

# The Guide

## A Theatergoer's Resource

Provided by the Education & Community Programs department at Portland Center Stage. Edited by Sarah Mitchell.

### *Venus in Fur*

By David Ives

Directed by Nancy Keystone

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### Education & Community Programs Staff

Kelsey Tyler  
Education & Community Programs Director

Sarah Mitchell  
Education & Community Programs Manager

Matthew B. Zrebski  
Resident Teaching Artist

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# How Venus Got Her Fur

by David Ives  
My play *Venus in Fur* began with a very powerful, very bad idea.

A few years ago I re-read *Histoire d'O*, the notorious erotic French novel of the 1950s. *Story of O* (as it's known in English) is the tale of a woman identified only as "O" who from the very first page accedes to her lover's demands for various kinds of sexual submission. O masochistically submits for two hundred more pages, the classical severity of the book's style and the odd purity of the main character's commitment lending the novel an air of spirituality, of larger meaning and metaphor. By the end, O, who has willingly passed through stations of sometimes gruesome erotic engagement, approaches a state of near personal extinction. Somehow I got the idea that all this would make for a terrific play. I envisioned an evening that crossed over into performance art. Kabuki! Robert Wilson! High pretension! Well, luckily for me the rights to the book were unavailable because I'm apparently not the only fool who ever dreamt of putting *O* onstage. Understand, my idea wasn't bad because of the nature of the material. It was bad because the story is fundamentally undramatic. If your main character submits on page one, where's the drama? So, yes, it might have been theatrical. But dramatic? Never. Having x'd *O*, I was led by process of association to re-read *Venus im Pelz*, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch's notorious 1870 novelization of his own submissive erotic entanglement. *Venus in Fur* has never been considered a "great" novel (its prose is as Teutonically leaden as velvet sandbags) but it is enough of a milestone that Sacher-Masoch put the M in S&M, lending his name, because of the book, to the term "masochism." Never mind the prose: I found myself electrified. Dramaturgically electrified, I mean, because the relationship between Severin and Vanda, the two lovers of the plot, seemed to dramatize itself without the intervention of a playwright's hands. Unlike *Story of O*,



*Venus in Fur* sparks with the friction of two buttoned-up people in an erotic power play who challenge, resist and disagree with each other even while bound by mutual sexual attraction. That sure sounded dramatic to me. So I set about adapting the book for four actors—two to play Severin and Vanda, two for the side roles, all straightforwardly in period and period dress. By the way, for anyone wondering about the title ("Why *Venus in Fur*? Isn't it *Venus in FURS*?") *Venus in FUR* has always sounded better, and more natural to me, than the uglier *Venus in FURS*. And these days, we don't say that a woman is wearing furs, we say she's wearing fur or a fur. Nuff, or muff, said.

Having finished my adaptation, I sent it to my friend and longtime collaborator the actor/director/wonder Walter Bobbie, whose taste and judgment I trust absolutely. Walter didn't know the Sacher-Masoch novel but quickly read the script and told me essentially this: that the relationship between Severin and Vanda was fascinating, but that the play I'd made out of them seemed both uncontemporary and too literal. For what is erotic and suggestive on a page (e.g., whips and chains) can be stunningly unstageable if not ridiculous under lights. And what does this relationship of 1870, however complex, have to do with us in the early 21<sup>st</sup> century? Walter apologized, I remember, for not being more specific than that. As always, I took his opinion very seriously indeed. I pondered the matter for some weeks or months with no real idea how to use Walter's thoughts to readdress or reshape what I'd written, but during this time the story of *Venus in Fur*, the relationship of Severin and Vanda, was still very present to me. Since their plight wouldn't let me go, I felt certain that I was bound (so to speak) to go back to it. And then one day I did, though I don't know what spurred me to take the route I took, which was to strip away everything but my two lovers and create a frame story set today in an audition room where a playwright

seeks an actress to play Vanda in his adaptation of, what else, *Venus in Fur*. In fact, the writing went quite swiftly and I finished a new draft in 10 days or so.

I sent the revision to Walter, and Walter said, "Let's do it"—the Cole Porterish music to every playwright's ears. From those words, it was but an apparent picosecond to a production downtown at Classic Stage and yet another picosecond to the Friedman on 47<sup>th</sup> Street. And as we proceeded deeper and deeper into Sacher-Masoch's erotic Black Forest,

we met up with Nina Arianda on our way, an actress who not only seemed created to play Vanda, but whose name actually rhymed with that of our heroine...

