

Glen-wood: Restoration of Spirit

The Glenwood Cemetery Site-Specific Theatre Project

Recipient of an *Arts of Citizenship* Fellowship with the Ginsburg Center, UM-Ann Arbor

Production Concept and Image Composition by Janet Haley, Assistant Professor of Theatre, UM-Flint

Nineteenth Century Tour

--Text by Elizabeth Brooks and Phillip Barnhart, MLS Theatre and Community, with contributions by Dr. Ami Pflugrad-Jackisch, Janet Haley and Destiny Dunn.

--Authors of archival texts are cited in the body of the script.

Twenty-first Century Tour

--Devising/Script Ensemble: Nic Custer, Destiny Dunn, Jessica Flemming, Janet Haley, Courtney Hatcher, Alexander Ghattas with Joshua Clark, Tara Devereaux, Nick Hale, Aubrey Kellerman, Jenna Winans and Garrett Zwerck.

“Open the Gates”

It is 6:00pm on an early fall evening in 2010.

The gates to Glenwood Cemetery are closed.

A teacher and three high school students from an urban high school are seen waiting in the drive outside the gates. The students are diverse, both ethnically and in their attitude about going on an historical tour.

The bus pulls up in front of the entrance and delivers the audience of 27.

The bus pulls away.

A small man, in straw hat, cigar stub and striped shirt with bow tie and suspenders, CHANCE, appears from deep within the cemetery. He approaches the gates. The metal chains clank against the iron gate.

CHANCE opens each of the gates, pushing hard to make them stay open. There is labor evident in this act.

Singing begins as 19th century people, in dress from 1830 to 1915 appear from road beside Sexton’s house.

They sing the hymn that was sung at the opening dedication of Glenwood Cemetery in 1855, a familiar protestant hymn: “Before Jehovah’s Aweful Throne.”

CHANCE nods the audience to enter the cemetery as the singers travel to positions in front of a large white urn, full of fall mums. CHANCE closes the gates.

(REVEREND MEMORY and PIONEER POLLY TODD come forward to greet the audience.)

Rev

We would like to welcome you and bid you a pleasant evening. We will be your guides at Glenwood tonight/this afternoon and trust that you will find our presentation most accurate and engaging. If you should need any kind of assistance, at any time, please don't hesitate to ask for our help. Due to the age of our magnificent trees, we feel we must ask you to beware of falling acorns and tree limbs. There are a variety of subjects that we plan to address --

Polly

Yes, yes, we have lots of ground to cover! So let's get started! I've never been one to keep my customers waiting! Right this way...

(POLLY encourages audience to draw closer.)

(PHILANTHROPY is seen sitting near a monument close by, with a clarinet. He begins to play a melody that sounds just like The Addams Family theme.)

"Forbidden" *by Elizabeth Brooks*

ALL

We have come here to inform you
Of a few important rules
That will serve to guarantee us
The absence of pure fools

NOSTALGIA

Snapshots are not welcome here

HOME

And cell phones take their toll

POSSIBILITY

You'll get no mercy if they're seen

CURIOSITY

Hush all to save your soul!

HOME

We have places where you can sit down --

POLLY

(interrupts from the side) If you're dying for a rest!

HOME

We expect that you will keep
Behavior at your best!

POSSIBILITY

This is not the place for Zombies
Or things that holler

ALL

BOO!!!!

(CHANCE's hand appears from behind the urn; grabs POSSIBILITY's shoulder.)

NOSTALGIA

We promise no Grim Reaper
Will come to bother you.

(NOSTALGIA whacks CHANCE's hand down with his Shakespeare pocketbook.)

POSSIBILITY

Mitchell's spirit--

NOSTALGIA

and hot Kewpies --

POSSIBILITY

Swarm 'round our heads tonight

CURIOSITY

We've sent them, in a Hamady sack
To Witherbee's tonight.

HOME

McDonald and his dairy
Are with Freeman's friends

POSSIBILITY

Even Angelo's great Coneys
Are now in others' hands.

HOME

(in Eastern European quasi-dialect)
Not one vampire need apply
Or werewolves, or the like

The Mummies and the Goblins
Claim the witches went on strike!

(PHILANTHROPY begins to play a melody that is reminiscent of the Twilight theme.)

CURIOSITY

Jacob and Victoria
Told Bella yesterday
That Edward has been sulking
(aside) He's not acting in this play.

NOSTALGIA

There is no one else invited
To partake in this night's play

ALL

Just we living --

CHANCE *(standing up from behind the urn)*
And the residents --

ALL

Who've promised they will stay.

(CHANCE puts his cigar stub in his mouth, turns and walks straight back into the cemetery, walking over the rolling landscape rather than using the paved road.)

(PHILANTHROPY stops playing his clarinet as the poem is complete, putting it away, he then places a non-lit pipe in his mouth.)

Polly

Let's go shall we?

(HOPE, a middle class woman, in green plaid frock and a humble straw bonnet adorned with blue forget-me-not silk flowers and wearing an anchor pendant, remains with the tour group, trailing behind.

(The remaining 19th century figures disperse to the landscape of Glenwood Cemetery.)

Rev

My dear Mrs. Todd, you need to slow down a little, take a breath, you're not running the River Tavern House anymore.

Polly

Well we can thank Heaven for that, now can't we. Even after we added on to that place, there was barely a spot to turn around in. It used to be Edouard Campau's cabin- on that first day, I thought I'd cry - the floorboards were gone! Someone at the mill had "borrowed" them but you can be sure I got all of them back.

Rev

I understand your place was quite the social gathering spot, in its time, "Aunt Polly".

Polly

People coming and going at all hours of the day and night. Hoping for steak and a decent bed. Lucky to get a corner of the floor and a turkey wing, on a busy day. But once in a while, a real celebration. That housewarming party when we added on to the inn --

Rev

You mean the tavern? Wasn't there a small fire that night?

Polly

Yes, I have to admit it. I lost my fancy new hat -just in all the way from Detroit-when I was admiring myself in the mirror and the lamp got too close...Well, I didn't let the loss keep me from dancing, though.

Rev

And, of course, some whiskey was flowing, too?

Polly

I know that you'd never stop by for a drop but in the early days preachers often used our place for Sunday morning worship. We had school lessons there too. Why, the first wedding reception in these parts, took place right under our roof. And--

Rev

Speaking of firsts, did I once hear you claim to be the first white settlers in Flint?

Polly

Yes, I have. Why do you ask?

Rev

Others have claimed that title, Mrs. Todd.

Polly

Well, I know where I was and I know who was there for good and who just stopped by from time to time. So let's just agree to disagree, as always, Reverend- and move on.

Rev

That sounds like a good idea, Mrs. Todd. Let's go this way --

(POLLY remembers the Sly family plot, under the flag. FAITH and DOUBT are seen as sweethearts. DOUBT tosses an apple up/down, FAITH is seen with her beige parasol and picnic basket.)

Polly

But what about the Sly family, over there, near the gate. They were caretakers here in days gone by.

Rev

Oh, yes. Many of the sextons who served Glenwood now rest here but this is a special story, one for the ladies, where affairs of the heart--

Polly

Yep, it's a love story all right...their daughter fell in love with the young boarder from GMI who lived upstairs in that very house. What a tender engagement. Their first kiss? - just down the road a bit...right this way.... *(Polly runs on ahead, shouts to tour as they approach)* I think it was right here. If it wasn't, this would be the perfect place for a kiss...just out of sight...come on...come on... *(waves the crowd toward her position)*

(At Pierson plot's red granite obelisk. PHILANTHROPY with his pipe, admires it.)

Rev

Let's get back to the matter at hand, Madame. Take a look at this beautiful piece of red granite and remember one of the fine pioneer families of Genesee County. The very mention of the Pierson family reminds us how our roads were named...how...

Polly

Pierson? Farmer from Ontario. Two wives, both named Fanny! Six kids. His son, Herman ran the thread mill. Either he spent his whole inheritance on this thing, or the price of thread is way up!

(HOME, in her crinoline blue gown and her husband, NOSTALGIA, in his top hat and cane, are seen admiring the Bassett monument, a little further down the road, to the east.)

(HOPE follows the tour group at the back.)

(COURAGE, a WWI soldier, is seen to the south. He is still, looking down at the grave of WW1 veteran, Howard E. Temby, whose marker indicates Private/Infantry.)

Rev

I think it best that we move along, Mrs. Todd--

(POLLY moves to tree then stops and turns, giving focus to the Whiting monument.)

Polly

To my right lies the beautiful monument to James C Whiting and his family. He went from bookkeeper to General Manager in Mr. Begole's Flint Wagon Works. Eventually, this enterprise was transformed when Mr. Buick's engine business was added to the fold and Mr. Durant gave them additional funding--

“Found Object”

(Suddenly, young woman of diverse ethnic heritage appears from behind the tree to the right/south. She is tall and striking, yet her body language expresses retreat or “I want to disappear.” Her name is CHLOE. She is swathed in a long grey hooded cardigan, ripped and torn jeans that are covered with words, poetry and doodles she has inked on herself over the years. She is grey but for a faint hint of a mauve shirt that peeks out through her sweater. She has white ear buds in her ears, a weathered canvas tote bag over her shoulder which is full of books. She has pencils in her hair and cradles a notebook in her arm. She is as startled by the tour group as she is of them. “Oh, lord, now they’re doing costume dress up tours in my Glenwood??” is her unspoken thought.)

(The tour guides stop talking. They look at each other in awkward silence. They don’t know what to do about this young person. She is not part of the 19th century costume dress up tour.)

(A small classical female statue is seen in the distant East side of the cemetery, as we look at CHLOE. This statue looks like the other statues in the West half - grey, the drape of her robe frozen and stiff. There is a faint hint of mauve about this statue beneath her robe.)

(The tour guides, totally preoccupied with CHLOE, waiting to see what she will do, resume tour talk.)

Polly

He married a preacher’s daughter. Miss Alice Northrop. It looks to me like someone else needs the influence of a good, Christian woman, Reverend.

(CHLOE decides to walk away to the west, walking on a grassy carriage path that divides the great amphitheatre-like hill of family plots; ESPERANZA turns and walks to the east, disappearing.)

(Meanwhile, the 19TH CENTURY FIGURES on the hill turn and look at CHLOE strangely: A 21st century person is walking through our 19th century living landscape. Hmm.)

(REVEREND MEMORY stares at CHLOE, as she traverses the hill.)

Rev

He was a Baptist, as I recall. She was a Universalist.

(CHLOE disappears toward Jacob Smith; ESPERANZA, too, has vanished.)

Polly

Well, sir, I am a realist and I think that young woman was using her head. We'd better keep moving down the lane while we appreciate the beauty of this place.

