

Chapter 1 : The Cambridge companion to August Wilson - ECU Libraries Catalog

This article appears in the print edition of the April 16, , issue, with the headline "Been Here and Gone." John Lahr has been the senior drama critic for The New Yorker since

On 9 September we were both in front of our family television sets when Elvis appeared on The Ed Sullivan Show, a musical wallop that changed forever American life as we knew it. For both of us, the experience was visceral. More life, more love, more sex, more faith, more hope, more action, more truth, more power. The life-blessing, wall-destroying, heart-changing, mind-opening bliss of a freer, more liberated existence. It is your birthright. I was a preppy, a person Bruce would have sneered at as a Rah-Rah "a clean-cut, college-bound kid full of an optimism born of abundance, who never threw a punch in his life. I was way in. I wore khakis, white bucks, herringbone tweed jackets and ties. Their disdain masked envy at our promise; our contempt masked envy at their sex lives. All you had to do was take one look at the gum-chewing, cigarette-smoking Greaser Girls on the back of their motorcycles with bouffant hair, white lipstick, eyeshadow and dive-bomber bras: They were headed to Hell in gasoline sports coats; Hog Heaven was our promised destination. Greasers might be able to fix cars; for us, as we kind of knew from our teachers and parents, the fix was in. The preppies were on a path; the Greasers were going nowhere. We preppies, on the other hand, had everything to lose. We lived with blue balls and regret. The bars of the Jersey shore were the vaudeville circuits of his day, where youngsters learned to play both the guitar and the audience. In East Germany, he and his band played to , The words were apt. Stars, after all, have to glow and the public subliminally picks up this extra amperage. It ruined me and it made me. Grandiosity, as it usually does, signalled a cavernous emotional emptiness. And that wards off a lot of the self-doubt, the sort of unreasonable, and unproductive, questioning that comes with some of the depression. The house was haunted. Springsteen recalls making weekly visits to the grave with his sister, who had been named Virginia in honour of her dead aunt. After the accident, the grandmother had taken to her bed for two years. Springsteen was unwittingly at the centre of an Oedipal nightmare: Sitting for hours in the pitch dark of the kitchen drinking beer, smoking, lamenting his joyless life, Doug sulked for keeps. The silence between father and son was as deep as wishes. Once, at the age of ten, hearing a family fight downstairs, Springsteen attacked his father with a baseball bat. The sound was a call to action: It worked for him. Springsteen bet his life on music. He and his various early bands sucked up the rejection of audiences, record producers, promoters. This was going to be it; we had come to liberate you, confiscate you " and all the rest. She willed we would not disintegrate and we did not. She willed we would walk with respect through the streets of our town and we did. He focused on the work. For a decade before he became a superstar, Springsteen was a local hero. Along the way, he learned the limitations of his voice. How deeply you could inhabit your song. I am trying to find the piece of it which would lead to a transcendence over the circumstances I grew up in. The landscape of his songs " blue highways, amusement parks, bar-rooms, boardwalks, run-down factories, street corners, unemployment agencies, motorcycles, prison, tenements " is the territory of his own unmoored early life. His catalogue is one long epic poem of loss, a saga of desire laced with disillusion. The songs bring news of a soiled, winded America where fine rhyme or good grammar have no place, a brutal new pop geography charted by a low-rider not a high-roller. On stage, Springsteen is full of romantic swagger: In the songs, love is mostly on the move, grabbed as an antidote to angst. When skating on thin ice, Springsteen discovered, his only safety lay in speed; touring lent the momentum and adulation took the place of love. To show brilliance, he realises, you have to have shadow. After Clarence Clemons, a. You embarrass yourself and waste my precious time. At sixty, with his race won, his tours less frequent, his three children successfully raised and many close associates including his psychiatrist dead, Springsteen hit choppy internal weather, an incapacitating depression which left him virtually bedridden for a year and a half. I became a stranger in a borrowed and disagreeable body and mind. Springsteen has worked hard on himself as well as his art. Unlike almost any showbiz memoir I know, Born to Run fesses up to the spiritual struggle which bedevils most inspired performers: At the end of the ICA interview, Springsteen lingered on the stage while the press filed out. The guards lined the aisle, politely but

firmly filtering us towards the exit. A few journalists slipped under their ham hock arms and rushed back to snap a forbidden photo of the Boss and to say something, anything, to him.

Chapter 2 : John Lahr: "we loved dad, we just couldn't reach him"

He's been here and gone. The playwright August Wilson lives in a leafy, genteel part of Seattle intended by the city's founding fathers.

