

Ian Fraser

THE EXCERPT IS BELOW THIS RESUME

Theater Plays Staged.

In USA

'CAT AND GOD'

(published by One Act Play Depot, Canada)

'Yours Till the Cows Come Home'

staged reading, Fusion Theatre, NM

Dogs of the Blue Gods

To be staged by the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh Theatre, WI, **2008**).

Staged by the First Banana Theater Company, Madison, WI, 1998.

Staged by the Village Playhouse of Wauwatosa, WI, 1999. (Won First place at the Wisconsin State AACTFest).

Blitzbrecker and the Chicken From Hell

Staged by the First Banana Theater Company, Madison, WI, 1998.

In South Africa

The Accidental Antichrist

(Special FNB-Vita Award for 'Most Outstanding New Production.'

Nominated for FNB-Vita Award for 'Playwright of the Year.' South Africa, 1994).

The Sugar Plum Fairy

(Pick of the Fringe Award Grahamstown Arts Festival. South Africa, 1993).

Sleeping Chickens (South Africa, 1993).

Heart Like a Stomach

(Winner of the Amstel Playwright of the Year Award. South Africa, 1992).

Butterfly Jam

(Amstel Playwright of the Year nomination. South Africa, 1991).

Like the Pyramid on the Camel Packet

(Officially staged by the Performing Arts Council Transvaal. South Africa, 1991).

The Gospel According to the Mafia

(Pick of the Fringe Award Grahamstown Arts Festival. South Africa, 1991).

Blitzbreker and the Chicken from Hell

(Officially staged by the Cape Performing Arts Council. Amstel Playwright of the Year nomination. Pick of the Fringe Award Grahamstown Arts Festival, South Africa, 1990).

Dogs of the Blue Gods

(Tonight AA Life Vita Award for Comedy. South Africa, 1990).

(Staged by the First Banana Theater Company, Madison, WI, 1998.
The Village Playhouse of Wauwatosa, WI, 1999. (Won first place at the Wisconsin State AACTFest).
To be staged by the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh Theatre, WI, 2008).

Charles Manson

(Amstel Playwright of the Year nomination. South Africa, 1989).

Lenny Bruce Live

(Best Cabaret 1988, The Argus newspaper. South Africa, 1988).

Bring Me Gandhi (South Africa, 1987).

Publications

My Own Private Orchestra, Penguin Books 1993.

(Nominated for 'CNA Literary Awards,' Debut section, 1994)

Journalism

The Star, Johannesburg, South Africa. 1994 –2002
Internet technology columnist.

Mail & Guardian, Johannesburg, South Africa 2002-2006
Columnist, "Fraser's Razor."

Voice Work

South African Broadcasting Corporation/TV 2 2004 – 2006
Johannesburg, South Africa.
Contracted voice talent for on-air announcements and movie promos.

Voice Work

Products & Campaigns Worked On: KFC, Microsoft, Hewlett Packard, Visa, Pizza Hut, Schick Razors, Red Bull, Agfa, Pringles, Kellogg's, EMI, Sealy Posteurpedic, South African Airways, Greyhound Bus, Nu Metro Film Distributors, Ster Kinekor Film Distributors, FinWeek Magazine, UIP-Warner, MNET TV, Tusk Music, Southern Sun Hotels, DSTV Multichoice, Pedigree Dog Food, Nedbank, Engen, CAN, Yokohama, assorted Ads-Up TV, Tiger Wheel and Tyre, Independent Newspaper Company, MNET Sound Check, Bruma Flea Market, Volkskas Bank, 'Green Machine,' Pampers, Castle Lager, PG Glass, MNET Multichoice, Standard Bank, Sun International, Financial Mail, Zappa Sambucca, Berocca Calcium, First Bowring Insurance, , Out There Magazine, Ithuba

"PUTTING THE FUN BACK INTO SCHOOL SHOOTINGS"

By Ian Fraser

CHARACTERS

'Man'.....A man in his mid fifties, a history teacher.

