The Great God Pan

by Amy Herzog

Directed by Carolyn Cantor

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November 24, 2012 - January 6, 2013
DEAR FRIENDS,

Relativism. When I was in graduate school, this buzzword seemed to chase me around from subject to subject. The relativity of time translated to the relativism of memory which translated to the relativism of truth and identity. The “Theater of the Absurd” reflected this slippery unknowability of existence in aesthetic form. But I always had trouble with this notion. It seemed to me the elusiveness and fluidity of identity did not necessarily indicate the absence of identity. Everything I knew about the opposite. Drama is uniquely poised as an endeavor of dramatic action screamed the opposite.  It’s an art form to represent the bubbling forth of identity. Everything I knew about the opposite. Drama is uniquely poised as an endeavor of dramatic action screamed the opposite.  It’s an art form to represent the bubbling forth of identity.

In After the Revolution, Amy Herzog dramatized the bubbling forth of history into a family’s life. Amy showed the fluidity of historical truth in the divergent views each family member had of it. Yet she also showed the resistance of history to each character’s attempts to massage it subjectively. Absolute historical truth might remain unobtainable, but its hidden force still shredded subjective versions of it.

In a pivotal scene between Jamie and his old babysitter in her nursing home, she reminds him of a nursery rhyme she’d say to him on the way to the swimming hole: “What was he doing, the great god Pan, down by the reeds in the river.” The verse was meant in fun originally, but in the context of the play’s revelations, it seems to suggest that almost mythic natural forces have acted upon him. To me, though, it also suggests that something tumultuous is going to be unloosed in him. We also come to feel that the great god Pan tugs at fears and dreams of all the characters in the play. Jamie’s hidden wounds become almost metaphorical for the wounds that lurk within all of us. Pan may have laid the old foundations of Jamie’s identity in ruins by play’s end, but we also feel the strength he is developing by wrestling with this dark angel and the bracing cleanness of the new air he is breathing.

The Great God Pan looks at personal history with a similar lens, and its ramifications are perhaps even larger. Let me second Amy’s assertion that it is not a play about sexual abuse, even though a revelation about past sexual abuse launches the action of the play. There was a time when child sexual abuse was a trendy topic (long before the current scandals at Penn State or in the Catholic Church). Concomitantly, there was a time when plays with revelations of child sexual abuse at their core were submitted to the theater with some frequency. Most were as revved up and sensationalistic as the famous McMartin Daycare Trial. There isn’t an ounce of sensationalism in Amy’s play. The incident of abuse is only one of the several buried events that sit like undisturbed depth charges in the memories of Jamie, its central character. As he reluctantly turns a spotlight into the darkened fathoms of his life, he is developing by wrestling with this dark angel and the bracing cleanness of the new air he is breathing.

During the run of The Great God Pan, post-performance discussions with Amy Herzog and Carolyn Cantor have been scheduled for the following dates:

Tuesday, November 27  
Wednesday, December 5  
Sunday, December 9  following the matinee

The Mainstage Bulletin is generously funded, in part, by the LIMAN FOUNDATION.
AMY HERZOG won the 2012 Obie Award for Best New American Play for 4000 Miles (Lincoln Center). Her other plays include After the Revolution (Williamstown Theater Festival; Playwrights Horizons; John Gassner Award Nomination; Lilly Award), Belleville (Yale Repertory Theater, upcoming at NYTW in Spring 2013), and The Wendy Play (ACT, San Francisco). She has had readings/ workshops at Steppenwolf, Manhattan Theater Club, New York Stage and Film, Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., and Lincoln Center, among others. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award. She has received commissions from Playwrights Horizons, Yale Rep, and Steppenwolf. Amy is a recipient of the Whiting Writers Award and the Helen Merrill Award.

IN THE DIRECTOR’S CHAIR: CAROLYN CANTOR

CAROLYN CANTOR’s New York credits include After the Revolution and Essential Self-Defense (PH); Regrets and Pumpgirl (MTC); The Talls (2ST); In a Dark Dark House (MCC); Something You Did (Primary Stages); Orange Flower Water, Now That’s What I Call A Storm, Living Room in Africa, Stone Cold Dead Serious, and Life is a Dream (Edge Theater); EVOLUTION (Cherry Lane); and Kitty Kitty Kitty (SPF).

