An Expedition to the Pole

A Story with Music for singers, dancers and Chamber Ensemble (Flute, Violoncello, Percussion and Piano)

Annie Dillard

Stage adaptation and music by Gwyneth Walker

An Expedition to the Pole

Approximate duration: One hour

Expedition creates an analogy between Naval expeditions to the North and South Poles and our spiritual "expeditions." This analogy unfolds during the course of the drama as the expeditions are presented independently, and then gradually merge.

It is envisioned that the set present two distinct areas of activity – the deck of the ship (a three-masted 19th century sailing barque) and the interior of a simple church. During the unfolding drama, these two areas are transformed (during scene changes, or even within a scene) to resemble one another, so that by the end they are intertwined – perhaps in humorous ways!

There are two distinct musical groups – sea chanties (*The Ship in Distress* and *Way Haul Away*) and versions of the *Sanctus* (as presented in the Overture or the folk tune of the WILDFLOWERS). As the nautical and sacred elements merge, so do the musical themes, which are contrapuntally superimposed by the end of the drama.

All facets of the presentation work together to create the merging of elements. As the musical fragments begin to interchange, so do the movements, gestures, props and costumes. The aural and visual effects support the unfolding analogy. For example, the creaking sounds of the ship's masts become the sounds of the Priests' knees bending in prayer (Ecumenical Service Scene). The hand-tapping rhythms which the sailors add to accompany their singing of the sea chanty reappear as hymnal-tapping by the congregation while singing the *Sanctus*. And the silver forks and knives of the sailors eventually merge with the silver goblets of the church. (Spoons are used for rhythmic accompaniment.)

A parallel drama to the Polar expeditions is presented in the chanty *The Ship in Distress* – a traditional English ballad telling the story of a shipwrecked crew casting lots as to who should die. The ill-fated sailor, Robert Jackson, bravely accepts his sacrifice in much the same manner as Captain Oates on the Scott expedition who leaves his comrades saying, "I am just going outside, and may be some time."

As the sailors cast lots, SIR JOHN FRANKLIN sits on the deck of his ship playing backgammon. He rolls the dice as if guiding his expedition by chance. This bizarre game-playing is dramatized by illuminating the stage as a backgammon board, with the players (cast) moving from point to point.

The Arctic setting for this drama enables the Director and lighting crew to create some unusual effects. A blizzard or Northern Lights projected throughout the theater are among the staging possibilities for the closing scenes.

An Expedition to the Pole is a serious drama with spiritual validity. However, humor is not excluded!

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Cast of Characters

in order of appearance

2 Dancers Dressed as sailors

Solo Singer Mezzo-Soprano (light voice)

Explorer A man or woman of approximately 40 years of age

(lead role, non-singing)

Catholic Priest Baritone

The "Wildflowers" A folk group that has come to teach the

Congregation a brand new hymn!

Boy Tenor (with guitar)

Girlfriend "Wispy" Soprano (light voiced)
Man Baritone (with Tambourine)

Woman A Heavyset Alto (aged Hippie, heavy voiced)

Dancing Bear

Episcopal Priest Soprano

Sir John Franklin Tenor, Head of Chorus of Sailors

Chorus of Sailors Men's Chorus

The Congregation SATB Chorus

Instrumentation

Flute (Piccolo, Fife)

Violoncello

Piano

Percussion Rope on Pulley sounds, Mast creaking sounds, Tam-Tam,

Tambourine, Bongo, Triangle, Antique Cymbals, Spoons, Tenor Drum, Large and small Ship's Barrels, Suspended

Cymbal, various striking implements (nail, pebbles,

mallets, sticks)

An Expedition to the Pole

A story with music for singers, dancers and instrumentalists

based on the short story by Annie Dillard G. Walker, alt. Stage adaptation and music by Gwyneth Walker

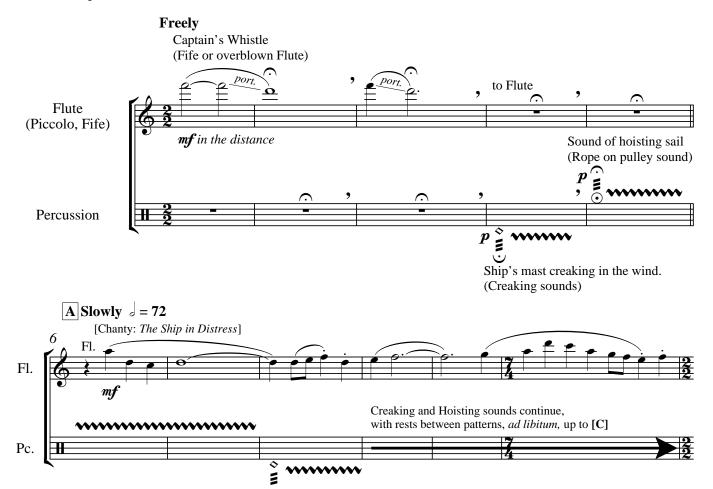
Overture

The sets – church and ship – are not illuminated. Perhaps the curtain is closed. The dance movements take place either in front of the curtain or at the sides of the stage.

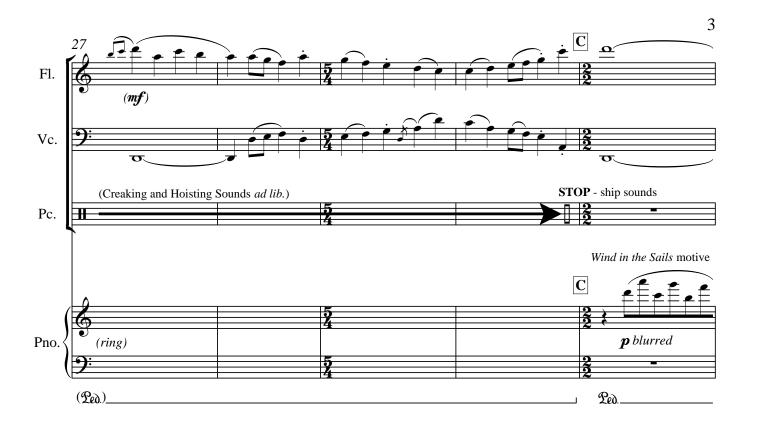
During the overture, the two musical themes for the play are introduced: the sea chanty, "The Ship in Distress," and the "Sanctus". The sea chanty is presented in a lyrical, then rhythmic, manner (Flute/Fife and Cello) while the Sanctus is sung and played in a sustained manner, with slowly moving melodic lines and chords (Solo Singers and Piano).

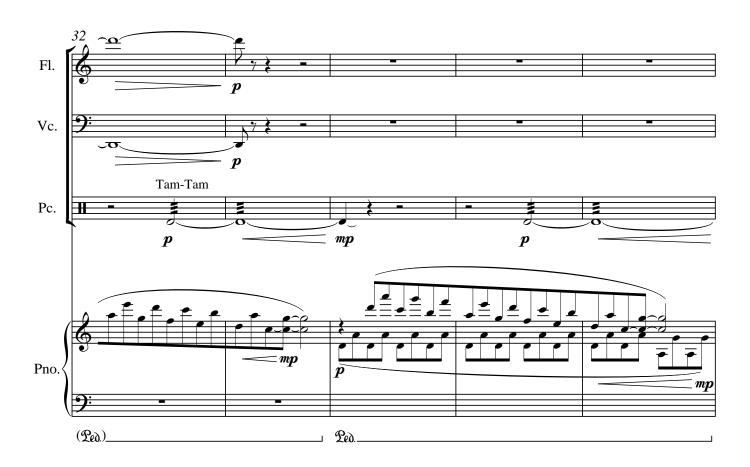
Against this musical background, two SAILORS perform a hornpipe dance to the music of the sea chanty while members of the CONGREGATION cross the stage in free form movements to the accompaniment of the *Sanctus*.

As the dance dies out, the rope-on-pulley and hoisting-sail, creaking sounds prevail. The lights are then turned up on the ship (or the curtain is opened) so that it is apparent that the sounds are coming from the hoisting of the ship's rigging, or the masts creaking in the wind.









