

# Grandpa Meet The Trolley

Tonight Act numero dos with the orchestra went much better than any of us had planned. Perfection... I would not go that far. There were some problems. Missed qs or rs. Songs falling apart, but I have been in a show or two when during the final week of rehearsal, we had the same thing happen. "A Victim of Gravity" comes to mind. But, I am really getting into this Grandpa thing. I had everyone on stage, in the orchestra, and a few people sitting in the audience laughing at some of his antics... to which madame director was quick to admonish. Tonight was also bio night. "John Truitt" mentioned that he had no idea what to include so I let him glance at my rambling. When he came to my favorite roles, he had to comment. Morat Notboratnichkov? Once again, the Liswathistani came out for a moment. Confusion arose since everyone naturally assumes this is Borat, but NO, NO, NO... not Borat... MMMMMMORAT. Plus, we attempted one of the most dreaded moments of any show: the curtain call. Has anyone EVER been in a show in which the curtain call went perfectly the first time? OK... maybe not the first. But I am sure we will need to work on it again and again. Especially when there is a 13 member chorus along with several walk on cast members and 11 principals. Grandpa took a seat on the trolley while everyone else fell over each other. Two weeks from tomorrow!

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## 2-18-08 to 2-18-09

As [taylhis](#) pointed out in her recent post, today is the first anniversary of our foray into the blogging world. I have found it to be a very fun yet therapeutic experience in recalling the good and otherwise events of the last year.

Memories that will be enshrined in this site forever unless something totally unfortunate occurs. Truly fantastic times spent with friends on and off stage, on vacation (still one of the greatest weeks I have ever had), and some family experiences thrown in. Then, one of the hardest times I have ever had to endure in my 35 years. I think about Ma2 everyday. I just know that she is in a far better place looking down on all of us who loved her so much and is there giving me a good swift kick everytime I fail to meet my potential (or maybe it is just me, but knowing Emily as well as I do... I don't think so). So... here's to taylhis, [Derek](#), [admin](#), and I. The rest of you [tangential](#) posters are just as good, too.

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## Throw Him In The Pit

Tonight was the first rehearsal for which we had an ORCHESTRA. And I am pleased to say that it went remarkably well. We finally started about 7.30 and got to the end of Act I shortly after 9. Remarkably, we stopped very little although there were some problems with lines but only once or twice did anyone call for a line. Good, bad, or indifferent we mae it through. I was even surprised by the young girls playing Agnes and Tootie. But for getting through the act in just over an hour-and-a-half was remarkable... evn the director said so after she delivered her long list of notes. The one note she had for Grandpa was the necessity to learn the Scene 2 song which we have not practiced a great deal.

Performing with an orchestra can be a very interesting predicament. You really have to be on your toes and know where you are in the music. We were informed that most productions do not get the benefit of the orchestra until the

week of a shows opening. We have 8 rehearsals remaining, but it is STILL great to be on stage taking to heart all the comments and making note to find ways to improve upon the character. Thursday nights Act II REHEARSAL SHOULD BE JUST AS INTERESTING. □

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## A Fresh Bill On Capitol Hill

*“Some say if he walks like a duck and talks like a duck, he is a duck. We say if he walks like a duck and talks like a duck, he will be the next President of the United States.”*

I realize that this post is just a few months overdue, but I just could not pass it up. This afternoon, my three-year-old niece brought me two books to read to her. It was approaching rehearsal time so I told her I only had time to read one and I would read the other later. [“Duck for President,”](#) by bestselling children’s author Doreen Cronin with illustrations by Caldecott Award winner Betsy Lewin, is a charming way to introduce the pre-school set to the election process. There is even an entire website devoted to Duck and a campaign ad paid for by Farm Animals for a Change. Apparently, General Mills donated copies of the 2004 book to the little children. The story illustrates the plight of animals on Farmer Brown’s farm who are tired of doing chores. One day, Duck stages an election to see who the animals want to lead and wins! However, the ambitious quacker does not stop there. However, as Duck progresses on his way to the top of the government ladder, he just may find that life on Farmer Brown’s farm “taking out the trash, mowing the lawn, and grinding coffee beans” is better than the grind of being the big goose in a white house.