(The tour guides lead the tour around the corner to a row of chairs that face the amphitheatre-like hill, where James H. Whiting's white-columned monument is seen at center.)

(Shafts of setting sunlight stream over the hill, yet do not blind the audience. The colors of the maple and oak tree leaves are beginning to turn to from green to gold, burnt amber; flecks of blazing maple red are seen.)

“PROMENADE/OVERTURE”

(PHILANTHROPY, in his striped suit and pipe, welcomes the guests and encourages them to sit down. HOPE remains standing, a bit to the side, yet in the picture. She listens to the following letter text with wonder. She looks about the landscape that looks like a dream.)

(NOSTALGIA, an 1860's upper class man in top hat, cane and tailcoat, opens a book and recites a letter.)

(The 19th century figures float slowly, traversing the hill's carriage paths horizontally: HOME, DUTY, COURAGE, FAITH & DOUBT. Some appear as a staggered waterfall-like procession of citizens over the ages: CURIOSITY & POSSIBILITY.....AMBITION & ANXIETY.....finally, DEVOTION, a grieving Civil War widow, is seen last, with a large basket of flowers; she walks alone. She stops frequently to consider the graves she passes by.)

(This promenade of Impressions of citizens of Flint from 1860-1915 takes place over the duration of the length of the Rankin letter NOSTALGIA recites.)

NOSTALGIA

The following is a letter that was published in Flint's WOLVERINE CITIZEN newspaper, in 1866, Addressed to the publisher, F.H. Rankin, Sr.

Mr. Rankin:

Dear Sir: Not having had an opportunity of visiting Glenwood Cemetery for several months, I was glad to avail myself of the kindness offered me by a friend to accompany him there, two weeks ago last Thursday, and during our ride we both could not help wishing that a plank walk was laid all the way from the city of the living to the city of the dead.

The distance being considerable, and many, are only able to make few chance visits-like myself-to this home of their loved and lost, the monuments of which seemed to us as we entered, like white robed saints rising from their graves.

The kiss of the frost had been heavy upon the leaves, and here and there the maples sought to hide their blushes behind greener trees, and the breezes that followed us down the secluded walks were soft as the whispers of angels.

The grounds here are kept in good order and many family plots are beautifully laid out and carefully attended to.

Here the familiar names of many dear and valued friends and acquaintances met our eye as we passed the beautiful granite shafts or pyramids of marble raised to their memories.

The tears would come unbidden at the recollection of the many warm and kindly hearts which here lay chilled and sealed up in the narrow house until the day of resurrection.

As we wended our way ...we noticed a large and freshly ornamented lot just occupied by all that remains of.... the late Jacob Smith, the first white settler of the Grand Traverse. The brave and daring pioneer whose lodge was the nucleus of our beautiful young city of Flint...

And the brave and patriotic [soldiers], who gave their lives for their country...they too sleep sweetly here; from the gory field they have come, to the family plot, where the robin sings a quiet lullaby over them as they "rest and dream not."

Alas! many a living mother has buried her heart and her household in this city of green mounds, and is now looking longingly and wearily to the time which shall reunite her to the loved and lost "over the river."

How much of eloquence is in the empty bouquet-holder and the leafless framework

of a garland lying at the base of a tall monument we passed. The laurels of fame had withered upon the brows of those sleeping beneath, and now the summer wreaths which a loving memory had twined, were faded too,

...yet with the hope of a blessed hereafter it is pleasant among the toils into which we must plunge while here, to remember that there are spirits watching for us, low winds waiting to lull us, and beauty to watch over us, and a lap of undisturbed peace like thine own-dear Glenwood-to receive us when our work is done and our labor finished.

Flint, November 9th, 1866

(All 19th century ensemble characters have descended to the lawn but for

(A) level—COURAGE

(B) level -- FAITH/DOUBT; AMBITION/ANXIETY

(C) level - DEVOTION/WIDOW alone)

“GLENWOODIPEDIA”

Rural cemetery text from an essay by Dr. Ami Pflugrad-Jackisch, UM-Flint Assistant Professor of History

(HOPE looks to PHILANTHROPY)

PHILANTHROPY

Did you know that Glenwood is a rural cemetery? Reverend....

REVEREND MEMORY

The American rural cemetery movement originated in the northeast in the 1830s and 1840s and it dominated urban planning in the years leading up to and surrounding the American Civil War.

HOME

Rural cemeteries were initially popular in northeastern states such as New York and Massachusetts. By the 1850s, however, rural cemeteries could be found in the upper South and throughout the Midwest.

NOSTALGIA

A quote from Andrew Jackson Downing on Rural Cemeteries, 1849:

PHILANTHROPY

“The Great Attraction of these cemeteries to the mass of the community is not the fact that they are burial-places, or solemn places of meditation for the friends of the deceased, or striking exhibitions of monumental sculpture, though all of these have their influence....

HOPE

The true secret of the attraction lies in the natural beauty of the sites...

PHILANTHROPY

Hence, to an inhabitant of the town, a visit to one of these spots has the united charm of nature and art...

HOPE

it awakens at the same moment, the feeling of human sympathy and the love of natural beauty implanted in every heart. His must be a dull or a trifling soul that neither swells with emotion or rises with admiration at the varied beauty of these lovely and hallowed spots."

POSSIBILITY

The rural cemetery movement developed in response to the nation's rapid industrial urbanization and population growth during the nineteenth-century.

CURIOSITY

Along with this fast-paced growth came bewildering cultural, social, environmental, and economic change.

NOSTALGIA

Antebellum urban planners and landscape architects designed rural cemeteries to be peaceful and picturesque outdoor spaces where people could go to escape the noise, filth, and pollution of urban life.

HOPE

Hoping to "capture" a slice of nature, cemetery designers created winding paths that moved visitors through clusters of trees and around the natural hills and boulders of a landscape intended to contrast the sterile nineteenth-century street grids of the city.

HOME

A precursor to the American park system, antebellum urban planners believed that creating park-like cemeteries would provide people with a place where they could to restore their body, mind, and spirit and forget the stresses of urban life.

CUT SECOND WEEKEND FOR SUNLIGHT CONSERVATION

POSSIBILITY

As northeasterners migrated westward to places like Michigan, they brought their ideas about urban planning with them.

PHILANTHROPY

The creation of Glenwood Cemetery, established in 1855, was connected to both the rural cemetery movement and the rapid growth of Genesee County and the city of Flint in the mid-nineteenth century.

POLLY PIONEER SPIRIT

In the thirty short years between 1850 and 1880 the population of Genesee County tripled and the number of inhabitants in the city of Flint increased seven-fold!

NOSTALGIA

As the city's old burial ground created in 1840s became increasingly inadequate for the demands of the growing city of Flint, a handful of citizens envisioned a forty-two acre rural cemetery on Court Street and Glenwood Cemetery was born.

REVEREND MEMORY

In 1879, Franklin Ellis noted that this carefully planned cemetery was created for both the internment of the dead and the pleasure of visitors:

CURIOSITY

"The commodious and inviting footpaths,"

HOME

"the diversity and beauty of its grounds,"

HOPE

"and the loveliness of the surrounding landscape,"

REVEREND MEMORY

...all made Glenwood Cemetery a first-rate rural cemetery comparable with those established in the northeast.

"SPIRITS OF THE AGE"

Text by Janet Haley with Destiny Dunn

(The entire company but for POLLY turns to face upstage, and crosses to the upstage edge of the lawn stage.)

(CHANCE begins to travel toward the performance area from behind the audience.)

(POLLY takes focus, stepping closer to the audience.)

POLLY

And so, it is the 19th century in Flint, Michigan. The frontier. The new world. We were filled with the pioneer spirit.

CURIOSITY

(turns to audience, walking DS)

We were filled with curiosity, imagining was beyond our familiar terrain.

POSSIBILITY

(turns to audience, walking DS)

Opportunities for progress and possibility ignited the fires within us.

COURAGE

(walking DS from the hill, lining up with other actors)

It took the courage of a soldier to battle the unknown world safely and securely.

HOME

(turns to audience, walking DS)

When we arrived, we worked to create a home that was nourishing emotionally, spiritually and intellectually.

NOSTALGIA

(turns to audience, walking DS)

Ever-present was our nostalgia for the past and the way things were....longing for family, the rolling agrarian landscape, the comforts of established urban cities.

AMBITION

(walking DS from the hill, with Anxiety on his arm, lining up with other actors)

It was our ambition that paved the roads and rose the buildings of new cities in the midst of wilderness.

ANXIETY

At the same time, anxiety quivered in the hearts of those who dared to pioneer.

FAITH

(walking DS from the hill, on Doubt's arm, lining up with other actors)

We held on to our faith...

DOUBT

even as the darkness of doubt shook us.

JOY IN DUTY

(walking DS from the hill, standing next to PHILANTHROPY)

We did what we had to do...it was our Duty, and we found sustaining Joy in work and service.

DEVOTION

(walking DS from the hill, lining up with other actors)

We suffered staggering losses -- husbands, parents, children, friends -- to disease and war. But, our Devotion to the living....to making our new home a beautiful place, sustained us and inspired us to go on.

CURIOSITY

It was not always a happy ending. As society was rising, some were falling.

(CHANCE intersects the presentation, looking at his wife HOPE, as if it's time to go.)

HOPE

(Looking with a warm smile at her husband, CHANCE)

Whenever we took a Chance and fell,

(she looks back to audience)

Hope elevated us, beckoning us to try again.

(CHANCE takes HOPE by the hand; he retreats from the gaze of the audience and other 19th Century players.)

(REVEREND takes his cue from CHANCE/HOPE who begin to move.)

Rev

In time, this community moved above subsistence...

(ALL 19th century actors except for REV and POLLY begin to move west, into the cemetery)

...beyond barter to a whole new level of productivity. Lumber mills, Woolen mills, Carriage making - all growing and evolving into giant industries....These people experienced technological advancement unprecedented in human history. Vast fortunes were made and, almost overnight, the populace went from a primarily agrarian people to a society which allowed for a huge increase in what we consider the "middle-class." Young people now had the option of leaving the farm and moving to growing urban areas to work in factories.

Polly

(CHANCE and HOPE stand looking at the name LOVE on the ATWOOD/LOVE monument. HOPE pulls playfully at CHANCE; he is captivated by it.)

A-ha! Remember I was speaking about that first kiss a while back? Well here we come upon the very word itself: Love - Atwood/Love!

Rev

Yes, that may be, Mrs. Todd, but ...

Polly

Oh don't you worry Reverend, I'm not going to gush poetic now...but it is worthwhile to mention that the Ladies Art Association was, in fact, started by Mrs. Atwood.

