

# The Voices of *Bang, Bang You're Dead*

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**BARRY B. WITHAM**

The debate has become bloody. Millions of Americans are now convinced that the representation of violence — obscene and graphic — in our films, on our stages and television sets, and in video games is directly responsible for the carnage in our streets, on our playgrounds and in our schools. Paducah, Jonesboro and Littleton are shorthand for this wave of violence which is often characterized by the media as kids killing kids. The proponents of this point of view range from Congressman Henry Hyde to dozens of distraught parents, but their most eloquent theorist is Lt. Col. David Grossman, a military “expert” on the psychology of killing, who contends that representations of violence break down a natural immunity to killing our own kind, and after repeated exposures, desensitize people to committing violent acts. He believes that dozens of studies have sufficiently demonstrated the relationship between violent behavior and theatrical representations.<sup>1</sup>

On the other side are millions of Americans who believe — just as passionately — quite the opposite. And in spite of the horror that we are witnessing in our schools, they are reluctant to draw any firm connections between fiction and behavior. This group is not just made up of studio executives and First-Amendment specialists. It also includes some of America’s best academic minds and experts in the fields of human behavior. One of their most articulate spokespersons is Stuart Fischhoff whose keynote address at the annual meeting of the American Psychological Association in August 1999 shredded the so-called studies that were purporting to show direct and causal links. “The leap from aggressive behavior in a lab setting to murder in real life is, how shall I say it? Loony.”<sup>2</sup> Fischer not only dismantles these scientific studies but goes on to point out that while “Hollywood” violence has been increasing, violence in the real world of reported statistics has dropped dramatically. He is emphatic that “it is not that I believe that media violence DOESN’T produce violent behavior in viewers. . . . I am merely asserting that the connection between the two has not been empirically established.” (6)

In the aftermath of the 1999 Columbine shootings, these two sides collided. Congress threatened to drag reluctant Hollywood executives before the arc light glare of the Senate Office Building and demand accountability. The Federal Trade Commission investigated and then charged that violence was being systematically marketed to America’s youth. Al Gore blasted the entertainment industry on *Oprah*. But film maker Allen Hughes (*Menace II Society*, *Dead Presidents*) and others were unrepentant. “I don’t think the movies made kids go kill people, no,” said Hughes on *Newshour*. “I don’t think this Littleton, Colorado thing is the thing that we should be like— oh, oh, you know, we’ve got to change everything. Kids die every day in LA, in New York, in DC, you know, from handgun violence in school, on the streets, whatever.

It happens every day. This is no different — you know — I don't understand why this is the thing setting all this off now, you know."<sup>3</sup>

In June 1999 Jack Valenti, Hollywood's most visible lobbyist on Capital Hill, gathered a group of screen writers in Santa Monica under the auspices of the Writers Guild for three days of seminars on the ethics and responsibility of writing Hollywood films. There was a lot of heat but, again, the First Amendment and freedom from censorship emerged victorious. Brian Helgeland, author of *Payback* and *L.A. Confidential*, proclaimed that he wouldn't "know how to respond to a code or a consensus as to what's responsible and what isn't acceptable. That is only for me to answer in my own work."<sup>4</sup> One writer, however, had heard enough.

William Mastrosimone, an award-winning playwright (*Extremities*) and screenwriter (*Sinatra*) had been radicalized by the increasingly violent nature of his profession and by an increasingly urgent feeling that he, too, had been culpable in the virus of violence that seemed to be raging in the media. It was not a sudden transformation.

Sitting at *Natural Born Killers* in a packed house, young kids cheered every shot, stab, kick. They weren't seeing social commentary. They were drunken Roman citizens watching humans thrown to the beasts in the Coliseum. A short time later, sitting at *Pulp Fiction*, they rolled in the aisles when the gun went off accidentally and the kid was killed in the back seat of the car, fouling the upholstery. They weren't seeing black comedy. They were loving the total freedom of two men to rove about with guns, killing for fun. Something snapped in me back then in 1994 and I began to feel a sense of shame about belonging to the Hollywood community. And those movies were tame compared to others. But for me a saturation point had been reached. A line had been crossed between artistry and social responsibility.<sup>5</sup>

Mastrosimone, whose own work was entangled with violent acts and familiarity with revolutionary theory (*Cat's Paw*), was not radicalized over night. From the time that he first "snapped" in 1994, he had been struggling with what this realization meant for him personally and as an artist. Even if one denies that representation causes violence, he wondered, don't we still have some kind of responsibility to the social contract? If not, then how is Hollywood, any different, say, then tobacco executives or gun makers who continue to deny connections between their products and death?

