PLAYING WITH THE KERSLEY PLAYERS:
CONTEMPORARY FOLK DRAMA IN A
BRITISH COLUMBIA COMMUNITY
A THESIS IN FIVE ACTS

JESSICA GRANT JORGENSEN
In Memory of

Bobbi Grant
1950-1994

John Grimm
1926-1998

Tom Grant

My mother, my papa and my cousin -
three dedicated Kersleyiles
Abstract

This dissertation is an ethnographic analysis of the community theatrical play form, examining the amateur community theatre troupe, the Kersley Players of Kersley, British Columbia. In doing so, I set out to investigate as possible, a contemporary, original, grassroots theatre and its context. This is especially significant considering that much prior folk drama scholarship has tended to focus on the text-centric documentation of vestigial traditional and religious forms to the general neglect of the emergent and the contextual. Further, by situating the field of research in the West, this Doctoral thesis addresses the emergence of British Columbia in the Pacific Northwest.

To contextualize this emergent, vernacular theatre, this dissertation roots the plays and the Players in their community, analyzes the significance of the plays as texts, and investigates the dynamics of enactment. Since plays do not write themselves nor do they perform in a vacuum, it is apparent that they reflect a place—its people, history, and landscape. In the area in which these Kersley Player plays have developed and found form, not forgetting the fertile setting of the playwright himself, Roy Teed. Indeed, this is an area indelibly marked by its frontier placement and the consequences of its development, in the context of the colonial economy and its alienated workforce. Considering this, the plays’ generic, textual form, namely, farce, and all the thematic elements their hyperbolic mirroring of the daily mechanization and routinization of an alienated
audiences* performed in the Clic over the years, a tense luge of war spurred on as the Players
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Parr, Dorothy Palmer, Jackie Partyka,EmieAnlhony, PansyOllrhead, Tom Gram, John

Finally, in my heart and by my side are lhe dear linle people in mylife:namdy, my son, Elias Ross, whose toothy grin and infectiousgigglecan illuminalcand, thereby, alleviateeven lhedarkestdissertational abyss, and my baby girl, MarenJanc, who is sweet andslubbom and demandingand I wouldn't have heranyother way. And I would betrlllyremiss ifididnotthant my own personal Grcal Dane, myincrediblechlllsband, ThurcJorgenscn, without whose support, criticism, nagging, editing, kicksupthc backside, brainslronning, babysiningand unceasing love, Ihis dissertalioll would never

ǧik- ikke vidst ejcgotdctvarlivet."Jegvedgodt, atdclermilliv,ogjegkanikketrenke på en bedre måde at bruge alle mine dage end sammen med dig. Jeg elsker dig
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____________________

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Tooley(PeteDrcwcock) asmi lord, the 17th EarlofTooleywood on Avon, no doubt being saucy to Mona (Delcncia Lovell)

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The motel nymphomaniac, Daphne (Kathleen Prentice), forcing herself upon Phil Schickerbicker (Pete Drewcock)

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Playbill cover for An Evening With Myron and Tales From Me and Irmie

Playbill for An Evening With Myron and Tales From Me and Irmie ....

Playbill for An Evening With Myron and Tales From Me and Irmie ...
Playbill for *An Evening With Myron* and *Tales From Me and Irmie* ...

T. Bannock Muldoon (Pete Drewcock) offering his services to the bereaved widow, Molly (Heather Shippitt)

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Ezekial (Gary Minnici) trying on Harry's (Stuart Graham) pants, as Sarah (Jennie Gardiner) watches

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**Ezekial** (Gary Minnici) enjoying Molly's (Heather Shippitt) biscuits

Gary Minnici as the simple miner, Ezekial, and Jennie Gardiner as the prostitute, Sarah

Dr. Hercules Pointeteau (Roy Teed) with his devoted hunchback, Gumbelle (Delecia Lo Yell)

Cuticle Clyde (Ron Potter) busting into Buggers' office, much to Angie Bunwallop's (Paul Nichols) horror

CJM MacDonald (Ginode Rose), Samantha Brown (Delecia Lovell) and Charlie Boyd (Rory Parr)
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Act I
The Marquee

Scene I - A Playbill for a PhD

In "ch-illkeepillg witlttitle llatllreo!illlroduc;oll,s-til,e disserrttat;oll 'sslbject maller;sd lilly introduced, ll,eselect;ons are outUnedo "dt he methodological guidelilhes are set forth.

JOH
Look, can you tell us where we're at?

BOOB
(OjJhandedly) A true Socratic inquiry that

JOHN
Oh ycah, and who the Billy Shears are you?

BOOB
Who? Who indeed am I? *(Takes out business cards and passes them arollldid.)*

JOHN
Jeremy?

PAUL
Hillary?

GEORGE
Boob?

RINGO
PhD? *(pronollificedFUDD)*
Who?!

Revelatory power of play is the basis of this work on folk drama, because, when it comes

liminality and its potentially spoilsportive contestation and 'teclivi'. It is an ethnography of

covenancy dynamics—dynamics reCReCted, mocked, challenged, reinforced through its
designed expressly to touch and involve an audience, a segment of society, that audience and that society must \textit{impact} and control an inflection of activity found in the healthcare. Since society gets the healthcare it deserves, its drama therefore tells us a great deal about the people who go there, why they go and what happens to them. (1975, 109; emphasis uncommonly—which this work intends to explore, specifically examining the amateur

(sccfig.1.4.1.8formapsofthearea), Kersley is a small, working-class, Anglo-Canadian community of approximately 400 people. The creation of the Kersley Players, an amateur theatre group, in 1987 marked the culmination of years of community merry-making. Everything from picnics to baseball games, potluck dinners to dances, Christmas kits to

Over the years, the local talent who have been drawn upon to perform in these plays has included everyone from teachers and electricians to millwrights and auctioneers, vacuum cleaner salesmen and stay-at-home mothers to high-school students and loggers. All plays performed were original, written by a local resident, Roy Ted, and tended toward the farcical.

ghosts, prostitutes, private deelives, assassins, drunken bullies, hunchbacks, pirates,
justasampling (see fig. I.I-1.3 and Appendix I for an overview of all the plays, as well as <http://www.youtube.com/youtubeplayers#g!u> for a few audio-visual examples). The plays are performed annually every spring and/or fall at the local community hall, including, among others, the elementary school, the volunteer fire department, the Girl Guides, the Boy Scouts, the 4-H club, the Kersley Community Association, the Mudhens (the pottery/ceramics club), and the Women's Institute.

In order to gain an understanding of this dramatic form for human interaction and its meaning, I must cast a wide contextual net, situating these Kersley plays within the greater social, cultural, political, economic, historical, and ideological processes at play. These dynamic processes are necessarily shaping the play form and its meaning, as
of the social and political processes to which I had as a director oblique witness. (1987, 28-9)

Essentially using Turner's above-listed guidelines as a template for how to conduct a thorough folk drama study, this very long homework assignment (a.k.a. dissertation) sets out to provide as complete a setting as possible for Kersley, the Kersley Players and their plays, establishing a solid base upon which to ground any eventual interpretations. This has meant expeditions into the figurative, literal and, at times, very dramatic Canadian bush, philosophical sojourns contemplating the great doubled ironies of life, western-moving quests for golden frontiers, investigations into folkloristieur-motivations, odysseys, both personal and communal, and always, adventures and misadventures inherent to playful intercourse. Theorists consulted throughout this journey include, in no

Johan Huizinga, my dad, Gregory Bateson, Roland Barthes, Linda Hutcheon, Roger Man, Carole Carpenter, Sandy Ives and many, many more. My works cited dissomething

"demonstrate original scholarship that makes a significant contribution to knowledge in significance with this dissertation lies in its desire to document and analyze, so fully as possible, a contemporary, original, grassroots theatre and its context. This is especially significant considering that much prior folk drama scholarship has tended to focus on the
neglect of the emergent and the contextual-scholastic tendency that will be addressed in Section 2 of this ACL. Further, by situating the field of research in the West, this Doctoral

SOlhere is decidedly a place in the folklore scholarship for a BC-based study of an Anglo-Canadian community and its theatre. Indeed, folk drama is alive and well if willing to expand the traditionalist parameters and can be an invaluable point of access into the

Fig. 10 Fanny (Wanda Zacharias), the strip-o-gram from *Buster Hipchek's Matrimonial Two-Step* (1990) performing for an alarmed Miles Myers (Pete Drewcock). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. 1.2. The vampire, Julio Hugybudy (Gary Minnelli, left), and the hunchbacked bellhop. Francis (Paul Nichols) from Hotel Hyser (1998). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. 13. Basíl Callhoun (Wayne Wark) exhibiting his sexual perversion in A/I Aboard the Atherage-Go-RollId (1991). Photos courtesy of RoyTl'cd
Following loosely the thematic structure of the critical Eric Bentley's book, *The Life of the Drama*, this dissertation comprises five parts which, in keeping with the Marquee, as the opening and currently being read Act, naturally have sought and seeks to introduce the subject macro of the thesis, outlining its objectives and goals and situating the work within general folk drama studies and folk drama definitions widespread folk drama drought throughout the world (especially in the new west), furthering the intellectual colonialism apparent in much of the understanding of the area in which these Kersley Player plays have developed and found form. Since plays do not write themselves or perform in a vacuum, it is apparent that they are a place - its people, history, culture, sensibilities and values. Indeed, Margaret Atwood notes that "[p]art of where you are is where you've been. If you're not too sure where you are, or if you're sure but don't like it, there's a tendency, both in psychotherapy and in literature, to retrace your history to see how you got there"
Providingsuch ahistoricalretracing, Scence I of Act Il, Kersley Unincorporated: An Allglo-Calladian Communitv, examines Kersleyasaplacce, looking at its frontierplacement and development, its geography and cDllolographics, its social
and, finally, its pragmatic and ironic worldview, which isbrcdoutofiS alienated

Act III, The Playwright and His PI01S, is an analysis ofthe playwright himsell, as well as his plays as cxts, investigating the characvistics and ongoinig themes of a so-called " Royplay," illuminating the serious nature of farcethe cathartic pleasures of a good laugh. Following the comextualization provided in Act II, Scene I of Act III, Beilg Roy Teed, expounds upon the connection between the playwright, his plays and his sense of place. After a brief life history of the playwright, I analyze his clowning cusp position, his interstitial role, within the community, and how his threatening position uniquely
farces. Investigating the generic mechanics of farce—its superficial stereotypes, its repetitive predictability, its hyperbolic speed and its aggressive relations—Scene 2 of Act contextualized and comic significance and meaningfulness of his exaggerated genre to the frontier, willitsboom'n' bustmenality and reality. Act Ill, Scene 3, A'RoyPlay', localizes the farcical form even further, as it investigates the comic characteristics of Roy's plays. Relying heavily upon textual examples from the playsthemsehves, l examine the eight qualities defining a " Royplay," namely: (1) slow, nonsensical introductions, (2)
ups of human relations, (6) going speedily in and Out of doors, (7)cross-dressing and, finally, (8) their apparent Canadianness. During this lexical examination of polysyllabic madness, drag queens and multi-doored palaces, the significance of this particular farcical play form, Act IV, The £octme"l, or, £l'erybody is in Everything, Puis it on the stage, assessing the lived reality of the play's playground, looking at the physical and theoretical grounds upon which this play-form takes place, joining the Players in the performative process, including its afiennial, and exploring the conflicting audience-performative-dialectic over the years with its double vision. Heavy on the Thespians, Scene 1 of Act IV, The Theoretical Playground, investigates play theory, especially as it meshes with performance theory and the theatrical arts. Act IV, Scene 2, The Players, examines just that, the players on this playground, as individuals and a collective, looking at how and why they got involved, what they have brought to the play, what they have taken from the play, and how and why they play. Following this investigation into the performative process of the Players, Act IV, Scene 3, The Audience(II), adds a key ingredient to any performance, namely those supporting, watching, avoiding and interpreting the play. It illuminates the controlling communal framework for the performance and demands for fundraisers and farces, which naturally lead to tension community conflict between the Players and the Kersley Musical Theatre. Scene 3 further investigates the double vision of audience members and the dialogic discourse that occurs at performances as audience members see workmates, family members, neighbours, not
tomotion all the props absconded from local homes and workplaces onstage doing and being used for very silly purposes. While this doubleness softencrates collective tension, collapse into a monologic, tunnel vision, especially in the case of many female Players, in which a play role becomes equated with reality and the once playful discourse has very serious and real consequences. Expanding from the local audiences. Scene 3 also examines the Players' increased involvement with Theatre BC and its professional

Players, uprooting a grassroots form, spawning a group schism and community tension

Concerning this serious professionalization and apparent sophistication, Act IV ends with an analysis of the Kersley Christmas plays, a decidedly fun and rooted Kersley tradition

Act V, Lights Down: Dissertational Conclusions and Directions, as the concluding section, acts as a summation of the research, drawing conclusions from what has been presented about this society and its play, and extending those observations more generally into ideas and suggestions for folk drama studies and ethnographic

fieldofsllldY,KerslcY,ismyhometown, il could becasenough loargle lhatthis dissensationhasbeenlhrity-plusyears7 intcmaking.Evcrysaskatoonberryconsumed, pinecone lhrown, Christmas concert performed, rclayraced, work becauended, Girl
Glidecoalhrecited,figlreskalinglessonrejected, potluckdish calltiouslyeaten, parental
storyoverheard, has been a part of forming my own personal sense of place. And this
intimacy with Kersley, its environs and inhabitants, has naturally foddered this study
Indeed, my parents were founding members of the Kersley Players. My mother is
the perennial Grinch, Dr. Birdwing W. Bliften, M.S. (Mad Scientist), for the annual
Christmas plays. It is a role he has reprised for over two decades. As he, the playwright

the place with which I am familiar, but also its theatre. I have heard with my parents, helped cater the dinner half, loaned my clothes for costume purposes, baby sit east members' kids and even had a brief appearance, at the age of twelve, in a Christmas play opposite my bah-humbugging father. As is often the case with research based upon participant observation, this work is grounded upon yearsofpromised observation and ongoing familiarity (although not officially recognized as a potential PhD project at the time), benefiting from an auto-ethnographic intimacy and knowledge

All this said, it has certainly not just been upon past experience or fluid, ongoing project lines that this work relies. Having left Kersley very much as a girl of seventeen I


caning two university degrees and a third in progress. SO, with more mature, folkloristically unturned eyes, I came home to live in my father's house with my older sister, my youngest brother and a veritable pack of dogs. And, like any solid returning

rosy-hued, self-absorbed, pastoral memories of my youth yoked with a more critical,
This process of discovery was greatly aided and abetted by my involvement, throughout much of 2003, in the compiling, editing and writing of a Kersley history book, *Kersley: The GroU"rhojaCol1lllllily/,/867-1003. Eager to apply my folkloristic training in the real world after so many years of ivory tower isolation, I was ever so pleased when I was invited to join the ranks of the history-writing damsels of Kersley. The idea of real women speaking for themselves was empowering. The reality of the project was muddier and uglier than ever could have imagined and had my clean, ivory lower. What to do when the real women were really racist, misogynistic, highly selective, editing out anything they felt was llltowardin this "celebration" of Kersley, incillding divorces, women's first names, untimely deaths, entire families and years, nearly all non-fanning-related settlements, and I cOllld qlltc literally go on and on? I cried, they cried, and my father tried not to show his "I told you so" face very often. An entire thesis cOllld have been devoted to the Kersley Cleaners, as I have since dubbed them, and this history-edification process. It all ended, though, with the publication of the book.
forthc Kersley Reunion in August 2003, a mutual parting of the ways and, in retrospect, a backstage. Taking notes and keeping a journal. an exercise that continued throughout my

Naturally, I participated in the college holiday parties of 2002 and 2005. appreciating, as always, the good doctor’s UUCllpIS to foil the holiday festivities. In early 2004, I attended Dr. roomandrheAromic Transmogrijier. und was nearl y ro ped in lo playing Dr. PemiciousBroom. thc wannabe recipient of the BlifTcn Prize for Advanced Mad Scielllisy, an apl role considering my parentage. As it was, a lack of actors forced the production to postpone until the fall. by

All these ethnographic observations were supplemented with fifteen gonnal, rape-

communily members regarding the Players. Emails and telephone calls have also been
hoursof conversations, a veritable goldmine of data, which has been invaluable to this
work. I get all excited and tingly when I think of some of the incredible insights I have
been shared. They are truly guiding this study. Recording these thoughtful kcmels was a
cassette tapes and a Realistic 33-2001A dynamic microphone. Mentioned, this was not the
most modern or high quality equipment, but it did the job at a reasonable price and I have
been satisfied with the end products. The resulting records of transcriptions were, for the
most part, transcribed using a Sony Transcriber BM-77 on loan from the University of
Copenhagen. Later transcriptions were tedious, donconaportable stercorco

While not mindfully adhering to any transcription methodology, the basic intent
with these transcripts was simply to type out what my informant said. Since this
dissertation is not a linguistic analysis of spoken language in its natural, nuanced rhythms,
there has been "cleaning up" of the texts for their representation and readability on paper.
The housekeeping done on my part was essentially to add punctuation and to delete the
standard speech pauses, the umming and uhhing, because I felt that it was distracting from
the content when written. In general, I chose not to pepper the transcriptions with
colourful phonetic renderings of local speech. Besides contributing very little to the actual
content of this study, these renderings require more training in phonetics than I have and
any attempts on my part to transcribe in such a manner would have been condescending
and disrespectful to my informants and just plain ill-advised. Paralinguistic activity, such
as gesurs, were generally not noted, except when clarifying, interrupting and/or
supplementing specifically what was being said, in which case they have been transcribed.
using square brackets. Vocal nuances, such as laughter, ironic tones, accent mimicking, emphasis,lemposhifts, have again not been duly transcribed, except when deemed pertinent loan understanding of the content. In that case, square brackets and/or italics-

All that cleaning done, it has not been my intent to divorce my informants' words completely from their initial speech context, purifying, standardizing and academicizing speech, as people search for how to say what they want, it remain, as well as all the clinching, personal extra words that are spotted throughout talk-the likes, the rig/IS, the Oi whatever, they all know. These inclusions represent well, I think, the conversational flow and the interviewing dynamics, indicative of a living, breathing, phrasing-on-the-spot, average-Joe source and not an academic tome, capturing so evocatively the unrehearsed and unpolished nature of the responses, which reveal themselves in many

These revealing gems occurred during my generally one-on-one interviews held usually in my informants' homes (excepting two which were conducted at the informants' workplaces). The formal, recorded portions of the interviews or conversations lasted anywhere from thirty to forty-five minutes, although some were over an hour and one
enveloping the interview could last for some time, depending upon the gabbiness of myself and the finannant and whether or not a house tour was conducted in order. While being open to going with the flow during the interview itself, I did have a standard questions schema, which was continually tweaked with each new interview to suit the general interview questions included on one regarding: personal background, especially any theatrical interests; the when, why, how of Kersley Player involvement; favourite plays and/or characters, as well as problematic ones; the definition of a "Roy play" and thoughts on the man himself; the role of the Players in the community; changes over the years in self, troupe and community and what this has meant; any communal, familial or personal tension or conflict because of play involvement; and the possible existence of a long-standing, personal network of neighbours, family, friends, classmates, workmates, and soon, noting that such categories are not mutually exclusive. As with many small communities, there were a great many overlapping interwoven and strongly knitted, which were laughingly apparent during the interviewing process. Nearly all interviews were bracketed over cups of tea, glasses of water and even dinner on one occasion— with conversations testifying to the multiple communal connections. I saw wedding photos, heard of parental joys, shared life updates and felt of the genuinely tender concern for my own family's well-being. Indeed, those rare people who know me as Jess or Jessie, their informal names used only amongst my family. In the few interviews...
the dramatic dynamics over the years. This selection includes: a near equal distribution of
gendered perspectives (seven women to eight men); nearly all the stalwart Players, who
are basically synonymous with the troupe itself; some of these first Players, who chose
to continue; non-performing, backstage helpers; recent players who have come from the
outside the community; and, naturally, the playwright himself. I did not tape-record

with photographs, home videos and archival material. Searches in the Quatsnc MuscUll
and Archives provided rich sources of historical material regarding the area's dramatic
development. They also supplied historical photographs, which, coupled with those
found through the Royal BC Museum's online catalogue, lend an historical visual

personal collection of Roy Teed, among others, and these have been scoured over,

ephemeral, there has been some detective work involved in tracking down as many grainy
home video recordings of the plays as possible. Thirteen were eventually located
http://www.youtube.com/user/kerslcyplayers#glu. While certainly not easy viewing, such recordings are invaluable in getting a sense of the performed reality of the words. Apropos his words, Roy Teed graciously provided me with his *Semi-Collected Works*, computer files containing his play manuscripts from over 100 years, as well as various other papers—playbills, newspaper clippings, workshop notes, short stories, etc. So upon his talks and the observations, the photos and the clippings, not to mention all the books respectfully and thoughtfully as possible. As someone intimately lied to Kersley and its people, it is not in my interest to jeopardize and completely sever those ties. Far from inhibiting or compromising my research, this respect for the ties that bind has, I fear, heightened my sensitivity topotential offences or taboo areas of investigation—the ones often alluded to during interviews and expounded upon when the tape recorder was off.

Topics of sexual lines crossed and gossipy morsels of honest opinions were, quite naturally, of extreme interest to me, and feature illustratively in this dissertation. But I have sought to handle them confidentially and anonymously. This despite the fact that all my informants signed consent forms giving express permission to utilize their names and these interviews as I saw fit (See Appendix 4 for a sample consent form). I see no fitting benefit in reporting that so and so says x had an affair with y or that a says b is a prima
donna. While the content is illuminating, it can continue to be informative without turning into gossip, hurtful expose. In short, I use my discretion, as it has been honed by my familiarity, respect and concern for the individuals and community involved.

CffCCISoflhetcdium oflifes sans a playful balance. It certainly seems no coincidence that Jeremy Hilary Boob, PhD, stuck in his endless, tedious, half-life-thingness, is an academic, or that the aforementioned maxim should be the infamous repetitive ramsofa frustrated writer turned psychopath. Indeed, IheuJifingcfTcctsoftthe dissessional process compound, all too often, into a paralytic and parasitic stuck-in-the-mudness or madness. The brain is such a swirling cddy of chapter outlines, pilhycitations, words that one just does not know where to begin, or end, for that matter. It's then nature of IhedissCIIational beast, I suppose. This is Iaciousbusiness. And yet, as a plucky Mary Poppins sings, "To every job that must done, there is all clcllcnici 0ffun. You find the fun, and structure. One simply cannot expound upon the subversive pleasllres and liminal conniCIS of play without granting these play ccllllents room lojosllleabout abit in one's
transcendental buffoonery, amphibology, alienation effectisordialogism in the cold realm of pure, serious, definitely-not-funny theory. Barbara Babcock argues "that criticism, whatever the discipline, should be considered as comedy, reminded of its playful origins, and invested with a comic perspective" (1984, 107). Indeed, such serious explorations of doubles require their applied and equally important, although, all times, very silly, doubles. I cannot embroil myself in the serious pursuit of a PhD without also recognizing and embracing the utter ridiculousness of the endeavour. I must see both the seriousness and playful ends, this dissertational drama is comprised of lines of often unrelated, vignettes, which introduce every subsequent Scene, as well as potentially meta-narrative and auto-ethnographic foolnotes. There is language play, exclamation points, creative titles, wry comments and, hopefully, humour. I offer no apologies for all these decidedly non-academic inclusions. And if the writing is considered stylistically uneven at times, jumping from levity one moment to jargonized seriousness I then next, well, that is probably
Scene 2 – F the M-word!

In which this dissertation is contextualized academically by the serving up of quick, digestible overviews of folk drama scholarship’s biases and concerns, as well as folk drama’s many definitions. By way of warning (if it is not already apparent by the title of this Scene), it is often with great vitriol that the m-word is mentioned.

Lights up stage right, illuminating an archetypal study/personal library—floor-to-ceiling oak bookcases, filled with beautifully bound tomes. (Think Masterpiece Theatre set) Rare and exotic antiquities are smattered about the room. A fire flickers in the hearth. Basking in the warming glow, a lone figure sits reading in a well-worn leather Chippendale wing chair. He is your classic la-tee-da gentleman – pipe, corduroy, tweed, woollen knitwear, brandy glass, etc. The package is complete with a pretentious and glaringly put-on British accent.

Distant crowd noises echo into the room. The man, STEPHEN, stands, placing his book on a nearby table, and leaning on the mantle with brandy in hand, begins his soliloquy.

STEPHEN

(Pensively and pompously) If, on this winter’s evening, you were to step away from the Christmas festivities for a quiet moment of reflection at the window, you might wonder, gazing into the featureless dark, if you and your hosts and the other guests having such a gay time were not alone in the world. As a feeling of melancholy rose up in you, however, you would notice a faint glow appearing in the blue sky. Then from behind a cloud would slip the moon, and a silvery vista of hills and hedgerows would open before you – and there, at a rise in the road, you would suddenly see them, as if they were apparitions, and a shiver would run up your spine. The clouds would soon again obscure the moon, but although the darkness would once more be all-embracing, your melancholy would be dispelled, for you would know that they were out there, and you would know that they were coming.

Lights down stage right. Crowd noises continue to rumble. Lights up stage left on a cluttered, chaotic mess. Books are scattered and stacked precariously around the cramped room. Papers, garbage and general disarray run rampant. Walls are invisible beneath the bric-a-brac ephemera stuck to them. Sitting at what must be a desk, if one could discern its structure under the junk, is a haggard-looking FOLKLORE PHD STUDENT madly typing away. She is generally unkempt, matching rather perfectly her hodge-podge surroundings.

The crowd noises grow louder and louder, culminating in loud knocking at the door.

14 Tillis 1999, 177. Despite all the “rethinking” and critical commentary, Tillis bizarrely brackets his book with the most condescending, saccharine schlock, vignettes of “living” folk drama, reverting in his descriptions to the very 19th century Eurocentric romanticisms he’s spent the book railing against. One can hope that he’s being ironic, (because, really, who seriously says “gay” meaning “happy” these days?) but somehow I doubt it.

15 Any similarity to the author of this dissertation is purely intentional.
ANONYMOUS VOICES
(Offstage, ingressively) Any mummers allowed in? 16

I loo couldan cmpt 10 use such hereditary excuses to defend my knee-jerk reaction to mummering. 17 I have nothing personal against mummers. I believe in equal opportunity mumming, mumming, belsnickling, janneying, guising, or whatever one wants to call it. People can dress up, slay dragons, revive Turks, knock a hobby horse jaws, collect money, ingress, regress, progress, aggress, repress and get wasted all they want. But what I do have a problem with is when folk drama and mummering become synonymous, which despite all their apparent "rethinking" of folk drama, revert to condescending and devolutionary "Old" Worldly romanticisms of centuries past, reducing vibrant, alive, Osch and bone, living and breathing drama to mere shades, unrecognizable and...
some mummering theories and analyses, drawing parallels when appropriate, but for the

and Ritual Origins, I have just blasphemed and declared my work irrelevant.

Incredibly, an apparent Darwinian predilection to cultural evolutionist notions and survivalist perspectives, folk drama research and scholarship has spent, since its inception in the mid-nineteenth century, much of its time, energy and focus trapped in something of

Anne Bursonso describes it (1980, 309), perpetually luck "init somewhat slalic theoretical position [while] other areas of folklore have llloved on to newer paradigms which fit and encourage newer concerns" (Blirson 1980, 309). As such, it has remained "a

concerned primarily with deciphering ritualistic origins, assessing geographical relations and tracing textual genealogies as a golden Frazerian evolutionary anthropology. This legacy is perhaps best summed up with Edmund Chambers's now somewhat infamous assertion in 1933 that "it is, after all, the origin of the play, milher than its lancer end,

with Frazer's golden bollgs as orientalists and revivalists sought and saw "[o]nly those forms of folk drama with creditably ritual features...lo thenegceol of lhosenol socndowed... Indeed, the major legacy of the ritual
origins theory, whatever its merits, is the neglect of the living traditions of folk drama that might have been observed" (Pettitt 1997, 208-9) and the "severely limiting and distorting effect on the study of the folk plays themselves" (Pettitt 2005, 17). In essence, what folk orientations attuned to devolving texts of ritualistic survivals, they found devolving texts

Old School necrological folklorists to be a problematic oxymoron

within these survivalist, text-centric parameters, it is not terribly surprising that "much of what we should be looking at as folk drama, we fail to see" (Burson 1980, 309). Academic inquiries have been basically limited to British heroic-combal plays, religious pageants and ritualistic calendarcustoms, that is, synecdochically speaking, the dreaded m-word, mumming. A certain mummer-centrism has not only ruled the field but

i. (19i9,114)
Since the traditional emphasis on ritual focused on forms displaying satisfactorily ritual action (preferably a death-and-revival) to the neglect both of other auspices (Christmas feasts, village festivals, harvest homes, lyke-wakes, etc.) which were has left folk drama scholarship, despite its magnitude of research, with "desperately little their visits, what they were given in reward, and what they did with it" (Penin 2005, 17); in short, without context. "Questions of creativity, innovation, and the interaction of person, community, and event" (Burson 1980, 309) have been generally glossed over; holistic interpretations having been subsumed by the persistent, traditional lur-quest drama as dying, if not already dead, lincoacademic inquiry- "a closed account" (T Green 1981, 421) especially in the New World and even more especially in that lastly sector area, the WCSI. Textbooks, anthologies and surveys of folklore in North America have, for the lost pan, focused wholly on extant, regionalized anomalies/Old World survivals or overlooked the genre completely, with excursus on par (when given) with
and developed into song, game, and festival is easily taken care of in essays on these subjects. (vii)

Jan Harold Brunvand, in his *The Study of American Folklore* (1986), claimed that folk drama is "represented only in Ihebaresl survivor" (211-12). "exhibiting" much oral vitality since Ihe ninetcenth century" (211), the only living traditions being those of the above-mentioned religious pageantries of the Spanish-influenccd southwest and the commercialized, Old England mummers of Philadelphia (219). Indeed, according to Brunvand, "[n]o native American folk plays of any significance have developed" (1986, 220). The pre-eminent Canadian folklorist, Edith Fowke, once went so far as to assert, in her *Folklore of Conodo* (1976), that in Canada no form of folk drama has been very deep-rooted or widespread" (153), with the exception, of course, of mumming traditions away from a literary, diachronic system of inquiry towards a more ethnographically, synchronically and contextually endowed model, the lacks and distortions of the original folk drama parameters began to be somewhat addressed. Significantly, Herbert Halpert and G.M. Story's anthology, *Christmas Mummimg in Newfoundland* (1969), focused way of contextualization of the tradition as found and practiced in Newfoundland. Henry mummunng pracliccs. Recontextualizations and recompositions of folk drama found form, ""tum[ing] aside from the unproductive search for the 'origins of the play'...consider[ing] instead its contemporarv meaning" (Pattison 1977, 5), "freeing the study...from its...
tradition in Newfoundland" (1989a, 17). Interestingly enough (especially considering my Canadian context), there have been a few articles that have surfaced which are almost wholly Canadian in content and Anglo-Canadian in that, dealing with regions outside the nominal "folklore" zones of Atlantic Canada and Quebec, and examining dramas that have vestiges of recognized "traditional" forms. Both Michael TaO and Pauline Greenhill have written on the Anglo-Canadian tradition of mock weddings in such provinces as Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan (Greenhill 1988; TaO 1989a, 1989b, 1997). The apparent ubiquity of folk drama in Anglo-Canadian culture is an understanding that meshes with my own observations concerning their very literal interpretation of "All the world's a stage," Thouless Greenwrote can al\[ll\]is Inolc in the Jo / lnlalojAmericafi Folklore in 1978 11111110ning folklorists loa collective territorial pissing, a definitive demarcation of generic declinations. This
The label “folk drama” should be applied only to those performances which incorporate mimesis and role distribution among two or more players and are transmitted by traditional means among folk groups. Given the acceptance of these guidelines, nonperformance role-playing, such as formalized social interaction, would certainly cease to be confused with drama per se. Other forms, such as festival and ritual, that are also play activities and that incorporate many of the techniques of drama may be discussed in reference to folk plays. Since they do not function strictly as performances, however, they must not be confused with folk drama, strictly defined. (848-49)
lootintendedrorbroad, general consumption" (1988, 172; emphasis in original), just local

might be unclear, at the center of this tradition is an intimacy and shared consciousness or

performances and real-life repercussions, as will be investigated in this dissertation
perse, again what is being put for. vardhcristhenotion that what unites folk drama is to the givens or knowns, these traditional conventions, as traditional patterns, assening that "[a] specific inherited text is the defining factor that makes an event folk
encounters clowning, dancing, singing, instrumental music, bombastic speeches, and other highly stylized types of performance" (Abrahams 1972, 354). Since, as Abrahams spectacular" (1997, 211). Thus highly stylized, Pettitt observes that the dramatic
becomillg theTn" (Greenhill 1988, 170; emphasis in original). The role never comp[ctly
cengulfs the person performing; "the actors and the audience are consciolls of boththeir
roles in the performance and their shared identity as group members" (Taft 1996, 208)
continually confronts the role which an actor-peasant plays with the ac(or's own private
affected by the players, the observers, and the cirClnstances in which it is performed"
juxtaposition remains salient in folk drama definitions, Steve Tillis argues that such

primary concerns of folk drama definitions, namely, what is folklore about and identity and intimacy drawn upon and enhanced through performance:

Because of the broadness, vagueness and generality of Tillis's definition, which seems to
While the main Kersley and their works of the Kersley Players are not to be followed, the Anglo-Canadian characteristics of co-creativity and play (or should they), they remain pertinent to this study. The Kersley Players' own characteristics will be explored in greater depth in ACI III and their constantly shifting position along the dramatic folk-consistently since the paradigm shift in folkloristics as disciplinary labels and genres are considered in line with the new folkloristic perspectives. Hence, in the 1970s and the '80s, ritualistic history and vestigial connotations, has been considered inappropriately in light of the new folkloristic perspectives. Hence, in the 1970s and '80s, the paradigm shift in folkloristics as disciplinary labels and genres are considered in appropriate light. Hence, in the 1970s and '80s, the paradigm shift in folkloristics as disciplinary labels and genres are considered in appropriate light. Hence, in the 1970s and '80s, the paradigm shift in folkloristics as disciplinary labels and genres are considered in appropriate light. Hence, in the 1970s and '80s, the paradigm shift in folkloristics as disciplinary labels and genres are considered in appropriate light. Hence, in the 1970s and '80s, the paradigm shift in folkloristics as disciplinary labels and genres are considered in appropriate light. Hence, in the 1970s and '80s, the paradigm shift in folkloristics as disciplinary labels and genres are considered in appropriate light. Hence, in the 1970s and '80s, the paradigm shift in folkloristics as disciplinary labels and genres are considered in appropriate light. Hence, in the 1970s and '80s, the paradigm shift in folkloristics as disciplinary labels and genres are considered in appropriate light.

Suggested as viable replacements candidate extensively and interchangeable with jolk drama, although the name does suggest a more time-lessed continuity, whereas jolk emphasizes the community context. C/Islloll/my drama has been put forward as a name for the subgenre of tradionally old drama, the subsidiary which covers those dramatic forms that are "parts of seasonal or occasional customs" (Pettigrew 1997, 208). Counting the idea of the localized context, *Illdigelolls theatre* has been touted. With its "connotations for the local..."
community and community-based theatre, that is, theatre performed by, for all and on behalf of the community theatre, little theatre and grassroots theatre, all terms emphasizing the local.
Kersley play for, even if by abslaining from it, is the generating idea and driving force.
Fig. 1.6. Map of the central interior region of British Columbia, the Cariboo.
Fig. 1.7. 1896 map of the northeast Cariboo. Kersley is located approximately halfway between Alexandria and Quesnelle along the east side of the Fraser River. Source: Elliot 1958, 31
CARIBOO REGIONAL DISTRICT

KERSLEY

SCALE: 1 IN.= 1000 FT.

Fig. 1.8. Map of the community of Kersley, British Columbia. Source: Crocker-Teed and Grant 2003, 8.
Fig. 1.9. Kersley sign along Highway 97 heading south.
Act II
The Setting: Where is Here? 21

Scene 1 - Kersley Unincorporated: An Anglo-Canadian Community 22

Travelling on Highway 97— the only road connecting northem and southem BC—Kersley\textsuperscript{24} is a blink-and-you'll-miss-it, two-bit-nowhere place in the central interior
DVDs, *daily rags* and not its anaemic prodLlCe (See fig. 2. 1-2. 12 for a brief photographic

Althollgh, as Yi·FlI Tllan suggests, it is only the visitor/tollrist who "has a

piClUres"(1974, 63), there is not much in Kersley considered aestheticallyviewable
Fig. 2.1. Southern end of Edwards Road—the “business” quarter of Kersley with The Alamo and the General Store. Signs are visible from Highway 97 running just to the left (east) of the picture. Photo courtesy of Jules Grant.

Fig. 2.2. The Alamo Grill or Diner, as it is now called. Photo courtesy of Jules Grant.
Fig. 2.3. The Alamo’s motel. Photo courtesy of Jules Grant.

Fig. 2.4. The Kersley General Store, formerly The Kersley Kupboard. It is still called the K&K by locals. Photo courtesy of Jules Grant.
Fig. 2.5. Kersley Elementary School, as looking northwest from the mailboxes at the junction of Edwards and Arnoldus Roads. Photo courtesy of Jules Grant.

Fig. 2.6. New fire hall of the Kersley Volunteer Fire Department, as viewed from the south. Photo courtesy of Jules Grant.
Fig. 2.7. Entrance to the Kersley Community Complex from Edwards Road, looking south, with the hall to the left (east) and the fire hall in the distant right (south). Due to pine beetle kill, many of the trees that once stood in the park have now been felled. Photo courtesy of Becky Dale.

Fig. 2.8. Looking southeast. "The" Kersley Community Hall in 2004. Notice the number of trees that once stood in the park, as compared to the photo above.
Fig. 2.9. The Mud Hut or Pottery Shack for the Kersley Mudhens as situated in the Kersley Community Complex. The Kersley Hall is to the right (south), Highway 97 runs behind (east) and the tennis court, ball diamond, former fire hall and arena are to the left (north). Photo courtesy of Jules Grant.

Fig. 2.10. The arena and former fire hall, as seen from the south across the parking lot from the hall. Roy Teed’s truck is parked in front of the complex to the right. The third flag flying atop the complex, besides the Maple Leaf and the provincial one, is the local, yellow and green Kersley one, as designed by a local resident, Wolfgang Musslick. Photo courtesy of Jules Grant.
Fig. 2.11. Park, hall and arena of the Kersley Community Complex, as viewed from the south. Photo courtesy of Becky Dale.
Glavin 1998, 27) writes the BC poet Terry Glavin in his Chinook English poem, "Rain Language: 'As Canada's far western front, British Columbia 'has always been a land of immigration' (Tafn 1983b,3), forming "asociety which even today can be characterized as the most unselIed and migratory in North America" (Evans 1983,9). As Michael Taflnoles, "[i]t is a common joke that the province where I was actually bomin the province - they simply came here' (1983b,3). With so many ethnically diverse immigrants simply coming here and being thrown together, it is not surprising that the resulting settlement patterns and culture should "display a characteristic uniqueness" (Carpenter 1979, 106) in relation to general Canadian settlement patterns. The relatively homogeneous village essentially settlced during the urbanizing, globalizing industrial era. For much of the
disappointments created the most mythic, cinematic "wild west" that one is going to find in peace-order-and-good-government-exlolling Canada. Boomtowns were the

with resource depletion. The frontier camps and their inhabitants continually jumped into

"[t]he frontier holds shapes our characters and tells our melting" (2002, 381), as Salman Rushdie puts it, that lands and people are marked, physically and psychologically, by frontiers— their progressions, regressions and remains—it irrevocably affected by its frontier positioning and its consequent boom 'n'bust developmental patterns. And if there going to examine how the cOllllllllllUnity functions

"I have asked to consider how the community comes to be, cumc 10 relations, in the first place— jlls1how and why people did this to us. This

Describing his local workplace in the late 1960s and early 1970s, his sawmill worker and poet, Glen Fillmore, wrote: "There's a place called Kersley Limber, / Where we local boys all go, / To try to earn a living / But the wages are quite low... / And if someone should ask you / What they're using for a crew, / There's herring chokers and along with a coll of other Fillmore poems. The promise of earning a living, whether
changed the course of his historical journey, and other notable Northwestmen.

