

Hey Rocky Watch Me Pull A Rabbit Out Of My Hat

There have been several one-night open and close flops on the Broadway stage. Some of these include a revival of George M. Cohan's [Little Johnny Jones](#) (starring Donny Osmond); the more recent [Dance of the Vampires](#); and quite famously, the musical based on the Stephen King novel [Carrie](#). Apparently, there is another such production that is such a stinker that it is the show by which all stinkers must be compared : *Moose Murders*.

For a history and brief synopsis of the show and a recent 25th anniversary revival of sorts follow the link:

[A Broadway Flop Again Raises Its Antlers](#)

After reading the article, I noticed several signs that the show was doomed after its opening night performance. The opening night cast party at Sardi's was vacated after dessert was served. One party goer gave a two word review of the show to its creator Arthur Bicknell ("the worst"). Mr. Bicknell spent the rest of the night drinking, talking with friends, and taking in a midnight drag show (NOW THAT'S DEPRESSING!!!! Who else would take in a drag show after a GOOD opening... or after a bad one for that matter?). Before going to bed the next morning, he walked by the [Eugene O'Neill Theatre](#) to find that the set was being unloaded from the stage. If none of the other occurrences had tipped him off...

Family, Fun and Charlie Brown

One of the things I remember from my childhood, is reading the comic strips of Charles M. Shultz. The Peanuts strip. I read

them in the paper, I read them in book form. At one point I even had a Snoopy dressed in a space suit. To this day I will occasionally pick up and re-read one of the books I have, or put in a video of one of the seasonal specials. My wife and I had both liked the Peanuts Characters. And now, I assume my children like them too.

Today with family I saw a theater production of "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown". This is the second time I saw this show. The first was over 25 years ago when I was in College. My roommate played the part of Snoopy. Seeing this show with my youngest daughter, my dear wife's parents and sister, and a young niece was a trip to the past for me.

For those of you who don't know the show, it is a full musical filled interspersed with "panels" almost straight from the funny pages. Of the show I saw 25 years ago, the only thing I could remember was the "Supertime" song that Snoopy sang. My roommate was blessed with a very fine singing voice, and wonderful acting ability. He was one human who could make you believe he was a dog. Not just any dog, but the one and only WWI flying Ace beagle. The Snoopy of today's show at the point of "Supertime" had me re-living that one short segment of my life. Good memories.

As good as the show was, the best part was seeing and being with family. My In-laws are some of the best people I know. Not always perfect, but who is? For my children reading this, of course I know who is perfect. That was a rhetorical question. Back to the family... In the years after my wife's death, I have come to appreciate the good relationship that I developed with them over the years. So many times people treat their spouses family as outsiders. I tried to treat my wife's family as my own, and I hope they treat me the same. When I got married so many years ago, my wife and I decided that we would accept both families as our own. That didn't mean there was always smooth sailing. There were many "disagreements" between various members, but I bicker with my natural family,

why should the same go on with the in-law side. The point here is that even today, four years after the death of a wife, daughter, sister, and aunt they are still my family, and that my friends is something to be happy about.

It's Just A Flesh Wound, Honestly

Tuesday night's American Idol will feature the finalists performing the music of Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber. I really do not have a problem with this per se. However, I do recall on several occasions when the judges have commented that a contestants performance is better suited for the Broadway stage and not what would make a good money-making pop star. To me, the finalists should be well versed in multiple genres of music. Why should they appeal to only screaming, teenage fans? There are other outlets for people with some degree of musical talent.

There have actually been attempts to integrate musical theatre songs into the realm of "popular" culture. In the late 70s, the soundtrack from the movie *Grease* generated several songs which were popular hits. In the late 90s, the British boy band Boyzone had a modest US hit with the song "No Matter What" from Webber's [*Whistle Down the Wind*](#).

Recently, former American Idol contestants have also gone on to appear on the musical stage. Third season champion Fantasia Barrino was cast as Celie in [*The Color Purple*](#). In January 2008, second season runner-up Clay Aiken joined the cast of [*Spamalot*](#) as Sir Robin.

While the music of the theatrical stage may not appeal to

everyone, it will be very interesting to see the American Idol contestants takes on the songs of Andrew Lloyd Webber. They may introduce audiences who would otherwise steer clear from the genre or one of them may become tomorrow's Broadway star.

Happiness Is....