Returning to the stage, where he felt most comfortable confronting these issues, Mastrosimone wrote a new play for the 1998 Humana Festival in Louisville, Kentucky. *Like Totally Weird* attacked the problem head on. Set in the opulent home of Oscar-winning producer Russ Rigel, the play dramatizes the intrusion of two teenagers who idolize Rigel's violent films and who act out the screen behavior in real life. Rigel and his girlfriend are held hostage by the boys who threaten to enact a Manson-like bloodbath while speaking dialogue they have memorized from the producer's films. Eventually the intruders shoot each other in a bizarre re-creation of a Russ Rigel movie and the police arrive. But one of the young thugs survives, and the play ends with Rigel making plans to create a new film around the invasion of his own home. The boundaries between reality and fiction blur. The events of the play, which were inspired

by a movie, will now inspire another film.

*Like Totally Weird* is a disturbing play because it indulges in the very violence that it wants to condemn. In the play's most gruesome scene, the two teens (Kenny and Jimmy) "nuke" a live parrot in a microwave oven imitating an infamous moment from a Russ Rigel film. The moment is difficult to watch.

*(Kenny puts the gun to Russ' head. Russ pushes the button and breaks down in horror as the microwave starts to hum. The bird squawks. Kenny pulls Jimmy into a dance around the microwave.)*

KENNY: *(Repeat)* Boom chucka chucka chucka boom chucka chucka chucka boom!

*(Kenny works himself into a frenzy. Jimmy joins in the chant. Improvise as the bird begins to shriek as it is cooked alive. Russ collapses on the sofa. The microwave door explodes open with a puff of smoke. Silence)*

KENNY: You're right. It was better in the movie.

RUSS: Oh, God. *(Jimmy vomits in a corner)*<sup>6</sup>

But Mastro Simone intends for the moment to be painful in order to make his point about the connections between fictive and actual violence. Even though Russ repeatedly explains that the death of the parrot in the film was simply tricks, Kenny insists on the *real*.

KENNY: *(as Russ)* "What's more real than classic romantic structure: boy meets parrot, boy nukes parrot, boy sees parrot explode."

RUSS: That's sick.

KENNY: Then why'd you put it in the movie?

RUSS: Because it's unthinkable!

KENNY: No, it's not. You thought of it.

RUSS: Not to have anybody do it.

KENNY: Why not? (223)

And the "why not" is the point. Russ Rigel who has gone from making award-winning films to increasingly violent ones ("The test audience wanted Dirk dead. They felt he had to pay the price for all the gore. The ratings people threatened to take away my PG-13 and slap an R on me. Financing threatened to pull the plug") does not conceive that there are any consequences beyond ratings and that his lavish lifestyle justifies his behavior.

But his audience also includes the youngsters who have been raised on a menu of violence — in their culture and entertainment. At one point, Russ' girlfriend, Jennifer, nearly wins their release by revealing to the invaders the solution to a particularly violent video game, Mega-Basher, that she played with her brother. But their attention span is brief, and boredom is their greatest fear and principle motivation.

## THEATRE HISTORY STUDIES

RUSS: Just tell me why you came here.

JIMMY: The mall was dead.

RUSS: The mall was dead?

JIMMY: Yeah.

RUSS: The mall was dead. The mall was dead so you and Kenny took some hostages. Jimmy, like this is not even a fucking answer. . . . (214)

And they are ignorant. Kenny has seen the parrot movie seventeen times, but has never heard of Hitler. Boredom, ignorance and violence. For Mastrosimone, it's a volatile combination that combusts when these kids can only find meaning by enacting the fantasy gore that they have been raised on.

