans: A Field Guide
Fall 2007

Paul Chan  
Director, Reading (also known as Art Practicum). Course number 4303  
Xavier University’s Art Village  
Building 43, Rm 100  
3525 Pino Street, New Orleans LA  
Thurdays at 3:30PM

These workshops are designed to give students who are interested in pursuing a life and career in the arts a critical and practical perspective on the field from a practicing artist. These workshops run 45 minutes each and are open to any student or artist living in New Orleans.

August 30: The worldwide world of contemporary art  
Mapping out different types of institutions that show, foster, fund, sell, and produce art and finding your place in it.

September 4: Documenting your work  
How to document 2D, 3D, and moving image works for distribution

September 13: Critiques  
What are critiques for? How to run a critique and get the most out of them.

September 20: Artist statements  
What are artist statements and how can they help people understand you and your work?

September 27: Guest artist conversation

October 4: Portfolio  
Strategies for making a strong portfolio of work

October 11: Proposals  
How to express a project on paper and write a proposal for making a work for funders and potential exhibitors

October 18: Guest curator conversation

October 25: Exhibitions and programming  
Understanding the mechanics of exhibitions: different types, how to set one up.

November 1: Press and releases  
How to work with press and write press releases for shows

November 8: Guest art dealer conversation

November 15: The daily practice of making: a proposal  
How to maintain a practice of making work through good times and bad times.
(This page and facing) UNO class, 2007
Paul Chan

July 29, 2007

WAITING FOR GODOT IN NEW ORLEANS
Community and school work scheduled

UNIVERSITY OF NEW ORLEANS (UNO)

• Jim Richard (Paul’s contact): [Redacted], jimartno@cox.net
• Phil Karnell (CTH’s contact): [Redacted]

INVOlVEMENT

• Paul will teach “Contemporary arts seminar” starting August 28, 2007 (Tuesday night at 6:30PM, class is cross-listed at Tulane, Dillard, and Xavier and open to all students). Schedule is set.
  • CTH will do a workshop/class in the Film, Theater, and Communication Arts dept in October 2007. Content and date to be determined.
  • UNO (possibly both departments) will host a BBQ in the courtyard in the arts dept. as one of the dinner events. Date to be determined.

TO DO

• CTH or CreativeTime call or email Phil to finalize workshop content and date
• Follow up with Jim to finalize potluck dinner date
• Mail Phil and Jim final package detailing the project, including flyers and/or posters to distribute to the school community with date and time of production.

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XAVIER UNIVERSITY

• Ron Bechet (Paul + CTH contact): [Redacted], cell [Redacted]

INVOlVEMENT

• Paul will teach “Practicum” workshops in visual arts starting August 30, 2007 (Thursday afternoons, class is cross-listed at Tulane, Dillard, and Xavier and open to all students).
  • CTH will do a workshop/class in the Communication Arts dept in October 2007. Content and date to be determined.
  • Xavier (possibly both departments) will host one of the dinner events. Date to be determined.
TO DO

• Contact Ron to find contact for Communication Arts dept and speak with them directly about CTH doing something in the department between mid Oct – mid Nov 2007
• Follow up with Ron to finalize potluck dinner date
• Mail Ron final package detailing the project, including flyers and/or posters to distribute to the school community with date and time of production.

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NOCCA (NEW ORLEANS CENTER FOR CREATIVE ARTS)

• Brian Hammell: 504-940-2854, bhammell@nocca.com
• Sara Gibson: 504-940-2858, sgibson@nocca.com

INVOLVEMENT

• NOCCA will do a workshop/class in mid October 2007. Content and date to be determined.
• NOCCA offered their space as a rehearsal space for CTH.

TO DO

• Follow up with NOCCA to finalize content and date of CTH workshop
• Mail Brian and Sara final package detailing the project, including flyers and/or posters to distribute to the school community with date and time of production.