(CURIOSITY, having found a glorious sprig of colorful fallen leaves, sets it on R corner of the ATWOOD/LOVE monument, and admires the contrast of the permanent granite monument and the temporal living branch of leaves.)

“Art Class” - CUT SECOND WEEKEND FOR TIME CONSERVATION

CURIOSITY: The art class, organized in 1881, was started informally by ladies whose interest lay in the discussion of art topics, it was really the outgrowth of two other small reading groups composed of the following ladies:

Mrs. William A. Atwood,
Mrs. Russell Bishop
and

Mrs. William Lyon was the founder of the club.

The club has gone through many changes to sustain formal rules and regulations, but two things remains the same:

it meets at the homes of members,
and

(She finds this wondrous strange)

membership is limited to twenty eight.

The art class has always been very quiet and retiring in its tastes and has never belonged either to the city or state federation.

(CURIOSITY moves on, and the tour moves on.)

Polly

Mrs. Atwood's husband owned a mill right down there at the bend in the river. They lived in a grand house built in a style that was new to the territory with slanting roofs and ironwork. It was breathtaking—

Rev

You bring up a good point Mrs. Todd. In this wilderness, all cultural refinements had to be created out of the forests here. When the men made their fortunes in lumber and wool, their wives were industrious too, forming societies for the betterment of the settlers, such as the Ladies Art Association, and the Ladies Library Association, which we'll hear more about later.

Polly

True enough, Reverend. Life was hard here. Hard but good - we made do with what God gave us and invented the rest! We weren't like the lazy folks today who get everything already fixed for 'em. This next monument is for J Dallas Dort - a true man of his time!

(Tour moves. We see two couples, AMBITION & ANXIETY and DOUBT & FAITH on either side of the grand Dort plot)

Polly

What a gentleman- built his mother a lovely house that still stands down on what they call the Grand Traverse now, a nice red house north of the river.

Rev

Yes, yes, I know that house. Lovely home! Look at that obelisk!

Polly

Dort came up from Inkster as a crockery salesman - and from there he found better opportunity in hardware and from there...

Rev

Carriages. With WC Durant he formed the Flint Road Cart Company and served as its president. It became the largest manufacturer of carriages in the world!

Polly

Yes Sir, you might say these two revolutionized the industry. They were responsible for many a new-fangled gismo that helped when they motorized those carriages.

Rev

Indeed. They invented a new way of doing business altogether Mrs. Todd.

Polly

You have that right Reverend, and he made a lot of money doing so! For a time, Durant was one of the wealthiest men in the world! It was said that he could change the stock tickertape with a single call - and by all accounts he did that more than once!

Rev

Between the two of them, Dort and Durant founded, bought, or sold all the early automobile companies in the area - Buick, Chevrolet, Cadillac, Oldsmobile. They combined them all and formed General Motors - and then things in Flint really began to change—

“CLERKS IN DEBATE” dialogue by Elizabeth Brooks with Nic Custer

(DOUBT accosts AMBITION, interrupting the REVEREND's tour text.)

DOUBT: That boss of yours takes too many risks!

AMBITION: Are you kidding? No Risk, no reward! If you haven't got the guts for it, maybe you should just follow Dort back to the hardware store!

DOUBT: You know that without his skills, this company would be no more than a bunch of empty promises. He never seeks the spotlight like Willie does. How will we ever convince people to buy this thing?

AMBITION: Listen, Durant can sell 22,000 cigars in two days, he can sell anything!

DOUBT: We're not talking tobacco now. This is a much bigger venture.

AMBITION: The bigger, the better. Why, before you know it, kings and potentate will be lining up on Saginaw Street for a motorcar! The sky's the limit!

DOUBT: Well, he'd better not count on Grandpa Crapo's money when it all goes sour! That train left when the old man took his last breath.

AMBITION: Not to worry. He'll be on top in no time. From then on, it's smooth sailing! And don't forget, the old governor took his own chances along the way and it paid off beautifully for him. Just watch. You'll see. Ol' Willie could charm the rattle off of a snake!

DOUBT: I just don't know—

AMBITION: *(motions to Anxiety to read the Dort ad)* Get a load of this!!

ANXIETY: *(holds ad so audience can see it, and recites, with great anxiety, the archival text seen on the ad.)*

“Any Member of the Family Can Drive this Car

Sane, sound mechanical construction combined with simplicity of controls makes the Dort an exceptionally safe and easy car to handle.

(Doubt approaches Anxiety, reading over her shoulder.)

The sturdiness and honesty of the whole car imparts an added feeling of confidence which means much to the new or timid motorist.

The owner of a Dort knows that he can place the utmost reliance in the powerful motor, the Westinghouse Starting and Lighting System, the trouble-proof rear axle and the quality that is in every part of the car.

Bring the family around to see the Dort.”

AMBITION: *“The quality goes clear through!!”*

(DOUBT grabs the ad and travels with FAITH. AMBITION recovers and takes offers arm to ANXIETY to move.)

AMBITION: *(taking ANXIETY's hand, leading her down the Dort steps.)* C'mon Honey.

Polly

Now over here is Mr. Edwin Wood, another fascinating character born nearby in Goodrich. A son of pioneers!

(Tour moves.)

Rev

Wood was appointed a special agent of the United States Treasury and began work on the Pacific coast, finding violations of the revenue and immigration laws. More than thirty persons, including the collector of customs, were indicted by a special grand jury he requested, and the government confiscated a steamship! The United States Supreme Court affirmed his actions in this case, ruling against criminals who had smuggled in opium and over 1500 illegal Chinese laborers. They had defrauded the government out of \$360,000! He solved other cases, too, in Boston and Detroit. Next, Wood served in politics and began writing. He died a hero - interred in a solid bronze casket, he was accompanied to his final rest here at Glen-Wood by four trucks-full of flowers.

Polly

The ring of shrubs behind me hides the markers of a very distinguished couple...

(Approaching Mott Island - we see AMBITION and ANXIETY aside McQuigg monument.)

Polly

Oh, look! On the corner. There...that touching memorial the young people bought to remember their friend, Charlie McQuigg. Nice boy- Bookkeeper at the Iron Works-Sad story.

(> HOPE and CHANCE take a tender moment in front of Mott Island. She gives him her anchor to wear around his neck. He wears it with a warm smile.)

Rev

Only 21 year of age, he died in a hunting accident. One minute they're laughing at the fact that all four of them missed the turkey, the next minute the trigger catches on Mr. Bacon's vest for a split second, and we lose a young man of such promise. He could have gone so far...

Polly

Well Mr. Eddy over here DID go far. "Two Thousand Miles on an Automobile", to be exact. That was the title of the book he wrote about his travels. My favorite quote was, let me see... "Michigan roads are all bad, but some are worse than others." Ain't it the truth?

Rev

A former newspaper publisher, Mr. Eddy wrote other books as well, about the law - he practiced law in Chicago- and books about modern art, too. He was considered an expert and his collection of art formed the nucleus of the modern art wing at Chicago's art museum.

Polly

Such a simple marker for someone so important. Why, he was painted by Whistler and sculpted by Rodin.

Rev

That's Rodin, Mrs. Todd. I wonder why he never commissioned a painting of his wife, Lucy Crapo Orrell Eddy? A governor's granddaughter should have her portrait done, wouldn't you say?

Polly

Yes, especially one who could write as well as she did. *(wink)*

(Curiosity suddenly appears from behind Rev and recites this stanza written by Lucy Crapo Orrell Eddy.)

Curiosity

*Night sleeps, day dawns, through the shadowy fir,
O'er the manzanita, wild wins whir,
Wake the purpling valleys, violet breezes stir.*

Rev

It's an age of miracles, Mrs. Todd. An age of miracles. Let's move along....

(POLLY and CURIOSITY gossip on the way about Helen Joy Morgan, who shot her lover dead in Glenwood in 1933.)

(Moving toward Jacob Smith - CHANCE takes out his flask. HOPE sees this, taking note, not judging.)

Rev

This monument honors one of the most colorful and mythic of our founding fathers. Jacob Smith. He fought in the War of 1812 - and later reconciled with the same Indians he had fought. He traded with them, was befriended by them, and in many ways considered one of them. They gave him the name *Wah-be-sins* - meaning "the Young Swan."

Polly

He started out with a wife and child in Detroit, and ended up in Flint with a passle of Indian children. When he served as an interpreter during negotiations of the Treaty of Saginaw in 1819, not only was he paid \$500, but many of the names listed who were to inherit land from the treaty were those of his children. A court case ensued, lasting over 30 years, and was finally decided in their favor, awarding the land to Smith's descendents.

Rev

For once I cannot contradict you - though I would be a bit less enthused by this indiscretion if I were you.

Polly

Times being what they were, Reverend, folks did what folks do! (*giving focus to PAYNE monument*) His daughter, Louisa, who eventually inherited all this land married the executor of her father's estate, Chauncey S. Payne. They donated land for four of Flint's churches.

(CURIOSITY admires Maria Stockton's grave.)

Rev

And his other daughter, Maria, came north from Detroit, marrying the early industrialist, Colonel Thomas B. W. Stockton. Colonel Stockton led the only Michigan battalion in the Mexican-American War and served in the Civil War, too. He was the fourth mayor of Flint and he and his wife were great philanthropists, founding the Ladies Library Society, one of the very first lending libraries in the West. They donated the land for what eventually became the Michigan School for the Deaf. They, too, represented the forward thinking folks of the time, who saw that pioneers needed civilization, and those folks who were deemed less fortunate needed to be helped. A new concept for the times.

(CURIOSITY smokes out CHLOE who is behind Jacob Smith doing research; ear buds in. ESPERANZA is seen in the far distance, to the west.)

(CHLOE skulks out the deep perimeter of the location)

Polly

But don't forget that those times were hard on many. It took many a soul to build the wealth of the well known people here. And folks weren't considered equal by any stretch. Woman answered to men, and folks who had color to their skin had the hardest time of all. You might have heard of the famous case of Dred Scott.

Rev

Yes, Mrs. Todd - a sad mark in our nation's history in which the Federal Court decided that folks of African heritage could not be considered lawful citizens of the United States, and had no rights. ...

(CHLOE stops. Takes out her ear buds. She is engaged. HOME and DEVOTION begin singing SIGH NO MORE LADIES in the distance at Crook plot.)

Rev

... Of course, this was later overruled by the Fourteenth Amendment.

Polly

Now I'm no lawyer, but I do know this- That sorry Dred Scott case was decided in part, by something that occurred back in 1836 --

(CURIOSITY moves along perimeter, giving focus to CHLOE.)

when a young woman named Rachel sued William Walker for her freedom and that of her son. She argued that once she was taken to the free state of Michigan by Colonel Stockton, where her son was born, she and the child should not have been transported back to Missouri and sold.

