

Morat Returns To Edgertown

HELLO EVERY PEOPLE!!!! I a come back live from seeing Abdula Obalamadingdong. I a must say that I a not understand something on the tv box. I a no understand how Obalamadingaling is a responsible for a the price of the gas in America country. He a must go to the place of gas and change all a the pricing. But, I a come a to Edgertown to once again visit with the strange person.

Today, I a go to this Flag Festival to see him a sing in a choir. WOOLY SHEEP!!! There were a lot of a peoples on the stage under a tent to a sing the songs. All a these peoples sitting in the chairs watching the a people look like they very hot... waving fans, pogrmas. I a thought it a just right. Lithwathistan summer gets up a to 102 degrees on a cool day. So, it was a little cool for Morat. The a people sing many, many songs about America country. I a think I hear something like "Your Land This Is," "Beautiful the America Country," "Doodle Yankee," (what a dis Doodle, Morat not understand) "America County Anthem," and many other music songs. Strange person, he a read Oath of Citizenship. Morat a must think about becoming a America country citizenship. I A LOVE AMERICA COUNTRY!!!

While I a walk with strange person back a to his home, the cousin of strange person ask if we like a ride. Strange person say he a tired and his foot fall asleep from standing on the a rising stairs for long time. It a been years since he a had to stand in one place for a so long (45 minutes). I a tell him about songs of Liswathistan like "My Poor Liswathistan," "The a Song of Sad Yanish," or a one of my favorites, "Carry a Me to a Little Muddy Water for a Swim with a My Dog Name a Mushinta," and "Vladimir Goes a to Flaksington."

So... next day I a go to Christopher Columbustown to OHHO Fair.

I will a come back soon and EVERYONE WINS!!!

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*.



Another Opening Another Show

This evening being opening night for *Little Women*, you never know what kind of crowd you will get: the size of the audience as well as their reactions can be varied. Let us just say that we could not have a better crowd than we had tonight. However, it did not sound like it when we first got to the theatre. During our pre-show warmup and pep rally, we were told we had a total of 30 audience members. wow-wee. By the time we were finished with our warmup, the number had increased to over 50. At 7:50, people were still coming in off the street. We had already filled every seat in the house (just over 80) and the rest of the chairs were at our neighboring theatre. If we had had the opportunity to bring additional chairs, it would have been even more difficult for performers to make some of their entrances (including yours truly) because they come through the side aisles.

The size of the audience was phenomenal but the response from the people during the show was spectacular. Loud laughter, applause, everything one hopes for from a great audience was present. Following the performance, the patrons came down to the basement to congratulate the wonderful cast and to share in the celebration of our director's 25 years in theatre.

With any luck, the remaining 5 performances will have audiences like tonight or maybe even better. Of course, you have to watch out for those Sunday matinee groups... full of blue-haired ladies just coming from lunch after church who are ready for a nap. Sometimes you can hear a pin drop in the audience during a Sunday afternoon performance. We will have to wait and see. But what a great way to start the run. ☐

So, if you are planning on attending one of the remaining

performances, I urge you to call now and make reservations while you can.



Please Mr. Columbus Turn This Ship Around

Some of my fondest memories spent as a student at Bowling Green State University were spent as a member of “America’s Finest Singing Machine” the [BGSU Men’s Chorus](#). To become a member was one of the most harrowing yet rewarding experiences I have ever had to undergo. Because it was so painful if I had to divulge the requirements on this blog I would have to do something drastic. The best part of the group was the Spring Break Tour in which the chorus travels to either the north Atlantic coast and eventually New York City itself or south to Florida. L000000NG hours were spent on a Lakefront charter bus to drive to and from various schools and churches to perform not to mention the gracious host families who provided a bed, shower, and food to 120 men and one female accompanist. Thank goodness for VCR (this was before the infancy of DVD) and euchre cards.

My second year (1996) as a member was the New York recruitment tour. I just hated it. The highlight of the tour was three days spent in the Big Apple. The first afternoon, after standing in line to get tickets for a show at the TKTS booth on Broadway, a bunch of us decided to make our way to the Ed Sullivan Theatre to see about stand-by tickets for the Letterman show. Believe it or not, there were none to be had. However, instead of taking the advice of the doorman and going

across the street to the Winter Garden Theatre to watch a bunch of performers dressed as *Cats*, **SOMEONE** came up with the bright idea of starting to sing and entertain the crowd gathering around the building. At 5pm, the taping for the evening's Letterman show started. At about 5.35 PM, a doorman came out and told the choir to come inside. Apparently, one of the audience members inside was either totally disgusted with us and wanted the police called or else we were awesome. Word traveled during the first two commercial breaks and finally, Dave gave in and said..."OK, bring on the choir." Then, our 30 seconds of fame arrived as we sang the tag to our rendition of the BGSU alma mater. After our brief segment, Dave introduced us as the BGSU Men's Chorus from Bowling Green, **KENTUCKY? WOOLY SHEEP!!!**

The next morning, an even larger contingent of the chorus ventured over to Rockefeller Center dressed in our penguin suits. After one of Al Roker's weather forecasts, we sang our barbershop rendition of the National Anthem.

So, as you can clearly see, I had a dreadful time in New York City.

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It Is Finished

Well, once again I was part of a great experience which started off a bit shaky but came off brilliantly. Sometimes I think that is the basis for many wonderful productions. You start off bumpy, have many highs and lows, but in the end (even moments before showtime) it all comes out fine.

Sunday night was to be our final rehearsal for the Requiem

concert. However, the conductor was beside himself because there was no organist. The woman who pretty well organized the entire event was in the hospital and not expected to be released for two weeks. In the end, rehearsal was scratched with everyone hoping that our two hour rehearsal prior to concert time would be enough to polish the piece. Not to mention that the small orchestra accompanying the chorus would not be added until this evening.

Yet, everything came together relatively smoothly. The entire chorus was present (Lora must have signed herself out of the hospital as she said she would... but she looked fine). The soprano and baritone soloists were both splendid. The soprano (who is a freshman in high school) sounded positively angelic. No applause between each of the 6 sections of the piece (one small child made a sound in a silent moment). A well deserved standing ovation was received in the end.

Outside the performance space, several people commented that they could pick my voice out several times. Hoping that this was a good thing, I thanked each one. It is not usually a good thing to be heard above everyone else in a chorus. On the contrary, it is preferable for the voices to blend with each other. But who am I to turn down a compliment? Someone must appreciate my voice. Or have heard it enough to recognize it (good or bad? Guess it depends who is singing... me or the visitor from Liswathistan).