

Something Wonderful

The end of the run of a show brings mixed feelings. For most, it is a feeling of relief that a show has completed its run and it is time to move on and get back to their normal lives. I do not know how many feel as I, but a run of six shows just does not seem enough. Sure we are not paid professionals but honestly, our little theatre does wonderful work and deserves every bit of the applause it receives every night. Not just the applause, but the acquaintances made during the 6 weeks it takes to stage a show is marvelous. Each production is different, the cast, the set, the crew, nothing is ever the same. You may get a mixture of cast members in subsequent shows, but each time I am part of a show I let each cast member become a part of me. Sharing each others triumphs as well as those times we are "pushed" in order to accomplish what the director as well as ourselves know we are capable of. It is just difficult to leave something that starts with an empty stage and grows into "Something Wonderful..." (a little tune from *The King and I*). Tonight, while waiting in the orchestra pit for my set change, I began to feel my closing depression set in (a day early but nonetheless there). I would not say that this happens every show, but definitely with the best of them. But, with the closing of one show usually comes auditions (at least) for the next show. So, tomorrow will be the final performance of *Little Women*, but looking ahead to July 7th I see auditions for *The Nerd*.



Finished

I have been finished with babysitting since Wednesday. I left and spent the night at my boyfriend's grandma's house for two nights. Let me tell you, these children really drain you. With the first child to arrive at 5:30 in the morning and the last two children to leave is between 8:00 and 10:00 at night, it is a long and tiring day, but to do so for an entire month almost, it was so tiring, especially since I do not really sleep that well anyway. Sometimes I feel like I was not really helping my friend, but she insists that I did a lot to help her out, and she did not know what she would have done if I had not agreed to help her out. I had to take about three classes so I was qualified to help, but apparently my friend really appreciated my help, and I am glad that I was such a help to her. That is why I went over there anyway. She wanted my help and after I met some of those kids, I could not leave her by herself, they really start getting on one's nerves and just grate them against themselves. I really do not know how my friend's mom can handle it, but this is what she said she wanted to do, and that is what she is doing now. I love kids, but after helping my friend babysit these five kids, I am really wondering if I want any of my own. There was one little girl that was a sweetheart, but I know that not all children are like she is. Maybe I will want some of my own, but of course not until I am married and even then, not until at least a year into the marriage so I can have that time to work on making my marriage stable and steady to be able to put children into the mix.

Books as Movies

I've been writing a lot about all of the comic book movies I've seen, but not to often about books that became movies. This may be a on going series in books that eventually became movies. I was talking with [one of the other bloggers around here](#), and something brought this up. (Old age is creeping up on me, so I can't remember what it was.)

Anyway, I started complaining about good books and stories that became rotten movies. I understand the reasoning behind the changes script writers make when converting a book/story to a movie. Some things flow better in words, than they do on screen. Somethings needed for a good movie are missing from the book. Two different media, so it makes sense that some changes would be made.

The first on my list is a story by one of my favorite authors, Isaac Asimov. The story was "Nightfall". A classic science fiction tale about a planet that never had night. With many suns in its skies, true darkness came on very rare occasions. The story was how the people reacted to the up coming event, and the effect it had on them. It was a very gripping story, that I thought would make a good movie. I didn't get to see it when it was in the theaters, and only saw it many years later on video. Let's put it this way I wasted money renting it from a library.

They forgot to change the names to protect the innocent. I can understand why it took years before another Asimov story became a movie.

Now it has been years since I've seen that movie, and I'm not sure if anything could cause me to see it again, but here are a few things I remember.

- 1) Terrible acting. David Birney was the lead character, and he as stiff and boring. The rest of the cast made no

impression on me at all. I remember the lead because he was sooo.. bad.

2) Constant looking at the Suns/Sky with freaky music and video effects. Once would have done enough, but over and over again???

3)They advertised this as "Isaac Asimov's Nightfall" I think he gave permission, and they used the character names and book title. Everything else had nothing to do with the original story.

4)The sets and locations for the movie just bit dust.

5) It was 83 minutes too long.

6) I kept thinking it would get better, it never did....

If you want some real fun, read the reviews on [IMDB](#). I've spent too much time on this already.