God's truth! The circuit court ruled that Colonel Stockton, could do with his property as he wished and granted her no rights. It's a good thing she won her case on appeal to the Missouri Supreme Court!

Rev

Yes, it took a lot of sadness and hardship for many in the past to gain the freedom folks now enjoy so unwittingly...didn't it Mrs. Todd?

Polly

Again we agree, Reverend. This might be a first. Two times in a quarter hour stretch! Land 'a Goshen!!

Rev

Well said, my lady. Shall we continue on?

(CURIOSITY is seen standing in front of a small white obelisk which overlooks Fox Hollow.)

CURIOSITY: "Ladies Library Association" [cut second weekend for time.]

The Ladies Library Association of Flint was the first of its kind perhaps in the known world at the time. Organized in 1851 and by invitation of Mrs. T. B. W. Stockton, a small band of ladies met at Mrs. Stockton's residence to consider the practicability of forming some society to meet the wants of the community, with their limited means, to supply the lack of culture for themselves and their families.

This work the ladies of Flint felt to be theirs. While the fathers, brothers, and husbands were felling the forests, erecting mills, tilling the soil, and building for their families new homes...the mothers, wives, daughters did what was in their power to furnish wholesome food for the intellect.

(NOSTALGIA, armed with his book and another bit of archival writing, chimes in.)

NOSTALGIA: I would, at this time, like to share a poem written for and read on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the library by the Honorable F. H. Rankin, Sr.

“Why talk of printing thoughts? Look around.
Upon these shelves the answer may be found--

REVEREND
(interrupting NOSTALGIA)

Another poem? I don’t fancy at poem at this time, Mrs. Todd...

POLLY
Yes, we’ll be here all night if we listen to every single poem he has written in that
book of his

(NOSTALGIA begins his poem again, and keeps talking even as the tour guides lead the audience away. He reaches for their ears.)

“Why talk of printing thoughts? Look around.
Upon these shelves the answer may be found...
No cave of rubies, no Goleonda’s mine,
No golden vein, no Oriental shrine,
E’er knew the wealth of treasure locked away-
Preserved in printed thoughts; that grand array
You ladies have accumulated here,
Which we, in this august centennial year-
Your quarter-centenary- have met to greet
The fruit of all your labors, so complete...”

(NOSTALGIA gives up, OR bows to any audience members who may’ve stayed behind to listen to his recitation.)

(Clarinet music/singing is heard coming from Mott Island)

Rev
Let’s venture on - the day draws long. Mind your step as we approach the sweet
music yonder.

(CHANCE suddenly appears, stumbling from one plot to another. He falls, and takes a very long time trying to balance himself to stand. REVEREND MEMORY sees this and begins to talk to the tour as they travel toward Mott Island.)

Rev

Now is perhaps a fine time to mention one of the most important movements of 19th century reform: TEMPERANCE. *(Looks at CHANCE, sighs.)* Men had to “face the world” then, in a tough, competitive manner, ever wary of being hoodwinked or bamboozled. Drinking alcohol, hard cider, beer, and whiskey in particular, became an enormous problem around the time this city was being established. Men, women, and children drank whiskey, brandy, or wine rather than milk or water, which were considered unsafe, and in many cases were. Tea and Coffee was just far too expensive.

This moral deterioration made temperance the first important reform movement of the 19th century. The early 19th century individual drank, on average, five gallons of whiskey per year. This caused many troubles - as it still does. So much so that whole movements formed to rehabilitate folks who had become drunkards.

Polly

Poppycrack! A dram never hurt a soul~!

Rev

Not so, Mrs. Todd, and you really should know that. You witnessed first hand the damage that drink could do - If I recall there were several incidences of men too drunk to be served at your tavern - who had to be escorted out by force.

Polly

Well, now that you mention~

Rev

And those same men, and sometimes women, were needed at home. There was no public assistance- you needed to work or you and yours would starve to death. And drunkenness caused even more troubles at work. As the industrial revolution grew, social change came from the top down. The factory owners, members of the newly developing middle-class, began to promote temperance.

Polly

No need to harp on about it. I remember all those temperance plays, and temperance clubs that sprung up around these parts. ‘Tis a pity when something so lovely as a drop can turn south on you and lead you astray.

Rev

Indeed, as they say Mrs. Todd, it is a primrose path that leads to hell...

Polly

I thought it was paved with good intentions...

(CHANCE stumbles into a tree at the top of the hill, and sleeps, as focus shifts to NOSTALGIA, travelling toward a tall grey obelisk. The tour stops to take in what NOSTALGIA admires.)

Rev

Please take note of the monument of Josiah Begole - who made his fortune in lumber.

He was the 23rd governor of Michigan and a fervent anti-slavery man. In 1884, he became the vice president of the Michigan Equal Suffrage Association, the first statewide suffrage organization in Michigan!

Polly

And his wife too, was a remarkable person. During the War Between the States, she traveled alone to nurse her sons back to health - and she too was a driving force in founding many civic groups. But we best get a move on before we overwhelm these folks with all this rich history!

Polly

When you say Flint one of the first things that comes to mind is the Mott Family.

Without Charles Stewart Mott we wouldn't have General Motors, The University of Michigan-Flint, or the Mott Foundation. We wouldn't have Applewood - or the Ruth Mott Foundation either! Nor would we have many of the fine pieces in the Flint Institute of Arts.

Rev

Nor the Mott Children's Hospital in Ann Arbor, Mott Community College, and neither the YMCA in Flint nor the Boy Scouts - both funded personally by CS himself. Like many other great men of his era, Rockefeller, Carnegie, JP Morgan - CS Mott believed in giving back. And his legacy continues enormously even today.

Polly

In 1939, this song was performed for Mr. Mott at the dedication of the MOTT CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

“MOTT TRIBUTE”

(HOPE, ANXIETY, CURIOSITY and DUTY sing and dance with PHILANTHROPY)

*Neighbor, neighbor I've been thinking
What a queer town this would be.
If Mr. Mott had clean forgotten
To remember you and me.*

*Just suppose we had no playgrounds
Where our boys and girls could play
And where even Dad and Mother
Come to drive dull care away.*

*Neighbor, neighbor I've been thinking
What a fine man he must be,
So to work for Flint's advancement
And her benefactor be.*

*'Twas as if he built a fountain
In the midst of grime and din
Said, 'Oh weary, heavy laden
Come and dip your cups within.'*

*Some found time for recreation
Others help to fight disease
Many came for education
Everyone of them find peace.*

*Neighbor, neighbor I've been thinking
That it's grand for you and me
There's a man within our town
Who so loves humanity.*

*We will tell our children's children
And not let it be forgot
He who does all this for Flint
Is our own dear Mr. Mott....
Mr. aah-and Mrs. Mott*

REV

Wonderful! Wonderful! Let's travel this way, shall we?

(Tour begins to travels east around Mott Island, and as they begin to travel, we see CHANCE stir from his slumber at the base of the tree to the west.

(HOPE leaves Mott Island, crossing the path to help CHANCE, who is trying to stand. She gently rights him, brushing him off. She does not scold him. He brushes her off, and walks toward the edge of the ravine behind Crapo plot. She calmly watches him go.)

(DEVOTION and POSSIBILITY are seen at the Crapo family plot, admiring the obelisk. POSSIBILITY has a letter in his hand.)

Rev

And now we have come to the family plot of, arguably, one of the greatest figures in Michigan history. Henry Howland Crapo.

Polly

When these folk moved here to Flint, Henry Crapo was already an old man of 52 -old for those days! He had already had several careers back east in New Bedford, Massachusetts, in farming, local politics, education, whaling, and finally lumber. In fact, it was lumber that brought him here - and by the time of the Civil War his lumbering company was the largest in the state.

Rev

Mrs. Todd. He became, the governor of Michigan at the end of the War Between the States - and he went on to be elected to a second term. He also was responsible for the bringing the railroads here, which, really changed our way of life dramatically.

Polly

Oh, that's the truth! Time was you couldn't get a thing around here unless you made your self. It was nice to replace rough homespun with fine and dainty things. The railroads brought plenty here - both folks and goods. And Mr. Crapo had such a lovely family too, all those lovely daughters - all 9 of them and only one boy!

“Father’s Letter”

POSSIBILITY

A letter from your father...

(DEVOTION reads the letter)

Flint, Michigan – December 23, 1860

My Dear – my very dear – Daughter, Mary Ann –

How long –how very long – it has been since I wrote you last; it has indeed been a great while, and I fear you will hardly overlook my long silence...

There is an imperative duty of maintaining always, with my children, that close, constant and affectionate correspondence which is so essential to foster & keep alive those sweet and happy emotions affection, -- which should ever be found in all families; as they might be a solace & comfort to all amidst the strife and turmoil, --the cares and anxieties, -- the labors and disappointments, -- and the ills and sorrows of life....

Why can't you all come & make a good long stay? Not exactly a visit, -- but come and be at home for a long time, -- and see how we live and spend our time. I know your husband Mr. Orrell would be interested in seeing how we look here, and what my business prospects are, what kind of society we have, -- and what the prospects of this country are for future growth and prosperity. Do come....

(POSSIBILITY now reads the letter)

Store your goods, or lock up your house and come and stay a long, long while. If Mr. Orrell should get uneasy I can set him "to work" – and work after all is the great business of life....nothing but "Work", "Work" – care, anxiety and "Work" -- all the time "Work". Sometimes I think that work would not be much if there could be occasionally some "slack-up", -- some respite; -- but this constant, unremitted drag gives no rest, -- but wears out not only the body but the spirits.

(DEVOTION now reads the letter)

And yet I do not envy the lazy, indolent person, and would by far prefer my life of toil with the consciousness that I am laboring not for myself so much as for dear & loved ones, At all events I am quite certain that steady labor in some useful employment, if not too constant and beyond your strength & the laws of health, is far more conducive to happiness than constant idleness.

.....But you will all come, -- won't you?

Rev

HH Crapo was a man who loved words. In fact, he wrote his own dictionary. How do you fancy that?! And his grandson was none other than WC Durant, who we heard

about earlier. But all that is, perhaps, for another tour my dear Mrs. Todd. I'm afraid we've reached the end of ours for today/tonight.

Polly

Well, that's a shame, Reverend. Just when we were starting to get along, too! I've enjoyed my time with you and I want to thank the folks for stopping by. Mind your step as we make our way back to the gate now...

(ESPERANZA is seen in the distance, down in the lower half of the cemetery, in the distance. She turns and begins to travel deeper into the labyrinth.)

“Let me Show You What I See”

(CHLOE emerges from the tour group - she has melded herself in to the group since the point when the group left the Colonel Stockton/Dread Scott event point.)