Going waaaaaay off on a tangent, I believe that my first acting gig was in the first grade as a balloon salesman who had one line: "Balloons for sale! BALLOONS FOR SALE!!! Red and YELLOW AAND GREEN BALLOONS!!!" And the finale was a ditty entitled "H-A-double P-I-N-E-double S." But that is not what this post is about.

Friday evening I had the opportunity to take my four-year-old niece to see a production of [You're a Food \(Er... GOOD... sorry\) Man Charlie Brown](#). Happily, she was a very good audience member.

The musical is a fun vignette of scenes featuring the main characters of Charles Schultz immortal comic strip "[Peanuts](#)." We have the siblings Lucy and Linus; the Beethoven fanatic Schroeder; little Sally; and of course the well meaning, though perpetually insecure title character. However, the star of the show is the scene-stealing beagle, Snoopy. Whenever the canine is on stage, the action seemed much more alive, energetic, and fun. Whether he was aboard his trusty Sopwith Camel as the World War I flying ace in search of the dasterdly Red Baron, simply chasing rabbits, or singing the praises of his favorite time of day: "Suppertime," the actor totally exemplified the exuberance of Joe Cool.

Another fun scene is "Book Report" in which Charlie Brown, Lucy, Schroeder, and Linus all attempt to compose a report on

Beatrix Potter's classic story "Peter Rabbit." Each character at times in solo and at other times in a quartet, gives voice to the words they are formulating on paper.

The set of the show was also very well imagined. The trees, doghouse, fence, big comfy couch, etc. were all constructed in such a way that the comic strip was brought to brilliant life. While in the dogfight (HAHAHA) with the Red Baron, Snoopy's giant doghouse actually moved up and down just enough to give the illusion of flight. The only thing missing, according to the critical eye of a four-year-old, was the sun and clouds.

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown is a fun show for all ages. Although I was not sure how a young girl would act during the performance, I was actually glad that I was able to take her.

What's wrong with this picture?



I thought the passing mention of Mr. Gore's inconvenient half-truth last post would be all I had to say on this topic. That was before I came across this little news item. Apparently Time magazine has taken it upon themselves to compare global warming to World War II. And to do so, they took an icon of WWII and changed it to replace the U.S. flag with a tree. This gaffe is enraging veterans everywhere, and rightly so. They had no right modifying such a sensitive image as the one showing the hard work our soldiers put in (and heavy death toll they suffered) at Iwo Jima and elsewhere in the war to keep our freedoms alive. Just click on the picture to read more about this atrocity.

P.S. While I don't believe in the accuracy of the global warming effects we are being force fed, there is definitely something going on. Polar ice caps have been melting among other things. I am just highly skeptical we can do anything about it. Yes, all the carbon emissions we put out are having an effect on our lives- after all CO and CO2 are poisonous to our bodies. We used to simply call this pollution. Now we are trying to pass draconian laws that will bankrupt us with the expense before it has any significant effect on the carbon monoxide/dioxide levels in our atmosphere.

New sport

I have started to learn how to play tennis today! It was my first try, so I didn't do so well, but at least I can hit the ball! Softball has helped with that, at least. I have fairly good hand-eye coordination due to my many years of softball, and am fairly good at hand-eye-feet coordination, since I did play right field and catcher when I was in softball. The problem with my tennis abilities at the moment is that I just hit the ball just about anywhere. I am not very good at aiming the ball, so Tony has to go run after it all the time. I believe that with practice, I will become fairly good at it, and I just have to remember that I don't have to hit the ball very hard, unlike softball. The racket is really light and I swing a little and it goes flying! I will get the hang of it, eventually.

Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match

No, I'm not going to write about "Fiddler on the Roof" or small things used to start fires. I'm talking about the past, present and future dating world.

Now a very long time ago, or in other countries even today, you had arranged marriages. At some point in time, the girl's family would get in contact with the boy's family and the marriage would be set. When the dowry price was met, or a certain age was met, or some other condition. All well and good, but not always a happy match.

In another age, you had the major courtship ritual. You get introduced, meet social in groups for a time, and finally you ask permission to "court". Usually this was done in the house of the girl under full supervision of her family. Usually slow, but it must have worked, the human species survived.

