

Doomsday In Smallville

I can accept most things concerning the long, tedious 8 year run of Smallville... For example, character introductions much earlier than acceptable for the sake of increasing ratings. For another, the Incredible Hulk meets Superman interpretation of Doomsday HOWEVER, when viewers have been waiting all season long for what is supposed to be the much-anticipated knockout/dragout battle of Clark Kent's life (still just Clark, no suit, no secret identity except for his moniker of The Red-Blue Blur) and they get next to nothing... well. All season long, the arrival of Doomsday has been announced... even going back to the finale of Season 7. And we get two minutes of less than thrilling spectacle. This creature was supposed to be the end of Superman and it was handled poorly. Sure there was a super catch of a flying automobile, rescuing a small child, a few big explosions, but that was about it... LAME! I had been waiting all season for that.

Oh, yeah. For two years, one of the comics mainstay characters has been a part of the show (even if he was once again one of those aforementioned too early to come to the canvas characters). Jimmy Olsen was killed by Doomsday. At his funeral, we find out that the character's name was Henry James Olsen. The character's younger brother is given his camera. The new character's name? James Bartholomew Olsen: the cub reporter of the Daily Planet. UGH!

Next season, the show is moving to Friday nights which is typically the graveyard of network television. Will I watch? I have my doubts. I enjoy Elsewhere stories as much as anyone, but I see this turn of events as an insult. And on Thursday nights in the 8PM time slot... some teenage angst drama featuring vampires. At least my other favorite show is still looking bright.

Waiting Is The Hardest Thing

Ok... it has been a week and a half since Joseph auditions. Call backs have been called back (although I was informed to not give up hope until the final cast list was posted). As always, I have been trying to focus my attention on other things until last Thursday when another fan was stricken with a heart attack. He was immediately rushed to the hospital, stabilized, and was decided to put stints in. Friday, bleeding continued and by the end of the day, Mr. Z had gone to his heavenly home. Isn't it strange how quickly things happen. It had just been a few days earlier when he was in the store, teasing, asking when a good time to get with my mother for an "ear-lowering appointment" would be, and inquiring about any coming theatrical endeavors. He, his wife, and son frequently sit in the audience of shows. Even going back to school days, I believe that Jason was a freshman when I was a senior and Elwyn and Jackie were members of the music boosters. I was asked to be on stand-by to sing at the funeral; however, another talented vocalist made the trip from Columbus.

During the service Monday, my mind wandered back to the audition and what was going on there. My mind has not been dwelling TOO much on this show because I know that I have promised to AT LEAST help with the creation of the next show which I have really been looking forward to (maybe even a bit more that Go, Go, Joe). But whatever happens, there is always another show.

May Jackie, Jason and the rest of Mr. Z's family find peace and comfort in the coming days.

How To Succeed In A Grocery Store Interview With (Or Without?) Really Trying

Last weekend, I discovered that a friend was in desperate need of a job so I said that I would be happy to pick up an application for him and preach him up to TPTB. I told him that he should come in Tuesday afternoon around 4. This would allow him to get out of school and tidy up a bit. Tuesday nights are good since the boss works (or is there, anyway).

So today shortly after I arrived, here comes a well-groomed just turned 18 year old dressed to the nines. I almost thought that I had seen a tie. I commented that he might be just a BIT overdressed although I did tell him to dress to impress. I should have warned him about the lobe jewelry.

After the interview, my FRIEND and the boss came up and told me that I was fired. Thank you Mrs. Trump ☐ Seriously though, I was informed that the interview went really well and that he would start on June 1st. So long? The boss was really impressed and told me that since he is now of age, Nate probably would be learning some of the adult duties (meat grinding which he seemed only too happy to be instructed in... as long as he does not get his hand in the grinder while it is running). I was also informed that he was very well spoken and a great guy. I could not agree more. One thing bothered me though. The boss somehow got the impression that I told Nate that she was **NICE**? I must have a word or two with my young friend before June 1st to avoid any further brainwashing. Welcome to the Jungle, Nate!