Regionally, Ms. Cantor has helmed productions of The Violet Hour (Old Globe); Rabbit Hole (Geffen Garland Award); The Diary of Anne Frank (Paper Mill); Not Waving and King Stag (Williamstown); Vera Laughed and Get What You Need (NYS&F); After Ashley and Finer Noble Gases (Eugene O’Neill Playwrights Conference); and Nocturne (Ojai Playwrights Conference).

For Bravo, she has directed “The Green Room” and “Bravo Profiles: Roger Ebert.”

Carolyn has received the Garson Kanin-Marion Seldes Award from the American Theatre Wing, both the Boris Sagal and Bill Foeller Fellowships from the Williamstown Theatre Festival, and a Drama League Directing Fellowship. She is the founding artistic director of the Obie Award winning Edge Theater and a graduate of Dartmouth College.

PLAYWRIGHT’S PERSPECTIVE: AMY HERZOG

Does everyone think of childhood as inherently frightening? I believe I had a happy childhood and yet most of my concrete memories have a tinge of fear.

On a family vacation in California, a car ride up the Pacific Coastal Highway where everyone but me got carsick.

A woman on the ground in a dead faint next to the snack bar at the local swimming lake. A little girl, about my age, saying “Mommy, mommy.”

With my brother on a resort in North Carolina, looking for the scheduled talent show and walking into a wedding instead; the laughter of hundreds of formally dressed people when they realized our mistake.

My mother on the phone to a teenage cousin in Vancouver about an urgent matter I didn’t understand involving aspirin.

My brother’s eyesight worsening.

During a sleepover at a friend’s house, the friend’s father coming into the dark room after bedtime and startling when he realized I was awake.

My intrepid grandmother swinging on a vine across the local creek, the vine breaking, her long fall into the filthy shallow water below.

Maybe what’s in common in all these memories is the mounting sense of confusion and powerlessness in the face of the inscrutable adult world. Sensitive children (and aren’t all children sensitive?) are aware of being in the midst of a meaningful situation before the meaning is at all clear. The distance between the clarity of the emotional experience and the fuzzy cognitive grasp is, I think, what creates the feeling of eeriness in retrospect.

I don’t like to say that The Great God Pan is a play about sexual abuse. The politics around sexual abuse are not at issue in the piece. I say it’s a play about memory and loss. Jamie is thirty-two-years old, which, in my demographic, is roughly the age when people take steps toward becoming full-fledged adults (career stability, marriage, children). He’s stuck and he doesn’t know why. News of a possible childhood trauma may provide answers, or it may just provide excuses, or it may be a bridge to something unexpected. What does what we do and don’t remember have to do with who we are? Sorting through the fragments of his early memories, not knowing how to read their significance or which ones provide the key to his current crisis, is Jamie’s work in this play.

The image of a woman falling from a vine into a creek became central. Like all my plays, Pan is also about well-meaning people failing each other and living with that failure.

Since writing the play, I have gotten married and had a child. My daughter will be almost six months old when we begin rehearsals. I wonder how the shift in my identification from daughter to mother will change my experience of the play. I find the word “childhood” no longer makes me think of my own childhood, but my daughter’s. I am quickly becoming intimate with a new set of memories, hopes, and yes, fears.

— Amy Herzog, September 2012

The Great God Pan is a recipient of an EDGEERTON FOUNDATION New American Plays Award.
I’ve been writing about and advocating for women in American theater for several decades now, since the problem of women’s inequality as playwrights and directors persists. Women playwrights tend to be underrepresented in regional and New York theater seasons, and women directors too often don’t get the opportunities they deserve to ply their trade.

You’d never know this by looking at Playwrights Horizons’ past and present productions. When I receive the theater’s annual season announcements, I’m always delighted by the gender and racial diversity of the plays on offer. This season alone includes four out of six plays by women, three of which are also directed by women. But for PH, this is nothing special; no press release heralds this pattern as something special because frankly, it’s not. Fair representation for artists who usually have to fight their way onto a stage is business as usual here.