Company, the shipping and receiving hub of New Caledonia’s interior fur trade. Ycl, resource and ill-placed to meet the needs of the golden dreaming hordes.
George. Hanging a right to explore the Quesnel River, prospectors discovered gold and the rush was on, the Cariboo Gold Rush. Following the Quesnelle eastward, the first Quesnelle Forks, Quesnelle City, the Forks, or simply Quesnelle, was an ideal location for the
refused to sell goods to so-called "Celestials." J Sset up shop

fig. 2. IS.2. 16). KeihleypcleredoulwhetltheyellowsulfT was found in the Swamp

Williams Creek and pulled out $1000 in gold. Two days later, Barkerville was born. J6
clearing and working the land, the mysterious \textsuperscript{37} Charles Kersleysold the property in 1876 amassing an extensive 1200-acre ranch from Australian \textsuperscript{38} to Kersley. Two decades on,
some initially very primitive conditions. Quickly, James Shepherd began collection of teamster on an old winter's day. By 1900, the front parlour was acting as the local post office.
Quesnel area, there were people coming from every province in the Dominion of

Opening up this strange, new, hard country even more was the construction of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway (PGE) which rolled into Quesnel in 1921 and brought
 officially on and the town of Wells was born. This new Rush, though, required heavy

43 Wells is about 5 km west of Barkerville. A boomtown built in the 1930’s, it eventually went bust, although it has had something of a resurgence of late, branding itself as haven for artists and artisans.
Cariboo Wagon Road had been paved, solidifying the infrastructure necessary for the natural gas pipeline and, later, an oil pipeline at Alistrian. A real company community, "the Pumping Station" or "Westcoast," as the place is locally known, provided employment and housing to as many as twenty-five families in the Kersley area, that is
schools, gas stations, stores, cafés, railway station, post office—all the necessities for a rather isolated community. Recollecting her youth growing up at the Pumping Station and
Paper and Quesnel River Pulp, five large suwmills, a plywood plant, an MDF plant, plywood products, located on Dog Prairie. The majority of the mills and plants in Quesnel, economic agglomerations and stock market whims. Over 3,000 people are directly
emptoyedin those mills, some of whom make their homes in Kersley. It is not uncommon

began in the 1950s, when Stewart and Anne Leflar, former Wellsgold suckers, donated

school, housing the local mill workers. By 1960, there was a cafe with a gas station and a
newly built community hall situated a stone's throw from the school. But again, it was
during the '70s that his Kersley really blossomed, thanks in large part to one man, John

The Grimm family emigrated from Colorado in 1970, purchasing Ihcold
Arnoldus farm just west of the school. John Grimm promptly saw Ihcold's potential and began
subdividing his newly purchased farm, building split-level homes and selling to a
growing non-farming, Qucsncl-commuter community. By the late 1970s and early '80s,

Kersley was born. While fans with their certified, disease-free, seed potatoes and

Grimm Subdivision became Kersley. It has been a development not wholly welcomed by
Ihcold farming families in the area. To them, Kersley has been urbanized. This, despite
the fact that many of the one-acre-plus lots housed and house chicken coops, pig slies,
superslores so typical of postmodern North America—Walmart, Extrn Foods, Canadian

Two local shopping centres, Maple Park and West Park, both constructed in the 1980s, into virtually ghost malls, and spelled the ruin of many small-town, family-run businesses, although some continue to survive. Upon descent of the hill, one is quite literally hill,nasally, with the distinctive odour of pulp mill—a unforgettable combo of sickly sweet wood sap and rotten eggs. As mentioned before, Quesnel boasts two pulp mills, both siphoning the waters of the Quesnel River and into the murky

another reminder— in case the smell wasn't enough—that there are two pulp mills in

The Quesnel amenities servicing Kerseyites are many. There are two high schools, Quesnel Secondary School (QSS) and Correlieu Secondary School (CSS), so a school campus for the Prince George-based College of New Caledonia (CNC) and
University of Northern British Columbia (UNBC), two arena
centre with swimming pool, a museum, a hospital, an airport
diamonds and soccer pitches, rodeo grounds, a movie theatre
shops, restaurants, homes for seniors, dentists, shrinks, haird

Kersleyilc thinks nothing of travelling the near 300-km route to Prince George

Fig. 2.13. Fort Alexandria. Photo courtesy of the BC Archives Collections—call number: G-05983
Fig. 2.14. Looking north, the confluence of the Fraser (left, west) and Quesnel (right, east) Rivers at Quesnel, BC. Photo courtesy of the BC Archives Collections—call number: I-27110.

Fig. 2.15. The abandoned remains of the busted Quesnel Forks. Photo courtesy of the BC Archives Collections—call number: I-05013.
Fig. 2.16. The scars of hydraulic mining at Quesnel Forks in 1895. Photo courtesy of the BC Archives Collections—call number: A-03843.

Fig. 2.17. The famous Cariboo boomtown of Barkerville before the fire of 1868. Notice the clearcut mountainsides. Photo courtesy of the BC Archives Collections—call number: A-00355.
Fig. 2.19. Cariboo Wagon Road near Quesnel in 1912. Photo courtesy of the BC Archives Collections —call number: C-09949.
Fig. 2.23. Skidding logs after a circular mill in 1952. Photo courtesy of the BC Archives Collections—call number NA-12911
Millidool (2003), during which the apparently genteel heroine, Molly, a relative me this was a hard country. He was right, it is a hard country and it makes the people who live here hard as well. This hard, Cariboo country sits on the Interior Plateau of British Columbia with the 3000-metre peaks of the Coast Mountains in the west and the 2400-metre peaks of the Cariboo Mountains in the east, precursors to the Rockies (see fig 2.24). Kersley is situated about 200 metres above the Fraser River, on a natural clearing "prairies" or natural meadows of which Round is in the middle; Grande Prairie lies to the south and Dog Prairie to the north. All are brief plateaux before the eastern mountains begin. Kersley lives in the shadow of the slopes of Green Mountain. Round Prairie is cut by the channels of two creeks emptying into the Fraser, Kersley Creek in the south and Sisters Creek in the north, which essentially demarcate the boundaries of Kersley itself. Buffering Sisters Creek and the Fraser, hence, bordering Kersley's northern and western edges is 500 acres of bush, the locally dubbed "Lease Land..." Traveling twenty
kilolitres north on the highway, one descends the 100-mclre blllff, known as Dragon Lake Hill, into the river valley of Quesnel. This descent causes an increase of 1°C in the average annual temperature of Quesnel in comparison to Kersley. So, while the average annual temperature in Quesnel is about 5°C, Kersley is hovering around 3.3°C. The Cariboo climate, in general, is deemed continental. For the Kersley-Quesnel area, this means an average summer temperature of around 16°C and an average winter temperature of -5°C. It snows, approximately, 178 cm per year and rains 39 cm. There are 179 frost-free days a year, leaving a rather short growing season from late May to September. Winters are typically long, cold, snowy, and dark, ending into the muddy season, known as spring break-up, when the snowpack melts. Summers tend to begin rainy, but call be balmy and sunny come late July/August. Early September is often characterized by a lovely, so-called "Indian Summer," which is short-lived before the days till rainier, colder, darker, and winter begins again. It is quirkily remarked upon and joked about that winter takes up half the year, or the whole year for that matter, as one of my informants quipped: "Yeah, four seasons: winter and winter—no, coldest, colder, cold and not quite so cold" (Amoldus 2004). There has been much conjecture and debate, though, regarding the effects of global warming on local climate, which, while often
birch, cottonwood and poplar (sec. fig. 2.25). To the east of Qucs, contains...
bears, jackrabbits, grouse, moose and mule deer. Saskatoon berries, raspberries, minute
rivers, ponds, swamps and lakes are home to beavers, ducks, trout, salmon. Bald eagles,
much alive. The first hardy people to avail themselves of the unglamorous fecundity of
Dene People, who had been, for millennia, hunting, fishing, foraging and living in the
region. Today, there are four First Nations bands in the Quesnel area: Alexandria,
Kluskus, Nazko and Lhtako Dene (Red Bluff), with aboriginal populations making up
roughly 9% of the approximately 24,000 people in the extended Quesnel area; an area
65,659 people, a whopping 1.7% of the BC population. Twelve percent of this population
is identified as aboriginal, tripling the 4% listed for the whole of BC. Visible minorities
(not including aboriginals) account for 5% of the population, a considerable decrease
from the BC percentage of twenty-two. Of these visible minorities, an overwhelming
percentage is of South Asian origin (63.4%), while only 10.5% are Chinese. Immigrants
make up 11% of the population, much lower than the 26% of BC’s total, and of those
immigrants, those coming from the USA led with 21%, followed by Germany (15.2%),
Punjabi (19.5%) are the major languages being spoken. Of Canada's two official languages, 95% only have knowledge of English, with 98% only speaking English. Of the

has approximately 10,000 inhabitants, but services an extended area of 24,000, 90% of the population is Canadian-born. Of the 10% foreign-born, most immigrated before 1991.

Four percent of the population is identified as visible minorities, with the vast majority of

Language-wise, 89% claim English as their mother tongue. On the spiritual front, 43%

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56 The 2006 census has listed the population under 10,000 at approximately 9,300 - a population decrease of 7.1%. 
university degree, while the remaining 30% is comprised of those with trade certificates in mens, except in the trade certification department. Economically, the area is based on the bush, lhalislosay, the forestery industry, which is predominantly by male employment. Of the experienced labour force, 400 to 500, mostly men, find direct employment in resource-based tradesmen, trained in fixing, constructing, operating, while women perform service, teach trades, pay more, so a woman with full-time employment in the Quesnel area is making, on average, $37,000 less annually than the full-time employed male.57

Bringing all these stats together, the Kersey-Quesnel area is predominantly comprised of a white, English-speaking, Canadian-born population of mixed European labour, performing, primary breadwinners. Women's work, including that in the home, remains those vocations traditionally associated with the ever-helpful male of the species - nurses, assistants, cashiers, sales associates, secretaries, teachers, social workers, etc. This all-industry area is built up on men's work - men going into the bush and the mills to cut and process and manufacture - while much of the secondary service-related industries sprout off of the wood, are staffed by lesser-paid women. As one of my informants noted, "The whole town's full of mill workers and truck drivers and

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57 A full-time employed man makes, on average, $48,000 per year, while a full-time employed woman earns $31,000 a year.
cowboys and farmers and ranchers" (Minnett 2004) and this hardy, testosterone-driven

Fig. 2.24. Looking east, an aerial overview of the landscape in the Quesnel area—bush, lakes, rivers, streams, mountains. Photocourtesy of the BC Archives Collection—call number: I-27114
Fig. 2.25. The boreal forest of the Cariboo surrounding Quesnel. Photo courtesy of the BC Archives Collections---call number: I-64925

Hectic schedule at Kersley Hall

*Quesnel Cariboo Observer, 19 September 1984*
had been in development for nearly a century. With construction of Kersley House by the Shepherds, a social hub was created for the blossoming ranching community, the celebrations, picnics and pick-up hockey. In the midst of the remoteness and wildness of

In his exhaustive history of frontier theatre, that is theatre in British Columbia, interplay between raucous Republican Yanks, with their manifest destiny minds and perennial pursuits of Eldorado, and stiff-upper-lipped Victorian Brits, with their colonial, gentrified British naval officers in Victoria were performing farces for their own ranks, as
Iraditions and mlc frommaterialistic "Californians." 

persons [were] spurted on by a romantic vision of their [sic] existence. The theatre did

children, Shakespeare's most rhetorical tragedies, particularly Hamlet, farces on British

manners, variety shows and action-packed, paranoid, self-pitying melodramas were the

emphasizing the uncontrollable, fateful elements of life. Tellingly, this melodramatic

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58 According to Evans, "[t]he denomination 'Californian' refers more to a state of mind than any racial sameness" (1983, 59).
thestrcotypical American placer miner, who drifted from strike to strike, was replaced by "many British and Canadian middle-class men who had become miners by chance as much as choice" (Evans 1983, 90). And the fraternal organizations they were forming "seemed to gain strength from the remoteness of the community" (Evans 1983, 90). With culture becomes this constant interplay between two apparent oppositional forces:

Theatrically, this manifested itself in the coexistence of two dissimilar theatrical forms, saloon entertainment [with its gambling, boxing bouts, dancing girls and travelling showmen, generating profits for bar proprietors] and amateur theatricals [with their

1865, becoming 'the most important social group in Barkerville' (Evans 93). By 1868, they had purchased a saloon and converted it into a theatre, the Theatre Royal. Opening in May 1868, CADA presented two farces to a packed and appreciative house. Unfortunately, the Theatre Royal's life was short-lived. On September 16, 1868, Barkerville was destroyed by fire, and the hastily rebuilt town no longer included a

They decided to erect a two-storey, 60 by 30 foot structure to serve both CADA and the
"although full length Victorian dramas were sometimes ventured. Spectacle was out of having their share of gravity from the mining life itself" (Evans 1983, 97-98). Evans does also suggest that comedies were frequently chosen because "the untrained actors could
a 'penal settlement,' such effort to propriety was pointless. This was, after all, the wild

local women, both married and single, on the stage—a decided frontier distinction and
management of the shared value. Decided unsafe, the Th'alrc Royal was demolished in
hotels, providing entertainment for the locals. Yet, the locals also provided entertainment
amongst themselves, developing a social infrastructure in their desire to civilize the
sporting clubs: horse racing, swimming, tennis, lacrosse, baseball, shooting, curling,
the Norwegian carpenter, John Strand, and his English wife, Mary Barlow, was an
sloping noor and secured row scaling. No longer were chairs quickly "hustled against the
closest of the audience seats later on. Complete with a stage, had already been constructed and in use since the 1930's (see fig 2.31). A "real" movie theatre, the Carib Theatre, opened for business in 1953, spelling

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60 I say "real" but in today's age of stadium seating, the Carib Theatre is decidedly quaint. There is a notorious dip in the sloped flooring, so there is one row about midway where you are actually lower than
lhe row in rrontoryou, making rorrallcr annoying viewng. Locals recognize lhe dip and avoid ilas much as possible
The steady interest in local chalkadeamed QuacsnlthelabeJ, "thecramacityofthe
gotlendcscriptornowadays, it does indicalc, along with the myriadofnewspaper

was benefiting from the relocation of the Guy sisters, Flora and Josephinc, from
Minneapolis. Caring for their ailing great uncle, Sam Bohanon, FlonaandJowerc
aparcnlllycommunitysparkplugs, initiating many theatrical productions, the best
rememberedofthembeingLeapYearFollies in 1924. Hostinganall, fmalc cast, the
variety show scripl "W3S contrived by JoscpfillCGIlly" (Patcnaudc n.d.), havingbeen
inspired african annual visil to Vancouver during which she saw a prodllclionfe3turing
the Dumbells.61 According to local historian Branwen Patcnaudc: "FloGuyplayedamalcc
part, dressed up in a pair ofMr. Maclurc'sfawn cololrcd corduroy trousers. During the
performance Mrs. HutchcroftSr. giggledaloud when the foolightsrevealedFlo's
Despilc good times, it seems the theatrical activity had petered out by the late 1920s, perhaps due in large part to Joe Guy's departure in 1927 capable direction of Charles Edkins, an expat Brit and newcomer to the Cariboo via Saskatchewan, and as the 1931 newspaper recruitment announcements state: "There is no valid reason why Quesnel should not have a very live Dramatic Club—there is abundant talent in the town and a number of worthy causes that the Club could work for. Further, the meetings held for the members plenty of fun and a good social time" (Quesnel n.p.) of the Quesnel Amateur Players for over two decades, a talented actor, director, coordinator, sound effects man, set designer and make-up artist. He was also a founding member of the Cariboo Drama Association, an organization founded under the direction of Major Bullock-Webster and under the auspices of the Ministry of Education, to promote Little Theatre development in this area of the province.

The Welshman, Major Uewelyn "Bill" Bullock-Webster, was "one of B.C.'s most energetic and ubiquitous theatre personalities" (Hoffman 1987, n.p.), a British remittance man in Victoria, where his high (read: British) standards were readily embraced by a town that was more and more measuring its persona in the rhythms of graceful Old England" (Hoffman 1987, n.p.). By 1932, his school had come to a Depression-induced commercial enterprises of other nations" (Benson and Conolly 1987, 51). Bullock-
Webster was quickly hired as the director of "School and Community Drama" for the Department of Education to further Canadian drama. Appertaining to that position, the Major began "travelling the province organizing drama workshops and festivals, screening adjudicators, dispensing theatre pamphlets she had written, and making the Department's substantial theatre library, begun with a collection from his Dramatic School, available to anyone interested" (Hofman 1987, n.p.), and the provincial amateur called], was born. This regional offshoot became part of a national theatrical network, the Dominion Drama Festival (DDF), which was in operation from 1932 to 1970, when it was succeeded by Theatre Canada. As the national theatre, the DDF organized regional amateur theatre competitions throughout the country, bringing in professional dramaturges and adjudicators—usually from one of Canada's parent countries (which is to say, France or Great Britain)—to travel around to the various provincial competitions to judge and ultimately recommend plays won by competing on the national stage, at the

After the DDF-proselytizing visits of Major Bullock-Webster in the late 1930s, which "had no small share in arousing latent community interest in the drama" ("Twelve plays selected in 2nd drama festival" 1940, 1), the Cariboo Drama Association formed,
entries from Williams Lake, Prince George, as well as the local preparations for these festivals had drama companies touring all over the region, honing their performances for the forthcoming competition. A 1940 newspaper article, reporting on the preparations for the second annual Cariboo Drama Festival, which was also held in

Quesnel apparently excelled that year in their increasingly professionalized effort for the high standards touted by the Major, winning for best play, best actor and best actress.

The awards and laudations piled up over the years, with the '40s and '50s being, arguably, the golden age of Quesnel Little Theatre. In 1946, Quesnel Little Theatre, with its membership of fifty-five, was "signally honoured by an invitation from the executive of the northern part of the province" ("Little Theatre Players here receive honor" I). That same year, Quesnel cleaned up once again at the regional drama festival, taking top honours for J.M. Barrie's play, _The Old Lady Shows Her Medals_, directed by Charles Edkins, and for the play's main performers, Ella Ferguson Dixon and PCR Gook. This play was subsequently taken, in 1950, to the provincial drama festival in Victoria, which ended up bringing "honours to both Mr. Edkins as best director, and to Ella Ferguson Dixon as best actress" (patenaude 1981, 69). In 1956, Quesnel won best play at the Cariboo Regional Zone Drama Festival, and so it goes. Over the years, there were the
Performing typically a selection of Samuel French catalogue comedies, dramas, musicals, English farces and melodramas, Quesnel Little Theatre lost audience and participant interest as the years wore on, especially as their "star" members moved to BC, with its major aims, seems to no longer be a part of the local theatrical milieu. "High standards" have been swapped for a good time and a worthy cause. The Women's Centre "Mollologles." Christmas concerts, school productions and campfire skits continue to be performed. Any groups forming, though, are often based on the energy and commitment group clustering around them tend to also fade away. Yet, as the history of amateur theatre in Quesnel shows, there always seems to be a new star on the horizon to reform.
the troupes in some way or another. Currently, much of Qucsnc1's amalcllrtheatre
activityisccntrcdabouttwentykilometressouth,initssatellitecommunitvofKersley

Players, a point accordingly stressed by one of my informants, was "not something that
just happened with Roy Teed. This is something that this community has always done
h's just part of community. That's how community works'' (Koning 2(04). Kersleyites
have been coming together to socialize and humanize, to make an imprint on this frontier
and form a community, since the settlement's early days.\textsuperscript{65} As the farms and ranches
spread out around The Kersley, people began to gather and to organize. And the main
gathering point for Kersley over the years has been its community hall.

The first Kersley Hall gathered its initiatory crowd in the spring of 1924, with the
wedding of Hans Zschiedrich to Liesl Semmler. The hall was constructed on the
northem section of the Zschiedrich property by Hans's father, Paul, as a home for Paul's
parents, who never did live there. The house stood empty for many years until the
wedding, when the unused building gained communal purpose. The Kersley
Farmers' Institute—one of the first formalized organizations in the community, founded
in January 1925—was the first to begin regularly utilizing the space for its meetings and
sponsored social events. The hall soon became the hub of Kersley social activities—
you name it. Rent was five dollars and included heat, light, and janitorial services. A large
wood heater in the basement would be ignited early in the morning to make sure the hall
waswann. Colemanlaments lighted the rooms. And in the upstairs portion of the hall, bedding was provided for the children who accompanied their parents. Many children, now long since grown up, have fond memories of spying on the adults' socializing below through cracks in the floorboards. During the 1930s, the hall was expanded upon, doubling in size, in order to accommodate the growing need for a communal meeting place, especially as moving pictures began being presented there (see fig. 2.32-2.33)

Just as the hall grew, so did the community and its social infrastructure. With a farming-based economy, it is not surprising that most of the early clubs being formed were agricultural in nature, with many directed towards keeping children on the land. To this end, Kersley of the 1940s is full of Junior Farmers' Clubs— a Potato Club, Alfalfa Club, Beef Club, Calf Club, all precursors to what would become the 4-H Club. With the effects of WWII being felt even in little Kersley, women of KERSLEY and Australian fonneda Sewing Circle in February 1941, announced the mission to knit socks, gloves, mittens, loques and scarves for "the boys," as well as make quilts for bombing victims. Funds were raised through whistler and crib tournaments. It was during the 1940s, as prompted an industrial explosion, bringing many to Kersley post-WWII. In 1946, the community's first store, the Kersley Store, was constituted by two recent immigrants to the area, Archie Thompson and Bill Jones. The partnership didn't last long, and by the road and across from the Kersley Hall (hence the store's name). These stores were

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66 Both stores had closed for business by the mid-1970s. The Kersley Store dwindled out of business by the early 1960's, while the K.H. lasted into the '70s until it was destroyed by fire one cold day in early January.
gathering points for shooting the breeze, passing the time and community chitchat. The presence and viability of these stores testifies to the growing number of non-ranching

foundation of the Kersley Women’s Institute (WI), an organization of women who did just that; they organized and continue to organize: Halloween parties, bridal and baby showers, Christmas concerts, dances, Mother’s Day teas, picnics, food preservation workshops, a travelling library, sewing clubs, babysitting courses, cribbage tournaments, community speakers, rec-to-rec film showings, student bursaries, classroom field trips, fundraising auctions, among many other things, including, interestingly enough, skits and plays. Under the direction of Mary Robins, a post-WWII British immigrant to Kersley, the WI began performing at both the halls in Kersley and Australian to much community enjoyment. Husband were encouraged “to join the fun” by taking on supporting roles” (qtd. in Crocker-Teed and Grant 2003, 85). This off-shoot of the WI was called, by 1955, Kersley Little Theatre. Not much is known or remembered about the group, but it can be presumed to be a very local and informal community theatre created and performed for Kersley eyes only. The exact toil of existence is also unknown, but one wanted for a Christmas pany or community barbecue or what-have-you and then dispersed again afterwards. Like Quesnel entertainment, this too was contingent upon a
"star," namely the energy, enthusiasm and creativity of Mary Robins. One well-documented theatrical performance, which included Mary Robins and many more, took place in 1967 to celebrate Kersley's and Canada's centennial. Long Long Trail, as the show was called, was a retrospective of Kersley's development, showcased through dance (can-can, Charleston, square, go-go, etc.), music and song. Apparently, the packed hall was especially delighted with the "four lovely [can-can] ladies', two of whom wore beards" (qtd. in Crocker-Teed and Grant 2003, 92), and after the show, Kersley was

Working to become an active, close-knit community, Kersley residents founded, in 1954, probably the most important organization in Kersley's history, the Kersley Community Association (KCA), which is essentially the municipal governing body of this unincorporated place. In patriarchal Cariboo fashion, this is an overwhelming male-dominated "government," with women filling such supportive roles as secretaries and treasurers and enlisted to organize communal social activities. The ancestor of the KCA began on May 23, 1954, with the initial aim of being a local athletic club, the Kersley Athletic Club (KAC). Terry Toop, Lower Mainland immigrant, logger, prospector and proprietor of the Torch's Cafe, was president, with Elsie Haroldson, the local schoolmistress, as secretary/treasurer. The idea was to form a baseball club, but it quickly morphed into more, especially after the women got involved. There were no objections
when, five days after its inception, a social committee was formed. Dinners, dances, parties, picnics, turkey shoots and even some baseball games followed. Emphasis on the importance of healthy recreation, spurred on by the KAC, helped to establish local packs.

Sports Days were held, teams formed and tournaments played. And people continued to enjoy the great outdoors—fishing, hunting, camping, prospecting, swimming, ice skating,

By 1959, the KAC had refocused its efforts into the Kersley Recreation Commission (KRC), a registered organization under the auspices of the British Columbia Recreation Association. Members began to attend regional courses and provincial conventions on recreation management, obviously keenly interested in advancing their association’s scope and capacity. In 1958, Walter and Betty Edwards, local ranchers, essentially donated a parcel of land to the community, drawing up a 99-year lease contract, in which the KRC was required to pay the hefty sum of one dollar a year. Upon this communal land, the KRC laid the groundwork for what has become the Kersley Community Complex. The first major development for this land was the resolution to construct a new community hall. In November 1959, the last rites of the first Kersley Hall were celebrated in the same way as its initiatory ones, with a wedding. The new Kersley Community Hall opened its doors in 1960. It was the same year that Jean and André Amoldus opened the Alamo, a local diner and gas station, located almost directly across from the newly

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70 In 1997, the land was sold for one dollar to the Cariboo Regional District, making it officially Kersley communal property.
constncted hal1. It became something a community staple, providing morning coffee gab sessions, poorly paid employment to many a local and babysitting form any awaiting their proximity. The next major development for the KRC was a rather ambitious project

By 1967, the Kersley Community Hall had added kitchen and bathroom facilities, year that the Kersley Community Association officially formed, with Tony Selzler, owner Of the K.H. Store, as its first president. It appears to have run concurrently with the KRC until 1971, when the two amalgamated into the current association. The arena was made to it almost annually since its "completion." There was, naturally, a big party to celebrate its construction. In that same year, Kersley voted yes to the implementation of a Kersley Recreation tax, an extra property tax to support and sustain their communal reconfirming the sense of communal propriety and pride for Kersley's community
By the end of the 1970s, Kersley was enjoying the amenities of a hall, a fitness park, a pottery shack, a ball diamond and an arena. With so many facilities and activities, it was deemed prudent in 1980 to hire a full-time recreation director, namely Roy Teed. By 1983, the complex's parking lot had been paved and a tennis court added. By 1985, the arena was expanding to include two ice rinks, a racquetball court, weight room and an apartment for the recreation director, which he briefly used. By 1987, the Jarceurs, the Kersley Players, had formed, performing their risqué plays and finding their initial good cause in supporting the Cariboo-bom and raised Rick Hansen's "Man in Motion" world tour (see fig. 2.34). By 1990, the hall was being renovated with and, notably, a green room for the Players. In 2001, a new fire hall was constructed. In keeping with this seeming cooperation between fire halls and theatre troupes that has been established since Barkerville days, the two old halls now house Roy Teed's some, a community meeting room and Studio P, the sound stage/rehearsal space/storage room of the Kersley Players. In 2002, a new theatre group made its first appearance on the Kersley scene—the Kersley Musical Theatre. Under the leadership of Janice Butler, a recent emigrant from southern Alberta, this so-called 'family-oriented' theatre has met with resounding success. The cast and crew, consisting of people from all over the Quesnel area and beyond, perform annually every February/March their classic
musicals to sell-out crowds for a week. The implications of this "other" group for the Kersley Players will be examined at a later point. Thus far, though, Kersley and its hall do seem to be big enough to support two separate theatre groups, although not without community Christmas party, she wanted to do something different for years, the entertainment had been reel-to-reel movies and cartoons along with Santa Claus of course. But to spice it up, "Bobbi Gram said, 'Let's do a Christmas play. Roy, write us a Christmas play.' The play was written, the cast was found, lines rehearsed and when it

Players; and so we were" (Lace Drakes Playbill 1997, n.p.). Thus began the Kersley
thing. And it all kind of evolved out of that. And yeah, so that's kind of-and it was fun. (Jack Gram 2002)

The Kersley Players' creation gelled because of the agar provided by decades of socializing and humanizing of the frontier. Years of community get-togethers and organizing and generating fun were the culture medium from which this theatre troupe emerged. From such a communal network, it seems a proposal that the Players perform only plays written by a local community member, with the majority of monetary benefits being generated going to local groups— the elementary school, the volunteer fire department, the community association, the Women's Institute, the Girl Guides, the Scouts, over the years through the catering of the many dinner theatres, and the provision of such "an opportunity for local groups to raise money with only a small investment in time and effort is everything to being a Kersley Player" (Crocken-Teece and Grant 2003, 89). Along with their annual fundraising plays, the Kersley Players— well, a kind of offshoot of them anyhow (it's not formally the Players)— have stayed true to their origins and perform a Roy Teece Christmas skit for the annual community Christmas party, just as

While still yoked very much to the local, the Kersley Players joined, in 1990, that provincial community theatre organization, Theatre BC— a regional member of Theatre Outsiders. The repercussions of this decision resound today, as the apparent "professionalized" direction of the troupe caused a group schism. Many former Players
investigation into this serious versus fun imbroglio, his professional versus amateur

increasingly honed their craft under professional direction and guidance, not to mention the Major's standards, and changes have, quite naturally, resulted. Since their membership in Theatre BC, the Kersley Players have won over forty awards (individually and collectively) at regional drama festivals in the Central Interior Zone (CIZ), which

fig. 2.35). They have been regaled with laurels for best actors and best actresses, best ensembles and best backstage crews, best costumes and best scripts (see Appendix I for development of workshop play on several occasions, coming births to Mainstage, the provincial drama competition, and thus bringing their performances to a wider audience. In 2000 with The Ghost of Donega/Hetch, Hhee-hee and again in 2008 with The Good Game, the Kersley Players were selected as the Central Interior Zone's best production, chosen to represent the zone at Mainstage. On both these occasions, Roy Teed has received merits for his original scripts and recognition of his talent. His scripts are now actually making their way into the repertoire of other theatre troupes around the province, so it is not a complete aberration to see what was once a Kersley Player play being performed by a whole new set of players in Maple Ridge or Williams Lake...
Fig. 2.26. Barkerville’s Williams Creek Fire Brigade Hall and Theatre Royal, home of CADA. Photo courtesy of the BC Archives collection—call number: A-03761.
Fig. 2.28. New Cariboo Hotel in Quesnel—the Empress Theatre, commonly called the Strand Theatre, is to the left. Photo courtesy of the Quesnel Museum & Archives—call number: P1998.3.1.1.
Fig. 2.29. Quesnel's Rex Theatre on the right. Photo courtesy of the Quesnel Museum & Archives—call number: P1992.100.5.

Fig. 2.30. Dance inside the Rex Theatre, Quesnel, circa 1920s. Photo courtesy of the Quesnel Museum & Archives—call number: P1986.1011
Fig. 2.J2. Expansion on the original Kersley Hall, circa 1910s. Photo courtesy of the Quesnel Museum & Archives - call number: P2000.4.1
Fig. 2.33. The old Kersley Hall, as it currently stands disused and abandoned today. The snowy slopes of Green Mountain loom in the background. Photo courtesy of Jules Grant.

Fig. 2.34. Rick Hansen receiving the proceeds from *The Dinner Party* performances, along with a VHS of the play (it is in his hand). KCA president, John Grimm (right) did the honour, while Ted Melanson (centre), principal of Kersley Elementary School, held the megaphone. April 1, 1987 in the Kersley Community Complex parking lot. Photo courtesy of Kathie Ardel Prentice.
Fig. 2.35. Map of British Columbia showing the ten regional zones of Theatre BC. The Kersley Players belong to the Central Interior zone. Source: Theatre BC, http://www.theatrebc.org/bckgrndr/TBCmap.htm (accessed September 20, 2009).

The Theatrical Season of the Kersley Community Hall
In which the significance, or lack thereof, of the calendrical placement of the plays is explored and in which the tangible structure of the Kersley Community Hall is described, highlighting the structural modifications made in order to accommodate the Players.

that these plays are typically performed in the spring would be enough to elicit an
ejaculatory whoop, inseminating the plays with some calendrical fertility rule explanation.

And while it is perhaps significant that these plays are, generally speaking, annual spring customs for Kcrsleyiles, there are no magico-religious overtones or undertones as to their seasonal placement. Indeed, as Jack Santino points out, astrological and calendrical ploughings cannot account completely for customary practices.

Solidifying social lies seems to be something of a pragmatic and practical imperative for a Caribooile during the long, dark, cold winters, and being a part of a "Roy play" aids in this process of social connection, as one of my informants so states: "It's definitely it definitely helps in the winter, time to get over those winter blues, you know. Western rehearsing around January-February, you know, and it's a great time to get busy on something. [JGI: Cabin fever.] Yeah, ycah, cabin fever, that's right" (Drewcock 2004).

Living in a northern clime, with its extensive winters and the isolation that such cold and darkness succour, there is a basic human compulsion for contact, for sociality, for pioneers began organizing themselves. Thalsaid, though, gathering together for playtime during these winter months and working towards a grand unveiling in the spring is, in a
way, echoing the very process of the earth itself during its hibernating months. Truly, "spring begins in the dead of winter" (Santino 1994:47) and the preparations for and the anticipation of its arrival start in the darkness and help stave off the cold.

Seasonally and symbolically, spring is a time of rebirth, and as such, is a time fecund with customary practices and folkloric traditions. Simon J. Bronner, in his examination of student folklore, notes this human predilection for spring festivities. Thematically, "Roy plays" certainly follow these paucms of comic reversals, temporarily replacing the culturally codified Cariboon nonsense with jesting, farcical nonsense, as will be explored in the next Act. In this sense, the performance of these plays in the spring very

While it maybe tempting to interpret the placement of these plays along such symbolically cosmic and calendrical lines and imes, the timeframe truly affects and enforcing the plays' placement is much more dependent upon the arbitrary human productions have become increasingly common, especially as considerations are made for
acknowledging lifeculities and responsibilities. One simply cannot play all the time. The creation of the Kersley Musical Theater, with its February/March productions, have also initiated scheduling conflicts for those players acting in both troupes, as well as tensions regarding the sharing of spaces and amenities. The intensity of play involvement often requires some downtime, so with the two Kersley Troupes acting 100% closely in conjunction with one another, there can be player and community exhaustion. And exhausted players often do not want to come out and play, and their absence is felt deeply in a small troupe that needs as many players as it can scrounge up and is often scrambling for more. So, for those scholars of the ritual origins of persuasion, the ejaculatory jubilations are a bit premature. The lim of the season for the Kersley Player plays is primarily dependent upon human schedules — playwright whims, player

The ludic venue, always booked for the players, is the local community hall communal gathering point (see fig. 2.36). With a decidedly pragmatic and basic architectural design, the hall is essentially a rectangular box, once clad in plywood, painted brown, and now covered in light blue and white aluminum siding. Like many community halls, it is a dark, cold space, with little natural light and few, small, wire-meshed windows placed high up near the ceiling along its southern side. It
sports a practical hardwood floor with increasingly faint red lines of athletic boundaries

naturally, of hall, that cold, slightly musty odour of shu-in spaces being opened up after a period of abandonment. The walls are painted a muted dusty rose colour and barc the cracks and incisions, the wear and tear, of perpetual hall-decking for all manner of

Once one enters the hall through double doors from the western end into a dimly lit vestibule. Walking briefly through the vestibule, one passes through yet another set of double doors into the great space itself. The stage is positioned directly in front, across the expanse of floor, at the far, eastern end of the hall, framed by its burgundy velvet cen drapes. Clusters of rooms, mostly new additions and renovations, hedge the hall space along the western and northern edges. A storage room—housing tables and chairs and lies on the left side. Running up along the left, northern side of the hall are four doorways, the first two being the former bathrooms, which now house a storage room and the liquor commercial refrigerator, making it one of the best hall kitchens, if not the best, in the Quesnel area. It too houses windows into the hall, one for the delivery of dirty dishes and the other, larger one for serving food, and even has an actual window and door
looking north across the parking lot towards the arena, tennis courts and ball diamond.

The last doorway, up near the stage on the left, leads to a mini hallway with branches leading to the various toilet facilities and a hall exit. Along the stage, there are two doorways: the one on the left heads to the basement and the furnace and more storage, while the one on the right leads up to the stage (see fig. 2.38-2.42).

A place for bands to set up and/or kids to run around and jump off. Again, access to the stage was only from the front, and there was no backstage space excepting a broom closet and a slightly bigger pantry-like closet. This made for some close quarters during those early Kersley Player plays, as the actors huddled and sweated behind the backdrops, desperately having to urinate, as some of the stories go. With the increasing development of the Kersley Players and their plays into an annually anticipated event and the group’s dramaturgical growth through its involvement with Theatre BC, their operating space also began to develop as well. Instead of a shabby, white-and grey-walled stage with brown, plywood flooring, all is now painted black. Stage extenders have been built. And the ceiling of the hall now sports mounts for professional theatrical lighting (see fig. 2.40-).

A "green room" was built onto the hall's northeast corner with backstage access, and more importantly, bathroom access (See fig. 2.37 and 2.43-2.45). The green room is a small, windowless room, its walls today cluttered with the paraphernalia of plays past - scraps of wallpaper from various productions, lines of paint, framed certificates of theatrical awards, the miscellaneous, material bric-a-brac of memories. There is also a trapdoor in
storage and/or for when it is necessary to weigh down an actor who's supposed to have fallen into a stream, as was the case in *Stranglers on a Glade*. Indeed, the spatial and electronics backstage instead of hand signals and manual light switches. Further accommodating the Players and refining this playground, a former fire hall bay has been granted as a practice space or studio by the Kersley Community Association. With the of the Kersley Players (See fig. 2.46-2.49). Studio P has a small raised platform with stage and contains all the costumes, props, lights, wall units, stage allowed the Kersley Players to move out of the hall for rehearsals, also giving them a room of their very own for re-production preparations and warm-up (putting on make-up and costumes, drinking beer, etc.) before walking across the parking lot to the hall, where they can now sneak in backstage through the bathroom entrance. No more mucking about in hall bathrooms, private homes or rehearsal rooms. In 2008, for the first time ever, the Kersley Community Hall became the venue for Theatre BC's Central Interior Zone Festival and the Kersley Players the hosts. In preparation for this event, an extensive and expensive renovation of the hall's stage was planned and completed. With funding secured through recreation grants, the whole eastern end of the hall, which is to say, the
siage end, has been expanded, creating a much larger backstage area, including an increased basement space. There are now dressing rooms and proper toilet facilities for

Despite all the refinements to this playground and the accommodation for its players, the hall remains a hall and *not* a theatre. It still smells of hall. It still lacks risers and good acoustics. It continues to be used daily for a variety of community affairs and life-cycle markers—meetings, marriages, parties, memorials, reunions, craft sales, dances, potlucks—unlike most multi-functional western theatre spaces so typical of the Gold Rush and its frontier towns. The Players themselves have performed on real stages and in real theatres throughout the province now, and yet, they remain tied to this rectangular box plunked down in the apparent middle of nowhere. There is just something

"A Kersley thing," the Players are irrevocably yoked to their hall and their community, and it is this communal proprietary air and close-quarantined atmosphere which envelops the performances and makes them successive successes—a point to be elaborated on in
Fig. 2.36. Kersley Community Hall, as seen looking southeast.
Fig. 2.38. Floor plan and dimensions of the Kersley Hall, as drawn by Jack Grant. It is not entirely accurate seeing as he has forgotten a jog here and a doorway there, but considering that there are no existing blueprints for the hall and that he was drawing much of it from memory, it is close enough.
Fig. 2.39. Stage of the Kersley Hall, as seen from the main hall entrance and facing east.

Fig. 2.40. Interior of the Kersley Hall, facing west and as viewed from the stage. Notice the metal pipes on the ceiling for lighting mounts.
Fig. 2.41. Ben Koning mounting the lights for the 2004 production of *Dr. Broom and the Atomic Transmogrifier*. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed

Fig. 2.42. Interior of the Kersley Hall, facing northeast and looking out the main entrance to the kitchen and further along the bathrooms and the basement.
Fig. 2.43. The cluttered and cramped Green Room as seen1nlering from the slae and, therefore, racingnolh
Fig. 2.44. Looking from the Green Room onto the stage, which isostically racing south. Notice the variety or wall decor—scraps or plays past
Fig. 2.46. Entrance to Studio P in the former fire hall bay, as seen from the south.
Fig. 2.48. Facing southwest, the rehearsal stage of Studio P.
Silting in a Quesnel bathroom a number of years ago, I entertained myself, as one often does in such situations, by reading the stall wall graffiti. Amongst the varying diaries, doodles, lewd suggestions and telephone numbers, a prior occupant, with presumably environmentalist leanings, had boldly written on the stall wall with a heavy black marker, “EARTHFIRST!” Undeath, in a more subtle and standardized blue ink, have obviously never forgotten this stall wall interchange. It struck me then and strikes me now as typifying the Cariboo mindset, testifying to a bleakly pragmatic, ironic, and, dare I say, fatalistic worldview, reflecting a longstanding colonial mentality. And when querying my father, a born and bred BCer, pulp mill worker and long-time Kersley-

his mouth, heavily soaked in ironic tones, were, tellingly enough, “Earthfirst! Then we’ll log the other planets.” The comment’s interplanetary scope seems particularly apt when one considers that, during the 1980s, “the largest contiguous forestry clearcut” (Fawcett 2003, xv) of the 20th century, 53,000 hectares, was situated fifty kilometers northeast of Quesnel in the Bowron River Valley and was actually visible from space. Indeed, “[f]oresters in Northern BC claimed that, along with the Great Wall of China,[]}
was the only human alteration of the planet that could be distinguished" (Fawcett 2003, xv) from such an otherworldly perspective.

scar of globalization, as a wound haemorrhaging into ihc communities surrounding it, colouring their lives, their views and their self-determination. He writes, "That clearcut is somewhere, weakening) your will, undermining your ability to believe in the future and to...