But that's another tale entirely. 🍷

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<http://www.broadway.com/buzz/158278/playwright-david-ives-on-how-venus-got-her-fur/>

## The Novel

*Venus in Fur is a famous novella by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. It's a semi-autobiographical work, published in 1870. Fernanda Savage translated Leopold von Sacher-Masoch's novel Venus in Furs from German to English in 1921. Below is an excerpt from the book's introduction.*

by  
Fernanda  
Savage

Leopold von Sacher-Masoch was born in Lemberg, Austrian Galicia, on January 27, 1836. He studied jurisprudence at Prague and Graz, and in 1857 became a teacher at the latter university. He published several historical works, but soon gave up his academic career to devote himself wholly to literature. For a number of years he edited the international review, *Auf der Höhe*, at Leipzig, but later removed to Paris, for he was always strongly Francophile. His last years he spent at Lindheim in Hesse, Germany, where he died on March 9, 1895. In 1873 he married Aurora von Rumelin, who wrote a number of novels under the pseudonym of Wanda von Dunajew, which it is interesting to note

is the name of the heroine of *Venus in Furs*. Her sensational memoirs which have been the cause of considerable controversy were published in 1906.

During his career as writer an endless number of works poured from Sacher-Masoch's pen. Many of these were works of ephemeral journalism, and some of them unfortunately pure sensationalism, for economic necessity forced him to turn his pen to unworthy ends. There is, however, a residue among his works which has a distinct literary and even greater psychological value. His principal literary ambition was never completely fulfilled. It was a somewhat

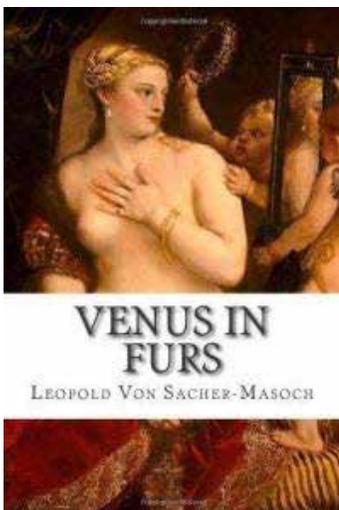


Left to right: Leopold von Sacher-Masoch,  
Wanda von Dunajew

programmatic plan to give a picture of contemporary life in all its various aspects and interrelations under the general title of the *Heritage of Cain*. This idea was probably derived from Balzac's *Comedie Humaine*. The whole was to be divided into six subdivisions with the general titles *Love, Property, Money, The State, War, and Death*. Each of these divisions in its turn consisted of six novels, of which the last was intended to summarize the author's conclusions and to present his solution for the problems set in the others. This extensive plan remained unachieved, and only the first two parts, *Love* and *Property*, were completed. Of the other sections only fragments remain. The present novel, *Venus in Furs*, forms the fifth in the series, *Love*.

The best of Sacher-Masoch's work is characterized by a swift narration and a graphic representation of character and scene and a rich humor. The latter has made many of his shorter stories dealing with his native Galicia little masterpieces of local color.

There is, however, another element in his work which has caused his name to become as eponym for an



entire series of phenomena at one end of the psycho-sexual scale. This gives his productions a peculiar psychological value, though it cannot be denied also a morbid tinge that makes them often repellent. However, it is well to remember that nature is neither good nor bad, neither altruistic nor egoistic, and that it operates through the human psyche as well as through crystals and plants and animals with the same inexorable laws.

Sacher-Masoch was the poet of the anomaly now generally known as masochism. By this is meant the desire on the part of the individual affected of desiring himself completely and unconditionally subject to the will of a person of the opposite sex, and being

*Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau*; it explains the character of the chevalier in Prevost's *Manon l'Escault*. Scenes of this nature are found in Zola's *Nana*, in Thomas Otway's *Venice Preserved*, in Albert Juhelle's *Les Pecheurs d'Hommes*, in Dostojevski. In disguised and unrecognized form it constitutes the undercurrent of much of the sentimental literature of the present day, though in most cases the authors as well as the readers are unaware of the pathological elements out of which their characters are built.

