



Trash, an environmental theatre piece

Trash, an environmental theatre piece was written collaboratively by a group of artists working in a diverse range of media, fashioned during weekend retreats in the hills of Raleigh, North Carolina, on a farm dating back to the mid 18th century. This was the seminal project for the experimental theatre group, grid,ink. The script evolved from a series of improvisational tasks, games, exercises and rituals. An archetypal hunter, 2 punk rockers, a lost waif, a female sensualist and a pair of tyvekkians converge upon the landscape. Trash was performed on the newly unveiled downtown mall in Raleigh, North Carolina, in the spring of 1978 as part of the first annual ArtSplosure.

The Original Cast



the hunter	Avi Wenger
2 punk rockers	Ronnie Ruedrich
	Hartsel Taylor
the woman	Julia Demaree
the tyvekkians	Bonnie Shriver
	Kurt Eichenberg
lost waif	a girl named Renee
film footage	Mark Herdter
photographs	Susan Toplikar

: a roll of tyvek, a tightly rolled industrial paper, impervious to chemicals, fire, water and defilement, is placed on the far end of a certain grassy quadrant, rectangular in shape—a field. Definition #1. field: a self-sufficient area unrestricted and unimposed upon by any force other than natural elements, which is to say, there is a biological equilibrium present, capable of maintaining itself. in this case, a symbol; also, a way of perceiving.

on the mall, stationed with pregnant curiosity next to a stuffed dummy made of tyvek, announcing a performance, its time and players, a hunter stands. the grassy area referred to as ‘the field’, is surrounded by a network of cement sidewalks.



Definition #2. **Grid:** a network of particulars in a logical and orderly fashion, artificially imposed, usually by human forces. it is also a way of perceiving.

into the field place one male, suitably prepared for survival, dividing the field in his course (in keeping with the inherent logic of the field), by the act of his hunt. he is observing any and all movements within the field. perhaps he is from a period of time no longer present? perhaps he is still among us?

a duration of Time passes. 2 punk rockers, from their frozen station on the cement *grid* surrounding the field, begin their cocksured strutting motions, depositing butts and other Trash, while gyrating to loud music from the transitor radios they clutch. onto the field they sashay. the hunter notices. he cautiously approaches. there ensues a scuffle in which the hunter is sexually molested. bewildered, in fear, he retreats to a secure postion on the edge of the field. he observes.



2 tyvekkians, which is to say 2 beings entirely clad, suited, hooded, footed in tyvek, accompanied by a repertoire of highly regimented movements and gesticulations, begin to unroll a very precisely rolled tyvek. the roll is pure white, crystalline. it glistens in the midday sun. it is a mountain of pristine cleanliness. the hunter is dumbfounded. the punkers rock.





at a certain moment, any moment
really, a Woman in black tights
sensuously slithers an erotic course
upon the tyvek. she becomes
completely consumed with it. the
Punkers are beguiled. the
Tyvekkians nonplussed. they
continue to unroll, white upon
white. the Punkers are enticed upon
the sidewalk of white by the
Woman in black. they revel. they
splurge. they dance upon the
dazzling line. they all assist in its
unrolling.

Definition #3: by nature *Grids* tend to divide, either in keeping with the existing conditions, or, tending to disrupt and supplant those conditions with a new order. it is generally a human effort.