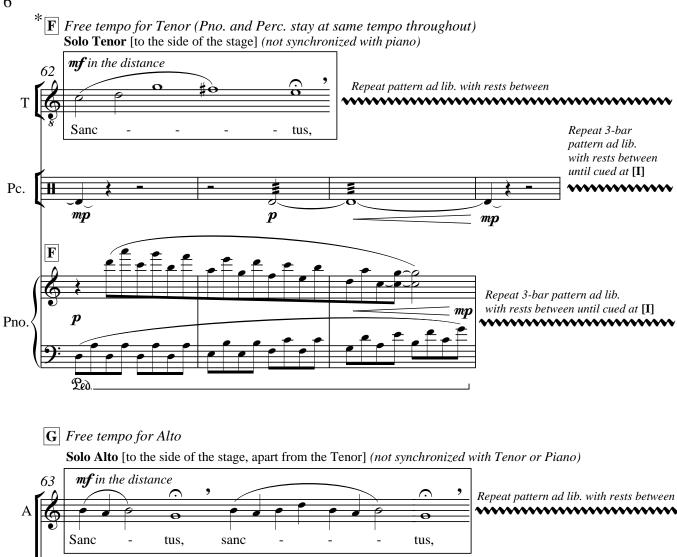


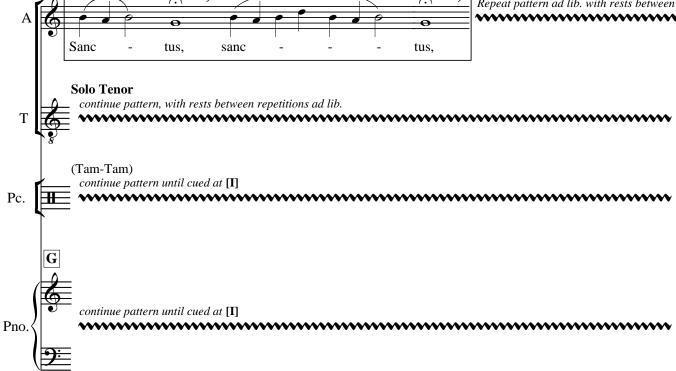




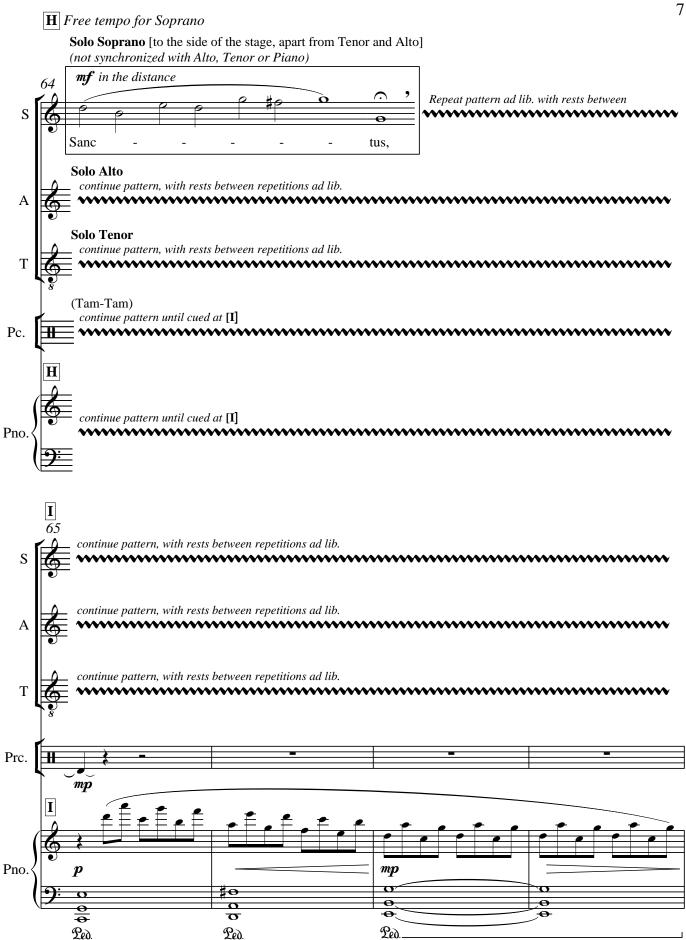
Overture

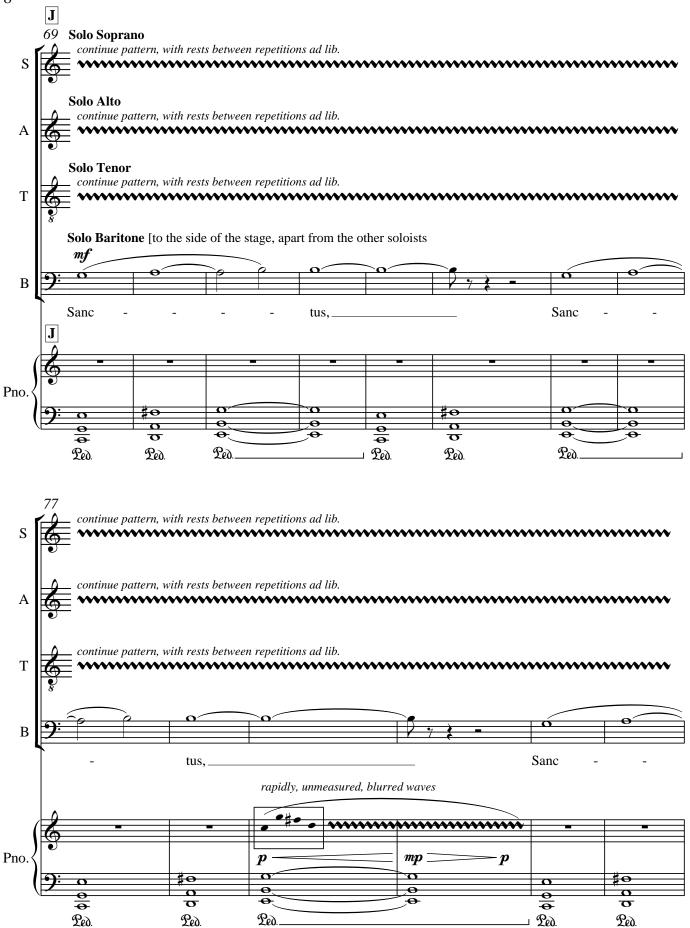




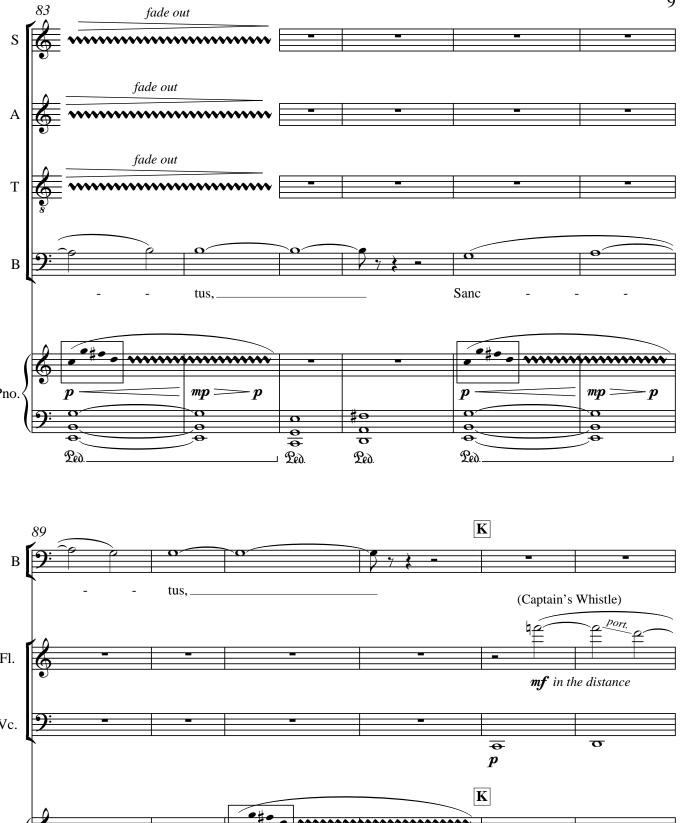


^{*}Performance note: The entries of the subsequent Soloists (from [F] to [I]) should occur sometime after the motive has been performed a second time, and before the third time, then proceed as instructed, not synchronizing with the other parts.









mp =

#0

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Led.

20.

p

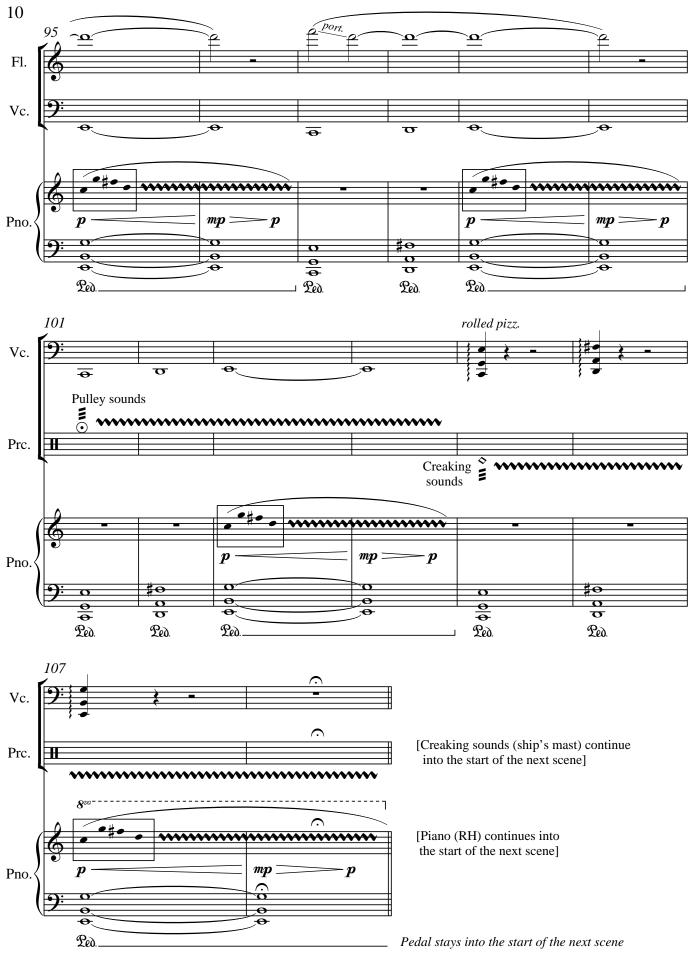
Led.

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Led.

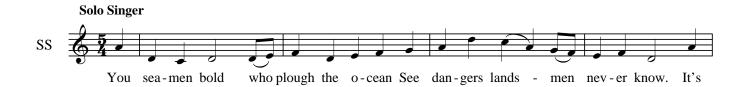
e Led.

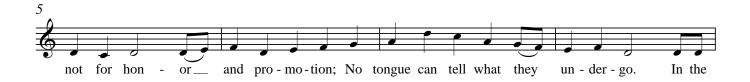


The Ship in Distress

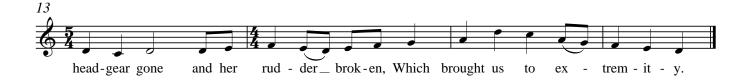
The stage is dimly lit – just enough to show the ship's deck and the rigging creaking as it is hoisted or maneuvred. The silhouette of a man (SIR JOHN FRANKLIN) sitting on the deck is barely visible.

A SOLO SINGER (woman), dressed in simple, dark clothing, appears on the ship's side of the stage-front. In a free ballad style, she sings the first verse of the chanty.









LIGHTS DIM on SOLO SINGER.

Solitude and Silence

LIGHTS UP on ship's deck where SIR JOHN FRANKLIN sits playing backgammon.

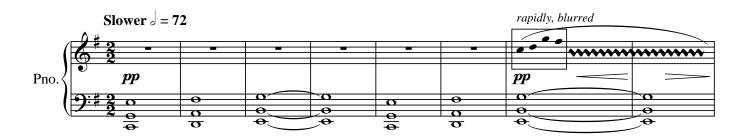
EXPLORER enters the stage from the ship side, floating in on an ice floe. She is wearing a long skirt, waterproof boots and a hiking jacket. Stepping off the floe, she walks to center/front stage and addresses the audience.

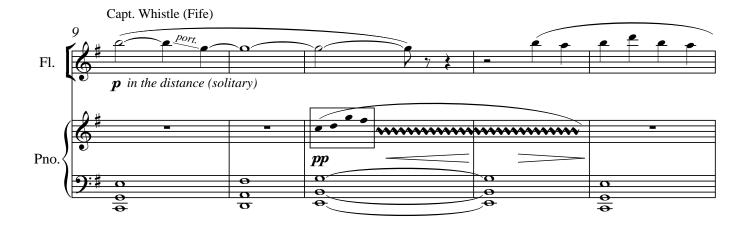
Explorer:

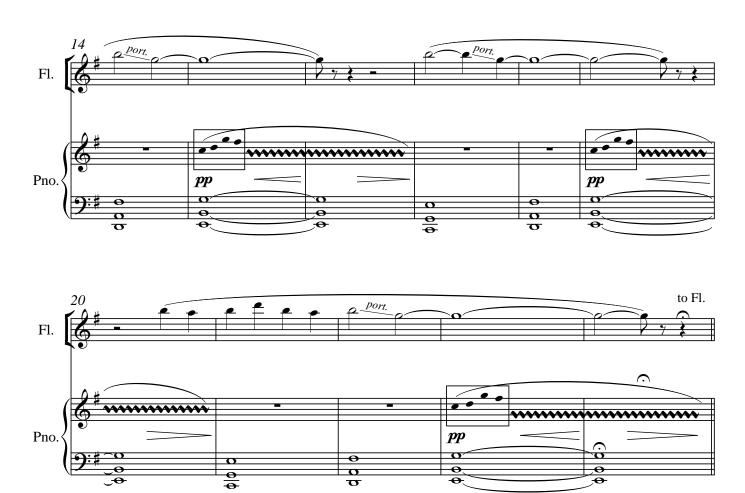
I have a taste for solitude, and silence, and for what Plotinus called "the flight of the alone to the Alone." I have a taste for solitude. Sir John Franklin had, apparently, a taste for backgammon. Is either of these appropriate to conditions?

(begin music [below], continue during rest of the monologue)

You quit your house and country, quit your ship, and quit your companions in the tent, saying, "I am just going outside and may be some time." The light on the far side of the blizzard lures you. You walk, and one day you enter the spread of heart of silence, where lands dissolve and seas become vapor and ices sublime under unknown stars. This is the end of the Via Negativa, the lightless edge where the slopes of knowledge dwindle, and love for its own sake, lacking an object, begins.







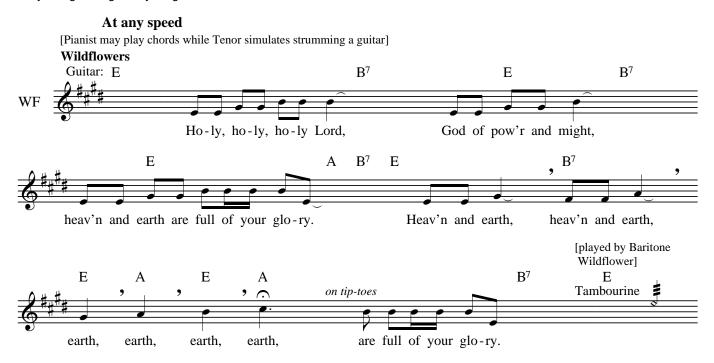
EXPLORER begins to wander away. Spotting an ice floe moving past her, she steps aboard and is carried off stage.