Among Sacher-Masoch's works, *Venus in Furs* is one of the most typical and outstanding. In spite of melodramatic elements and other literary faults, it is unquestionably a sincere work, written without any idea of titillating morbid fancies. One feels that in the hero many subjective elements have been incorporated, which are a disadvantage to the work from the point of view of literature, but on the other hand raise the book beyond the sphere of art, pure and simple, and make it one of those appalling human documents which belong, part to science and part to psychology. It is the confession of a deeply unhappy man who could not master his personal tragedy of existence, and so sought to unburden his soul in writing down the things he felt and experienced. The reader who will approach the book from this angle and who will honestly put aside moral prejudices and prepossessions will come away from the perusal of this book with a deeper understanding of this poor miserable soul of ours and a light will be cast into dark places that lie latent in all of us.

Sacher-Masoch's works have held an established position in European letters for something like half a century, and the author himself was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French Government in 1883, on the occasion of his literary jubilee. When several years ago cheap reprints were brought out on the Continent and attempts were made by various guardians of morality—they exist in all countries—to have them suppressed, the judicial decisions were invariably against the plaintiff and in favor of the publisher. Are Americans children that they must be protected from books which any European school-boy can purchase whenever he wishes? However, such seems to be the case, and this translation, which has long been in preparation, consequently appears in a limited edition printed for subscribers only. In another connection Herbert Spencer once used these words: "The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly, is to fill the world with fools." They have a very pointed application in the case of a work like *Venus in Furs*. ■

*"Writing a play, you start with less, so more is demanded of you. It's as if you have to not only write a symphony, but invent the instruments as well."*

—David Ives

treated by this person as by a master, to be humiliated, abused, and tormented, even to the verge of death. This motive is treated in all its innumerable variations. As a creative artist Sacher-Masoch was, of course, on the quest for the absolute, and sometimes, when impulses in the human being assume an abnormal or exaggerated form, there is just for a moment a flash that gives a glimpse of the thing in itself.

If any defense were needed for the publication of work like Sacher-Masoch's it is well to remember that artists are the historians of the human soul and one might recall the wise and tolerant Montaigne's essay *On the Duty of Historians* where he says, "One may cover over secret actions, but to be silent on what all the world knows, and things which have had effects which are public and of so much consequence is an inexcusable defect."

And the curious interrelation between cruelty and sex, again and again, creeps into literature. Sacher-Masoch has not created anything new in this. He has simply taken an ancient motive and developed it frankly and consciously, until, it seems, there is nothing further to say on the subject. To the violent attacks which his books met he replied in a polemical work, *Über den Wert der Kritik*.

It would be interesting to trace the masochistic tendency as it occurs throughout literature, but no more can be done than just to allude to a few instances. The theme recurs continually in the

# All Hail Aphrodite: Venus in Fur's Media Problem

This February 2012 article from full-stop.net discusses the Broadway production of *Venus in Fur*, bringing up the inherent issues in marketing the complex piece. Elena Gambino is a freelance writer based in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

by  
Elena Gambino

David Ives' *Venus in Fur* opens on a sparsely furnished audition room in New York City. Poorly lit by fluorescent lights, frustrated, and talking on his cell phone, the play's male lead Thomas Novachek (played by Hugh Dancy in the show's Broadway production this year) complains that there are no — literally, no — women to play his leading lady. Thomas, who's written and plans to direct a stage adaptation of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch's (in)famous novel *Venus in Furs*, is apparently at his wits' end. "There are no women like this," he says, "no young women, or young-ish women. No beautiful-slash-sexy women." He continues,

No sexy-slash-articulate young women with some classical training and a particle of brain in their skulls. Is that so much to ask? An actress who can actually pronounce the word "degradation" without a tutor?"

Before this bit of irony sinks in, cue — in true theatrical fashion — an ominous roll of thunder as he describes the actresses: prop-toting, unfeminine ("Half are dressed like hookers, half like dykes," he says), and, worst of all, desperate. And then — a knock on the door. Enter Vanda Jordan (Nina Arianda), an unrefined, frantic actress with a bag full of props who has missed her audition hours ago. What follows these opening moments is hard to define. On one hand, *Venus in Fur* could easily be an audition narrative in which Vanda, a girl with no chance of landing the big gig, proves herself to a doubtful director; on the other, it is a wonderfully dark exploration of power relationships and transgressive desire on par with *Miss Julie*. More likely, though, the play is neither — instead, it asks us to reconsider the subtler, more ambiguous and unsettling possibility that many iterations of subversion come with their own forms of injustice.