CHLOE/Improv dialogue

Aren't you going to go down there? Some of the best things about Glenwood are back down in there. Especially the statues of women...the statues of virtues....they are so moving...they really stay with you....etc.

(Students in group persuade teacher/tour guides to let Chloe lead tour.)

(Rev & Polly concede and let her lead the tour.)

(All 19th century characters descend into the labyrinth with the tour group, and disappear.)

CHLOE/Improv dialogue

Points out Whaley family plot, name reminds her of the Whaley Children's Home where a friend of hers received assistance.

Whaley was the president of Citizen's Bank, the bank her first bank account, the weather ball downtown...how did that poem go...?

(A tall male high school student from the teacher's group, WONDER, speaks up.)

WONDER: Oh, I think I know it!

(WONDER steps up onto the McFarlan/Whaley plot stairs, and speaks in a broadcaster voice.)

*When the weather ball is red, higher temperatures ahead
When the weather ball is blue, lower temperature is due
Yellow Light in weather ball means there'll be no change at all.
When colors blinks in agitation, there's going to be precipitation.*

(NOTE: Audience applauded each show. He bows and returns to the tour group.)

CHLOE/improv dialogue

I'd like to point out STONE family plot behind us....She notes that Oren Stone was a woolen mill entrepreneur, but also had a famous opera house, which was THE place to go for music, plays, entertainments in early Flint society. It was located where the Flint Journal newspaper is now.

CHLOE/improv dialogue

Speaking of Theatre and entertainment..this leads me to the THOMPSON plot, this monument here on the hill...renaissance man: sailor, politician, entrepreneur, BUT also a self-taught Shakespeare scholar and travelled the Midwest giving lectures and readings on Shakespeare.

(CHLOE pulls out a color copy of an archival document - it a program from the Shakespeare society's 1911 performance of Shakespeare revue.)

In fact, I found this in the Crapo family archives at the library at UM-Flint - -the Frances Willson Thompson Library - who, as a matter of fact, is buried right over there

(CHLOE points to the west, we see the Sexton's daughter playing with leaves near the bushes around the Willson Thompson plot.)

Anyway, I could just imagine all these important Flint people (reads from the color copy). "Mrs. Atwood, Mrs Dort, Mr. Lippencott" sitting around in their gowns and top hats and canes, doing Shakespeare for fun. I wonder what that would look like.

(CHLOE leads us down the hill, and we see rows of chairs near a crumbling staircase. The EH THOMPSON hill/plot is a prominent feature of the setting.)

(SONG: "Under the Greenwood Tree" is sung by the Shakespeare players as we take our seats and the players travel to us.)

“WILL ON THE HILL”

Shakespeare selections by Janet Haley with Nick Hale, archival language in ***bold italics*** from the 1911 program. Other dialogue by Janet Haley

NOSTALGIA: (*As our host:*)

Ladies and gentlemen!! Please take a seat for a special preview performance...
slated to show under the ***auspices of the Shakespeare Club’s ATTIC***
AUDITORIUM, 422 E. Kearsley Street

On Monday evening, May 11, 1911...!

We will present...!

A Polite, Pleasing Production with Plenty of Pathos and Pretty Wit!

Presented by the original cast of Popular Players in native costumes and scenery!

With the same elaborate, enchanting, electrical effects as produced at ‘BACON HOUSE’ (a la slaughter) near Sugar-Cure-on-the Ham!

Under the direction of...NOBODY RESPONSIBLE!

ALL:

An Off-Night with...Shakespeare’s Favorites!

NOSTALGIA: And with that, we begin. (*Actors don’t move.*) As Peter Quince would say in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*: “Masters, spread yourselves!”

(*AMBITION strides deeply and spreads his arms wide. NOSTALGIA shoos him away.*)

(*Actors take their places*)

NOSTALGIA Ah, the beginning. No better place for....a Prologue! For our prologue, I’ve selected fitting words from Shakespeare’s pastoral comedy, *As You Like It*. Here the Duke Senior revels in his "exile" from the court to the woods. He is glad to have

exchanged the cutthroat realm of inner-city politics for the honest simplicity of the remote glade of his exile. I think it is quite a fitting selection for our preview here tonight in Glenwood.

*Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile.
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?*

*...
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.*

(contemplative, sincere, vulnerable silence. Inhale/exhale.)

COURAGE: And now, we leave the sphere of the sentimental and the sincere ... which is so close to my nostalgic old heart.....in favor of an excerpt that will ignite the senses of those of you who beg for intrigue and scandal! Footlights up upon a scene from *Macbeth*, featuring Mrs. Curiosity Willett as the notorious, power-hungry Lady Macbeth!

(CURIOSITY poses to take focus)

And Mr. Courage Clark, playing her weakling husband and pawn in her journey to power....Macbeth

(COURAGE poses to take focus, salutes)

CURIOSITY “Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.”

COURAGE: “My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.”

CURIOSITY: “And when goes hence?”

COURAGE: “To-morrow, as he purposes.”

CURIOSITY: “O, never Shall sun that morrow see!”

COURAGE: Hold! Thank you, actors. Lady M, can we try a bit of a Scottish brogue? I feel it will serve to seat us more clearly in the world of this, the ‘Scottish play.’

CURIOSITY: Thank you, yes. *(rolls R from now on)*

“O, neveRRR shall sun that moRRow see! YouRR face, my thane, is as a book wheRRre men May RRRead strange matteRRRs. To beguile the time, Look like the time; beaRRR welcome in youRRR eye, YouRR hand, your tongue: look like the innocent floweRR, But be the seRRRpent undeRRR't. He that's coming Must be pRRovided foRRR...”

COURAGE: “We will speak further. *(corrects himself)* FuRRRRtheRRRR.”

CURIOSITY: “Only look up cleaRRR; To alteRR favouRR eveRR is to feaRR: Leave all the RRRest to me!”

(She disappears behind Thomson monument)

COURAGE: “Is this a daggeRRR which I see before me, The handle towaRRRd my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.”

(DUTY, the props mistress, dangles a wooden stick she has found nearby.)

(COURAGE grabs at it; DUTY attempts to toss it but it falls on the hill.)

(COURAGE looks at the stick on the ground, out of his reach.)

“I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. ARRT thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight? or aRRRt thou but a daggeRRR of the mind, I see thee yet, in foRRR m as palpable As this which now I dRRRaw...”

(CURIOSITY pops up from behind Thompson monument.)

CURIOSITY: Ring !!!

NOSTALGIA: Trill on the “R” please.

CURIOSITY: RRRRRRRRRRRRRRing!”

COURAGE: “I go! and it is done! the bell invites me.”

(CURIOSITY and COURAGE disappear behind Thompson monument.)

(HOME is seen, waiting/floating in the middle of the road for her cue.)

NOSTALGIA: Next up is Mrs. Domesticity Holmes

as the Queen of the Nile, in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* . She appears, longing for the return of her Mark Antony, on his noble horse -

(HOME interrupts and begins her descent down the path, interrupting)

HOME

"OOOOOOO...Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he? Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

(HOME cues clopping sounds made by company and DUTY with her sticks)

"O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony! Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest? The demi-Atlas of this earth..."

(New thought; stillness. Beat. Listens.)

"He's speaking now, Or murmuring *(does so, sotto voce with deliciousness)*
'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'

(aside to audience) For so he calls me...

(Continues with Shakespeare's verse, swooning and most inappropriate)

"Do so bravely horse. For wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-atlas of the EARTH..."

(NOSTALGIA interrupts her moment abruptly!)

NOSTALGIA And now we cut to a scene from *Hamlet* - with Mr. Ambition Lippencott as the vaulting Prince of Denmark, Hamlet, with Miss Anxiety Dort as his delicate sweetheart, Ophelia.

AMBITION: "To be...."

(turning to POSSIBILITY, setting him in his place)

or NOT to be... that is the question! "

(POSSIBILITY steps away with dignity; a patient yet condescending air)

(AMBITION goes up on his line.)

AMBITION: Let me see...where was I?

NOSTALGIA: Please cut to “Thus conscience does make cowards of us all...”

AMBITION: “Thus conscience does make cowards of us all...And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.”

(focus to ANXIETY on ancient stairs to Bliss plot)

“--Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia!”

(beat. Crosses to her)

“Nymph, in thy orisons Be all my sins remember’d.”

ANXIETY: “Good my lord, How does your honour for this many a day?”

AMBITION: “I humbly thank you; well, well, well.”

ANXIETY: “My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.” *(indicates the flower bouquet he gave her, on the steps)*

AMBITION: “No, not I; I never gave you aught.”

ANXIETY: “My honour’d lord, you know right well you did;
...Take these again...”

(ANXIETY cues DUTY to come to her to point to the flower bouquet)

ANXIETY: “There, my lord.”

AMBITION: “Ha, ha! are you honest?”

ANXIETY “My lord?”

AMBITION: “Are you fair?”

ANXIETY: “What means your lordship?”

AMBITION: “That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.”

ANXIETY: “Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?”

AMBITION: “Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd.... I did love you ONCE.”

ANXIETY: *(with hope and a smile)* “Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.”

AMBITION: “You SHOULD NOT have believed me; for virtue CANNOT so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it! I LOVED YOU NOT!!”

ANXIETY: “I was the more deceived....!”

AMBITION: “GET THEE TO A NUNNERY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

(ANXIETY runs up the stairs, crying, beginning with a squeal, and then a wee streaming sob, as if Betty Boop were crying...)

NOSTALGIA: Hold!...ahhh....yes.....ahhh....?

AMBITION: *(Drops Hamlet)* Honey? Honey? Aww, c’mon now, its only acting....it’s only a PLAY!

(AMBITION runs up the stairs, picks up the flower bouquet, and follows after her. DUTY follows.)

(We hear sobbing off in the distance grow during Shylock’s speech.)

NOSTALGIA: Let us turn to a scene from ***The Merchant of Venice***, featuring lines from the brilliant character of Shylock, the oppressed outsider, beseeching compassion from the ruling class. Mr. Possibility Fitzgerald, please, your time has come to bring to life the heroic voice of Shylock!

POSSIBILITY:

“...if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation... cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason?”

(DOUBT crosses behind POSSIBILITY, as if to leave the performance up the hill)

“I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Not... hands, organs... senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer...?”

(FAITH then crosses behind POSSIBILITY, after DOUBT.)

If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh?

(NOSTALGIA then follows after FAITH and DOUBT, and tries to negotiate DOUBT to stay. HOME is dancing with a pine cone. CURIOSITY is giggling/flirting with COURAGE. ANXIETY is sobbing, AMBITION/DUTY try to console her. The volume increases under the next line.)

if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. Why, revenge.”

(turns to face the disrespectful actors behind him)

“WHY REVENGE!”

(all actors freeze. HOME drops a pine cone.)