A Brand New Hymn!

LIGHTS UP on the interior of a church. There are several benches. The CONGREGATION, seated on the benches, faces the back of the stage. The CATHOLIC PRIEST stands at the back of the stage, facing the congregation and the audience, We hear the "creaking" sounds from Scene I. But now it is a church sound – created, perhaps, by a restless (or half-dozing) member of the congregation shifting in his or her seat... or a window shutter flapping in the breeze.

EXPLORER "floats" in and takes her seat on a bench near the audience. She faces the audience rather than the priest.

A young "hippyish" fellow strides in with his guitar. With him are the other members of his folk group, the WILDFLOWERS. They being to sing a very rough folk rendition of Sanctus.



The CONGREGATION gamely attempts to sing along (some lag behind the others).

As the singing fades into a bit of a mess, EXPLORER says to the audience:

Explorer:

Why am I here Who gave these nice Catholics guitars? Why are they not mumbling in Latin and performing superstitious rituals? What is the Pope thinking of?

But nobody said things were going to be easy. A taste for the sublime is a greed like any other, after all: why begrudge the churches their secularism now, when from the general table is rising a general song?

Besides, these people – all these people in all the ludicrous churches – have access to the land.

EXPLORER gets up and rows across the stage (or poles herself on an ice flow) – from the church into the middle of the stage, between church and boat.

The Pole

EXPLORER is in the middle of the stage. She carries her walking stick, which doubles as an oar... a pointer... a conductor's baton... an acolyte's candle-extinguisher... an umbrella?

She addresses the audience:

Explorer:

The Pole of Relative Inaccessibility is "that imaginary point on the Arctic Ocean farthest from land in any direction." It is a navigator's paper point contrived to console Arctic explorers who, after Peary and Henson reached the North Pole in 1909, had nowhere special to go. There is a Pole of Relative Inaccesibility on the Antarctic continent, also: it is that point of land farthest from salt water in any direction.

The Absolute is the Pole of Relative Inaccessibility located in metaphysics. After all, one of the few things we know about the Absolute is that it is relatively inaccessible. It is that point of spirit farthest from every accessible point of spirit in all directions. Like the others, it is a Pole of the Most Trouble. It is also – the pole of great price.

Begin Dancing Bear Ballet music (next page) as Dancing Bear appears.

A DANCING BEAR pops up behind EXPLORER, shaking his tambourine with glee. He twirls the EXPLORER once or twice, and then continues alone dancing around the stage.

Meanwhile, EXPLORER moves to the church side of the stage to observe the activity.

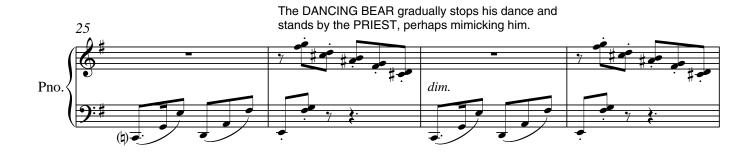
Dancing Bear Ballet

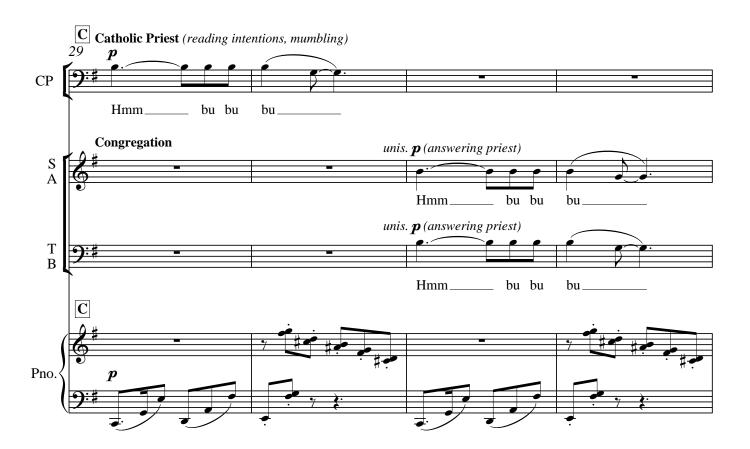
During this scene, the DANCING BEAR bounces and twirls through the church, "assisting" the priest, lighting advent calenders and dropping a slip of paper into the "intentions" box. Later the PRIEST and CONGREGATION become dancing bears themselves!

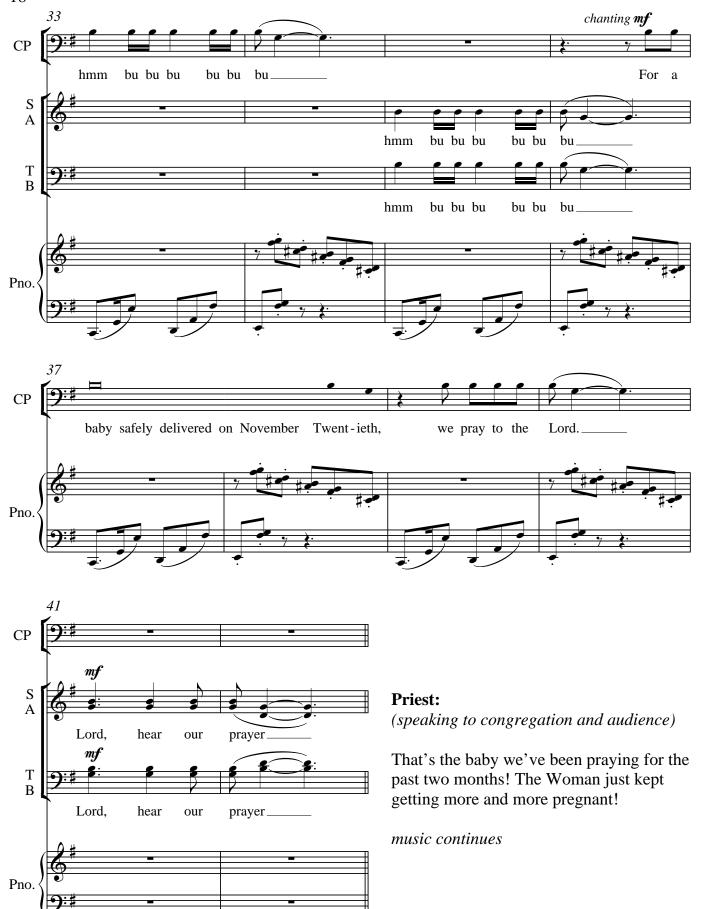




[The BEAR likes the key of F#!]









(Explorer)

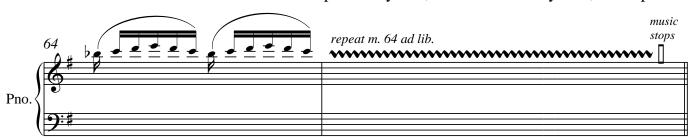
that God is so mighty he can stifle his own laughter. Week after week we witness the same miracle:



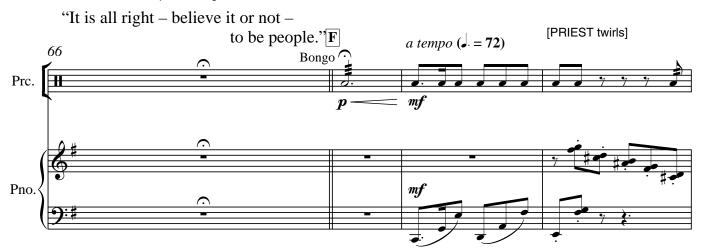
that God, for reasons unfathomable, refrains from blowing our dancing bear act to smithereens.



Week after week Christ washes the disciples' dirty feet, handles their very toes, and repeats:



DANCING BEAR stops dancing and stands behind the altar.



Explorer:







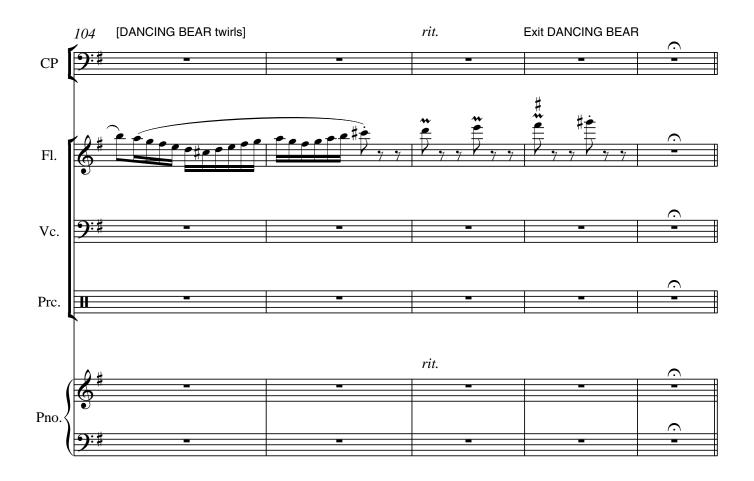


Dancing Bear Ballet / Intentions



Dancing Bear Ballet / Intentions





Polar Expeditions

EXPLORER steps forward to read the following passage, with music based on the sea chanty played in the background. The sea chanty becomes more prominent until the SOLO SINGER steps forward to sing the second verse of the song.

EXPLORER hops from floe to floe during the reading.

(begin music at bottom of page as monologue begins, note specific timing cues in the music)

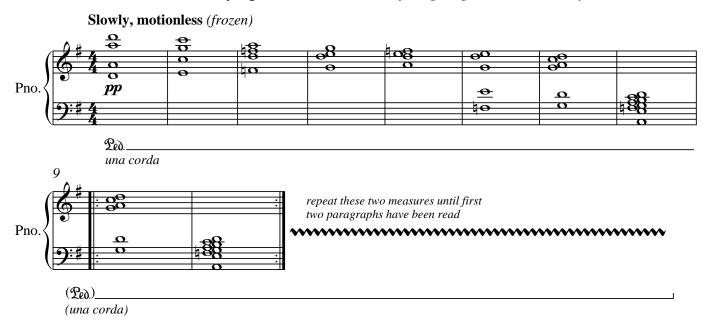
Explorer:

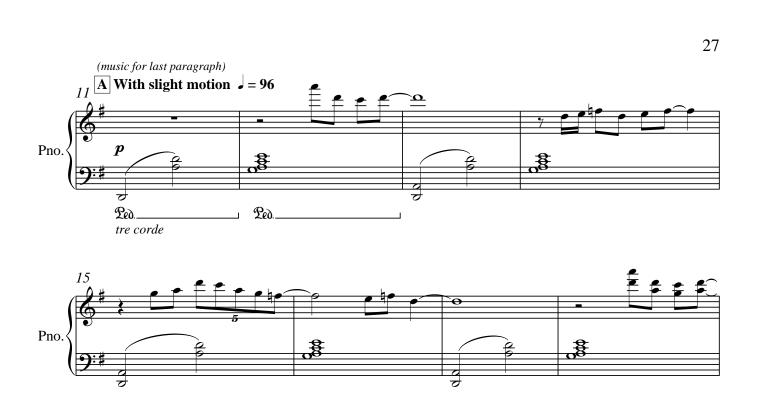
Nineteenth-century explorers set the pattern for polar expeditions. Elaborately provisioned ships set out for high latitudes. Soon they encounter the pack ice and equinoctial storms. Ice coats the deck, spars, and rigging; the masts and hull shudder; the sea freezes around the rudder, and then fastens on the ship. Early sailors try ramming, sawing, or blasting the ice ahead of the ship before they give up and settle in for the winter. In the nineteenth century, this being "beset" in the pack often killed polar crews; later explorers expected it and learned, finally, to put it to use. Sometimes officers and men move directly onto the pack ice for safety; they drive tent stakes into the ice and pile wooden boxes about for tables and chairs.