Nina Arianda and Hugh Dancy in the Broadway production of *Venus in Fur*. Photo by Sara Krulwich

The novel *Venus in Furs*, and Thomas' adaptation in the play that the characters read together onstage, imagines Vanda Dunayev as a woman transformed into a cruel dominatrix through her relationship with the willingly submissive Severin Kushemski. Pleading with Dunayev to overpower him, Kushemski says, "This is the future of men and women. Let the one who would kneel, kneel. Let the one who would submit anyway, submit now." Desperate to find a woman — the woman — who can embrace and live out his transgressive desire, Kushemski frets that he is destined to live in misery until he meets the hedonist Dunayev. His submission to her, however, is tempered by his fierce and overpowering desire to transform Dunayev into his idol, the goddess Venus:

This Venus is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I love her madly, passionately, with feverish intensity, as one can only love a woman who responds to one with a petrified smile, ever calm and unchanging. I adore her absolutely.

Convinced of her ability to dominate him completely (despite her protestation), and intrigued by her likeness, both physically and intellectually, to his revered goddess, Kushemski is at once mesmerized by Dunayev and, ultimately, driven mad by her infidelity. To transform woman into goddess — to

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“  
A real apple is more beautiful than a painted one,  
and a live woman is more beautiful than a Venus of stone.

**Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, *Venus in Fur***

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definitively upend the relationship between man and woman — is Kushemski's, and, perhaps, Thomas', most deep-seated desire. But it is one rife with inconsistencies: at their cores, both Kushemski and Thomas are blind to the reality that neither Dunayev nor Vanda are the goddess they so willingly conjure.

But as Vanda and Thomas read the lines of the play-within-a-play as Dunayev and Kushemski, their electric dialogue — both as Vanda and Thomas and as their characters — belies the notion that the play is simply about overturning the power structure inherent in what we perceive as the actor-director relationship, or in that of woman to man, wife to husband, or submissive to dominant. Transgression, at least the easy transgression of Kushemski's imagination, is simply not enough to explain these relationships. Indeed, Thomas — along with the audience — becomes increasingly, and at times frighteningly, aware that Vanda is more than an auditioning actress with an incredible talent; as their reading becomes more and more intense, Vanda begins to question the motivations behind the play's very subversion:

**THOMAS:** To me, this is a play about two people who are joined irreparably. They're handcuffed at the heart.

**VANDA:** Yeah, joined by his kink.

**THOMAS:** No. By their passion.

**VANDA:** His passion.

**THOMAS:** You're denying her passion. That's sexist, too. She's as passionate as he is, and this play is about how these two passions collide.

**VANDA:** What age are you living in? He brings her into this, and she's the one who gets to look bad, she's the villain.

By the end of the play, Vanda's questions have transformed into all-out rage:

How dare you? How DARE you! You thought you could dupe some poor, willing, idiot actress and bend her to your program, didn't you. Create your own little female Frankenstein monster. You thought that you could use me to insult me?

*“Man desires, woman is desired.”*

—Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, *Venus in Fur*

As she achieves true domination over Thomas (giving away too much here would, of course, spoil the fun of seeing it performed), Vanda's total transformation



*Nina Arianda in the 2010 world-premiere staging of Venus in Fur. Photo by Joan Marcus*

from her first lines is nothing less than spectacular. She seems to embody — both literally in an “improvised” scene and symbolically — the goddess that Thomas and Kushemski desire. But whether she is uncannily adept at transforming from “ditz to dominatrix,” bent on undermining the power relationships of the audition process, or in fact Venus herself come to enlighten — or punish — Thomas, the audience is confronted with a play that asks us to consider more deeply our expectations and our judgments. If we are serious about considering power and gender, we are required to reject cookie-cutter subversions of power relationships; the failure to do so, the play suggests, will accomplish nothing but reinforcing once again Thomas' and Kushemski's destructive goddess worship. The significance of a show like *Venus in Fur* is that it turns the tables deftly on the audience while simultaneously understanding itself as a testament to the ways in which power has so totally infiltrated the arts experience.