*Like Totally Weird* was Mastrosimone's first attempt to deal directly with the representations of violence that seemed to be saturating the culture. It's his "chickens coming home to roost" play in which Hollywood is literally confronted with the results of its blood mentality. The play was well received in Louisville and optioned for Broadway. Mastrosimone began working on a screenplay. And then the school shootings started. In March 1998, Jonesboro, Arkansas. In April 1998, Edinboro, Pennsylvania. In May 1998, Fayetteville, Tennessee AND Springfield, Oregon. Mastrosimone relates it this way:

Three days after the Springfield killings in 1998, as my family sat around the dinner table, one of my kids casually mentioned that upon entering English class, he and his friends saw someone had written on the blackboard: 'I'm going to kill everyone in this class. And the teacher too.' The blackboard phantom was soon discovered and suspended, but peace of mind in our sleepy little town in the foothills of Mt. Rainier became hard to come by. Like other parents, my wife and I realized that our kids are no longer safe . . . sadly, it is eminently reasonable to assume that there is a potential killer in every school. (*Confessions*, 1)

That night Mastrosimone wrote the first draft of a new play, *Bang, Bang, You're Dead*, which he intended to be a vehicle for students to give voice to their fears and open a dialogue among themselves. Conscious of the fact that his own previous plays had many violent moments, Mastrosimone had taken comfort in the fact that his violence was justified, growing out of the given circumstances and/or historical accuracy. But now he wondered whether potential killers — troubled youngsters — make such fine distinctions? What if violence, conditioned by a lifetime of desensitizing exposures, is the way to solve life's problems?

*Bang, Bang* is based on the tragic tale of Kip Kinkle, the troubled fifteen year old who shot his parents in Springfield, Oregon in November, 1998 and then after spending the night in his home with their corpses, proceeded to school the next day where he killed two of his classmates and wounded twenty-five others. The play begins after the killings when the dead kids come back to haunt their troubled shooter, demanding to know why he committed this horrendous act. Mastrosimone depicts his central figure, Josh, not as some Goth loser/geek but as a troubled youngster who has manipulated his parents into buying him an endless stream of material things, including guns. Josh

has some athletic ability and has had girlfriends, but he has also been teased and taunted by his peers. And he has been spoiled by his parents who lament, “We tried to give you a good life but all we did was feed your appetites.”<sup>7</sup> Over time he has drifted into a reality of violent video games, angry songs and films and contempt for those who succeed. He begins to hear dark voices in his head. Owning a gun now gives him status and respect that he didn’t command before. But it’s a hollow power and as he recedes into his fantasy world, his peers become increasingly alienated. When he is exposed as the “blackboard phantom” he is further alienated and contemplates suicide. But the voices — now emblematic of the rumors of High School gossip — taunt him with visions of inadequacy. Isolated and alone, desperate for love and connections, and terrified that he will fail even at suicide, he lashes out in the only way that makes sense to him: violence. As the play ends he sits in his jail cell devastated by the horror of what he has done and the realization that he can’t take any of it back. There is no restart button.

Mastrosimone realized the difficulties of trying to write in teen vernacular so he workshopped the script with teenagers in Boca Raton, Florida and then contacted Mike Fischer, the drama director at Thurston High School in Springfield, Oregon about producing the world premiere. Fischer, who had been inundated with offers of story treatments in the wake of the Springfield shootings, and who resented the media attempts to capitalize on the tragedy, realized that Mastrosimone was suggesting something entirely different. The students would produce *Bang, Bang where it happened* in order to help the playwright find authentic voices and start a dialogue between and among kids. The play — cast with some teens who had been shot by Kip Kinkle — would reach out to potential killers whom Mastrosimone now believed were there in every audience. There was opposition in the school and in the community, but Fischer and his youngsters were determined to take advantage of this unique opportunity.

Mastrosimone was adamant that no one would profit financially from the piece, including himself. From the outset the project was framed as a way of starting a dialogue. There was no admission charge, no royalty. If there were any concession stands, they had to operate at cost only. The play ran forty minutes, with a cast of fourteen and minimal scenic demands. A box, some flashlights. In flashbacks the story traced Josh’s journey from kid to killer by focusing on his increasing alienation from family and friends. Discussions and talk backs with the audience were central to the way they envisioned the event.

In January 1999 they did a special production for Springfield faculty and then a premiere in Bend, Oregon for a regional Thespian convention. On March 15, 1999, they brought it home to Thurston High School. It was compelling to watch, deeply moving, funny, chilling and stark. Sabrina Steeger, whose teenage daughter was killed in Paducah, flew to Oregon with her two children to see it. Mastrosimone put it on the Internet and word spread. High School drama festivals, networking teachers and students combined to inspire other productions at a dizzying pace.