(POSSIBILITY turns to face the audience, one hand held high as a warning to the actors behind him.)

“The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.”

(CURIOSITY giggles, ANXIETY sobs a quick sob.)

(POSSIBILITY has reached the last straw. He looks at DOUBT and FAITH.)

POSSIBILITY: Cut to....**ROMEO AND JULIET** !!!!!!!!!!!!!

(POSSIBILITY storms out down the hill to the Orrell plot)

POSSIBILITY: *(sotto voce, exiting)* Amateurs.

NOSTALGIA: Yes! May I introduce Miss Faith Clarke as Juliet and Mr. Doubt Atwood as Romeo!

(NOSTALGIA smacks DOUBT on the shoulder; DOUBT quickly turns to face audience, frozen still. NOSTALGIA crosses DR, looking on.)

FAITH

“Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear...
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.”

DOUBT

“It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love...
Night's candles are burnt out, and” jakunnd - jokooond?

ANXIETY: *(coaching with certainty, brightly, from the stairs.)* It's Jaah-kund...

DOUBT: *(cutting into that aside)* ... “Jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”

(over it, frankly, to FAITH)

“I must be gone and live, or stay and DIE.”

FAITH: “Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I... Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.”

DOUBT: “Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so...
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so...”

FAITH: *(subtext: ok, then, fine, leave!)*
“It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.”

(new thought of frankness; daring to state the obvious)

“Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us...
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.”

DOUBT: “More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!”

(DOUBT drops out, sits on steps, sulking.)

(NOSTALGIA is flabberghasted, doesn't know what to do.)

FAITH: *(looking to NOSTALGIA)* Please.

NOSTALGIA: I....I.....Well, this isn't the next line in the scene...

FAITH: I have faith that someone out there knows these lines. *(or can be a look to the audience, conveying the thought.)*

REVEREND MEMORY: *(bolts from his audience position, with inspiration from Edwin Booth's recordings...)*

REVEREND MEMORY: "But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

(FAITH runs halfway up the Thompson hill, tingling with excitement!)

It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief..."

...

"It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

(All ladies take a few steps in toward Reverend Memory)

I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

(All female players put hand to cheek. Men put hands on chins/jaws/beards.)

"See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!"

FAITH: "Ay me."

All other ladies: "Ay me!"

DOUBT: *(grouchy; over it, sulking in the roots of the tree near stairs.)* Ay, ME!

(All players except DOUBT circle REV MEMORY, like paparazzi. DOUBT descends into Scumble Drive, FAITH follows him.)

NOSTALGIA: *(to audience)* Gentles! Oh, thank you for your kind audience. Oh, how Nostalgia doth unite and engage us with the words of William Shakespeare! **Be sure to join us next Saturday evening for “TUB NIGHT: A MELODRAMA.”**

“MEMORY OF THE GIFT OF A CEMETERY PEAR”

(REVEREND MEMORY sees the Sexton’s daughter, GENEROSITY, appear at the top of Bliss stairs. She offers him a cemetery pear. He takes it. She skips up the steps, then sees him still standing there. She waves him to follow her. He moves up the steps quickly towards her, takes her hand, and they disappear - heading toward Orrell plot, where they will next be seen.)

“A GLIMPSE OF HOPE”

(DOUBT and FAITH chase up scumble drive. FAITH continues up Bliss stairs.)

(DOUBT gets his first glimpse of ESPERANZA. He stops, still, stares, stumbles at the asphalt plank, and falls. FAITH does not see ESPERANZA.)

(FAITH giggles at DOUBT sitting in the dust. DOUBT rallies from his vision, and hurries up Bliss stairs, laughing and chasing after her.)

CHLOE: *(regarding DOUBT).*

Well, it looks like somebody got his act together.

(CHLOE motions the audience to follow her to Rankin plot, where NOSTALGIA and POSSIBILITY are seen.)

“RANKIN-ORR MASH UP”

CHLOE/Improv dialogue

Rankins were Irish immigrants, Wolverine Citizen newspaper; Arabella ran it after her husband’s death. Mr. Rankin Jr was the author of the sentimental letter of Glenwood we heard at the top of the tour...

NOSTALGIA

MR RANKIN,

Dear Sir: Not having had an opportunity of visiting Glenwood Cemetery for several months, I was glad to avail myself of the kindness offered me by a friend to

accompany him there --

(Suddenly, from the high school group, DEFIANCE, makes herself known. She is a young woman dressed in black, with accessories of skulls and skeletons interrupts. She has colorful streaks in her hair and about her neck in a scarf. She jets up from the tour group to stand on a 20th century broken concrete corner of a wall near Rankin)

The following text is from a poem by Flint poet, Alea Orr, written in 2009.

DEFIANCE

In early spring a friend and went to inspect,/ take some demographic inventory of the names
and dates/ From the elaborate headstones in the old cemetery on the west side of town.

They gathered from as far away as England to tame this Midwestern ground,/ thick,/ wild./
Now I can see Elegant men and women,/ I can hear their ringing laughter,/ like bells, and
sparkling like stars throughout the low valley.

I, falling to paw at the sphagnum moss in front of the Durants/ sniffing, jumping, sprinting,
alive/ a wild thing/ me, like a doe among the dead.

My friend is taking notes,/ so I take a moment of heaving sorrow/ To watch the shadows of
the budding branches that point towards/ The Thayers,/ The Begoles,/ The Stones./ Before
they were street names, they were families.

Here lay their loved ones,/ here lay They/ who started it all.

(exploding)

The city of Flint stretches like a wound, scattered with trash, broken liquor bottles that cut
the barefoot ghosts of the children who hunt still for arrow heads. And from here I can see
the fires that now rage, obliterating the dreams of J. Dallas Dort and Charles Durant.

If we look deep inside ourselves we know/ We don't deserve it, that we/ Are not the rightful
heirs/ Of this proud Northern heritage./ We lack the backbone to survive,/ We let it burn so
we can leave one day/ Without guilt.

*(DEFIANCE leaves, grabbing her peers, WONDER and COOPERATION, and the three of them
move toward lamp post USR of Resurgam)*

NOSTALGIA

(recovering, with assurance to the audience)

*Yet with the hope of a blessed hereafter it is pleasant among the toils into which we
must plunge while here, to remember that there are spirits watching for us, low
winds waiting to lull us, and beauty to watch over us...and a lap of undisturbed*

peace like thine own dear Glenwood to receive us when our work is done and our labor finished.

“A CHANCE TO RISE”

(CHANCE is seen coming down the road. He looks up at Boss Monument, admiring the handiwork he and his peers have done. He turns 180 degrees and sees Scumble Drive. He recognizes this is his lot in life - the crumble, the fall, the forgotten. HOPE begins singing the lullaby, “All Through the Night.” CHANCE runs to her at Webber plot stairs. She presents a baby rattle. He takes it, rattles it, now he understands. HOPE is pregnant. He dashes up the steps to hold her. He listens to her womb. They are overjoyed. CHANCE leads his beloved wife off to the west.)

CHLOE: Baby is on the way.

(CHANCE ascends the stairs and hugs HOPE’s womb. They have a moment, and gently walk together, harmonious and full of hope, around the Bishop plot fence.)

CHLOE draws out attention to a beautiful statue of a classically-dressed woman, whose cloak covers a cross. This is the Resurgam/Newton monument.

“RESURGAM: SOLDIERS OF GREAT WARS”

*Text written by Nic Custer from notes of interviews with local teachers
concept by Janet Haley*

CHLOE/improv dialogue

The misunderstanding...thinking that the large word, “Resurgam” on the base of the monument was the surname, but it is Latin for “I WILL RISE AGAIN.” It pays to do your research. I love google on my phone. I can look up anything, anytime.

(CHLOE motions us to sit in front of Resurgam.)

DUTY: *(introduces, appears on the road in front of Resurgam/near audience):* “We have all made a promise in Latin, ‘Resurgam’, to rise again after the fall. When our flames are extinguished, we hope that our examples still burn. Each person can affect history, everyone can be an inspiration. Live to the fullest now and be resurrected in posterity. Rise again.”

(DUTY turns to face COURAGE)

COURAGE: *(moves forward toward audience)* “...Jenny, my love,/

I am not sure what I expected from this conflict but the Great War has snowballed into nothing more than a tragic spectacle.

(COURAGE jumps down beside the hill, DUTY then turns and begins to travel slowly toward her Brent position.)

I write this letter from the crude foxhole where I am stationed

Shell craters and dried blood litter the trench like a dirtied autograph from the sorry S.O.B.s that fortified it before me. The narrow pathway is stuffed with confused young men ready to die for their countries. I'm Praying they live./

Here, chaos is the only rhythm I can understand. Advance, mortar, mortar, liberate, fortify, advance. Each soldier a cog in the war machine churning out death and disillusionment./

It makes me think of home. The trenches swarm with people like Flint's streets. The clatter and spewing of automobiles is bested here by iron behemoths haunting the landscape. People everywhere talk of the horrible 'Hun Stuff' shelled down from the sky as a sickly yellow gas. The chemicals hover, invisible for days, waiting to burn anyone that comes close./

It's strange. Those poisonous clouds remind me of the black plumes from the factories in Flint melting and warping metal./

What will happen to our world when the forgotten fumes settle into the streets? Will our piece of paradise turn in a blackened wasteland?/

If these few months have taught me anything it is to never let beauty be sacrificed to the flames of **progress...**

(TEACHER stands from audience position and speaks, COURAGE ducks for cover in the trench/curve in the hill-path, SL of Resurgam)

(TEACHER's students, WONDER, DEFIANCE and COOPERATION are seen in the distance, hanging out around a lamppost, on cellphones, texting, carving into the lamppost.)

TEACHER: "...Progress, Isn't that what you would want for your students? These kids are grasping but I see that spark fade more and more each day. We try to teach a love for learning but students only learn to count down until they can drop out. The young in our schools have little to no resources and fewer people that care. The school board doesn't suffer when students are cheated out of a good start and in the end, it is this city that will suffer when it can't produce its own leaders. Flint's diaspora has been maliciously sent into the world with apathy and misguided ideas that murder and

arson are part of everyday life. The fault for this lies in all of our hands. It lies in the spoiled milk of easy jobs that this has been suckled on for decades. It lies with you, for cutting budgets while holding on to delusions that things would go back to normal. And it lies with me, for not speaking up until now. So with sincere regret, I tender my resignation from this fought-for post of **18 years...**"

(WONDER walks toward audience from the lamppost company of DEFIANCE and COOPERATION.)

WONDER: "**18 years** of arrested development. And no closer to knowing what I want to do with my life.

Option one: Finish high school, join the army, serve my country and make money for my family.