*Venus in Fur*, which opened off-Broadway in 2010, received immediate and intense critical acclaim, at least in part due to Arianda's electrifying performance as Vanda. Rave reviews from top theater critics nationwide extended the show's performance twice, and are at least partially responsible for its revival (only a year later) on Broadway, which has also been extended. Yet innate in all the hype surrounding the show is what is at best a fundamental inability to express some of the deepest, most compelling truths in the play, and at worst a willful ignorance of what it offers. On one hand are distillations of the plot into palatable, simplistic synopses; on

the other, profiles of Arianda’s incredible rise from unknown NYU-grad to Broadway’s “next big thing.” Both, ultimately, bear striking resemblance to the very narrative genericism that the play seeks to undermine.

In his November 7, 2011 profile of Nina Arianda, *The New Yorker’s* John Lahr — and the many producers, directors, and writers he interviewed — compared the actress’ talent to a litany of stage legends: in the article, Barbara Harris, Zoe Caldwell, Barbara Streisand, Judy

Holiday, and Meryl Streep each provide easy analogies to Arianda’s astonishing and meteoric rise. Describing her audition, Lahr writes,

Just before Arianda walked into the room, her resume was passed to Brian Kulick, the artistic director of the Classic Stage Company, who was planning to produce the play. Next to Kulick at the table were David Ives and the director Walter Bobbie [...]. Kulick glanced down at Arianda’s lean C.V. “I’m gonna kill James,” he said to Ives. “This is a waste of my time.” Arianda entered the audition room with her bag of props, just as Vanda does in the script, and performed the first seven minutes of the play. “She didn’t just read the lines as a character,” Bobbie recalled. “She brought the entire script to life.” [...]

Bobbie wanted to stop the auditions immediately. “She showed me how the play worked,” he said. “I was afraid someone would cast her by the end of the day. It was that breathtaking an audition. I don’t know how to explain it. But when the real thing walks in the room you know it.” On her audition sheet, below

where Paul Davis had written “Bold. Sexy. Funny,” Calleri scribbled “STW” – Straight to Wardrobe.

It’s the kind of description you might expect from Thomas Novachek, raving that his very own dominating Venus has walked in the door to give the audition of a lifetime on a dark and stormy night. Indeed, Lahr figures Arianda’s talent and discovery in terms of these

“  
Love knows no virtue, no  
merit; it loves and forgives  
and tolerates everything  
because it must. We are not  
guided by reason, nor do the  
assets or blemishes that we  
discover tempt us to devo-  
tion or intimidate us. It is a  
sweet, mournful, mysterious  
power that drives us, and we  
stop thinking, feeling, wish-  
ing, we let ourselves drift  
along and never ask where  
we are drifting.

—Leopold von Sacher-Masoch,  
*Venus in Fur*

”



*Nina Arianda and Hugh Dancy in the Broadway production of Venus in Fur.*

stars presumably to indicate the nature of Arianda’s explosive debut, yet in the context of *Venus in Fur’s* resistance to our tendency to imbue women with this exact cosmic quality, the description falls flat. Consider again the actresses to whom Arianda has been compared, those paradigms of our arts culture that govern our expectations and give our critical narratives such rigidity. Are these goddesses? Perhaps not, but the language with which we define a woman’s talent — “Bold. Sexy. Funny.” — speaks volumes about the underlying truth of Ives’ play. Our ability to even consider a great performance is, indeed, colored by the language of the power structure Vanda ultimately dismantles on stage. What Lahr’s profile fails to address is Arianda’s profound understanding of the troubling and simplistic way in which we understand women, femininity, and power in art. If *Venus in Fur* attempts to expose an underlying weakness in the critical medium to tend to problems of power in artistic culture, then it appears as though it has done its job.

But if reading *The New Yorker* is not proof enough that these troubling paradigms have hijacked many of our critical responses to artistic experiences, stop by *Venus in Fur’s* venue, the Lyceum Theater on Broadway, and take a look at the standard review lines. “Broadway’s Hottest Date Night!” raves columnist Liz Smith on the play’s marquee. Better yet, the show’s website – reinterpreting the show dramatically for the sake of ticket sales – presents its tagline “A New Power Play” underneath a blown up picture of Dancy menacingly clutching at Arianda’s neck. Even Charles Isherwood, the *New York Times’* legendary theater critic, writes in an article largely aimed at encouraging Broadway ticket sales that *Venus in Fur* is a “sneaky two-hander about a sexually fraught encounter between a desperate but calculating

actress and a high-handed playwright-director.”