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LUSHER HIGH SCHOOL

• Brad Richard (Paul + CTH contact): 504-554-0963, brad.richard@gmail.com
• J. Hammons (Paul contact): 504-554-0963, richard.brad@gmail.com
• Anne Boudreau (Paul contact): 504-554-0963, richard.brad@gmail.com
• Kathy DeJean (CTH contact): 504-554-0963, kathy.dejean@usnhs.org
• Gregory Baber (CTH contact): 504-554-0963, gregory.baber@usnhs.org

INVOLVEMENT

• CTH will do a workshop/class in mid October 2007. Content and date to be determined.
• Paul will do a visiting artist talk with students about the intersections of art and politics in mid to late September 2007.
• Paul might participate in a 45 minute panel for a sustainability conference at the school September 21, 2007.
• Lusher has offered (was pushing for) hosting a matinee performance of Godot for the students at the school.

TO DO

• Contact Brad and Anne to finalize date for Paul’s visiting artist talk in mid Sept.
• Contact Brad, Kathy, and Gregory to finalize CTH workshop in mid October.
• Contact J. Hammons to see details about conference and see if it’s worth doing.

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FREDERICK DOUGLASS HIGH SCHOOL

• Greta Gladney (Paul and CTH contact): 504-390-2139, ggladneytherenaissanceproject.la
• Kalamu Ya Salaam, 504-710-9694

INVOLVEMENT

• Paul will work with Kalamu and Students at the Center (an elective writing and video program based working with students from Douglass) on video projects.
• CTH could potentially rehearse in the auditorium theater at the school.
• CTH could do workshops at Douglass pending on talking to the new principal (yet to be determined)

TO DO

• Contact Kalamu about Paul working with Students at the Center in the fall
• Follow up with Greta on talking with the new principal of Douglass to secure access to auditorium as a possible rehearsal space and having CTH do workshop.
• Mail Greta and Kalamu final package detailing the project, including flyers and/or posters to distribute to the school community with date and time of production.

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JOHN MCDONOGH HIGH SCHOOL

(via Neighborhood story project)

• Abram Himmelstein (Paul and CTH contact): 713-857-4693, avieshlomo@gmail.com
• Rachel Breunlin (Paul and CTH contact): 713-857-4693, rbreunlin@yahoo.com

INVOLVEMENT

• Paul will do an artist talk at the Neighborhood story project for students from McDonough October 10, 2007 (1-3pm?)
• CTH could do a small reading of the play at NSP, we did not discuss this at meeting.

TO DO

• Follow up with NSP to see if they want CTH for a reading
• Mail Abram and Rachel final package detailing the project, including flyers and/or posters to distribute to the school community with date and time of production.
Community Book Center panel with Robert Tannen, 2007

Vera Warren-Williams and son, 2007

Willie Birch and Ron Bechet, 2007

John O’Neal, 2007
### PAUL CHAN AND CLASSICAL THEATRE OF HARLEM
### WORKSHOP SCHEDULE

#### OPEN REHEARSAL DATES  |  OPEN REHEARSAL TIMES  |  OPEN REHEARSAL PLACE
---|---|---
10/19/2007 Fri | 11-4pm | St. Mary’s School
10/26/2007 Fri | 11-4pm | St. Mary’s School

#### CTH WORKSHOP DATES  |  WORKSHOP TIME  |  WORKSHOP LOCATION (PLACE, ROOM NUMBER)  |  CONTACT NAME
---|---|---|---
10/19/2007 Fri | 9-10:30am | Dillard University | Ray Vrazel
10/20/2007 Sat | 9-10:30am | Anthony Bean Community Theatre | Anthony Bean
10/23/2007 Tue | 11am-6pm (with rehearsal) | NOCCA | Brian Hammell
10/24/2007 Wed | 6:30-8pm | The Porch | Big Ed Buckner
10/25/2007 Thu | 9-10:30am | NOCCA | Brian Hammell
10/26/2007 Fri | 9-10:30am | Crossroads Project for Art, Learning and Community | Matt Schwarzman
10/30/2007 Tue | 9:25-10:45am | Xavier University | Ross Louis
11/05/2007 Mon | 4pm | UNO Communications Department | Phil Karnell, David Hoover
11/07/2007 Wed | 9-10:30am
11/08/2007 Thu | Any time between 11-3pm