Option two: Finish high school, find a few scholarships and student loans, grab a teaching degree and change minds.

Option three: Drop out and take up a serious interest in the classifieds or the weight of a plastic baggie.

What should I **become...**"

(CHLOE emerges from the audience position, indicating TEACHER.)

CHLOE: "...'**become** what you already are,' she taught me that first.

Renaming me Chloe, by virtue of words, she spelled out emotions in Esperanto.

Carrying meaning through her teaching, reminding us that

the universal is rooted beneath everyday language. She taught me too,

that her strength was mine, that I could tap into at anytime.

She was the first prospector to pan gold from my pen the first to polish my rocky start into diamonds of pride.

Teacher is too small of a title, what about Life Saver from when she braved the harsh seas

of my sinking penmanship, risked her own not knowing she was **saving a life...**"

(CHLOE touches the pencil in her teacher's hand)

TEACHER: "...**Saving a life.** It's incredible thinking about it...When former students come up to me, out of the blue... and have memories of...things I did or said that had

an enormous impact on them...sometimes I can't even remember what the ex-student did, but that doesn't matter. THESE kinds of moments, where you've impacted a life, or saved a life, in some way, makes it all worth it..."

(TEACHER and CHLOE embrace. STUDENTS look on at them, in wonder. CHLOE turns to the audience.)

CHLOE: Oh, you'll never know what you'll find back here! Would you like to see one of my favorite places in the cemetery?

(We walk. TEACHER and DEFIANCE also have a moment of connection. WONDER, COOPERATION, DEFIANCE and TEACHER connect. All is well.)

(We arrive in front of the Orrell family plot. CHLOE points out this is one of her favorite spots...and reminds us of letter we heard from HH Crapo to his daughter Mary Ann and her husband Mr. Orrell - - here they lie.)

(REV and the Sexton's child, GENEROSITY, appear from around the bend of the Bishop plot iron fence. She places the cemetery pear on Mary Ann's headstone. She runs down the stairs and back up to her house.)

"LOSING FAITH"

(Suddenly, FAITH appears, running and giggling. She hides behind Turner Angel. DOUBT appears and looks for her. A bit of hide and seek. He finds her. He picks her up. He lowers her. Stillness. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a blue ring box. He goes down on one knee and offers the ring box. She is still. She turns the other way. She turns back, as if to say, "I need to think." She walks away. He crumples. He sees ESPERANZA. He drops the ring box and runs. ESPERANZA picks up the ring box. CHLOE motions us on, commenting on what we've just seen.)

CHLOE: I guess things don't always turn out the way you hope they will.

CHLOE/improv dialogue

Indicates the plot of the BELCHER family, Civil War husband and son, both lost to the war. The wife/mother, MARY BELCHER, was an inspiration for me - her loss and her

flowers, and how she was beloved by her community. How she was famous for her flower gardens, and how her funeral had 12 pallbearers and the funeral procession was the length of the road from Glenwood to Saginaw St downtown. She made her life and her town beautiful with her flowers, even though she was steeped in grief for decades. She never remarried, but remained a public servant.

CHLOE/improv dialogue

Now here's someone who didn't adapt to change so well. One FRANCESCA BRENT. HOME is seen sitting on the BRENT plot, under an oak tree, fanning herself with a white fan, swatting at mosquitoes. DUTY holds a tray with a stein on it beside her.

FRANCESCA was a Spanish aristocrat who married a Washington D.C. gentleman named Thomas Brent. The Brents were society people, and friends to President and Dolly Madison. In his mid-life, Thomas decided to pick up and move west, buying up lots of land in what is now Flushing, MI. His intention was to build a glorious estate. But he died before the house was complete. Francesca sold off all the belongings to try and survive, and there are lots of stories of her running away with a carpenter; nonetheless, she vanished and their belongings vanished, and their estate was dismantled and sold off to pay debts.)

CHLOE: I can only imagine what she looked like. Stranded in the wilderness of early Flint, in her proper chair and muddy cabin, holding a dainty tea cup and swatting at black flies and mosquitoes with her fine Spanish fan. All alone, except for a dutiful lady in waiting. If only the Ladies' Library Association had been around to help out poor Francesca Brent.

“SCREAMING LADIES”

CHLOE: Mrs. Eddy, who was Miss Lucy Crapo Orrell, the granddaughter of Governor Henry Howland Crapo, wrote some very charming verse, the following being written for “A California Flower Calendar”

(Each poetry-reciting lady holds a bouquet of locally grown dried flowers, colors of fall, wrapped in brown paper: purples, mauves, faded golds and greens)

CURIOSITY

Night sleeps, day dawns, through the shadowy fir,
O'er the manzanita, wild wins whir,
Wake the purpling valleys, violet breezes stir.

DEVOTION/GRIEF

Daffodils and jonquils, rain drops fall,
Winter storms are brewing, song birds call;
Blooms the Rose of Sharon, loveliest of all.

COOPERATION

(speaks in her native language of Tawain, a poem she herself has written)

XXXX
XXXXX
XXX
XXXXXX

HOPE

Blow wistaria blossoms, blow acacia tree,
Orange boughs and almond, purple fleur-de-lis,
Cherokee anemone, winds of Arcady.

ANXIETY

Sunbells, could-bells, wild flowers fair;
Songs of mountain waters, ringing in the air;
Mariposa lilies, poppies everywhere.

FAITH

Gold of Ophir roses, touch and go.
Fleeting as the sunset's afterglow,
When we try to woo them, away they blow.

*(CURIOSITY, DEVOTION, COOPERATION, HOPE, ANXIETY and FAITH turn and travel
toward HOME, who sits in a chair on the Brent plot.)*

*(TEACHER picks up a brilliant branch of oak leaves from the ground just beneath her
feet, and chimes in.)*

TEACHER

Through the Jacaranda sapphire blossoms swing,
Like a flock of blue-birds fluttering on the wing,
Joy is in the tree-tops, sweetly carolling.

DEFIANCE

(picks up a single brilliant red maple leaf, and participates willingly)

Myrtles wreathed in rose mists, crown the wandering breeze,
Bend the laden fruit-boughs, drone the honey-bees,
In the phlox, hollyhocks, oleander trees.

(TEACHER & DEFIANCE join the group of ladies that flank HOME/FRANCESCA BRENT)

ALL LADIES

Fragrant are the vineyards, blue graves twine,
Flash the tiny sickles, stripping every vine,

(HOME stands, and takes the beer stein from DUTY's tray)

From a thousand presses flows the ruby

(Ladies extend the vowel to see how long they can last)

wine.

(HOMEas Francesca Brent outlasts everyone by a long shot. When she is done, she chugs the beer stein like a shot. The ladies cheer and applaud. The audience typically applauded too.)

**“COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT ON FIRE”
COLONEL WILLIAM M. FENTON’S UNTIMELY END**

(DEFIANCE is seen trying to light a cigarette at the base of the FENTON/MCCREERY PLOT.)

CHLOE: HEY! You can’t smoke here! C’mon, open flame in a historical landmark filled with dead branches and dried leaves! C’mon!

(DEFIANCE stops and stares.)

(DEFIANCE puts the matches away ,stomps off to Forgotten Valley, toward the east.)

CHLOE: *(pause).* Sorry--?

CHLOE/improv dialogue

Speaking of fire...it brings me to another Virtue statue here, that I love, here at the Fenton/McCreery plot. Colonel W. M. Fenton was a military man, a politician, an entrepreneur...and, by the way, he was a volunteer firefighter.

At age 63, he responded to a call to help fight a fire. He ran into a hitching post trying to fight the fire and later died of internal injuries because of his accident.

Now, that is public service. At his age. He didn't have to be out fighting fires. But he did, because he felt it was right. There have been lots of fires in Flint lately...

(indicates the virtue statue on the plot)

CHLOE/improv dialogue

I don't know if you can see it very well, but this woman has her cloak full of flowers. According to my research, she is the virtue of Generosity - symbolized by the bounty of flowers in her cloak. I think she is very beautiful. She reminds me of Mary Belcher, showering flowers and beauty wherever she goes.

“WITHERBEE: Once I learn something new, I see it everywhere”

(CHLOE leads the tour to the WITHERBEE monument. She mentions that she has bought groceries at the new downtown grocery store...and then realized that it's not just a cute name, but a Flint family. The patriarch owned a drug store and merged into finance in the community. [the owners of Witherbee grocery are members of our community partner, Genesee County Historical Society.])

(HOPE is heard singing a lullaby in the distance, near the Morrison plot)

“I SEE MY NAME, I FEEL CONNECTION”

written by Garrett Zwerk and developed by Jessica Flemming.

(HOPE singing a lullaby, “All Through the Night,” gives focus to her baby rattle. CHLOE brings tour group over to the MORRISON plot.)

(CHLOE discussed seeing her name, “CHLOE MORRISON” on the monument. How that was her initial point of engagement with this cemetery, and caused her to look up many names, dates, etc...this was the thing that started her quest to understand local history. CHLOE withholds something private, still...there is a sense we still don't know something very important about CHLOE's quest.)

(CHLOE mentions wearing down of the limestone monument, touches stone. This is an important moment. CONTACT.)

(The moment Chloe touches the stone Hope stops singing and puts her head down. Beats as follow: Touch and stop singing, Chloe looks over to Hope, Hope looks up, moment of connection. Silent agreement to begin dialogue)

CHLOE

I had been coming here for a few months, but it was for more of an escape, you know? I saw this whole place as a simply “not Flint.” Kind of like an opposite of the burned out houses dotting a lot of the neighborhoods. You see true green here. (beat) I thought to myself, “Okay, Chloe you’re here, not out there with the rest of everyone else who is either too busy and getting in your way, or simply getting in your way.” It was more of just the better alternative to spend time here appreciating the peaceful aesthetic of the place. Well, that all changed. I was walking around here one morning in the beginning of summer, and I saw my name on a monument. It’s the craziest thing, I just saw my name etched in stone, and something... clicked inside of me. Suddenly every space in the grounds just ... lit up when I looked around. The edges of headstones and trees seemed more pronounced, and light and shadow danced in the outline of leaves around me. (beat) Hey, might sound a bit weird, but that was when I truly felt welcome here.

HOPE

(sings) I my loved ones’ watch am keeping...

CHLOE

Chloe Morrison (*it feels... odd... mentioning that name*) outlived her husband by almost thirty years. I remember reading somewhere that he drowned when his boat capsized. Just think, thirty years of solitary prayer...

HOPE

(sings) ...all through the night.

CHLOE

I can’t imagine how she could have coped for so long. It would have taken so much strength... so much...

HOPE

Hope.

(*CHLOE notices HOPE, shrugs it off, continues speaking.*)

CHLOE

I bet Chloe chose her husband’s epitaph. I always feel more connected to her, to this place when I read it. “Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul.”