Sooner or later, the survivors of that winter or the next, or a select polar party, sets off over the pack ice on foot. Depending on circumstances, they are looking either for a Pole or, more likely, for help.

continue to music at [A] continue reading without pause

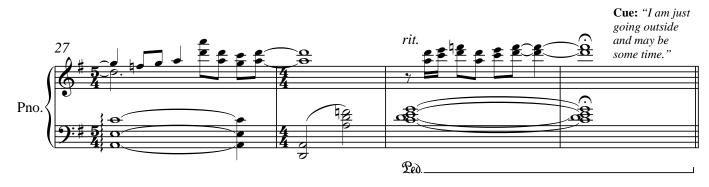
Polar explorers were chosen, as astronauts are today, from the clamoring, competitive ranks of the sturdy, skilled, and sane. Many of the British leaders, in particular, were men of astonishing personal dignity. Reading their accounts of life *in extremis*, one is struck by their unending formality toward each other. When Scott's Captain Oates sacrificed himself on the Antarctic peninsula because his ruined feet were slowing the march, he stepped outside the tent one night to freeze himself in a blizzard, saying to the others, "I am just going outside and may be some time."









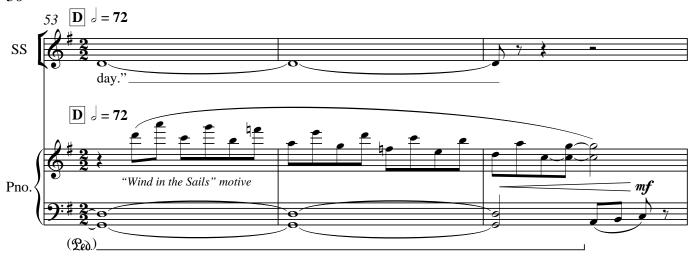


SAILORS on deck of the ship are casting dice on a barrel. Several of them tap a rhythm pm their legs.







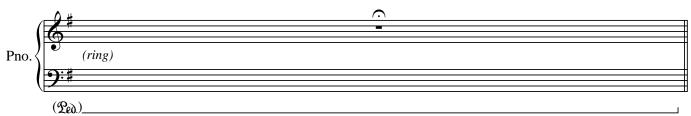






EXPLORER comes to stage front and says:

Explorer: "I am just going outside and may be some time." (release pedal)



EXPLORER walks towards the side of the stage, steps onto an ice floe, and "floats" off.

Musical Interlude: Hornpipe

(with optional dance by Sailors)



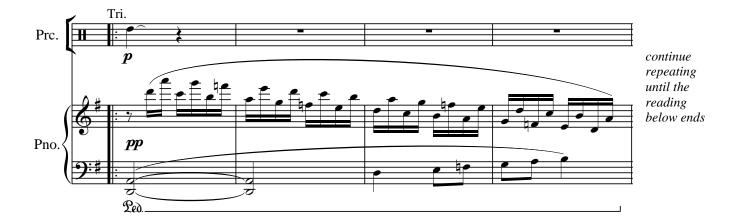
Musical Interlude: Hornpipe



Passing the Peace

LIGHTS UP on the church filled with the CONGREGATION (seated) and PRIEST(s) (standing) – motionless. At each strike of the triangle, the CONGREGATION shifts in their seats, alternately facing one another and facing straight ahead. Their movements are ritualistic.

EXPLORER walks through the church, reading the following passage while the four measures below are repeated:



Explorer:

The new Episcopalian and Catholic liturgies include a segment called "passing the peace." Many things can go wrong here. I know of one congregation in New York which fired its priest because he inststed on their passing the peace – which involves nothing more than shaking hands with your neighbors in the pew. The men and women of this small congregation had limits to their endurance; passing the peace was beyond their limits. They could not endure shaking hands with people to whom they bore lifelong grudges. They fired the priest and found a new one sympathetic to their needs.

end music

As she finishes the reading, EXPLORER selects a silver goblet, or some other ornate object from the church, which she takes with her as she leaves the church and walks over to the "ship" side of the stage, perhaps twirling en route.

The Silverware Dance

LIGHTS UP on the ship's deck where SIR JOHN FRANKLIN sits playing backgammon. Beside him is his silver place-setting. He is wearing a greatcoat.

The stage has been transformed (perhaps through lighting) into a backgammon board, with "points" protruding from both sides. Positioned on the "points" in front of the ship are several SAILORS dressed in greatcoats and silk neckerchiefs. Each SAILOR holds up before him a silver knife-fork pair, crossed.

Explorer: reads:

The Franklin expedition was the turning point in Arctic exploration. The expedition itself accomplished nothing, and all its members died. But the expedition's failure to return, and the mystery of its whereabouts, attracted so much publicity in Europe and the United States that thirty ships set out looking for traces of the ships and men; these search parties explored and mapped the Arctic for the first time, found the Northwest Passage which Franklin had sought, and developed a technology adapted to Arctic conditions, a technology capable of bringing explorers back alive. The technology of the Frankling expedition, by contrast, was adapted only to conditions in the Royal Navy officers' clubs in England. The Franklin expedition stood on its dignity.

Continue reading without pause as SAILORS tap knives and forks (improvised rhythms) and begin a slow dance, moving from one point to another. This dance continues, with tappings as rhythmic punctuation, through the remainder of the reading.

In 1845, Sir John Franklin and 138 officers and men embarked from England to find the Northwest Passage across the high Canadian Arctic to the Pacific Ocean. They sailed in two three-masted barques. Each sailing vessel carried an auxiliary steam engine and a twelve-day supply of coal for the entire projected two or three years' voyage. Instead of additional coal, according to L. P. Kirwan, each ship made room for a 1,200 volume library, "a hand-organ, playing fifty tunes," china place-settings for officers and men, cut-glass wine goblets, and sterling silver flatware. The officers' sterling silver knives, forks, and spoons were particularly interesting. The silver was of ornate Victorian design, very heavy at the handles and richly patterned. Engraved on the handles were the individual officers' initials and family crests. The expedition carried no special clothing for the Arctic, only the uniforms of Her Majesty's Navy.

The ships set out amid enormous glory and fanfare. Franklin uttered his utterance, "The highest object of my desire is faithfully to perform my duty." Two months later a British whaling captain met the two barques in Lancaster Sound: he reported back to England on the high spirits of officers and men. He was the last European to see any of them alive.

For twenty years, search parties redcovered skeletons from all over the frozen sea. Franklin himself – it was learned after twelve years – had died aboard ship. Franklin dead, the ships frozen into the pack winter after winter, their supplies exhausted, the remaining officers and men had decided to walk to help. They outfitted themselves from ships' stores for the journey; their bodies were found with those supplies they had chosen to carry. Accompanying one clump of frozen bodies, for instance, which incidentally showed evidence of cannibalism, were place-settings of sterling silver flatware engraved with officers' initials and family crests. A search party found, on the ice far from the ships, a letter clip, and a piece of that very backgammon board which Lady Jane Franklin had given her husband as a parting gift.

(continue without pause on next page)

(Explorer) continuing

Another search part found two skeletons in a boat on a sledge. They had hauled the boat sixty-five miles. With the two skeletons were some chocolate, some guns, some tea, and a great deal of table silver. Many miles south of these two was another skeleton, alone. This was a frozen officer. In his pocket he had, according to Kirwan, "a paraody of a sea-shanty." The skeleton was in uniform: trousers and jacket "of fine blue cloth... edged with silk braid, with sleeves slashed and bearing five covered buttons each. Over this uniform the dead man had worn a blue greatcoat, with black silk neckerchief." That was the Franklin expedition.

Members of the CONGREGATION, holding pocket calculators, step forward to read the following sentences:

Congregation: (individual readers)

- 1. It is a matter for computation: how far can one walk carrying how much silver?
- **2.** The computer balks at the problem; there are too many unknowns.
- **3.** The computer puts its own questions: Who is this "one"?
- **4.** What degree of stamina may we calculate?
- **5.** Under what conditions does this one propose to walk, at what latitude?
- **6.** With how many companions, how much aid?

After reading, each reader steps back onto the "church" side of the backgammon board onto one of the "points." When all the readers are positioned on the "points" they begin to tap out clicking rhythmic patterns on their calculators.

Pattern 1:



Pattern 2:



These rhythms are answered by the SAILORS tapping on knives and forks while standing on their "points."

Pattern 3:



LIGHTS FADE on the stage, but remain up on the ship's deck where the DANCING BEAR enters. Wearing a greatcoat and silk neckerchief, he twirls while balancing on one hand a silver tray holding a silver goblet. Answering the rhythms of the SAILORS and CONGREGATION, he lightly taps the tray and goblet, then sets the goblet down in front of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The DANCING BEAR exits.

The tapping rhythms cease.

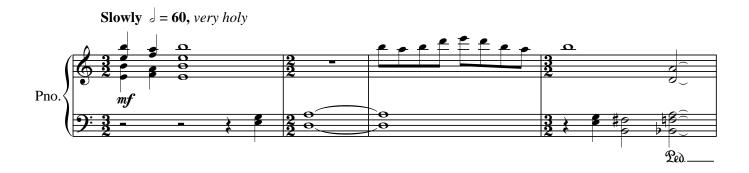
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN rolls the dice.

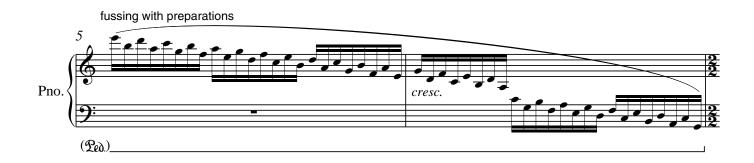
LIGHTS DOWN

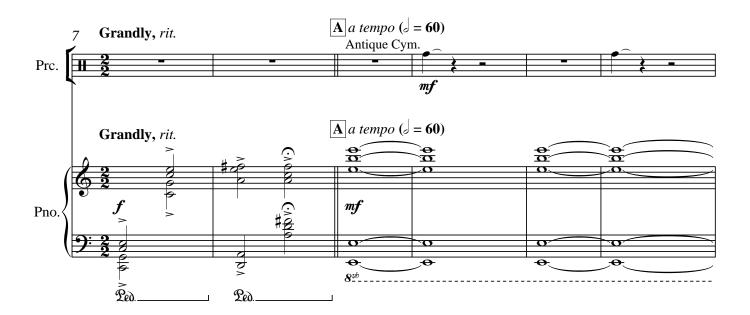
The Silverware Dance

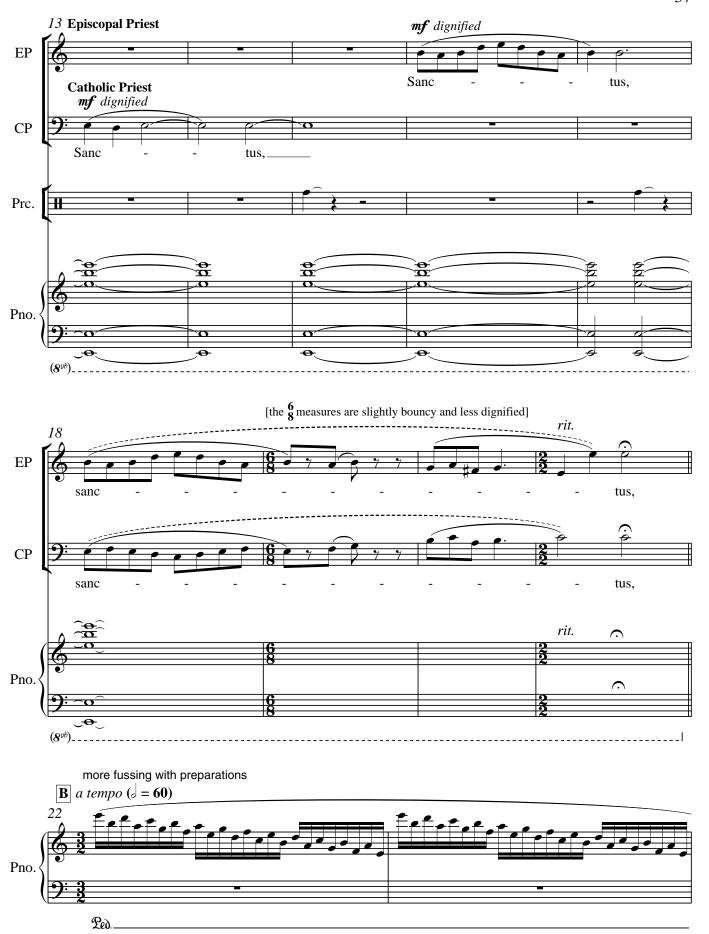
Ecumenical Service

The CATHOLIC PRIEST and EPISCOPAL PRIEST are attempting to serve communion jointly. They "bungle" with dignity and aplomb.