#### PAUL WORKSHOP DATES  |  WORKSHOP TIME  |  WORKSHOP LOCATION
---|---|---
10/3/2007 | 11am-2pm | Lusher High School (art classes) | Anne Boudreau
10/10/2007 | 1-3pm | Neighborhood Story Project | Rachel Breunlin
10/13/2007 | 7pm | Neighborhood Story Project | Natalie at UNO
10/16/2007 | 7pm | Louisiana artworks panel on professional development | Joy Gidden
11/1/2007 | 1:50-3pm | Lusher High School (Brad’s class) | Brad Richard
10/7/2007 | ? | The Porch (conversation with Willie Birch) | Willie Birch

Workshop schedule spreadsheet, 2007
Introductions, 2007

Wendell Pierce with students, 2007

Christopher McElroen and student, 2007
Paul Chan lecturing at Lusher High School, 2007

Moments at Lusher, 2007

(Left and facing page)
Young actors workshop at The Porch community center, 2007

J Kyle Manzay teaching at The Porch, 2007

T Ryder Smith teaching at The Porch, 2007
Young actor at The Porch, 2007

Big Ed Buckner and Rachel Breunlin at The Porch’s young actors workshop, 2007

Waiting for Godot in New Orleans: A Field Guide

Young actor at The Porch, 2007
Rev. Jeff Connor’s potluck dinner at the Hartzell Methodist Church welcoming Paul Chan and the Classical Theatre of Harlem, 2007

Dan Etheridge and Troi Bechet at The Porch potluck dinner for cast and crew of Godot, 2007

Danille Taylor’s potluck dinner for the cast and crew of Godot, 2007.
Paul Chan’s vision was first relayed to me very casually, on the way to a meeting or perhaps crossing paths in the elevator with Creative Time’s new curator, Nato Thompson. I was told something to the effect of “Paul wants to stage Waiting for Godot in the Lower Ninth Ward. What do you think?” This question—enticing and loaded beyond belief—sounded like a dare more than a proposal. I felt, however, that I had been preparing for the challenge for some time.

I’d joined Creative Time in 2005 as part of an effort to transition out of my practice as a set, lighting, and projection designer in the “downtown” experimental theater scene. In my undergraduate training I had in fact studied, performed, and directed Beckett, but in the five intervening years my attention had been turning steadily to site-specific and processional ways of working, following a persistent fascination with the writings of performance anthropologist Victor Turner, the work of the British art and theater company Welfare State International, and the study of celebratory cultural forms. I had become interested specifically in what I thought of as the parachute question—in a nutshell, the riddle of how to work intensively, responsibly, and collaboratively in locales that are not your own. You can imagine, then, that my answer to Nato’s question was along the lines of “Hell yeah!” A project had fallen into my lap that would require all of us working on it to wrestle with these questions of vanguard aesthetics, community, and alterity.

Of these fundamental issues, our outsider status became our central concern. We shared Paul’s doubts about our ability to understand our audiences’ experiences and perspectives, and given the traditionally narrow appeal of Beckett’s work everyone was worried about mounting the show in our own interest, walking away, and wearing our time in New Orleans like a badge of good citizenship. “Carpetbagger” became a watchword as a brass band to lead the audience to their seats; no staid pre-show crew we hired to the spirit of the presentation—no black-tie ushers, deliver a world-class experience. Finally, it needed to be local, from the homes that stretched throughout the city’s other neighborhoods. Katrina’s tragedy extended to the countless blocks of silent, gutted landscape, would not speak to a local audience that understood that the show itself emerged. We were told to perform in two neighborhoods. It was also through these conversations that a blueprint for the project but for its realization as well.

New Orleans is the kind of place that prefers its business face-to-face, but in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina an inundation of ineffective national well-wishing had focused the population even more closely on immediate, local, and personal ways of working. We would arrive in town with several weeks’ worth of emails, futile in their institutional format and distant origin, almost universally unanswered. We would have only a few appointments on our itinerary. Invariably, though, a first meeting would yield referrals, and when we weren’t sitting down with a new contact, at least one of us was on the phone, seeing if we could swing by to meet someone the next day—sometimes the next hour. Most days we sat down with local arts administrators, recovery workers, theater directors, community center staff, professors, museum directors, artists, lawyers, and activists from 8 AM to 9 PM. We met whenever and wherever to introduce Paul, Creative Time, and the Classical Theatre of Harlem. As quickly as possible, we would ask: “How do we do this right?” Then, we would silence ourselves and turn the conversation over.