- Mackenzie's trajectory - is a terminal one" (2003, 129-30; emphasis in original). He continues, arguing that the BC north has been treated "like it's a supermarket, a subsystem of a larger project that's to be used for buying and selling goods until it's used up" (2003, 130), a colony "from which a profit is made, but not by the people who live there" (Alwood 1972, 35-6; emphasis in original); profits belong to the others - the countries, the corporations, the ships, the fuckers. Fawcett further suggests that hinterland gougers of hillsides, polluters of rivers, desecrators of leafy vales, cold executioners of hapless fawns and does, and so on. We plow things around, inclllling one an olher; we bulldoze" (2003, 131). An inbred European sense of unease in relation to the bush, that uncontrolled, dangerous wilderness, so typified by the much-discussed Canadian garrison illenality, lingers in this neck of the woods. Wishful mastery of the fearful, unknown
This terminal, bulldozing, garrison-mcntality trajectory, set in motion by onward-ever-onward-frontier-pushing European explorers and furthered by fur traders and gold miners and loggers and politicians and multinational corporations, inculcates a commercial industrial rapaciousness and an aggressive, capitalist immediacy — a supermarket cycle. Paycheque-to-paycheque living and quick-and-get-out schemes abound, as people seek to get what they can before it all goesterminaly bust
Work on "lheslagJ13nledgeofnothingness" is hard, breeding longsuffering, indifference and contempt. People work to live, not live to work, prostituting their bodies to

This focus on the utilitarian aspect of work is what sociologist James Rinchart has working is to maintain themselves and their families in order to do the things they 'really enjoy.' Life for these people begins when work ends" (2001, 6; emphasis in original) Within the capitalist work order, labourers are merely instruments, as Paul Willis elucidates: "The system of capitalism still means essentially...that labour is bought, profit of others. Labour is dispossessed from its owners. This labour is directed, emphatically, not for the satisfaction of its providers, but for the profit of its new owners" (1979, 187)--corporate CEO's in Japan and New York investors, all interested in the lumbering operations. The golden entrepreneurial freedoms and vicissitudes of taking a claim and working for and on behalf of oneself, of subsisting off one's own land
produClion, simply do not figure into the rationalized, mechanized and routinized, twenty-first-century extraction of resources. In an area like Quesnel, which is so heavily dependent upon primary resource extraction, the labour necessary to feed the mills and please the investors is, by nature, dispossessed, detached and alienated. This, quite

Defining and describing the nature of alienated labour in the first of his four economical and philosophical manuscripts, Karl Marx prophetically writes in 1844

As work is dissipatingly externalized, individuals increasingly seek fulfilment and satisfaction in non-work, in leisure-time pleasures which so often centre around these-

"play harder" mentality pervades, as so observed by Thomas Dunk during his examination of Canadian working-class culture in Thunder Bay, Ontario.
The working-class obsession with non-work is also noted by Meg Luxton in her study of another stance toward it, a positive and easy-going attitude. 

Leisure time, for these hardworking men, will not be invaded by still more disciplines" (1984, 82). This perennial pursuit of personal satisfaction and release in the non-work, play calm is, not surprisingly, evident in the working-class culture and worldview of Quesnel and its surrounds, reflecting the alienated residue of capitalist and colonialist production.

Drawing upon previous personal work done on resistance strategies against the rationalized work process evident in Quesnel mills and the coping mechanisms utilized
infomment from that prior investigation, who localizes, very illustratively, how it is to be

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88 Yes, he happens to be my brother, but I have in no way influenced his observations. He has *not* read Marx, Dunk, Crawford or Luxton, rather has come to these conclusions via personal experience.
wash away, the search for forgetfulness and release tends to lead to opiates, anything that immediately as possible. As listed above, these often mixed together for varying cocktails, include consumerism, religion, stimulant use and abuse, families, hobbies, violence, sex, talk, among others. In associatively built economically upon environmental destruction and resource depletion, it consequently seems rather natural that physically and psychologically depleted workers should engage in self-destructive or self-constructive behaviours, perpetuating frontier work's dehumanization as well as combating it through humanization, numbly bulldozing and thoughtfully building all the same time.

Destructively constructing and/or constructively destructing, identity fonnation
Living in the sparsely populated BC north, far from policy-making and lax-collecting unnoticed, not except from observant orbiting astronauts, and feedsageneralcsotricsense of perceived small-town nowherness and nothingness, a sense of neglect and when some globalized outsider franchise decems Quesnel viable, legitimizing a place.

With such an apparent stamp of approval, Quesnelites, secure in their garrison, gas station, and Kersleyites, snug in their outpost, can, in turn, view themselves better unified garrison in their dislike for Prince George's "We're the centre of the north" pomposity. The whole BC North can bond in its distaste for the self-absorbed, Oaky, Gortex-wearing, yuppie vegans of the Lower Mainland, and BCers can make fun of
JGJ: Maybe that's what I'm asking you nicely. Since you supplied the word

94 Regional term meaning the middle of nowhere, the backwoods, often interchangeable with 'the sticks' and associated with a lack of refinement, sophistication and/or culture.
performance of their jobs, Quesnelites and Kersleyites perform the parts expected of them. Yet, just as they humanize their humanizing jobs through various means, some choose to play with the stereotypes, often playing up the redneck, cowboy-toolie-dweller and exaggerating the role in order to confirm the stereotype's "reality" to outsiders while delighting insiders with a smirking, ironic wink. Others seek to defeat the exotic view by becoming exotic themselves; that is, adopting what they consider to be outsider ideals and refinements, as Roy Teed acknowledges: "I think there's a certain faction that has aspirations to be culturally elite or culturally snobbish in Quesnel here, but there's very little cultural capital to see, I guess, if you consider culture symphonic music and

In an area based on hard, physical labour and surrounded by bush, it is not surprising that hands-on, survivalist, horse sense is generally lauded over the highfalutin' theories of the book. I can't "intelligentsia," and the pretentious aspirations of the so-

focus on clueless outsiders' hapless encounters with the bush, and, by extension, the
demanding wilderness. I would hazard an educated guess that every Caribooite has at least one laic, and probably way more, in his/her repertoire dealing with his genre, which
tourists getting their asses literally bit off by bears, of non-hippie, vegantreeplanters' silly, smelly and holier-than-thou sununereploits, of big-wig environmentalists' short-lived mediastunts. Personal experience narratives of bush encounters are rampant, sometimes getting a little taller with every telling—glorious hunts, fish that got away, fatal mishaps, loyal dogs, life-threatening situations, wily wild animals, wilderness survival. Legendary tales, encompassing the whole belief spectrum (memorate-fabulate-legend), of lost goldmines and Sasquatch, even in children and fed the imagination. In writing on monster traditions in British Columbia, Carole Henderson argues that these tales typify the fear-mongering garrison mentality and are, hence, "symbolic of this danger and fear" (Henderson 1976, 261). She further concludes that "the social and community-oriented and based traditions of ballads and folktales, so found in the relatively homogenous communities of the east. Such monster-loving, individualized
traditions are all present in Quesnel and are evident in the writings of Roy

While the bush provides economic subsistence and recreation, it can also fearfully and dangerously take. A moose can crumple a fast-moving car and walk away from the fatal wreckage unscathed. A chainsaw can buck in a resistant tree and maim. A skidder can tragically topple down an icy slope. A pack of coyotes can lure out the family pet. A cougar can stealthily stalk its human prey. A river's waters can rise. Blizzards can blow

Pulpmill pollutants can cause cancer. And on it goes. The potential terminus of an industry, of a life, is always readily and wryly apparent. Vastalion, that "sense of personal

lingers. The frontier boom 'n' bust pattern remains. The colonial menial lilypervades. So Quesnelites and Kersleyites hedonistically boom with their guns and their ATV's, their brewskis and their weed. They find their boon in the propagation of their loins, in their afterlife hopes, in their current solvent situation, in their fun, post-work times. And they enjoy heartily their farces. Frontier pragmatism and experience have not produced a pantheistic Wordsworth or a transcendental Emerson or a wilderness-worshipping Thoreau, but a Roy Teed. 100 The intense survivalist and capitalist reality has shaped a
Act III
The Playwright and His Plots

JESSICA
Oh no, it was on VOX

ROY
Oh, voice activated

ROY
This is the community meeting room

ROY
Whatever

JESSICA
Well, do you call yourself a playwright?

ROY
Occasionally

101 A borrowing from the Charlie Kaufman movie, Being John Malkovich (1999), in which people get, quite literally, inside John Malkovich’s head through a portal hidden behind an office filing cabinet.
JESSICA
*Writer?*

ROY
*Uh, less occasionally*

JESSICA
*What do you refer to yourself as?*

ROY
*Uh, mostly "me" and, in some other cases, "")*

JESSICA
*(Lolhing Ilervolisly) Alright, fair enough. I walked into that one*

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There is nothing physically comely about Roy Teed. His glasses are big. His nose is bulbous. His skin is blotchy and pockmarked. He's missing a tooth. His demeanor is quiet and unobtrusive. This is a man who, as one of my informants put it, "most people

unremarkable, "just a regular guy that you see on the street" (Zacharias2006), or don't see: "If you walked up to Roy on the street, if you'd been to a Kersley play or every

Kersley play and never saw Roy and walked up to him on the street, I would have... you
kind of make assumptions about some people, you know, the way they dress, the way they talk—you would never do that with Roy” (Minnett 2004). He is a self-declared introvert who dresses like a toolie-dweller in worn-out blue jeans and flannel shirts, and appears, for all intents and purposes, your stereotypical Cariboo-grown hick. The only physical remarkableness about him is his homeliness, which, coupled with his unassuming manner, adds to his aura of weirdness. First impressions of Roy are to dismiss and stay dear. He has been "off-to-the-side" or, in his own words, "a little different than the rest" for all of his life, quietly observing. As a childhood friend of Roy’s (Prenlice 2006). And yet, for those being let in, leaving the first assumptions aside and coming to know him more intimately, he is a soft-spoken, thoughtful man brimming with intelligence, lively conversation, informed opinions, quick wit and an absolutely shockingly bizarre sense of humour. Indeed, as one of my informants quipped, "Who

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102 Biographical information on Roy Teed comes from the man himself, during our many interviews and informal conversations, as well as from those informants who have known Roy since his youth.
Despite being rather elusive about the facts of his early years, it can be deduced that Roy Teed was born in the early to mid-1950s, in a family located somewhere in, as he phrased it himself, Upper Canada. He is the oldest of five children, the big brother of four sisters. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, when Roy was five or six years old, his family moved west, settling in Kersley, where his father found employment at the local sawmill, Kersley Lumber. The Teed family became part of the growing millworker populace now living around Kersley Elementary, where Roy began secondary school. Growing up in Kersley of the 1960s and early '70s was a decidedly rural, no-frill existence, as Rod and Debbie

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JGJ: And do you—is it something that annoys you a bit that it's become?
emphasis in original). For Canadians, this has meant, according to Frye, their Jonah-like ingestion into a leviathan country, wherein "the frontier was all around one, apart and a

young boy, who always had the urge to tell stories: "I've been writing all my life, right
developed through his voracious reading and writing—continuesto this day: "Oh, words are wonderful. I love language, words. The whole act of writing is playing with words and the way they sound together and the rhythms of the prose and you know" (Teed 2004a). A language nerd and history buff, Roy's scholastic achievements were limited in his numbers' department. Math and sciences weren't his strong suits, and it is a lack

Instead of military training, Roy went in a completely different direction, opting to study "beer, pubs, women and creative writing" (Teed 2004a) at the University of British Columbia, resulting in his self-proclaimed "only claim to legitimacy—a collection of acronyms from UBC" (Teed 2004a)—a BFA. As a member of the fine arts community at UBC in the 1970s, Roy was most certainly exposed to the alternative, patriotic push in the decade marked by the formation of the alternative theatre movement in Canada, with its militantly Canadian and anti-establishment mindset—a movement which pushed for popular theatre in the Marxist sense, which is to say, affordable and accessible, focusing
on local, regional and national issues instead of the international, masterpieceaplenty. Roy was an anomaly, a strange aberration from the norm, in his
decision to seek higher learning. The fact that he chose to study something as impractical
or lawyer or teacher heightened his already generally acknowledged off-the-side-ness,
highlighting just how different he really was. This was the boy who, as one of my
you know, 'Roy II'd his knees' or whatever you know, and everybody was kind of… and I

These senses given from his conversation, among other informal ones, was half Roy was a

The assessment of Roy as a 'cat' or 'different' young man is one that meshes

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104 As another informant so euphemistically and democratically described Roy, using the word to mean special, different, interesting, odd, eccentric, weird, strange, etc.
JGJ: I was actually going to ask you about that. Do you consider yourself fringe in the community?

RT: Oh, absolutely. You're an outsider looking in—wouldn't you say that's correct? (2004a)

Sitting in his distanced, off-to-the-side position, Roy is indeed a fringe individual in the community, a real character, known for his eccentricities, which people now tend to

so his plays— I don't know, I think Roy's plays have a lot of Roy in them. I think they're Roy. I do. 'Cause Roy's a little bit off-the-wall. He's a typical writer* (guess—director, anist'—(Amoldus 2004)). He is now commonly labelled; 'brilliant...intelligent,'; 'artful,

'Ironing his anistic skills and his creative talents, Roy spent four years in the big city, studying at UBC and eventually graduating with a BFA in creative writing, a degree which included coursework in playwriting, although he did not, ironically, enjoy his playwriting courses. He paid for his education by working summers in a Quesnel sawmill, Weldwood—the workplace of his father (who had switched to there after Kersley Lumber folded). While Roy was bucking the Cariboo norm in choosing not to work full-time at the sawmill, like his father, or study a profession, his parents were always very accepting and encouraging of their eldest child's creative endeavours and aspirations. Feeling no pressurized to be "practical," Roy states that he was going to post-secondary education for the learning experience. You know, for the— I don't know how to explain it—you were going there to learn something. You didn't— you wanted to learn rather than going there to find a profession, which I don't think would— well. I don't think a lot of students go to university for anymore" (2004a). Roy sought an education for education's sake and
agent apparently tried to sell the work in Toronto, Roy lived as a starving artist, making ends meet with "absolutely the worst job I ever had in my life" (Tced 2004a), a telephone quite possibly on one of the happiest days in my life, 'cause I don't like telephones, I didn't like telephones before then and I detest them now" (2004a). His job loss precipitated a phone call to his parents, who "came down and we loaded up my desk and typewriter and moved back to Kersley" (Tced 2004a). The strange bird was back home in the Caribooto

Kicking around Kersley, living with his parents, single and unemployed—when many of his Cariboo peers were married with kids and monogamous and full-time mill jobs—Roy was approached by John Grimm, the Kersley Community Association president, in 1980 and offered the full-time position of recreation director. He accepted the job and is still there after a quarter of a century. As recreation director, Roy is a jack-of-all-trades, his duties often dependent upon the time of year: "I just finished being a facilities manager and now I'm starting to be a facilities manager. Later on, I will be maintenance person and then, I could, who knows, I could be paperwork person, filling out grant applications, so I wear many different hats. I essentially do all the jobs that a big place like Quesnel has forty people to do, except on a smaller scale" (Tced 2004a). Roy is the man with the keys to Kersley's communal centre, organizing, maintaining and coordinating the communal facilities and their many activities. He mows lawns, makes ice, liaisons with various
community groups, collects monies, rents the hall, scares children and on it goes. As others made their daily work commutes to Quesnel, Roy walked the perhaps 150 metres from his tiny log cabin beside the school to the arena (see fig. 3.1).

JGJ: I think J-- always used to be envious of your job-- thought you had the perfect job.


While Roy expresses now a certain malaise with his work, drifting in enly along, I hercisa

In her work on community characters, Diane Tyedinvestigates "how and why people become characters, and what provisions are made for their accommodation into the overall community" (1987, 99). This idea that community "accommodates" their "characters" is particularly salient in Roy's case. One of my informants suggested that the offering of a community job to Roy, in the first place, was an attempt at bringing this fringe character in, at integrating this liminoid, and that his work allowances made

He [John Grimm] saw the skills that Roy had and thought that this would be a good thing. I mean, instead of discourage him. 'Cause, a lot of limes,

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105 These are my early memories of Roy, ambling along in his big, brown, down parka past the schoolyard with his terrier, Gub, in tow, going back and forth between the arena/community complex and his home.
absorption; his "neat" skills utilized for the communal good. "[N]ot an outsider looking in [but] an insider looking on [Roy was and is] a watcher to be carefully watched" (Ives 1964, 184), not unlike Sandy Ives's folk poet, Larry Gonnan. As the saying goes, "Keep your friends close and your enemies closer." And while it is tempting to want to interpret this process negatively, another informant assents that this communal care, concern and involvement provide Roy with a protective zone from which to pursue his creative

Community outsiders do not know how to "take" Roy, whereas Kersleyitcs have been seeking to at least accommodate him and perhaps even understand him for much of his lifetime. 106 Accommodation, though, has the potential to become synonymous with control, and Roy has been increasingly dissatisfied with the expectations and assumptions
lived in his primitive log cabin, even as his pecrgroup had moved into their split-level homes with carports and carpets and natural gas heating. He remained a bachelor. He had no children, but developed contact with a generation of Kersley boys in the early to mid-1980s in his capacity as the local scoutmaster and baseball coach. This led to the establishment of lifelong friendships with a couple of young men, years his junior. Friendships solidified through elaborate, ongoing gaming nights held in Roy's hut. For some gossipy community members, this had all the unoward makings of pedophilic predation—bachelors and boys never being seen as a healthy mix. John Szwed wrote: 

Lacking a *real* man's job and a *real* man's familial and financial responsibilities, Roy was very much in this uneasy, interstitial category of neither boy nor man. The fact that he hung out with young men, finding cohorts in boys and playing games, confined his
playing games, the favourite being a Sci-Fi one by the name of Traveller. Roy was also
acknowledged for years that Roy was special, living in such a way so as to ensure his
creative impulses were given space and room, not submitting to the dehumanization of
capitalist labour, so rampant in Ihearca. Like the renowned woods poet of Maine, Larry
who worked in the woods and drovelogsontheriver" (Ives 1964, 187), Roy is a writer
first and foremost, his plays and novels and short stories being "his constant

When, in the early 1990s, Roy, in living his life, met a woman, fell in love and
married, there was probably a collective sigh of relief, as he had finally "grown up,"
following a socially integrative and culturally nomlative rite of passage. Yet, Roy being
Roy, it was not completely nonnative; Pam was an older woman, widowed with nearly
grown children and a capable career woman running her own secretarial business, who
hyphenated her name upon marriage. The union to Pam prompted Roy's move from the
tiny Kersley cabin into Pam's two-storey house, complete with garage and carport, and all
the rest, oiliside of the community, in Richbar. He now commutes soulfully to work, while
nearly everyone else goes north. Although no longer living in Kersley itself, he still
remains a fixture in the community, managing the facilities and, more importantly, the
Kersley Players for whom he writes, directs, acts and produces. He associates himself less
and less as a Kersleyite since his marriage and all move, thinking and associating in more
general lenses - Caribooite, British Columbian, Canadian. He continues to hunt and fish
and camp and head into the bush, like any good Caribooite, while still reading his books
hobbies, living conditions, family— are apparently the norm among gers of traditions. According to Henry Glassie, creativity is often causally connected to unusual socio-

Roy Ted, like many folksong and folk art makers, "is typical in being seen as an eccentric and in being held somewhat apart from the community around him. He is a chameleon... as strange... as..." (Szwed 1970, 157). an anomaly and an anomaly. While deviating from so very many cultural norms, Roy ally aids the community in the collection and maintenance of its identity, through a process described by Kai
space, the community would have no inner sense of identity and cohesion, no sense of the contrasts which set it off as a special place in the larger world. Thus deviance cannot be dismissed simply as behavior which disrupts stability in society, but may itself be, in controlled quantities, an

Through his disruption, Roy stabilizes community and is stabilized himself. Ultimately uncertain if not afraid of him, people remark upon his brilliance, his talent, his creativity, by magnanimously accounting for and accommodating this strangeness.

Fig. 3.1. Roy Teed's former cabin, assisted on the northern side of Amoldus Road. The school is to the immediate right (east). Photo courtesy of Jules Grant.
"always [having] a foot in both worlds, you know-- the world of Kersley and the world of
Doubly human because he sees double and lives double, straddling two oft-times
Forth non-native, off the sideman, sitting in his frictional cusp position, it is not surprising that Roy's real-life roles as a contrary community character should inspire the incongruities, tensions, contrasts, juxtapositions, frictions, ironies, double entendres so prevalent in his writings. Roy's plays do indeed have a lot of Roy in them.

While Roy and his writings have been shaped by the bush, trained in the citified auspices of higher learning and generally considered "different," it is still difficult to pinpoint precisely what it is that compels Roy to write, to utilize such a literary avenue for expression. Certainly, the artistic impetus remains a much-discussed mystery. So whether it's swinging in the brain or one's formal upbringing or some combination of nature and nurture is all arguable, but for Roy, it just is: "Frankly I'm not sure if I can tell you how to write comedy because I'm not quite sure how I do it myself. I honestly think it's something you're born with; a gift like the ability to run fast or blow smoke rings or appreciate opera" (Teed 2004c, 1). Although unsure as to why he has his writing.

Tapped into his creative spring, Roy creates until he tires and/or the spring runs low.

Time spent away from water hauling, in working, reading, radio listening, observing,
GM: Hill-people. I don’t know. So I didn’t write about hillbillies, hence the time-travelling cavemen


The extent to which this Canadianism infuses Roy’s work, not necessarily overtly so, but certainly humour. and sensibility-wisc, will be discussed further in this Act. Suffice it to say, the liminal nation with its inherent divisions and doublenesses and penchant for ironic discourse is voiced perpetually by the equally liminal Roy Teed, who dipped his silly Canadian bugger, his inner gremlin, and dips into his creative pool...
While nC\lcrblatanllly the class clown, Roy has always been akccn observer of life's incongruilics and these observations find ihcircomie fonn in hi swritings

Clowns, noted by Beverly Stoeltje, "are ubiquitous characters who challenge the
dangerous. Their acts affinn lhat boundaries can be tested andtensionsexposed" (1985, 155). Becauseclowns lwecakthenoseofconvention,overstepboundaries, push
limils, tum everydaystrutures upside down, they are often consideredambiguous
frameworks, they are funny, providing, as Barbara Babcock suggests, a kind of"spiritual
shock therapy which breaks up the patterns of thoughI and rationality that hold us in
bondage and in which thegiven and established order of llhins is defonned, reformed,
and rcfomUlated; a playfu speculation on what was, is, or might bc;arcmarkonlhe
indignityofanyclosedsystcm"(1984, 103). Yct, by theveryfacl thattheydefonn,
dangeTOus, threats to lhe established orderofllhings, as Handelmansooobserves
Twistling the realities of everyday, muddying boundaries and obfuscating certainties are Roy's art and delight. In this sense, he is well and truly a clown, which subsequently means that he "is really an ethicist" (Babcock 1984, 121), a philosopher, a transcendental Transcendental buffoonery, so dubbed by Friedrich Schlegel, is the philosophical notion that clowning, laughter and irony in human consciousness, that buffoonery can, in "survey(ing) everything and ris[ing] infinitely above all limitations, even above its own art, virtue, or genius" (Schlegel 1991, 6), become a vehicle of enlightenment. Indeed, Stephen Leacock assesses that the humorist is one who has come to understand and interpret the meaning of life: "Teaching humour would mean teaching people to make fun of things, but teaching people to understand things. Humour, at its highest, is a pan of the interpretation of life" (1935, 5). Leacock continues

The idea that the contemplative, inquisitive, philosophic life is somehow synonymous with the comic, with a well-developed sense of the ironic, is one that is explored in Barbara Babcock's bricolage piece, "Arrange Me into Disorder: Fragments and Reflections on Rilual Clowning" (1984). Utilizing citations and observations from a long
range of anthropologists, theorists and philosophers. She argues that "clowning and criticism are sanctioned disrespect for ways in which society paradoxically institutionalizes doubt and questioning. Both... are forms of irony" (1984, 107). She further asserts that clowning can be seen as a sophisticated form of sociocultural self-society and culture, adapting to the sociocultural conditions in which it finds itself. This is not to say that clowning and humour are not universal; they are. But according to Suzi whatever modifications are necessary for its survival in the new environment; it adapts ecologically" (1976, 111), becoming an oikotype of place. As a reflection of place, the clowning commentary within a particular society is designed "to comment on ideas, practices, and beliefs of that society. The clown of the rodeo qualifies as the clown of cowboy society, and thus in the rodeo he exaggerates, satirizes, rearranges, and challenges the assumptions upon which the social and natural relations of the cowboy world operate" (Stoeltje 1985, 155). Despite claims of universality, Roy's plays willfully exaggerate, satirize, rearrange and challenge the assumptions upon which Cariboosociety is built—apoint exploring the deeper depths of the next two acts. He is the clown of Kcrsley, Quesnel and the Cariboo. And all such a cusp, clown character, dirtying staid structures with his constant what ifing and if Tyrrelations, Roy challenges communal
BIGAL
Wholhc hell arc you anyway?

BUGGERS
Superintendent Crumble. RCM Police. My card. *(Offers card.)*

BIGAL
This card ain't got nothing on it

BUGGERS
What did you say?

BIGAL
I said there ain't nothing on this card. Look

BIGAL
*How* do I know you're really a cop then?

BUGGERS
*Do I look like a bloody Mountie?*
BUGGERS
There you go, J'mundercover, aren't I? I'm not supposed to look like a bloody Mountie

BIGAL
Okay, I get it. But I better keep this card to remind me

---

Simply put, Roy writes farces. Of the twenty plus plays written and performed since 1987, the vast majority would fall into the farce category (see Appendix 1 for detailed descriptions of the plays, as well as photos, cast lists, playbills, etc.), with four exceptions: three dramatic comedies, The Good Game (2008), The Unlikely RapllerolockMllldoo, (2004) and StrangeersonoG/ade (1994), and one "serious" drama, Shadows From a Low Stone Wal/(2001). In being a Jarchell, Roy has yoked himself and
dismissed genre of apparently "small literary merit, but great entertainment value" (Bentley 1958, vii), lacking subtleties and dealing in absurd extremities. His "joking..."

Jessica Milner Davis, "broad, physical, visual comedy, whose effects are predominantly a form of drama, and one which the playwright would least gladly part with" (Slyan 1975, 78), farce is a crowd-pleasing, fun-making form that delights in improbabilities, repetitive predictabilities, raw sexual urges and taboo-busting violence. It is the apparently vacuous filling, a necessary vulgar indulgence, which pays the bills allowing for the pursuit of..."
'social beings' - i.e., captives of the social machinery - and once more you will have a comedy [farce]" (qtd. in Slyan 1975, 84). Always leading up to the inevitable punchline(s), there is a formal structure to farce, a structure that relies heavily upon type.

"The simplest kind of farce," writes Jessica Milner Davis, "requires little more than a suitable victim, a practical joker and a good idea for a prank" (1978, 25). This combination of the straight man and the joker is a classic contrast, but one must not forget the third member of his group - the laughers, the audience. And this triumvirate of joker, straight man and audience is the modus operandi of farce. To this howling punchline, Cnd, stereotypes, caricatures, clichés and type characters are then normal in farce, giving you "a type that is immediately recognizable to your audience" (Tccd 2004c, 17). This is not to say that these stock characters cannot he innovatively quirky and detailed, simple... because it goes right 'at' things. You knock your mother-in-law down, and no beating about the bush" (1965, 241). And this directness in characterization and actions is, by nature, aggressive, and "without aggression farce [simply] calllll01 function".

Highly dependent upon aggression, farce often "presents a comically balanced struggle between two opposing forces - husband and wife, parent and child."
lype-characters and their violence is not to be underestimated. Jessica Milner Davis

to be outrageously ridiculous and dreamily depersonalized. Utilizing stereotypes and
characters covertly automalic, mechanical beings, "whose playful light demands little sympathy, whether they are the first or last victim of the round" (Oavis 1978, 86). They

quick and easy recognition, so too are the plots, workings and patterning of fare readily
misunderstandings will reign. The audience knows these pausemsanddelights in this mechanical predictability. BUT the automaton characters of farce donotpossessthe

NOI recognizing the inevitable machinations at work, farce typesare what the French

the O<ibility and the individuality of life" (Davis 1978,63) and are doomed to repelition
laughter, that is, the structure of comedy, drawing heavily upon the theatrical farces of his
day for illustrative examples. He defines the comic as any situation when "(s)omething
mobility of life" (1956, 84-85; emphasis in original). Accordingly, Bergson argues that
this mechanical rigidity or encrustation finds comedic off through three basic
principles: repetition (of actions, characters, dialogues, plots, problems, etc.), inversion or
"topsy-turvydom" (oppositions, reversals, backfires, repetitive twists and contrasts) and
mistaken identities, double entendres, etc.). The repetitive, topsy-turvy, cross-wired
in "both a distancing of the characters from the audience and a lessening of their
humanity" (Davis 1978, 63). This aggressive repetition creates depersonalization and
laughter, as Bergson observes with a Punch and Judy show.

Indeed, Styan slates that "repetitions are at the core of all farce business...one character
1Older" (1975, 90), while robotic characters bounce perpetually off one another,
often creating a pecking order of violence, the violence of the ancks, verbal or physical,
farce simply have no time to explore the depths of human consciousness, "[t]he speed and
immoral—effect, namely, that of making actions become abstract and automatic when in
reality they would be concrete and subject to free will. This effect being of the essence,
rapidity is not merely a technical asset, it is a psychological necessity" (1958, xx). Indeed,

Despilitsapparcldevilish, immoral effect, farce lends to remain the innocuous,
inoffensive joke, enjoyed heartily by many an audience. While frolicking in taboo

conventional positions" (Davis 1978, 85). Although, throughout the course of a farce,
marriages are baller, families are dissected and hierarchies are sneered, a typical farcical

intact. So indulge man over-the-top, farcical jokes donot function as hard-hitting salire,
but as ironic play. Farcetype-characters, in their blatant unsconsciously oblivious, are
silly, demanding limo morfoftheaudiencethan laughs. In short, as Davis notes, "The
comic spirit of farce is one which delights in taboo-violation, but which avoids implied
"There is a persistent notion that "a great gulf exists between the laughable and the meaningful" (Messenger 1980-81, 3). With all its outrageous machinations and repellent mechanisms, farce can appear meaningless, an empty caloric snack. And yet, those very artificial machinations and repetitions are its depth. A psychological necessity for fun, as my anatomy continually reminds me, "If we couldn't laugh, we'd be crying all the time." And as one of my informants acutely comments, "His [Roy's] plays go way deeper than they appear on the surface—always, even the mostly the farces" (Minneu 2004). This tangible link between life's tears and tragedies, its injustices, doldrums and depths, and its guffaws and outrights, apparently superficial silliness is simply a matter of perspective and time, as Margaret Alwood points out, utilizing a common adage, "[W]e live each event twice, once as tragedy and once again as farce" (1995, 109). The notion that tragedy, that most hard-hitting, serious and sorrowful of genres and events, is also, potentially, utterly ridiculous, a farce, certainly illustrates that something more is indeed going on in farce. Underlying the laughter is a telling seriousness, illuminating the inescapable Yin and Yang balance between tragedy and farce. Farces do indeed "go way
deplh, localizing the psychological significance of the genre. The Cariboo frontier, as it meshes with the very lyric, working-dassworldview prevalent in the area.

Professor and theatre critic, Eric Bentley, contends that, as one of the melodramatic arts, it is beneath the surface. It is a matter, then, of finding external representation—symbol— for according to Bentley, "[J]ikedreams...show that disguised fulfillment of repressed reality."

Rife with such hyperbolic dreamlike patterns, characters and stylizations, farces dramatize "the inner experience" (Bentley 1958, xv). Bentley argues: "I'll speak of exaggeration, it is important to see what is exaggerated in farce and what is not. While certainly, the external facts are distorted, the inner experience is so wild and preposterous that it would probably be impossible to exaggerate it. To the inner experience, the farceur...

Faithful to the apparent inner workings of the psyche, all is at once unrealistic, farcical types and tropes are, it is argued, "meaningfully human..."
escapist nature of farce and humour, as people inwardly identify with all the any characters, projecting themselves into this conscience-and consequence-free realm.

And one should never underestimate the importance of laughter, especially as manifested on the frontier, since, as Marshall McLuhan notes, "[t]he frontier is naturally an abrasive and rebarbative area which generates irritation and grievance, the frontier for humor" (1977, 232-33). For the Canadian imagination thus perennially surrounded by the frontier and stuck in paradoxical tensions, laughter is an imperaliverelease: "In our precarious and complicated circumstances, and given our national character, Canadians must either cry with frustration or laugh with Leacock" (Wallers 1966, 546-47).

and grievances. As Albert Bigelow Paine describes in his multivolume biography of
determination (if one is more given to optimism), seems to be that of gross exaggeration. This hyperbolic impulse is plain in what is often regarded as a standard frontier format of comic expression and one that has been cultivated in British Columbia, as mentioned in grossly exaggerated format of tall tales and the overwhelming environment of the frontier against, the unfamiliar, the dangerous and the hostile" (Byrne 1991, 320). In his work on the tall tale impulse in Newfoundland, Pat Byrne argues that, while the harsh, unforgiving
Fourccnlurics against an environment built on outrageous paradox, and how we try to cope with outrageous paradox than through outrageous hyperbole. The tall-tale impulse has provided the cwffoundlander with the mechanism, not simply to laugh in the face of continent, I would suggest that this tall-tale impulse, this penchant for the hyperbolic, the outrageous and the paradoxical, found the farces so enjoyed by the Cariboo, providing

Farce and, by extension, its tragic counterpart, melodrama, are both genres of exaggeration, characterized by ineluctable fatalities, and both have found fertile ground for growth in the soil of the Cariboo. As briefly discussed in the previous Act, melodramas were extremely popular amongst the early gold-mining populace of British Columbia, apparently reflecting something of "the collective soul of the people" (Evans 1983, 70). Melodramas were, according to Bell, primarily concerned with the violent vagaries of fate, in which apparent coincidences reveal themselves to be "part of a baleful pattern" (Bentley 1965, 245), leaving hapless innocents helpless in the hard hands of fate. He writes, "Intraged Y, manisan angel, but also abcast; and I hel wowrestle. How everything that goes wrong on the devils! This is exactly what the melodramatist does This is exactly what melodrama is for" (1965, 261). Bemoaning their own unjust and undeserved victimization, working-class miners found within the inflated and, therefore,
decidedly unrealistic melodramatic form a medium for articulating this powerlessness, thus esca ping from any sense of personal responsibility or self-elimination. According to Chad Evans, these melodramas “fit” the psychic environment of the BC frontier rather well, emphasizing how uncontrollably hazardous and unfair life could be.

fatalistic nature, but this same description could be used for farces, which are often considered "all play" (Bentley 1965, 247) and, hence, plays of mere action, as well. Just as the coincidences in melodramas compound into a deliberate, calculated, mischievous pattern, so do the coincidences in farces compound into an unpredictable, miscellaneous pattern. Eric BeOlley
Wrapped in a pall of melodramatic pathos, Evans's "downtrodden proletariat" could release, through tears of self-pity, woe-is-me frustrations over its victimization. That said, day amongst the Cariboo working class. Cloaked in a cape of farcical madness, the current, Cariboo "downtrodden proletariat" can release, through guffaws of high-paced laughter.

During my earlier assessment of the Cariboo worldview in Act I, I emphasized the importance of release to a working-class populace, with an insistence upon ownership of post-work life and having fun, or, as Evans puts it, with "a need for action almost regardless of the consequences" (1983, 72). In his study of "the Boys" (working-class men in Thunder Bay, Ontario) and their play forms, Thomas Dunk contends that "[t]he importance of fun as a goal of the Boys' leisure should not be underestimated...[A]gainst melancholy of Western Marxism which pretends to speak for the working class, the importance of a laugh to people like the Boys takes on a symbolic significance" (1991, 92-93). Leisure-time fun is integral to counteract the deadening nature of capitalist, colonialist work, and a major element of this fun is an emphasis on release. Robert
And farces, with their basal animal aggressions and scatological humor, their overflowing high comedies and spit-in-your-eye crassness, are all about release from stultifying propriety and escape from conscience-wracking guilt, 'running away from... not only social problems but all other forms of moral responsibility... running away from the also an enjoyment of violence, since, as Bentley argues, "the principal morality of farce is not the impulse to flee (or Fear), but the impulse to attack (or lostility)... I in melodrama farce enjoys itself, in farce hostility enjoys itself" (1965, 255)

Situating this enjoyable release motif in the Cariboo, one of my informants

The sheer offensive s of farce, as it grotesquely mirrors insuper-hyperbolic the daily mechanization and routinization of an alienated work life of cowboys and millworkers and farmers and ranchers, just seems to "fit" the roughness and rawness of
Roy and his farces suit the Cariboo sensibilities, with their penchant for exaggeration and aggression. And they make a "down trodden proletariat" laugh, as I explained to me.

Bogged down in the seriousness of life, with its tears to fight back and its wish to ridle, and trapped within the Cariboo's fatalistic trajectory, there is something of a former mantra to just have fun, for, indeed, as an informant explained, "life's a short trip and you might as well do some enjoyable things as you go along" (Wark 2004), like experience.
Scene 3 - Madly Off in All Directions: A "Roy Play"

AGES
You don’t intend to present her with yet another suitable husband, do you Humphrey?

HUMPHREY
Yes, how did you know?

HUMPHREY
The girl does have an awkward sense of timing, doesn't she?

HUMPHREY
This time will be different

AGNES
Why, Humphrey, will this time be different than "nyother time?"

AGNES
Are these lack of objections categorical or unconditional?

HUMPHREY
I think it best if you hear his words firsthand. He writes (reading): “And let me assure

123 Famous line from Stephen Leacock’s *Nonsense Novels* (1948): “Lord Ronald said nothing; he flung himself from the room, flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions” (63).
you, sir, if your daughter's already knocked up, it don't matter, it just saves me the work of doing it myself."

AGNES
Good heavens. Who is this paragon of laziness?

understood and used by locals, it was an enlightening and somewhat challenging task

124 Dialogue from Roy Teed's 1991 play, *All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Round*. See Appendix I for cast members, character descriptions, play synopsis and pictures.
Considering that "Roy's plays have a bit of Roy in them" (Arnoldus 2004), it is not surprising that this mucker-upper of categories and buggerer of boundaries should

With their improbable plots, outrageous machinations and exaggerated, stock characters, the vast majority of "Roy plays," as already mentioned, are what would be farces congeal when they are transferred from the stage to a cold description of them" (qtd. in Achard 1958, 357), it is indeed an arduous task to convey the liveliness of them. It is also a potentially destructive task, full of intangible aspects of which one must be mindful, according to Marcel Achard, who compares this descriptive process to "being in the position of the clockmaker who has to dismantle the carillon on the Strasbourg cathedral" (1958, 357), vivisectioning a masterpiece of artful engineering. So, while a definitive description of a "Roy play" will be eternally elusive, I will attempt to list and explore the general characteristics and makings of a stereotypical "Roy play." Characteristics drawn from my informants' astute observations. These makings include: nonsensical realms, shock factors, juxtapositions, incomprehensible language, human relationships, fast-paced
Given that Roy's plays typically comprise "strange characters in odd situations" (Tceed2004a) and generally lack conventional norms, it is necessary for Roy to create a world of its own lit by its own lurid and unnatural sun" (Bentley 1965, 247). Andyel, this reality, however unnatural and improbable, has to be believable and sincere. Lewrites that the rules for reasoning found within any belief system, the play's internal logic must build stepwise upon its axiomatic foundations and subsequent learning, taking into possibilities and hypotheses" (O'Connor1995, 13). In order for it to be believable, and hence, sensible and probable in its own bizarre way, as a KersleyPlaycrobserves: "It has to be believable, you know. You can't just go up and wear women's clothing for no good
have the gift of some lunatics (such as paranoiacs) to build a large, intricate, and self-consistent structure of 'improbabilities'" (Bentley 1958, xix), "a verifiable structure of

While the notion of holding a drag queen beauty contest at a hunting lodge—having to clean the ducks—is quite out there, the reasoning leading up to his event weirdly makes sense within the play's context. Indeed, Lace Drakes is often considered a real favourite because of this succeeding illogical logic: "It was just so outrageous, it just—everybody that was a man was dressed like a woman; everybody that was a woman could just kind of see—you could almost see where he was going at times" (Minnen 2004). It is this same twisted, internal, taste-of-truth logic which allows for an assassin
In a typical murderplot, magicpoliciesand an ignored man who believes himself to be

random reversal of ordinary experience and an escape from the limitations of everyday life into a haphazard infinity, but is on the contrary a carefully limited world, controlled and directed by reason, a construction subject to its own laws" (1978, 5), a theatregoer entering into his nonsensical realm, with its own internal logic, must discern Roy's reasoning rules of the play, which are initially rather confusing.