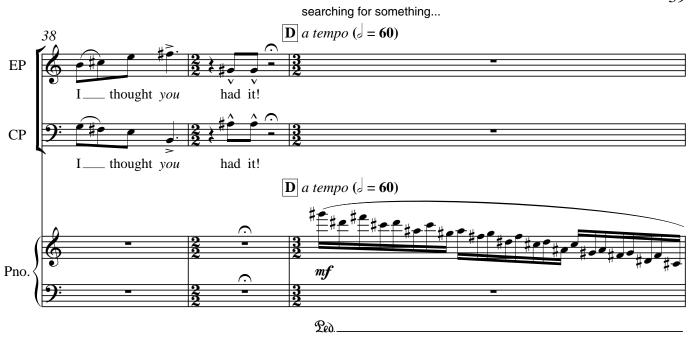


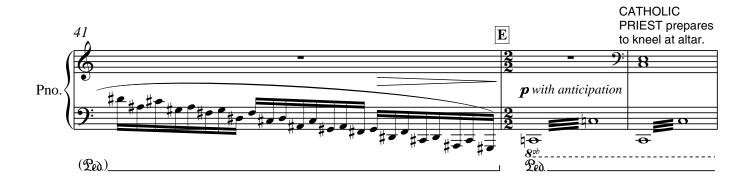


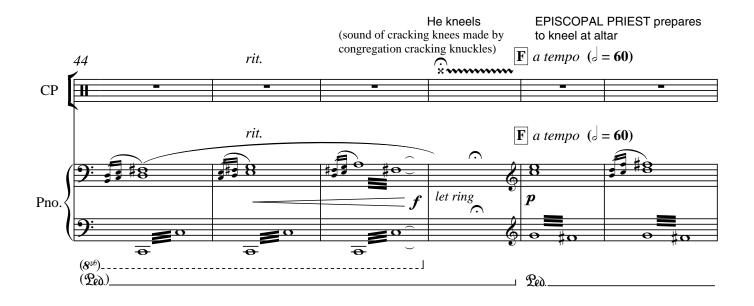


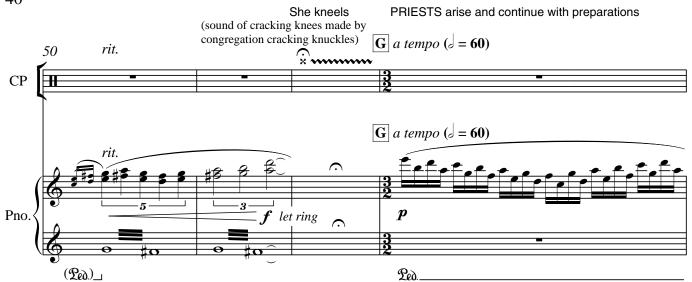




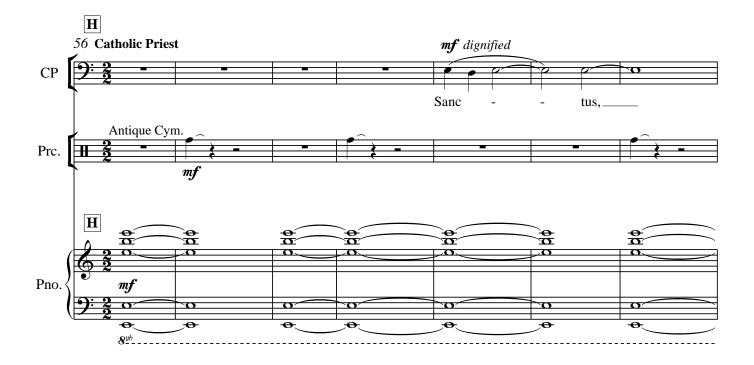














Musical Interlude

(with Two Barrels and Violoncello)

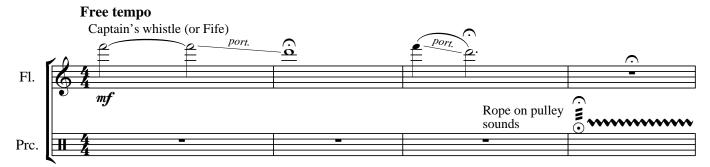


^{*} Large and Small Barrels, such as might be used to store ship's provisions.

Musical Interlude (with Barrel and Drums)

Planting the Flag

At the side of the stage stands the DANCING BEAR, holding upright a flag on a pole. He is wearing a Bowdoin College beanie and golf shoes.



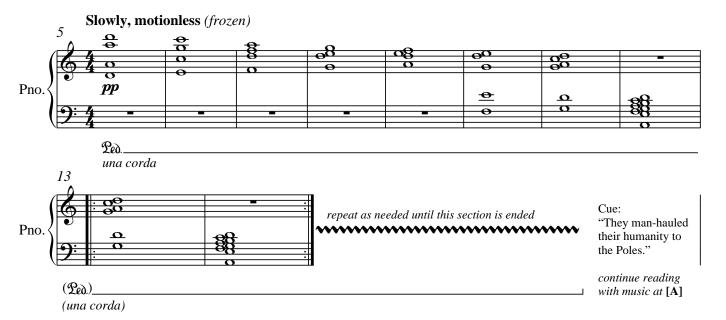
EXPLORER steps forward and reads the following passage:

Explorer: (begin music [below] and play quietly during the reading)

Polar explorers sought at the Poles something of the sublime. Simplicity and purity attracted them; they set out to perform clear tasks in uncontaminated lands. The land's austerity held them. They praised the land's spare beauty as if it were a moral or spiritual quality: "icy halls of cold sublimity," "lofty peaks perfectly covered with eternal snow." "...the eternal round of the universe and its eternal death." Everywhere polar prose evokes these absolutes, these ideas of "eternity" and "perfection," as if they were some perfectly visible part of the landscape.

They went partly in search of the sublime, and they found it the only way it can be found, here or there – around the edges, tucked into the corners of the days. For they were people – all of them, even the British – and despite the purity of their conceptions, they manhauled their humanity to the Poles.

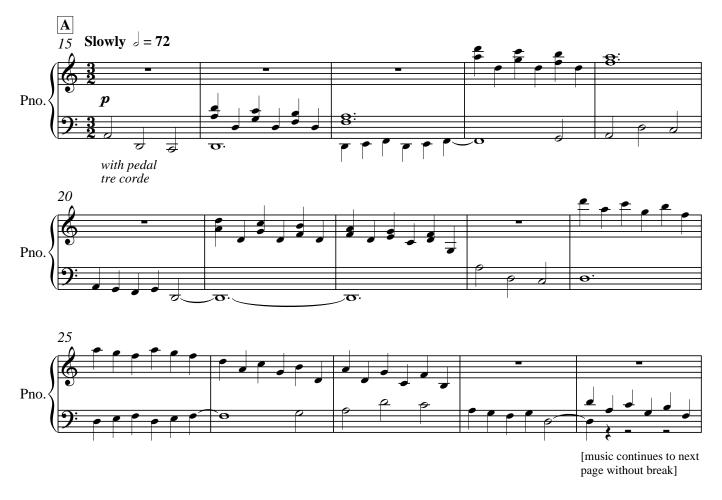
(When this section of the reading is concluded, continue reading with the music at [A])



(Explorer) continuing, begin music at [A]

They man-hauled their frail flesh to the Poles, and encountered conditions so difficult that, for instance, it commonly took members of Scott's Polar party several hours each morning to put on their boots. Day and night they did miserable, niggling, and often fatal battle with frostbitten toes, diarrhea, bleeding gums, hunger, weakness, mental confusion, and despair.

(When this section is concluded, continue reading with music at letter [B])

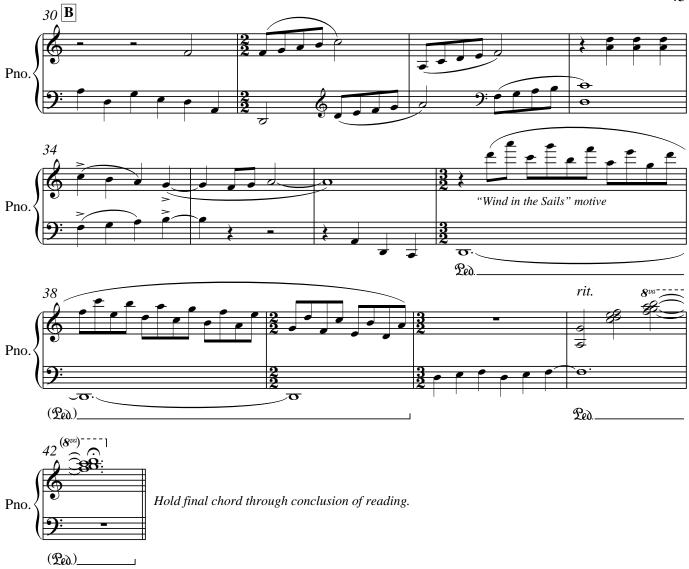


(Explorer) continuing, begin music at [B]

They man-hauled their sweet human absurdity to the Poles. When Robert E. Peary and Mathew Henson reached the North Pole in 1909, Peary planted there in the frozen ocean the flag of the Dekes: "the colours of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity at Bowdoin College, of which Peary was an alumnus."

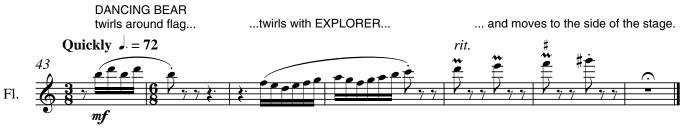
reading continues without stop over held final chord of musical accompaniment after [B]

DANCING BEAR plants the flag during this reading.



(Explorer) continuing over final chord

Polar explorers must adapt to conditions. They must adapt, on the one hand, to severe physical limitations; they must adapt, on the other hand – like the rest of us – to ordinary emotional limitations. The hard part is in finding a workable compromise. If you are Peary and have planned your every move down to the last jot and tittle, you can perhaps get away with carrying a Deke flag to the North Pole, if it will make you feel good. After eighteen years' preparation, why not feel a little good? If you are an officer with the Franklin expedition and do not know what you are doing or where you are, but think you cannot eat food except from sterling silver tableware, you cannot get away with it. Wherever we go, there seems to be only one business at hand – that of finding workable compromises between sublimity of our ideas and the absurdity of the fact of us.



Planting the Flag

What is Needed

Members of the CONGREGATION and SAILORS step forward to read the sentences below. During this reading, other members of the CONGREGATION and SAILORS perform a "Passing of the Peace" pantomime. (see page 33)

Congregation and Sailors: (various)

God does not demand that we give up our personal dignity

That we throw in our lot with random people

God needs nothing, asks nothing, and demands nothing,

Like the stars.