Playwrights Horizons produces plays by women and hires women directors not as tokens, but as artists who see both the specific and the universal in our common experience, as does any artist worth his or her salt. Too many theaters remain wary of spending their resources on women because they wrongly presume that only straight white men can tell widely relevant stories. This tired canard has never been true, even though it’s still trotted out way too often by many of our most respected New York and regional theaters.

I subscribe and donate to Playwrights each year confident that I’ll be engaged by ideas about a full range of human experience. I know I’ll see work by women playwrights and directors not because they appeal only to women, but because they have something important to say, and perhaps an inventive way of theatricalizing their stories. The artists showcased at Playwrights, across gender and race, will renovate not just which stories are told but how they’re told. As in last season’s The Big Meal, maybe a production will suggest how its characters change across generations, even as the actors’ bodies—across gender and age—stay relatively the same. And as in last season’s Rapture, Blister, Burn, maybe a story about a successful person’s restless ambivalence will be told against the backdrop of American history and ideas—which, in that case happened to be American feminism. These choices would be part of a tapestry of theatrical images, narrative styles, and social preoccupations that Playwrights keeps constantly under construction.

Sometimes, when I’m fantasizing about the end of inequality, I picture what theater in America would look like if every artistic director followed Tim Sanford’s lead. If all theaters believed that social diversity is artistically necessary, a multitude of stories and happily competing perspectives would circulate in our national imagination. We would hear ever-new stories about people who aren’t often represented on stage (like the characters in last season’s Milk Like Sugar, written by Kristen Greenidge and directed by Rebecca Taichman). We would delight in new perpectives and experiences, seen through innovative narrative and visual techniques. We would come to the theater not just to affirm what we know, but to expand our repertoire of knowledge about American society. We could practice different ways to engage a more extensive human community.

I’m so grateful that Playwrights Horizons guarantees me those opportunities six times each year. 🎭

Jill Dolan is the Annan Professor of English at Princeton University, where she is also a professor of theater and director of the Gender and Sexuality Studies Program. In addition, she is the author of The Feminist Spectator, her George Jean Nathan Award-winning blog, which may be found at www.TheFeministSpectator.com.

Early in Showtime's lovable-serial-killer series Dexter, the show's titular psycho discovers a pool of blood and suddenly recalls the decades' buried memory of his mother's brutal slaying, the long-invisible engine of his murderous compulsions. Without the show's high camp style, its audience might fail to empathize with a murderer or forgive his loved ones' ignoring the giant bag of knives in the trunk. But no such assistance is required for most of us to accept the extraordinary mental mechanics at Dexter Morgan's core. Westerners take it for granted that a memory of severe trauma can be repressed for years, invisibly shaping one's neuroses, until resurfacing either on its own or with the help of a therapist.

But while this notion has taken root in the cultural consciousness, it’s far from settled in the scientific community. From an evolutionary perspective, it makes sense that the brain would instead attempt to preserve memories of trauma so as to avoid its causes in the future. Neurological evidence and testimony from victims of trauma support this conclusion. When we undergo trauma, the brain produces neurotransmitters associated with memory formation in abundance, and a majority of trauma victims report an inability to forget. A 2007 Harvard study revealed new evidence that there exists no inborn neurological mechanism for repressing memories. Offering a cash reward online for anyone who could produce a clear example from world history or literature pre-1800 of an event that fit the clinical description of memory repression/recovery, the team has yet to receive a response that fits the bill. Thus, they conclude: if memory repression is happening to people at all, it’s the result of cultural suggestion, not an innate property of the human brain.

Yet, evidence to the contrary is equally abundant. Evolutionarily, child abuse may be a special case, since it may behoove a young person materially dependent upon its abuser to ignore or forget the abuse. Furthermore the inability to recall much of anything from our earliest years is recognized as a neurological fact, though when in life the brain begins “recording” is a subject of debate. Thus, it seems possible that traumas occurring near the end of this period could be misplaced, imperfectly recorded somewhere in the brain. Additionally, some of the neurotransmitters secreted during trauma can, in high doses, corrode neural connections rather than strengthen them. Finally, parties who support the existence of memory repression cite the many cases in which hard evidence of long-buried abuse has corroborated the claims of victims who have apparently recovered long-repressed memories.