The process of making sense of the nonsense can prove rather difficult, if not impossible, kind of sense of them at all" (Minnett 2004). One play mentioned repeatedly for its hard-to-follow introduction is Bliss'er Hip's Marnmoniaf Tl'o-Srep, in which an eccentric Bustcr appears onstage sporting black dots on his face—apparently received while bobbing for feh pens—and looking for Spot, his balloon dog (a regular balloon with a big
black spot on ilanachedtoaleash). While feh-lippedpenbobbillgand air dogs certainly auesl to Busier's cccentricily, they are nOl a part oflhe overall plot structure- a decided bedroomfarce-leaving lhe audiencethinking, "Okay, okay...lt's takinga longtimelo get this going. Come on" (Grimm and Grimm 2004). It is nonsense 10 which they can see no logic or point, and for one of my infonnaants, this is a common shortcoming ofa "Roy play:";There'salways moments ofhilarity- itjust takcsa lotoftime togettothem"

Central to these moments of hilarity and aidinggreatly inthe nonsensical

roleapparently imegral to farces. Eric Bentley explains the role

Mischief ilself, the prankster always requires someconc to prank. lhc buggerer needs someconewith whose life slhecan bugger and the trickster only functions when there is

relationships in comic drama is that between the ironical man and the impostor. These are lhe comedian and the straight man, one a knave, the other a fool, the fun resulting from theinteractionbetweenlhetwo"(1965,249). Perhapsthebest illustration ofthe knave
role in 'Roy plays' is that of Algemon Buggers, P.I., whose character has been central to Roy's productions: 811ster Hipchek's Matrimonia I Two-Step, All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Round and The Incredible Pickled Pigeon Pirate Chase. Buggering around, Buggers convinces the fools around him that homicidal maniacs are coming, that they are going blind and are near death, that scotch whiskey is really tea, that they really love one another, that lifecravers are listening devices and don't go. It is foolish, it is nonsensical and it is funny. Truly, "[a] play with a cast of fools tells us that it is a world of fools we

Although Roy's attempts to create nonsensical, fool-filled realms full of pirates and witches, vampire conventions and flashing fiancés, with their laslesoftruth, don't always entirely succeed, his plays continue their ongoing quest to present a zany tweak on reality. And in this quest, Roy's "nonsense expresses more than mere playfulness. In trying to burst the bounds of logic and language, it bares the enclosing walls of the human condition itself" (Esslin 2001, 341). While good, ol' common sense clench stoview nonsensical only being appropriate'; to laugh everyday discoll TScOfhe socially purposeless, to lose one's peripherics of everyday life: the infant, the child, the mad and the senile, the chronically foolish and playful" (Stewart 1978, 5), that can clowning knave—Roy Tccd—nonsense challenges the very notion of commonsense, Susan Stewart notes that "all nonsenseditives and rearranges any idea of society as coherent and integral" (1978, 209), flawening, inverting, manipulating and questioning the seemingly natural and pell-mellentificarchies which inform our sensibilities and lives. In playing with and questioning those hierarchies, nonsense highlights the constructedness of
Taking elements of the everyday, a "Roy play" pursues and expands the nonnal, the sensiblc, the known, to surprisingly abnormal, nonsensical and "real mind-bending" (Prentice 2006) ends, "leav[ing] you wondering, thinking. Sometimes you have to— they're always funny but the comedy is different. I can't explain it—I'm trying to think of the right word to use... Yeah, adifferent kind of comedy" (Prentice 2006). Challenging playwright, who "enjoys kind of maybe shocking people a little bit" (Prentice 2006), who bugger. It is characteristic of Roy to bug, pester, push limits, "what if' and hopefully then again, he doesn't pick on any particular gender or race or, you know, he's not incorrect— he's not politically incorrect in that sense. But he does pick away at our sexual sensibilities. He definitely does that. He picks on everybody kind of equal" (Drewcock 2004). Such is the nature of a Jarcell, who "like the lunatic and the unwilling child [and the silly bugger], flips in the face of decomm" (Bentley 1958, xv) [a typical "Roy play," the curtains are pulled back, revealing a recognizable "home" scene— living rooms, dining rooms, barrooms, kitchens, with doors leading ofT symmetry of family houses" (Styan 1975, 89). The characters run the gamut of human relations— friends, neighbours, employers, employees, lovers, spouses, siblings,
away quickly begins. A butler appears on stage — a decided aberration from a working-class home. A private investigator shows up. Call-girls, pirates, wenches, hunchbacks, mad scientists, assassins, Oashingsexual perverts, ex-lovers with mink felishes, balloon-breasted drag queens follow, expanding the everyday to the ludicrous. Murders are plotted, women are openly ogled and belittled, men are cut down to size, trysts are planned. And in this absurd expansion, Roy can indeed shock, "taking his humour to the point where it can be a little uncomfortable for people sometimes. I think people like that. They like being on the edge of acceptability. He rarely goes over that edge of acceptability, but just balancing on that edge, I think, is what makes people laugh all the time.

Perched on the edge of acceptability and eliciting laughs, Roy's plays have the potential to shock by their content, characterizations and style. In order to shock, though, and acknowledged social and moral standards. As Bentley notes: "Where there is no established virtue, there can be no outrage... The marriage joke, hell, exists only for a aggressively amoral vehicles, require a real moral and sensible wall, a communally stereotypical role." Roy play, "counterthesupportive!subordinatetrole of the Cariboo female in real life, with her lesser paid job and housewife duties. The cover-up, the top, cross-dressing male characters are the opposite of the real man's sterosis, drive ... Cariboo living. The violent interchanges, full of harsh put-downs and wicked winicisms, spit in the eye of everyday politeness and propriety. The nearly incomprehensible
language, loaded with big words, cruelly expose the general scholastic ignorance of Caribooites. The inevitable pacing and speed—thecomings and goings in and out of doors, the repetitive action and dialogue, the mechanical automatism—mirror grotesquely the post-colonial and capitalist conditions of the Cariboo, with its alienated millworkers and functionalism mindset. Indeed, "Roy plays as aggressive he cat in that way we laugh hearty at the formidable dilemmas in which others find themselves. We exhibit a cruelty as we would never dare do in life, and we yearn for the breaking of rigid social rules as only those who observe them can" (Slyan 1975, 83). And his cruelty has the polemical to surprise, shock and offend, since as Roy ironically notes, "nothing is sacred, be aware that some things may get you lynch" (2004c, 14). The apparent lynchability of "Roy

As already discussed earlier in this Act, Roy, from his CSP position within the community, is a man continually seeing double, noting incongruities and finding humour in the frictions caused by juxtapositions. And this love of the incongruous informs his


Again, nonsenec needs its opposite, senec, and of the wall needs to juxtapose of the wall. Everything needs to be balanced in opposition, as has been previously noted with the nature of rarec and roldrama, "involving[ing] a rather simple but striking patterns" (Pennis 1997, 211) that "bring together jarringly the culture's traditional polarities: male and female, human and animal" (T. Green 1978, 847), that display "a comedically balanced struggle for power between two opposing forces—husband and wife, parent and child, master and chief" (Davis 1978, 12). Understanding the necessity of these antagonisms, "Roy plays" are rife with striking patterns, with thematic and linguistic elements, incongruities, ironies, juxtapositions, tensions, oppositions, doubles, twins, frictions and factions. Hunchbacked bells are sex objects, twin sisters are only distinguished by patches over opposites, abstract scientific gendils is thwarted by practical ineptitude, bird costumes are worn backwards so lail feathers face creetly forward, peg legs jut horizontally off knees, husbands and wives and parents and children and brothers and sisters fight perpetually for one-upmanship, men become women and women men, one shoe on and one shoe off, doors opened and closed and opened and

Housed within every character is listed for a "Roy play"—the transvestism, the nonsense, the language, the patriotism, and so on—is the constant of contrast. Utilizing
one play, namely, *Dr. Broom on the Atomic: Trilllsmogrijier (2004)*, as an example of the myriad of contrasts willing about in his work, Roy observes

Indded. *Dr. Broomol1dtheAtomicTransmogrijierisagoodillustrationofthe*

analogisms so prevalent in "Roy plays." Dr. Pemicious Broom, a female mad scientist, with an penchant for grand flowery speech, is naturally at oddswilh her male counterpart. Dr. Hercules Pointlecau, a nearly incomprehensible Frenchman. *An interchaneberwechen*

the two depicts their antagonism and Broom's proclivity for iambic penameter, as well as
assistants, Bridgeland Hubert, respectively, who also dislike one another, quite naturally. Furthering colouring the mad scientists labs are the two hunchbacks—Pointetteau's female, Gumbelle, and Broom's male, Gumball. In the grand farcical scheme of pecking hunchbacked helpers. In the case of Dr. Broom, there is another level in the pecking order, in that she is continually hounded by her own mother, who still finds her daughter lacking, despite the mad genius and accolades, because she cannot fix a leaky sink, find a man and produce grandchildren. So, already with the characters, there are the archetypal polarities between male and female, parent and child, master and slave, employer and employee. And, as in all fables, these polarities are played with.

Although only lowly assistants to their respective doctors, Hubert and Bridgett are sharper, quicker and wittier than their addlebrained bosses, as the following exchange:

POINTETTEAU
Tell me again, Hubert, why it is you are my assistant.

HUBERT
Well, it's because I'm a foible, sir.

POINTETTEAU
And a foible is what?

HUBERT
It's something to make you look smart, sir.

POINTETTEAU
But, I already am smart.

HUBERT
Yes, sir, but think of how much smarter you look when you're with me.
POINTETEAU
It is like a very handsome halogen lamp next to the stumpy wax candle

HUBERT
That was very eloquently put, sir

POINTETEAU
I am the halogen lamp

HUBERT
Yes sir

POINTETEAU
And you are the stumpy wax candle

HUBERT
Thank you, sir. Maybe I'll sneak off now and light my wick

POINTETEAU
0, Huben, your candle is wickless

HUBERT
Don't you mean dripless, sir?

POINTETEAU
Your wick is dripless?

HUBERT
Well, lalcyil has been, sir

HUBERT
Maybe you need to plug your lamp into something, sir

The irony of having understood and explained is foible role to his supposed belter, along with all of his double entendres, which are apparently lost on clueless PointiCleau, suggesting the underling's superiority. In his case of the underling,
Bridgett, she has the ability to cut through all the crap that spews forth from Broom's

**BRIDGEITT**
You're going to use the bucket to catch the drip from the sink

Again, with her kind of Emperor's-New-Cloths-like sharpness, Bridget is able to see
through all the nifty, nowery, possibly awe-inspiring language and just nakedly call a
spade a spade, which points to an underling with a clearer and more pragmatic vision than

masters and the pests of the assistants, since they spend their time making openly lewd
comments to Hubert and Bridget, often obfuscating even the most basic elements of
communication, namely, words, as an exchange between Bridget and Gumball points

**GUMBALL**
(To BRIDGEITT) What are you?

**BRIDGEITT**
I am efficient

**GUMBALL**
You are fish?

**BRIDGEITT**
Efficient
GUMBALL
Fishing?

BRIDGEIT
Shut up you disgusting object

Given the animosity between the assistants and the hunchbacks, it is rather ironically fitting that, after the atomic transmogrifier has mched down— thanks to Dr. Broom's ineptitude in dealing with a simple drip— and everyone has been transmogrified, arc changed into those very things they despised, namely, hunchbacks. Of course, despite their new, improved exteriors, Gumball and Gumbelle still prefer lumps and so hook up with Bridgett and Hubert. The good doctors come together, as Mother Broompocrates,

transmogrified into another, which is to say a man as a woman and a woman as a man, decide to go lingerie shopping (see fig. 3.2). And Lhopolari lies have certainly been

While, thematically, "Roy plays" always have their sparring and jarring juxtapositions, there is also a contrastive linguistic element as well, which is often utilized to accentuate the thematic incongruities. Just as Broom speaks in bank versus

Pointeau in pidgin English/French, language is used to differentiate between characters
In his play from 2003, *The Unlikely Rapture of Baunock Muldoon*, which is set in

The pompous propriety of this speech is contrasted to the "Canadian Frontier" (Treed 2004a).
meat on their bones. To hell with extirpate! Thcword skulks ofT your
tongue like an abashed schoolboy. I cxpcctoratc upon cxtirpatc! Ha!
Again, thescthree specch pattcms play ofT one another in thc play, hcightcningthe

While '· Roy plays," tcxtuaJly. are fuJI of linguistic and thcmaliccontrasts, therc is
also another level of contrast operating with these plays, one that manifcsts itself in
pcrfonnance. in context. in the juxtaposition of rea/l ife and the piayrealm.Ascharacters
aremadercal,slight.framedmenareplayi ngopposilcgianls- thclittlemanoftcngctting
the bettcrofthe big,naturally-wholesomc housewivcs arc playing hookers and tallta lking, macho miJlworkers are sporting skirts. Theoft-nolcd inlimacybetween actors and
audiencc, an element so apparent ly inherent to folk drama,createS,asThomasGrcen
notes, "a constanljuxtaposition of fictive and mundanc roles" ( 1978,847),whcrein "the

thcactor'sownprivatc life"(BogatyrevI976b, 47). ForRoY, thi s kindofpara-play
contrast, thi sjuxtaposilion which extends oUlside ofl he play ilsclf,i s unintcnlional .


IGl: Right, so you that somewhat suspension of belief doesn't always-

IGl: Well. I think for the most though. it does create humour, though. I mean, you son of, you know

RT: No, not unless - not unless you're using totally unknown actors (2004a)

While Roy, in his quest to be a "serious" and professional playwright, finds this contextual contrast irritatingly inevitable, for many in the community, this contrast, this

He uses such big words. People stand there staring at these words when they come out of these people's mouths and they all pretend they
consonance, antonyms, homonyms, synonyms, acronyms, puns, double entendres, metres, rhymes, hyperboles, oxymorons, metaphors, similes, and literary devices utilized continues. A cursory perusal of the plays' titles and characters reveals this love affair titles such as, The RII/abaga Ranger Rides Again, Funny Bunny, The Unlikely Rapture of Kid. "Roy plays" have had a sexualized rumination on the number of s's in the word, 'specific', as in Dr. Broom and the Atomic Trailsmogrijier, having adapted a lot involving ineffective explosive lingeric, leading up to the play's punch-line, "nli is exploding myriad of double entendres and play-on-words, from Clilpy screw hothes to dripl esswicks to poems about smoking one-eyed love bandits to nymphobraniacs (those who are homier than they think they are). There has been a checky listing of the seven seas' in The
There have been "hyperventilating hyperbolcs" as in another pirate play, *Har!* *(The Pirate)*

**DUSTY**
What's going to happen to us, Captain Packard?

**PACKARD**
Control yourself man - you're hyperventilating hyperbole

And there have been comically philosophical musings in iambic pentameter as in *The*
In his playful quest to put words together, bewinyandsoundgood, Roy can sometimes end up in kind of a McDingus-like gobbledygook, a language which, in its wide use of who spon university degrees, listen to intellectual programs on CBC radio and read Lewis Carroll, but even then the language can be incomprehensibly over one’s head. His a language stuffed with "big" words - real or imagined - requiring a course in Roy’s English if it is to be decoded, as one of my informants notes: “He uses words you what the heck it meant, you know. You pretty much had to take an English course in Roy’s language of what that was and what that means, you know” (Zacharias 2006).

Indeed, these "big" words characterize "Roy plays" to such an extent that Roy, himself, jokingly describes his own plays as: "Blah, blah, blah, big word. Write that down; that’s very important. Blah, blah, blah - big word - blah, blah, blah" (2004a).

The piece and played with, their presence being generally meta-narratively remarked upon...
within the play itself. In *Dr. Broom and the Atomic Translogrifier*, for instance, Hubert quips about the interflow of metered prose between Broom and Pointcetau argument with his wife by stating, rather childishly (which makes it ironically funny considering the meaning of the word itself), that he understands what "puerile"

**HELEN**
Spare me your puerile philosophies. I'll get the toothpaste myself.

*HELEN gathers her pearls and exits, PHILO follows after her, gui"g.*

make, interpreting Miss Millicent Primrose's big-worded remark as invitingly "dirty"

**BUNNY #1**
Is she talking dirty, Vic?
CHARLES
What McGrunchann you possess seems to have failed abysmally.

CHARLES
Right. Plain English it is—yell stupid greal git - buggeroffT.

VIC
Well, I guess that's clear enough, Charlie.

_SStOlyajKersley_, Charles Kersley asserts that his sophistries are not silken but woolen.

BUGGERS, private eye, and his assistant, Bonecrusher Wickham, discussing the meaning of

BUGGERS
_Idolovea platitude, Mr. Wickham, keep it up_

BONECRUSHER
_You got it, boss. What's a platitude?_
BUGGERS
It's a large serving dish for hamburgers.

BOECRUSHER
That's right. I think my mom had one.

Lalcron in *The Incredible Pickled Pigeon Pirate Chase*, when the kidnapped Angie Bunwallop nncis up with her wannabe-pirale brother, Ernie, and the pirate captain, Jack Strathbungo, she spells out her assessment of pirates in no uncertain, decidedlv academic terms— not unlike Dr. Broom's previously cited description of a bucket.

Again, Jack, unlike Broom's assistant, Bridgell, calls these words as they truly arc, because—however nowcry and academic they may be— they are, indeed, still "fighting words"— as characters jostle for position and attempt to show really is— is a "Roy play" constant. Perhaps one of the best illustrations of this continual "big" word bickering is with *The RillabagaRaflgerRides Again*. The whole inciting incident— that nudge which gets the farcical plot moving— centers on a misunderstanding of the word, "paramour." Miss Birdie, saloon proprietor, openly decries her desire fora paramour, a word and concept which the pompous Constable Ackers then takes upon
ACKERS
Constant practice, madam, and a liberal education

Birdie a pick of the hairy ones he has at home. When Birdie's desire for a paramour is on becoming Miss Birdie's paramour, I thus point out to Ackers his gross

SMITH
You do know what a paramour is, don't you Ackers?

ACKERS
Oh no. I think I've made an awful mistake
PEACHES
Arcwcin ITouble?

BLANCHE
We're in trouble

PEACHES
Likcparamouf

ACKERS
So it WQuid appear

While Ackers' unfamiliarity with "paramour" causes problems, setting inmotion the whole, off-the-wall premise for the play, it is Mona's unfamiliarity with the word, "monikcr," further on in the play, which sets in motion a kind of Abbott-and-Costello,

MONA
(squillililig) Don't I know you?
MO A
Capricorn?

BLANCHE
Say your name

BLANCHE
He wants to know

MONA
What for?

BLANCHE
Ask him

MONA
(To TOOLEY) What for?

TOOLEY
What was the question, ma'am?

MONA
Don't I know you?

MONA
Capricorn?
BLACHE
Say your name!

MO A
(to TOOLEY) Wha' for?

TOOLEY
What was the question, ma'am?

MO A
Don't I know you?

MONA
Capricorn?

BLANCHE
Stop it! Your name is Mona!

MONA
I know that. Gccz, Blanche, get a grip on Y0llfself.

It is also Mona's Coifusion overwhatwasjustsaid which leadslo Peaches' very liberal interpretation- a recurring element throughout the play, llsually involving Ackers saying SOMething incomprehensible and someconceelse interpreting it foranothcr- asthe
MONA
What did he say?

PEACHES
He said you talk like a virgin

MONA
That’s a damn lie! Waitaminute, I’ll drink to that. Bottoms up! *(drinks)*
when he writes his plays. An informant notes: "He always— you'll always find in there
two or three, well, we always say 'big' words,'cause he said just 'cause it's a farce
doesn't mean people shouldn't think or maybe go home and look something up in their
dictionary" (Minnett 2004). Somnolent, puerile, asinine, extirpalc, expectorate, jejune,
cogitate, irrefragable, alacrity, prurient, bilious, scabrous, sycophantic, subterfuge,
subaltern, fescennine, puissance, concupiscence, sanguinary, troglodyte, are but a
smattering of the words to look up, 125 the generally incomprehensible and
unpronounceable "big" words which are littered liberally throughout "Roy plays"
Commenting on the usage of these "big" words, Roy notes

Always seeking to expand his word knowledge, Roy loves dictionaries, talking with
reverential awe about his precious compact version of the OED, which he needs a
magnifying glass to read, and listing the number of dictionaries he has spread over the

RT: How many people, you know, even have a dictionary at home, let alone use it?

JGJ: Oh, we've been playing Scrabble a lot late! and we've got — I think all of them are my dictionaries — but we probably have at least four...
Estranged from so much of Cariboo culture and nonnsby his buggersomcpositioninthe community, Roy uses his sharp and aggressive wordsmithing to get in his verbal jabs and personal vent of anger, so he can continue to live and work in the community somewhat.
reintegrations/schisms (V. Turner 1987 and 1990)—a theory which Tllrner shaped,

with its penchant for plots with beginnings, middles and ends.127
Applying all this to "Roy plays" is straightforward enough. Take, for instance, *All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Rollnd*, in which an unwed daughter, Kimberley, is pregnant yet again, Agnes and Humphrey. This is the breach "of regular norm-governed social relations" (V come up with compelling plans—her father to marry her off to Basil Calhoun and her
of crates. Drunken louis wander around pantless. All men end up collectively flashing the
and call-girls arrive on the scene, men clad themselves as women and women as men, and with abandon. An errant pair of pantyhose and a suspicious wife lead to a husband claiming transvestite tendencies and donning a dress. The deliberate miscommunications interpreted as his wanting a divorce, helping to fan the rekindling of old flames. And on it

Or, as Buster Hipchekquip in *Blasper Hiphek's Marrimonial Two-Slep*, "I paid perfectly good money for my troubles." Caught up in the frenzy of snowballing crises, replete with
simply come together for such arbitrary reasons as one has humps and the other likes

ultimately forgive and accept point blank those indiscreet escapades and those cataclysmic

years of counselling in order to resolve. In The HOICho RllbberHor Pants Murder

kiss repeatedly and make lip. In Lace Drakes, Marie uncovers her husband Frank's cross-
dressing secret and Frank discovers Marie's near roll-in-the-hay with McDingus, and still
they simply shrug and accept it, with a sexualized wink

FRAK
You know, Stan, you have a lot to learn about being a man

STANIMARJE
And I could show you a thing or two about being a woman, Frankie

FRAK
This is going to be a really interesting duck hunting trip

And of the G-311 having been forgiven, apparently. In *The Ghostriders*, *Donegal Helch*,

Whee-hee, after a failed telepathic fratricide, with its subsequent plans to take over Castle

---

ANGLE-IRON
So does this mean the war's over and we can all move in and be buddies?

GAZELLE
It looks that way

ANGLE-IRON
Hot damn. I like it here, honey, I'll stay in this universe
HECTOR
You're crazy, I'm not going to fight you over her
PHOEBE
I must be crazy.

BUSTER
Great, that's two of us. We got it made

really says it all and who have not composed two congenial words to one another throughout the entirety of the play, remainingly in a couple despite the crises and

HELEN
The last time I looked your buttl was bald

They regard each other/or a moment. PHIL lifts the hem of his dress a few inches.

HELEN
You never give up, do you?

HELEN
At least you're consistent!
PHIL
It's all true, Helen, I mean every word

HELEN
I know it's true, I'll just never understand why

---

In *The Lilabaga Ranger Rides Again*, the villainous B. Bertram Bighom Smith is

---

BIRDIE
That's nonsense, Blanche. Bertram wouldn't do that, would you, Bertram?

SMITH
Not now, I wouldn't. But I admit the thought had crossed my mind before

BIRDIE
You see, love's changed him
BLANCHE
I don't think he's sprucelending, I think it's the power of love

ACKERS
Another bloody argument for celibacy, you mean

OYSTER

JACK
Blast and buggcration! Be that love what sweetly perfumes the air, Louis?

LOUIS
Oui, oui, mon capitanny, l'amour bccall around
Well, Kimberley, I expect Myron is waiting for an answer

It's not easy, Mr Buggers

If it was easy it wouldn't be worth doing

As presented in "Roy plays," love and its vicissitudes—the ongoing, dramatic cycles of reintegrations and the reincorporations hold the promise of making it all satisfyingly worthwhile, however fleeting that maybe. Again, Roy truly" is a romantical heart...[and

Farces go fast. Eric Bentley observes: "Human life in this an form is terribly attenuated. Life is a kind of universal milling around, a rushing from bedroom to bedroom driven by desires more dreadful than sensuality. The kind of farce which is said to be 'all plot' is often much more than ingenious, it is maniacal' (1965, 247)." Roy plays" display this characteristic manic milling about, complete with type-characters [who] are barred from exploring their own consciousness...[by the fact] that farce allows them no time to
"Roy plays" begin to pick up speed, snowballing with crisis after crisis, resulting in "a series of explosions of laughter" (Davis 1978, 75) and "moments of hilarity" (Jules Grant round, often just missing one another, and the audience knows that when they are finally found, it is going to be explosively funny. Life is reduced to a kind of chance choosing of doors---opening the right door at the right time to initiate, at long last, that fateful mcclling. That this fateful element should be so integral to "Roy play" is not surprising from an at-large homicidal maniac. They meet and embrace, but split up with promises of come Miles and his girlfriend, Fiona, scaling themselves at the table. Disgusted by Miles' behaviour at the table, during which she loses her underwear to the hidden Buggers, Fiona slonnsout, followed by a confused Miles. A grinning Buggers, with underwear in his
castle's wisdom keeper and witch brews a love potion, which crescendos in frantic hastings
REGINALD

Enough chatter. In there. \textit{\textit{points}slidethrough.}\textit{.}

\textit{from door three.}\textit{.}

FELICITY

What are you doing Charles?

... facet which, as noted earlier, grotesquely mirrors the alienated, mechanized mill workers...
GM: Yeah, it's acceptable. Roy... I guess that's the main difference - is the character itself. You can be yourself (Minnec 2004).
We all dressed up as drag queens and that was fun
- Wayne Wark

Just as the first European plays performed in British Columbia by members of the British Empire’s navy featured all-male casts and female roles, “Roy plays” are often rife with men mincing and mugging about, dressed in women’s clothing. Indeed, with their hyperbolic excessiveness and their stereotypical portrayals, farces are always open to over-the-top portrayals of flighty women and macho men, especially as performed by members of the opposite sex. There seems to be nothing funnier than men teetering about in high-heels, sporting balloon-breasted brassieres, or than women swaggering around, talking gruffly and scratching their nether regions (see fig. 3.2-3.5). In the case of “Roy plays,” female cross-dressing presents overwhelmingly that of the male taking on female

in more recent years that a kind of performative transvestism has surfaced, in which male players have enacted scripted female roles, Whatever the cross-dress form, whether
exaggerated genderbending nonetheless), who drop such lines as “If it’s worth doing, honey, it’s worth calching.” "Don’t you just adore these big boats, they’re so ihrusful!"

dressing would be complete, however, without examining the transvestite play itself. Lace

Happy Hunting Lodge caretaker and beauty contest judge, Cabot McDingus-iscross-
Naturally, the women are playing their machismo to such excess, especially Marie/Stan,

SYDNEY
Interesting point, Stan

HERSCHEL
I guess, uh... I guess we've never looked at it quite like that before

SYDNEY
Good point

CHARLIE/SHARON
Hey, Stan, maybe we should change the subject

SYDNEY
Some of us don't get laid anymore, Stan, we have relationships

STANIMARIE
No shit. I must be old-fashioned
complecte, namlly, throwing a ball, picking up a coin from off of the floor, sitting with legs crossed and discreetly adjusting a bra strap. This results in awkward, girly throws, buxom bosoms for adjustment purposes. And then Desdemona arrives on the scene before

DESDEMONA/FRA K
Hello... daring. (McDINGUS gapes) Desdemona has come to play

McDINGUS
I feel like a mouse on a dinner plate

DESDEMONA/FRANK
I'm ready. Do your work. Give it to me

McDINGUS
Here you go. (gives ball) Test one: throw the ball

McDINGUS
Uh, thank you. Test two: would you care to pick this up? (careful dime on the floor)

DESDEMONA/FRANK
A dime? This body doesn't bend over for anything less than a blank cheque.

DESDEMONA/FRANK walks to the sofa and sits, crossing legs.
MeDINGUS
Good. I was about to mention that

**DESDEMONA/FRANK**
Tell me, have you ever nuzzled a —

MeDINGUS
of like that I haven't

DESDEMONA/FRANK
I especially love the sensual feel of a tooth mark

MeDINGUS
I got false teeth

DESDEMONA/FRANK
Then gum me, baby

MeDINGUS
Tcslfour: adjusting a bra strap, with discretion

DESDEMONA/FRANK
Now that's my kind of talk. Go ahead. Adjust me

MeDINGUS
No, the lest is how you do it, with discretion

DESDEMONA/FRANK
Swell, can, my bra is strapless

Following Desdemona's drag-queen-with-attitude performance comes Frank's clicheless

lopachomasceu lineasher husband's had been clichized by feminine

STANIMARIE
Gimmca sitrep
STANIMARIE catches the ball, pretends it's a grenade, pull the pin with her teeth and throws it stiff-armed.

STAN/MARIE
What's going on?

McDINGUS
(tosses dime on floor) Pick it up

STAN/MARIE
Now just what the hell are you doing here, fella?

McDINGUS
I'm giving you the four tests

SHARON (strikethrough) ellers from bedroom three wearing a gown. She is loaded for bear and has her temperature elevated.

SHARON (stretching) I'm in the mood for a man

McDINGUS
Oh shit

SHARON
Let me entertain you, Let me make you smile

McDINGUS
I got a bad case of gender confusion here
of Parsnip Mcriberry, the hexing cohort and cousin of Gazelle Hctch, and that of Gazelle and Angle-Iron’s teenage daughter, Gerbil HClch, whosclove slory withOuch, lheGuard, featuresprorninentlyintheplay. WiththecrnerkneofThe /ncrdible PickedPigeon Pirafe Chase in 2005, lhc fair Angie Bunwallop, who is sought after by pirates and P.I.'s alike, is played by amale, resuhi ngina scripled Babenc‘dad Bonncrnshcembracing his lovc, lheperfonnativetransvestiteAngic(sccfig. 3.7). Inlhc2006version of The RlfabagaRangerRidesAgaill, Roy added a so-called "saloonchorus" comprising three byamale. Whel herscriptedorperfonnative, though, the cross-dressing i salways hyperbolically playing with genders lcerotypes, resulting in fetishized female images Even women playing such female roles as pirate wenches, bimbos and skibunnies

Fairwcalher, the hospilalily hostcessin flar!(ThePirafePlay), hoc boisterous busis arc squeezed into such symbolically "pomographic" allircas nurse unifoøns, nun habits and thcunconscious, lhe image of the fClished woman iSp3rticularlyinlcrsling. In her
representations whose appearance exists precisely as surface" (1996, 160; emphasis in

spectator of the absence of the female (the lack) rather than of her presence... No one

forgets that the dancer is male; the invocation of the nonmale is controlled by the security

speculator and performer but to leave her emphatically outside. In place of the female, a

fetishized image is displayed which substitutes for her and makes her actual presence

suggests that "masculinity is redefined or even reinvented. Mimicry in this case is less

representation than aggressive assimilation" (1985, 43). Indeed, Phelan points south how

"Freud's analysis of fetishism exhibits the ways in which all fetishes function as a

phallic substitute, a reassuring projection of male narcissistic fantasy" (1996, 162). Thus,

the image of the fetishized female, as played by cross-dressed males, "reinforces", as
intervenes, not just a category crisis of male and female, but the crisis of category itself.
Ultimately emasculated through the routinization, mechanization and alienation of the capitalist labour so overwhelmingly present in the Cariboo, Cariboo men need to reclaim and reassert manliness and machismo. Shotguns are loaded. Ducks are gunned. ATV's are bought. Tall tales are told. Trucks are driven. And buxom balloonбраs and big wigs are playfully pulled on and greedily anticipated and appreciated.
Fig. 3.2. Mr. Tubble (John Foreman) adjusting his g-string after the transmogrifier meltdown, while a suit-clad Ms. Sloan (Amanda Cherry) looks on; from *Dr. Broom and the Atomic Transmogrifier* (2004). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. 3.3. The Schickerbickers (Kat Popein and Pete Drewcock) stop bickering to finally make up at the end of *The Hocus Pocus Goodtime Motel Blues* (1995). Photo courtesy of Rov Teed.
Fig. 3.4. Pele Drewcod, the director of The Ghost of Donegal Hetch. Il’hee-hee (2000), trying on a bra backstage. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. 3.5. Aigemon Buggers (Dave Gunn) sponging a not-to-be-missed bra during a rehearsal for Buster Hipcek’s Matrimonial Two-Step (1990). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. 3.6. The cross-dressers of Lace Drakes (1997), Lulu/Herschel (Wayne Wark, right) challenging Charlie/Sharon (Deborah Armstrong-Borisenkoff, left) to be a woman, while Desdemona/Frank (Dave Gunn, centre) looks on in his little black number. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. 3.7. A Babelte-clad Bonecrusher Wickham (Rory Parr, left) finally finding his Angie (Paul Nichols) in the 2005 production of The Incredible Pickled Pirate Chase. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
It's his originality.
—Wanda Zacharias

As already investigated in Scene 1 of his Act, Roy is a patriot and, as such, views his work as being home-grown Canadian. He explained to me, during one of our many nonna lpeople and putting them in outlandish situations, as opposed to American farces which take outlandish people and set them in normal situations. He views himself and his involving outlandish people in outlandish situations. While arguably a simplistic and inaccurate assessment of generic decline, what is actually here with Roy's observation about his own work is just that; he considers himself and his work as uniquely Canadian, as reflecting and playing with the American and British influences so readily affecting Ihec fleet Canadians sensibilities" (2004b), and he adds, like any good, schizophrenic, unsure, doubled-vision, irony-toting Canadian, "whateverythey may be" (2004b). This
RUfabaga Ranger Rides Again sponsored a member of the Nonh wesi MOllnted Police, a

Trafslmogrijier, Illies Qucsnclle from A ROlisingTale: The True Story of Kersley, and

Canada’s past. An exchange between Llidmilla Oyster and Louis, from Har/(The

OYSTER
I know who you are, little man

DUSTY
Hello Miss Oyster, nice to seeYOli again
OYSTER
Where's Packard?

LOUIS
Je suis don't know

LOUIS
He prefers le English

bilingualism are alluded to, as well as the general dislike of French teachers.129

ANNABELLE/SYDNEY
You know what, Lulu? There's a

LULU/HERSCHEL
I love filthy French things; tell me

ANNABELLE/SYDNEY
You are apomme frite!

LULU/HERSCHEL
Hey! Why are you calling a French fry?

ANNABELLE/SYDNEY
Oh, God, I am going to absolutely kill my French teacher

Some of the plays are deliberately- there are things in them that are
deliberately Canadian. For instance, The Rurabaga Ranger has a scene init

129 My Grade 8 French class prided itself on going through no less than five teachers in one year, eating
them up one after one.
The Ghost of Do"egal Hetch, Whee-hee is set in a Canadian castle. Mamicand Gloria in StrangersonaGladeruminatecontinuallyonthesexualurgesofSasquatches. There is a

Hysterium. The Habs are supposed to be coming to town fora game of shinny in Tales From Mealld Irmie. They don't arrive, but Queen Elizabeth II does for Sam and Big Beulah's wedding. Upon being called "abroadminded, liberal kind of man," McDingus in Lace Drakes decries, ';1ain't I have Liberals, I'm Tory to the core." And the listing of the deliberate Canadian idioms could go on and on. Yet, as Margaret Atwood argues, Canadianness should not be defined by so-called "Canadian Content," but
The maple leaves can remain on the lawn, the syrup in the trees, the beavers at their dams, in juxtapositions, incongruities and double-necessity, as basically defined, is the contrast of saying one thing and meaning another; it is the art of the double-voice and the frontier-living, toolie-dwelling Canadian/Caribooite. Snobby Susan St. Apropos St. Jean,
tryingly tested by Cariboopoets, Cariboo stagehands and Cariboo audience members, magnet, Vic "The Stick" Stewart. The insufferable airs of Pericles Mavenbrook, in The of the up-and-coming country singer and llscd-tractorsalesman, Will-Bill Bonnigan, and the pinnacle of his song-writing achievement, his "You're my Three-PointHitch of Love the country's continuing colonialisms to the former British Empire, with the Canadian Britsand wannabe Brits who flaunt proprietary airs.132 and illustrating the irony inherent

132 In her work on English Canadian culture in Canada, Pauline Greenhill argues that “English immigrants
apparently having nothing worthwhile in and of himself, Tooley, as a toolie-dweller, becomes the site of compelling outsiders attempting to make him into something. It is an expropriating and colonizing process all too familiar in Canada. As Milord, Tookey is a
TOOLEY
Greetings all. Salutations, pejmlUtations, indignations. Hello. Hella. Hello

MONA
What is it, Ackers?

ACKERS
That, Mona, is Milord

BIRDIE
This is the famous Milord?

SMITH
This is the foreign-talking slimy toad that wants to steal my womao?

ACKERS
You're supposed to kneel at this point and lug your forelocks

SMITH
(ho/dsgroifl) I ain't lugging my forelock for nobody in public.

Equally, as the Chicken Merango Kid, Toolcy's single-mindedness and rapacious onc-track-mindedness do not fit this place of polysemy, irony and compromise.

TOOLEY
Someone give the man a shootin' iron

ACKERS
Sorry, Merango, we're all unarmed
Again, whalfitsCanadiansistheirabilityloscedouble, tosee the irony of their

NonhropFryconcccontendedthat identity in Canada is parochial, arguing that, in
this garrisoned country, identity is to be found in regional locales and not in grand,
country-spanning imaginative forms (1995, xxii-xxvi). So, one could contend that "Roy
plays" are not so much reflecting Canadian sensibilities, as they are reflecting Kersley
and the Cariboo. As already argued, the farcical selffits the Cariboo and the masculinity asserted through ludic usurpation of the female form fits the

fill their place, as noted earlier. And in fitting their place, her carcellements in "Roy
plays" I hal feclCI a decidedly Cariboo mindsi and it is often playing with that mindscl,

Ironi-letch, smlten with a lovepolion, delivers a rather hornocrotic invitation to Ouch,

OUCH
Ohshit
I'm Angle-Iron. Would you like to watch a hockey game with me?

We could sit together on the sofa and drink beer.

I do not like beer.

I do not like potato chips.

When our team scores a goal, we would have a drink together.

My team never scores.

Oh, you must be a Canuck fan.

the other planets," militant environmentalism is always seen as incredibly impractical.
BUGGERS
Good Lord, we’re being accosted by a rogue hairdresser

BONECRUSHER
No, really, boss; that’s your slandard son of pirate guy with sword

BONECRUSHER
I majored in piratesal university, boss

BUGGERS
Good Lord, they’re finally leaching something useful at university

acquainted with the general scoffing directed towards institutions of higher learning and their uselessly impractical educations, which is why the idea of piracy being deemed
Act IV
The Enactment, or Everybody is in Everything

Scene 1 - The Theoretical Playground

*In which an overview of the theoretical musings on play, performance and theatre are related.*

---

ALICE
What sort of people live about here?

---

ALICE
But I don't want to go among mad people

CAT
Oh, you can't help that we're all mad here. 'M'mad. You're mad

ALICE
How do you know I'm mad?

CAT
You must be, or you wouldn't have come here.

*CAT smiles wickedly and vanishes into the air.* A LICE looks around, perplexed and rejected. Light goes down.
an investigation of the theoretical "stage" and its scholarly musings on the significance of
activity, and we all do it, think it, are it. *Homoludens*, the medieval historian Johan

arguing that "[i]t is through this playing that society expresses its interpretation of life and

principal task of scholarly writing is to find discipline within seemingly

greater theoretical detail, namely, that of dramatic mimesis and simulative performance
actions of 'play' are related to, or denote, other actions of 'not play'" (Bateson 1972, 181)
become "real." Analyzing this aspect, Batscon concludes that "[t]he message 'This is play' sets a frame of the sort which is likely to precipitate a paradox." (1972, 190), a kind

Interpretatively volatile, the message "This is play" often paradoxically raises the question, "Is this play?" As the "play" realm becomes very "real" and has repercussions in the "real" world, the player, unlike the dreamer who is usually unaware that [s]he is dreaming" (Batscon 1972, 185). Often "muslof'tenbcrcmindcd lhat 'Thisisplay'' (Batscon 1972, 185), that [s]he is supposed to be playing, The realrepercussionsof this play paradox loth the Kersley Players and their community will be addressed later in this

"But is it for nothing that a drama is called a 'play' and the actor 'playing'?" (1969, 12). Richard Schechner once queried, pointing out the link between the real and play. Indeed, the theatre is a genre of play (Abrahams 1969) and is classified, ala Caillois, as Mimicry-Ludus, in that it invokes illusory, play realms that are highly structured and rule-governed. Seeing that "play and playing are fundamentally performative" (Schechner 2002, 109) and that theatre is a form of play, it follows that theatre is performance and performance, according to performance theorist Richard Schechner, is "any action that is framed, presented, highlighted, or displayed" (2002, 2), which "mark[s] idenlities, bend[s] time, reshape[s] and adorn[s] the body, and tell[s] stories" (2002, 22). Framed, presented, highlighted and displayed, the performance aspects integral to theatre; the scripts' stories are lobcaced upon, played out and performenced
The produced "This is play" message has the potential to go wrong and be received and...
community Christmas party, the impulse that created the Kersley Players. Indeed, much of what has been presented, thus far, in this dissertation has been an examination of the histories, geographies, demographics, economics, imaginations, ideas, worldviews—the larger socio-economic and cultural frameworks, the multiple proto-p's and their ancestors—which have given rise to the Kersley Players and their farcical plays. That said, pro-o-performance is subdivided, by Schechner, into three performative phases: 1) Training, in which "specific skills are learned and practiced" (Schechner 2002, 194); 2) Workshop, during which "materials are found, invented, and played with" (Schechner 2002, 199); and 3) Rehearsal, "where the specific details of a performance are shaped, recollected, and made ready for a public showing" (Schechner 2002, 202). The following scenes in this Act will assess, in greater detail, these three aspects as they relate to the

Following the pro-o-performance phases is the performance itself, with its four immediately preceding a public performance, it "reads like a performance leap-into-performance" (Schechner 205); 5) Pilblic performance, or framed action; 6) Events and/or context/setting of the public performance, recognizing that "every public performance operates within or as part of a network of technical, economic, and social activities" (Schechner 2002, 209); and 7) Cool-down, or winding, as "performers move from the performance world back to everyday life" (Schechner 2002, 211). Following the performance is Ihe aftennath, which Schechner describes as "the long-term consequences or follow through of a performance. After all includes the changes in stasis or being
lhalresultfromanininitiatoryperformance;ortheslowmergingofperformer with a role [s]he plays for decades; or there are views and criticism that so deeply influence some performances and performers; or theorizing and scholarship" (1985, 19). Finalizing the ten-part performance process, the ongoing aftermath includes: 8) Critical responses; 9) Archives; and 10) Memories — all of which can feed back into performing" (Schechner 1985, 19). Indeed, having tapped the memories of many players and accessed the archives of photos, video recordings, manuscripts and the like, this dissertation is a part of that aftermath. Again, this Act, as an analysis of the enactment, examines the performances, including their warm-ups, cool-downs and larger contexts, as well as the personal,

Examining this ten-phase\textsuperscript{136} performance sequence, Richard Schechner observes

\begin{center}
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{chart.png}
\end{center}

Indeed, for the renowned anthropologist Victor Turner, liminal — the betwixt-and-
Subjunctive playgrounds—whether they be arenas, card tables, temp[es], stages, screens, 
within which special rules obtain. All arctemporaryworldswithinthe ordinary world, 

storehouseofpossibilities, not by any means a randomassemblagebutashivingaflcr 
anticipatingpostliminalexistence" (1990, 12). A counterpart to "ordinary" life and 
everydayexistenceandtheirindicativemood, "where we expect the invariable operation 
deemed acceptable in ‘real life’....[and] scènelinizing the quotidiant world—seeing it as 
tragedy, comedy, melodrama" (V. Tumcer 1987, 27) or farce, asthec[ase may be. Through
Fig. 4.1. Victor Turner's schematic overview of the interrelationship between stage and social dramas. Source: V. Turner 1990, 17.
Scene 2 – The Players!
In which we meet the Players and
first place and what ‘bits’ of then
group dynamics and what this pla

WENDY
But, Peter, how old are you?