One of the first responses we received—“you gotta spend the time and you gotta spend the dime”—became our mantra. This sentiment—which underpinned every class, workshop, and potluck, as well as the Shadow Fund—was repeated emphatically at almost every meeting, and transformed Paul’s vision of an open-air Godot into the much more complex, three-part project that this publication commemorates. It was also through these conversations that a blueprint for the show emerged. We were told to perform in two neighborhoods. Situating the work only in the Lower Ninth Ward, a site of devastation repeatedly exploited for its eerily photogenic and deceptively pastoral landscape, would not speak to a local audience that understood that Katrina’s tragedy extended to the countless blocks of silent, gutted homes that stretched throughout the city’s other neighborhoods. Equally, the show had to be great—the city had seen enough good intentions fall flat, and if the production was going to matter it had to deliver a world-class experience. Finally, it needed to be local, from the crew we hired to the spirit of the presentation—no black-tie ushers, but a brass band to lead the audience to their seats; no staid pre-show receptions, but good, local food.
There was an ethical imperative to base our strategy in listening, but it was reinforced by very practical considerations. Creative Time had a thirty-three-year track record in New York City, and we had cultivated both a strong reputation and an extensive network of public and private interests dedicated to our work. This was not the case in New Orleans. In event production, there are generally two obvious solutions to this kind of problem. The first is partnerships, but we decided early on that in this one regard, we perhaps benefited from our outsider status, that being freed from institutional partners and city agencies, we would not inherit the profound segregation of audiences and legacies of distrust that characterize New Orleans. The second standard answer is money: Hire enough unions, local production companies, and law enforcement and suddenly, there is a strong incentive for a municipality to work intently with you in adapting the streets to your purposes. We had very little time to raise funds, however, and though by the end the project’s budget would grow to a scale almost unprecedented in Creative Time’s history, money was continually tight and our every production choice was determined first and foremost by finding the most affordable solution for the job. Regardless of financial constraints, we were concerned that the impact of such top-down methods would be as divisive and contrary to the project’s ethics as local partnership. We had no local anchorage and very little money. All we had was time—and we used it.

“Stretched it” might be a better phrasing—to the limit. Barely a month before opening night, our permits still unfilled, we sat down with city representatives for only the second time. Months earlier, in brief introductory meetings with the offices of the councilmembers whose districts included our intended sites, we had articulated our intentions and won some interest, but at the time, the details of our methods and our needs were not yet established. Since then, there had been a sense that we would have no more than one more opportunity with these officials, so occupied by the emergencies in their city, and we had to get it right. It was only in late September that the project was finally fully grounded in specifics: Paul was teaching at the University of New Orleans and at Xavier University of Louisiana; master classes and lectures by the CTH and Paul had been arranged at nearly a dozen local schools, theaters, and community groups; funding was in place for the Shadow Fund; and we had hosts lined up for potlucks in communities across the city. The tone of our meetings was very positive, and when, in early October, a rapid string of introductions culminated in a meeting with the Office of Arts and Entertainment, every question about our motivations and methods that a cautious municipality could raise had been tested in conversation with the larger city. It was textbook grassroots organizing, and though it can be difficult when dealing with government authorities, to know whether you have inspired your partner or simply demonstrated a political incentive for collaborating, the city responded by introducing me to the Mayor’s Office of Film and Video and the tireless Jennifer Day. What had until then been inquiries from an unknown applicant to different bureaucracies became in-person introductions, citywide coordination meetings, and quick answers from one department to another. A piecemeal and faceless process was suddenly centralized, human, and enthusiastic. This was the first miracle that I, still not on the ground full-time in New Orleans, saw manifested by the long, slow process of this project.

