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What's Playin' at the Roxy?

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Abstract

After I had passed through my puberty stage, my father grew estranged from me in values I now consider that were necessary for our mutual satisfaction in our lives: trust, openness, having my dreams for my future, including my education. As I grew older, each of us reacted differently to these important ingredients for a mutually satisfactory life partnership; a healthy father/son relationship.

My ambition to become a professional actor really irritated him. He was a pattern maker; pattern-making was a hands-on profession of making prototypes from drawings for a variety of items to be mass produced. Items as varied as submarine periscopes, car parts or flower vases could be produced in this way. It was a concrete, precise job far from his dream of going to college and studying chemistry, cancelled by the Great Depression and its financial drawbacks. This experience colored the rest of his life. He wanted the best for me. But, in his own words, "Acting is pie in the sky. Get a real, dependable job you can rely on every day to put food on the table!"

After I told him I was going to study Acting, he vowed never to support my college education. Well, I earned my own way through college and, against his strong objections, later became a successful professional Actor.

He admired my work ethic, but otherwise became permanently colder and somewhat distant towards me. But on that one day his surprising warmth became the reason for this essay.