PETER
I don't know exactly

137 Dialogue based on the interchange between Peter, Wendy and Mrs. Darling in J.M. Barrie's Peter Pan (1957, 12-14 & 64).
performers, the players and performers of the Kersley Players—the housewives turned
everything that needed to be done to get going” (Gunn 2004). Such an organizational role
wedding, like all such functions in the prairie community, are usually organized and run by women" (1997, 137). Encouraged, coerced and organized, the cast and crew of the first official Kersley Player play, The Dilmer Party (1987), were all friends, family members and/or neighbours of Bobbi Grant, roped in by the promise of a good time and a good cause. None had any theatrical training, other than perhaps a school play or two causing them to continue playing, while it also piqued interest amongst some of the audience-goers, pushing some to actively join in the fun. Pete Orewcock, a stalwart Player, remembers his initial wariness being washed away by the contagious comedy.

Scrambling for would-be Players, as is often the case, the Players rely heavily on proselytizing missions, on the ability of those Players already involved to convert some of their associates. For those Players who have been playing and/or played for a long time,
Wayne Wark, another long-standing Player, remembers a visit from a proselytizing Roy

Well, one day, I was sitting here in—sitting in the house—well, the other house actually, the white house—and Mr. Roy Teed came banging on the door and he said, “We need somebody to be in this play and we want you to do it.” And I said, “Well, why?” And I, I had heard about the Kersley Players. They actually had just got started probably a year before that and I said, “Well, what’s it all entail?” So he explained to me how the Kersley Players made money and then donated it back to the school and the community, etc., and I thought, “Well, that’s a pretty good thing,” so I agreed to do that. So, I went in the first play [The Charles Connection] and been there ever since. (2004)

Following his own personal conversion or “life sentence,” as he jokingly refers to it,

Wayne Wark took it upon himself to recruit his neighbour, Deleenia

Ranger Rides Again. A recent Kersley immigrant—she and her family had moved into the area 1991—she had never actually seen “Royplay” and was lured to the hall by a sweet-talking, somewhat insusive, Wayne Wark

What happened was that Wayne Wark phoned me, ’cause I knew him and I’d known him for a few years. So, he phoned me and told me, “Come over here. Come over to the hall.” He said, “I have something for you to look at or something to get involved with” or whatever. So, I said, “Okay.” So, then I went over there—and actually, the reason I was even involved in that play in the first play, The Rutabaga Ranger, was because your mom wasn’t able to do the role of Mona.138 So then, they asked me to—if I would be able to do that. And I thought, “Oh my goodness.” Like, I said, “I don’t know.” And he said, “Well, just sit and watch for awhile and see.” They were all having a great time—like it was a lot of fun and they made me feel very welcome. And so then I said, “Yeah, I think I might be able to do this.” And so that was that. (2006)

138 The 1991 production, All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Round, was to be my mother’s last onstage performance as a Kersley Player. Later that same year, she was diagnosed with breast cancer.
Dave Glenn, a *Dillfler Party veteran*, took a much harder-lined, incriminating approach when dealing with his fellow CPP millwright, Gary Minnelt, a non-Kersleyite and now stalwart Kersley Player, who was having cold feet about the prospect of getting involved.

Gary's own version includes a bit of skulduggery on Dave's part, since *Dave clearly* told him that just showing up for a reading meant that you were in the play.

GM: *He managed to say, 'Well, I'll collect down and we'll just read it.' However, I didn't realize that that meant you were in here*.

GM: That was ill. Yeah, you showed up, you're in. *That was the audition. You came in the door—good, we'll keep you.* (2004)

Many to test this play—only a handful have consistently stayed, *hooked for reasons they have difficulty in explaining*, as Gary Minnelt describes.
Finding his keepers, that is, his core Players, as the years have progressed, has allowed Roy Teed to develop and write characters with certain Players in mind, utilizing their characteristics and capabilities. Small-framed, SheffIELD-born, scOLer-sipping Dave Gunn's dead-pan, sardonic deliveries in his British brogue; six-foot-five Wayne Wark's larger-than-life presence with his booming, auctioneer's voice; the soft-spoken, eye-twinkling earnestness of the Brilish-bom, but BC-raised electrician, Pete Drewcock; the accents and goofiness of the natural-bom mimic, the long, lanky and perpetually jovial Gary Minnett. Indeed, Roy admits to deliberately writing roles for specific people, capabilities and I can write the role, you know, specifically for their capabilities" (Teed 2004a), Wayne Wark observes: "That's one thing Roy admits when he's writing a play
Drawing upon his knowledge of his Players, gained from both inside and outside of the playing field, from knowing them as actors and everyday individuals, knowledge which necessarily shapes the performance, puts Roy in an interesting position, as group of actors and he writes for a specific audience. And that's restricting for him an entirely unique situation. Attending a play performance in Copenhagen, which included
Ahhough writing with specific people in mind, Roy does not write material that is so specific to a certain Player that it cannot be played by another. In "Roy plays," there

knowledge of that Player outside of the playground to be understood; ahhough, in
cnacllllclnl, many are certainly adlibbed into existence and read into the play by the audiences. As already mentioned, characters are written with characterizations and

mischief-making knave to play off the big, dumb galool, he llses little Dave Gunn,
cOllntcring the" Frontier Canadian" language of Wayne with Dave's "proper" British. He

lhe mocking, llullleable, native Caribooite, Gary Minnen. In this sense, Roy does play of T

increasingly retired from active play and Roy has been redoing older plays with
completely different Players from the original, the idea that characters were and are so
JGJ: Their little bits of their other lives. You're bringing in bits of your home, bits of your workplace.

Players bring to the performances not just their physical size, their accents, their acting skills, but also their costumes, their couches, their clipboards, their camo gear. The sets of the Kersley Players are constructed by the Players and decorated by the Players. They creatively utilize their everyday handiwork skills—skills gained from repairing pumps, building houses, sewing clothes, painting houses, wiring lights—to physically construct the playground. Gary Minnett asserts that this hands-on creativity and the resulting cooperation of "little bits" is an integral part of being a Kersley Player.
GM: Yup, Paul is a carpenter. He's not working as a carpenter, but is a carpenter by trade, so he's very handy.

GM: "Excellent. A carpet layer? We don't have one of those. Can you do a French accent?" (2004)
In his analysis of play and its dynamics, Johan Huizinga observed that

"Playing and performing within liminal playgrounds and between frames, people make connections, building relationships and constructing communities. And these play connections, these liminal works, continue to be present—although certainly less intensely and intensively—after the play is over and real life has been connection. The intensely putting log other performance, a play, as with the Kersley Players, establishes bonds of community—bonds which are always felt despite the passage of years and plays, as Wayne Wark points out.

They're definitely friends. They're not somebody that you go and visit, you know, but you certainly don't walk past them and not say hello and..."
Given the friendships created and/or complemented through play, the Kersley Players mascols, practical jokes, hierarchies; in short, their common factors. This section is an
through the performance process, from the practical jokes of practice to the beer-swilling
meeting weekly at the Kersley Hall through the early winter of 1987 to prepare

"I think a lot of times, you kids came down while we were practicing and..."
show" (2004). The play practices, themselves, are the point, since they are "treat[ed]... as your night out" (Zacharias 2006), during which one "met some great people and had a lol

The professionalized seriousness and its consequences will be explored in Scene 3, but suffice it to say that the fun, free space of play practices was increasingly controlled by Roy Teed and his demands for professionalization, which meant try-outs to see if one was

*Broom and Ike Atomic Transmogrijer*, I found the rehearsals to be full of joking, ribbing
and jibes, especially directed towards the new theatre troupe in town, the Kersley Musical coauxairiding of the Players' reputation and their cash overflow, coloured the

in the Kersley Musical Theatre's recent production, claimed that she'd been in the wrong play for two months; thought she'd been heading for Player auditionS and ended up in a musical. And on it went. Scripts were read and Gary Minneu decided that he would like to play the assistant, Huben, with an "East Indian" accent, which had Roy rewriting lines to reflect this new slam. I was continually prodded to actively participate and ended up reading lines for Dr. Broom. Playing the rat-petting Gumbelle, Delecia Lovell expressed concerns about touching a rodent, since she hates rats. Roy responded that "You're not Yollon the stage, you're Gumbelle!" There then ensued a lively discussion about where to find real rats, with Gary Minneu suggesting that he could trap some at work (Cariboo PlipandPaper) and Wayne Wark suggested that muskrat could be an effective substitute, and they could freeze them and pull them out for every performance.

The ongoing teasing and joking and making fun and having fun at the practices often culminate in practical jokes at the dress rehearsals. The Kersley Players' mascot, a plush toy parrot (see fig. 4.2-4.3), which finds its way into every set for every performance, started as a dress rehearsal joke, as Gary Minnctt explains.
and then after that, it just kind ofbecamerepet- it'sbeen in every play it'ssомewhereconstageallthetime. It'sakindofamascot, I guess


nashingmales. In both The Dinner Parry and All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Round, nashingisan integral component of the plays and, knowing this, the Players performing

thenashingsdecidedlosurprise theif fellow Players will their elaboration, strapped-on

JGJ: I think you, UndeRod, you were a nasher, weren't you?

DG: Yeah, a thing to go on. Although, nobody knew about it. I don't even think I knew abouthit, did I?

DG: No, I didn't even know about it because you didn't nash and Kulhie undme and somebody else
anatomy (however unreal and exaggerated) is not deemed improper. A woman turning
the joke on Dave by her aggressively sexual reaction and emasculating chomp is merely funny, not unfavorable. Such play fits with the farcical play's content and the nature of rehearsals, as Richard Bauman points out. "Performance rests on an assumption of accountability to an audience for an artistic display, subject to evaluation - performance counts. Rehearsals, however, represent a different framing of enactment; they are doings.

While the practical jokes lend themselves to unaccountable dress rehearsals, joking and jibing continue through performance wann-ups, as well as backstage during performances. Ready for performances, the Players congregate across the parking lot from the hall in the arena. Utilizing former fire hall rooms, they recite lines, discuss trick scenes, get changed, put on makeup, drink beer and nervously joke (see fig. 4.6-4.8). Judy Amoldus, former Players stagehand, remembers the social drinking, pre-performance wann-ups: "Oh, we used to-you know, we'd have a few beers while we're getting ready. I mean it wasn't to the point where everybody's fall-down drunk off the stage and everything. It was never like that. It was more, just like I said, a social thing." (2004). As I watched the preparations for the May 1, 2003 performance of The Unlikely Rap, I discovered that Wayne Wark joked about how "it wasn't" for makeup. I didn't even do this," to which Gary Minnequipped something about wearing women's underclothes. They all joked about their lll readiness - the fact that they never peak 100 early. Roy Teed was making fresh biscuits, props for the play. All were drinking, chatting, snacking, breathing deeply and trying local nerves. Dave Gunn
around liberally. Wailing in the green room for entertainment, the players continued their joking, discussing how they could change lines, but how Roy would "kill" them if they

lap of one of the males. Her husband was in the audience that night, so the crew was casing
While some of the playing with the play is for players' eyes only—like the garter belt 

*auireofWayneWarkasBasil CalhouninAllAboardtheMarriage-Go-Rotmd*, which 
serves no spectator purpose since no audience member sees inside his coat when he 
nashes (see fig. 4.9), or the backstage prank in *S/I'angersona Glade* of pouring very cold

repeatedly rehearsed—there are play script breakages which are very public

Indeed, lines are changed and forgotten and skipped and looping has been known 
to occur, where players repeat the same dialogue over and over again. Players have been 
known to start laughing at the play itself and the scenes before them. Backstage prompts 
have been heard by the audience. A player even made the impromptu decision one time to 
jump off the stage to retrieve his hat. Another fell down the onstage stairs. Once celebrated 
and fondly remembered frame breakage was when Wayne Wark, as the pirate, Captain 
Jack Strathbuno, roared onstage something to the effect, 'Har! The Captain forgot his 
line!' or 'By God, I think I forgot my line!' as it is variously recalled. Another
Apparentl y common to folk drama, such frame breakages—so beloved of audience
tumed "professional" or "sophisticated," with "real" theatre and its dramatic illusion as the goal, such breakages, whether intentional or unintentional, have been increasingly stitched up, filled in and ironed out. Again, these are points to be discussed in greater

with pauses and gaffs and improvisations, just as their backstage performances and practice proto-performances have been based on sociality, drinking and joking. The effects of this proto-performative sociality and warming up backstage drinking combine into an now legendary emic tale involving a pumpkin as a behind-the-scenes, portable
Icgscrossed - a fact that was noted, joked about and remembered by many people. While certainly not a part of the scripted play itself, this cross-legged bowing at the end of the play was still deemed something of a bowing performance. Indeed, his immediate post-play performance, as actors stand onstage for audience applause, is an interstitial performance phase, as Players begin the process of re-entering "real" life.

Immediately after the final scripted words are spoken and the lights go down (the curtain is rarely drawn), the lights quickly go back up, as Players stream onstage for the conclusive ovation. Yet, it is more than just a final applause. One Player always steps performers and the backstage crew. Typically, the Player performing this emcee role is one of the longstanding males, usually Wayne Wark or Gary Minnett, although in the first play, the leading man, Bill Atkinson, did it and Roy Teed, himself, has been known to do it on occasion. Players are introduced, nowcrsare given to the women and a kind of meta-performative joking is participated in. During this interstitial performance with The Dinner Party, Bill Alkinson awards a shy Roy Teed with a box of nappy disks, so Ihalhe could "carry on producing for us fine, fun, feisty, little farces" (1987). Following the performance of The Honcho Rubber HOI Pams Murder Girdles, Wayne Wark steps forward to state that there is "a real play" after the intermission (1994). After the "real" play, Strangers on a Glade, concludes, all Players return to the stage. Pete Drewcock,
Directr of Strangers on a Glade, praises Deleenia Lovell and Patti Whilford, saying, maybe they will learn their lines, to which Gary Minnett pipes up, "There's a novel idea" (1994). In the hilarity, the performance following a performance of Dr. Broom and the Atomic Transmogriifer, Gary Minnett steps forward, introducing the cast, calling the female-clad Larry Foreman, Forell'oman. He asks about how dinner was, saying how they now get to eat. And then he slips into his East Indian accent, quoting a reptilian line from the play, tells the audience to "please be buggered off" (2004). Following a performance of The Ghost of Dolgel! Hetc. I, Wllee, hee, the gendered confusion surrounding one of the Players is played with even more as Chris Helmink, a male performing a female role in that production, is introduced as "Mr., Mrs., Ms." (2000). With the 1993 production of The Incredible Pickled Piglet/Pirate Chase, the "having" cast is prevented from leaving the stage by "the boss taking over" (1993) as Wayne Wark quips, when Roy TecS SicCPs on stage and calls for the pirates to remove. Along with the other pirates, Gary Minnen returns to the stage retorting, "We didn't mean to forget those lines" (1993). The women are then called on stage and along with them comes the female-clad PCle Drewcock. Buggers, a.k.a. DaceGunn is still missing from the stage, and when Roy quibbles, "Where's Buggers?" Dave yells off stage that he's looking for his "bleeding hat!" A complicated passione of flowers to the women ensues, since Roy claims that he can no longer hug and pass out flowers seeing as he is now manic, although Pele
space is limited. there is really no opportunity for the Players to hide away initially after a performance. They come down off the stage, incostume. to converse with their audience, fig. 4.10). In early days, it was not uncommon to actually have audience members go on stage. Aflcr a performance of The Ghost of Donegaf Hetch. Whee-hee, many of the Players simply sat on the edge of the stage (rather symbolic perhaps, with feet dangling in

May 1, 2003 performance of *The Unlikely Rapture of Bannock Milldoon*. a drama class intermingling is interesting. Schnchner remarks that "[t]he transition between the show back to daily life" (2002, 211). He continues, "The cooldown is a bridge, an in-between
Ironically, just as the performative flow, with its highs and lows— as the Players feed off left with withdrawal pains and a profound sense of loss. If nothing else, this feeling of
JGJ: Well, it's like a space oul of limcsomchow, and then lobethru sl back into your regular life

While a form of acknowledgment of the end with a wake apparently aids in the post-play, grieving process, it is rather difficult to schedule such a wake, since, at the same time, performers have had "it knocked out of them" (Gunn 2004). Roy once described the performative process as a grenade that explodes, scattering bits of shrapnel, which coalesces eight months later to form a new explosive performance. Tmly, by the end, Players are exhausted from the performative process and the intensity of community relations, as Wayne Wark notes: "When you spend as much time logclheraswedowhen wcdoaplaY, il's kindofniceandrefreshing to gcI 3waytoofo r awhile" (2004). Any attempts at having such wrap-up parties or wakes have never really worked. Just as Roy their capacity to perform by doing other things than performing; Roy plays" all the time. Yet, like gluons for punishment in the mortar's code name, many Players return year after year.
because, despite the hard work and exhaustion, the collective performative process and the communitas relations are ultimately fun: “Actually the plays—the people that are in the plays make it fun. Our group makes it fun, ’cause it’s hard work, very hard work, and the group makes it work” (Wark 2004).

Fig. 4.2. Shelves of stuff in Studio P. Notice the parrot on the top shelf.
Fig. 4.3. From his lofty perch, the parrot observes the 2008 Kersley Player production, *The Good Game*. Photo by Annie Gallant. *Source: Quesnel Cariboo Observer*, http://gallery.pictopia.com/quesnel/gallery/42068/photo/quesnel:4296029/?o=2 (accessed September 20, 2009).

Fig. 4.4. Play practice for *All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Round (1991)* in the Kersley Hall. Notice the dog under the table. Photo courtesy of Roy.
Fig. 4.5. Judy Amoldus and Nick Verbenkov constructing a rock for the set of *Strangers on a Glade* (1994).

Fig. 4.6. Wann up for All *Evening With Myron* (2002), with a table full of chips, crackers and beer, over in an arena room. Photo courtesy of Roy Tced.
Fig. 4.7. Dave Gunn getting ready for his portrayal of Pericles Mavenbrook in *The Honcho Rubber Hot Pants Murder Girdles* (1994). Notice that flat of beer. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. 4.8. Pre-performance making up of Pete Drewcock by Bobbi Grant for *All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Round* (1991). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. 4.9. Wayne Wark’s for-Players’-pleasure-only, undercoat attire as Basil Calhoun in *All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Round* (1991). Patti Whitford Reinsdorf, who portrayed the pregnant Kimberley Hurliburton, stands to the right. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. 4.10. Deleenia Lovell, in full costume, mingling with audience members after a performance of *Dr. Broom and the Atomic Transmogrifier* (2004). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
'At Least It Keeps You Thinking': Personal Transporlalions & Transformalions

In which I investigate the ever-elusive why—why the Players play and why this role-play/illgplaY-forllinparticlllar—calltempting to jindolltlle lleQI1ingfillnessofllls playgroll"dintllleir lives.

People play— that much this thesis has hopefully hammered home already. It is an essential part of our human species. Year after year, Players show up to perform "Roy plays" in the Kersley Community Hall. They cross-dress, put on makeup, wear wigs, blow up balloons for breasts, talk with lisps, walk with limps, sport humps, drink beer, speak unpronounceable words, laugh and laugh. They call it fun and say they are doing it for a good cause and benefiting the community, but there is more than that. Indeed, "(t)here's something—there's something that I haven't even put my finger on yet that keeps you there" (Minnclt 2004). There is something more being created in this playground. The fun becomes deeply meaningful and the altruistic aims are counted by personal gains. As already explored earlier, in play, people can create powerful identities, which can carry over into the real world—the play of playgrounds having real life repercussions. One’s real life status and standing can be affected by one’s play, as Geertz's analysis of Balinese cockfighting illustrates. Jack Grant, a Kersley community member and former Kersley Player, recognizes this status granting power of play and assertively observes: "I mean, there's some sort of thing with being in the Kersley

JG: I can see they've acclimatically grown as individuals as a result of that [involvement with the Kersley Players]. And it's been good
In his work on the performance process, Richard Schenker distinguishes between two types of performances: transformations and transportations. Transformations are "[I]iminal rituals [which] permanently change who people are" (Schenker 2002, 63), whereas transportations are "[I]iminoid rituals [which] effect a temporary change - sometimes nothing more than a brief experience of spontaneous communitas or a several-hours-long performance of a role" (Schenker 2002, 63). He expounds
Having sacrificed herself on the ahistorical expectations and cultural norms to be a "good" wife and a "good" mother and just take care of the men in her life, Mary's role-playing fonn is primarily selfishly healthy or ill, since its liberating, liminal nature allows her to play with those very expectations, norms and everyday roles. And in that anti-structure of the playground, she finds release and can then re-emerge her life, better psychically equipped to take up her motherly and wifely duties.

The importance of taking on multiple roles, of playing with and escaping into diverse roles, is especially salient as one considers the context of small communities. Given this tightly interlocking network of social ties, so evident in small towns, people can be increasingly locked into roles, or should I say, a role. When everyone is in everything and everyone knows everyone, it is rather difficult not be seen as sort of the same person whatever one's role. One is as expected. Melvin Firestone calls this "role-transparency" and explains how it operates in small communities.
The symbolic reconciliatory group ritual, which Firestol analyzes, is mummering, with its masking of identities. Although the Players are never masked in the sense that their real identity is not visible, they do often feel that they are masked while they play, that they can escape reality and hide behind roles; in short, that they are not themselves nor their prescribed roles. Wayne Wark states: "When you're onstage, you're a totally different person than when you walk offstage" (2004). The liminal stage grants them a space to be different, to be foreign, to be alien, to go out of themselves, as Dave Gunn explains: "Typically, after I did a play, and when we are in a play, you go out of character. You have to go out of character to do a play. And I wasn't, as far as I'm name now- as a lady. Like I have to play that part" (2004). What becomes problematic, though, is that while the Players are in a performatively liminal state on their playfully bounded stage and are out of their regular selves, their audience-goers are merely watching the liminal realm from the normal reality, creating a kind of intermediate viewing during which the Players are not floe in themselves, as play roles and real identities mesh,
mingle, collide and confound. The final scene of his Act explores his tension of

a play role that he is known as the character in "In real world: "I know I've not been
doing, Buggers?" (2004). Jack Granl can really frighten people: "You know, my

scientis role" (2002). More subtle, if not more significant, transformations occur

lost, confidence gained and inexplicable inner growth the result. Kalhirc Ardell Prenlce
observes: "When I was doing plays fairly regularly, I could sort of see the difference, like
I was sort of, kind of - I lost my shyness" (2006). Wanda Zacharias recounts: "Once
you've been onstage and you've developed that - you grow, you grow with every play-
and if you can make the people laugh, you want to do it! I do miss it. I really

something you call experience" (2006). Pete Drewcock disagrees: "Well, it's definitely

\footnote{Having spoken to more than a few grown up kids who are still wary of my father, I can attest to the veracity of this assessment.}
Becoming more comfortable and confident in their own selves, many Players have, through play, abandoned fears to become more open to life and its possibilities. This kind of blossoming metamorphosis is perhaps best explained by Deleena Lovell, who links her Kersley Player involvement with her transformation from an insecure girl.

"Coming out" of themselves, Players reveal talents and skills long neglected by loads of laundry and the repacking of pumps, by work books and P.T.A. meetings, as Pete Drewcock notes: "It's very surprising actually to see when you see the talent in people who, you know, have been pumping your propane, or whatever, for your cars. And all of a sudden, you discover this wonderful hidden talent, you know. And it's great to see that.

Reflecting on what his involvement with the Kersley Players has meant to him,
you can while still existing, as it was so described to me once (Jessica Gran(2002), where one is to be an unthinking drone in the rationalized capitalist production process. Thought, thoughtfulness and creativity are sought out by many alienated workers in their leisure time, in their play. Players utilize their routinized, workaday skills in creative, identity-confining, confidence-boosting ways, ways denied during their work lives. Living roles are temporarily dismantled for topsy-turvy reconstruction in play realms; work play. Players confinn that they are more than simply parents shuttling kids from one place to another, more than just alienated millworkers being as stupid as they can while still existing, more than dinner-at-five housewives, more than bringing-home-the-bacon
POOH
Good morning, Eeyore

EYORE
(Glumly) Good morning, Pooh Bear. If it is a good morning, which I doubt

POOH
Why, what's the matter?

EYORE
Nothing, Pooh Bear, nothing. We can't all, and some of us don't. That's all there is to it.

POOH
Can't all what? (rubbing his nose)

EYORE
Gaiety. Song-and-dance. HeCreCgoRound the mulberry bush

POOH
Oh! (followed by a sharp pause) What mulberry bush is that?

POOH
Nods, sits pensively on large stone and begins to hum Conleslon Pic. Lights down
community" (1965, 633). Indeed, as Richard Schechner succinctly states, "No theater performance functions detached from its audience" (1985, 10). Theatre, if it is to thrive and not just barely survive or die altogether, needs broad-based support, especially in pocketbooks and give of their time and "little bits," and for community associations to give of their space, the theatre needs to be tapped into the life of that community, reflecting its desires, concerns, tastes and soon. Commenting on the necessity of

Reflecting on the goodness of small communities in supporting theatre, another informant

For over twenty years, the Kersley Players have been receiving this concentrated, "more together" communal support, in contrast to Quesnel Little Theatre players, who were shunted around from place to place, perennial paupers begging for a space and an
community a theatrical reputation in the Qllcsnel area, as it is increasingly seen as "the place to come for your entertainment" (Grimm and Grimm 2004). While this support is integral to the vitality of the Kersley Players, it is also restrictive in many ways, framing the plays and the Players into a very specific role within the community. Victor Turner once observed that "[a] drama is never really complete, as icelymology suggests, until it is performed, that is, is acted on some kind of stage before an audience" (1987, 27), and controlling communal framework around the plays, the Players and their performances, investigating the doubleness of the performances, as intimate community knowledge affects how these plays are read, seen, enjoyed or avoided, assessing how the Players' growing come-from-away and professional audience has generated a theatrical self-

finally, looking briefly at the performative dynamics of the ChrisJJ as play productions

"If a community theatre performs in a village hall, say, the community is inevitably in the role of host, because the hall 'belongs' to the village... so at the very
for him in that respect" (Drewcock 2004). Roy and the Players’ in the particular bind of
patron,147 the community of Kersley, with its demands for a certain type of play—
suggests that the use of "socio-economic dimensions as a means of categorising plays has
the advantage of being immediately related to the processes modifying all aspect of
what material reward, the group is organized will necessarily inform the performance of
Although interested solely in traditional folklore, i.e. millmerringa nd ils many types, Boyes's analysis does provide insight into the workings of the Kersley Players.

Within Boyes's parameters, the Players are an interesting combine of (1) and (2), with exceptions, of course. The Kersley Players are their own group, a group expressly formed for the performance of plays, specifically Roy Teed's works. But they are also perennial fundraisers for the various other groups in the community. Whatever material rewards the Players receive (around forty percent of the dinner theatre take) are

148 Although, there has been performed one non-Teed play in 2001, The Infamous Doomsday Bowling Alley Manure Spreader, written by the Kersley Player, Gary Minnett, under the tutelage of Roy Teed.
The Playerstheemselves, as a club, is the so-called "Cheap Scat Night," a performance-only showing, which has been held on Sundays, Tuesdays and now Thursdays, where tickets are purchased at the door for the current price of $10. In exchange for a "free" space to rehearse and perform, the Kersley Players, by their very name, are beholden to and essentially belong to the community of Kersley, and its governing, institutional base, the Kersley Community Association. As Roy's employer, the KCA makes allowances for Roy and his writing, letting him utilize work time for his creations. Because of this, his plays can be interpreted as being paid for and owned by the community. So much so, that in 2003, it was simply put to this playwright-in-residence by the KCA that he write a play for the Kersley Reunion, which he grudgingly and painstakingly did. Roy is, after all, the community's paid jack-of-all-trades, and that seems to include his playwriting, as well as

This structuring of the Kersley Players under the charitable auspice within the community is no happenstance. As has been noted earlier, Anglophone Canada, in general, has been puritanically wary of the theatre, leading to much moral pontificating. Early amateur theatrical endeavours in BC and the Cariboo were often bracketed as pragmatically bracketing theatre for benevolent and charitable purposes, "society was [thus] encouraged to extract some positive benefits from the production of the plays, historic philanthropic thrust of early amateur BC theatricals, observing that "[f]inancial
Non-profit play, earmarked for greater communal good, is play wonh Supponing. Indeed, 
the apactical and pragmatic acquirement of filthy lucre along with a do-gooder sense of 
just causes dot end to damper the hemomlity meter, as one of my informants so astutely 

With the good ends thus justifying the somewhat questionable meanS, the bolindary-
pushing, bawdy conient of the plays is socially and safely bounded 

Illustratively. by contrast, the family-oriented, wholesome, crowd-pieasing, 
maudlin musicals put on by the Kersley Musical Theatre require no such frame, since 
children singing known and loved dinies has been a safer bet since mining days. While 
still very much enjoying the concentrated suppon of the community and the KCA who 
grant them free hall usage and such, the KMThas no charitable justification. It is well and
lrulya (2) in Boyes's classification, a group whose material rewards feed the workings of the troupe itself, including pizza parties for its cast and crew of over one hundred and its newsprint playbills. And if the talk of the Players is to be trusted, the Musical Theatre is a veritable Shangri-La—a land of milk and honey, or should I say, a land of beer and pizza, swimming in government grants (apparently thanks to its kid quota) and glossy programs. As one of my informants notes, "If it's a difference between doing it themselves or spending money, they seem to spend money, 'cause they have money to burn" (Teed 2004a). Free from this beneficent framework, the Kersley Musical Theatre is master over its own monies, burning them as it sees fit, choosing its own worthy of donation.

Big Kersley reunion. The Kersley Players have no such choice and are inexorably bound.

Cloaking themselves rather proudly in their philanthropic aims, their largesse, the Kersley Players have been community fundraisers from the first, generating tens of thousands of dollars through their performances over the years. So the only time funds have actually been sent outside of the community was with the very first play, The Diliffer Party, when, as noted previously, Rick Hansen was the recipient. The Diliffer PartY, though, was not a dinner party, a dinner theatre; those came about later. Roy
community groups, who provide the paying theatregoers with a standard roast beef buffet, complete with mashed potatoes and gravy, a pre-packaged mix of uniformly sized peas, corn and carrots, rolls with the requisite spread, at least two types of salad (some combination of Caesar, green, coleslaw, copper penny and their innumerable variants), condiments like horseradish sauce and sliced green pickles and, for dessert, cofTea along with an array of squares, cakes and/or tarts, possibly with vanilla ice cream; drinks are purchased from the bar. It is not unusual, as one of my informants notes, IO"scelhcsame peoleeveryycar doingthedinner" (Minnett 2004), essentially a core group of women who call all the dinner theatres, just doing it for a different community group each night, supplementing with assistants as necessary, including a Illan to stand at the buffet table and carve the roast beef. In all, there are usually six to eight women working in the kitchen, preparing food, bussing tables, doing dishes. Since everybody is in everything, wives of firemen, KCA activity organizers and grandmothers of current students and alumni of Kersley Elementary School, which means that they also probably have something to do with the local kids' clubs, the Girl Guides, the Scouts, the 4-H. Sufficcit
say, these are busywomen, who have come to the dinner theatres, slotting the
dominated. The possible reasons for the lack of longstanding female Players will be
explored as this Scene progresses, but while the onstage females may be scarce, the
longstanding, catering females are in full force year after year. This is their annual
performance. Thomas Green, in writing on the testosterone-driven nature of traditional
analyzed in context, it becomes dear that women play a crucial role in performance
male folk drama performance" (2009, 217), by acclaiming "as a gender of order in the home, to
which traveling troupes appeal for a 'stage' and refreshments" (2009, 217). In their
could be argued that something akin to his control is being exercised by the Kersley Hall
homeless, with their gastronomic spread. Knowing full well that untoward and unruly
behaviour is about to take place on stage in the form of a 'Roy play,' there is a need to

152 Who are often also busybodies, who get involved in community history books and drive a folklorist bat.
Thcb llffet, inessence, buffers thcforthcoming disorder, ultimately "assert[ing] all lhat [is] stable, unchanging, perennial" (Bakhtin 1984, 9)and, thlls, "sanclion[ing] the existing pattern of lhings and reinforc[ing] it" (Bakhtin 1984, 9).

modcmist lcanings to view theatre as an autonomous art form (since the"serious" arts can apparently always standalone, thankyouvcrvmuch). Shcwrltes

But, within lhese ttingof thec ommunily hall, food is very mllch allowed; infal, ilisan integralpanof lhcdramaticperformance itsclf. Allldwith slld cxpeclations, it could be arguedlhalincreasinglytheform itsclf, lhecharitable, fcastillg frame, is thecommlnity's focus, leaving lhecnrlonncesplaying second fiddlc 10 lhe roaslbecfmolclcy-maker,

RT: Bulwe'retrappedinthcdinner lhcatremode. I mean, allld ldon't think we'll ever get out of it. And l don't know

JGJ:lmean, areyoutrappedinthatismbcause lhatswhalthccommunity cxpects or are people dependingon ilasa fundraiscrorisit?
While Roy feels that his plays could certainly stand alone, like real theatre, without the accursed mashed-potato-and-gravy imprisonment, this theatre-food fusion, the expectations for a dinner theatre from the community caterers, the audience members and even the Players themselves trump Roy's desires every time. As he notes:

RT: When you cater to the lowest common denominator.

And Roy knows all about the consequences when you try to shake things up.

When Roy decided to stir things up a bit, by writing his first "serious" play, a drama, *ShadolVs FromaLoIVS/one IVall*, he found a losing baulc to perform it sans beef.
Ah holighRoywanledasoberaudienceforhissobcring lopic, lhe Players prevailed, insisting upon a dinner IhcalTe, since this is the performing fonnal they like the best. A

Feeding ofTtheir audiences, the Players prefer the well-fcd, well-lubricated, sold-out caterers prefer il since il generates much more funds. Thecommmunity enjoys its stabilizing Tecls. And since the dinner theatre audiencesaresuccessively and successfull y sold-out every time. as opposed 10 lheoften sparselyaucndedcheapnights,

"We may beamalcurs, bul we'revain amalclrs," quipped Gary Minncu backslagc, duringlheTuesday,Y, c hcapscat-nighl performance ofTheUnlikelyRaptllreoj BallllockM/Ildool; his commentonperformingfor a d cidedlymeagre hOUSC. The lallghs were there, but lhey lends to reverberate around Ihccold hall, allowing lhe Players to aChually pinpoint which laugh belonged to which audience member. The laughter never developed into that homogeneously roar, a kind ofebb-and-flow sound wave one of myinformamssimplystates, "lfyoucan makepeople laugh, yoll Wantlodoil

153 Cheap Seat nights are always meagrely attended. Thirty to forty is considered a particularly good turnout.
more (Zacharias 2006). Laughter is the response that the Players feed off of, giving them that performance high, that adrenaline rush, that "thrill," as it was so described to me. And there is just something about a dinner theatre, which seems to deliver, much more consistently, this thrilling roar of laughter, making it the Players' preferred audience and the audience's preferred theatre. Nonetheless, as an infonnal soul, the uninhibited, roaring laughter is often dependent upon the right mix of people at the performance depending upon how interactive the crowd has been with one another and the collective.

"It's the atmosphere of the tiny, little hall. You're going in. You sit. It's all hol and crowded" (Grimm and Grimm 2004) comments Rod Grimm, a former Player himself. "People, sort of, going to enjoy the play, where you relax and visit with friends and stuff beforehand and, sort of, all the atmosphere, where they sit you down and they're all social" (Grimm and Grimm 2004). Just as the Players warm up for a performance through socializing, joking and drinking, over in the rooms at the arena, their dinner theatre audiences sit socializing, joking, eating and drinking, warming up, as it were, over in the hall. The performances become part of a larger social function, not
unlike those early Cariboo plays, which were often followed by music and dancing and general carousing. It is more than just theatre, as an informant points out: "You get a dinner. You get a night out. It's not a lot of money... But, as a community, like there's not just the Players, there's always the dinner theatre part. There's always the ladies' auxiliary doing dinner. The fire department does a dinner. The school does a dinner. And I think, community-wise, it's very good" (Minnett 2004). Audience members are much...

know, it's a nice night out. And where do you go in Quesnel? Where do you go? You know, there's not much entertainment happening... And to see a live theatre group is wonderful" (Amoldus 2004). Through the communal eating of the dinner part of the theatre, "a night out" is had and an audience community is formed, or re-formed, as the case may be, since many audience members come year after year for these plays open, comfortable and ready for a "Roy play." A QLT veteran, Mary Beningfield, in looking at the success of the Kersley Players, links it irrevocably to his "night out"...

haflidj" (2004). In drinking and having fun, even before the, the larger sense of vision, while setting aside some of their communal eating and their largesse through a sense of vision, while setting aside some of their
willing to forgive long, convoluted intros and other shortcomings of a "Roy play," as well

Thesere people whojust"really appreciate the fact that you put effort into putting
together and working to put a play that's got some hull our to it or whatever" (Wark

Wark: "I almost call the Kersley Players a cult, because we have a cult following that they don't miss no matter what. It's- they're the first- they're our best advertisers for filling the hall, that's for sure" (2004). Because of this eager and appreciative cult following, the typically four-night spread (two weekends of Friday and Saturday nights) of the Kersley Players' dinner theatres sell like hotcakes, often sold before they actually get on the market, as it were. These cult followers are "I'll know," knowing who to

and intimacy with the Players and Kersley, which naturally aids in the intimate
atmosphere of the dinner theatres. Indeed, for years, the tickets were sold by many of the Players at their workplaces, which resulted in mill workers buying all the tickets. This was
Cariboo Propane\textsuperscript{154} in Quesnel. Delcenia Lovell, alongslanding Player, observes of his

Judy Amoldus, acomminded Players’ follower and former KP stagehand, admits

Locally, the Kersley Players are synonymous with dinner theatre, with having good food, while supporting a good cause, having a good time and enjoying a night out.

"People look \textbf{forward} to the plays not only because what they know they’re going to come away with, but what they’re giving to the community is going to a good cause, as well as a good laugh, you know" (Drewcock 2004). And an integral part of having a good laugh for his good cause is being able to have a good laugh.

When, in 1987, the Kersley Players were getting ready for their first performance, \textit{The Dinner Party}, there was much discussion amongst the Players regarding the content.

\textsuperscript{154} Business operated by Stuart Graham, a Kersley Player.
\textsuperscript{155} A sell-out for the dinner theatre is 120 people.
of the play. Roy remembers the initial worrying: "As a group, we used to worry about it, you had—it was an adulterous relationship in the play and how is it going to go over? And it seemed to go over fine. So, I don't know. I haven't worried about it for years" (Teed 2004a). After successive successes, Roy no longer worries about how his plays will go over. The over-the-top farces are well and truly enjoyed by the local audiences: “I fairly outrageous stuff—stuff that we kind of worried about” (Minnett 2004). So, for all their cross-dressing and sex talk, their aggressive put-downs and their boundary pushing prepared to laugh. Having seen the performances previously, the guests at a celebration[dinner theatre] have high expectations for the humour to be presented” (Beeman 1981. 520), and when something else is served up, namely serious, non-laughing drama, as disappointment and resistance, as well as food for thought.