The debate may seem moot. Perhaps our brains evolved the ability to wipe traumatic memories so as to reap what benefits we can from abusive caregivers. Or, as members of a society shaped by centuries of religion and philosophy and steeped in the Freudian conception of a mind split between the conscious and the unconscious, we have drunk deeply the suggestion that we can hide from our nightmares. Whatever the reality, it’s clear that a search for certainty about our past and how it’s shaped us is likely to raise more questions than it answers. Nothing could be truer for the characters you're about to meet in Amy Herzog’s The Great God Pan. 🎭

— Alec Strum, Associate Literary Manager
“Freud has no rivals among his successors because they think he wrote science, when in fact he wrote art.” — Camille Paglia

When Freud popularized the concept of the unconscious mind at the turn of the last century, he sort of turned over a massive punch bowl at the stuffy cocktail party we were having. Our lives would never be, will never be, the same. However much we, in the day-to-day, choose or don’t choose to subscribe to modern psychological concepts, we can’t not be aware that every moment, every interaction, is colored by a now-institutional knowledge that the people around us are far more complex than we can possibly make out, driven by the chemicals, experiences and non-rational impulses that one accumulates, voluntarily or not, simply by traveling through the world. As W.H. Auden famously said of Freud, “to us he is no more a person now but a whole climate of opinion under whom we conduct our different lives.”

Of course, every major earthquake in theater history is triggered by a tectonic shift in the way humans perceive the world; and as in painting, dance, music and literature, the shape of theater has splintered off in seemingly endless directions as a result, finding a vast new frontier to explore, one that was right in front of our eyes (or rather, behind our eyes?) — an inner dimension, informed by previously hidden phobias and desires, subliminal perceptions, automatic responses. It’s crazy to think what a new concept this is in playwriting, considering the larger timeline of the form itself. When Iago lurches forth at the top of Othello to tell us, “I am not what I am,” what was undoubtedly a shocking declaration in pre-Freudian civilization in today's head-shrunken world barely even needs to be said. We approach our encounters, not only in life but with the characters we meet on stage — and with stories themselves — with eyes narrowed, words like “repression,” “anxiety,” “afterwardsness,” “transference,” “denial” and “ulterior motives” swirling around behind them. Things, we know, aren’t always as they seem; in fact, they pretty much never are.

It’s from this vantage point that I’ve begun to understand the recent trajectory of Amy Herzog’s body of work — which, it seems well worth saying, is still fresh out of the gate, her four most recent plays having established her in a few short years as one of the most inquisitive, skillful new voices in the contemporary landscape. Her writing magnifies the shadow contours of a character’s thought as it lurches forward, hits a roadblock, redirects and finds its expression, as often clear-eyed and lucid as it is distorted, imperfect. The landscape of After the Revolution (2010) is vast, multi-generational and steeped in history, but the fine-tuned intimacy of Amy’s character writing never takes a back seat as she spins the story of an entire family forced to re-examine their relationship both to the larger world and to each other.

Since then, Amy’s writing seems to have turned a corner, shifting its direction more inward, exploring the contours of her characters’ hidden inner workings with the same curiosity and rigor she brought to the terrain of After the Revolution — inner landscapes that are no less vast, no less steeped in history. There’s a palpable feeling, stronger with each new play, that what we see of each character is the very tip of an iceberg, the presence of her or his unconscious needs looming over the proceedings, twitchy and erratic and contradictory. But more significantly is the way this psychological precept seems to extend beyond just the characters’ behavior to our overall experience of watching the play itself. As though there is a second play happening beneath the surface of the play we’re watching, which sneaks into our consciousness without our knowing necessarily how it got there. Just as the characters are impacted by a sub-conscious, we are impacted by a kind of sub-play, hit from the side while we’re facing front.