It was not the last. I have many production war stories about the small victories a commitment to listening and building trust on the ground won for us, from a free haircut to the grounds swell of Episcopal Church relief volunteers who stepped in to cook and serve gumbo when staffing shortages threatened the second weekend’s food. The support networks we built saved the opening itself. The day before the premiere the risers, engineered incorrectly, prevented anyone seated behind the first row from seeing the action. After long phone negotiations, an early-morning reinstallation was arranged, under the company’s condition that I match their crew—who had another gig that day—with ten of our own workers. At 8 AM, an angry foreman found our production manager Dan Krall and I looking unstaffed and set into us, threatening departure and demanding to see our crew. I looked over my shoulder and there, sauntering through the grass like something out of a Western, was a team of volunteers from the Common Ground Collective, which based its Lower Ninth Ward relief efforts a few blocks away. I have never felt we’ve got-your-back tingles like that.

I should clarify that even after that heroic effort, limits in material kept us from fully remedying the issue of sight lines. The risers functioned, though, and oddly the irregular results in many ways matched an overall production aesthetic that—excepting the masterful performances and gorgeous, simple audio—is probably best described as unfinished. We had to stop the crew from skirting the backs of the risers with black fabric, preferring instead the unassuming view of raw wood crossbeams and flight cases stored underneath. I’ve seen Little League fields with more impressive lighting than we had: three Genie lifts with a stick of truss and about eight theatrical instruments lashed to them at the top. Dan threw together a “sound shield” of scrap plywood for the generator we kept purring down the street. With these raw aesthetics topped off by a row of squat, tan, portable toilets lining the route of the second line, the spectacle as a whole looked more like a construction site than a theater. In this regard, the production was very much of New Orleans—rather than dropping opulent red drapes into a vacant lot, we had bought or rented the event’s components
from the same vendors that were busy serving the emergent remaking of the city by private contractors.

Even our perimeter security upheld this predilection for the rudimentary. We very quickly learned the annoying yet heartening lesson that you can drop barriers at nearby intersections and staff the entry points, but really no measure can keep a neighborhood—even one taken for abandoned—from being itself. In the Lower Ninth, kids on bikes rode right onto center stage in the middle of rehearsal and the performances were punctuated by the occasional pair of headlights gliding along in the background just below the levee—one time turning straight at the audience before the silhouette of one of our security officers waved them off. In Gentilly, a group of illegal Mexican workers were living up the block in a gutted house that, during the day, they were paid to renovate. At night, they drank beers in the driveway and told dirty jokes. I spent a lot of my time during each performance asking them in broken Spanish to keep their voices down and making peace offerings of Miller Light. Other neighbors would walk behind the risers, continuing conversations in hushed tones on their way to the convenience store down at Elysian Fields Avenue. These persistent signs of life were the backdrop for each night’s performance.

In Gentilly, the redevelopment of the neighborhood was in fact so robust and sudden that it forced us into the most suspect arrangement of the entire project. When Paul, Chris, and I first came across the house on Warrington Drive while canvassing the vast housing tracts of Gentilly by car one night, I do not think any of us would have guessed that an imminent real estate explosion in the area would prove to be our key issue in the neighborhood. At the time, we were lucky to find even a single returnee camped in a FEMA trailer next to their gutted house every four blocks. When we came back in daylight the streets were still silent and empty. I scrawled down the phone number on the “For Sale by Owner” sign and headed for the airport.

My calls were not returned, and I spent subsequent visits rooting in vain through moldering records at City Hall trying to find additional contact information or investigating how to get city permits for the temporary use of abandoned private property. In the four months that I was engaged in this off-and-on homework, however, the neighborhood had begun to change. The proximity of the blocks above Robert E. Lee Boulevard to the campus of UNO and its reliable student population had made these homes valuable commodities to the army of flippers and contractors which had been moving into the city’s devastated real estate market. In hindsight, it seems no surprise that one day in late September, Paul drove by the site and found a crew doing work on “our” building.