In 1994, the Players won a berth to Mainstage as a workshop play with The professional guidance, there was the much anticipated re-launch. Roy remembers
After years of comic nurturing through repcaledviewings of "Royplays," the audiences CXPCI and wanlcomedy. Indeed, it was with comically attuned eyes that many read the poslerswamingofadrama: "And even when you put it on there that it's a drama, some people just plain don't believe you. They're afraid you're pulling their legs. I don't know why they would think that [laughing]" (Minnem 2004). The need for that laugh-olil-ioud descriptor was a joke, and with the presentation of a nactllal drama, "they were disappointed; they didn't get the fix" (Drewcock 2004), their annual smack of Roy
aback, as Gary Minnclt recounts, "I never really knew how people would take it when you do something different. But you kind of—when you talk lopco ple, they're al inle puzzled by the fact that, 'Doh, nobody was in underwcar.' But afterwardS, when you talk to them awcck or so later, it's always so, 'Geez, that was a good play'" (2004)

response 10 lhc drama needed time to percolate. RoyTedreflects

Although many who were in attendance did come to appreciate the drama, after lheir

lhc ola"serious" play. The hall was not li led to capacity, as is lhe norm, so, for Roy. Shadows From a Low Srone Waft was a critical success, just 101 a box-office one

Although, from the perspective of the QLT veteran, Mary Beningfield, this drama was a
decided success: "They kept saying, 'Oh, we didn't get as much audience.' Well, tome,

kept—lhe regular members said, 'Well, it wasn't really well attended.' comparedtothe
packed audiences they had received for the hilariously funny" (2004). But with the dwindling audience numbers, the community of...
many, the Kersley Hall was not the place and the dinner theatre was not the final in

Kersley Players audiences want the immediate gratification of a good laugh and a good feeling, and a drama—however good it may be deemed after a period of percolation—just does not deliver those instantaneous feelings of pleasure like a farce. So, the Kersley Players are back to "giving people what they want" (Drewcock 2004)—farces and food. Farces and food and the good cause they support, though, cannot appease all community
formation of the KMT that he could finally participate in the community's theatre, 151
simple, innocuous fun, in the real-life performances of "Roy plays," the case is not so

the roaring success of their counterpart, the Kersley Musical Theatre, and that is creating
tension between the two groups, not unlike the friction between Quesnel Little Theatre
and the Kersley Players during the 1990's. Roy Teed shares an illustrative anecdote

was fairly innocent, like it was almost Walt Disney material. So that's-
that kind of almost bit on edge. (2004a)

JGJ: I've been noticing a bit of tension between the Kersley Players and
the new Kersley Musical Theatre

pUIS on its wholesome family fun and the twain meet daily in the community, with the
Players inwardly muttering about how the Musical Theatre has stolen more than just their
reputation. Bert Koning, long-time stagehand for the Players, discusses the dynamic
Indeed, the Musical Theatre is regarded as something of a parasite, which initially rode the coattails of its host, the Players, in order to establish itself and has now surpassed its building of the established theatrical milieu in Kersley, an milieu the Players feel they have painstakingly nurtured and developed, the Kersley Musical Theatre utilizes the space which the Players had considered their own, not to mention the equipment. Beholden as they are to the community at large with their socio-economic basis in their benefaction, the Players do not own much themselves, but they do own lights, and the granting of these lights free of charge to KMT is a sticky point of intra-group contention.

Once the precedent was set for free use of lighting, it has remained in place, despite the constant intra-group bickering about how they should charge. Ycl, the very communal
The KMT has actually come to feed Players into the Kersley Players, as number of new

Accommodating shared thespians, the Kersley Players have had increased fall
Kersley play wows audience
By Vem Heywood, Quesnel Cariboo Observer, 1 April 1987

responds to Reginald Rothbottom's invitation for him and Bambito visit again sometime

insightful with that line in and of itself, but in context of that performance, with those
Players in real life, which at that point was preuy much everyone, this frame breakage was simply a part of the double vision that had been ongoing throughout that performance. The flashing Dr. Hector Dextler, as played by Rod Grimm, ends up incestuously inviting Bambi/Becky, his real-life sister, for "arompin the woods." Jack, as Vic, hits on Cecilia, alias Debbie Grimm, yet another sister-in-law. KahlieArdell Prentice's lovescat, velvet pillows and the Boston fern sland she bought at a garage sale in Wellsgrace the stage, as does a framed print from the Grant home. Debbie Grimm/Cecilia wears a dress she bought at Ricci's along with her granny's fur coat. Dave Gunn/Charles is sipping real Scotch from his own personal flask. And on it goes. As Jack Gmnt observes: "I mean, that was part of the thing; that the people they were doing the parts were, you know- I mean, you all--everybody knows each other quite intimately. So, I mean, that was part of the humour of it. And, you know, Dave Gunn with his English accent was always--everybody knew Dave and, you know, so we could laugh and enjoy that part of it" (2002). Indeed, for as much as Royviews this humour generated by the juxtaposition of fictive and mundane roles as frustratingly serendipitous and best productions. This section is an exploration of these audience-perfonner connections,
Meaning is found in the wink, in the semantic dialogue. Writing on the workings of irony, Linda Hutcheon observes that irony is about the oscillating play between multiple meanings, between topics or roles. And theatre, as a play form, is particularly fertile forum for

Indeed, the fun of irony and the amphibious wink is the tension between meanings, between topics or roles. And theatre, as a play form, is particularly fertile forum for

Given that a theatrical performance is a "highly charged in-between liminal space" (Schechner 2002, 64), performers send up "exist[ing] in the field of a double
negative. They are not themselves, nor are they the characters they impersonate. A theatrical performance takes place between 'no me... [and] not not me' (Schechner 2002, 64). Performers are not themselves, yet at the same time they are not not not not

dialectic, what remains the prevalent method for acting in this day and age is realism, the idea that performances should be realistic and that performers should disappear into a role, enveloped by it and thus becoming the character. The dramatic illusion should be

For the German playwright Benoît Brecht, realism acting's denial of the inherent method of acting, the fundament of which is in openly exploring, expanding and playing with this dialectical tension. In that space between role and actor, between character and performer, between fictive and mundane, a dialogic interplay can occur between characters, performers and audience members. Combating the trance-like state that the
Shattering the illusion, breaking the trance and acting "badly" requires, according to Brecht, the A-effect, the alienation effect, which is "away to drive a wedge comment upon, the others" (Schechner 2002, 152-53). With this winking wedge visibly in place, commentaries can be inserted, as Richard Schechner notes.

Delighting in unresolved dialectics, in ad libs and frame breaks, in ironic tensions and meaningful winks, Kersley audiences of Kersley Player performances double while holding an interpretative dialogue with the plays, the performers and the props. Indeed, as
reacting to material presented in performance" (1981, 508)

key elements in the workings of folk drama. Because of this intimacy, as Bogatyrev

peasant plays with the actor's own private life" (1976b, 47). Given this constant

Bogatyrev further notes, "neither the spectator nor the actor should have the sensation of a complete transformation" (1976a, 52). Indeed, it could be argued that folk drama, at its core, is a Brechtian type of performance, wherein both the actors and the audience are constantly aware of the simultaneity of the actor and the role which he or she is playing" (Taft 1997, 134). Peter Drewcock, in equally discussing what makes community theatre and the Kcrsley Players work, describes the dramatic tension of
enacted by their workmates and family members. They are the fc to support and laugh at
the Playersthehemselves. They are theretore read the "liltlc bits" and feel the contrastive

since, as Michael Taft notes, even folk drama audiences are often comprised of insiders
insiders and outsiders— which results in their productions being partly folk and partly
popular" (1996, 210). Gary Minnelt observes: "I'm sure there's people that go to see
Roy's plays and I'm sure there's people that go because they know people in the play
And that's probably true anywhere, I wouldthink. I really don't know, but I think it
probably is" (2004). Indeed, as Linda Hutcheon explains, "there is always a problem of
access with irony [amphibology, winks, dialectical tension]: thoseaddressed have lo'gct'
it. The context mlllsignal its presence; a community ofbelief and understanding mustbe
assumed" (1991, 18). Not everyone gets Jack Grant’s reference to Bambi’s sister. NOI
everyone knows that Flo Guy is wearing “a pair of Mr. Maclure's fawn coloured
corduroy trousers” (Palcnaud1981, 15), ortha IRodGrimmisme wearing Debbie Grimm's
granv's fur coal. NOI everyone oIrafts the quiet-spoken Pete Drewcock with his very
silly, eXrvoerted Tooley role. oteveryonenotesthatthereframed panties on the wall in

The llcredible Pickled Pigeon Pirate Chase refer to thefamousundcn Year-losingscene
from *BillyeerHipchk's Matrimonial Two-Step*. But many do. Many see the Boston fem stand belonging to Kathie Ardell Prentice in a play context. Many note the contrasts between the wholesome, church-going homemaking mother, Bobbi Grant, with her scrunching portrayal of Phoebe Hipchek with her skin-light, leopard print leggings. Many know that the poet Myron from *An Evening With Myron* is a character from an earlier play, namely, *All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Roll*"d. Many recognize her workaday skills knowing that Gub, the dog from *Tales From Me and Irmie*, was the name of Roy's own beloved Scottish border terrier and poodle cross, and many will know that he got him from Jack Grant. And all will definitely see the man behind the balloon breasts and pink Kersley Player performances, as discussed previously, often have open framework breakages and scripted/performance cross-dressing contrasts which, with their inherent doubleness,

Although not versed in Brechtian theory, by any stretch of the imagination, Kersley Player performances are filled with a-c-c-c-clis, which lentsthal call attention to the very constructedness of the play, whether scripted or improvised. In the spiral plays, which jut jarringly off knees, as the pirates hobble around with their reallowerlegs in plain sight. There are no attempts to make a limb disappear. In fact, in what is now

Players play with this fact when they sit and cross their supposed missing leg over their other legs, leaving the peg legs jutting forward (see fig. 4.11). There is no pretence
In the 2005 production of *The Incredible Pickled Pigeon Pirate Chase*, EmicBunwallop, played by Simon Zeegers, jumps off stage to retrieve *Matrimonial Tli'o-Step*. Lester Peuyjohn, who portrays Buster, jumps off stage to retrieve *Mllrder Girdles*. Pauses long and hard, as she tries to contain her laughter at the scene.

Usage of metered prose. At the end of *The Ghost of Donegal Hetch*, Whee-hee, a slagehand zips on stage to throw a foam mattress on the stage so Ouch can toss Gerbil on the floor, without Paul Nichols (playing Gerbil) getting hurt. In *Dr. Broom and the Atomic Transmogrijer*, the stagehands, who play all her characters having to change the antics on the darkened stage. And on it goes. Backstage prompts have been heard by the audience. Awkward performative pauses held. Real beers openly drunk on stage. Breasts straight forwardly that this double vision, his audience-perfonner intimacy: "[I]his dual perception of the perfonnance affinnst hal is impossible to identify the player with the role he plays, thai no equation can be made between the actor and the..."
character whom he represents, that the costume and mask and gestures of the actor are only a sign of the character portrayed by him" (1976b, 48). The idea that, in folk drama or community drama, a player's true identity is always going to triumph the play-role, that a scripted character is going to play second fiddle to his or herself, is salient. Yet, what Bogatyrev neglects here is that, in this winking dual perception which can ultimately dissolve the play-role. Players have the potential to become equated with as "real," or if not quite "real," at least socially problematic in a small community full of role-transparency. In short, the binocular diplopia, the doubling and double vision, the oscillating wink and ironic tension, the dialogic discourse and dynamic dialectic, can actually compound into a kind of monologic tunnel vision, especially if the role is dealing with taboo areas of Cariboo society like cross-dressing males and aggressively sexual.

It is no longer Wayne Wark portraying Lulu, a character from Lace Drakes, who wears a pink dress; it is simply Wayne Wark in a pink dress, as Gary Minnett explains: "I don't know how many times I've heard somebody say, 'I just could never imagine Wayne Wark in a pink dress.' And I'm thinking, 'Well, that's probably good'" (2004). Dave portrayal of Desdemona, a drag queen also from Lace Drakes.
dress or whatever it is, you know. LOlsofpeoplegivc you kindofsidewaysglacesands
shower with fony naked men, so theydo like to know whal our wardrobe is" (2004). And
whengender linesarcopenlycrossedinplay- however masculinchefClischizedfemale
ponrayed- lhc Players’ millworkmgworkmalesare indeed slightly wary, needingtotest
the possible veracity of the play-role through that favouredshop-floorfonnoftcasingand
ribbing. Ifthe Playerscan lake the leasing like men, then lhcir machismo is confined

Although farce, as a genre, is dreamily depersonaled, in its enactment with the
Kersley Players, it is highly personalized. Audiencemembershavepersonarelations
withthe Playersandthose relations arebrolhangtola the playsandolollflheir
interpretations. DaveGunnrecallsasccoefrom1hc 1992prodktion of The Rutabaga
Rallger Rides Againwhere heandWayneWarkhavenviolentinterchange, so typical of
farces, blll which does nOl go over well with lhc Players' personalizedpublic
so shocking and apparently upsetting to audience members was Ihat they were seeing Wayne Wark smack Dave Gunn, nOl B. Bertram Bighom Smith smack nipam Ackers. The violence was read as real. Acknowledging this interpretation, the Players cut the scene and such censoring of “Roy plays,” by Players aware of this communal double vision, Ihal has the potential to narrow into single-stranded tunnel vision, is not

Recognizing the communal connections that remain unsealed even during the liminal play-time, there is, as Pele Drewcock already expressed, a kind of imposed respect on the Players and on their plays. The play can easily become highly personalized, as previously Iloled by Roy Teed in the preceding Act, so that audience members "call" separate Iheactor froll the character” (Teed 2004a). Ironically, the very wink that allows audience members to sport dual perception, double vision, losCebolhBambi and Becky, can undennine Byself, creating myopic, monologic, lunncivision. The constant interplay between the Player and the role can actually meld the Iwo Iogelher. Indeed, doubleness has ils single-stranded dangers, as people "lake it [the plays] for real" (Dale

Erving Goffman once wrote that “[a]n action slaged in a healcri is a relatively
Svensson, in which Emil and his betoved Alfred, the familhand, are enjoying a quiet
Given the traditional, patriarchal gender divisions of the Cariboo, it is not terribly surprising that ever-helpful, subordinal cmatcsof men, who are generally expected to know their place, are very aware of publicly stepping out of it. The IuTCo of role-playing play, though, has tempted many to join the Players, with the result that many have perhaps unwindingly entered a play-form that has had deeper repercussionsthanfirst thought. Dileen Lovell, the only longslanding female Player, commented on the

JGJ: Have you had any problems with any of Roy’s material? Like any aClUal plays?
Sagely aware of the fact that her communal standing is affected by her play, Deleania

no way be taken for real. Recognizing that sexually aggressive roles could jeopardize her reputation, along with that of her family's, she has simply avoided them and been able to keep playing. Many other female players, though, have come up against way more than they bargained for. While boys will be boys and sow their wild oats, the virtue of a woman is communal property and subject to community sanction, even in play.

In his analysis of play, Gregory Balco, observes that, however


reality of those emotions make the play not play. It can become a kind of invisible theatre, likely developed by Augusto Boal, in which only the players know they are playing.

Problematically, though, the Players have done everything in their power to deliver the message, "This is play," and still the play is invisible to certain people. Vanda Zacharias discusses the imposed respect of community theatre because of the role transparency of
Despite all the signals declaring, "This is play," people can still be possessive in their interpretations, equating roles with Players. Understanding the potential for this play-killing possessiveness, Wanda and Dave sought out the permission of their spouses for *The Honcho Rubber Horns/Idler Girdles*, ensuring the playing Roy's sexually aggressive females and having to say "safe, sexually harsh lines, the roles—while perhaps liberatingly fun for a time—are ultimately too deep. Spousal, perpetually struggling to find potential Players, they are met with a widespread reluctance since; people are just a little kind of turned off to the idea of performing *that* kind of play" (Drewcock 2004). While enjoying "Roy plays" as spectators, many also know full

"Roy play" dangers do not all stem from possessive audience interpretations though. In the intensity of liminal communitas, Players can forget themselves completely and become so carried away in the play that they transgress play boundaries. Roger Callois explains how the very intensity of play can lead to the fatal deviation. 10
When the play ceases to stop and moves into reality, the sexual innuendoes and sexual allusions of “Roy plays” darkly turn to actions, as Wayne Wark explains:

The fact is that Players who were merely farcically playing with sexual deviations and infidelities have actually deviated and committed infidelities. And seeing as thereal world is not full of happy “Roy play” endings, for those few Players participating in “sexual activity that wasn’t part of the play” (Wark 2004), in such dark play, the repercussions have been painfully messy. Such deviations simply confirmed the danger of the play, as the assertion of a Player’s sex, spouse, and intense play involvement contributed to the dissolution of the marriage. Wilhслиalous husbands, affairs and divorces laid 10 blame at the feet of the Kersley Players and their risky play of their risqué subjects, the Players and their playground certainly ruptured, feeding the very social

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159 Although, one could interpret the intense Player involvement as a way to escape what was not a very happy marriage for various other reasons.
Fig. 4.11. The famous peg-leg scene from *The Incredible Pickled Pigeon Pirate Chase* (1993), as Captain Jack Strathbungeo (Wayne Wark, left) and Cuticle Clyde (Gary Minnett, right) take a breather. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. 4.12. Simon Zeegers preparing for his role as Ernie Bunwallop in the 2005 production of *The Incredible Pickled Pigeon Pirate Chase*. He is aided by Anna Arnett, who paints on his eye patch. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
When the Kersley Players joined Theatre BC in 1990, taking their grassroolsp lay-
fonn onto a larger,oul-of-town stage, they were met by a critical audienceof"serious"
professionals, who repeatedly pointed out to the Players just how much they apparently
pedestrian and plebeian their performances. Wanda Zacharias recalls: "What an eye-
opening when you get down to these events, because the people were preny hoity-toity
They're not, like, as laidback. It's like, we're just here to enjoy ourselves and if we made
other people laugh, great" (2006). Early interactions with Theatre BC were highly critical
affairs, with the Players being lambasted for their performances and Roy Tcedd being
vivisection for his writing. Yet, despite the hoity-toity of the competitions and the
gross vivisections, the Kersley Players kept coming back, competing with their farces and
eventually "cami[ing] that respect over the years" (Drewcock 2004), even as they accrued
not ready for this type of work, you know, but as time went by, it became apparent just by
right? Nobody likes change — so they just don't really accept it very well at the beginning
But then they have to" (2006). Changes have certainly occurred in both parties as a result
from their winking, doubled, community hall, dinner theater recontext, acted away on the
slagesor "real" theatres in rrontorsingle-mindedtheatricalreconnoisseurs and what his has

WW: They didn't know how to react, so let's react negative. That seems to be the easiest way for people to react, so that's what they did. (2004)

The Players quickly learned that their very originality did not go over well within a culturally elitist theatrical milieu with "Major" aims, as Dave Gilman comments: "I don't know why Roy didn't get any higher recognition in SC. In my opinion, his work's been as good as anything I've ever seen, but then, as I've said before, I'm not a theatrical critic bloodyrcdoncAmericanwork. That was always his problem" (2004). Apparently problematic because of their originality of their generic form, "Roy plays" were initially
Indeed, according to Gary Minnen, the theatre snobs of this world are afraid of farce and capitalizd Thcalrc, farce is decidcdly disreputable, "one of the least respectable members of the family of drama" (Messenger 1980-81, 3). The fact that the farces they performed were not even "classics" of the genre, a Feydcau or an !oncsco, something Old World French or consciously....
posed under some grand, theoretical, theatrical movements like Absurdism or Theatre of Cruelty or Epic Theatre, simply made them even less respectable, if that is even possible.

Wrong from the get-go, the Players could not seem to get anything right on this larger stage and in this professional playground. Judy Amondus recalls how their very practices of warm-up and cool-down were disapproved of:

Figuring out the new playground's rules, they learned that drinking, whether onstage or backstage, is a decided "no-no" (Drewcock 2004), that playwrights should apparently never direct their own plays, that "real" plays consist of multiple acts and are nearing two hours in length and that sets are to be sandbagged and not immovably screwed down on
No longer "very, very green," the Players understand the performance process much more decisively, seriously and sophisticatedly drawn, although not necessarily for the bencr, according to many, who bemoan the loss of intimacy and closeness and sense of;

"Changes in the audience lead to changes in the performances" (1985, 16), Richard Schechner succinctly states. As the Players began acting away, performing in front of theatrically appreciated and dramatically professional Theatre BC audiences, the performances no longer only changed, but also the plays and the Players. For many of the original Players, things look a decidedly serious lum and the Players lost their fun. Indeed, "they look it further and they got more serious" (Grimm and Grimm, 2004). Rod

RG: Well, they're getting way more professional, if you want to call it that. I mean the props are way better

RG: The lighting is better. Of course, the acting has got to be better
RG: It’s quite a commitment.

DG: And it is a huge commitment and stuff like that. But you going to them and stuff, but no. I think I’ve just done my day of wouldn’t mind going down and helping behind-the-scenes.

RG: Well, we went to practice, but it wasn’t work ’cause, I mean, if you forgot your lines or anything, it wasn’t a big deal.

DG: Although I know Roy would, even then—’cause he took it a lot more serious I think than we did.

As outsiders began intercracling with the plays, the Players and the playwright, bringing their outsider eyes, values, comments and theatrical skills, the Kersley Players became, ronymy, Kersley in name, VClue and fundraising only; someessentialalchemist of community being irrevocably lost. As Michael Taft notes, "rolkdrama...dilutes its ilumacy when played before outsiders" (1996, 209-10), when grassroots theatre is

For the original Kersley Players, the whole impetus was to have fun. To this end, lines forgotten were laughed off and "raw humour" (Zacharias 2006) - humour that adlibbed and improvised and was generated on the SPOI during performance was
heartily appreciated by their audience: "And so what if the cat ran away; it made the people laugh more. You didn't have to be perfect, right" (2006). Truly "was sort of a part of what I was all about at that time" (Grimm and Grimm 2004). The practices were time doing it" (Jack Grant 2002). And then a fateful decision was made to take the show on the road and join Theatresc. One really recalls what prompted that decision, other than a sense of curiosity—-that it might be fun and they could perhaps learn a thing or two. Yet, in uprooting their grassroots theatre, The Players embarked on a journey that split the troupe itself and distanced themselves from their very roots, Judy Amoldus
Absorbing the critiques of the Theatre BC audiences, Roy Teed and the Players began to

humour became a decided no-no and the practices hard work. That freedom to play with
characters, to go in or out, to create logic fun, narrowed as the scripted word became alpha

Roy began running the Players using a "heavy-fisted type of system" (2004), as Wayne
Wark calls it. His plays "started longer and Roy was writing plays that he wanted,
was hoping logo to zones" (Zacharias 2006). Auditions became customary for a
time—one having to be good enough to be a player, since: you need to be able to act lo
YCI, the personal growth have communal cost. But, for Roy, all the
Indeed, a player admitted to me that when new players don't rise to that pressure, do not bring their levels up, it can be rather offensive: "Sometimes you get new people in and maybe they don't understand the commitment and then they don't give 100 percent community members now see the Players as having very high standards, which is intimidating and, ultimately, "makes it harder every year to get people" (Ted 2004a) to serious it destroys its own essential base: play." (1969, 12). The loss of the play, of the full, as the Players "took it further and got more serious" (Grimm and Grimm 2004), has
Judy Arnoldus remembers with passion the feeling of shared fun expressed through return to those green, naïve beginnings. They have learned new things. They have grown.

And as Pete Dreweock discussed previously, the community audience has grown as well. They no longer wait for the miscue and the improvisation. They no longer necessarily have a dual perception of actor and character, since many Players are now non-Kersleyilcs. Indeed, most audience members are not even from Kersley. It has inevitably and irrevocably progressed from a kind of open dialogic format to a closed monologic format.

As the Kersley Players have embraced the monologic, Major aims of Theatre BC, they have earned an expanded reputation. Their plays are now generally well-received at zone competitions. Roy Ted is good friends with the current president of Theatre BC.
plays— a decided display of respect for the playwright, his plays and the Players and truly significant considering their initially rocky relations with the Major's provincial local organization. Roymain rains membership in the Playwrights Guild of Canada use his work, especially *The Good Game*, which was critically well-received and enjoyed
beyond" (Teed 2004a) their theatrically clueless, just-for-the-fun-of-it, communally close-knit origins and that seriously distancing growth is felt by many in the community, even

For all their sophistication and professionalization, their seriousness and their distancing growth, the Kersley Players still maintain something of their original, grassroots, just-for-the-fun-of-it impetus, which manifests itself every December at the community's annual Christmas party and potluck. Jack Gandt discusses this exception in

As the aCfl/ai Kersley Players have become status symbols—a description which places them far beyond their grassroots audience—the Players performing "Roy" Christmas plays are indeed clowning buffoons, whose sole purpose is to have fun while performing in front of a truly grassroots audience of Kersleyites. To this end, all the rules of real

not function in this play form. The Christmas plays are characterized by outright reading of lines, adlibbing, fmmе breakages, careless abandon. Even the strict writing rule which
Roy employs never to script lines that play off of a character's real-life role is scratched.

The Players are typically Kersleyites and their kids. The audience is Kersleyites. This is a play for Kersleyites bundled together by community members for other community members. In the grand spectrum of the folk-popular drama continuum (Taft 1996, 210), this is about as pure decades. Kersleyites bundle up every December and head down to the Kersley Community Hall with a potluck dish in hand for an evening of eating, socializing, caroling, singing on Santa Claus's lap and watching a "Roy" Christmas play. Those same arriving foil-covered casserole bags of buns, trays of squares, bowls of salads, jars of pickles, and on it goes. The long, rectangular tables sprout off the sides of the hall's walls like ribs, while a long row of tables extends like a sternum up the center of the hall, ready to receive the potluck spread. A large Christmas tree typically stands in the southwest corner:

Christmassy images—bells, stars, gifts, snowmen, Santa and so on. After a welcome typically by the KCA president, a blessing is offered on the food and the table order for potluck participation is given. Nevertheless, the Players, who are performing right after the dinner, are exempt from this order and have the communal consent to eat first wherever they are seated—special, status-granting exception. Following dinner, tables

After the play, old Christmas carol inserts from newspapers past are passed around and the hall piano gets warmed up as songs are sung in anticipation of Santa's arrival. With
with clean-up. Framed in this context, the Christmas plays are definitely housed under a customary calendrical auspice, which for many definitions of folk drama (Abrahams as such are complements to the custom, since Christmas parties will be had with or

Thematically, the plays are structured around the never-ending hilarity of Christmas ruination by mishaps and evil-doings. Yet, like a good "O! Roy play," all ends well, with a "Merry Christmas" wished to on and all. Since 1986, many of the same characters have been reappearing annually, making the Christmas plays something of a long-running serial, following their exploits. Naturally, the plays always have Santa, a jolly, nice, plump, seeing-good-in-everyone-and-everything, somewhat naive saint. He is aided in his goodness by Mrs. C., his nice, yet critically savvy, wifé. Mogg, the knavish, mischievous, straight-talking elf, heads Santa's Workshop. And Birdwing W. Bliffen, mad scientist and bah-humbugging grinch, does everything he can to thwart the work of years, he has been aided in his Christmas-dismaying schemes by the mad genius, Phillipa MeanBean Gorgonburper, and the evil genius assistant to P. Pogo. Over the years, various Claus family members and Bliffen kin have made appearances, along with a variety of elves, reindeer, carollers, hennits, hockey players, bunnies, loolh fairies and CBC-radio listeners, but the core characters remain the same, despite taking hiatuses every now and
Resonating Fields of degaging Enzymes, Hyper-Baric Nano-udgers, Extreme Enropic

The plays remain parochial and patriotic and are often punctuated with references to Kcrsley. BC politics, CBC and hockey. They even play with standard "Roy plays" and

Gorgonburper, The Nice Hat, she and BlifTen have an argument over how to ruin

GORGONBURPER
Christmas will happen again if we don't get our act together

BLiFFEN
My act is together, you're the one who's cat's out of the bag

GORGONBURPER
My act is more together than your act

BLiFFEN
My act is a thing of beauty, while your act has warts

GORGONBURPER
My act is perfection personified while your act wears women's underwear

BLiFFEN
Whoops
In one of the Christmas plays, *Rusty Calls*, where Bliffen's plan to ruin Christmas includes posing as Santa Claus's long lost brother, Rusty, in order to cover operations.

10 openly play with Bliffen's portrayal's, Jack Grant's, communally known role as a

*SANTA*
These are my faithful elves. They build IOYS in my workshop.

'Having Bliffen query as to membership in a union is a question many have certainly

included slink as president, vice-president, chief shop steward and contract negotiator.

downsizing and such is the ultimate ironclad around. Indeed, this kind of doubleness is

scripted, played with and encouraged in the Christmas plays.
skits are performed with a kind of Brechtian, A-effect abandon. While initially there were attempts to learn lines, when the longest running Christmas player is Jack Granl, a perennial mismanager of lines, there came a point where it just seemed easiest to let the actors take scripts on stage. Now, there is no pretense to dramatic illusion. Players stand on stage with pulp mill-issue clipboards and read their scripts (see fig. 4.13). When a page is finished, it is merely torn off, often with an emphasis to do so in unison, and cast on the floor. By the end of the play, the stage and the hall floor are littered with manuscript remains. Many of the elves are played by adults who shuffle around on their knees— their lower legs always conspicuously present (see fig. 4.14). For years now, the tallest man there, Gary Minnen, has played the head elf, Mogg, sporting CPP gumboots sliced up the back and duck-taped to his knees and thighs and wearing his work overalls. All sorts of mad scientist laboratory accouterments like lab coals and bakers and containers have

Kersleyite, Pall I Nichols, continues his penchant for performative cross-dressing and consistently performs Gorgon blurrpc. Although initial Christmas players were all community members, even local politicians (the KCA presidency) on occasion, as the Kersley Players have increasingly recruited players from the Ulside, some of those ollside players have also found their way into the Christmas plays as well. Yet, through their performative blending of real Kersley players (ollside or not), regular Kersleyites and their kids, for many community members, the Christmas plays remain true to the playfully fun spirit and the communally grounded grassroots of the original Kersley
Fig. 4.13. A Christmas play classic—the entire cast of *A Quiet Christmas* (2005) stand onstage reading their scripts. In the middle of the mayhem is, as always, Dr. Birdwing W. Bliffen, Mad Scientist (Jack Grant, centre), in his Cariboo Pulp & Paper lab coat and old toque. Gary Minnett kneels to the right, in his work overalls and duck-taped gumboots. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. 4.14. The *elves* and Birdwing playing cards in *A Quiet Christmas* (2005). No ilicelhebootsjulling ofT lhelrenes— anotherChristmas play classic. Photocourtesy of Roy Teed
Act V
Lights Down: Dissertational Conclusions and Directions

Scene 1 - Tooling Around the Toolies: A Summation of the Journey to Somewhere

*In which I conclude, after much existential angst, that it cannot get all better than this.*

---

ALICE
*(Timidly)* Cheshire-Puss, would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?

CAT
*That* depends a good deal on where you want to go!

ALICE
I don’t much care where.

CAT
Then it doesn’t matter which way you go.

ALICE
So long as I *get somewhere*.

CAT
Oh, you’ll rescind that, if you only walk long enough.

*ALICE* shakes her head, sighs, shrugs and *rilsstage/eft*. The CHESHIRE CAT *smirks mischievously as the lights go down.*

---
"What is the point?" I have essentially asked myself again and again during this long process of dissertation production. Truly, when one finally does reach the apparent end, one is supposed to come to and make an conclusive point. Ultimately assessing whether one has gone far enough and ended up somewhere, pointedly reaching journeys. My own quest with this dissertation began with the assertion that through play and, especially, dramatic play, one can gain great insight into the workings of a community. "By their performances shall ye know them" (qtd. in Schechner and Appel 1990, 1), Victor Turner succinctly and insightfully said. On this axiomatic foundation, I seek to contextualize—as fully as possible and constantly shifting from local to larger than local contexts—the plays of the Kersley Players and, through that in-depth analysis and contextual spectrum, come to a fuller understanding of the dialectic between a community and its play. In short, followers of this dissertation path are supposed to, at this point, have come to know Kersley and its Players, and this knowledge is supposed to be significant and meaningful in some scholarly way. So, this last little Act is a dissertation declaration of significance, assessing the meaningful point of all

Ottawaworkers' protest march of the 1930s, in which a southern Albertan teacher in sisls
upon the study of Old World monarchical systems, having the class list
Henry VIII, even as Canadian protesters traipse past the classroom window
(1972, 18).

Commenting on the state of Canada, Northrop Frye maintains that Canada "is practically the only country in the world which is a purppoly, colonial in psychology as well as in
Canada remains haunted by a colonial mentality, which ultimately "sets the great good place not in its present, nor its past nor in its future, but somewhere outside its own borders, somewhere beyond its own possibilities" (Brown 1971, 38). The standards espoused and models utilized are often "imported, and therefore artificial and distorting" (Brown 1971, 38), reflecting a chronic Canadian, existential crisis of identity. Insecurities reign and Canadians are hypochondriacs, obsessed with "taking the national pulse like
whoher [s]he will live at all" (Atwood 1972, 33). Hero and wonder lists162 are drawn up,
People's Histories and Heritage Minutes aired, American-hashing and Anglophilia participated in and Roy Teed farces written, performed and studied. Indeed, though perhaps a banal statement, it is significant that this dissertation is rooted in and on here—significance, for identity, the larger-than-local squabbles, biases and historicals of academic disciplines, national psychological underpinnings and dramaturgical directions have affected the very local community's understanding of itself, the real, academic, macrocosmic ideas and ideals being concretely and personally played out in a

My queries as to the existence of a Cariboo culture were generally met with silence initially, before jokes were typically made about how outsiders must view the toolies and its dwellers. Indeed, over the years, as I have informed people that I study and out of which university I am housed, their responses have been telling, reflecting the generally held Canadian understanding as to who has folklore and/or culture in this country and who doesn't. In Newfoundland, I have been repeatedly informed that I have come to the right place to study folklore. This has been echoed by all BCers, who have informed me that I have gone to the right place. Those goofy "Newfies" on their rocky
outpost, way out there in the firstlyscirtlcd, finnlyestablished East"they havefolk

an integral part of maintaining their identifiably distinct piece of the overwhelming,

AngJo Canadians are the powerful, privileged, alabaster grout in this mosaic, allowing for variations, but holding finn all the while. Cultural evolutionists, AngJo Canadians tend to view folklore as the quaint and curious stuff, the "unimportant possessions of the strange, foreign or backward' people in their midst" (Henderson 1975, 8). Carole Henderson

Thus, regional, ethnic and aboriginal groups have commercialized the Canadian market on folklore, or ethnology, as it is called when dealing with First Nations and the French. Prompted in their desire to differentiate themselves as a social political economic, and social inferiority" (Henderson 1973, J04), these groups are supported in their quest for
acknowledged uniqueness and significance by federal and provincial policies, as well as

According to Gerald Pocius, a three-fold manifest has defined Canadian folklore and ethnicity(2000). Indeed, "the concept that marginality equals folklore" (Kuly 2000, 80) is so seemingly central to the definition of folklore that, in looking specifically at the actual academic schools in Canada with graduate folklore programmes, it is "only in regions or amongst people particularly threatened by the socio-political milieu" (Henderson 1973, 104) — illustratively, Newfoundland and Quebec — that one is apt to see folklore legitimized in academe; a legitimization often grounded in romantic nationalism. Thus focused on the marginalized, it shouldn't be surprising that folklore, as an academic discipline, is itself a marginal field in Canada, as Gerald Pocius notes, "The academic basis of Canadian folklore is problematic; in English-speaking Canada, it has made no inroads in twenty-five years" (2001, 310). This trail-blazing lack has, according to one passionate Anglo-Canadian folklorist, been thanks in large part to the "authentic" ur-form pursuits and longing looks across the Atlantic to there, them—wording Old World with its many monarchic wives, along with the ongoing colonial occupation of foreign academics with their imposed, come-from-away models and their
And so, here am with an apparently decidedly politically incorrect and unnecessary dissertation on mainstream Anglo Canadians. But, as with Gerald Pocius, I assert that "folklore is a part of every group's heritage, no matter what its background" (2001, 292), including the British pulp mill workers and the American homemakers, the

I have always been in the right place for folklore, between, and, through my transcontinental journeys and studies, I now bring a small piece of mainstream, Anglo-

continental after Roy. It was an age-old folkloristic attempt to authenticate this play-form by ascertaining whether or not these texts would "enter" tradition. And I can unreservedly answer negatively, although the Canadian academic insists that I ShOllld perhaps show a bit more modality and say that it is quite unlikely I hal "Roy plays" will survive Roy Tecd. Their limited lifespan, though, does in no way detract from their folkloristic significance or their ethnographic insight. Quite the opposite, really, since I
wouldarguclhatlhistransienl, ephemeralnalurcfitslheboom 'n' bust, fronlicrmentality

26 l). Likclhe frontier itself that perennially sets up camp around rcsourccOerrcsourc,

As highlighted throughout the theatrical history of the local region, dramatic troupes have clustered around such stars as Jo Guy, Charlie Edkins, Mary Robins, Janice Butler, Roy Ted, and new stars and new clusters will continue to appear as long as there are people living and interacting in the locales. Although sporting no traditional vestigial area docs possessa thematic tradition for hyperbolic excessiveness, be it he namboyanl spectacle of musical thecaIre, the self-pitying melancholy of melodrama or the aggressive mechanization of farce. Such exaggeration is apparently inherent to the frontier and I have argued throughout this work that the farce of the Kersley Players generically fills its place. Jennifer Milner Davis contends that "[i]n the farce of irresistible forces— the mechanical demands of the body, the mechanical pallens of habit, the universal laws of farce acknowledges our common helplessness" (1978, 87-88). With this acknowledgment of helplessness, farces symbolically recast the evaslation and alienation
so pervasive in the working class of the Cariboo and on the western Canadian front and, through the laughter it generates, loolie-dwellers have found a coping mechanism, a tool

In her analysis of Canadian literature, Margaret Atwood argues persuasively for the centrality of this survival symbol to Canadianness. Symbolizing the United States as promised land, and England as The Island, with its self-contained Body Politic (Atwood

rootcd in those facts" (1972, 41; emphasis in original); facts, which, by extension, ground the Canadian imagination and its sensibilities. To quote again Molly from The Unlikely Riches of Billie Jo Muldoon: "Early today Ezckia told me this was a hard country. He was right, it is a hard country and it makes the people who live here hard as well" (2003)

While Caribooiles and Kersleyiles may indeed be hard, the hardness bred into them through the hard, vastating and alienating conditions, which greatly contributes to their hardiness, their ability to survive, is their hearty pleasures in play, in having fun, being
excessive, enjoying farce and laughing. As Vine Deloria contends: "When a people can laugh at themselves and laugh at others and hold all aspects of life together without letting anybody drive them to extremes, then it seems to me that that people can survive."

In seeking to survive, Canadians are "as Canadian as possible under the unifying simile to sum up Canadianness. Commenting on this quip, Linda Hutchcon observes, "The self-deprecating irony that underlies this response has been considered typical of the inhabitants of Canada, a strange country that, according to one historian [W.L. Monon, *The Canadian Identity*], rests on paradoxes and anomalies, governed only by compromise and kept strong by moderation" (1991, 1). And so, Canadians, including Caribooites and Kersleyites, continue to accommodate and compromise, to jest and see double, in this slightly schizophrenic, between-and-between nation; in short, they continue to be as Canadian as possible under the circumstances. And in my own quest for schizophrenia, existential irony (see fig. 5.1), which I consider necessary given the subject matter and the nature of the assignment.

On a final note, given the Canadian fascination and preoccupation, academically and imaginatively, with *therelessly* as opposed to *loherelles*, it is not terribly surprising that, "[t]heatrically speaking, Canada has been an occupied country" (Benson and Conolly 1987, 32) for much of its history, dominated by foreign professionals and foreign plays. The factors aiding and abetting this occupation have been many and varied. One critic suggests that the occupation was simply a matter of course since...
Too big, too few, too zealous, too young, too lacking in cohesion Canada was apparently demographically, geographically and imaginatively unable to generate its own dramatic forms, relying instead on imports from America and Britain. Given such a history, it is insightful to examine a home-grown, vernacular Canadian playwright and see what the Canadian imagination generates. His insightful to examine a Lo, "mummering"

il moves beyond its origins, as well as its universality, how its themes and concerns and beginning of this discussion, "Anglo Canada is the locus of a deal of vernacular symbolic expression [folklore], and much of it takes place in folk dramatic forms" (Greenhill 1988, 197), whether as Christmas folks, mock weddings, campfire skits, school plays, community musicals, m-word outings or "Roy plays." A son of my

\[168\] I know, it stinks or elitism and "high" culture and is problematic at best, but the points are salient nonetheless.
Indeed, for a folklorist, it cannot get any better than this: community, local, traditional dysfunction of communities, into the communitas and schisms so apparent in human relations, into personal and collective symbolic expressions and progressions, into players...
HERSCHEL
You halc everybody, McDingus

McDi GUS
PissolT.I'magrcatfanoftheToothFairy

HERSCHEL
The TOOlh Fairyisn'1real

McDI GUS
Th31 dependsonwhat version of reality you subscribes to, Herpes

SYDEY
Thal'svcrymetaphysical, McDingus

McDI GUS
I guessallthe post-gradualcwork paidoffthen.169
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Appendix I

Play Synopses, Casts, Excerpts & Pics
1987-2008

The Inramous Doomsday Bowling Alley Manure Spreader [Spring 2001]
A Rousing Tale: The True Story of Kersley [Summer 2003]

The Rutabaga Ranger Rides Again [Spring 1992]

The Unlikely Rapture of Bannock Muldoon [Spring 2003] .....
SYNOPSIS: A classic tale of good and evil. Our true blue hero, Earl Glint, strikes pay dirt and, seeing his future secured, declares his love for Lily, the beautiful saloon girl. Generally up to no good and after easy diggings, the dastardly, cigar-smoking, eyebrow-wiggling friend, Bart Snarwell, and his posse shoot the sheriff and kidnap Lily, hoping to force Earl in loco-gathering up his lode. Pursuits on snowmobiles, steeds, and gunfights ensue, with the ultimate triumph of good over evil naturally. All that in five minutes of grainy, action-packed silence. Filmed at the Kersley Hall and in the snowy landscape of the Lease.
The Dinner Party
[Spring 1987]

Directed by Bobbi Grant
Written by Roy Teed

CAST:
Felicity Rothbottom – Sherryl Martens Latimer
Reginald Rothbottom – Bill Atkinson
Charles – Dave Gunn
Dr. Hector Dexter – Rod Grimm
Vic ‘The Stick’ Stewert – Jack Grant
Bambi – Becky Dale
Cecilia – Debbie Grimm
Bernard – Derek Charlton
Herman – David Harnden
Penelope – Kathie Ardell Prentice
Gertrude Faughshaw – Brenda Wenzel
Admiral Horatio Faughshaw ret. – Roy Teed

Fig. A1.1. Cast of The Dinner Party. Back row, standing (left to right): Rod Grimm, Derek Charlton, Jack Grant, Kathie Ardell Prentice, Brenda Wenzel, Roy Teed, David Harndon and Dave Gunn; front row, sitting (left to right): Debbie Grimm, Sherryl Martens Latimer, Bill Atkinson and Becky Dale. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
embarrassing past as a can-can dancer at Bonzai Bert’s UsedCarEmporium and Chicken

in Reginald Rothbolton, and does everything she can to save her position. Thesarcaslicie,
long-suffering, nask-sippingRothbonombutler, Charles, barelytoleralesher, while
remaining fiercely loyal to hismaster, Reginald, who remainscluelesslymandering

as a symbolic geslure in support of nuclear disarmament and, to show their solidarity for
hcause, they all remove a shoe. Mishaps and misrepresclltations follow, including a
mink-cladnashingbyDr. Dextor andasexualizeddiscussionofnucleardisannamenly

Felicily's ghosts are revealed, which emboldens Reginald, withhisnewlygrowll
FELICITY
Yes, you're back. And I have a house full of guests expecting Dr Hector Dexter and who do I have instead? Vic the Stick Stewert.
CHARLES enters from stage left bearing a bottle of beer on a silver tray. He disappears into the cloakroom.
and you are, but they don’t know that; they don’t know that he and I or you and me know each other; if they knew that we knew, oh, I don’t know. What else can go wrong?