On the surface nothing much seems to happen during the several weeks that her deceptive play 4000 Miles (2011) traverses. Actually, at first the play seems to resemble any number of other plays: Leo, a young man, stumbles into his grandmother Vera's Greenwich Village apartment, lost and needing a place to crash; she’s accustomed to living alone but glad for the companionship. But the play quickly upsets expectations. Rather than spinning off into antic, hackneyed fights and the trading of familiar heartfelt confessions (in fact, Leo’s one direct-hit emotional revelation falls literally on deaf ears, as Vera doesn’t have her hearing aid in), this play settles into an extraordinarily well-observed, naturalistic depiction of the private rhythms and misdirected anxieties of the shared household. And another story gradually emerges from underneath the surface as we become slowly attuned to the seismic shifts contained in their seemingly arbitrary, seemingly eventless behavior. Vera and Leo are both in transient states, about to pass into a new life chapter. In ways they themselves don't particularly understand, they're both processing their grief over recent deaths (for Leo, his best friend; for Vera, an entire community of friends), and as the play steps its careful way forward, the apartment they co-inhabit starts to feel like a kind of holding pen for this mental and emotional evolution to work itself out before they move on. The final catalyst for change comes unexpectedly when Vera's across-the-hall neighbor, an off-stage character, dies. On the surface her death is insignificant — at least in terms of its stage value (we've never met her, and what we know of her isn't flattering) — but for Leo and Vera, whose thought processes we've grown to understand (even if they don't), it takes on all the transferred weight they've been carrying.

Though it's a wildly different sort of play, a similar kind of subconscious dramaticurgy is at work in Belleville (also 2011), Amy’s painfully suspenseful psychological thriller that focuses on (to put it mildly) a bad marriage. Her title refers to the squalid Parisian neighborhood that Zack and Abby move to after Abby's mother passed, where Zack researches AIDS prevention for Doctors Without Borders and Abby quits, however unwisely, her regimen of anti-depressants. The story we confront at first is that of an appealing, compassionate young couple who do their best to take care of one another amidst grief, money troubles, and the disorientation that comes with foreign cities. But almost from the very beginning we sense another life brimming underneath the one we're watching, as their household — for reasons that neither character seems quite able to fully work out — creeps inexorably toward catastrophe. At first, Zack is calling in sick just a few too many times; then there's the question of what's going on behind the closed bathroom door; and then, isn't the bread knife lingering on the side table just a scene longer than it needs to? And suddenly, the emptiness, violence and awful truths that have been pushed below the calm surface of their lives become all that we can see. Deep down, far past the layer of consciousness in which they were living, their marriage was broken, subtly impacting all of their behavior before finally coming to light.

A page or two earlier in this newsletter, Herzog says of her protagonist in The Great God Pan, “Jamie is stuck and he doesn’t know why.” We can say the same for Vera and Leo, and for Abby and Zack. In each of these three most recent plays, her characters are overwhelmed and driven by irrational impulses, living in the shadow of unconscious motivating forces. But, beyond being an example of first-rate naturalistic playwriting, the truly awesome accomplishment of these plays is in the quiet, sneaky way Amy allows us to perceive the lives we see onstage in the same way: skimming the surface at first, ever-so-gradually becoming aware of the fathomless depths beneath us. The best drama, to my mind, makes the world a more unknowable place. And though the floor may be wet with spilled punch, the party just got a whole lot more interesting.

— Adam Greenfield, Director of New Play Development
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PLAYWRIGHTS HORIZONS is open Monday–Friday from 10am–6pm and can be reached at (212) 564–1235. PATRONS & GENERATION PH MEMBERS may contact Eva Rosa for all inquiries at extension 3144.

GETTING TO THE THEATER
The closest subway stop is 42nd Street on the A, C, E, and 7 trains at 8th Avenue. You may also take the 1, 2, 3, N, R, W, Q, or S trains to Times Square, or the B, D, V, and F to 42nd Street at 6th Avenue. The M42 Crosstown & M104 buses are also available at your convenience.

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Member tickets to THE GREAT GOD PAN are $30 each for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evening performances and $35 each for all other performances during the regularly scheduled run.

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30&Under Member tickets are $20; Student Member tickets are $10. Young members may order online, by phone, or in person.