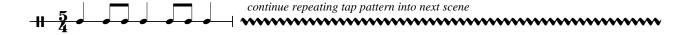
It is a life with God which demands these things.

You do not have to sit outside in the dark.

If, however, you want to look at the stars, you will find that darkness is necessary.

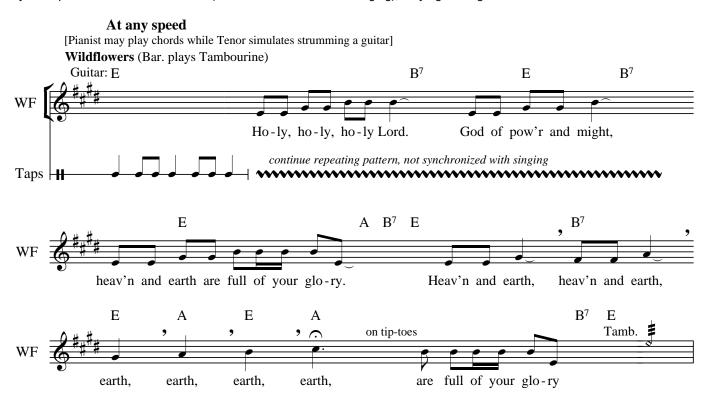
But the stars neither require or demand it.

After the reading, the CONGREGATION taps the following rhythm on their hymnals:

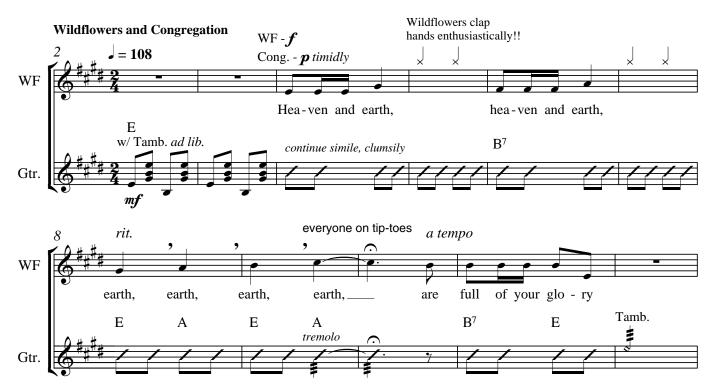


A Brand New Hymn! (again!)

The WILDFLOWERS re-enter the church in typical ragged manner. Accompanied by the guitar played by their leader, and by the taps of the CONGREGATION (not coordinated with their singing), they again sing a free rendition of the Sanctus.



The guitarist now switches to a regular and rhythmic accompaniment, played clumsily. As the WILDFLOWERS become more animated, they encourage the CONGREGATION to join in the singing.



The CHURCH ORGANIST (perhaps seated at an upright piano) is infected by the Sanctus tune. Accompanied by Flute and Cello, the ORGANIST plays:



Through repetition of this music, this scene is extended into a pseudo-square dance, with the CONGREGATION and SAILORS mingling, exchanging goblets and silverware, handing them back, and then returning to the church and ship respectively.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN and the DANCING BEAR dance with the PRIESTS.

EXPLORER remains at the side of the stage, observing the dance but not wishing to participate.

As the frenzy subsides, EXPLORER steps forward and reads:

Explorer:

Must I join this song? May I keep only my silver? My backgammon board, I agree is a frivolity. I relinquish it. I will leave it right here on the ice. But my silver? My family crest? One knife, one fork, one spoon, to carry beneath the glance of heaven and back? I have lugged it around for years:

We are singing the Sanctus, it seems, and they are passing the plate. I would rather undergo the famous dark night of the soul than encounter in church the dread hootenanny –

They are passing the plate and I toss in my schooling; I toss in my rank in the Royal Navy, my erroneous and incomplete charts, my pious refusal to eat sled dogs, my watch, my keys, and my shoes. I was looking for bigger game, not little moral lessons; but who can argue with conditions?

An offering is being taken by Deacons on ice floes. EXPLORER tosses in various belongings... and finally places herself on a passing floe and exits.

Way, Haul Away

This scene is a three-dimensional ballet and song. In the background are the SAILORS and CONGREGATION, singing the sea ballad *Haul Away*, *Joe* (SAILORS) and *Sanctus* (CONGREGATION).

In the center of the stage, moving to stage front and then retreating, are several dancers dressed as Sailors or members of the Congregation, although the costumes bear cross-over resemblances to one another. Members of the SAILORS and CONGREGATION may join in the dancing, if so desired.

An ice floe occasionally passes (is drawn) across the front of the stage. The flow will carry alternately, in various ludicrous costumes reflecting the previous scenes: The Dancing Bear, Ecumenical Priests, and Explorer.

As the scene progresses (pp. 50 - 68), the CONGREGATION, while singing *Sanctus*, leave the church. Carrying hymnals, kneeling cushions and other sacred manifestations, the CONGREGATION wanders toward the ship. Meanwhile, SAILORS, while singing *Way*, *Haul Away* and carrying silverware, oars and life preservers, wander toward the church.

By the end of the scene, both the ship and the church are inhabited by a mixture of SAILORS and CONGREGATION.

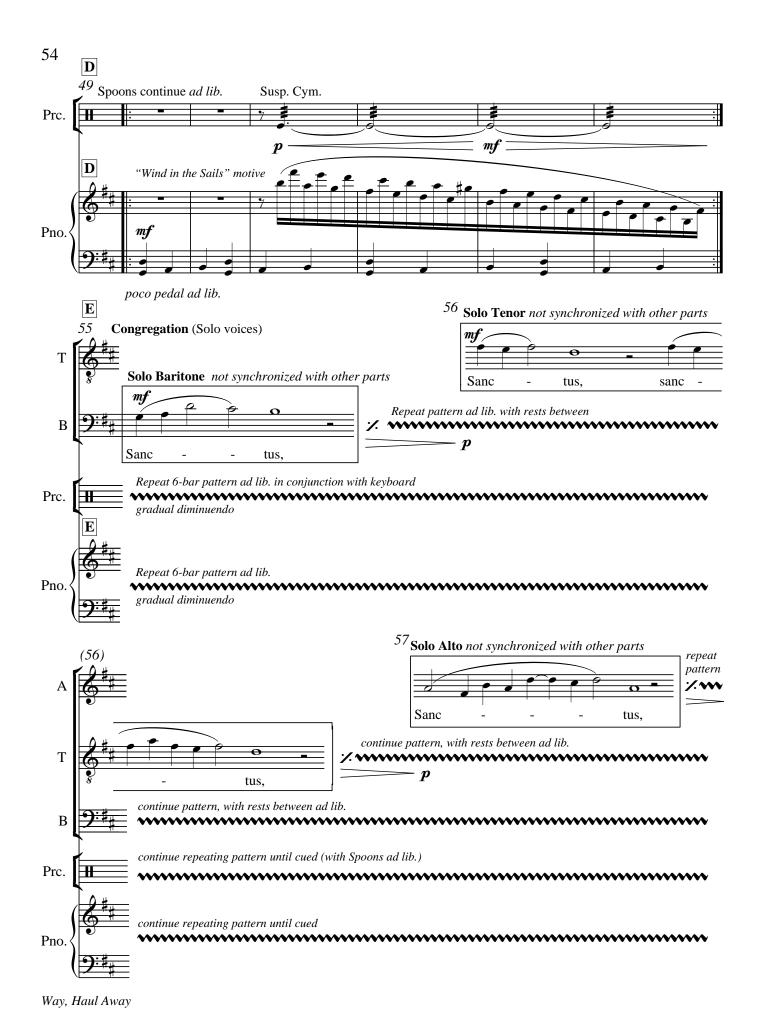


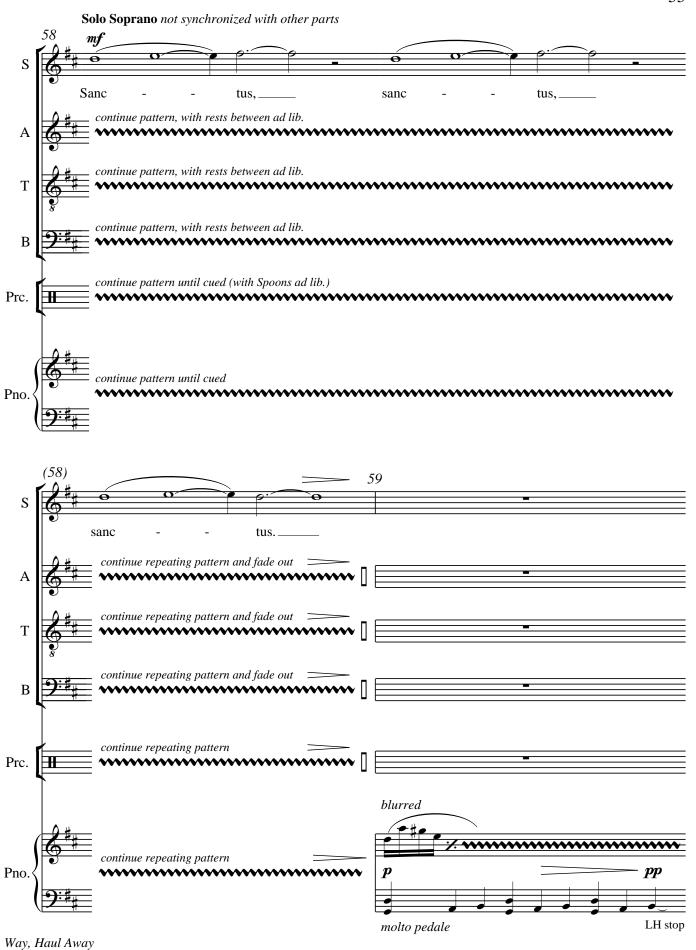


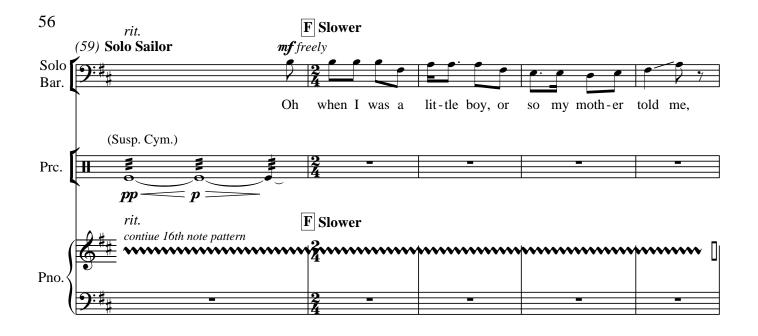
*Sailors pulling rope is accompanied by a "slapping" sound, perhaps made by a slapstick.

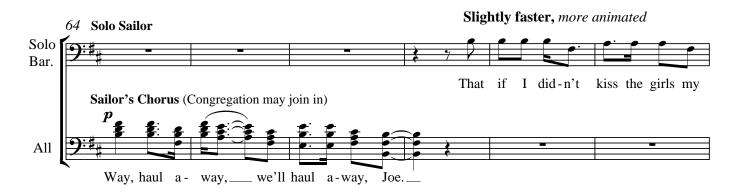


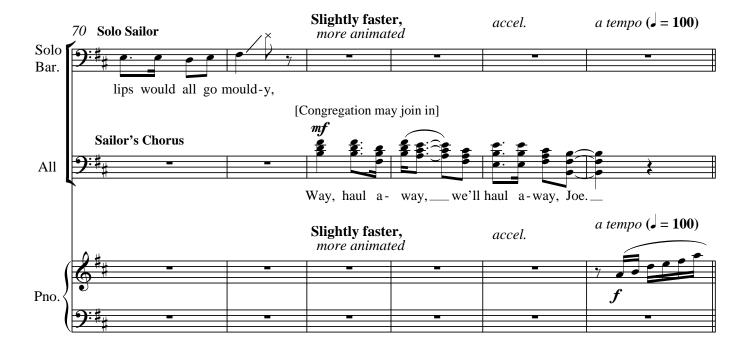
















While continuing to sing *Way, Haul Away,* the SAILORS wander toward the church, carrying silverware, oars and life preservers. The SAILOR'S CHORUS and instrumental ensemble diminuendo into a quiet background accompaniment (demonstrated by the smaller note size.).