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# Who's Watching the Kids?

Tonight, I offered to sit with four of the best kids ever (I'm not going to be biased... since I do have several nieces and nephews who also qualify). My friends had yet to see the theatre's hilarious production of [Over the Tavern](#) so I said I would be happy to watch the little ones. After rehearsal, I headed over and we went to dinner before the show. By dinner's end, the two youngest had zonked out. I was slightly worried about Dis but I knew that "Goose" would help with her if the need presented itself. Some of the highlights included artistry courtesy of the aquadoodle... very nice, no mess as the special markers only work on the mat. We also had a session of school (I actually remember playing school? growing up). The three of us later settled down to watch the Disney version of Tarzan. Shortly after changing Beeber's soaked diaper, C&L got back to find Sammers (surprise, surprise... but honestly, she was great) being the sole survivor until moments later when Dis decided to reawaken (hopefully, she did not keep them up too long).

A bit later, I asked if they had heard about Joaquin Phoenix's interview on [David Letterman](#) a few nights ago. Really, it made the Farrah Fawcett interview of a few years ago look good. Dave even commented that they owed Farrah an apology. Honestly, I'm not sure whether or not Joaquin's "absence" was chemically induced or he is just REALLY not comfortable giving interviews. Whatever the case, the segment is sure to cause a great deal of controversy for sometime.

Just had a very fun evening being a kid.

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# Loaded Questions

Last night, after doing a nine hour shift in the salt mines, I went to a WAY long overdue game night. We even had a new very fun couple participate. For some reason, they decided to play one of my favorite games without yours truly. Why was that? I a no understand. I did arrive in time to join in another game in which you show your knowledge of the people participating around you. One of the questions asked of everyone was "What is the most embarrassing thing that you own?" I won't go into detail on some of the other answers, but I received a pair of Spongebob Squarepants pajama pants from my nephew a few years ago. Not necessarily my most embarrassing thing, but that is all I could come up with at the time. I even wore them in my performance as a rather disturbed patient in [The Clinic](#) a couple of seasons ago. Ironically, some of the other players had recently watched a recording of the show so my response was easily guessed. I was pleasantly impressed with the guesses I made on my question "What one thing would you take to a party?" I matched 4 responses to the correct people... not tooo bad... I know half of them well. So... anyone own any mentionable items they may wish not to own... unlike one of the responses at the game table?

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# Stalking Deer In St. Louis

Last night was the first night we have been on the Huber stage. I have been in the audience to watch a production of

School House Rock, Jr (think I've mentioned that before). However, stepping onto the stage was something else entirely. An actual stage raised above the audience with an orchestra pit beneath. Even a balcony in the audience and a thrust stage. For being our first time on the stage, I thought it went really well. We did manage to plunder our way through Act 1.

When I was not needed on stage, I was in the costume room looking for costumes. I was enamored by the number of hats I found... everything from a fez, to a beret, to a genuine deerstalker which Sherlock Holmes himself would feel at home in. I just need to find a light, summery suit. Meet Me in St. Louis is set over the course of one full year so the actors on stage need to convey the change of seasons. There is a Halloween and a Christmas scene as well as summer and spring. Many costume changes. Every time I come on stage, I have at least one article of clothing unlike any other I wore previously. So... night one on a new stage was fun and inspiring. Different, not necessarily better, from the stages I have been on in the past few years ☐

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## How Do You Solve A Problem Like...

While looking over my Firestats, I came across an interesting [link](#). I have known for years that a common misconception surrounding the song "Edelweiss" from *The Sound of Music* is that it is an Austrian folksong. This is false. It was the final lyric written by Oscar Hammerstein II and had nothing to do with Austria aside from the flower that the title comes from. The misconception seems to have arisen during the

emotional reprise of the song by Captain Von Trapp during the festival near the end of the musical. In the movie, the overwhelmingly Austrian audience is moved to tears and join in song before bursting in thunderous applause. This could give the impression that the song is of great importance to Austrian people.