1st and Goal On Third Base

This evening, I went to watch two of my nieces play in their respective ball leagues. first stop, the 5-6 year old tot league to watch little Alyssa. Although a delight to watch, a little goes a long way. Watching the little ones just starting out, each player hits every inning and has seven chances to make contact before the tee is brought out. Alyssa was the last player in the line up for her team, getting a hit each of the three times at bat. After each turn at bat, she made a lap of the bases even after the play was made. At times, the players in the field looked more like a football team than baseball diving and tackling each other to get the ball and make the play. After two rounds, I decided to go to the neighboring field to watch my older niece, Elizabeth.

I missed a lot of action. Apparently, she not only caught a pop fly but also turned a double play... not all on the same play. I got to watch her walk and make her way to third base. She also played center field then was behind the plate the next inning. Unfortunately, the mercy rule was enacted with final tally of 13-5. But good for Elizabeth!

When we got home, I learned that Alex hit the game winner in his game across town. Now it is the final game in the Yanks/Twins four game series at the stadium (NY up 3 games to 0 and up 6-2)

Make Way For Ducklings

(Wait! I think there is an actual children's book of that actual title). Tonight, a good friend and I attended the newest offering of the community theatre... BOY it seems like forever since I have been on stage... hopefully, that will change in a week or so. Before the show, we decided to try the newest rave among fellow tangenteers... The Four Seasons... a nice, cosy restaurant. Some day, I will be brave and try some Mediterranean cuisine, but tonight I had lasagne which was quite good and extremely filling. I was told that I was a bad influence as my companion skipped on the wrap she was going to get and decided upon fettucini alfredo instead. The prices were quite reasonable and the food was quite excellent. Sounds like this may become a new pre-show gathering place.

HONK! was extremely adorable. Everyone knows the tale of The Ugly Duckling about the outcast duckling who grows into a beautiful swan, but this musical expands the tale introducing a gaggle of other animals and relates the beautiful story of the lengths a mother will go to show not only her son but those around her that it is not what is on the outside but what is inside that counts.

I will have to say that my favorite part of the show was a Busby Berkeley-inspired song and dance production number led by a bullfrog. I also loved the wiley old cat. Two characters I would have had fun portraying, but I was involved with another musical at the time of auditions.

I also ran into a gentleman who also tried out for Joseph last weekend. He informed me that he auditioned for the role of "Geriatric Joseph." I, for one, am glad that I did not list the title role on my audition sheet because one of the requirements is the need to be comfortable on stage with out a shirt. I may have the vocal chops, but I'm not quite to the point at which I am ready to be on stage bare chested. I

guess I need to work on that.

After the show, the three of us (we pick up a stowaway) headed back to what we were promised was a party at a local tavern, but when we arrived, it was closed so we headed to Taco Bell for a drink. A great night of fun theatre.

Cats Can't Dance

Unbelievable but true, a Findlay, Ohio senior has been suspended for taking his girlfriend to her prom. Tyler Frost was warned by his school, Heritage Christian, to not attend his girlfriend's prom at Findlay High School. The fundamentalist Baptist school distributes handbooks to the students and includes rules that prohibit such things as rock music, dancing, hand holding, and kissing. Whatever we may think about the rules, they were printed and distributed to every student. Who can speculate on the student's decision to attend the school: was he encouraged by his parents? However, the more press I see about the incident the more I think Mr. Frost was just out to make a name for himself. He and his girlfriend are on their way to New York to make the rounds on news programs. However, he will not be participating in his high school graduation exercises but will receive his diploma following his final exams. Honestly, it sounds like the old issue of rock and roll being the devil's music. Read more details [here](#).

My Two Moms

Happy Mother's Day to all those who serve as mothers whether it be in the traditional sense or less than traditional. I am lucky to have had two extraordinary women to look up to and admire who have always been there for me no matter where I was or what trouble I have been in. One, my fabulous mother whom I would not trade for all the tea in China. The other one that I was blessed to "adopt" as the second mother I so wish everyone had (God rest her soul)... someone I could talk to and share private things with.

My mom is one of the most giving women on the planet. She has three jobs: beautician, bus driver (morning, pre-school, and afternoon routes), and bookkeeper for volleyball, basketball, and softball. The sports statistician position I think she does more for the escape from the everyday but she still gets paid for it. She also is the best person to have raised her four children, husband (he is still being raised), and niece who had been tossed around from 3 foster families before ending up with us when she was in the second grade. So many memories, I cannot pick a single one.

