

A Halloween Audience Of One

I have had a great Halloween thus far. I did decide to go to my voice lesson in costume (anyone who remembers my costume from last year... recycled but still worth it). It did give me an idea for a quick costume change for "Songs I Have Learned."

I felt like Sky Masterson or "Good Ol' Reliable" Nathan Detroit from the musical which an area high school will be performing in the spring.

I had a guest sitting in on the lesson this morning. Seems that K has a female intern working with her who just completed her senior year at Appalachian State and is now at Bluffton University continuing on her Music Therapy degree... my coach had to visit the loo so I became acquainted with my audience of one. I only made it through 3 of my songs but after today I feel almost PLEASED with the most difficult piece and EVEN MORE confident with another. "The phrasing and coloring at the end were perfect drawing the audience right in." I felt like I was on *American Idol* or *Broadway Star* (if such a thing existed). Definitely one of my top three out of the 12 and to receive such praise with 4 months to go.

However, the costume lent itself perfectly to another song that I chose not to focus on. Perhaps it was a sign that I should use some more "Friends" to fill a little space. We will see.

Review Debut!

As you may know, we are heavily involved in our local community theater. For each play in which we were involved, part of the fun was to see what the newspaper critic would

publish about it. Well, the newspaper reviewer has been canned, and so my husband was asked to take over. Not wanting the responsibility of the fallout that one might incur when writing about specific individuals in a small town (not to mention his extremely busy work schedule), he agreed to only do the review about the most recent play because he and I produced it. The following is my husband's review debut that was (supposed to be) published in the newspaper, and I'll go ahead and give myself a secondary byline for editing. I must note however, that those of you who have seen this particular edition of the paper might notice more than a few differences between the two reviews. And my husband did not write the paragraph about his credentials that appears at the end of the print version – the newspaper wrote it with info my husband supplied when asked how he was qualified to do the review. It's just funny that for the past few years, we've been assuming the quirks of our play reviews were the fault of the reviewer when in actuality, the newspaper changes much and does lots of editing!

Don't Hug Me is a Winter Treat

This past Wednesday evening my wife and I had the privilege of attending a preview of *Don't Hug Me*, a comedy by Paul Olson.

As we took our seats, my eyes were immediately drawn to the brilliantly detailed set. Just a quick glance at the rustic wood paneling, Paul Bunyan style restroom sign, and moose head beer tap and I was instantly transported to a northern Minnesota bar.

This first little scene sets the stage for the show perfectly. Minnesota gets cold in the winter, and Gunner is tired of it. He wants to escape the frigid temperatures and move to Florida, but Clara's heart is in Minnesota. This conflict is the basic central plot throughout *Don't Hug Me* and Roberts and Snider deliver it with a very nice chemistry together. Their bantering back-and-forth comes across as

genuine and is also very funny.