

Marigolds was written when I was twenty-five years old. One morning I awoke and discovered the manuscript next to my typewriter. I suspect it is autobiographical, because whenever I see a production of it I laugh and cry harder than anyone else in the audience. I laugh because the play always reminds me of still another charmingly frantic scheme of my mother's to get rich quick - a profusion of schemes all of which couldn't possibly appear in the play: It might be the time my mother decided to make a fortune as a dog breeder but ended up with twenty-six collies when no buyers appeared; or perhaps I'll recall her hot dog emporium at a small airport; or her Phone-A-Gift Service. I remember an endless series of preposterous undertakings - hatcheck girl, PT boat riveter, unlicensed real estate broker.

But my tears come from a time several years after the play was written, when I returned to my mother's house knowing she had only a few months to live; she was unaware of the fact that she was dying. We had long before made that peace between parent and son which Nature insists not happen until the teen years have passed. During that privileged time just before she died, we enjoyed each other as friends. If she felt strong on a particular day she'd ask to go for a car ride. She loved burnt-almond ice cream, shrimp in lobster sauce, and flowers in bloom. On one of our trips we discovered a grove with a family of pheasants, a floor of lilies of the valley, and a ceiling of wisteria. Always we talked of the past - of her father, of his vegetable wagon in old Stapleton, of a man who rented a room in her father's house in which to store thousands of Christmas toys. There was always the unusual, the hilarity, the sadness. In her own way she told me of her secret dreams and fears - so many of which somehow I had sensed, and discovered written into that manuscript next to my typewriter, many years before.

Paul Zindel

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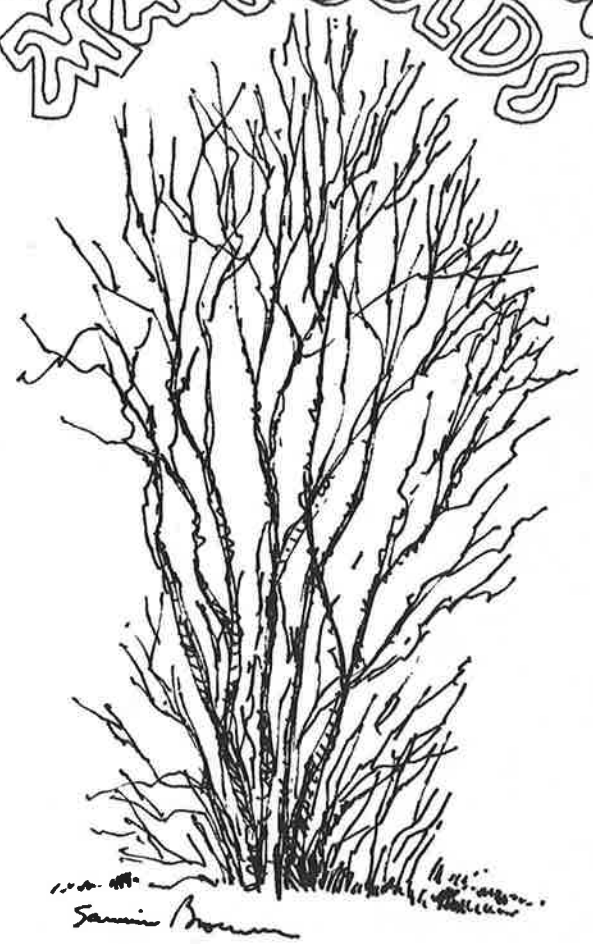
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THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS  
 ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON  
 MARIGOLDS



FORT SMITH LITTLE THEATRE, INCORPORATED

Presents

The 1971 Pulitzer Prize Winning Play

"THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS  
ON  
MAN-IN-THE-MOON  
MARIGOLDS"

By

Paul Zindel

Directed

by

Bob Hughart

Produced

by

Connie Freeman

Produced by Special Arrangements  
Dramatists Play Service, Incorporated

#### THE CHARACTERS

Beatrice - *"This long street with all the doors shut tight and everything crowded next to each other..."*  
*"And then I start getting afraid the vegetables are going to spoil...and that nobody's going to buy anything..."*  
played by  
Betty Klusmier

Tillie - *"In front of my eyes one part of the world was becoming another. Atoms exploding, flinging off tiny bullets that caused the fountain, atom after atom breaking down into something new."*  
played by  
Nancy Woods

Ruth - *"...it says that I exaggerate and tell stories and that I'm afraid of death and have nightmares..."*  
played by  
Ann Pollock

Nanny.....Ginger Bushong

Janice Vickery.....Lisa Freeman

#### THE SETTING

A room of wood which was once a vegetable store - and a point of debarkation for a horse-drawn wagon to bring its wares to a small town.

But the store is gone, and a widow of confusion has placed her touch on everything.

The objects which respectable people, bless them, put away - remain in unsightly profusion about the main room....Such confusion and carelessness is the type which is so perfected it must come from hereditary processes.

#### PRODUCTION STAFF

Set Design..... Cecil Woodward

Set Construction..... Cecil Woodward

Assisted by.....Don Lumpkin, Gretchen Tucker  
Charlie Tucker, Janie Glover  
Cindy Bell, Orin Frank

Costumes.....Brooxine Kidder, Sue Nelson

Properties..... Rick Foti, Sondra Foti,  
Vicci Riggs, Dana McGee

Lights..... Ginny Riley, Don Lumpkin

Sound..... Ginny Riley

Stage Manager..... Rick Foti

Program Design..... Sammie Johnson

Program..... Darlene Garner

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

KFSA  
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KFPW Radio & T.V.  
KFSM T.V.  
Snoopers Barn  
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Northside High School  
Mrs. Jewell Bell  
Miss Sharon Coleman

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BOB HUGHART