Epilogue

It’s likely that even before humans walked on two feet they communicated by telling stories of their lives. Before there was language, there were illustrations. Before canvas there were cave walls. Before Elizabethans, Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians, *Homo erectus* dipped fingers into pigment and outlined figures on bumpy surfaces. They told stories with images before there were words.

We all crawl before we walk. My story outlines how one knuckle-dragging stage monkey went from wannabe, to rookie, to mentor as a participant in the world of live performance. It was a decade-long evolution that sent me out of a dark cave into a limitless world with enough confidence to deal with people and practical matters in places I had never been before for the rest of my life.

After I left my academic post in the Theatre Department at Tulane University, I applied hard-won knowledge to a number of fields. I became an investor and building contractor. In a semi-tropical environment along the coast of Georgia, I drew up, built, renovated, occupied, and sold unique homes. I weathered hardships and learned tough lessons about the free market. The homes I designed and built, thanks to practical technical theatre training, still stand today and make me proud when I visit their sites.

Following my interlude of being a licensed, certified building contractor, I returned to the world of live performance. This time, I took on the role of writer on an electronic stage. I worked in newsrooms for television stations in small media markets and then increasingly larger ones. I was recruited by a distinguished network to be part of their writing staff. Here, I worked daily to shape stories of dedicated scientists and explorers who traveled the world to understand it better and share their findings with viewers. But this is one act in the drama of my life to be opened at another time.

Along my path, I also built a family with the collaboration of my theatrical traveling partner, Joanna Risser. Together, we brought two beautiful girls to the performance stage, costumed them, cued them, and sent them out into their own arenas. Today, they make us both incredibly proud. In large measure this story is for and because of them.

This work is meant to cast a classic, old-school spotlight on one person’s journey during a different time and place. I hope in some small measure other curious, creative types find glimmers of inspiration here.