We were introduced to the owner—a Houston man who had bought up properties throughout the adjacent blocks and was overseeing their renovation—and offered a fee for him to adjust his work plan, focusing on the interior and refraining from any work on the exterior or in the front yard until after the show closed.

The agreement, however, was not honored. Despite a fifty-percent good-will payment in his pocket, there were a string of suspiciously convenient misunderstandings that flew in the face of our contract and resulted in the stripping of the building’s sides and the premature installation of new windows. Worse still, when I landed in late October for my final trip, a six-foot mountain of the building’s scrapped innards had been heaped dead center stage and we were expected to pay for removal. Even after it had been carted off, a minefield of rusted nails and bent metal carpeted the ground. During those few precious days before we opened the second weekend’s shows, the cast was rehearsing in an active construction site—one of them barefoot. While I will not enumerate the disasters and frustrations of those conditions, suffice it to say that the company’s rigorous exploration of the house—both floors and several windows would play prominently in the performance—did lead to at least one emergency room visit. We filled that building with glow tape and work lights, swept it five times over, but there was no way to change the simple reality of our site, which had caught our attention in an atmosphere of deceivingly sublime silence some six months earlier.

On opening day I was still using my spare time to crawl around on hands and knees in the yard, ferreting out rusty hardware, when an older man walked off the street to inquire what I was doing. I explained the project and invited him to come that evening. He gave a bemused chuckle and said, “So the newspaper really did get the address correct. You see, I was wondering, because I own this house.” The contractor had represented himself to us as the owner, substantiating his position with fraudulent documents. The actual owner had never even heard about our project and invited him to come that evening. He gave a bemused chuckle and said, “So the newspaper really did get the address correct. You see, I was wondering, because I own this house.” The contractor had represented himself to us as the owner, substantiating his position with fraudulent documents. The actual owner had never even heard about our arrangement. We both just shrugged and laughed and let the show go on—New Orleans at that time was sometimes surreal in its nonchalance.

Everyone living in the city did so by grace of their remarkable adaptability, and I would suggest that a parallel attitude of acceptance was the crucial element in our successes. We went in knowing what we wanted to do, but not how, and our ability to stay reactive to the sites and the people there time and again expanded and transformed our approach. As producer, I’ve found that people look to me for some illumination of the step-by-step process—formulas for the re-creation of a project they admire by rumor. The best advice I can give is to stay focused on maintaining this balance between a stringent commitment to vision and a radical malleability of technique. The
work of cultural production will always throw you curveballs, but working outside of an institution, and in the active space of communities requires immense flexibility in terms of methods if one is to realize a goal.

I would also advise anyone interested in translating our methods to other scenarios to consider carefully how dependent this project was on the unique and tragic opportunities of a post-Katrina New Orleans. It was a time when the slim portion of the population that remained seemed almost universally politicized and staunchly dedicated to the revitalization of the city. Economic and cultural resources were scarce and circumstances extraordinary to the point that Godot would not have mused about much interest in better times. Although our intentions were certainly challenged by many of our advisors, I was continually struck by how quickly community members accepted the potential validity of the fundamental idea. I’ve often wondered how likely it would be for an absurdist play to bring such a breadth of community partners to the table in, say, Brooklyn, San Francisco, Atlanta, or even the “slow-motion Katrinas” of the American Rust Belt.

Finally, I’d like to focus on what we wish we’d done. Chris has said to me that “the great ones are always hard,” and though I agree that work of this nature is inevitably demanding—emotionally, mentally, and physically—we at times added unnecessarily to these challenges. It was not a working environment I would wish on anyone, and I think there are a few simple lessons to be taken away from it. Firstly, as an organization with minimal experience working nationally, or as a performing arts presenter, there were certain models that we should have looked to more carefully at the outset. In particular, I would refer anyone studying Paul’s Godot to the work of Los Angeles’ Cornerstone Theater Company, whose methods so dovetail with what we ultimately undertook that one might assume direct influence. My background, spent mainly in a very scrappy and local corner of the theater world, certainly heightened my investment in the project, but it did little to prepare Creative Time for a production of this scope and nature. We were on a severe learning curve regarding best practices for working with professional touring actors, from negotiating the intricacies of Actors Equity contracts to establishing relationships with their agents. The most illustrative element that we and the CTH should have provided was a company manager to attend to the comfort and coordination of the performers, who dedicated long hours not only to an intensive and accelerated rehearsal regimen but also to an unrelenting schedule of master classes, potluck dinners, and other community work. Without someone in this position, this invaluable role fell to other members of the team who struggled to take time away from their central responsibilities.