Meanwhile, the CONGREGATION begins to sing the *Sanctus*. As each voice part enters, they leave the church and wander toward the ship.









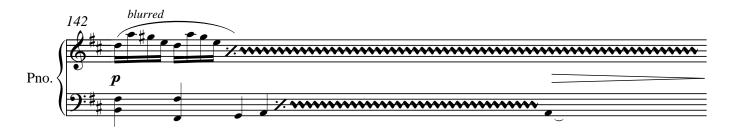


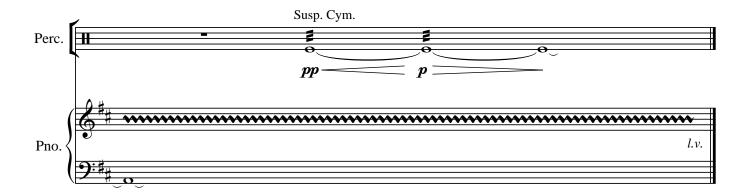












Explorer: reads

Months have passed; years have passed. Whatever ground gained has slipped away.

New obstacles arise, and faintness of heart, and dread.

Tourists

Several members of the CONGREGATION are now "tourists" on the deck of the ship. They wander about, mingling with the SAILORS, examining the ship and exchanging clothing with the crew.

EXPLORER moves to the ship side of the stage. While donning a crash helmet and life preserver, she reads:

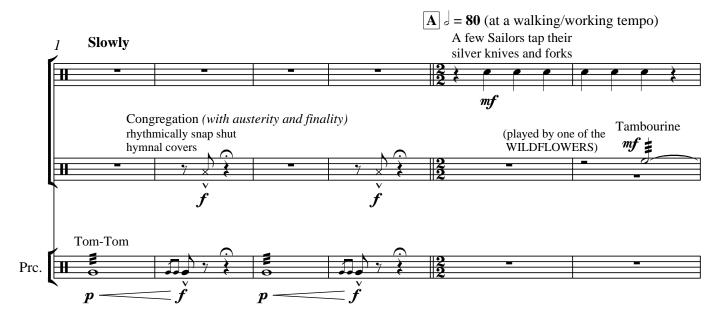
Explorer:

Why do we people in churches seem like cheerful, brainless tourists on a packaged tour of the Absolute? The tourists are having coffee and doughnuts on Deck C. Presumably someone is minding the ship, corecting the course, avoiding icebergs and shoals, fueling the engines, watching the radar screen, noting weather reports radioed in from shore. No one would dream of asking the tourists to do these things. Alas, among the tourists on Deck C, drinking coffee and eating doughnuts, we find the captain, and all the ship's officers, and all the ship's crew. The officers chat; they swear; they wink a bit at slightly raw jokes, just like regular people. The crew members have funny accents. The wind seems to be picking up.

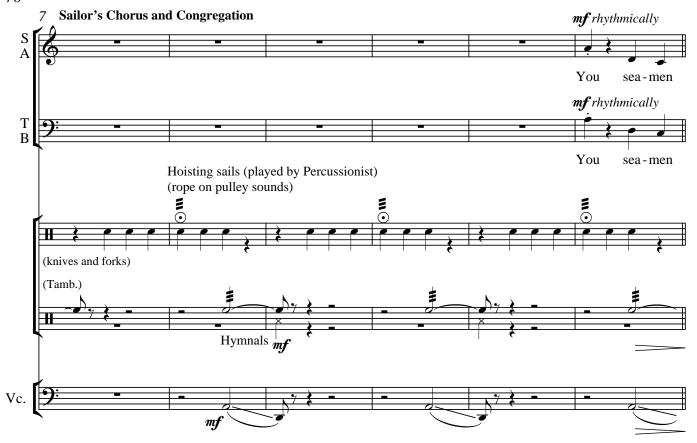
EXPLORER steps on an ice floe and moves to the church side of the stage which is occupied by various SAILORS, "tourists" among the CONGREGATION.

On the whole, I do not find Christians, outside of the catacombs, sufficiently sensible of conditions. Does anyone have the foggiest idea what sort of power we so blithely invoke? Or, as I suspect, does no one believe a word of it? The churches are children playing on the floor with their chemistry sets, mixing up a batch of TNT to kill a Sunday morning. It is madness to wear ladies' straw hats and velvet hats to church; we should all be wearing crash helmets. Ushers should issue life preservers and signal flares; they should lash us to our pews. For the sleeping god may wake someday and take offense, or the waking god may draw us out to where we can never return.

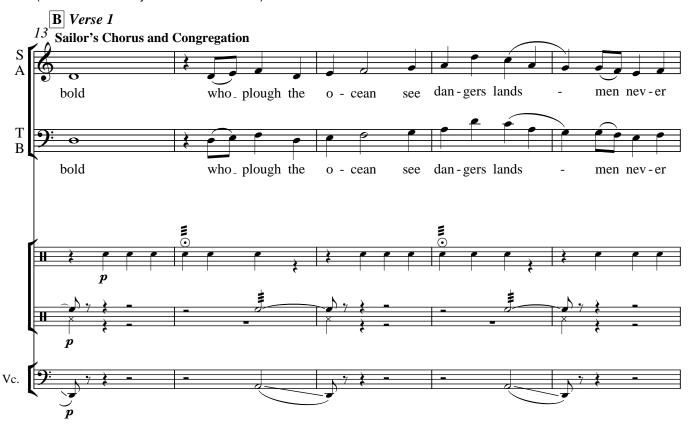
EXPLORER moves to the edge of the stage – out of the light. Meanwhile, members of the CONGREGATION are sitting in their pews holding hymnals.



Tourists / The Ship in Distress (verses 1, 2, and 3)

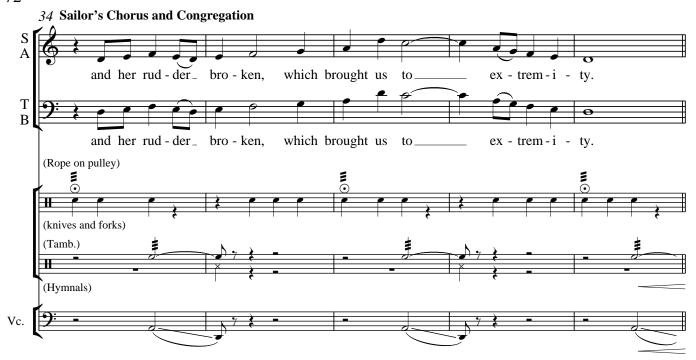


As the chorus enters, the Percussion and Violoncello diminuendo into a quiet, background accompaniment (as demonstrated by the smaller note size).



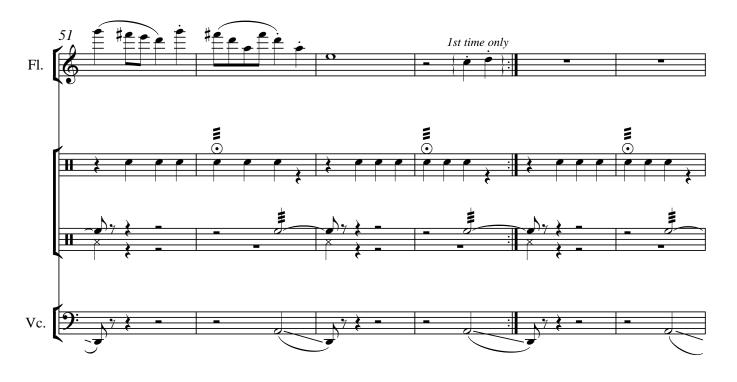
Tourists / The Ship in Distress (verses 1, 2, and 3)

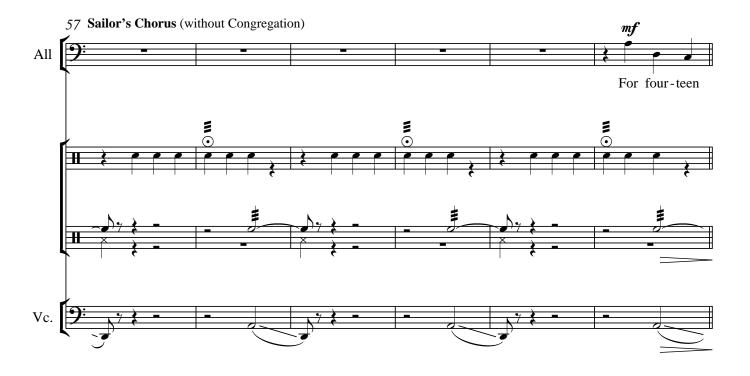




The stage is lit as a backgammon board. Several SAILORS and members of the CONGREGATION are positioned on the "points." They move/dance forward, as in the opening greeting of a square dance, and exchange useless items such as those described in the previous reading: silverware, velvet hats, a hand organ, guitar, goblets, tambourine, hymnals, etc. This dance continues through sections [C] and [D] and stops by [E] (second verse).









Tourists / The Ship in Distress (verses 1, 2, and 3)



Tourists / The Ship in Distress (verses 1, 2, and 3)



Tourists / The Ship in Distress (verses 1, 2, and 3)



Tourists / The Ship in Distress (verses 1, 2, and 3)





[Blizzard or Northern Lights here perhaps]

Reflection

LIGHTS DOWN on the stage. The sets are now merged.

SAILORS and CONGREGATION slowly leave the stage and being to wander through the theater.

A single light focuses on EXPLORER standing at the side of the stage. She may walk across the front of the stage as she speaks.

Explorer: reads

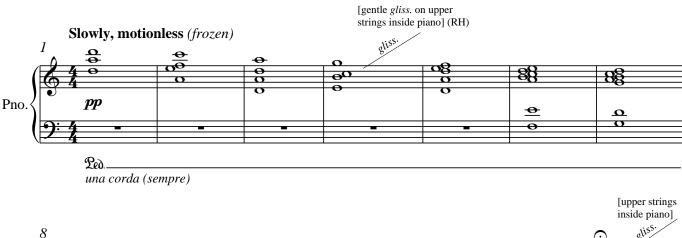
There is no recognizable three-dimensional space in the Arctic. There is also no time.

begin music at the bottom of the page and continue through the reading. Reading continues without pause.

The sun never sets, but neither does it appear. The dim round-the-clock light changes haphazardly when the lid of cloud thickens or thins. Circumstances make the eating of meals random or impossible.

I sleep when I am tired. When I wake I walk out into the colorless stripes and the revolving winds, where atmosphere mingles with distance, and where land, ice, and light blur into a dreamy, freezing vapor which, lacking anything else to do with the stuff, I breathe.

Now and then a white bird materializes out of the vapor and screams. It is a beautiful land; it is more beautiful still when the sky clears and the ice shines in the dark water.



Pno.

| Second a gliss on law strings | Second a gliss | Second

[gentle *gliss*. on low strings inside piano] (LH)

Congregation and Sailors: read (individual members from various places around the theater)

I have set out again.

The days tumble with meanings.

The corners heap up with poetry;

whole unfilled systems litter the ice.

