Queer Represenation in Contemporary Theatre

Creative Research Presented by Madalyne Heiken





LGBTQ+ folx do no not typically see accurate, non-stereotypical representations of themselves in contemporary media. Through adapting Connor Rodenbeck's poetic short story "SOAK" into a devised creative production, LGBTQ+ folx will have access to media that portrays the queer experience in a truthful, authentic, and human way.





- Conversations with LGBTQ+ DU students revealed that there are few spaces for folx to gather and celebrate.
- Societal shifts during COVID-19 have made it more difficult to find and participate in queer communities.
- This project begins to rebuild those spaces of expression through artistry, improvisation, and collaboration in a practice known as **devised theatre**.
- This creative project aims to converse with other queer art as part of the trajectory of queer representation in contemporary media and attitudes toward LGBTQ+ people.

Devised Theatre

utilizes improvisation activities within an ensemble to design a performance. Through discussion, ensemble improvisation, voice and body work ensemble members will become embodiments of the characters they portray.





Production Process

Auditions, casting, image work, building moments, character analysis, building tech designs

Performance

Culmination of work; sharing art with our community; ensemble connection



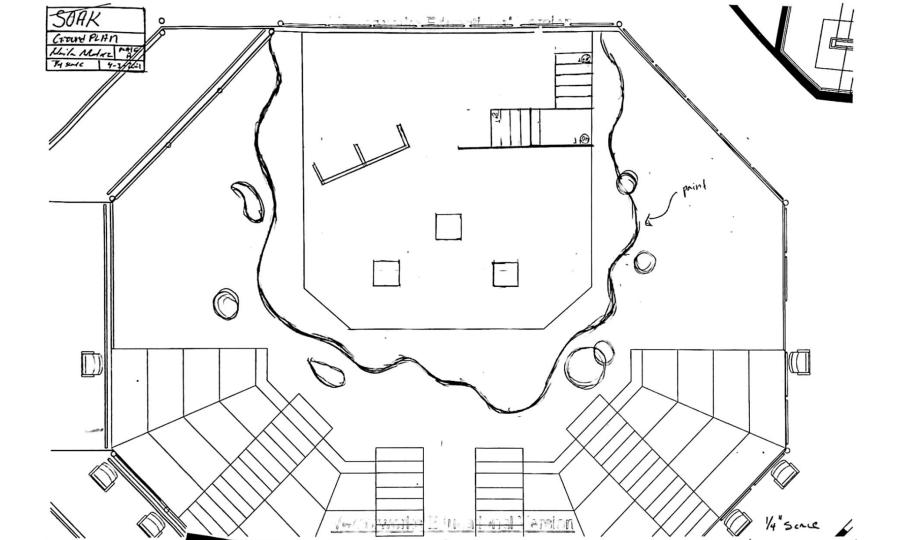
Assembling production team, meetings, common vision, preliminary designs Dress Rehearsals

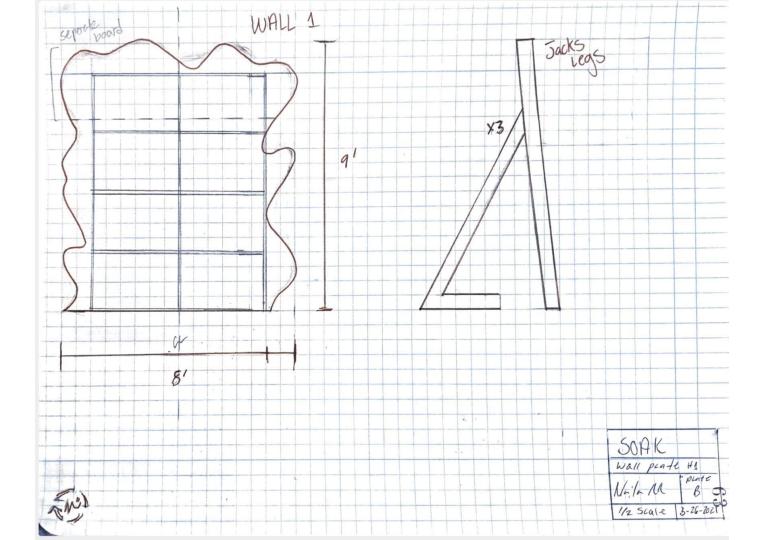
Bringing everything together, making final touches, preparing for final performances