The other major factor we were not prepared for was the impact of travel. In terms of simple economics, we underestimated the number of visits the increasingly complex project would require, and did not have enough time to secure sufficient airfare or hotel sponsorship. More importantly, as pre-production accelerated and more trips were quickly planned, we inadvertently segregated our teams between NYC and NOLA, abstracting our perspectives of one another’s work. The day-after-day whirlwind of meeting neighbors, casting, rehearsing, and teaching is very different from the quiet, slow, and solitary processes of preparing permits or contracts. From August until late October, the only opportunities for the full team to catch up with one another were through emails and weekly conference calls which sometimes required acts of translation to remind us of one another’s circumstances, the vital work we were doing, and the importance of mutual support. Both Creative Time and the CTH had major productions at the end of summer that kept us out of sync with Paul and one another, and although I wouldn’t expect either organization to pass up such opportunities, it would have benefited everyone to coordinate more time together in New Orleans to share directly in our methods and accomplishments.

Shifting production dates also had us booking travel quite late, and though our lodging during rehearsal and production was lovely, it required regular migrations to accommodate convention-goers that had booked up the city’s depleted stock of rooms months before. With much of the team living in an unstable patchwork of hotels, apartments, and B&Bs, our ability to take care of ourselves was profoundly compromised—and compounded further by our very choice of working methods. To realize any project of this scale away from home and routine is, of course, taxing, but by taking listening as our essential mechanism and turning our focus to the entire city, we left ourselves very few spaces that could provide respite from the show. We became perpetual observers. Production meetings were conducted over po’ boys on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain; appointments with our advisors took place in private homes. Rehearsals, classes, potlucks, and even rides home for the local actors toured us through corners of the city we’d never have seen, otherwise. Every moment, every meal, every drink out after a long day doubled as an introduction, and, having identified our outsider status as a central liability, it was hard to allow oneself any moments of (relatively) innocent tourism. Some might optimistically hope that a principled commitment to this demanding process—a “bonding in the trenches”—would smooth over conflicts to which these circumstances might give rise, but quite predictably our inability to step away from the project weighed heavily on the team, exacerbating the unavoidable tensions of mounting a play and making our own emotional management an unintended casualty.
As much as I would do certain things differently, the fact of these innocent procedural oversights does not color my memory of the project. I believe that all the collaborators look back to our participation with a deep pride in the risks we took and a profound thankfulness for the beauty, emotion, camaraderie, and even wonder we experienced. It is perhaps strange, then, that the central participants have been hesitant to speak about the project in congratulatory terms. For me, this stems from a distrust of “deep listening” and other laudatory terminology that has been put to sometimes troublingly aspirational (or even disingenuous) use in describing social art practices. Every time my telling touches on “listening,” I cannot help but wonder how much it smacks of *noblesse oblige*. More specific to the narrative I’ve laid out above, the fact that our community groundwork was, in effect, “monetized” in free local labor and city assistance raises necessary questions of exploitation, despite all our efforts to avoid just that. These issues destabilize any claims we might make to perfectly responsible execution, and are deserving of fuller consideration, but I think our reticence is rooted not so much in these inevitable questions of ethics and method as in a perspective that recognizes the impossibility of measuring the project’s significance in the face of an ongoing tragedy.

As much as my recollections speak to the determined recovery of New Orleans, it has by no means been triumphant, inclusive, or even complete. Returning in January 2009 for the first time since closing the production, it was heartbreaking to see how few homes had been rebuilt in the blocks around the intersection of North Prieur and Reynes. The encroachments of brush were still there, hiding the neighborhood’s wounds and camouflaging the tragic interventions of the city in what, impossibly, was once home to 14,000 people.