REGINALD
I’m Reginald Rothbottom, Felicity’s husband. Are you ready for us now? (offers hand)

VIC
Whoa! Reggie! Great to see you. So, what’s up?

REGINALD
Surely Felicity explained.

VIC
I’m sure she did. Or tried to.

REGINALD
It’s obvious, isn’t it? (holds up foot)

The other guests enter from stage left. BAMBI is on the arm of the ADMIRAL. CHARLES enters last with a sandwich on the silver tray. He disappears into the cloakroom.

VIC
It’s contagious, but it ain’t obvious. Nice sock, Reggie.

REGINALD
Thank you. But that isn’t the point, is it?

VIC
Nuclear weapons?

REGINALD
Exactly! We’re very interested in your views, Dr Dexter.
REGINALD
The proliferation of nuclear arms is the most terrible mistake in mankind’s history

CECILIA
Dr Dexter, don’t you think a
mind gather and present a

PENELLOPE
hat about unilateral disarmament as opposed to the sanctionary argument for bilateral agreements?

CECILIA
We’ve removed our shoes in support symbolize our willingness to endure vulnerability for what we believe i
VIC

Whoa! Take it easy, folks. That’s twenty bucks.

replica Bolivian lizard hide you’re stretching
CECILIA
Felicity, Reginald, over a boot?

REGINALD
Cecilia, this fight boot)
REGINALD
Aha! You can’t fool me this time. I heard you, they heard you, we all heard you call this man Vic. So if he isn’t Hector Dexter, just who is?

HECTOR DEXTER bursts from the cloak room wearing only a long fur coat. He points at VIC. He is a wee bit inebriated.

CECILIA
Excuse me, are you the Dr Dexter Felicity asked to speak on nuclear arms?

HECTOR
Indeed I am and I’ve brought along for your viewing pleasure my own personal nuclear device – Hector Dexter’s monogrammed monster missile!

HECTOR throws open his coat to the guests. General consternation. Cries of “Bravo! Bravo!” from CECILIA until dragged off by BERNARD. Other cries of DISGUSTING, OUTRAGEOUS, APPALLING, CUT IT OFF, LIBERTINE, ARREST HIM as the guests flee stage left leaving BAMBI to walk over and take his arm. FELICITY sneaks away to hide behind a drape. REGINALD and VIC remain.
REGINALD
You lewd, disgusting, lascivious that sweet, innocent child.

done more for nuclear disarmament than forty politicians.

REGINALD
You're safe with me, Bambi. (pats hand) have some explaining to do. (to HECTOR) you are. And keep your coat closed.
The Charles Connection
[Spring 1989]

Directed by Roy Teed
Written by Roy Teed

Fig. A1.2. Felicity Rothbottom (Bobbi Grant, center) confronting Millicent Primrose (Debbie Grimm, left), while Reginald Rothbottom (Pete Drewcock, right) attempts to intervene. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

CAST:
Felicity Rothbottom – Bobbi Grant
Reginald Rothbottom – Pete Drewcock
Charles – Dave Gunn
Millicent Primrose – Debbie Grimm
Vic ‘The Stick’ Stewert – Wayne Wark
Thor – Lester Pettyjohn
A ski bunny – Becky Dale
A ski bunny – Wanda Zacharias
A ski bunny – Wanda Wallace
A ski bum – Mark Coumont
A ski bum – Lance Parr
A ski bum – Jim Swaan
FELICITY
Tomorrow? Reginald, dear, they have lights on the hill. We can ski tonight.

REGINALD
Skiing in the dark. How... interesting. I can hardly wait.

FELICITY
Patience, dear. I'll get it organized.

FELICITY gives REGINALD a curtly hug and exits through door three. CHARLES elle's from door fo ll.

CHARLES
A moccillary respilconly, I'm afraid, sir.

REGINALD
You tried, Charles. Thank you for that.

CHARLES
Not at all, sir.

CHARLES
There are worse things than that, sir.
REGINALD
What could be worse than that?

CHARLES
You may like the bloody sport.

REGINALD
Now that's a terrifying thought.

CHARLES
Indeed, sir. (fwoeafs) If I may be bold, sir, I believe the situation calls for a scheme.

REGINALD
A scheme? Something clever, I imagine. Any ideas, Charles?

CHARLES
Yes, several things come to mind, sir.

REGINALD
Let's hear them.

CHARLES
I believe your dilemma requires bold, decisive action, sir.

REGINALD
Such as?

CHARLES
Divorce the impudent wench, sir, while you have the chance.

REGINALD
Isn't divorce somewhat drastic, Charles?

CHARLES
Not at all, sir. I would prefer to describe it as the civilized solution to your problem.

REGINALD
Divorce is out, Charles, I'm sorry.

CHARLES
Very well, sir. You're quite certain, are you?

REGINALD
Yes, totally.
CHARLES
Then we have only one option left, sir

REGINALD
What's that?

CHARLES
We'll murder her, sir. With a blunt instrument preferably

REGINALD
Charles, we're not murderers

CHARLES
Murder does have its advantages, sir. No alimony payments for one thing

REGINALD
Charles, no

CHARLES
If you insist, sir.

REGINALD
Yes, I'll have to be quite firm on this matter, Charles. Murder is definitely out

CHARLES
Oh, very well, sir. Though the prospect has quite cheered me up

REGINALD
Charles, I dread the thought of learning to ski. What am I going to do?

CHARLES
Jampresently at a loss, sir. However, I am sure something will come up
Fig. A1.3. Millicent Primrose (Debbie Grimm) attempting to seduce Reginald Rolhbolom (Pete Drewcock). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1A. Charles, the Rolhbolom butler (Dave Gunn), sitting with his luggage. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.5. Vic "The Stick" Stewart (Wayne Wark) with his kibunics (Becky Dale, left, and Wanda Zacharias, right). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.6. Charles (Dave Gunn) and Felicity Rothbottom (Bobbi Grant) share a pointed moment. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
investigator. Algemon Buggers, lo diginlohis extramarital activities. Busler forces his presence upon his mild-mannered neighbour, Miles Myers, confiding his concerns and is
though, Fiona is the non-responsive ex-mistress of BUSTER. Despite the madness, Buggers

**BUSTER**
Wait! Everyone loves somebody, who loves the BUSTER?

**BUGGERS**
Don't look at me, I'm not bloody interested

**BUSTER**
It's DocSpiggo!

**MILES**
It's Percival Pendragon!

**FIONA**
It's Icflrics!
PHOEBE
It's bloody Buggers

BUGGERS
Algemon Buggers, actually, of Buggers & Buggers Investigations. Eve ning all

BUSTER
I recognize that name. You're the slimy low-life Phoebe hired to spy on me

BUGGERS
Indeed, sir, though I do regret the use of slimy and low-life in your description.

PHOEBE
What are you doing here, Buggers?

BUGGERS
As linicases possible, madam, and that very reluctantly

PHOEBE
That's typical, all you've done so far is take my money.

PHOEBE
Buggers, you're fired

BUGGERS
Oh, shut up, madam, and let me finish my job

MILES
Will it take long, Mr. uh, Buggers?

PHOEBE
That's not bug, that's a lifesaver.
BUGGERS
Madam, this is a highly advanced device cleverly disguised as a life saver

PHOEBE
Oh, I-I-admcfooled

BUSTER
So what you're saying is you have proof for everything you say

BUSTER
I didn't my crayons brok

PHOEBE
Shulup, Buster, you know damn well you atc them

MILES
Uh, MrBuggcrs

MILES
Uh, MrBuggcrs
PHOEBE
Buggers,you arcarude,foul-mouthedtoad

BUGGERS
Thank you very much indeed for noticing, madam

PHOEBE
BUSler, is this true? Did you really say those things?

BUSTER
Ah, soundsgoodlome. Howabout you?

PHOEBE
I migbtrcmcmbersayingssomclthingalongsosc lincs

PHOEBE
Imusl bccrazy

BUSTER
Great, that's Iwo oflls. We got it made

PHOEBE
Let's go home, Busler

PHOEBE
And somclthing

BUSTER
Right on, a body search
FANNY
What about us, Mr Buggers? What about Alfred and me?

BUGGERS
You two are a match made in heaven, aren’t you? You’re lucky I came along when I did.

FANNY
Is that true, Alfred?

AL
Absolutely, Fanny. She’salousydancer

FANNY
Thank you, Mr Buggers

BUGGERS
My pleasure

MILES
You amaze me, Mr Buggers. What exactly are you anyway?

BUGGERS
What am I? I suppose I’m a romantic sir. Frightful bloody habit, isn’t it?

MILES
Do you honestly think you did Buscralld Phoebe any good?

MILES
You might be right. So, what do you have to say about us?
BUGGERS
Nothing at all, sir. Your reputation speaks for itself. Good evening

Fig. A1.8. An exchange between Algemon Buggers (Dave Gunn, right) and Miles Myers (Pele Drewcock, Icfl). Photo courtesy of Roy Tee<1
Fig. A1.9. Phoebe Hipchek (Bobbi Grant) reuniting with her old flame, Big Al (Wayne Wark). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.10. The Hipcheks (Bobbi Grant and Lester Peuyjohn) having a dispute. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.11. The famous panty-losing scene, where an unseen Buggers does his business under the table, while a clueless Miles (Pete Drewcock) pours the wine and a shocked Fiona (Diane Crain) is upset, to say the least. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
SYNOPSIS: Rich girl, Kimberley Hurliburt, is apparently pregnant with her sixth (or is it eighth?) illegitimate child, much to the chagrin of her snooty parents, Agnes and Humphrey Hurliburt, who have never actually seen or heard these grandchildren, but are distressed by the situation nonetheless. Agnes decides to hire a private detective, Algemon Buggers, to track down the fathers of all these bastards, while Humphrey has found a suitable husband for Kimberley, one Basil Calhoun, who is not put off by a pregnant woman with a slew of children. Before long, Hurliburt mansion is overrun with mistaken identities and mishaps. Basil Calhollnis a sexual pervert, an ashier extraordinaire, which Humphrey does everything in his power to conceal from his wife Tiffany. Kimberley's best friend and confidant, not to mention man-eater, ropes in the drunken bum, Harry, to play the part of Kimberley's fiancé, thus foiling the marriage to Basil. Basil is not only a sexual pervert, but also an intimate photographer, and has a large erate delivered to the mansion containing the big-busted, blonde model and grammarian,
Daisy. Tiffany's meek brother, the writer of poor poetry, Myron, follows Tiffany to the mansion, trying to build up the nerve to declare his love and adoration for Kimberley. And Buggers is on the ease, posing as a literary critic, a talent agent, a psychic medium,

two years after having been sent to fetch tea. Buggers ends up convincing Humphrey that he is going blind and serves up Scottish tea (a.k.a. whisky) liberally to an increasingly inebriated and poetry-babbling Myron. By the climatic end, Harry is wandering around without pants, Basil is flashing a shocked Agnes, Myron is flashing and declaring his love to Kimberley. Humphrey is flashing Agnes as well, hoping she can tell him if his underwear is on correctly, and Buggers ends up flashing them all, shocking the group into order. Basil ends up with Tiffany, Myron with Kimberley, Harry with a beloved bottle of scotch. Agnes and Humphrey rencwold intimacies and Buggers walks off with a busty,
It is, sir. There's a rare dearth of Poet Wanted classifieds these days. It seems we poets are a dying breed.

sir. Perhaps you'd like to hear a stanza or two the time.

me to listen to poetry just for the sake of poetry? Do you know who I am?

MYRON
Oh my, this is a rare privilege, sir, I'm very happy to meet you. (offers hand)

BUGGERS
Put that thing away. I don't touch poets. I'd soon be flat on my back with raging iambic pentameter if I went around hobnobbing with bloody poets, wouldn't I?

MYRON
Yes, sir. I'm very sorry, sir. I didn't mean to compromise your integrity.
BUGGERS
Oh, quite. You poets are always sucking up, aren’t you? It’s worse than being a doctor this literary criticism, poets always asking for free reviews, never a moment’s rest.

MYRON
I beg your pardon, sir, if you thought me presumptuous. I believe it was simple over-exuberance at meeting a genuine critic.

BUGGERS
I thought it might be that. The sight of you doing handsprings gave it away.

MYRON
I would be very gratified if you would favour me with your opinion of one of my poems, sir. It would mean a great deal to be judged by a real literary critic.

BUGGERS
Critics do not judge, we merely point out the obvious. Right, get on with it then, tell me your poem.

MYRON
Thank you very much, Mr Philistine, for this opportunity. The title of this piece is “What Cats Like”.

BUGGERS
Stop! I’ve heard enough. What cats like? Who bloody cares what cats like? How many cats in this bloody poem anyway?

MYRON
It’s not a cat or cats per se, sir, but rather the cat body politic.

BUGGERS
The cat body politic? Well, that’s too stupid for bloody words, isn’t it? You’ve got potential here but you’re off to a rotten start. I think you should rename your poem “What
Fig. A1.12. Humphrey Hurliburton's (Roy Teed, right) first meeting with Daisy (Lori Amoldus), Basil Calhoun's (Wayne Wark, centre) model. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.13. The poet, Myron (Pete Drewcock, right), meeting the literary critic, Mr. Philistine, a.k.a. Algernon Buggers (Dave Gunn). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.15. Buggers (Dave Gunn) making the acquaintance of Lisy (Lori Amoldus) while Myron (Pete Drew Cock) sips his Scottish tea. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed
SYNOPSIS: Miss Birdie, saloon proprietor in the Canadian west, is lonely and decides that she needs a paramour - a fact that is inadvertently mentioned to the villainous Bertram Bighom Smith, owner of everything else in town, who has long had his sights on...
acquiring Miss Birdie's establishment as well and now figures he can woo it out of her

Frightened by Smith's intentions - which include casling them out on the street - the hurdy gurdy girls, quick-wiued Blanche, lush Mona and air-headed Peaches, along with paramour for Miss Birdie, the group decides to create the perfect man using the sloshed

miner. Tooley, who's been in a drunken stuporsince striking it rich monthsago. While Smith comes a-couning, declaring his love and taking a suspicious Miss Birdie out for moonlit hayrides and such, the girls and Ackers begin the transfromnation of Tooley into an English gentleman, namely, Lord Tooley Wood, the 1th Earl of Tooley Wood on Avon. Unfortunatcly, as an avid reader of American wild-wCSI stories of desperados, Peaches wouldprefer Tooley to become a gunslinger, namely, the Chicken Merango Kid. And so, Tooley becomes a schizophrenic creation, mincing around as the effeminate, elitist milord one moment and then swaggering around as the Kid, hunting down Smith and threatening to plug everyone, the next. All the while, Smith finds himself really loving Miss Birdie and she him, to which she finally admits as they all stand in the sight of the Kid's shooting iron. Tooley, as the Kid, rides off into the sunlight with Peaches, Miss Birdie and Smith off to find operochoerso Birdie can learn the language of "Bighorn," Blanche and Ackers, who have been bickering throughout the play and "making up" through forced kisses, take off for some private, unforced communication and Mona heads off
BLANCHE
Ackers, this is your fault. You know what Smith’s like. didn’t come to own every other saloon in town from bashfulness. If he sets his mind on courting Miss Birdie we’ll need a miracle to stop him.

PEACHES
Well, just like I read every day in my true-accounts-of-the-frontier books, all we need to do is find a stalwart desperado hero like the Durango Kid and ask him to meet Mr Smith on mainstreet and blow him to smithereens with his shooting irons. Wouldn’t that be exciting?

BLANCHE
Blow Smith to smithereens? (primly superior) That’s not the way we do it here.
BLANCHE
Shut up, Peaches.

ACKERS
Curb your tongue, madam. Peaches’ aspirations to chairmanship are as legitimate as your own.

BLANCHE
Peaches is dumber ’n a fence post.

BLANCHE
If I wasn’t such a gentle-souled, woman of peace, Ackers, I’d break that table over your thick skull.

ACKERS
Is that so? Well, madam, if I wasn’t possessed of such intellectual luminosity I’d be tempted to let you try, after which I would take great pleasure in trepanning you with a whisky bottle.

MONA
(forcing her way between BLANCHE and ACKERS) That’s a criminal misuse of whisky and I won’t stand for it. I’ll be the chairman.

ACKERS
A non-partisan, third party chairman? (to BLANCHE) Is that acceptable to you?

MONA
Okay. I hereby call this meeting to order. (bangs table) Sit down and shut up. (All sit) The first order of business is naming this committee. I propose we call it after the
chairman.

PEACHES
Gosh, that’s a good idea. Who’s the chairman?

ACKERS
Oh, Peaches. Madam Chairman, may I respectfully submit that it would be more appropriate to title the committee after its purpose: namely the Committee to Stop Smith from Courting Birdie; C.S.S.C.B. for short.

BLANCHE
Madam Chairman, I bow to my learned colleague’s command of the Queen’s English. C.S.S.C.B. does, however, bear the stamp of pomposity.

ACKERS
Madam Chairman, I can see my honourable colleague needs no lessons in pomposity. I would ask though, she balance her petty criticisms of C.S.S.C.B. with some constructive proposals of her own.

BLANCHE
Madam Chairman, I would be delighted to share any number of alternate titles for this committee, any of which, I submit, would be immeasurably superior to the feeble, uninspired attempts of my honourable colleague. It is with great pleasure I propose the name: Committee for the Prevention of the Smith/Birdie Liaison; C.P.S.B.L. for short.

ACKERS
Madam Chairman, I gag. If that is the best my honourable colleague can do I must seriously reconsider my estimates of her mental prowess. C.P.S.B.L. is the work of an intellectual dwarf, Madam Chairman.

BLANCHE
Madam Chairman, I must take exception to my honourable colleague’s slur on short people. Further, Madam Chairman, may I draw your attention to the palpable superiority of C.P.S.B.L. over C.S.S.C.B.. My suggestion, C.P.S.B.L., uses five letters of the alphabet as opposed to the anaemic and half-hearted use of only three by C.S.S.C.B.. Five letters to three, Madam Chairman, the arithmetic is undeniable.
ACKERS
Madam Chairman, one can count letters or one can count the worth of letters—

MONA
—Would you two shut up! My God I’m glad I’m drunk or I’d die from boredom. I say we call this committee The Committee and leave it at that. Any objections? (none) Good. Now, second order of business: any suggestions on how to stop Smith from courting Miss Birdie?

ACKERS
That, I believe, is obvious. We must eclipse Smith with an alternate paramour of sterling quality.

BLANCHE
And where do you propose we find sterling quality in this town?

ACKERS
There is that difficulty. But I’m sure once we discover Miss Birdie’s preferences in a man a solution will present itself.

BLANCHE
It’s not much of a plan, Ackers, but it’s all we have. Madam Chairman, I vote we put his plan into action.

MONA
Sounds good to me. All in favour? (all raise hands) All opposed? (all drop hands but PEACHES)

PEACHES races toward stage left, stops, runs back to table and rips a long strip of newspaper off, then exits stage left.
Fig. A1.17. Tooley's (Pete Drewcock) transformation is about to begin. Ackers (Dave Gunn) manhandles him, while Blanche (Maz Holbrook) deals with B. Bertram Bighorn Smith (Wayne Wark, right). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.18. Tooley (Pete Drewcock) begins the process of cleaning up to be a proper paramour, with help from Mona (Deleenia Lovell). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.19. Tooley (Pete Drewcock), as the ever-plugging Chicken Merango Kid, is assaulted by Blanche (Maz Holbrook) while Peaches (Patti Whitford Reinsdorf), whose creation this is, tries to pull her off. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.20. Tooley (Pete Drewcock) as milord, the 17th Earl of Tooleywood on Avon, no doubt being saucy to Mona (Deleenia Lovell). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.21. Blanche (Maz Holbrook), Miss Birdie (Wanda Zacharias) and Ackers (Dave Gunn) hiding behind B. Bertram Bighorn Smith (Wayne Wark) as the Chicken Merango Kid threatens to do some plugging. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
pilgrimage, thwarted from making sense of the insensible and explaining this mystery, since everyone is too busy with other plans.

"BUGGERS"

Excuse me. Excuse me. Are you gentlemen at all interested in wenches, or not? Remember me? Smilin' Bill Coyle, purveyor of fine wenches?

What about them? I thought there was a wench shortage around here.

"CLYDE"

Har, we be having too many bloody wenches, matey. What thinks ye did all this? Aye, 'twas wenches, a plague of 'em.

"BUGGERS"

Good Lord, that's all I need, a misogynic pirate. Are you sure you aren't interested in

Merci. Je suis le wench expert here at the Pickled Pigeon.
LOUIS
This be tres exciting, Clyde, nest pas? (CLYDE snarls) He having le bad day today. Les wenches now; je suis prefer right true pirate wenches. Havez-vous any of them?

BUGGERS
My good man, rather than waste time explaining let us leap straight to the subject itself. (BUGGERS moves to entrance one) Oh Babette, Babette, come hither my dear.

BONECRUSHEREntersasarighttruepiratewench. Heisvery busty. LOUIS is in awe.

BUGGERS
Allow me to introduce Babettemethepiratewench. Babette, the pirates. (BONECRUSHER waveslWhatdoyouthinkboys?

shebeperfect, Iswear. Jesuisbeshivers
Clyde oldmon ami, what sayye-can we
CLYDE
And what of Cap’n Jack’s fine wench-wooing dinner what we be working so hard to make perfect? Is that to be cast adrift while we breaks in a new pirate wench?

CLYDE
Aye, yer tune changes quick enough when yer gonads be in an uproar, don’t it? What of young Ernie preparing himself for that most arduous of pirate duties? Do we abandon him as well?

BUGGERS
If I may interject here, I’d like to point out that I have any number of clients absolutely clamouring for the services of this delightful young pirate wench.

CLYDE
Aye, and they be right welcome to her too; we already be having our share of ugly aboard the Pickled Pigeon, we don’t need no more. Louis, see to yer pirate duty, we be needing to check on Ernie.

BUGGERS
Excuse me, am I to understand you’re deserting this damsel in distress?

CLYDE
Aye, and the more distress she suffers the better it be. Come along, Louis, there be work to do.

BONECRUSHER
Well, it looks like the wench ploy is a bust, boss. thought you said this was a sure thing.

BUGGERS
It was. I’ve never met a more obdurate collection of uncooperative, thick-headed, surly, crinkum-crankum,
scrofulous, rapscallions in my entire life. It's bloody off-putting, it is.

For as necessary, that's how long; until your bloody
Fig. A1.24. The pirate lair with Captain Jack Strathbungo (Wayne Wark, centre) and his jolly pirates, Ernie Bunwallop (Jarret Hannas, left) and Cuticle Clyde (Gary Minnet, right). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.25. The pirate wench, Harmony (Patti Whitford Reinsdorf), greets Bonecrusher Wickham (Pete Drewcock, left) and Buggers (Dave Gunn, far right). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.26. Buggers (Dave Gunn, right) trying to maintain his pirate cover, as Louis (Mike Whalen, left) and Cuticle Clyde (Gary Minnett, centre) question him. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
The Honcho Rubber Hot Pants Murder Girdles
[Spring 1994]

Directed by Steve Koning
Written by Roy Teed

Fig. A1.27. Cast of *The Honcho Rubber Hot Pants Murder Girdles* at Mainstage in Cranbrook, BC. Back row, standing (left to right): Sean Morin, Roy Teed, Jim Swaan; front row, sitting (left to right): Steve Koning, Gary Minnett, Marty Duffy, Dave Gunn, Wanda Zacharias. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

**CAST:**
Pericles Mavenbrook – Dave Gunn  
Hortensia & Barbara Fussel – Wanda Zacharias  
Will-Bill Bonnigan – Gary Minnett  
Skiddy Padoplis – Sean Morin

...
of the twins [Hortensia], but the twins are actually

concocted a plan to murder one of the twins [Hortensia] so they [Pericles and Barbara] can live happily ever after and collect a fortune when they get the money. So if I have to sign your form and you have to sign my form and we just loathed each other, and they're all living together and 'cause his great uncle decided that we're going to resolve this, 'cause they're two sides of the family, we're going to resolve this dispute collectively. And so, they hire an assassin [Skiddy Padoplis] to kill the other sister, except the assassin is very specialized. He uses explosive lingerie to kill people. So, by the end of the play, you've got everybody wandering around in lingerie.
WILL-BILL
Honybaby! I'm a bowlegged fool in love - comclopa!

PERICLES
Good God, who the devil are you?

PERICLES
It's Pericles

WILL-BILL
Whatever. Glad to meet you

PERICLES
How did you get in?

WILL-BILL
I let myself in. Hony give me the keys to her boudoir! Aroooo! (howls)

PERICLES
Are you and my cousin engaged in some sordid carnal relationship?

WILL-BILL
Noway, we don't do kinky

WILL-BILL
Let's cut to the good stuff. Small talk puitsme 10 sleep

PERICLES
What good stuff?

WILL-BILL
If you don't know yet, pal, you'll never know. Horthybaby, it's huggy-snuggy time!
PERICLES
Huggy - bloody - snuggy? You bulbous cretin, that's not Hortensia

WILL-BILL
What?

PERICLES
look at her

WILL-BILL
(staring "tently) Howdy doody, you'repalchedbackwards!

BARBARA
I'm Barbara. Hortensia's twin sister

WILL-BILL
Twins! I just won the loney!

BARBARA
You surprise me, Mr Bonnigan. Hortensia's said nOlthing abouta new gentlemanfriend

PERICLES
It's Pericles

BARBARA
I'll bring her, Mr Bonnigan

PERICLES
It's Pericles

WILL-BILL
What is?
PERICLES
My name

WILL-BILL
Nowonder you're so puckered, Pericles

PERICLES
Pericles

WILL-BILL
Whatever. So are you kissing cousins or what?

WILL-BILL
Siricilygropcand lopc, eh?

PERICLES
It's Pericles

WILL-BILL
Pairawhat?

PERICLES
Per. Re. Cles

WILL-BILL
Is l hut like a pair of soccer shoes, or what?

PERICLES
NeveTmind, MrBumfritter

WILL-BILL
That's Bonnigan
PERICLES
Whatever

PERICLES
Somewhat?

WILL-BILL
Some country; some hun in' music

WILL-BILL
I surdo

PERICLES
You're misinformed

WILL-BILL
Pericles, country music is about life; these songs are universal

PERICLES
Universally deplored by the culturally sophisticated

PERICLES
I do not appreciate your crudeness, Mr. Bunmeister

WILL-BILL
Call me Will-Bill

WILL-BILL
It's friendlier
PERICLES
I'd rather not encourage you.

WILL-BILL
Too late, Pericles. You're one of them homely little creatures a fella can't help but like. You may have a future in the business.

PERICLES
What business?

WILL-BILL
The country music business. You may have heard of me – Will-Bill Bonnigan, used-tractor salesman and up-and-coming country singer.

PERICLES
You sell used tractors to country singers?

WILL-BILL
Sure do. Can you play a guitar?

WILL-BILL
Fiddle!

WILL-BILL
Harmonica?

HORTENSIA
William
PERICLES
Good Lord, the mating ritual of a country and western fan

WILL-BILL
Pericles, don't you go someplace logo?

PERICLES
Not really. Honey baby, what a pleasure it is to meet your new romantic interest.

HORTENSIA
What do private is none of your affair, Pericles.

PERICLES
I'm sorry, but when you distribute the keys to our home it becomes my affair.

WILL-BILL
The keys to her boudoir! Aroo! (howls)

HORTENSIA
(riotous laughter) Remember what I told you about howling in public, William?

WILL-BILL
Yeah, something about knees turning to water and panics at half-mast.

PERICLES
Good lord, they discuss lingerie together.

HORTENSIA
We have more in common than you might think.

WILL-BILL
We're sure do, let's show him.

HORTENSIA
Really, Pericles, what are you thinking?

WILL-BILL
Yeah, we are artistes.

HORTENSIA
We are bound mind, spirit and body by the profound love we share for country music.
PERICLES
You're what?! Country music - are you mad?!

HORTENSIA
"ve never been moresanc in my life

PERICLES
This is appalling. Someone of your alleged good breaching cryplo-countrymusicfan?

WILL-BILL
She's more than a fan, Perkles. Her and me’s gonna be the next country music sensation – the down home country duo of Bonnigan and Fussel.

PERICLES
You not only listen to it, you want to sing it? My God, you think you know someone and all the while they harbour secret perversions.

Fig. A I.28. Gary Minnco (right) stuffs himself into those pants as he gets ready to onray Will-Bill Bonnigan. He gets a little assistance from Wayne Wark (left). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed
Fig. A1.29. Will-Bill (Gary Minnett) with his brassiere and his guitar, as the director, Steve Koning (left), smilingly looks on. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.30. The meeting of Hortensia Fussell (Wanda Zacharias) with her Will-Bill (Gary Minnett). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. AI 31. Pericles' Perkes' Mavenbrook (Dave Gunn) is less than pleased with the camaraderie of Bill Bonnigan (Gary Minneu). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
SYNOPSIS: Seeking to reconnect with her estranged, older sister, outdoorsy Gloria ropes her urbanite sister, Mamie, into a little wilderness questing into Sasquatch country. Over recipes for pemmican, tales of homy Sasquatch scents, philosophizing on the catharsis of camping and discussions of tree psychology, the two sisters eventually slow down enough to really talk to one another, voicing their concerns in their everyday lives. And, instead of
insisling on heading home, as she has been doing through the entire play, Mamie decides.

MARNIE
Okay, you want me to change? I'll change. Maybe if I change now, you'll see why I didn't want to do it in the first place.

GLORIA
Use the tent. That way you won't arouse any passing Sasquatches.

MARNIE
I wouldn't touch that line with a ten-foot pole.

GLORIA
That's what the Sasquatch said.

MARNIE
I'm out of here.

GLORIA
Does Bigfoot make you nervous, Marnie?

MARNIE
(inside tent) It's not the big feet I'm worried about.

MARNIE
I don't want to hear this, Gloria.
GLORIA
I just thought that if you ever mode 0 lislofreosons tocontinue comping
you could put Ihoton Ihe pro side

MARNIE
Glorio. I'll never do this ogoin

GLORIA
**A week from now** you'll look *back and realize how wonderful it all was.*

MARNIE
A week from now this will be nothing but a bod memory

GLORIA
This maybe os close to idyllic os you ever get. you know. listen to those
songbirds,

MARNIE
They're oollded

GLORIA
They're on their lunch breok

MARNIE
If they're smort they quitond moved to the city

---

MARNIE
That's why they gave us shopping molls. Glorio

GLORIA
Everything is so simple ouf here. Have you ever wondered what it would
be like to live 0 hundred yeors ogo when everything was simple? That's
**what we miss most. I think, living simply but well. We confuse business and**
**fussondbusyworkforthegoodlife.butit'smorethonthal. That'sanother**
**thing camping does for you, it lets you philosophize. You can't**
**philosophize with conviction in a citysupermarket, but you can while**
you're camping, We'd have a lot more peace in the world if all the leaders spent more time camping, Philosophy comes naturally out here, I bet that between the two of us we could solve half the world's problems on a single camping trip. Right, Mamie?

MARNIE
Did you say something?

GLORIA
I was talking about the world's problems

MARNIE
Who cares? Out here if the world ended ten minutes ago we wouldn't know till tomorrow.

GLORIA
We're in touch with a more vital existence out here. We don't need civilization.

MARNIE
I need civilization, that's where the men hang out.

GLORIA
Real men go camping and if we're lucky we may see one

MARNIE
It sounds like it's a toss-up--I'm sorry, Sasquatch.

GLORIA
Will we be able to tell the difference?

MARNIE
Sure, Sasquatches have betterable manners
Fig. A1.33. Marnie (Deleenia Lovell, left) complaining about the great outdoors to her sister, Gloria (Patti Whitford Reinsdorf, right). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.35. Gloria (Patti Whitford Reinsdorf, left) erecting the tent, as Marnie (Deleenia Lovell, right) insists on leaving. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
SYNOPSIS: Spending their first night of their vacation in a grungy motel, complete with dust bunnies and no running water, certainly does nothing to stop the perpetual squabbling of Helen and Phi Schickerbicker. As they attempt to get the dust bunnies cleaned up, the water working and order some dinner, the wacky workings of the
HUGO

Yes, ma’am, I knew I
what’s the problem?
No you didn't. You told Hugo from room service. You're talking to Hugo the manager right now.

All right Hugo the manager, there are dust bed.

HUGO
And to think I made a point of putting dust bunny-free in our brochure this year. Christ, the place could lose its one star rating if this gets out. How do these things happen?

HELEN
Try a slothful, inefficient staff combined with a criminally incompetent management. I want those dust bunnies cleaned up.

dust bunnies in March and November. They're in you know
PHIL
Would you look at this,
And you thought stayin;

PHIL
Okay, let’s change the subject
service order? Is it ready yet?

HUGO
I keep telling you folks I’m Hugo the manager, not Hugo from room service. So what’d you order?
Fig. A1.37. The motel nymphomaniac, Daphne (Kathie Ardell Prentice), forcing herself upon Phil Schickerbicker (Pete Drewcock). Photo courtesy of Rov Teed.
Fig. A1.38. Roy Teed as Hugo, the short-order cook. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.39. Helen Schickerbicker (Kat Popein) pleading with Hugo, the escort (Roy Teed), in vacate the premises. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. AIAO. Craddock, the maid (Mike Webb), preparing to lake out dustbunnies! Ind environmentalists. Photograph by Roy Tccd.
Har! (The Pirate Play)
[Spring 1996]

Directed by Roy Teed
Written by Roy Teed

CAST:
Captain John Jacob Pierpont de Chauncey Packard – Pete Drewcock
Blodger – Dave Gunn
Louis – Paul Nichols
Dusty Fairweather – Penny Krebs
Ludmilla Oyster – Deleenia Lovell
Jergens – Mike Webb
Martha Speckledeck – Kat Popein
Harvey Speckledeck – Sean Morin
Captain Jack Strathbungo – Wayne Wark
Clyde – Steve Koning
Harmony – Patty Whitford Reinsdorf

Fig. A1.41. Cast of Har! (The Pirate Play). Back row, standing (left to right): Mike Webb, Deleenia Lovell, Paul Nichols, Wayne Wark, Steve Koning, Sean Morin, Dave Gunn, Penny Krebs and Pete Drewcock; front, by barrel (left to right): Patti Whitford Reinsdorf and Kat Popein. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
woman, Ludmilla Oyster, and her fearful, faithful and bloochhirsty assistant. Jergens scrap the ship and instead embraced Captain Packard’s tourist dream. Unfortunately, with only five registered guests on board, Captain Packard is rather desperate to prove the viability of his cruise ship to the corporate representative, the vicious Ludmilla, which results in a stream of "passengers" (Blodger, Dusty and Louis in various disguises, from nuns and cowgirls to gay men and celebrities to ballerinas and newlyweds) parading in front of a suspicious Ludmilla. The only real passengers onboard are the bickering Speckledecks, Martha and Harvey, who may or may not have brought along their son, Bashcr (he cannot find him and cannot remember what they did with him), and the Slliths, Hannony, Clyde and their son, Jack. The Slliths, as it turns out, along with Louis, are members of the Pickled Pigeon Pirate Brigade, who have infiltrated the SS Royal Gorge with plans to take control. Unfortunately, they had not reckoned with a Ludmilla Oyster, who usurps command of the ship, decimating all in her wake with her verbal abuse and reducing the great pirate captain, Captain Jack Sirathbunco, to a shell of a llanin a catatonic state, all his piracy dreams having been crushed. Hoping to wake up Jack and stop the evil Ludmilla, Harvey Speckledeck disrobes, revealing his super hero anire, complete with cape. Yet, even he is laid low before the lascivious wit of Ludmilla. In a grand soliloquy on the leadership capacity of captains, Captain Packard succeeds in
snapping Captain Jack Ollt of his stupor and all until in mullinous hatred if Ludmilla, inclining her assistant, Jergens, who has fallen in love with the pirate wench, Hannon. Thus abandoned, Ludmilla puts up a brave front, but then admits to her apparently unrequited love for Captain Packard, love which he then reciprocates. The Speckledecks head off for some "high-seas hammock horseplay" and Blodger, who wants to apply for pirate training, produces an old family treasure map, much to the delight of the...
Cap'n, this talking landlubber be uncommon difficult fora pirate.

Aye, unnatural fora right true pirate tongue to be sayin' like 'sorry Dad.'

**Harmony,** have we told ye how sweet ye looks all got up like that?

Yeah? Well, if I don't get this friggin' bra off soon I'm gonnafriggin' scream.

*yerparticularsinpublic, Harmony, else innocenttouristsaport 'nstarboard, ye* for me boobs to be so perky. They ought to be knees for proper pirate appreciation.

Meboobsdon'tdeservenofriggin' respect, yefriggin' pansy pirate.
a right true pirate wench, Clyde, meaner 'n and twice as toothy.

JACK
Aye, where be Louis? Skulking below preparing the way for the Pickled Pigeon Pirate Brigade, that's where.

CLYDE
Discovering yer doubloons fat and heavy and numbering the wenches one through twenty.

HARMONY
Swillin' grog and gobblin' pastries, pruning his toenails to impress his mateys.
Fig. A1.42. Pirates Harmony (Patti Whitford Reinsdorf, left), Cuticle Clyde (Steve Koning, centre) and Captain Jack Strathbungo (Wayne Wark, right) posing as the family Smith in order to infiltrate the SS Royal Gorge. Captain Jack is naturally disguised as the Smiths' son, Jackie. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.43. The pirates, Harmony (Patti Whitford Reinsdorf, left), Cuticle Clyde (Steve Koning, centre) and Captain Jack Strathbungo (Wayne Wark), in their full piracy garb. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.44. Dusty Fairweather (Penny Krebs) attempts to seductively snap Captain Jack (Wayne Wark) out of his catatonic state, as Captain Packard (Pete Drewcock) and Harmony (Patti Whitford Reinsdorf) offer suggestions. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
SYNOPSIS: Three buddies, Herschel, Sydney and Frank, show up at their hunting lodge for their annual hunting trip. They are met by the surly Scot caretaker, McDingus, and are stalked by Frank's suspicious wife, Marie, and her friend, Sharon, who have clad
STAN/MARIE
Hey! Anybody home? (silence) Gee-zus, humpin’
tell you, Charlie, these friggin’ duck hunter:
of gadabout dickheads, ain’t they?

STAN/MARIE
What’s the problem,
limo dick. or what?

STAN/MARIE
You want crude? Ho;
that’s crude.
SHARON
Stop it!

Silence.

MARIE
Sorry. I don’t know what’s happening to me, Sharon. something about this place. I can actually feel the difference.

MARIE
Do you feel it too? You put on these ugly clothes, you isolate yourself in the wild, you gather together a group primitives, you tell lies, you exaggerate, you huff, you puff and all of a sudden – you’re a predator.

STAN/MARIE
Stop whining, Charlie. You’re a man now, act like one.

Whatta we doin' here? Gee-zus, Frank. Friggin' ducks, whatta ya think?

Yeah, we know. Henry invited us. Right, Charlie?

Right, Stan.
STAN/MARIE
Yeah, and the ball: Charlie?

CHARLIE/SHARON
Right, Stan. Do we get one of these rooms, Frank?

STAN/MARIE
Great, a room. All we need now is one of those sleazy, blonde bimbos with big knockers to bring us room service. You got one of them numbers hidden someplace, Frank?

don't. And if you intend to join us here, Stan, I you should know we don't permit sexist remarks at the

STAN/MARIE
shit. Who woulda though: kill a friggin' duck.

STAN/MARIE
Hey, we can get into this sensitivity stuff, right, Charlie? Just the other day I was bawling my eyes out 'cause my table saw broke down.

CHARLIE/SHARON
Way to go, Stan, you sensitive bastard you

STAN/MARIE
Yeah. So how do you feel about cussin', Frank? We ain't gonna upset any delicate sensibilities describing your certain bodily functions, are we?

FRANK
As a general precept, the occasional off-colour interjection will be tolerated.
STAN/MARIE
Great. Ain’t we a couple of lucky stiffs, Charlie, gettin’ hooked up with the country’s first politically correct ducks hunters. C’mon, let’s get our shit.

CHARLIE/SHARON
Don’t you mean our hunting accouterments?

STAN/MARIE
Yeah, right, our hunting acooter-dooters.