While marketing campaigns seldom offer accurate snapshots of complex works of art, *Venus in Fur*'s scheme seems particularly poor. Perhaps these blurbs are meant to enhance our experience of the play's surprising intellectual double-back. More likely, though, they are meant to capitalize on the perception that sexual subversion — in its

*“Every man—I know this—turns weak, pliant, ridiculous as soon as he’s in love.”*

—Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, *Venus in Fur*

simplest, most easily accessible form — is enough to attract audiences to the theater instead of the latest Hollywood blockbuster. What it ignores, willfully or not, is the direct implication that *Venus in Fur* insists upon: that these very assumptions are inextricably linked to political and social identity. When the complexity and honesty of these identities are attenuated by a media that seeks to codify simplistic expectations, we compromise our ability to fully experience art's greatest political purpose.

This kind of media treatment for a play that resists just these theater stereotypes to its very core seems wholly inappropriate, if only because statements like “Broadway's Hottest Date Night!” for a show largely

preoccupied with sado-masochism is egregiously misguided. But there is a deeper, more troubling problem at hand: because performances — particularly ones that catapult new talent into the spotlight — are undeniably fleeting, we must rely on media, reviewers, and writers as both distributors of information and as critics. Put simply, the media can — and should — uphold as great a responsibility in the production of live art as the artists themselves. Criticism and the media, in other words, should rise to art's challenges to contribute to a healthier, more organic atmosphere for expressions of political and social identity.

*Venus in Fur* is, perhaps, an astonishingly adept exploration of the complexities of power and desire as many critics have suggested, but deeper within the text is a more unnerving principle, a question about the confines not just of traditional power structures, but subversive ones, too. As Vanda and Thomas — actress and playwright — play out that great masterpiece of subversive psychosexual fiction, the question that emerges is not what the piece says about men and women, sex and politics, or theater and power. Rather, it asks us to reject these easy dichotomies and look instead towards a subversion that treats its players responsibly, respectably, and — most importantly — as decidedly human. It is this central premise that gives *Venus in Fur* its vitality: that real, complex, honest-to-god transgression is not easy, and it is not sexy. It is necessary to our very existence. ■

## 10 Audition Tips for Actors

by  
Ken Davenport

*Venus in Fur* centers around a theatrical audition, arguably the most challenging aspect of a professional actor's job. Below we're including 10 tips from Broadway producer Ken Davenport's popular blog *The Producer's Perspective* ([www.theproducerperspective.com](http://www.theproducerperspective.com)).

Sitting on the other side of the table is something that every actor should do. It's incredibly educational and inspirational, because frankly, you realize that while there are lots and lots of people that call themselves actors, there are a much smaller group of Actors (and talent is only a small part of that definition, by the by). Since so few Actors get a chance to sit where Producers and Directors sit, here are my 10 tips on how to have a better audition experience.

1. Always bring a picture and resume. I don't care if you have an Agent, a Manager, and a Momma



Rose-style “mom-ager” who all promised to send it over. You're the one that won't be remembered if you don't have one. A P&R is more than an American Express card. It's like a pair of shoes. You wouldn't leave home without shoes, would you?