SET

One chair, one desk, a large video screen to one side of the stage, for the 'presentation' segments.

SYNOPSIS

A teacher waits resting before dawn, in his empty classroom, armed and quietly dangerous, ahead of the mass slaughter of his class, when school begins. And he's not alone.

These aren't the rantings of a crazed psychopath.

These are the carefully reasoned arguments and justifications for the imminent violence, from the point of view, of one of the foot soldiers of a nationwide movement, about to enact a coup in modern America, and change the face of politics forever.

The killing fields have arrived on American soil.

DARKNESS.

After a moment, the Teacher enters - using a torch - the only light source. He carries a bag, which we cannot see at the moment. The beam moves around the stage, slowly. We see a small desk. On which is a small US flag, a globe, candle, some matches and pieces of paper. To one side is a large video screen.

A match is struck, lighting candle, illuminating the teacher as he sits at his desk, he also lights a cigarette, which he's taken from a pack, and stuck in his mouth.

TEACHER

There's something delicious about an empty classroom, you know? All buildings, tend to talk to us - I mean if you stand in most empty buildings, and clear your mind, and just wait and be quiet - you can slowly begin to hear the quiet voice of the building, as it mumbles to itself. The little grumbles and coughs as it moves gently in the wind, adjusts its nooks and crevices to find a slightly more comfortable position on its foundations, the soft creaks as it stretches languidly. That's the normal sound of architecture.

And different buildings have a different 'voice' almost. The quiet of office buildings is very different to the quiet of public monuments. And neither sound like schools. Empty schools sound like, empty theatres. There's a strange sensation in both of them of ... 'waiting' or 'anticipation'. Of 'potential'. Theaters and schools don't have the usual atmospheres of murmurs and grumbles of regular buildings, instead they feel.. poised in some way. They're waiting. You can feel it, they're actively tensed up and their hands are clenched and they're poised - almost like a vulture frozen in place on the branch of a tree, watching the slow approach of some thirsty victim far below.

It doesn't matter what time of day you sit in the quiet of a theater or a school, they both have the gentle tension and undercurrents of some odd kind of 'expectation' in them.

I'm early for class. Real early. It's funny. Yeah, Obvious Statements I Have Known. Funny odd, not funny ha ha, I mean. Sitting in a dark classroom without any pupils, not able to see very much.

Candle's romantic I suppose. Golden brown glow that makes everything look softer, it's an illusion of course. If you've ever been screwed by candlelight you'll know what I mean.

As a history teacher, I've occasionally entertained the idea, when faced by the apathy of my students, to just leap in the air and kung fu them. I love my students dearly, but there're times when a Sonny Chiba style skull fracturing bone splintering flying drop kick will clearly make more impact than using logic. I mean how do you convey to still forming minds, the importance of understanding the past, in order to avoid duplicating those past mistakes in the future?

Want a definition of 'difficult'? Try explaining consumerism to classes of kids whose worldview comes from Fox, MTV, and 'whatever-else-everyone-else-is-saying-is-so'. One ends up thinking 'we came from amoeba, crawled onto the land, then up and down from the trees, for this? ' I'd love for God to try and tell me that that was why; shortly thereafter you'd hear a yell that would let you know a Supreme Being just got kicked in His rather gigantic infinitely sized balls. Not that they're interested in my subject. My students I mean – not.. God's balls.

I feel like an attendant sometimes at some sort of semiotic gas station. The students come in, filled with a belief in Father Xmas, Shopping, the Tooth Fairy, Jesus – I check their oil and water, add the basics of non racism, belief in democracy, individuality – not too much individuality. Just enough so they can make believe they're unique and different and they'll change reality and society. Link their sense of self worth to the money they have to spend, or rather the debt they're made to think is normal to let themselves get into.

And then we all pretend that society and corporations are happy and willing to receive the interaction and knowledge of all these school leavers, fired up and ready to change them for the better.

Yeah right. They can't wait.