



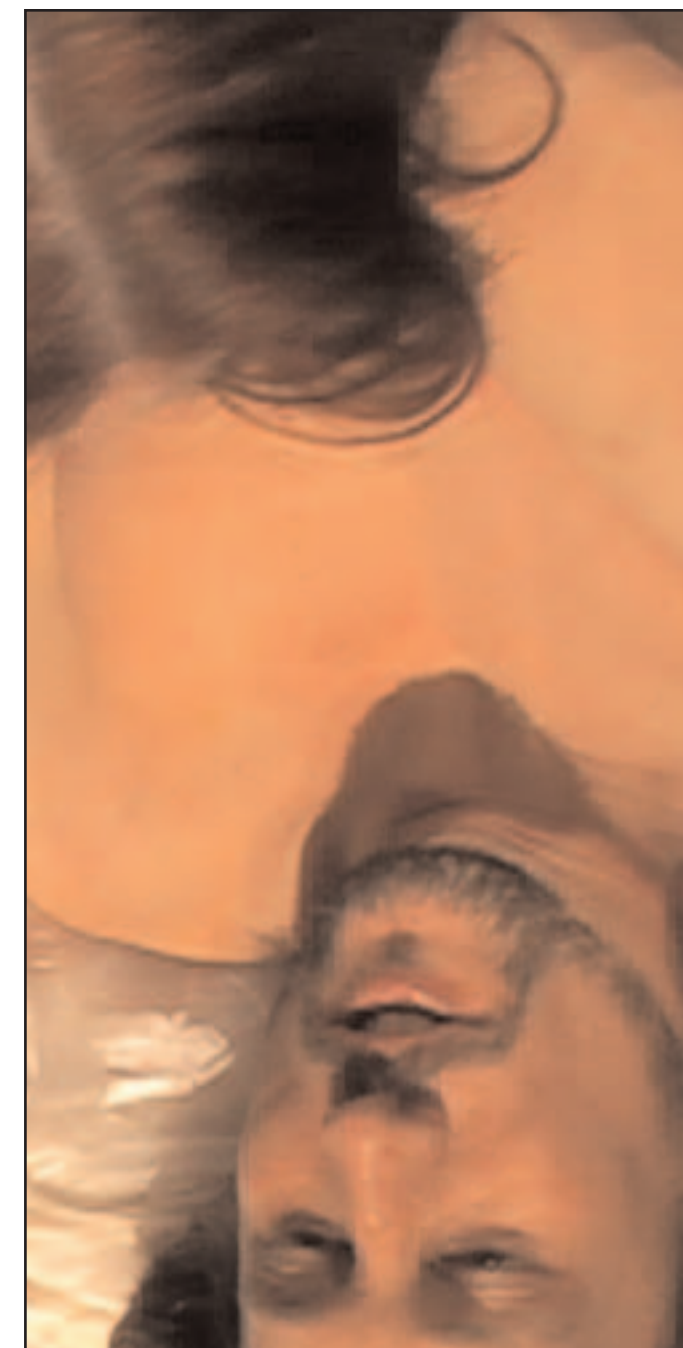
In this is the End of Sleeping

free After the Platonov fragment
of Chekhov adapted and
directed by Jay Scheib

developed in residence at the Massachusetts
Institute of Technology. Produced by Rotor
Productions/Chekhov Now Festival, New York
City. Performed in Cambridge at MIT and in NYC
at the Connelly Theatre.

*...the vodka pours like rain, but
when the laughing and sweating
and running through the woods
gives way to kissing and bathing
and shooting guns...*

featuring video and sound by **Leah Gelpe**, stage
and light by **Jeremy Morris**, costumes by **Jessica
Hinel**, objects/art by **Bara Jichova Kirkpatrick**,
stage is managed by **Belina Mizrahi**, assistant
director **Adam Perlman** With performances by
Eliza Bent, Gaëtan Bonhomme, Vanessa Burke,
John Dewis, Olga Victorovna Fedorishcheva,
Caleb Hammond, Joan Jubett*, Emily Knapp,
Dan Liston, Eric Dean Scott*, Tao Wang



The people I am afraid of are the ones who look for tendentiousness between the lines and are determined to see me as either liberal or conservative. I am neither liberal, nor conservative, nor gradualist, nor monk. . . I would like to be a free artist and nothing else and I regret God has not given me the strength to be one. I hate lies and violence in all of their forms. . . Pharisaism, dullwittedness and tyranny reign not only in merchant's homes and police stations. I see them in science, in literature, among the younger generation. That is why I cultivate no particular predilection for policemen, butchers, scientists, writers, or the younger generation. I look upon tags and labels as prejudices. My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom imaginable-freedom from violence and lies no matter what form [they]. . . take. Such is the program I would adhere to if I were a major artist.
—Anton Chekhov, *Letter to his publisher*.

You are right to demand that an artist should take a conscious [social] attitude to his work, but you are confusing two concepts: answering [social] questions and formulating them correctly. Only the latter is required of an artist. There's not a single question answered in [the novels] Anna Karenina or Eugene Onegin, but they are fully satisfying, simply because all the questions they raise are formulated correctly. It is the duty of the court to formulate the questions correctly, but let the jury answer them, each according to his own preference.
—Anton Chekhov

For chemists there is nothing unclean on the earth. The writer must be as objective as the chemist.
—Anton Chekhov

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IN THIS IS THE END OF SLEEPING ??
by Larry Stark 30 October, 2004

Unfortunately, in order to see the M.I.T. production called "In This Is The End of Sleeping" you'll have to go much farther —to The Connelly Theatre, 220 East 4th Street, NY, where it will have performances as part of a CHEKHOV NOW FESTIVAL.

It, too, could be well worth the trip. Why?

Well, because this group, under the direction of Jay Scheib, is a literal theatrical explosion in action. Sheib made an adaptation of Chekhov's early play — as the program notes "often called "Platonov" — and then

asked an eleven-member cast to "physicalize" their characters, pushing exaggerations to the expressive extreme. The result ain't yer father's Anton Chekhov, that's fer sure! What a bleachers-full of audience was confronted with, in the Sala de Puerto Rico, was a square box-set upstage, and a sofa pressed to what would be the line of footlights downstage, turned with its back to the spectators. To the right the audience could see two high-definition t-v projections, one solidly square above the other, that carried live feed from two hand-held cameras manipulated by black-clad stagehands — one of which also had a focused microphone broadcasting dialogue. The screens often took the audience into that cramped box set, and showed close-ups of faces, or different perspectives on the action.

The matter of the show dealt with the petty affairs and interactions of a near-dozen long-time friends at a somewhat drunken house-party. Frustrated love and lust and jealousy, desire and contempt broke out continually in the hothouse of a set of friendships rasping against one another for far too long. One of the men expressed himself by throwing himself headlong into that couch as though he were Greg Luganis practicing swan-dives. Another carried an uzi and dressed like a terrorist. A pair exhibited their frustrated attempts at love by throwing themselves face-forward onto their chests again and again. Costumes were changed, even doffed, and from time to time individuals broke into exaggerated dances. At one point everyone showed the effect of the vodka they drank by geysering it up into the air — or into each other's faces.

I know it sounds like a circus — with two televised side-shows — and I couldn't give you a clue as to the plot of Chekhov's original script.

So what?

I envy the Chekhov-groupies who, this week-end in The Apple, will get a change to experience this spectacle, this ... explosion!