A little bit older

I went to dinner before going to the theater for another night in the light booth. It was a special dinner with Grandparents, Sisters and an Aunt and Cousin. It was in celebration of my youngest 17th birthday. This is her last year as a child. By law next year she will be an adult in society. My youngest is almost an adult. When did she grow up?

A very dear friend was saying something about her birthday coming up, and found it a bit overwhelming. Me, I've never had any problems with any of my birthdays, after all it is just a number. I do find I'm having a bit of trouble with other days. Daughters' weddings, graduations, and their birthdays. Funny, I don't feel old when I have my birthdays, I do on the other days mentioned. Today I saw the 17 year old that is my daughter. Talk about feeling old.

I guess that comes with being a parent. There are children who now call me Grandpa. Hmmm when did all this happen? Yesterday, I wasn't even sure what I wanted to do when I grew up!

I'll have to go find my cane, glasses and hearing aid and hobble over to the rocker... Today I feel old...

A Small Umbrella In The Rain

A wise man once said that every performance of any show is different every time. No where was that more prevalent than in tonight's performance of *Little Women*. As I posted earlier, we have been plagued by a leaky ceiling. It was discovered that this was due to a malfunctioning air conditioner. During the first act, the a/c was turned off and it was suggested that we speed the action up to accommodate the audience. At intermission, we had a concession line that featured free cups of water. The aristocrat Braxton Prendergast was seen behind the counter serving complaining that it was beneath him to serve peasants. Mrs. Kirk threatened him with bodily harm at least twice.

Apparently, the audience did not mind the drips because the air was turned on again for the second act. This was perhaps the best the act has run and accepted. The final duel between Braxton and Rodrigo met with thunderous applause when the villain fell to the ground. Every time a line was spoken having to do with water, the audience roared in hysterical laughter. The title of this post is taken from the title of a song that Jo and Prof. Bhear sing at the end of the show. I thought they would never be heard from all the laughter I thought would come. However, after a few chuckles, the song went very well as did our 4th of 6 shows. Maybe tomorrow

someone will provide the audience members beneath the drips with small umbrellas of their own.

Ah, yes and a happy birthday to my co-star, Elizabeth.



Suspension Of Disbelief

Continuing with AFI's list, I will now comment on the fantasy world. This genre is by far the one in which most people have to leave their logic and knowledge of the ordinary world at the doorstep and embrace their inner child. This was perhaps my favorite segment (as they did not include the 10 best musicals). But here goes:

- [Big](#) (I believe that this Tom Hanks film re-started the whole kid-transforming-into-an-adult-overnight craze)
- *The Thief of Baghdad* (silent movie that I cannot comment on)
- [Groundhog Day](#) (? 0000KKKKKK... Why?)
- [Harvey](#) (classic Jimmy Stewart film... near and dear to one of my frequent readers)
- [Field of Dreams](#) (they built it and they did come again a bit of a ?)
- *Miracle on 34th Street* (the original in glorious black and white which I have commented on before)
- [King Kong](#) (1933 big scary monkey climbs Empire State Building and go boom)
- [It's a Wonderful Life](#) (another Jimmy Stewart favorite at Christmas time... once in your life did you not want to know the world would be like if you were never born?)
- [The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring](#) (one of the most faithful book to screen adaptations ever

conceived)

- *The Wizard of Oz*

In my humble opinion, the classic Oz deserves to be at the top. I dare say that this movie has lived on for over seventy years and I do not know of anyone who has never seen it. If there is they must live under a rock. Speaking of rocks, there is at least one film that should have been in there somewhere. [The Neverending Story](#) is a fun fantasy (featuring Rock Biter) for children of all ages full of wonder and far away worlds. Also, where is [The Princess Bride?](#) The inclusion of *Groundhog Day* just made me scratch my head. How does one get on to vote on this A.F.I. list anyhow?