I never did any of that. I didn't date much before I got married. I had 2 or 3 'girlfriends' in College. None before that. College dating (at least for me) was lots of hanging out in each other's dorm rooms. Maybe a dinner off campus every once in a blue moon – cash was tight. After College, I spent almost a year working. I had a few dates after college. My sisters were kind enough to set me up a few times. I would say, that after the 1st date, I had fun. I never did like that first date feeling. Then I finally got my own place. I had a small apartment warming when I finally got furniture for people to sit on. One of the people that came to that event was my future wife, – we just didn't know it at the time. About 1 month later we had our first date. I still remember what we did, even though I can't remember the name of the restaurant, if it was still there I could take you right to it. Unfortunately it is long gone. We went out to eat, to a

movie (Return of the Jedi) and stopped afterwards at a Dunkin' DoNuts. In less than 1 year we were married. We liked the first date so much, we did the same thing on our wedding weekend. I went from someone who had very little dating experience to a married man in very little time, but it felt right. My feelings weren't too far off, since we spent 20 years together, and would still be together except for a beast called cancer.

On to now. Four years after my wife's death, I find I may be ready to date again. I'm not 100% convinced of this, but the feeling is that it is almost there. Now I'm quite sure that I could live the rest of my life with that almost there feeling. I hated the initial dates that much. I'm not sure I want to go through that routine again. However, it is what it is.

Now onto how dating is done today. Most of what I've heard is that you go "online" to find a date. I guess that is a possibility, but it doesn't seem right for me (more on that in a bit). I don't go to bars, so I don't think I'll ever find someone through that route. There are also people who go to church just to find a date. Hmm, on that one, something just doesn't seem right there... My big social events seem to revolve around a small little community theater I where I tend to hang out. Some of my closest friends were met there. But I know the people there, and I can't see myself dating anyone I've met so far. Not that they aren't nice people, but I know a connection when I feel it, and that hasn't been there. My other activities are mainly things I do by myself, so meeting anyone interested in my hobbies will be difficult at best.

That is unless... There is always that... Come on you can type it. Ok, that internet dating route. There are any number of dating sites popping up on the internet. It seems like there is a new one every week. Some you have to pay for, some are free. Some are free and pay, but you can only send messages if you pay. Some do "Scientific" personality profiles to get your perfect match. Others are like on line supermarkets for

dating. And there is probably everything in between and farther along on each side. I've seen add for dating a specific race, religion, occupation, location and there are plenty of other qualifiers. For some reason, none of this appeals to me. I get a little freaked out over the thought of putting anything out in a dating site. I'll blog, or visit boards for specific talking points, but a dating site? Am I just someones bit of data that goes through hundreds of personality profiles, or a slab of meat waiting to get checked out? Or worse, am I the shopper looking over those cuts of meat? It just seems like a foreign world to me, and I really don't want any part of it.

Now back to my title... I knew a matchmaker. Shortly after I was married, we lived near a lady who took it upon herself to find the perfect match for everyone. She knew people from all over the area and then some. She would make sure that certain people were introduced. And she wasn't above getting in there to push things together or pull them apart. Maybe that's what I need. A real live honest to goodness matchmaker. Do they still exist? But then again, not for me.

My best bet is to get a new place, have a house warming and see if lightning strikes twice. Or not. Maybe I'm not ready after all. I guess I won't really know that until I take that first step. For me, there are days when I still feel married to that lovely lady I met at my first place. There are days when I think she might be walking in the door. The next person I meet will have to be willing to take on those days. I don't think they will ever go away.

The joy of videos

Many times when a teacher's absence is planned he or she will plan something even the most brainless substitute can handle. Often this is a test or book assignment. Other times, like today, it's a video. Actually yesterday I showed a video in 5th grade, but that was only one half hour out of the entire day, so that doesn't count. You see, I am talking about middle school with its repeated lessons throughout the day. This is where videos can turn the most brainy into the one of those most brainless by the end of the day. Since it was social studies (not language arts as I said yesterday) the same lesson plan was done six times. That is six times showing the movie [Shenandoah](#), or at least the first 35 minutes of it. This movie stars the late [James Stewart](#) as a farmer and father of six boys and a girl in 1864 Virginia, during the Civil War (oxymoron: nothing civil about *that* war). His wife had died sixteen years ago and so he raised his family on his own. Though he is Virginian he is staunchly opposed to slavery, and will not support the war in any way, shape, or form. The part I saw has him at odds with a soldier trying to recruit his boys, a man who wants to buy a mule from him and pay him in Confederate dollars, and a buyer for the army who wants to buy or confiscate his horses for the army. Later on I understand his youngest gets kidnapped by one of the armies, but I didn't get that far yet. So thanks to this class, I now have to find the movie and watch the last hour fifteen of it. Just one time through though- six was a bit much ☐ .