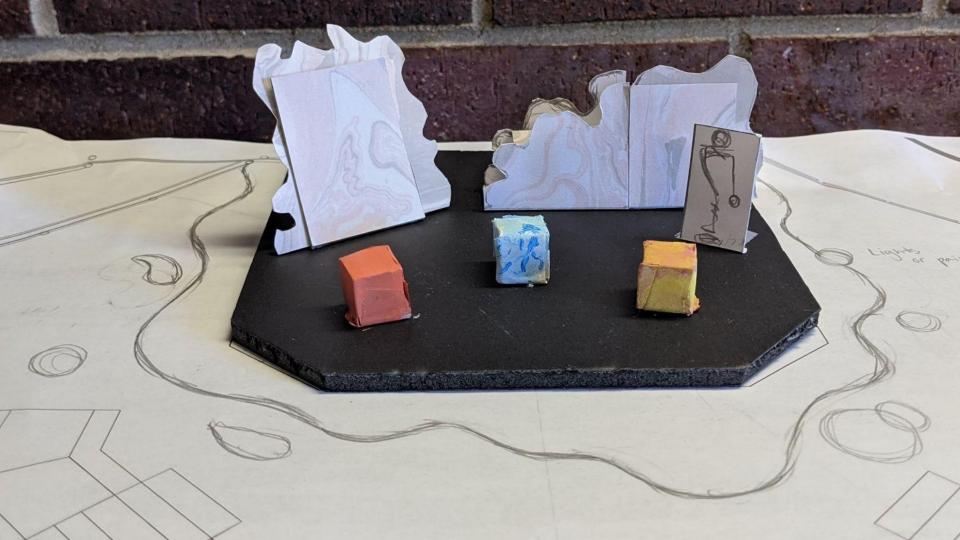




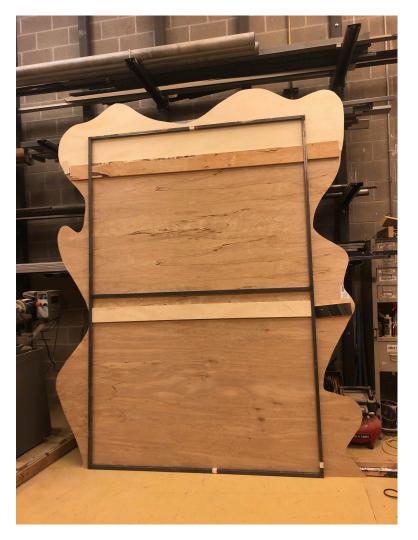






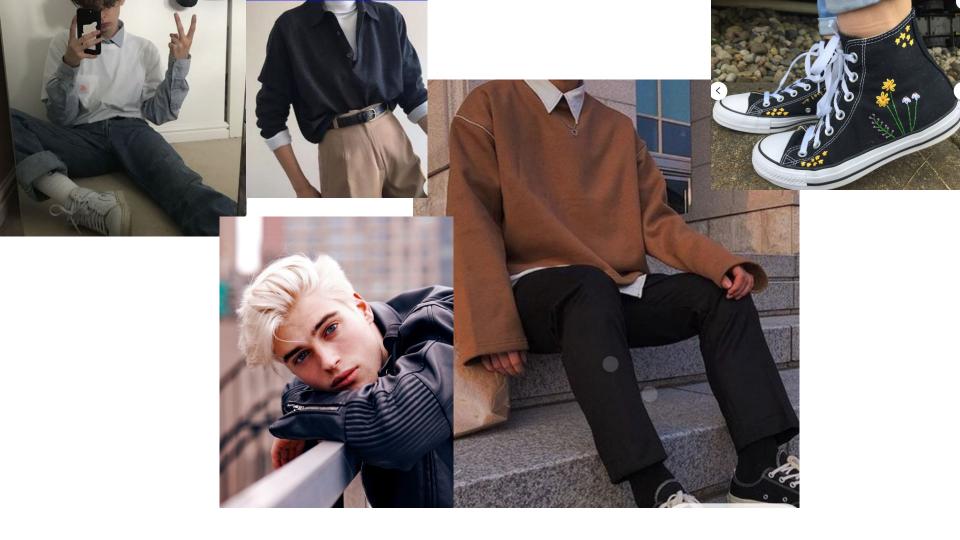














































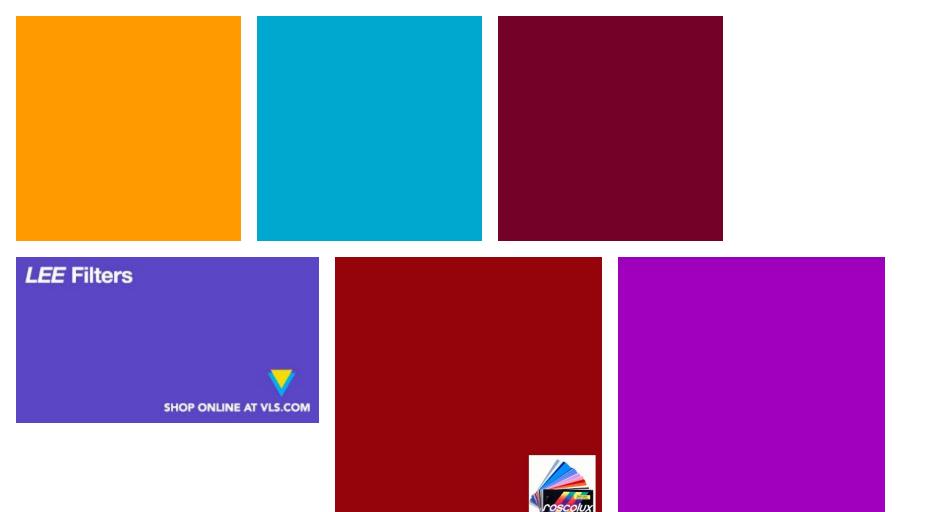


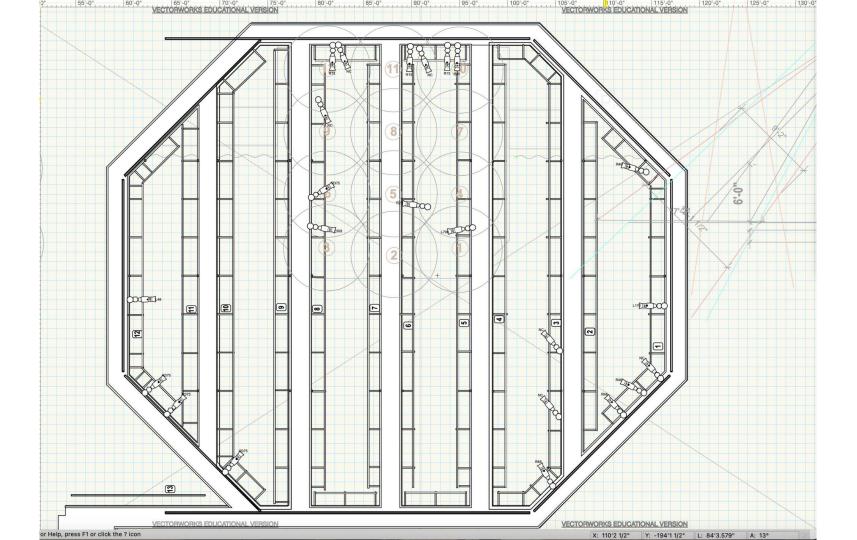














Movement based, storytelling, dream-like Embracing all of the senses especially in sound

Levels in set design

Projections of some imagery mentioned

Characters' masks to match their names (ex: sunflowers, lightning)

Design playing a large part in how the story is told; unique; design to enhance the impact of the text

Color of lights to help indicate character perspective

Projections of some imagery mentioned

Some realism within the abstract

He scribbled poems on every one of my petals and swallowed them one by one just to be closer. I think I was in the middle of a bloom. Or a death. I was engulfed in this sea of hard shadows and it reeked of peppermint oil and copper and bleach-- a gaseous texture that's not unlike your hands. Still, I was driving across oceans in an old silver Subaru and I was soaked with sea salt and fish foam. I never did get there, it's not that my roads were gushing or that my irises burst; in fact, I think I felt like sunflowers there with you I was like pollen and yellow and petals, but floating in the wind, an astronaut in space. But you were never really there with me, a vacancy the depth of a slow, meandering blink Yes. That's what it was: sunflowers with little bits of galaxies in their sun streams and I held them for you. I just held them.