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Turkey Loaf, Turkey A La King, Turkey Hash, Turkey Pastrami

This morning after I was so rudely interrupted, I turned on our local radio station where one of my fellow *Little Women* cast members delivers the news. One of the featured topics of the day was "The worst movies ever made." I know the film that at least one of my readers finds to fit that bill... and I am pleased to say that I have yet to watch *The Night Listener* with Robin Williams. I have mentioned from time to time *Norbit* and *Howard the Duck*. However, there has to be some other good

stinkers out there. Here are a few:

- [Leonard Part 6](#) (starring Bill Cosby during the waning years of The Cosby Show... did not make me ask what happened to the other five previous films))
- [Ghost Dad](#) (also featuring Mr. Cosby which goes to show that bankability in one form of entertainment does not guarantee success in other forms)
- [Rocky V](#) (and about 2/3 of the movies Mr. Stallone has graced us with... thank goodness the series came back and went out on a better note with *Rocky Balboa*)
- [Jaws the Revenge](#) (Bruce the Shark looked even more fake)
- [Star Trek V: The Final Frontier](#) (sorry Mr. Shatner, your directorial debut was not your finest hour)

I am sure there are several other (un)worthy films to include on this list. Please feel free to join in the fun and making us all relive some of the low moments in theatrical movie history.

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A Rude Awakening

This morning while I was in bed peacefully sleeping in the quiet confines of my nearly abandoned home (the parents are nearly finished with their 2 week trip to California), I was alarmingly awakened by the shrill tone of the telephone ringing. I looked at the alarm and saw 6:30 AM. They will leave a message. Five minutes later, the phone rings again... UGH. Ten minutes pass; I get up to answer the phone, but they already had hung up. Check the Caller ID: Kaiser's Supermarket. Was my alarm set right... I did not think I had to

be in until 10. So I call back (since all three times it was the same caller). Can you come in at 8 instead of 10? Our bookkeeper had a daughter who was going into labor so they were a bit short handed. I suppose, I said rather groggily. At least my first two hours there were rather uneventful... only the two hour delay of our truck that put a damper on the whole day. Not only were we minus one person, our stock was two hour behind schedule (which seems to happen occasionally... especially when you have new driver who has never heard of our small metropolis and even have gotten it mixed up with a town with the same name one state to the west... which is not a fur piece away... think I have been thar once). So... other than that, the first part of my day was fine (I did get in two hours more than I had anticipated, good thing would have been better if I had not gone to bed so late last night).

Doomsday – A Week Away?

One week from today, I will be hitting a milestone – the big 3-0. To say I am dreading it would be a huge understatement. It's not that I feel old – at times I do, but mostly I enjoy being older because in some ways, my early 20's really sucked. After working out the growing pains of my early 20's and figuring out how and where to settle our family for the rest of our lives, my late 20's went really well. But there are a few things about turning 30 that have me feeling a little depressed lately...

This first thing is really not a big deal, just food for thought, really – I read an article about a year ago about fashion ettiquette, and apparently ettiquette says I can no longer wear my hair in pigtails. They say 30 is too old for this. I haven't worn my hair in pigtails since I was about 6

years old, but it's the principle of it now being inappropriate because I'm too old. What if I wake up one day wanting to wear my hair in pigtails all of a sudden? Not really a catastrophe, but again, it's just the principle – something I CAN'T do... Maybe I should wear my hair in pigtails ON my 30th birthday...

My biggest qualm about turning 30 is that I feel too old for a career. Over the past year and especially in the last few weeks, I've been thinking about all the things I'll never be nor do because it's too late... So I guess this is it – I am officially locked into the Mommy career path, sigh. Not that there is anything wrong with that, some people thrive on it. I'm just not one of them. While I truly appreciate being able to stay home and watch my kids grow without having to take some low-paying horrible job, I will also greedily admit that sometimes it's not enough. Sometimes, I think about maybe taking a minimum wage job, just to be able to contribute, just to be able to have a logical conversation with adults during the day. Most of my daily conversations now revolve around poop, Barney, Hannah Montana or what was stuffed into the toilet. When a person is in their 20's, I always figured that was the time for establishing one's career path, but my 20's are gone, so I guess this is it. Some days, I'm ok with it. Some days I don't even have time to really think about it. But other days, I think about how I want to do something much more productive and lucrative, make a mark on the world while having fun and feeling like a contributing citizen... I know, there are lots of people (especially stay-at-home-moms!) who say that raising happy, healthy, successful children IS the most productive and rewarding job out there... But that's easier said than done. First, I don't yet know if my efforts will be fruitful – what if the kids don't turn out so well? And second, and I hate to say this, but I will anyway – some days it just doesn't seem like enough... I want to be creating something, doing something, making money – I lack that immediate sense of accomplishment in my life, and I am a

