



THE END

The Rocky Horror Picture Show has come to an end here at the Jane Pickens Theatre. Saturday night, July 17, marks the closing night. The end of the show brings sadness to me, the memories bring reflection.

Chuck, Sarah, Mark, Dave, Lori, Ozzi, Pauline, Jerry, Bob, Roy

Each cast member and each audience member has seen what has happened through their eyes from their own person. It has been a certain kind of experience for each, no matter what the magnitude or significance. Something has happened based on what each person has made of it. For each person, it has been as different a happening and meant as different a thing as is the variance among a thousand snowflakes.

Terri, Stacy, Patti, Michelle, TC, Chese

It is very difficult to write this article. It's the last one. All I can do as an individual is think of all that has happened to me since last August, when I first walked into this situation. It has been one of the happiest parts of my life, no matter how common that sounds or how much that suggests what my life may have been.

Alan, Jimmy, Sue, Justina, Desire, Miles

When I first came, I described everyone as being not perfect, but decent. I still hold to that. They certainly are not perfect, but they certainly are not a lot of other things I've seen that are quite less than perfect.

Robin, Peter, Lynn, Keith, Sandy, Harry, Patti

When I first came, when I decided to and was allowed to become a cast member, I had one burning objective in my heart. I needed nothing else. And I never asked for anything else. The objective was to prove that a great show could be done by a cast. And during the weeks that it wasn't great, it would be good and respectable week after week. This could only be achieved by respecting each other, by talking and dealing with each other in a fair way, by telling the truth, and helping each other. The key was that we had to want not just to be good ourselves, but we had to want each other to do good also. This key could only be achieved by individuals not being insecure about losing something to each other or to outsiders. People had to be secure that if they acted decent they would not have to worry about losing anything because decent people would get respect. Instead of clutching onto what they had in fear, people had to be able to put their possessions down safely and walk over to another place where the situation needs more help. In other words, trying had to be condoned rather than feared and spurned. It had been more or less blantly told and shown to me in other places and times that such a situation could never exist.

Burger King, IHOP, HO-JO's, Dunken' Donuts, Centredale News,
Water on the Wall Ceremony

I, in every place except my heart and belly, had come to beleave this was true. Because that's all I'd seen. But I got what I wanted. The people here were not totally secure (else they would be perfect), but they were more secure than anywhere else I'd seen. It could be nit-picked that this one or that one were insecure here and there, but results are results; the bottom line shows what they did here. There had to be a reason. It turned out different here than the other places and times.

Claus von Bulow, Tall Ships, Shock Treatment, ET, (Buddy Cianci?)