August Wilson was a two-time Pulitzer Prize winning playwright who lived the final 15 years of his life in the Capitol Hill neighborhood of Seattle. His play cycle of dramas covered each decade of African American life in the twentieth century. His stories are largely set in his native Pittsburgh, where he grew up in the black section of town known as The Hill. Wilson was the son of a volatile white German father and a doting African American mother. He dropped out of school at 15 and immersed himself in libraries and books. His first ambition was to be a poet but he later turned to theater as a way to tell the stories of the African American experience. There followed a series of critically acclaimed plays, the best known of which are the Pulitzer-winning *Fences* and *The Piano Lesson*. Wilson moved to Seattle in 1970, where he collaborated with the Seattle Repertory Theatre. In 1991, shortly after completing his play cycle, he succumbed to liver cancer. He was the fourth of six children. His father, a baker, was mostly absent throughout his childhood. His mother supported the family by working as a cleaning lady. She was strong-willed and competitive, and she adored her son. Wilson recalled, "She made me believe that I could do anything" Lahr. Wilson would later bring this neighborhood to life in his plays. Around 1960, his mother divorced his father and moved the family to the nearby working-class neighborhood of Hazelwood. There she married David Bedford, a black man who had once been a high school football star and had become a city sewer worker, community leader, and avid reader. Bedford, not Fritz Kittel, became an important father figure to Wilson. Much later, Wilson learned that Bedford had once spent 23 years in jail "for having killed a man during a robbery" Cambridge, 7. Wilson was a precocious child, learning to read at age four. In kindergarten, he was already entertaining his class with his stories, and by grade school he was writing poetry. He had a gift for language and a reputation for intellectual grandiosity; his nickname in school was "Napoleon" Lahr. His sister called him a "kid with a temper" and a poor loser at games Lahr. He later said that he considered life a "battle" and that he learned early that "society was lined up against you" Lahr. Defining Moment The battle was joined in earnest when he entered Central Catholic High School and was the only black student in his grade. Once, during the Pledge of Allegiance, a white student muttered the word "nigger" to Wilson. Wilson waited until the class reached the line "liberty and justice for all," and then he turned and punched the student. As a result, Wilson transferred to a vocational school, where he "bounced" an abusive teacher "off the blackboard" and left the school Lahr. He was assigned to write about a historical figure and he chose Napoleon, his favorite because "he was a self-made man" Lahr. Wilson threw himself into the assignment, researching it, writing it, and renting a typewriter and paying his sister 25 cents a page to type it. After he turned the paper in, the teacher told him he had intended to give him an A-plus but became suspicious that the paper was too good. He challenged Wilson to prove he had written it. The teacher gave him a failing grade and handed the paper back. He never went back. He was afraid to tell his mother. So every morning for the rest of the school year he walked out the door and spent the day at the local library. There, he discovered he did not need teachers. "I could wander through the stacks" Lahr. Inevitably, his mother found out. He remembered, "My mother was very disappointed. She was more than disappointed; she was furious. She had "wanted me to go to a nice Catholic college and be a lawyer" Moyers. She told her son "he was no good and would amount to nothing" Lahr. She banished him to the basement, where he resolved to "show" her. He decided to become a writer. Becoming August Wilson This hardly proved practical for a teenager, however. So, to get out of the house, Wilson joined the Army at age 17. He signed up for a three-year hitch but his Army career ended after one year. He left the Army in 1964 and drifted for a while. Then he returned to Pittsburgh where, in April 1965, he bought a used typewriter and sat down in his boarding house room and embarked on his new career as a poet and writer. Over the decade, Wilson supported himself with a variety of odd jobs -- dishwasher, cook, gardener, porter, and mailroom clerk -- yet he continued to prepare himself for his true vocation of literature. He loved Dylan Thomas, and he bought some tweedy suits, white shirts, and a pipe and took to "intoning poetry in an English accent" Lahr. Blues and

Theater Meanwhile, he had discovered the art form that would infuse so much of his later work: He later called this song an "epiphany" and a "birth, a baptism, and a redemption all rolled up into one" Lahr. He realized he was the "carrier of some very valuable antecedents" Lahr. Wilson would continue, all of his life, to sit and write in places that were full of life and conversation. A small literary journal, *Signal* soon renamed *Connection*, grew out of that. Wilson became the poetry editor. Wilson said they founded the theater as a way to "politicize the community" Feingold. Wilson directed some plays. He married Brenda Burton, a member of the Nation of Islam, in 1968, and had a daughter with her, but the marriage lasted only two years. By 1970 Wilson was finished with Black Horizons Theatre. He began concentrating on his poetry, for which he was finally gaining recognition. *Anthology of the Twentieth Century*. He began writing one-act plays. Then in a director friend, Claude Purdy, suggested that Wilson turn his poems about a character named Black Bart -- a Western satire -- into a play. Wilson did so and in 1971 he received a call from Purdy in St. Paul, Minnesota, asking Wilson to come out to St. Paul and re-write the play. He "got lonely and missed those guys and sort of created them -- I could hear the music" Lahr. For the first time, he felt that he was creating characters who were "talking black language" Brantley. Wilson was also inspired by the art of Romare Bearden, who created paintings and collages depicting black life. He later called Bearden his "artistic mentor" Lahr. Wilson joined the Playwrights Center of Minneapolis and began writing a series of plays depicting black life in America, with titles such as *Jitney!* To make ends meet he worked as a cook. During his off-hours, he hung out at a fish-and-chips restaurant and polished *Jitney!* The conference rejected it. Wilson was so convinced of its worth that he re-submitted it. The conference rejected it again. Breakthrough A resigned Wilson resumed work on his *Ma Rainey* play, about the s blues singer Ma Rainey and the musicians who surrounded her. Crucially, the play also captured the attention of Lloyd Richards, the artistic director of the conference and the head of the Yale Drama School. Richards, of Jamaican descent, enjoyed national respect and influence. Wilson later said that Richards became "my guide, my mentor, and my provocateur" Lahr. It was an immediate critical success and was mentioned in glowing terms in *The New York Times*. *New York Times* theater critic Frank Rich wrote: "Wilson articulates a legacy of unspeakable agony and rage in a spellbinding voice" Rich, Wilson, now firmly established as an important new voice in theater, rejected overtures to become a Hollywood screenwriter and instead threw himself into an ambitious theatrical project: Both plays moved on to Broadway. Upon learning that he won the Pulitzer Wilson said: "I think they are responding to the humanity of the characters, recognizing themselves on some level. Of course, it is a black family. Wilson considered it the best of his three plays thus far, although he added that he always considered his last play to be the best. What did I do? I wrote some plays. I wrote a couple of plays. He divorced his second wife and, on November 16, 1972, moved to Seattle. Wilson, in a interview for the *African American Review*, put it in his own words: "Seattle is a nice town. I had been there a couple of times, and it was as far west as I could get and as far away from New York as I could get."

