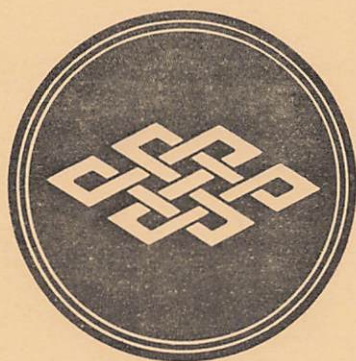


# Mythical Musings



*Presented by the*  
Journeyers, Troupe and Orchestra  
*of*

**Global Priors Council**

1979

Facility  
Hospital

***The Cover Design:***  
**A Japanese Symbol for Longevity**

## Mythical Musings



This evening we will travel through space and time as those on the way toward one human community. As we journey from the past we see in *Act I* the new reality of our one world which encompasses the variance of the Ur's while at the same time they are converging. In *Act II* our troupe travels on the road encountering the struggles of decision in a series of vignettes. *Act III* draws fourth the significance of this greatest of all human adventures and beckons everyone to join in the journey.

**ACT I..... The One Human Settlement**

**ACT II ..... The Journeyers Depart**

Dance of Mundanity

A Mythical Dream of Chase

The Community Meets

An Encounter with the Enemy

A Mythical Dream of Struggle

A Visit with the Antrobus Family

The Enemy Reappears

Wrestling Match

The Silent Resolve

**ACT III ..... The New Future**

Narrator .....	<i>Joe Crocker</i>
Jestor .....	<i>Jennifer Leenhouts</i>
Journeyers .....	<i>Tim Casswell</i>
	<i>Burna Dunn</i>
	<i>Jim Bell</i>
	<i>Mary D'Souza</i>
Troupe .....	<i>Herminia Banayo</i>
	<i>Sherine James</i>
	<i>Rosita Zuniga</i>
	<i>Elizabeth Sands</i>
	<i>Mig Wildhack</i>
	<i>Manuel Samayoa</i>
	<i>Ato Coleman</i>
	<i>Augustine Hajega</i>
	<i>Said Rizkalla</i>
	<i>Mark Harvey</i>
	<i>Nurul Fazrie</i>
	<i>Evelyn Kurihara</i>
Orchestra .....	<i>Steve Leenhouts</i>
	<i>Noel Thomas</i>
	<i>Rod Hall</i>
	<i>Charles Sanlola</i>
Production .....	<i>Jane Booher</i>
	<i>David Elliott</i>
	<i>Mary Warren Moffett</i>
	<i>Nancy Knowlton</i>
	<i>Charles Catlett</i>
	<i>Ken Hamje</i>
	<i>Jon Elizondo</i>
	<i>Elinor Stock</i>

## **Why Don't We Sing This Song All Together**

Why don't we sing this song all together  
Open our heads and the pictures come  
And if we close all our eyes together  
Then we shall see where we all come from.

Pictures of us through the steamy haze  
Pictures of us painted in our caves

Why don't we sing this song all together  
Open our heads and the pictures come  
And if we close all our eyes together  
Then we will see where we all come from.

Pictures of us beating on our drum  
Never stopping til' the dawn has come

Why don't we sing this song all together  
Open our heads and the pictures come  
And if we close all our eyes together  
Then we shall see where we all come from.

Pictures of us in the circling sun  
Pictures of us show that we're all one

Why don't we sing this song all together  
Open our heads and the pictures come  
And if we close all our eyes together  
Then we shall see where we all come from.

Throughout the inhabited world, in all times and under every circumstance, the myths of man have flourished; and they have been the living inspiration of whatever else may have appeared out of the activities of the human body and mind. It would not be too much to say that myth is the secret opening through which the inexhaustible energies of the cosmos pour into human cultural manifestation. Religions, philosophies, arts and the social forms of primitive and historic man, prime discoveries in science and technology, the very dreams that blister sleep, boil up from the basic, magic ring of myth.

The wonder is that the characteristic efficacy to touch and inspire deep creative centers dwells in the smallest nursery fairy tale - as the flavor of the ocean is contained in a droplet or the whole mystery of life within the egg of a flea. For the symbols of mythology are not manufactured, they cannot be ordered, invented, or permanently suppressed. They are spontaneous productions of the psyche, and each bears within it, undamaged, the germ power of its source.

**Joseph Campbell**  
Hero of a Thousand Faces