On the other hand, one instance sticks out clearly in my mind concerning Emily. Following one of the performances of *Joseph* nine years ago, the two ladies and I went to McDonald's. We ordered and went to our table. However, the orders were far from correct. Emily went right back up to the counter and in her special way explained the situation. By the time she was done, we had not only gotten our orders refilled correctly but a refund on top of it. I sometimes wonder if the poor guy behind the counter had been employed there long. No one wanted to be on Ma2's bad side.

So... thank you to all mothers everywhere. I'm sure that there is not a harder yet more rewarding job anywhere.

Poor Poor Joseph

The last two days saw the first weekend of auditions for [Fountain City Festival's](#) production of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. I can't say how much I adore this show. I have tried out for one production, was cast in another, and look forward to being in another. I went to try out this morning with my 14 year-old niece. I guess I should have helped her by letting her listen to the music since the vocal portion of the audition consisted of singing selections from the show. Before going into the audition room, the auditioners had the opportunity to watch a streaming video of choreography to one of the songs. EVERYONE had to learn the dance, youth choir included. I, of course, perfectly learned the steps.

I went into the room and was greeted by the director (whom I have worked with before... very fun), two assistants, and the accompanist. I was asked to perform one song and then perform another selection. Felt good and thank goodness I did not use up all my energy from the choreography which was video taped allowing the directors the opportunity to once again view my fabulous (uh, hunh) footwork.

I see one drawback. I learned that Friday's audition had about 10 high school age auditioners (and one extremely talented 30-something). When I arrived at the locale with Shelby, there were 4 others (two adult performers whom I have had the pleasure of working with before and two young gentlemen). Needless to say, this show REQUIRES a much larger cast of energetic performers of all ages. Hopefully, more people show up next weekend. Perhaps a few of my fellow tangenteers could make the short (or not so short) trek to dazzle audiences.

A Turning Point For The Season?

Friday night saw the return of Alex Rodriguez to third base for the New York Yankees following his recovery from hip surgery. Depending upon how the Bombers do by seasons end, this game may be seen as the one in which the team turned around... after losing a deplorable 5 games in a row (their longest losing streak in two years). Even the unremarkable pitching of C.C. Sabathia was on par as he pitched a 9 inning shutout and winning 4-0.

I'm not going to dwell on the past scandals of A-Rod. Not his admitted substance use that has come to light, nor the more bizarre report of pitch tipping. The first pitch he saw Friday night with no spring training was a perfect 98MPH fastball delivered by Baltimore's Jeremy Guthrie. The bat connected and travelled over the left centerfield fence of Camden Yards scoring three runs. Although, he went 1-4, a message was clearly sent. Hopefully, his return will brighten the field that is (as seemingly usual) plagued by injury.

Their First Best Destiny

BEWARE OF POSSIBLE SPOILERS (but I will try to avoid them)

I must say that the wait was well worth it. I will say that the plot was typical J.J. Abrams. Anyone who watched Alias or watches Lost knows that his plots can be convoluted at best.

That being said, everything that made the past series was present in the film but non-Trekkers should also enjoy it... provided that sci-fi is to their liking.

The how and why of the destinies (I don't think the word is out of place, at all) of the two lead characters are laid out. The brash, looking before he leaps and darn the consequences of Kirk was dramatically portrayed by Chris Pine. The balance of the mixture of Vulcan/humanity of Spock was brilliant. I almost thought that Zachary Quinto was a young Leonard Nimoy. In fact, I thought the 7 ensemble characters of the Enterprise command were each portrayed quite well. Dr. McCoy's first impression of Spock is hilarious... and how did he get the nickname of "Bones"? I still have a hard time seeing Chekhov on the bridge this early. Maybe as a member of the crew in some smaller capacity, but it just seemed strange. There is another relationship on board that I'm not quite sure fits.

I don't want to give too much of the plot away. However, the villain sets out on a mission of vengeance that could have catastrophic effects upon the universe. Isn't that the way all of these seem to follow? Final verdict: While the plot is somewhat out there, the characters fit like a glove and made the movie quite fun. It was better than Star Trek V... so it was far from the worst.