Fig. A1.46. Stan/Marie (Kathie Ardell Prentice, left) carousing with the boys, Cabot McDingus (Gary Minnett, centre) and Sydney (Sean Morin). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.47. Sydney (Sean Morin) as the helpless Annabelle lost in the woods. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.48. Annabelle/Sydney (Sean Morin, right) attempting to talk Stan/Marie (Kathie Ardell Prentice, left) into handing over his/her underwear. The final femininity test, as made up by McDingus, is to get Stan's underpants. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Hotel Hysterium
[Spring 1998]

Directed by Roy Teed
Written by Roy Teed

Fig. A1.49. Cast of Hotel Hysterium. Back row (left to right): Roy Teed and Gary Minnett; front row (left to right): Deleenia Lovell, Paul Nichols, Patti Whitford Reinsdorf, Marty Duffy, Kendra Hesketh, Laureen Livingstone and Stuart Graham. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

CAST:
Snoggins – Deleenia Lovell
Francis – Paul Nichols
Mrs. Venables – Marty Duffy
Julio Hugybody – Gary Minnett
Mr. Bog – Roy Teed
HJ – Laureen Livingstone
Roxy, Mrs. Muggins, Rosie Rooterties – Patty Whitford Reinsdorf
Tunella, Mrs. Flap, Susan – Kendra Hesketh
Clarence, Mr. Flap, Maurice, Billybob Bopeep, The Hot Dog Vendor – Stuart Graham
ridiculous cover for a group of art thieves, headed by the man-cat. Appropriately, an actual vampire shows up for the convention, Julio Hugybugy, only to be perpetually confused for someone else. And as all the chaos ensues, as vampires and quasi-vampires

SUSAN
You bastard!

HUGYBUDY
Me? I protest

SUSAN
You rotten bastard!

HUGYBUDY
I protest again

SUSAN
You rotten, two-timing, vomit-spewing bastard!

HUGYBUDY
Again I protest. Your salutation is overly familiar. A simple hello is sufficient

SUSAN
Eat raw scwage and die
HUGYBUDY
I am a vampire

SUSAN
You're a parasite

HUGYBUDY
One interpretation only

------------------------

HUGYBUDY
I donot have six children

SUSAN
All right, some neighbour kids were over; it doesn't matter. Where have you been?

HUGYBUDY
I have been all over

SUSAN
That's what I thought. What about your responsibilities at home?

HUGYBUDY
I am a vampire. My only responsibility is to bite you upon the neck and drink your blood

SUSAN
NOI anymore, slimeball. You've given me your last hickey

HUGYBUDY
I have in my possession no hiccups to give you

SUSAN
I know, you've left them all over the cleavage of that little tramp Rosie Rootertooter

HUGYBUDY
You are mistaken. I am completely certain I would remember Rootertooter's

SUSAN
You didn't think I knew, did you?

HUGYBUDY
I donot care, for I am a vampire
HUGYBUDY
You cannot do this, for I really am a vampire

SUSA
You'll be hearing from my lawyer

HUGYBUDY
(as she leaves) I am sorry, but I will not drink the blood of a lawyer. I have standards
Fig. AI.50. Julio Hugybudy (Gary Minnen) unsuccessful trylluempting to intimidite hheno-nonsense Snoggins (Deleenia Lovell). Photo couresy or Roy Teed
Fig. A1.51. Mr. Bog (Roy Teed, right) attempting to conceal the vampire convention sign from Mrs. Venables (Marty Duffy, left). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.52. Art thieves, Tunella (Kendra Hesketh, left) and Roxy (Patti Whitford Reinsdorf, centre), capturing a man, the Hot Dog Vendor (Stuart Graham), for their boss, the sexually hungry HJ (Laureen Livingstone, right). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
The Ghost of Donegal Hetch, Whee-hee
[Spring 2000]

Directed by Pete Drewcock & Roy Teed
Written by Roy Teed

![Photo of the cast]

Fig. A1.53. The cast of *The Ghost of Donegal Hetch, Whee-hee* (left to right): Gary Minnett, Stuart Graham, Steve Koning, Patti Whitford Reinsdorf, Anna Arnett, Paul Nichols, Mike Giesbrecht and Chris Helmink. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

**CAST:**
Donegal Hetch – Gary Minnett
Grimaldi, the Cook – Stuart Graham
Herpes, the Wormkeeper – Patty Whitford Reinsdorf
Ouch, the Guard – Steve Koning
gocrstoDonegall-letch's palatial universe, a universe of would-be ghosts, out-of-control love potions and iambic pentameter. The morose cook, Grimaldi, a blank verse rambler, teenaged daughter, Gerbil, and Gazelle's cousin, Parsnip, arrive at the castle with plans of taking over, kicking out the cook, the wormkeeper and the guard. Gazelle and Parsnip are I-erps, the breeder of attack worms and wilch, brew sup apotential love potion to foil the
Enjoy this place; okay, there's room for all. It is the law, I think, that castles have Three witches, so three witches we will have. My sister, you are welcome here, make this Your good home. All you had to do was ask.

GAZELLE
What? All I had to do was ask? Who could Have known the answer would be welcome back?

ANGLE-IRON
So does this mean the war's over and we can all move in and be buddies?

HERPES
Okay, that was easy. Welcome to interested in the grand tour?

Don't worry, sweetheart. Mummy will change him back. Right, dear?
DONEGAL
Hey, Herps. We’ll have a tour of Castle Het.
That starts right here and ends in family.
Let’s go, let’s tour, let’s all be ghosts at

All exit arch one. A moment of silence after DONEGAL’S
ghostly wail fades. Off we hear the inarticulate,
reverberating roar of OUCH’S battlecry. OUCH enters door
right with the mighty war axe BRUCE. OUCH is a frog. BRUCE
is a double-bladed war axe about the size of a vending
machine. OUCH stops at midstage and looks around.
OUCH
And so we close this tale of Castle Hetch,
Our magic place of stone where truth is stretched
Fig. A1.54. *Donegal* HClh (GaryMinneu)hauniinghisissler. lhewilchGazelle(AnnaAmen). Pholo
courtesy of Roy Teed

Fig. A1.55. A Hetch family gathering with Angle-Iron (Mike Giesbrecht, left), Gerbil (Paul Nichols, centre)
and Gazelle (Anna Arnett, right), as Grimaldi, the cook, and Herpes, the wormkeeper (Stuart Graham and
Patti Whitford Reinsdorf, sitting centre), look on. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.56. Gerbil (Paul Nichols) being suitably impressed with the mighty war axe, Bruce, held by her frog-transformed O’e. Ouch (Steve Koning). Photocourtesy of Roy Teed
SYNOPSIS: Seeing as the script and the video for this play are AWOL, Iherather slight description of this work comes from the author himself, Gary Minnen: "It was a true story/[olIghing]ofatimetraveller,actuallyseveral timetravellers.It was about time travel and cavemen and general stuff" (2004)
Fig. A1.58. Schmegley (Anna Arnett) casting herself on Golombek (Steve Koning). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.59. Trog (Pete Drewcock) ogles the transformed Schmegley (Anna Arnett), as Johnny (Lannie Mycock, far left), Amber (Christina McLaughlin, centre-right) and Golombek (Steve Koning, far right) look on. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
SYNOPSIS: A dying, old man, Jack, who is being taken care of by his daughter, Janey, has an ongoing conversation with his wartime memories, specifically with his good friend and fellow soldier, Archie. They served together in Italy during World War II. Jack made it home to marry and raise a family, to live a life, and Archie didn’t. He was ripped to
shreds by exploding debris and Jack had to shoal him, ending the agony. Jack never told

Jancy, the whole story of Archie's death. And after the truth is told, Jack can finally find

JANEY
Dad, for your information I'm going to be
Second World War in my Socials' classes.

Well I'll be damned. You're finally going to teach some history.
talk about the Holocaust in detail as well as the internment of Japanese Canadians

JANNEY
And I'd like to finish up with a look at conscription and how that controversy contributed to the alienation of Quebec.

JACK
Conscription and that goddamn McKenzie King. We used to call those bastards zombies. You don't want to know what we called that goddamn McKenzie King.

Well, I think I may leave that part out. So what do you think?

JANNEY
Pretty much. I think I've touched on all the really important topics, haven't I? What else was there?
JANEY
What would you say to visiting my class to talk about your experiences? As a vetec somebody real, not just dry words
in a history book.

up as some kind of freak for a juverline delir,quents.

Dad, good kids; they’re curious and they
could give them something valuable.
That's not an answer. What are you afraid of? They're only kids, they should hear the things you can tell them.

JANEY
Yes. Why isn't it that simple? Why won't you talk to my class? Why are you afraid?

JACK
I'm not afraid. It's too complicated, Janey. The war is complicated. It's not something you blurt out off the top of your head. It's all mixed up; it's black and wet and salty and cold and rough and loud and dark and it stinks, Janey, it's like nothing else you've experienced before and the memories are always there, they never go away.

JACK
No! No. I've put my time in, Janey. I've done my share. I served King and country and made the sacrifices. And do you know what? Do you know what it is that makes it all so goddamn worthwhile? I'll tell you. Forty-five years later, no one remembers. No one cares. No one gives a shit, no one understands and no one cares.
The Kersley Players present
Shadows From
A Low Stone Wall

a play
by
Roy Teed
Shadows From A Low Stone Wall

directed by Roy Teed

CAST

Pete Drewcock .................................................. Jack
Deleenia Lovell .................................................. Janey
Paul Nichols ..................................................... Archie

and on the bagpipes, Jim Waldron

The Play is set in Italy, 1943 and Canada, 1990.

WARNING: Loud shots & explosions

Crew

the low stone wall built by
Pete Drewcock, R.Teed, Pam Crocker-Teed, Monica Seguin
makeup by
Mary Beningfield
Property Master
Bert Koning
Poster design by Pete Drewcock

Canadian battledress courtesy of the Western Canada Theatre Company
A special thanks to:
Quesnel Little Theatre for the loan of the lights
Monica Seguin for the sofa and counter

There will be a fifteen minute intermission between acts
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the cast of Low Stone Wall. During rehearsals they've retaught me the meaning of dedication, commitment and excellence. I have been blessed three times and the names of the blessings are Pete, Deleenia and Paul.

R. Teed

Pete is one of the founding members of the Kersley Players and was a cast member of that now mythical first Players' production—the Christmas play of 1986 where he played a deranged Santa. Pete has been involved in over a dozen productions as actor, director and backstage crew. In the past Pete has won an award as Best Supporting actor in All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Round at a Central Interior Zone drama festival.

Deleenia joined the Kersley Players in 1992 for The Rutabaga Ranger Rides Again. Since then she has been involved in almost every Players production either onstage employing her considerable acting talents or backstage employing her equally considerable talents for charm, persuasion and tact to make things run smoothly. In 1994 Deleenia won a Best Actress award for her role of Marnie in Strangers on a Glade.

Paul has played parts as varied as a sauvie pirate to a teenager named Gerbil since he became part of the Kersley Players in 1996. Last year he directed for the first time with Gary Minnett's play The Infamous Doomsday Bowling Alley Manure Spreader. Paul was chosen as the Best Supporting actor at the 2000 Central Interior drama festival for his role in The Ghost of Donegal Hetch, Whee-nee, then later in the year was chosen for an Honourable Mention in the same role at the provincial drama festival.
The Kersley Players would like to thank the following individuals and organizations for their help with this production.

The Kersley Community Association
The Kersley General Store
The Kersley Volunteer Firefighters Association
The Kersley Woman’s Institute
The Kersley Elementary School
The Kersley Mudhens
Cariboo Propane
Quesnel River Pulp
Quesnel Little Theatre
Murray Cryderman
Christine Crain
The Red Cross
The Royal Canadian Legion
Lucy Drewcock
Donna Koning
Monica Seguin
Pam Crocker-Teed
Fig. A1.65. Janey (Deleena Lovell) comforting her father, or rather stepfather, Jack (Pele Dreyfus). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.66. The young soldier, Archie (Paul Nichols), talking to his friend, Jack (Pele Dreyfus). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
SYNOPSIS: The Royal Upper Fraser Library Society (informally referred to as "Rumes") is holding its monthly reading, with its pompous president, Florentia Bigsby-Bames, as the evening’s host. Her gracious hosting abilities are sorely missed by all.
bcfuddled and limid poet, Myron, who keeps shuffling papers and walking onstage, since he apparently cannot perform his readings unless he has his black condom, size small, which he has misplaced. This leads to outbursts from an audience member, Heckal, who insists on getting his money back, eventually finds his condom and demands to sit onstage, scaling Florentia's chair. Then, another audience member, Brecze, pipes up, saying it's unfair that Heckal can sit onstage, so she ends up on stage as well, regaling the performance with salacious comments about the poet's bun. Bruno, the mulc, beer-swilling stagehand, appears with more chairs and proceeds to occupy one himself, much to Florenlia's annoyance. And, after all the disturbances (including a cell phone call from a telemarketer, lights turned off by disgruntled lechics and a, screwdriver to the door), Myron finally recites his poems, while Heckal recites his hidden name for miming the poems, including a cat with tire tracks on its back and a smoking one-eyed loycbandit

Lights up on a podium. Beside the podium a small table and a glass of water. To the left and behind the podium is a single chair. FLORENTIA BIGSBY-BARNES enters. She wears an evening gown.

FLORENTIA

Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to the Royal Upper Fraser Literary Society's monthly reading. I'm Florentia Bigsby-Barnes your host for the evening and the President of the Royal Upper Fraser Literary Society. The Royal Upper Fraser Literary Society, or Ruffles as we like to call it informally, is delighted to have the opportunity to sponsor these monthly readings which showcase new and emerging talent in all the literary genres. Last month we had the distinct pleasure of hearing for the first time an

Indeed, for those in the know, this is the same Myron character from All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Round, and the two poems recited, "What Cats Like" and "Love Poem by me," also originate from the 1991

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excerpt from Wolfgang Micklemiester's brilliant avant-garde novel, *A Silver Key For Gustav*, which he has written entirely for the right ear. Those of us who were here for that are still unable to use our left ear. Well, all joking aside, tonight's reading is by the Royal Upper Literary Society's most recent discovery, a poet of startling talent who writes with extraordinary vision and power. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Myron no last name, the poet. and

FLORENTIA applauds.
MYRON enters. He is a poet and dressed as such. He carries with him an untidy sheaf of papers. FLORENTIA exits. MYRON places his papers on the podium and begins to search for something which he does not find. As the search goes on he becomes more agitated and the strained smile he directs at the audience becomes more desperate.

FLORENTIA
(an uncertain look in the direction MYRON exited) Oh. Was that the title or the poem itself? Well, that is perhaps the shortest poetry reading we've ever had.

HECKAL
(from somewhere in the audience in a spot calculated to cause the most inconvenience when he moves) I want my money back!

(not quite able to believe what she's just heard) I beg your pardon?

HECKAL
(standing, a spot comes on him) What kind of stupid poem is "oh poo?" I want my money back.

FLORENTIA
Yes, I daresay you do, sir, which is not surprising from someone who has the temerity to bellow from the audience as though he were in a common auction house bidding on two tons of pork chops.
FLORENTIA
The Royal Upper Fraser Literary Society does not provide refunds. It’s an official policy. So, you cannot have your money back and I would be grateful if from this moment on you sat upon your chair and stopped flapping those frightful lips at me. (a beat) Thank you.
HECKAL sits, folds his arms and sulks. The spot goes down. MYRON enters.

FLORENTIA
Ah, the poet returns. Ladies and gentlemen, Myron no last name. the poet.

MYRON goes straight to the podium takes a single sheet of paper and exits.

He’s left again. Is this exasperation I feel, or do I have gas?

(directing at HECKAL a look that could kill) Let ‘er rip? I am sorry, sir, but these buttocks do not rip.

FLORENTIA
Thank God. Ladies and gentlemen, Myron, the frequently absent no last name poet. No applause please, we’ll see he stavs first.
Fig. A1.68. The stagehand, Bruno (Rory Parr), performing spontaneously on centre-stage, as Breeze (Anna Arnett, far left), Florentia (Mary Beningfield, left) and Myron (Stuart Graham, right) look on. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.69. Heckal’s (Paul Nichols) imitation of a cat during Myron’s (Stuart Graham) poetry recitation. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
The Kersley Players & Emerald Pig Productions
Present

An Evening With Myron

Tales From Me and Irmie

Fig. A1.70. Playbill cover for *An Evening With Myron* and *Tales From Me and Irmie*. Courtesy of Roy Teed.
An Evening With Myron
Written by Roy Ted

CAST

Flore, i.B ig, by B"nes -- M.ryBeni.gfi.ld
Myro.------------------------------ StuortG"h.m
Brueo --------------------------- RoryP"

Produceer ----------------------- O.I ia Lovell
St.g.M...g.r --------------------- Al h Peters-
lights&SOUfd ------------------- P.,&Roy
Prop.ryM..ter ------------------- B.rtKon.i.g
PosterO.'ig.--------------------- P.t.Or...cock
Th.Provid.rofS..d.i'h" ----------Oon.. Kon.i.g

A,p"i.lth..k,toQu....llitt'.Th••tr.forl...i.gussom.lights.g.i•.

Your M.t.r of C.remoni...forth••veni.g P.t...cock

There will be a fifteen minute intermission between plays
Tales From Me and Irmie
Written by Roy Teed
Directed by Sharon Malone

CAST

Stage Manager -------------------------- Tiana Malone
light,&Sound--------------------------Pet.&Roy

All About John & Emerald Pig

Johni"longtim.fri.ndofth.Kersl.yPI.yers. ln2000he was an intreg.lp"tofth.pl.y we sent loM,insl'g., th.Gho'lofDo,oneg.IH.tch, Whee-hee, in which he looked after sound, played keyboard and generally h.lp.dUlthroughth.intimid,tingtechni"ld.mand.of,M,inst,g.pro-
The Kersley Players would like to thank the following individuals and organizations for their help with this production.

The Kersley Community Association
The Kersley General Store
The Kersley Volunteer Firefighters Association
The Kersley Women's Institute
The Kersley Elementary School
Cariboo Propan,

Quesnel Little Theatre
Oonno Koning
Paul Nichol,
Anno Arne'
Pam Crocker-Teed
Tales From Me and Irmie
[Spring 2002] 178

Directed by Sharon Malone
Written by Roy Teed

CAST
Sam - John Stuan

SYNOPSIS: A monologue comprised of stories concerning Sam and his friend, Irmie, and residents of the town of Nestor. The stories range from the brawl in the ballroom to the shinny game with the Montreal Canadiens that never happened because of the riot between the local hockey team and the volunteer fire department, from the queen's wedding at Sam and Big Beulah's wedding to the tracing of a lion by Sam's dog, Gub,
though. Down the road. On the farm here we have this linear oasis of peace and quiet.

All this is courtesy of my old Dad who one day announced, "Sam, I'm sick and tired of this living of the land. I'm moving to the city to live of supermarkets and 7-11s like everyone else. By the way, I'm shacking up with an twenty year old red-haired dental assistant so send money." So here it is, one of those family farms passed on.

And this old farmhouse. It seems we should make it into a Bed and Breakfast and put the Cheap Rooms For Rent Hotel out of business, but I don't know, the good folks in Nestor find reason enough already to be suspicious of me and my without aggravating them further with our business acumen. This old farmhouse is big enough though, two stories, or three if you count all the bird's nests and squirrels in the attic and it sort of looms over you when you step up to the front door and has that silent, black-windowed look that almost makes you shiver, like all your classier B&Bs do.

This old place has history. Ain't that something? Who would expect to find history here? One of those virgin farmboys from a long time ago leaving for school, lunchpail packed with a homemade while bread sandwich and askip and dance in his step.

In the olden days everybody loved everybody and there was this golden light that
Anyway, onenighl me and Inniewas having adrink at theCheap Rooms for Rentl-lolcl. Inniewas tellingthebartender how he hadjust saved theEarthfrom alien spaccinvaders hoping this might camhima freedrink again and I was calculating how to sit next to that by-herself-blonde two tables over. I figured I had it solved when I rolled a looney across the floor and scrambled after it on hands and knees, racing this way and herlhighs. I was hopingshe'd think it wasanaccident. She didn't. As you might expect seemed a trifle surprised, but you'd think I'd done somclthing really stupid the way everyone else carried on. I mean, in my opinion, throwing meo llt on thestreet wasnan over-reaction. I didn't evengelachance to finish introducing myself. And I'll lell you oncething for damn sure, that blonde was lucky I wasn't wearing a pair of loose false

Just another Tuesday night in Nestor you might think, and you'd be right, except yougot the days all mixed up 'cause on Tuesdays we and Inniegenerally get threwed out doorstep that day with his blue longue and said,’ I have to shake the hand of the owner of that lavender Massey Ferguson over there with the personalized license plates." Well, my tractor isn't lavender at all; some days it's a kind of superior aquamarine
SYNOPSIS: Harry is dead, having apparently slipped on a patch of ice on his way to the parlour. Becomes a gathering point for Doc Bronegal, the drunken town physician with a
keen, intuitive eye, T. Bannock Muldoon, a refined, travelling gentlemen, who claims an
abiding friendship with the deceased, Ezekial, a simple, biscuit-loving miner, who is hired
to dig the grave, and Sarah, a local hurdy-gurdy and personal doxy of the deceased, who
widow. And as all the men come sniffing and a-courting around the widow, with their
deceptive nature of the charlatan, Muldoon. Meanwhile, the good doctor hints at the
suspicious nature of a conveniently placed icy patch (when there has been no recent
precipitation) and of how accident-prone Molly has been, bumping into the stove,
breaking fingers in the water pump and repeatedly banging her head. In the end, it is
revealed that this supposedly fragile female is anything but. Molly dupes Muldoon out of
money, which she then gives to Sarah, which Sarah then gives to Muldoon to get him to
leave Molly alone. Harry wakes up and, discovering him not to be dead, Molly finishes
him off with a well-placed cast-iron frying pan, before giving the house to Sarah and
hopping on the next BX stage out of town. And Muldoon returns, not to see Molly, but to
return her money to Sarah, since he, Toreador Bannock Muldoon, is most unexpectedly,
completely and utterly enraptured with a whore.
MOLLY exits to the kitchen with the tray. BRONEGAL regards HARRY for a moment. He takes from his pocket a small mirror which he places under HARRY'S nose for only a few seconds before MOLLY enters from the kitchen without the tray.

BRONEGAL
These are not our favourite times, are they? (he moves to MOLLY and gently probes her upper arm; this area is hidden by the sleeve of her dress; MOLLY moves away) Still tender:

say so, because I was just now thinking these do, in fact, heal overnight.
BRONEGAL
It's a wonderful thing, divine intervention many problems with a single stroke.

BRONEGAL
It is indeed. A quart of Hudson’s Bay rum, the Empire’s most efficacious restorative.

I see. May I ask the reason for this second professional visit? I had thought your work was finished this morning.

BRONEGAL
And you haven’t managed water from the well.
of course, to have caused that great which froze over this morning.
BRONEY

Yes, he did say that, didn’t he? Interesting fellow, Muldoon. Arrived two days ago, did you know?
front entrance. MOLLY exits to the
arm falls from the table and hangs at his

The Unlikely Rapture of
Bannock Muldoon

directed by
R. Teed
with valuable contributions by Paul Nichols

CAST
Pete Drewcock ...... Bannock Muldoon
Heather Shippit ...... Molly
Gary Minnett.......... Ezekial
Jennie Gardiner ...... Sarah
Wayne Wark.......... Bronegal
Stuart Graham ...... Harry

The play takes place early fall, 1867, in Williams Creek.

There will be a fifteen minute intermission between acts.

CREW
Anna Arnett ...... Stage Manager
Sound Design ...... Heather Shippit
Property Master ...... Bert Koning
Set .......... Cast, Crew & Donna Koning and Pam Crocker–Teed
Make–up .......... Mary Beningfield
Costumes .......... Cast & Crew
Advertising ......... Pam Crocker–Teed

Again, a heartfelt thank you to Quesnel Little Theatre for the loan of some lights.
Fig. A1.77. Ezekial (Gary Minnett) trying on Harry’s (Stuart Graham) pants, as Sarah (Jennie Gardiner) watches. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.78. Bannock Muldoon (Pele Drewcock) using Harry (Stuan Graham) as a tray holder. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.79. **Ezekial** (Gary Minnelt) **enjoying** Molly's (Heather Shippilt. le R) biscuits. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.80. Gary Minnelt's the simple miner, Ezekial (centre), and Jennie Gardiner as the prostitute. Sarah Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
SYNOPSIS: With conflicting viewpoints as to the "true" story of Kersley, the pretentious narrator, Susan St. Apropos St. John, ends up in an ongoing argument with Charles Kersley and his version of the "truth," which includes his advice-clucking chicken and best friend, Sparkles. That's certainly not in any of the history books. Charles is a man of very beautiful, but not so bright (she perpetually walks into walls), daughter of the

including lopping ITSSparkles' head and convincing Charles to wear yellow - the colour
Gertmdia despises naturally. in the end. Gertmdia chooses Jules, leaving a heartbroken Charles. The increasingly compassionate and passionate narrator consoles Charles with "Lights lip on set."

SUSAN
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, or for those of you who are chronologically challenged, good afternoon. My name is Susan St. Apropos St. John and I will be your narrator. The story you are about to see is based on historical fact. It is the true story of Kersley and how it came to be.
As tonight's drama unfolds you will meet a cast of characters both famous and completely unfamous, characters known only to bespectacled researchers buried in the gloomy caverns of the provincial archives.
Central to our story is the beautiful Gertrudia von McFloss-Strossen. She is the beloved daughter of the ferocious Hamish von McFloss-Strossen who was the only child of the unlikely marriage of a Prussian nobleman Helmut von Strossen and a cute but not very bright Scottish lass, Amy McFloss.
If all of this has confused you do not be alarmed. All you need remember is that Gertrudia is beautiful, but like her grandmother, not very bright.

GERT
Sorry, father. The doors are the ones with handles, right?
HAMISH
Yes, Ve haff vaysof making you valk

GERT
Yes, father

HAMISH
You're driving me to distraction, lass

GERT
Sorry, father

jQleers, GERT looks interested, HAMISH be/ches

GERT
Father!

HAMISH
Natural gas, lass. Ina hundred years you'll wish it were still free
*KERSLEY enters whistling the Blue Danube and waltzing with an axe. He stops when he notices the narrator then looks around as if seeing everything for the very first time.*

**CK**
What's all this then?

**SUSAN**
Charles Kersley was a man unique in many ways-

**CK**
Who're you?

**SUSAN**
Charles Kersley was a man unique in many ways-

**CK**
What are you on about then?

**SUSAN**
*(slowly, deliberately)* Charles Kersley was a man-

**CK**
That's right, I am a man. Thank you very much

**SUSAN**
*(fiercely, but not looking at CK)* Look, stop that!

**CK**
Stop what?
SUSAN
Stop interrupting me. I’m the narrator here

CK
I didn’t ask for a narrator

CK
Who’s playing? I’m deadlyserioll5

SUSAN
(quickly) Charles Kersley was a man unique in many -

CK
Hello! Are you reading from that book?

CK
Is Sparkles in there?

SUSAN
Who or what is Sparkles?

CK
Sparkles is my chicken

SUSAN
You have a chicken called Sparkles?

SUSAN
Sparkles is not in this book
CK
What’s that book about then?

SUSAN
*This is A Rolling Tale - 711 e Tme Story of Kersfey*

CK
How can it be true if Sparkles isn’t in it?

CK
You don’t believe in Sparkles, do you?

SUSAN
He also had a n uncanny ability-

CK
Do you think my chicken Sparkles is something I made up to amuse myself?

CK
Would you like to meet Sparkles then?

SUSAN
Perhaps another time. In another life

CK
(cnlls) Sparkles

*SPARKLES appears at the willdaw of the chicken coop. SPARKLES is a chicken wearing a cute bonnet.*
SPARKLES
Cluck?

CK
Sparkles, this is—I don't believe we have been formally introduced

---

CK
Why is it then you know my name but I don't know yours?

SUSA
(resigned) My name is Susan St Apropos St John

CK
That's a mouthful isn't it? You have enough there for three people

SPARKLES
Cluck cluck

CK
And that's Sparkles, the chicken that isn't in your book

---

CK
Would you like to read from my book?

---

CK
Would you like to think about it before you turn me down like that?
SUSAN
Like what?

CK
It has a happy ending

SUSAN
So does this one

CK
My book has a beautiful maid

SUSA
So does this one

CK
My book has an awful villain

SUSAN
So does this one

CK
My book is the true story of Kersley

SUSAN
So is my book

CK
I suppose you think your book has everything?

SUSAN
My book does have everything

CK
Well, I know of one big difference between your book and my book
SUSAN
And what difference is that?

CK
May I see your book to show you?

SUSAN
Certainly.

SUSAN gives CK the book

CK drops the book down the well

SUSAN
You dropped my book down the well

CK
It was an accident

SUSAN
Do you know what a moron is?

CK
I might have heard that term once or twice before

SUSAN
I am not surprised
CK
I guess I didn't dig that well deep enough, did I?

SUSAN returns to the podium with her book. CK produces his book which is an untidy package of pompous words.
Fig. A1.81. Cast of *Dr. Broom and the Atomic Transmogrifier*. Back Row (left to right): Gary Minnett, Roy Teed, Sue Mathison, Elodieanne Browning, Larry Foreman and Amanda Cherry; front row (left to right): Deleenia Lovell, Mary Beningfield and Gino de Rose. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

**CAST:**

Dr. Pernicious Broom – Sue Mathison  
Mother Broom – Mary Beningfield  
Dr. Hercules Pointeteau – Roy Teed  
Hubert – Gary Minnett  
Bridgett – Elodieanne Browning  
Gumbelle – Deleenia Lovell  
Gumball – Gino de Rose  
Ms. Sloan – Amanda Cherry  
Mr. Tubble – John Foreman
finctunec hrinvention, theatomictransmogrifier, for its final inspection by theprize
committee, herncxt-door-neighbourarch-nemesis, Dr. Hercule Poincleeau, rages in
afTectionatelycoddlinghissrat, pettinghunchback, Gumbelle. Despite her mad scientific
relationship, which means no grandchildren as of yet. It is also MocherBroom who points
out repeatedly the presence of a leaking sink, which is beginning to drip into Dr. Broom’s
hircaplumber, fixing the leak herself with a bucket. Dr. Broom is aided in her mad
scientistry by her efficient assistant, Bridgett, and her faithful pethunchback, Gumball,
who rids the lab of spiders. Desperate to foil Dr. Broom’s win, Dr. Pointetcau comes up
with his own invention, Pointetcau paint, which he hopes will awe the prize committee of
Ms. Sloan and Mr. Tubble, causing them to change their minds. While demonstrating
Pointetcau paint to Ms. Sloan and Mr. Tubble, disaster strikes in Dr. Broom’s lab, when
the drip saturates the atomic transmogrifier. The transmogrifier melts down, sending off
transmogrifying shockwaves. Pointetcau becomes a cowboy with a rather large, pointy
codpiece (he can hang his Stetson on it), Hubert and Bridgett hunchbacks, Gumbelle and
claims it is the effects of Pointetcau paint and, when they all traipse over to Dr. Broom’s

her scientific arrogance and ignorance. Impressed by her graciousness in the face of
Prize for Advanced Mad Science, and has Mother Broom banning condoms when her

BROOM
ow, Gumball, all is ready for what?

GUMBALL
I don't know mistress

BROOM
But you only moments ago agocentered and said "All is ready"

BRIDGETT
You said, and I quote, "Mistress, mistress, I have wonderful news. All is ready."

GUMBALL
All is ready for what?

BROOM
That's what we'd like to know

BRIDGETT
I quote again, "Mistress, mistress, I have wonderful news. All is ready."

GUMBALL
She is lying, mistress, I would never say anything like that

BROOM
Shame on you, Bridget. I know you don't like Gumball but that's no reason to lie

BRIDGETT
I was not lying, Dr Broom

GUMBALL
Liar, liar, panic upon fire
GUMBALL

I believe

BROOM
Children, children, my metaphoncal children - stop fighting

GUMBALL
Is that why I have lumps, mistress, because I am metaphorical?

BROOM
Those are not lumps, Gumball, those are design features

BROOM separates herse/fol1/stands regarding the ceiling as she opens and closes the tape measure.

GUMBALL
(to BRIDGETT) I have design features, what do you have?

BRIDGETT
Syphilis. Come any closer and I'll get it all over you

GUMBALL
Oh. Oh. Can you get some on my tongue? (pokesolifongle./ickslips)
Fig. A1.82. Dr. Pernicious Broom (Sue Mathison, left) scientifically determining the placement of the bucket with the aid of her assistant, Bridgett (Elodieanne Browning, right). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.

Fig. A1.83. Dr. Hercules Pointeteau (Roy Teed) with his devoted hunchback. Gumbelle (Deleenia Lovell). Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
Fig. A1.84. The transformation of Mother Broom (Mary Beningfield) and Dr. Pointclcau (Roy Teed) to a home dragon of the alchemy transmogrifier. Photocourtesy of Roy Teed.
The Incredible Pickled Pigeon Pirate Chase
[Fall 2005]

Directed by Roy Teed
Written by Roy Teed

CAST:
Algernon Buggers – Gino de Rose
Bonecrusher Wickham – Rory Parr
Mrs. Grimes – Amanda Cherry
Ms. McBurgo – Anna Arnett
Angie Bunwallop – Paul Nichols
Ernie Bunwallop – Simon Zeegers
Jack Strathbunge – Gary Minnett
Clyde – Ron Potter
Louis – Todd Dunphy
Harmony – Elodieanne Browning

SY 'OPSIS: See the production from 1993 for a synopsis
Fig. A1.86. Cuticle Clyde (Ron Potter) busting into Buggers’ office, much to Angie Bunwallop’s (Paul Nichols) horror. Photo courtesy of Roy Teed.
SYNOPSIS: See the production from 1992 for a synopsis. The only difference with this one, besides many of the actors, is the addition of three gamblers, Slick Joe Weller, Mrs commentary on the action - something of a "saloon chorus," as Roy Dubbedit...
Funny Bunny
[Christmas 2006/Spring 2007] 180

Directed by Roy Tecd
Written by Roy Tecd

CAST:
Santa – Simon Zeegers
Mrs. C – Diana Harvey
Mogg – Gary Minnett
Figgly – Bert Koning
Snerl – Diane Maybee
Smiglet – Kirsten Nichols
Bliffen – Jack Grant/Todd Dunphy 181
Ajax – Gino de Rose
Ozzie Easter Bunny – Paul Nichols
Rhonda Easter Bunny – Adrienne Kempling
Darling Easter Bunny – Stuart Graham
The Good Game
[Spring 2008]

Directed by Roy Teed
Written by Roy Teed


CAST:
Zack Taylor – Todd Dunphy
Charlie Boyd – Rory Parr
CJ MacDonald – Gino de Rose
Samantha Brown – Deleenia Lovell
Francois ‘Pinkie’ LaVac – Paul C. Nichols
Brian B – Stuart Graham
Jim – Gary Minnett
HONOURS:
Central Interior Zone Festival:
  - Best Set Design – Bert Koning, Gary Minnett, Cast & Crew
  - Best Sound Design – Roy Teed
  - Best Actor – Rory Parr
  - Best Production
Mainstage – Provincial Community Theatre Festival:
  - Certificate of Merit for Outstanding Playwriting – Roy Teed
Appendix II
Kersley Players
1987^183_2008, An Alphabetical Index


Lori *Arnoldus* - Daisy, *All Aboard the Marriage-Go-RollId*[1991]

Bill Atkinson - Reginald Rothbottom, *The Dinner Party* [1987]

Mary Bedingfield - Florentia Bigsby-Barnes, *An £,elli1ng With Myron* [2002]; Mother Broom, *Dr. Broom allld the Atomic Transmogrifer*[2004]

Stephene Cave - Gertrudia von McFloss-Strosscn, *ROLIsingTale: The True SIOIY oJ Kersley*[2003]

Diane Crain - Fiona Haversham, *BlIslerTipchek's Matrimollial Two S/ep*[1990]


Britt:any Ounphy - The Cat, A Rolling Tale: The True Story of Kersley [2003]

Kaylyn Dunphy - The Yellow Bird, A Rolling Tale: The True Story of Kersley [2003]

Jennie Gardiner - Sarah, The U"JikeJyRap1llre aJBa""ockM11.Boo 1/[2003]


Jack Grant - Bad Guy, Shoo10ut at the Kersley Saloon [1972]; Vic'The Stick' Slewcrt, The Dinner Party [1987]

Johnny Grimm - The Sheriff, ShootOutlathe Kersley Saloon [1972]


Diana Harvey - Miss Birdie, The Rutabaga Ranger Rides Again [2006]; Mrs. C, Flillny Bunny [2007]

Chris Helmink - ParsnipMeriberry, The Ghost ofDollegaIHetch, Whee-hee [2000]

Kendra Hesketh - Tunella, Mrs. Flap, Susan, HOllelHysrerium [1998]


Maz Holbrook - Agnes Hurlibunon, All Aboard the Marriage-Go-Round [1991]; Blanche, The Rutabaga Ranger Rides Again [1992]

Adrienne Kempling - Blanche, The Rutabaga Ranger Rides Again [2006]; Rhonda Easter Bunny, Funny BillllY [2007]

Sieve Koning - Joe, The Honcho RlibberHot Palats Murder Girdles [1994]; Clyde, Har! (The Pirate Play) [1996]; Ouch, theGuard, The Ghost ofDollegaIHetch, Whee-
hee [2000]; Golombck, *ThelnjamollsDoomsday BolIli"g Alley Maulire* Sprreader [2001]

Dorine Lamarche - Susan Sl. Apropos St. John, *A Rollsi"gTale: The True Story oj Kersley* [2003]

Sherryl Martens Lalimer - Felicity Rothbottom, *The Di"er Party* [1987]

Laureen Lh'ingslone - WhiplyDervish, *The Holcho Rllbber HotPams MilrderGirdles* [1994]; *HJ, Holel Hj'sterillm* [1998]

Christina McLaughlin - Amber, *The Illjamolis Doomsday Bowlllg Alley Ataulire Sprellder*[2001]

Maureen Milchell - ConstanceCrutchley, *The Hoclls POClls GoodtimeMotelBlues* [1995]
Lannie Mycock - Johnny, *The Infamous Doomsday Bowling Alley Manure Spreader* [2001]


Mike Webb - Craddock, *The Hoclis PoclisGoodtime MotelBl1les* [1995]; Jergens, Hor! *(The Pirate Play)* [1996]

Brenda Wenzel - Genrudc Faughshaw, *The Din"erPorty* [1987]

Mike Wbalen - Louis, *The Incredible Pickled Pigeon Pirate Chase* [1993]

Simon Zcegcrs - EmieBunwallop, *the llcredible PickledPigeonPirate Chase* [2005]; *Mr, Punch, the RlltabogaRangerRides Agoii1*(2006); *Sanla, FwnyBlifllly*[2007]
Appendix III
A Sampling of Glenn Fillmore Poems
Kersley Lumber

There’s a place called Kersley Lumber,  
Where we local boys all go,  
To try to earn a living  
But the wages are quite low.

We all wear torn trousers  
With patches on the knees,  
And we go there in the winter time,  
To stand around and freeze.

For they can’t get nothing started  
If it’s more than five below.  
The foreman there will curse and swear  
Till he gets the thing to go.

While he finally gets things started  
And he thinks that all is fine,  
But they still are using summer fuel  
And it clogs up in the line.

Now, in the rainy season  
The ground is not too hard,  
For they’ve covered it with sawdust  
Instead of gravelling the yard.

The forklifts sink down pretty deep  
When they try to work in that,  
All you can see of the driver  
Are his eyebrows and his hat.

I’ll take my grandson on my knee,  
And tell him about Kersley Lumber  
And the way things used to be.  
Now that will make his eyes light!

As I sit and hold him near,  
And I’ll bet he tells his playmates,  
“My grandpa was a pioneer.”
Kersley Snowmobilers

Now snowmobiling's lots of fun,
So I heard many say.
It would surprise old grampa's eyes
To see the big display

Now Kersley's down twelve miles from town.
A fifteen minute run.
On Sunday when the boys are out,
They sure have lots of fun.

You'll find them out upon the slopes
When the weather's nice and fine.
I'm gonna introduce the boys
And try to make it rhyme.

Brad and Dad drive Arctic Cats
And they say they like them great.
Jean would like to drive one, too,
But she'll have to wait.

Two Moto-Skis from down the line
Came roaring into view.
Some said, I guess that's big Bert Ness,
And Terry Gallop too.

He took me for a ride one night,
My heart was in my mouth.
We hit a snowbank going north
And wound up heading south.

Dewey Lund is lots of fun,
Especially when he's drinking,
But when he's on his snowmobile,
You can tell that fella's thinking.

The kids are on it all the time,
Or so you'll hear him mutter.
I went and bought myself a horse
And now I'll buy a cutter.

Somebody said that Tony's lost
And we'll have to find him.
Just holler 'Rum' and he'll come
With a cloud of snow behind him.

There's hell and pistons popping.
Vic Jacobsen is big and tough;
He drives a new machine.
His wife thinks it's really sharp;
She likes that pretty green.

Larry Martens is a sportsman
And he's tough as leather.
You'll see him out in the snow
In any kind of weather.

Then at last, a streak went past
And I thought that I was dreaming.
Up to the peak went a boy named Zeke
With his Ski-Doo just a-screaming.

Although it's plain, I can explain
The excitement that they're feeling
On Sunday when the Kersley boys
Are out there snowmobiling.

I work for Kersley Lumber
And, unless my job I change,
I guess I'll have to stay at home
And ride the kitchen range.

But the thing I like best of all,
Even though it's not so shocking,
Is when we get three feet of snow;
It sure as hell beats walking.
Appendix IV
Sample Consent Form

I give permission for my name to be used in any written work that results from my participation in this research.