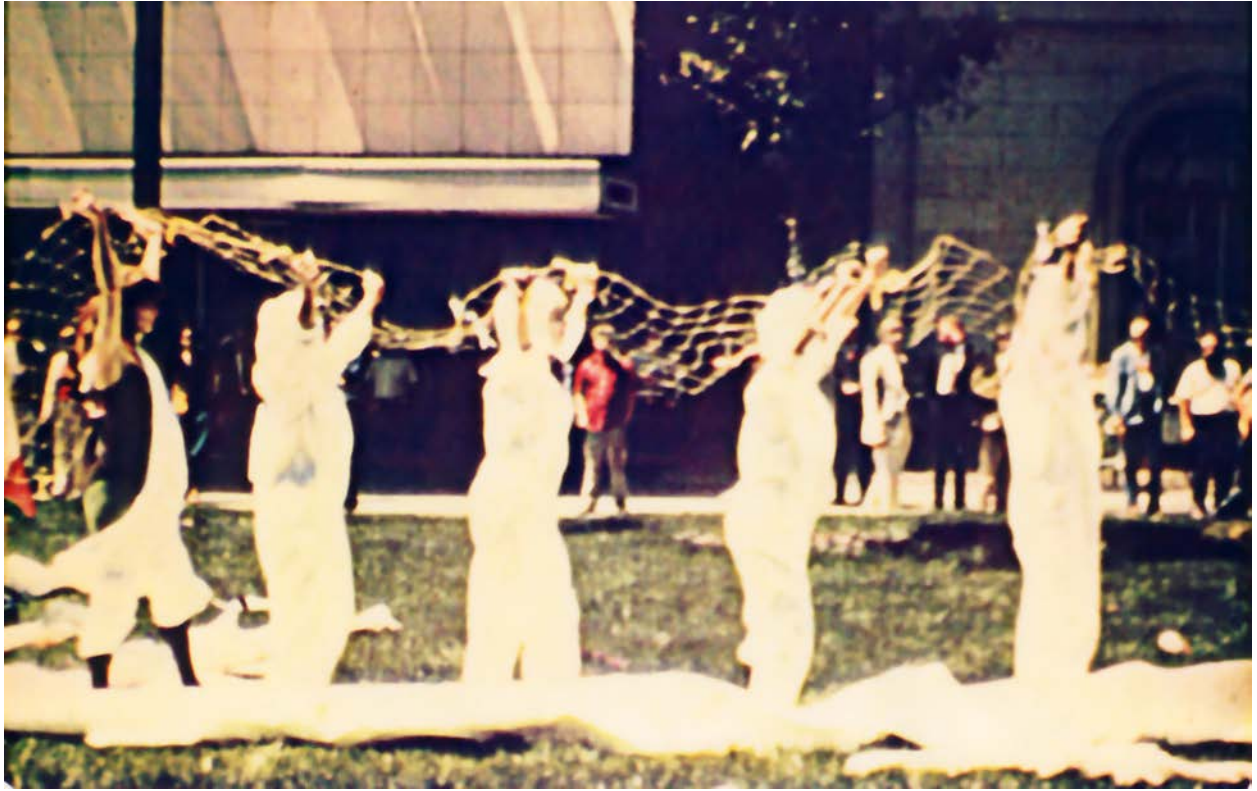
a white line, a tyvek sidewalk, divides the hunt from the hunter. the field is no longer the same.

Definition #4: a field will maintain itself as long as it can, which is not to say a field is not subject to change. it is and the resulting change may not be a field.

from her corner, a young, innocent, elfin creature, crouched in green tights, plays her flute. the tyvek continues to be unrolled. suddenly, within the roll appear large tyvek pantsuits, hoods, boots and gloves. these items are stuffed with trash. the woman in black tights and the punk rockers see this 'stuff' and furiously suit themselves, spilling reams of political literature, posters and yards of brightly colored remnants. they become tyvekkians. with wanton abandon, abruptly and most frenetically, they dash in pursuit of the elfin creature. the hunter is stymied. compelled to move, at the same time he does not know what to do. he portrays helplessness. there is a chase. more and more tyvek is unrolled. more and more items are uncovered. tools and weapons of the industrial and post-industrial age are revealed- hardware, software. at long last the elfin creature is captured and dragged to the tyvek sidewalk and subsequently stuffed, from head to foot, into a uniform.

finally the hunter shakes himself loose from his stupor and moves into the trash filled 'field'. he grasps lengths of the gaudy material and begins stuffing his garment, gathering and winding this stuff about himself, mumbling incoherently, as he slowly moves through the 'field'.

a yellow plastic mesh *grid* appears from the roll, as the tyvek comes to its end. the gleaming white entourage grasp the plastic yellow mesh *grid* and raise it above their heads. they slowly begin to cart it the length of the tyvek sidewalk. the hunter is noplused. he picks and drapes. the tyvekkian's movement comes to an abrupt end as they attempt to go beyond the sidewalk. they are incapable of proceeding further. with each attempt they butt against a hard empty space. swathed from head to foot in brightly colored cloth, the hunter...back and forth they push...picking, draping, proceeding along the perimeter...with a summoned heave they collapse, enmeshed by their own *grid*...along the length of the sidewalk, with absolute self-assurance, entirely aware of his purpose...



the hunter comes upon the tyvekkian heap. he firmly grasps the yellow plastic mesh *grid* and begins dragging it along with the white tyvekkian mass underneath—beyond the tyvek, beyond the *grid*, fully across the remaining ‘field’, once his hunting ground, beyond the cement sidewalk, across the street and further still, over another cement sidewalk, onto another, untouched grassy field, and with one fully drawn breath he utters a final resolute guttural expostulation and deposits the tyvek mass.