At least this time the video was actually interesting. Previous videos in middle school included Al Gore's propagandistic global warming documentary and a 7th grade sex-ed film. Both made me feel dirty afterward.

Also interesting to note was today was another 5th grade tour day. It included 5th-graders from the school I was at the other day. The ones I had met were pleasantly surprised to

see me. One of the previous days this happened too with a different school I had subbed at. It's great to see their faces light up in recognition. Though it unfortunately reminds me of a time last year when I ran into a sixth-grader at a store who recognized me from a couple weeks before. I say unfortunately because he was so disappointed when I didn't recognize him. Names and faces have always been a weakness of mine, and this was exacerbated by memories of all the students I had seen since then pushing out memories from two weeks ago.

Retractable Sharpie Update!

RECAP: My favorite kitchen tool (can you tell I'm not a gourmet cook?), my retractable permanent marker aka Sharpie, went missing.

UPDATE: Just when I had given up and assumed that my toddler had thrown it in the garbage, it turned up in the unlikeliest of places (of course). It was in the laundry room, in the cabinet next to the parrot's cage where we keep all his toys and stuff – go figure. Wonder how it got there? Sadly, it was left un-retracted, so it is of no use to me anymore. But at least we have closure and it had a proper burial. No more wondering which kid was going to turn up with permanent markings all over them. And, a thoughtful reader of my blog was kind enough to surprise me with a 2-pack of replacement *COLOR* retractable Sharpies – thanks Mom ☐

Back in the Office

Well, friends, our favorite show The Office is back on tv after the awful hiatus that was the Hollywood writer's strike. The first new episode in months actually aired last Thursday, but since it was our anniversary, I was busy and also had other things to write about. Last week's episode was funny as usual, but probably the least funny Office episode in my opinion. But put it in perspective; I'm such a huge fan of the show that that is not really a put-down, more of a note, really. Either the writers were a bit rusty last week, or maybe moving the action from the office and into Michael's home subtracted some hilarity. Either way, have no fear, after last night's uproarious episode, our favorite show is back on track!

First things first – addressing the rumors. I had heard that Michael and Jan's relationship was going to get rocky, but I was surprised to hear that they had already broken up by last night's episode. No long, drawn-out sit-com drama, barely a word about it... which is something I really like about this show. It's less of a soap opera than many sit-coms let themselves evolve into. Even with its continuing plot story lines from week to week, The Office is still all about the comedy, of which it has plenty. So, if the rumors of an Office spin-off are true, is it possible it will revolve around GodZillary herself – the ice-queen Jan Levinson Gould? I would rather see it involve someone who is not on the regular show since I can't think of anyone I'd like to see leave Dunder Mifflin. Jan will be missed, but if she is leaving the show anyway because she and Michael broke up, then they might as well make the spin-off about her. And on to rumor #2 – something 'big' was going to happen between Pam and Jim; one of four things – they would get engaged, start sleeping together, break-up, or elope. Well, the big thing (as predicted from the beginning of the episode by my hubby –

way to go honey!) was none of the above, but let's just say it is a positive step in their relationship, and for that we are glad. No one wants to see these 2 break-up. They are the cutest tv couple since Ross and Rachael of Friends fame, and the writers beat that relationship into the ground with all the back and forth nonsense, so thank goodness that isn't happening to Pam and Jim.

Now on to the plot synopsis of last night's episode. After finding out that the catalog model who was supposed to be Michael's soulmate met an untimely demise, Michael demands and makes it a work order that everyone in the office suggests a woman for him to date. Pam sets him up with her landlord, and in pure Michael Scott fashion, he is obliviously (and hilariously) rude to her on their date. Meanwhile, Kevin and Andy spear-head a meeting with the CEOs of the Scranton Office Park in order to get their parking spots back, which have been stolen by the construction crew. I hope you caught one of the best lines of the show, delivered so quickly by Andy it might have been easy to miss: when asked where Michael was at the office park meeting, Andy replies, "He had an unforeseen prior commitment." Such is an example of the subtle yet sidesplitting humor that has come to be the backbone of the show.

Last night's episode did not disappoint – the show is back, and I have my Office fix... at least until May when we have to deal with the summer tv hiatus ☐

Until next week...