Also of note is the fact that the musical is not widely known in Austria. Although Salzburg makes quite a haul by giving tours of the city and surrounding countryside to fans of the show, very few of the tourists are Austrian.

Below is a German translation of Hammerstein's original by an unknown translator:

<p>DEUTSCH</p> <p>Musik: Richard Rodgers Text: Oscar Hammerstein Deutsch: Unbekannt Edelweiß, Edelweiß, Du grüßt mich jeden Morgen, Sehe ich dich, Freue ich mich, Und vergess' meine Sorgen. Schmücke das Heimatland, Schön und weiß, Blühest wie die Sterne. Edelweiß, Edelweiß, Ach, ich hab dich so gerne.</p>		
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## I Have Lines On Channels 2 &

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Do you remember the days back in the 1980s and early 90s when cable television was (and some of us still think) having issues and it seemed that every time you turned around, there would be some technical problem? Ok... at least one of my commenting readers does not. Attempts made to correct the scrambled channels and finally you had to call the cable guy who seemed to take forever to arrive. This is a running gag in the deliriously ingenious comedy from the decade of excess aptly entitled *Delirious*.

The late great John Candy stars as Jack Gable, writer on a popular soap opera full of the stock characters, outrageous situations, big hair, shoulder pads, frequent plot twists, aaaaaand serious OVERACTING that frequent the suds. Everything I love to howl at while having the rare occasion to catch a glimpse of during a dull weekday afternoon is there. Through a fateful highway accident, Jack is transported into the world of the soap opera. At first, it is a nightmare until he discovers that he can control the action by simply creating scenes on his typewriter (yes, a few people still used them in 1991). So... he writes himself into the role of the adventurous, handsome (?), rogue Jack Gates.

As I said, stock characters from every soap opera imaginable are present. We have Carter Hedison, the rich industrial head of the central household (played by Raymond Burr). His b-witchy daughter, Rachel (played by Dynasty's Emma Samms). Plus the two sons vying for their father's attention: the outcast with a patch and the terminally ill simpleton. On a side note, the outdoor facade of the Hedison mansion bears a striking similarity to Stately Wayne Manor (60s Batman series).

Also along for the ride are the hapless physician who is the fiancée of Rachel and the goody-two-shoes heroine, Janet



(played by Mariel Hemingway). Twists and turns abound and some characters are not who or what they appear to be. One of my favorite bits is the old “Hungarian Rhapsody Number 2 in C-Sharp Minor” by Franz Liszt gag. Not familiar with the classical piece? Think Daffy and Donald and their piano duo from *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*?

I believe a similar movie from the time, [Soapdish](#), got more press but if you love to laugh at the ridiculous nature of everyday suders, check out *Delirious*.

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## Walzing On The Trolley

Today was one of those hectic, busy days that I just love. Work til 2 then immediately have to make my way to rehearsal. Fortunately, the time clock is set 5 minutes fast. Rehearsal was just as fun as I had imagined it would be. The principal cast and members of the chorus were given a lesson in waltzing by the choreographer. Actually not as bad as I had feared although it was only a rudimentary lesson. In the ballroom scene, Grandpa actually has to appear to be moving somewhere during his graceful dance with Esther. We also got to watch the big chorus number on board the trolley begin to take shape. Just so long as it isn't a bunch of people sitting on board moving up and down, up and down to simulate the movement. While listening to chorus members practice, one of the male singers was asked which part he sang... Bass. And by golly, he was indeed a bass. I could never in my wildest dreams hit some of the notes he was able to. There are basses and then there are BASSES!!!

Then it was over my home theatre where we were having three

meetings as well as a surprise 21st birthday party for a dear friend who is in Over the Tavern. Apparently, she was surprised because she was amazed that I could keep a secret. I just told her that I had to come over for the meetings.

Following the meetings, some of us went across the way to eat. I had no money with me... something about misplacing my wallet. This never happens to anyone else, right? I did find it when I returned home.

OK... The End of The Spy Who Loved Me

*James Bond Will Return in*

*For Your Eyes Only.*

But he returned in Moonraker (yuck) first.

Happy 21st, Megan.