HOPE

“... both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.” Hebrews 6:19.

(CHLOE once again notices HOPE, this time takes a beat longer to ignore her imagination interacting with her.)

CHLOE

She passed at the age of eighty-five, and I distinctly remember one line from her obituary.

CHLOE and HOPE (unison)

“From her infancy she aimed for what was highest and purest, and throughout her busy life always had time to assist all who came to her and were worthy of

HOPE

Hope.

CHLOE

Help.

(CHLOE and HOPE look at each other.)

“DOUBT’S MISTAKE”

(CHLOE and HOPE are interrupted by DOUBT and FAITH, who began arguing at the HART plot, to the east of MORRISON plot. We hear their arguing, but we don’t hear the content of their argument. FAITH crosses away from DOUBT, he follows her. They are US/behind Morrison. ESPERANZA watches the conflict from the Masonic Circle, across the road.)

(FAITH makes to leave the argument, DOUBT suddenly takes her elbow. The abrupt contact causes her to tumble down the hill. She disappears. DOUBT is frozen: How did it come to this? He strokes the back of his head. He turns and sees ESPERANZA. They are still. Suddenly, ESPERANZA turns and runs back into the interior of the cemetery. DOUBT turns back to FAITH, who stands and runs down the hill, deep into Forgotten Valley. He begins to travel toward ESPERANZA’s path.)

(FAITH stops down in Forgotten Valley. She turns and looks toward DOUBT. Who is gone - lurking over at the aluminum gate at the top of Forgotten Valley drive.)

“FORGET ME NOTS” - an image imagined by Nic Custer

(We see ANXIETY standing over a sleeping AMBITION, in Forgotten Valley. She holds a flower from the bouquet he gave her. We see DEFIANCE, standing over a stump, attempting to light her cigarette, using a book of wooden matches.)

(ANXIETY pulls a petal from her flower)

ANXIETY: He loves me.

(DEFIANCE's match blazes)

(ANXIETY pulls another petal.)

ANXIETY: He loves me not.

(DEFIANCE's match blows out.)

(ANXIETY and DEFIANCE continue this pattern, as ANXIETY walks up the carriage path, a scumble drive with an aluminum gate at the top of the paved drive.)

CHLOE/Improv dialogue

Introduces TATTOO TREE AS A “POET-TREE”...an inspiration to her for Haiku. She points out the ash tree laden with carvings : Jay + Jen “I hope things worked out for them,” she says. She describes how this tree looks like a spoken word poem to her, and inspired many poems written by herself and her friends. She wonders what it would look like if 19th Century citizens of Flint could speak the poetry of today's poets.)

(The following haiku were written by members of the acting company on site at Glenwood Cemetery, August 7, 2010, our first full company rehearsal.)

COOPERATION

I see "B"
Seed become a tree
Came for earth back to earth.

HOPE

Unsure of my world
I enter the gate to find
The hope that restores.

ANXIETY

Resurgam. Restore.
Bring back to life what was lost.
Glenwood echoes hope.
He loves me.

CURIOSITY

We find ourselves locked
Inside our life's icebox, our
Refrigerator.

DUTY

Sunlight, dirt, sirens
Yesterday's dreams and sorrows
Beauty - then and now.

DEVOTION *(indicating the fresh stump to her left)*

The old woman dies
Her burden has been lifted
Time will not forget.

CHLOE *(all look toward Morrison)*

Her eyes look skyward
Hands abreast, gliding home on
Broken angel wings.

COOPERATION

But can't we just enjoy the space?

“WAKE” *poem by Destiny Dunn*

(POSSIBILITY grabs our attention like an assault, turning out attention 180 degrees. He and DOUBT are seen near the aluminum gate, next to another scumble drive. In the background, the remnants of a once-thriving 20th century auto plant is seen, the 21st century lights of Kettering University bounce off the concrete riverbank of the Flint River flood control project.)

POSSIBILITY and DOUBT share this poem, in a contemporary spoken-word style.

WAKE.

Smoke winds around the skeletal frame of my home
as shrieks and the wounded cries of sirens
stab through the ribs that miles of pavement create.
Perfect perplexity brings a cautious hand to touch
the claw marks on the heart
of decaying Goliath brought to his knees

Poor, hungry, tired cement orphans click back hammers to deadly beats,
tables sit empty- instead of plates and cups a coffin sits.

And we sigh,

There is no peace here,

only pieces- broken and muddy
as this dollar fills a bruised fist with power
for each and every tired hour
we watch blank television sets from the top of an empty parking structure.

(CHANCE appears and sits with flask, at the base of an oak tree. He is anxious.)

The buildings wink deceptive yellow eyes daring these revolutionary children to be
crushed like flies,

for children we are

in the labyrinth of fire where even a car can only take you miles per dollar on a road
that leads

back here

where the ventricles of your heart house brittle dreams and screams

that escape throats in sweet-smelling smoke sans the sound.

*(HOPE appears from behind the audience, walking slowly, holding the silver baby
rattle. She looks at POSSIBILITY and DOUBT.)*

(POSSIBILITY looks at HOPE...is it good news she has?)

POSSIBILITY: One hope wriggles ?

(It is the opposite of good news.)

POSSIBILITY: and dies --

(POSSIBILITY and DOUBT watch her walk away in awe.)

*(CHANCE pelts acorns at the aluminum gate DOUBT and POSSIBILITY inhabit. They
disperse, unaware of CHANCE, but aware of acorns falling.)*

“CHANCE DISAPPEARS”

(HOPE is seen at Wisner BABY headstone, standing behind it but facing the road. She sings the lullaby softly to the baby rattle in her gloved hands.)

(CHANCE travels to her. They face one another, the headstone between them. She places the baby rattle on the headstone; it makes a tender clink as the silver form lands on the granite.)

(CHANCE sinks to the ground. He draws out his empty flask. It clinks gently as it hits the pavement. He is still. She watches him. They are still. Breeze. Leaves. Sounds of the industrial world beyond. Perhaps the bells ring from Kettering's carillon.)

(CHANCE looks up at HOPE.)

(CHANCE stands and turns and walks off, going off the path to the fenced green bushes of the edge of the cemetery. HOPE watches him go in silence.)

(CHANCE disappears.)

(HOPE looks at the rattle/headstone, then turns 180 to face the open space of the Masonic Circle behind her. She begins to sing again.)

(CHLOE begins to walk, the audience follows her. Silence. No words.)

“FAITH RESTORED”

(Audience walks, in silence, past HOPE who sings softly as she slowly walks to the center circle of the rear of the cemetery [the Sexton calls this the Masonic circle as the masons own it].

(The twilight grows grey, and the breeze blows about us.

(Suddenly, from behind two close trees, FAITH appears and begins to walk in front of the tour group.)

(As the road bends, we see DOUBT frozen, sitting on the concrete wall that DEFIANCE stood on earlier to speak Alea Orr's defiant poem.)

(FAITH sees him and stops. He does not move. She decides to travel on.)

(ESPERANZA appears with the ring box. She gently takes his hand and places the ring box in his palm. He animates, slowly. He rises.)

(DOUBT feels the ring box in his hand, and sees ESPERANZA. He turns to see FAITH near the Webber plot. He is still.)

(FAITH turns. He begins to walk to her....she holds his gaze. She reaches her arms to him. He ascends the Webber stairs.)

(The reunion isn't easy; it is wide and filled with awe, questioning...They take each others' hands, and their foreheads gently touch.)

(CHLOE speaks the epitaph of the grey obelisk to her left)

CHLOE: From the bible, 2 Timothy, 4:7 -- "I have finished my course, I have kept my faith..."

A fitting verse for this moment. It is, as a matter of fact, the epitaph on this grey obelisk that leads to a wonderful clearing, with a great view of my favorite statue. Please follow me.

"IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL"

ALEX'S REVELATION/improv dialogue from outline.

My family is buried on the east side of this cemetery. My immigrant family from Palestine weathered conflict and loss and change - I am filled with anxiety as I consider graduation and the future, but knowing my family's story, knowing Flint's story - both of struggle and change, gives me hope that I will be okay. That everything will work out. This knowledge warms me, like my grandmother's scarf. My grandmother is here, in Glenwood, and here, in me.

CHLOE'S REVELATION/improv dialogue

Thank you for sharing that with me. You know, I've never shared this with anyone, but....I started coming to Glenwood to find out who I was. I had always heard I was related to Jacob Smith, but I didn't want to be. I didn't care. I didn't want to care. But the day I dared to come here, at last...standing on Jacob Smith's grave over there by Maria Stockton...I felt this connection to everyone buried beneath my feet, and a connection to all the descendants of people who are buried here...it was like I was standing on an immense blanket, a delicate web of connection...like a spiderweb...nearly invisible, yet strong, flexible, can battle the wind.

I began researching, writing, scribbling. I would come here to disappear.

And now, having led you all, showing you some of what I see here, what this place inspires in me....I realize, it doesn't matter if I am literally related to Jacob Smith, or

anyone else buried here. I am a part of this city. I belong. You listened to me, and it felt so good to share this place with you. I don't fancy talking to people much, but after today, I think I will. And I know that I belong here. Flint is my home, and I should tend to it like that widow tended her flowers, like Col Fenton fought those fires. Connecting to my home feels good. It makes things well with my soul.

(HOPE has been listening to CHLOE's revelation. She begins to sing "It Is Well With My Soul", a standard protestant hymn.)

(After HOPE sings one verse solo, the TEACHER joins in on the chorus, singing in harmony.)

(19TH CENTURY ENSEMBLE, except for CHANCE, appears with lanterns and sings the first verse and chorus as a choir. ESPERANZA is seen, running free, and perches on Morrison.)

(The ensemble hums the melody line in unison, as CHLOE offers a benediction, pulling the Glenwood walking brochure from her hope tote, which she now turns to reveal the silkscreen word on the canvas tote, which has been there all along.)

CHLOE:

This is from the 1855 Glen-Wood brochure:

*Long may this fair enclosure be preserved, unmarred by mistaken taste -
undeseccrated by rude hands.*

*Here the worn and weary citizens will find a momentary but soothing retreat
from bustle and toil.*

Here may Sorrow and pensive Meditation ever find a home.

*And hither, let even the idle and the thoughtless come, to learn the lesson of
their own mortality from the eloquent but unobtrusive teachings of the tomb."*

(The humming and the benediction complete at the same time. The ensemble looks about in wonder. The ensemble begins the hum again, now turning 180 degrees to return to the entrance of Glenwood.)

CHLOE: Thank you for sharing Glenwood with us.

(The audience and actors walk together as a unified community, in the lanterns and twilight, to the entrance where their shuttle awaits.)