A week after their premiere there was more gunfire. This time at Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado. Mastrosimone was shaken but not surprised. And he was more convinced than ever that “violent fantasies lead to fantasy violence, that fantasy gives permission to reality and that what we allow ourselves to fantasize, through

repetition, breaks down the barriers of inhibition.” (*Confessions*, 3) He told a reporter from the *Los Angeles Times* that he wrote *Bang, Bang* as a parent not as a playwright and out of the deep conviction that his generation (Mastrosimone is 52) has failed in passing on core values to its children. “We took things like love and cooperation and tolerance for granted and forgot how our parents had suffered and strived for these. We didn’t work on those values and in addition we’ve allowed our children to be subjected to a steady diet of nihilistic entertainment. And so now we pay.”<sup>8</sup>

The reception of *Bang, Bang You’re Dead* has been phenomenal. Since there is no royalty, it’s impossible to get an exact figure, but based upon the feedback section of the website, email, phone calls, newspaper stories and download information (in excess of 30,000 times) Mastrosimone estimates that the show had a minimum of 15,000 performances in just two years. *Dramatics* magazine hailed it as the most popular play in American high schools easily surpassing perennial favorites like *Guys and Dolls* and *Our Town*. At its present pace it threatens to become one of the most widely produced plays in the *history* of the American theatre.

In preparing this paper, Bill Mastrosimone was gracious enough to share with me hundreds of emails from people who have seen or produced *Bang, Bang You’re Dead*. It’s a staggering array of tribute and confession, of heartfelt thanks and appeals for help.<sup>9</sup> The geography of the responses is enormous: nearly every state as well as Germany, Denmark, Australia and South Africa. Many are from teens who have either been involved in the production or seen it and wanted to express their thanks, especially for the genuine way that it characterizes them and their speech. Others write to ask for help in convincing superintendent or principals to allow them to produce the play. Mastrosimone, in answering dozens of these requests, has coached students on how to approach their parents and teachers about the intent of the play. And the results are almost always positive. Here is a typical response: “\*\*\*\*\* Central High School has just performed this play and I had to tell you what an impact!!! My husband and I have a sixteen-year old daughter that was part of the technical crew. After seeing the performance, this spawned a very lengthy conversation with her about the play and her life regarding it. This was an incredible experience for us and for her and I just wanted to say thanks” (e-mail 1/28/00) Another parent wrote: “I have found this to be a topic that I fear discussing with my children. . . . The knowledge that someone out there is taking the time to assist our children, and in fact our future with this delicate subject brings hope to us all. God bless you for your time, effort and work.” (e-mail 4/7/99) Some of the email reveal the struggles that teenagers face confronting the issue of school violence: “I dream about Kip a.k.a. Josh and see how there can be a potential killer even in my school. . . . I start to think like him hating my best friend. . . . Every time we get to the end of the play I am filled with emotions I can’t describe.” (e-mail, 12/12/99). And then there are the chilling ones — the gang member in New Jersey who participated in the play against the threats of his friends who scoffed at its anti-gun message; the young woman from Oregon who inched away from her suicide fantasy after seeing the production; and the young man from Florida who carried on an extended e-mail conversation with Mastrosimone in which he revealed behavior patterns and fantasies incredibly like those of Kip Kinkle and others.

*Bang, Bang* has had detractors. School administrators fear its subject matter or even its title. Some parents are leery of its “adult” themes, and the National Animal

Interest Alliance has attacked the play because of what they perceive as a negative depiction of hunting.<sup>10</sup> In one sequence Josh accompanies his grandfather on a hunting trip and after shooting a buck is horrified by the sight of the dying animal. (“I thought it would be fun. I didn’t know it would be like this.”) But he masks his aversion in order to win his grandfather’s approval and “become a man.” Mastro Simone, who is a “sometimes hunter,” intended for the sequence to dramatize Josh’s ability to hide his feelings and was surprised by the NAIA attack. “Hunting in the play is one of the oldest surviving rites of passage for young people, and one that I endorse . . . kids with legal guns are least likely to commit crime — because they are trained to respect guns, life, animals.”<sup>11</sup> But the sequence still raises ire in some productions of the play, particularly with adults who resist what they perceive as a critique of hunting as sport.