Chapter 3 : John Lahr on Joe Orton: 'He'd only just found his voice when he was killed' | Stage | The Guardian

Been here and gone / John Lahr August Wilson's relationship to Black theatre: community, aesthetics, history and race / Mary L. Bogumil Music and mythology in August Wilson's plays / Kim Pereira.

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: Notes The Overture 1. Theatre Communications Group, , , Certainly, this artistic attention to the political construction of history in this period correlates with the concurrent theoretical developments in poststructuralism and postmodernism from Roland Barthes to Jacques Derrida, from Hayden White to Frederic Jameson and others that interrogate history as discourse and question how history as narrative operates in relationship to the real. But rather than rehearse those arguments here, I want to turn to the particular interconnections of art, politics, and history in African American experience. Du Bois, quoted by David W. Oxford University Press, , Harry Zohn, New York: Schocken, , Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Pennsylvania, , Winston Napier New York: NYU Press, , A Critical Reader, ed. Oxford University Press, , 56â€” Essays on the Destruction of Experience, trans. Verso, , Amritjit Singh, Joseph T. Northeastern University Press, , â€” Margaret Wilkerson New York: New American Library, , â€” You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

Chapter 4 : PRESS RELEASE UPDATE (Westfield Police Department) | Nextdoor

Though John and his sister, Jane, were offered movie contracts ("We were pretty children"), they were instructed to get an education. When Lahr was at Yale, he was attracted to news journalism.

Lahr, John Scope: The John Lahr collection consists of manuscripts, printed material, research material, correspondence, professional material, audio material, film and video, photographs, financial material, legal material, diaries and journals, notebooks, scrapbooks, and other items. Manuscripts make up the bulk of the collection. The collection has items pertaining to the following: The Life and Times of E. Also present in the collection is Kay M. Champion of Alternative Theatre of the s. The collection also includes many magazines and book catalogs containing pieces written by Lahr and notices for his works. Email printouts include those from Sarah Ruhl. Articles date from to and mainly consist of those written by Lahr. The Lyrics of Yip Harburg. Research material in the collection primarily consists of numerous interviews of various personalities mainly entertainers conducted by Lahr. These date from the s through the s. Other research material includes items regarding Dame Edna Everage. The collection also includes personal and professional correspondence. Personal correspondence includes letters written from Lahr to his parents, dating from to Professional material includes resumes, production material, notes, and reviews. Audio material in the collection includes cassette tapes and CDs of interview recordings. These items include contracts, bills, receipts, and other material. Legal material in the collection includes the will of Burt Lahr and a name change decree. Diaries and Journals in the collection include The New Yorker desk diaries dating from to

Chapter 5 : Project MUSE - The Past as Present in the Drama of August Wilson

John Lahr writes for The New Yorker, where for 21 years he was the senior drama critic. His book, Joy Ride: Lives of the Theatricals, (Bloomsbury, £30) is out now Follow Telegraph Entertainment.

Chapter 6 : Collection - Howard Gotlieb Archival Research Center

The John Lahr collection consists of manuscripts, printed material, research material, correspondence, professional material, audio material, film and video.

Chapter 7 : Roman N. Lahr () - Find A Grave Memorial

been here and gone If anybody asks you who sang this song Tell 'em It was little Jimmy Rushing, He's been here and gone. The playwright August Wilson lives in a leafy, genteel part of Seattle intended by the city's founding fathers to be the site of the state capitol, and so named Capitol Hill.

Chapter 8 : John Lahr - News - IMDb

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John Lahr, writer, biographer, critic, novelist, theater critic, theatre critic, theater, reviewer, theatre, stage, theatrical profiles, The New Yorker.