In some ways, I have preferred the rumor of the project—amazing, gone—to a potentially unproductive unpacking or glorification of the details. I am driven to contribute my experiences, however, by the touching and surprising acts of those who came to see *Godot*. I am still astounded to think that people tailgated a Beckett play, some coming six hours early with lawn chairs and coolers to make sure they got in, or that, when tickets ran out and people who had waited (maybe for hours) were turned away, they enthusiastically thanked the ticketing table staff. I was humbled to feel in the crowds’ arrival an unstated generosity towards the project, a sense that they had come not so much to see it as to make it work. The willingness to wait, to sit in the dirt or stand at the periphery when the risers were full, to cramp together to let one more person in, to abide the cold or the bad sight lines—all these discomforts and compromises were contributions, simple gestures through which we all completed the symbol of *Godot*. I am humbled again by the prospect that the beautiful opening speeches—consecrations almost, delivered by brave survivors who had lost homes, churches, and loved ones in the neighborhoods we performed in—were intended in the same way. It is important for me to acknowledge, however, before I read flattery too broadly into the actions of others, that it was still *Godot* and, not unlike other stagings of this infamously static work (“the play where nothing happens—twice”), every night there were people who left at intermission. The beautiful personal acts that I describe were perhaps not universal, but they speak to a powerful effect, if not of the content of the play, then inarguably of the context we built around it. Most hauntingly, I remember the cries of “thank you” from the crowd those first nights, as the cast, in an unforgettable curtain call, walked side by side into the darkness, receding into the night. I witnessed people moved and inspired by this intricate, genuine project. They suggest the possibility of many more with experiences just as meaningful and perhaps of lingering potency, even now.
Casting Notice

Production: Samuel Beckett’s
WAITING FOR GODOT

By means of a series of partnerships with visual artist Paul Chash, Creative
Time, University of New Orleans, Xavier University, and others, the
Classical Theatre of Harlem will stage free outdoor performances of
WAITING FOR GODOT in the Lower 9th Ward and Gentilly sections of
New Orleans. The production features New Orleans’ native and star of
HBO’s The Wire, Wendell Pierce.

Production Dates:
November 2nd & 3rd Lower 9th Ward
November 9th & 10th Gentilly

Audition Dates: September 26, 2007 from 4 – 7pm

Audition Location:
Louisiana Artworks annex
At the Union Passenger terminal, 2nd floor
1001 Loyola Ave - at Howard Ave.
(Enter main entrance, use stairs on the immediate right to 2nd floor)

Casting:
Lucky: Pozzo’s servant
Casting male ages 20 – 60.

Boy: An messenger from Godot
Casting male ages 10 – 15

Actors of ALL ethnicities encouraged to audition.

Audition:
Actors should prepare a brief (2 min.) contemporary monologue.

The Classical Theatre of Harlem, Inc.
507 Fifth Ave, 13th Floor
New York, NY 10019
Phone: 212-566-0039 Fax: 212-564-0039
www.ClassicalTheatreHarlem.org

CTH casting notice, 2007. pdf
CONTRIBUTORS

Christopher McElroen
Christopher McElroen is the Co-founder of the Classical Theatre of Harlem (CTH), for which he produced forty productions between 2000 and 2009 that yielded thirteen AUDELCO Awards, six OBIE Awards, two Lucille Lortel Awards, and a Drama Desk Award. Selected directing credits include The Cherry Orchard, The Blacks: A Clown Show, and Marat/Sade. He has also directed at numerous venues, including the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Duke University, and the Walker Art Center.

Nato Thompson
Nato Thompson is Chief Curator for CreativeTime, where he has organized major projects, such as It Is What It Is: Conversations about Iraq (2009), a project that encouraged public discussion of the history, present circumstances, and future of Iraq. Prior to CreativeTime, he worked as a curator for MASS MoCA, where he completed numerous large-scale exhibitions, such as The Interventionists: Art in the Social Sphere, a survey of political art of the 1990s. His most recent book, Seeing Power: Art and Activism in the Age of Cultural Production, is available through Autonomedia.org.

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waiting for godot in new orleans: a field guide

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