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HOUSING WORKS THRIFT STORE
49th Avenue at 49th Street
housingworks.org
20% discount

PARKING

ALLIANCE PARKING
Strand Apartment Building
433rd Street & 10th Avenue
$12 flat rate on weekdays after 5pm and anytime on weekends. Rate is $19 after 5 hours (up to 12 hours). Please present your ticket stub to a parking manager.

NEW MANHATTAN PARKING
475 West 41st Street.
$12 flat rate for 6 hours. Download the discount coupon on Playwrights Horizons’ website or ask for a coupon at the concessions counter during your visit.

HELPFUL INFORMATION
Go Back to Where You Are

BRUCE NORRIS IS A WONDERFUL, ORIGINAL, GRAB-YOU-BY-THE-GUTS PLAYWRIGHT.

"ABSOLUTELY SENSATIONAL!"

– New York Post

"FUNNY, TOUCHING, and INNOVATIVE."

– Associated Press

"PERHAPS THE FINEST NEW PLAY OF THE SEASON."

– The New York Times

"Remarkably perceptive, often hilarious and DAMNINGLY INSIGHTFUL SPIKY." – The New York Times

"A beautifully developed portrait of YOU MISTY." – Joe Dziemianowicz, NY Daily News

WHERE: BROADWAY EXIT 4, 201 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036

WHEN: In previews through December 1, 2011; Opening Night, Monday, November 21, 2011; Thursday, November 17, 2011; Saturday, November 19, 2011; Sunday, November 20, 2011; Monday, November 21, 2011; Thursday, November 24, 2011

TIME AND TICKETS: March 23, 2012: 7:30 p.m. ($67.50); March 24, 2012: 2:30 p.m. ($67.50), 7:30 p.m. ($67.50); March 25, 2012: 2:30 p.m. ($67.50), 7:30 p.m. ($67.50); March 26, 2012: 2:30 p.m. ($67.50), 7:30 p.m. ($67.50); March 27, 2012: 2:30 p.m. ($67.50), 7:30 p.m. ($67.50); March 28, 2012: 2:30 p.m. ($67.50); March 29, 2012: 2:30 p.m. ($67.50), 7:30 p.m. ($67.50); March 30, 2012: 2:30 p.m. ($67.50), 7:30 p.m. ($67.50); March 31, 2012: 2:30 p.m. ($67.50), 7:30 p.m. ($67.50); April 1, 2012: 2:30 p.m. ($67.50), 7:30 p.m. ($67.50)

Please note:

Please be advised that the performance times shown are subject to change. All tickets are non-transferable.

We urge you to book your seats as soon as possible during your priority ordering period.

Member tickets to The Great God Pan are just $30 for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evening performances, and $35 for all other performances in the run.

Please note:

Curtain time for Wednesday evenings is 7:00 PM

Take home a library of your favorite PH titles for just $10 each!*
Meet Amy Herzog, learn about her career, and hear about The Great God Pan! Ms. Herzog will appear at the Drama Book Shop at 6:30pm on Thursday evening, November 29 in conversation with Playwrights Horizons’ Director of New Play Development, Adam Greenfield.

Following the event, she will sign copies of her plays, including hot-off-the-press Preview Edition copies of The Great God Pan.

The Drama Book Shop is located at 250 West 40th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues; admission is FREE!

Each season we welcome nine fabulous new residents to the Playwrights Horizons family. This season we are fortunate to have residents in our Casting, Literary, Marketing, Development and Musical Theater departments as well as two stage management and two directing residents.

Our residents gain invaluable experience as well as provide crucial support to their departments. They are responsible for reading incoming new plays and musicals, writing grant proposals, scheduling auditions, researching niche audiences, and much more. We truly couldn’t do it without them!

This year’s residents, pictured from left to right, are: Eva Schelbaum (Casting), Sarah Delappe (Literary), Amy Rosenblum (Musical Theater), Stephen Milosevich (Stage Management), Ashley-Rose Galligan (Stage Management), Katie Stoppielo (Marketing), and Katya Rubasheva (Development). Not pictured below, Michael Leibenluft (Directing) and Logan Vaughn (Directing). Playwrights Horizons' Theatrical Residency Program is generously supported by the Tiger Baron Foundation, Con Edison, The McGraw-Hill Companies and many individual donors.