In a production at Chehalis, Washington, in the Spring of 2000, some people objected to the way that the hunting sequence created negative stereotypes about the sport. (See Figure 1) Audience members in this rural community, which has a large population of hunters and fishermen, found the play disturbing in the way that Josh reacts to the killing of the buck deer. Jeremy Lykkel, who was a member of the cast remembered that “it kind of detracted from the real message of the play.”<sup>12</sup>

In spite of these reservations, the *Bang, Bang* phenomenon continues largely through the grass roots appeal of young people who see or perform in it. At high school thespian contests and at national meetings of drama instructors the word is passed. From Dallas: “The interest at our school is amazing. We aren’t close to production yet but the buzz is all over. Kids are thrilled to be in it. They love tackling strong material that can make a difference. Other kids want to see it. They instinctively know it is for and about them.” (e-mail, 3/3/00) By May 2001 *Bang, Bang* was being performed somewhere in the United States on 23 of the 31 days in the month.

And it’s largely a white success. Another fascinating aspect of the production history is that the play does not seem to have a huge following in what are often termed inner city schools. When I asked Mastro Simone about this, he seemed clear that *Bang, Bang* has not yet negotiated some racial boundaries.

When it was done in Trenton, one day most kids in the audience were black. One guy stood up in the post play and said, ‘I don’t get this kid (Josh); he’s got it made and he goes and does this.’ Murder in the ghetto makes common sense: somebody does you wrong and you go and get them. But mass murder, random murder is crazy. A ghetto kid is deprived from birth, and all his life, strives to “have.” He may even kill to have a possession, but certainly not to gain attention, especially on the stage before his peers. Who needs witnesses? Apparently only middle class white kids feel a different kind of deprivation. (E-mail 12/27/00)

The landscape is difficult here because one could speculate about the murder and drive-by shootings which do cross racial borders, or about the media attention devoted to suburban mayhem. But Mastro Simone appears to be accurate when he characterizes the recent spate of high school multiple slayings as middle class and white. Not born out of economic need but out of a kind of spiritual void.

One reason that the play appeals so strongly to many youngsters is because there



Figure 1. High school students in Chehalis, Washington, performing *Bang, Bang, You're Dead* in May 2000.  
Courtesy *The Chronicle*.

are sections where they can improvise and add their own voices. And even though the text is tight and Mastrosimone insists that it be performed as written, these moments encourage group and individual improvisation. In one instance called “I miss,” the dead characters confront Josh with what he has taken away from them.

I miss Mom’s rock hard brownies.  
I miss my dog when I come home from school.  
I miss caffeine  
I miss when you take a new pair of jeans into the dressing room and you put them on and they fit perfect.  
I miss soda fizz tickling my nose.

The stage direction here reads:

At the director’s discretion, cut one or two of the following sections (5 or 10 lines) and let the actors improvise. Let each actor personalize things that they now have that they miss. Let each line begin with “I miss— .” Let none of it interfere with the plot, character or tone. (*BB*, 56)

In another section, the “dead” characters enumerate the things that they will never do.

I’ll never be an aunt.  
I’ll never go to college and have a double major.  
I’ll never be married in a white dress and have a huge wedding.  
I’ll never play catch with my son.  
I’ll never have long talks at a candle lit table in the corner of a little restaurant.

Again the stage direction reads:

At the director’s discretion, cut one or two of the following sections (5 or 10 lines) and let the actors improvise. Let the actors personalize those things they never had. Let each line begin with, “I’ll never — .” Let none of it interfere with plot, character or tone. (*BB*, 61)

Mastrosimone’s intent here is to encourage individual voices to participate in the creation of the text while preserving the running time and dramatic rhythms which have contributed to the play’s success.

In January 2002 *Bang, Bang* was playing somewhere in the United States on 19 of the 31 calendar days. And in addition to continuing the debate about teen violence, it raises some interesting issues for theatre scholars and historians. If numbers of performances are a critical factor in determining the “importance” of theatre productions, for example, how do we evaluate works which are designed exclusively for high schools — an area that has been often overlooked in terms of American theatre?

Mastrosimone has been insistent that the play is to be done by and for teens. At the Mid American Theatre Conference in Chicago in March 2001, a colleague reported that she had been denied permission to do the play with her underclass college students.