2. Haven't memorized the material? Don't pretend you have. If you have sides, try to memorize them. But if you can't, it's ok. We'd rather hear the material as written with the papers in your hand than hear you make up stuff just to prove that you tried (and failed) to memorize the material (remind me to tell you about the time an actor added a few lines to a Tony Award winning playwright's monologue to kill time while he tried to get back on track).
  3. Don't make excuses. I don't want to hear that you have a cold, or that you have bed-head, or that your printer is broken. Do your best.
  4. If I ask you to make a choice, make one. I commonly ask the people auditioning for me to choose between two monologues, or I ask them to give me three song choices from their book and then I say, "which would you like to do?" I want to learn what YOU are attracted to, and I also want to see you make a choice. Don't say, "It doesn't matter. What do you want?" Actors have to make strong clear choices when developing characters. I want to see that side of you in everything you do.
  5. Make your first 15 seconds count. When you meet someone for the first time, don't you make a lot of suppositions? We do too.
  6. Be the 3 Cs. Be comfortable, charismatic and confident. Actors have to command attention. They have to be the most interesting people in a 1000 seat theater. Be someone that we want to get to know. If you can do that as yourself, I know you'll also be able to do that in a character.
  7. Don't take the last audition times of the day. Casting is not an easy process, and at the end of the day, a creative team is grumpy, tired and wants to go home.
- The early actor gets the part. (Another reason to be scheduled early? You don't have the rest of the day of actors to be compared to. I'm much more likely to call someone back that I see early because I have no idea what the rest of the day will bring.)
8. Let us know where to find you. Even if you have an agent, put an email address where you can be reached directly on your resume (For safety reasons, I'd suggest a separate email just for this purpose). This way, if you ever leave your agent, or if your agent doesn't get back to the casting director right away, interested parties have a way of at least sending you an inquiry. You don't have to respond. Pix and Resumes sit in files for years. You always want some piece of contact information to be accurate so someone can find you fast.
  9. Don't start over. Screw up? Fight through it. And it probably wasn't as bad as you thought. You're more sensitive to it than we are. An old voice teacher of mine used to say, "If you put a microphone on the inside of a Mercedes engine, you'd hear all sorts of sputtering and spitting, but from the outside, you'd hear nothing but purrrrrrrrrr."
  10. Always audition. The best way to master auditioning is just like everything else. Do it over and over. You'll get numb to the nerves. You'll be able to be yourself. And you'll get free practice! I used to go to dance calls, because learning a dance combination at an audition is a free dance class (and I needed them). Actors who get to work on sides with directors at an audition get a free coaching.
- Remember, we want you to be great. We're pulling for you more than you can ever imagine.  
Because a great audition, means a great cast, which means we're one step closer to a great show. 🏰



Love knows no virtue, no merit; it loves and forgives and tolerates everything because it must. We are not guided by reason, nor do the assets or blemishes that we discover tempt us to devotion or intimidate us. It is a sweet, mournful, mysterious power that drives us, and we stop thinking, feeling, wishing, we let ourselves drift along and never ask where we are drifting.

***Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, Venus in Fur***



# Local Connections

## DANCE NAKED PRODUCTIONS

A local theater company dedicated to creating entertaining, interactive, edgy, enlightening, and arousing theater that illuminates and celebrates human sexuality.

<http://dancenakedproductions.com>

## SPARTACUS LEATHERS

Conveniently located just blocks away from PCS on W Burnside.

<http://spartacusleathers.com/>



### SPANK: THE SPARTACUS GUIDE TO CROPS, PADDLES, AND WHIPS

If you like your pleasure a bit on the rougher side, let your partner tease you with one of many types of crops, paddles, floggers or whips. Whether your style is sensual play or full-on pain, there's a disciplinary tool for you. Most of the SM tools that Spartacus offers come in a range of intensities from vanilla to hardcore. Items such as paddles can be found covered in faux fur for sensual play or adorned with studs for rougher punishment. Here's a guide to all the different styles of discipline products, as well as some tips on how to use them:

#### PADDLES:



For the sub that likes to be spanked! Paddles are great for creating a "thud" rather than the localized sting of a crop or bat. They come in two basic shapes: frat paddle and ping pong. Paddles come with a variety of features, from metal studs to holes and faux fur to leather lining for different pleasure experiences.

#### SLAPPERS:



They may look cute and playful, but don't be fooled by our slappers! They're designed to be used all over the body, and come outfitted with holes or slits to provide that extra "thud". The impact of our slappers on the body creates a satisfying sound as it makes body contact.

#### WHIPS & FLOGGERS:



Multi-strand leather whips come in a wide variety of lengths. For more directed, light play, try a shorter flogger. If you're more experienced and know exactly what you're doing, you might want to try out a longer whip.

Whips can even be found with metal spikers at the ends of their strands!

#### BATS, CANES & CROPS:



Crops and bats are thin and slightly rigid. You can choose from crops of a wide range of lengths along with a variety of leather tips. Use a light tap to stimulate areas of the body, or a swift snap for more impact.

Our bamboo canes come in two styles of handles, straight and curved.