person who thrives on immediate payoff for effort. Third, there's always the thought in the back of my head – what am I going to do with myself when the kids are grown and in school? I will be in my mid-thirties at the youngest, and since I didn't use my 20's to develop career skills for myself, where will that leave me when my days are no longer filled with changing diapers, preparing meals, cleaning up spills and mishaps, and chasing after kids? Lately I've been dwelling on all the careers I've let it get too late to pursue, but there's also the terrifying thought – suppose I actually had some free time for myself... WHAT ON EARTH WOULD I WANT TO DO WITH IT? I never have any free time, so I don't even know what I would do if I got some, and that for some reason, is terrifying!

I'm sure the pregnancy is adding to some of the anxiety I'm feeling about hitting the big 3-0. After all, I'm due, well, actually, scheduled to give birth only 5 days after I turn 30. And like I said, most days I can look at my 4 beautiful children and think, wow, creating them is a lot to accomplish by the age of 30... But what about the dark days when all 4 are acting up at the same time, and I just can't feel pleasure nor reward in the career path I've chosen? And most of all, what career is just going to suddenly pop out of the woodwork for me once the kids have grown and aren't so needy?

Can't I just turn 29 again?

Adding a site or two

Notice on the right side of this page there are links to various things. There are of course links to the blogs I write, and comments people make about them (Hey, I like the

comments, so keep them coming). I have links to other blogs. I now added a few links to other places. I will be adding more in the future. These are the places that have some interest to me.

Since I've given a good percentage of my writings to things that happen in and around our little theater group, I thought I should add that site too. I don't go to it that often, because I often know what is going on there. I was going to write a little bit about the theater anyway.

Last year in or around February I celebrated my 10th anniversary with the theater. Funny, I can't remember the dates of the show, but I do remember it was the first show of 2007. It was the 3rd show of the 2006/2007 season. At that time, we were known as 'The Williams County Playhouse', or in most cases, just the Playhouse. People who knew about it, knew what you were talking about. I've averaged participating in 2 shows a year since 1997. I wasn't always on stage, sometimes I would just run lights or help building sets.

Me, I'm what you could call a character actor. I've only had a couple of lead roles. Most of the time I'm in a supporting or cameo role. I kind of like it that way. I can only think of a couple plays where I would really want the lead role. To my great satisfaction, I have played the lead in the one show where I really wanted that part. Too bad we don't have a history section for the theater web site. As a local community theater we've been active for over 50 years. I did notice today, that I am in a couple of pictures for some of the shows I've been in. Didn't remember taking some of those pictures, and I'm glad none of the "Run for your Wife" pictures got in there.

Anyway, what was I going on about? A yes character rolls. I can't say I was much of a character my first year or so. I just didn't have the confidence in my acting to really start having fun. I had fun during rehearsals and after the shows,

just not during the shows. The turning point came in a show called "Wait Until Dark". While the director wanted me to smoke, it was pivotal to the rest of the show, I never managed to look comfortable smoking. I never smoked a cigarette in my life before that one on stage. Even though I looked like a rookie smoker, I think that caused my comfort level on stage to make a turn. The next time on stage, I was adding a little more to my characters. I've played an old man, a young kid, a psychiatrist (three times), a few cops, husband, minister, gay neighbor, British Sgt. Major, Silent film Actor, card playing buddy, gentleman's gentleman, and a friend to a 6' 4 1/2" tall rabbit. I'm sure I have left something out, but that should cover most of them.

My favorite role was that of Elwood Dowd in "Harvey". My least favorite role, was that of one of the beat cops in "Arsenic and Old Lace", but it was my first WCP show, and I was sick during the run. My most memorable show was one I was in the light booth for. The very first show after my wife's death. It was a show that dealt extensively with death. It was pure, intense therapy. Theater, my friends, can heal the soul, calm the heart, and make life a bit more realistic.

Why talk about all this now? Well, I know our little theater is in a financial bind (nothing new here, but that is the way of things). I'm sure other community theaters are also on the lookout for cash. So, I guess I'm begging a little here. There is a very good chance that you live near a community theater. Look them up, stop by a show, support them. Yes, there is a little culture going on, and the people in the theater groups are doing it for fun (we don't get paid folks), but it can be so much more. Have a laugh or a cry watching live theater....