Thus a lot of people who report and write about theatre are uninformed about a phenomena that is now into its fourth year. Won't Mastrosimone be limiting the impact and influence of his message by limiting those who can have access to it? Moreover, how can we even enumerate productions which are web based, royalty free and only reported at the discretion of the producing organization? *Bang, Bang* may only be the advance guard in this respect. Charles Mee's entire dramatic *oeuvre* is now on the web and, in contrast to Mastrosimone, is royalty free *only* if you tamper with it. "Please feel free to take the texts from this website and use them as a resource for your own work: cut them up, rearrange them, rewrite them, throw things out, put things in, do whatever you like with them — and then, please, put your own name to the work that results. But, if you would like to perform the texts as I have written them, they are protected by copyright in the versions you read here."<sup>13</sup> As web-based dramaturgy expands it may become increasingly difficult to acquire traditional information that we have used to describe and evaluate theatrical performance.

Mastrosimone is proud of *Bang, Bang's* record and wry about its success. "It's amazing. The most popular thing I've ever written and I won't make a dime."<sup>14</sup> But his integrity is impeccable, and his resolve as strong as ever about the nature of violence in American culture and entertainment. "I've lost work, sure. I've also turned some down." But he believes now that we have enough evidence. "Like it or not there is a correlation between violent entertainment and violent behavior." If we don't recognize it, Mastrosimone believes, then we are no different than the cigarette companies who lied for decades about smoking and cancer. How many more studies do we need before we understand that representations of violence do lead to violent behavior? In *Bang, Bang You're Dead* and in Bill Mastrosimone's sometimes lonely, but fervent campaign, the debate is over.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Grossman, a former professor of Psychology at West Point, believes that simulated violence works on the same principle as aversion therapy, so that repeated exposure to violent games, films, etc. not only breaks down resistance to killing but conditions youngsters to *enjoy* it. His assertions have led him to coin a new field of interdisciplinary study: killology. See *Transcript from 20/20, ABC News, March 22, 00* and David Grossman, *On Killing: The Psychological Cost of Learning to Kill in War and Society* (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1996).

<sup>2</sup> Stuart Fischhoff, "Psychology's Quixotic Quest For the Media-Violence Connection," Address to the Annual Convention of the American Psychology Association, Boston, August 21, 1999. See [www.calstatela.edu/faculty/sfisco/violence.html](http://www.calstatela.edu/faculty/sfisco/violence.html), p. 3.

<sup>3</sup> *Powerful Influences?* PBS OnLine NewsHour, May 10, 1999, p. 8.

<sup>4</sup> Associated Press, *Screenwriters Disagree Over Responsibility for Movie Violence*, Freedom Forum Online, June 7, 1999. See [www.freedomforum.org/speech/1999/6/7cahollywoodviolence.asp](http://www.freedomforum.org/speech/1999/6/7cahollywoodviolence.asp), p. 1.

<sup>5</sup> William Mastrosimone, "Confessions of a Violent Screenwriter," *Written By* (June, 1999): 1

<sup>6</sup> William Mastrosimone, *Like Totally Weird*, in *Humana Festival '98: The Complete Plays*, Michael Bigelow Dixon and Amy Wegene, eds. (Smith and Kraus, 1998), 224.

<sup>7</sup> William Mastrosimone, *Bang, Bang You're Dead* at [www.bangbangyouredead.com](http://www.bangbangyouredead.com), 43.

<sup>8</sup> *Los Angeles Times* (April 26, 1999): 1E. This generation gap is also foregrounded in *Like Totally Weird* where Russ Rigel says to Jimmy, "At fifteen I ran my father's business better than that drunken bastard did. Sold popcorn and soda, did homework while I ran the projector, swept and mopped under the seats, cleaned the toilets, dropped receipts off at the bank, went to school the next morning. Where are you at fifteen? You'll never see the age of twenty" (214).

<sup>9</sup> Mastrosimone, who has answered dozens of the emails, is scrupulous about protecting the anonymity of his correspondents. All of the emails that he shared with me had the senders name blacked out. I have identified them here by date only.

<sup>10</sup> James A. Swan, "Anti-violence play falsely tags hunters," *NAIA Newsletter*, January 2001. See [www.naiaonline.org/body/articles/archives/bangbang.htm](http://www.naiaonline.org/body/articles/archives/bangbang.htm)

<sup>11</sup> Mastrosimone to Witham, e-mail, Dec. 27, 2000.

<sup>12</sup> Interview with Jeremy Lykkel, June 6, 2001, Seattle, Washington.

<sup>13</sup> See Charles Mee, *the (re)making project* at [www.panix.com/~meejr/indexf.html](http://www.panix.com/~meejr/indexf.html).

<sup>14</sup> Mastrosimone to Witham, phone call, February 2, 2001.

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