

# Two Week Break

B00000! No break, please. But I suppose my vocal coach and her family is entitled to some fun over the summer. I can take this time to scour my books and find more and More and **MORE!** music to work on... no worries, I won't kill myself just get some more songs that appeal to me. Kathrine has offered to make some copies of Conductor pieces, but I still cannot find a copy of "Thuy's Death/You Will Not Touch Him" a powerful, dramatic duet from *Miss Saigon*.

I have already copied some music from a few Lloyd Webber shows, some of my favorite Alan Menken/Howard Ashman Disney character pieces, and a few more duets. I have had a few people state an interest in singing a duet with me so I'm doing my best to find some. I have a serious one to work on with another [tangenteer](#)... wherever she is. YOOHOO! Plus, I am still continuing my preparation for *Hound of the Baskervilles*.

Why does it seem to me that most guys grow a beard in the winter? I'm one of the few who grow one in the summer in the 90+ degree, humid weather... ah, well such is the life of a performer. You would have thought my time Fiddling on that Roof 8 years ago would have made me leary of growing another beard, but Oh, No... not me... whatever the role calls for, I will do! Even before the audition ☐

Ooook... so two weeks off. ☐ Still thinking a weekend gig would be fun with some friends joining me. Come on tangenteers!

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## A New Old Look

In preparation for what I hope is my next stage performance, I was informed that the role had to have a full beard... the "handsome" part? Well... the say beauty is in the eye of the beholder. More than a few summers ago, I was cast as Motel in *Fiddler on the Roof*. Of course, the tailor had to grow facial hair as well. Nothing new, it will just be a bit warm under there once again. Of course, a Holmes play requires the cast to have English accents, or no go. It would be very odd having a cast with American accents. Maybe I could give a Liswathistani interpretation of the character. A non-Jewish *Fiddler* would be strange for that matter.

Today, my mother had had enough. I previously had an electric

trimmer but after 8-10 years, it seemed to have died out. So, she took me to the beauty shop to help it along. She was worried that she would make a booboo, but I thought there is plenty of time to grow it back. I think it only took a little over a month for the beard to develop on my last attempt; it has only been about a month since I started this one. I started the day after *Miracles* wrapped. Nothing like preparing for future parts. Plus, I got a hair cut, such as it is. ☐ The script says nothing about a full head of hair. ☐

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## Christmas Wishes

Over the past few weeks, I have been blessed to become re-acquainted with someone who used to teach at the local elementary school. She has since moved to North Carolina. She started commenting on my blog during the worst couple of weeks I have had in my 35 years when Emily became seriously ill and lost her battle with leukemia. I helped Terri and Emily direct the high school's production of *Bye, Bye Birdie* a few years ago. I am extremely sad to say that the theatrical tradition that was once so strong at my alma mater has disappeared. Growing up I remember watching great musicals performed on the gymnasium stage. The first being *The Wizard of Oz* in 1977. I was introduced to my favorite musical, *Carousel*, in the early 80s, as well as [Finian's Rainbow](#)☒, *You're A Good Man Charlie Brown* (which [justj](#)'s daughter will be part of in her high school's production next Spring). I also watched both of my brothers on stage. THEN, I guess I made my mark in *Fiddler on the Roof*, *I Remember Mama*, and (finally) as Rooster in *Annie*. I also helped stage *The Sound of Music*, *South Pacific*, and the aforementioned *Birdie*. Do any of my faithful readers have any memories of school musical productions they would like to share?

Terri recently sent this holiday greeting which features my favorite version of my favorite carol set to a beautiful scene which signifies the true meaning of the season.

This will be our final song to you before Christmas, which truly symbolizes our belief of the true meaning of Christmas.