Explorer: reads

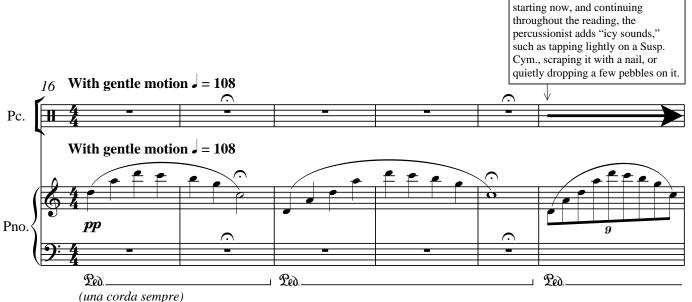
I have put on silence and waiting.

begin music at bottom of page, continue reading without pause.

I have quit my ship and set out on foot over the polar ice. I carry chronometer and sextant, tent, stove, and fuel, meat and fat. For water I melt the pack ice in hatchet-hacked chips; frozen salt water is fresh. I sleep when I can walk no longer. I walk on a compass bearing toward geographical north.

I walk in emptiness; I hear my breath. I see my hand and compass, see the ice so wide it arcs, see the planet's peak curving and its low atmosphere held fast on the dive. The years are passing here. I am walking, light as any handful of aurora; I am light as sails, a pile of colorless stripes; I cry, "heaven and earth indistinguishable!" and the current underfoot carries me and I walk.

The blizzard is like a curtain; I enter it. The blown snow heaps in my eyes. There is nothing to see or to know. I wait in the tent, myself adrift and emptied, for weeks while the storm unwinds. One day it is over, and I pick up my tent and walk. The storm has scoured the air; the clouds have lifted; the sun rolls round the sky like a fish in a round bowl, like a pebble rolled in a tub, like a swimmer, or a melody flung and repeating, repeating enormously overhead on all sides.



Reflections



Reflections





Explorer: (from the side of stage)

Far ahead is open water. I do no know what season it is, know how long I have walked into the silence like a tunnel widening before me, into the horizon's spread arms which widen like water. I walk to the pack ice edge, to the rim which calves its floes into the black and green water; I stand at the edge and look ahead. A scurf of candle ice on the water's skin as far as I can see scratches the sea and crumbles whenever a lump of ice or snow bobs or floats through it. The floes are thick in the water, some of them large as lands.

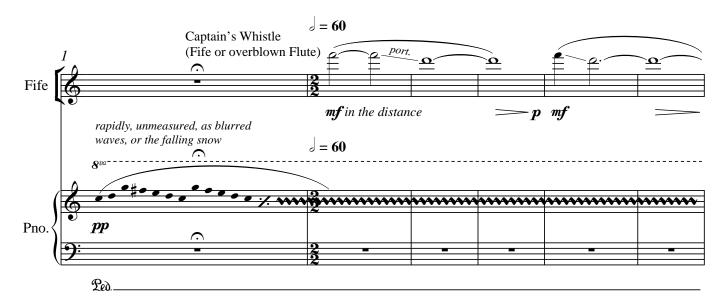
Pianist release pedal.

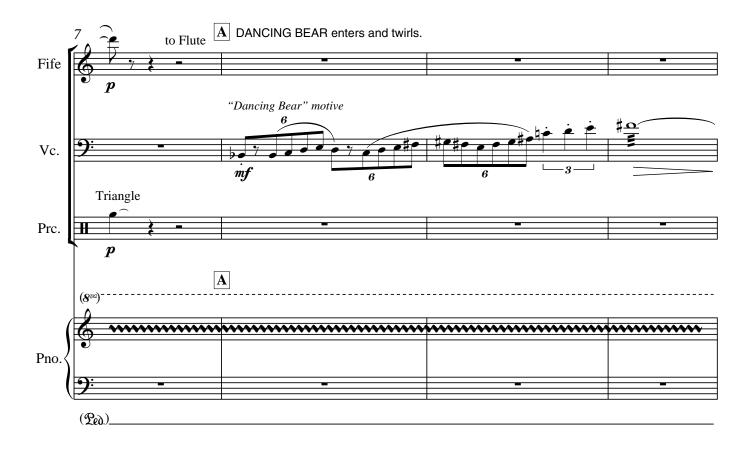
EXPLORER steps onto an ice floe which carries her onto center stage.

[This final scene brings back, and interweaves, all of the characters (and their musical motives) from earlier in the play.]

Finale: "Nearing the Pole"

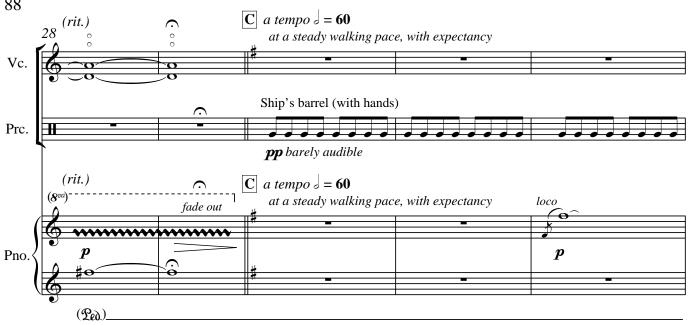
LIGHTS UP on stage with sets merged. It is beginning to snow. The cast, wandering around the theater, gradually comes onto the stage, as directed. They move randomly around the stage – later (p. 91, [G]) moving increasingly together.

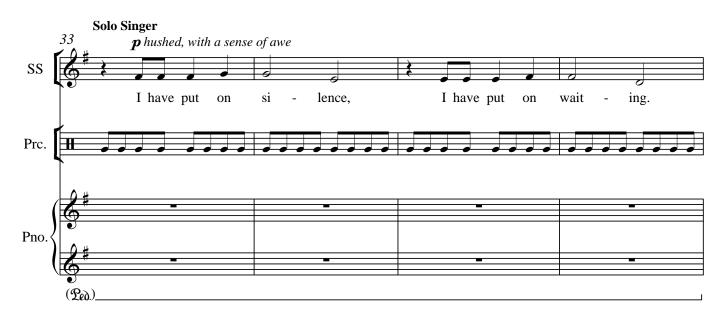


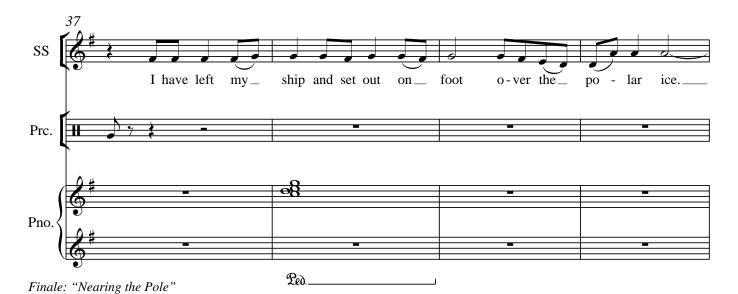
















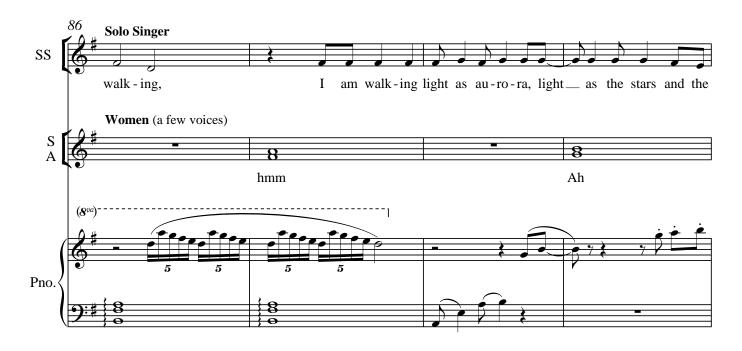


































...and take a bow.





Pno.

Everyone on tip-toes, in WILDFLOWERS style.





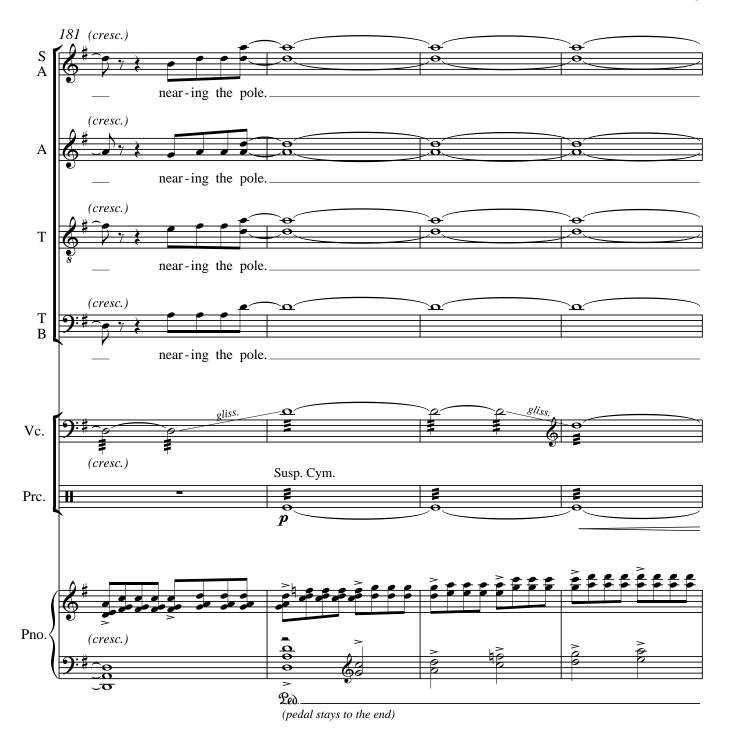
Finale: "Nearing the Pole"



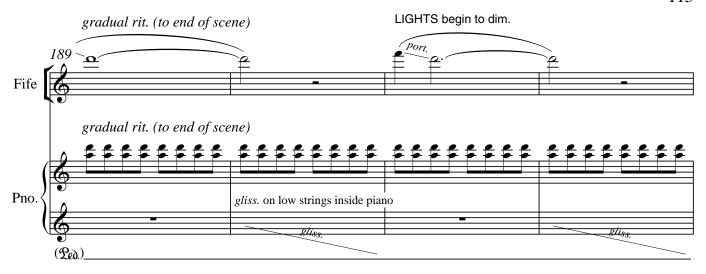
Finale: "Nearing the Pole"

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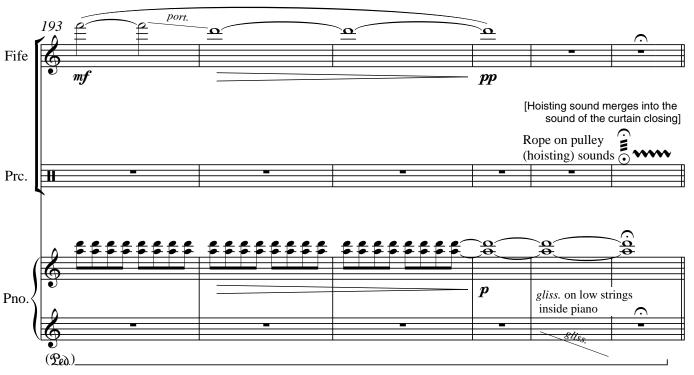








EXPLORER, followed by DANCING BEAR, walk to the side of the stage, LIGHTS OUT.



Epilogue

LIGHTS ON EXPLORER and DANCING BEAR who stand at the side of the stage jointly holding a flag on a pole.

Explorer: speaks quietly

God does not demand that we give up our personal dignity That we throw in our lot with random people The we lose ourselves and turn from all that is not him.

God needs nothing, asks nothing, and demands nothing, Like the stars.

It is a life with God which demands these things.

You do not have to sit outside in the dark. If, however, you want to look at the stars, You will find that darkness is necessary.

But the stars neither require or demand it.

EXPLORER lets go of the flagpole. DANCING BEAR twirls and exits, carrying the pole.

Explorer: continues

I am just going outside and may be some time.

EXPLORER slowly exits behind the curtain, or wanders off into the darkened theater.

Duration: 1 hour This version completed September 17, 2008 Braintree, Vermont