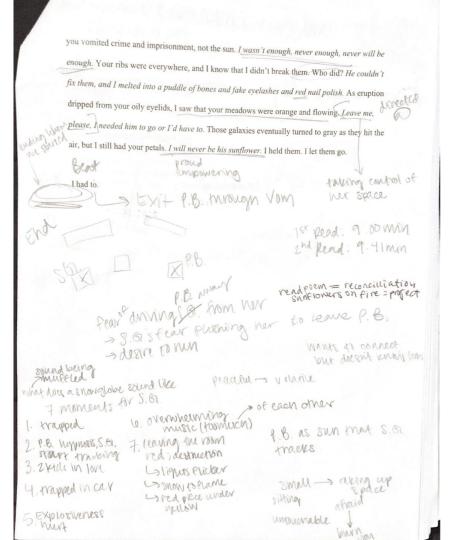
PALE BOY PICKS A SUNFLOWER FROM A VOLCANO

1.Si

hunt people must people

mistreading cues

I could never understand how he saw the sun beneath my skin, behind my mascara and eyeliner and drawn-on freckles. When he told me that he wrote poetry about me, I felt a yellow flicker in my chest, but I pushed it down as far as I could. Maybe it came out when I laughed. I think he POWDY was the only one that saw it, so he reached his hand into my ribcage and rummaged for a meadow: long stretches of pollen and petals, striped bees extracting sweet sugar, big sunflower in the baby blue sky swathing tart rays around the clouds, the stems, our legs. It felt good, but I think I always knew he'd never find what he was looking for. risnet "B. S.G. Silon blacks maner hupposis SCI track sound are - meening! There were icicles last February when we went to that concert, You bought us dinner from Village Inn but I felt like I didn't deserve it so I only ordered coffee and french fries, the former Shawarove as metaphor for S.G. - EREN for snow Latrapped but safe Swanning to connect Always at the cusp of touch





Friday, May 28th and Saturday, May 29th at 7pm

Byron Theatre

Email madalyne.heiken@du.edu for details and to RSVP

