

To sing or not to sing?

STAFF WRITER
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There are many things in this world that society has deemed as "manly": eating pork rinds, watching football, punching each other. Although I am a big fan of all these so called "manly" things, I am also a fan of something that is usually not defined as "tough."

Musicals. I love them, and although there may be serious repercussions to my "rep" in the future for admitting this, I feel okay about it. Actually my "rep" has been kind of hurtin' ever since the "Streisand incident," so this may be like kicking a man when he's down, however, enjoying years of choreographed dances set to infectious music has given me the power to overcome all apprehension.

I think my attraction to these masterpieces started with the smash hit "Grease" starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John. Grease had it all: dancing, singing and lots of cool smeared all over the whole movie.

One interesting thing about this musical is that all of the main male roles are a part of a guy group called the Tbirds. Come on, "T-birds", that just screams tough! These tough guys danced and sung in unison about everything from cars to chicks and had me convinced that this was the cool thing to do. I can remember watching it for the first time as a starry-eyed child and wondering in awe how everybody working on Kenickie's new car knew all of the lyrics and dance moves for "Greased Lightning."

Now that is something that I'm sure even the toughest guy has thought about doing. Picture this: you and your buddies out cruisin', heading to the bar. Maybe you see a girl or say something that strikes

a particular pang in your heart. The bass groove kicks in, you and your buddies pour out of the convertible. (Over the doors of course, cause it is that much cooler!) You hit the streets, snapping and walking in unison. Then someone starts singing, it doesn't matter who because you all know what and when you're going to sing. You start singing to the West Side Story "When you're a jet" song. "When you're a drunk, you're a drunk all the way..."

Now as cool as this sounds, it pales in comparison when tried in real life.

Trust me. I've tried it. My friends will attest to that if any of them will still admit they know me.

I explained to them that I just felt the need to start singing and dancing. I waited for them to acknowledge that same primal feeling to burst into a dance number and sing about their love for cheese whiz. Apparently no one has ever been struck that way about cheese whiz.

Although my attempts at musical-type camaraderie in real life failed miserably, I still enjoy watching them on the big screen or on stage.

Say what you like about musicals but they have a tendency to creep up on you anyway, infecting your head with clever ditties and setting your feet to tapping along at inopportune times. If you haven't ever seen one I recommend it highly, and if you have and hate them, give them another chance. If you need help feeling tough while watching and trying not to sing along, get a bag of hot flavored pork rinds, punch anyone in the vicinity, and try to get a girl to watch it with you just in case your buddy bursts in and catches you teary eyed with Blockbuster's last copy of Moulin Rouge.

STAFF WRITER
JAY ADAMS

Musicals and plays have always been a form of entertainment throughout history. Puppet shows and Shakespeare would have crowds rolling in laughter or stricken with drama many centuries ago. Why? Because there was simply nothing better to do.

Even today, musicals are a large part of the entertainment society. High schools always have a yearly musical that they present to the community. Broadway is a huge attraction in New York City. There is even a large award show, The Tony Awards, for best musicals of the year.

Now, I have nothing against acting. In fact, I wish I could be so lucky as to have the talent to act, but I don't. I don't exactly lose sleep over it either. The fact that I don't know the opening tune to "Oklahoma" doesn't exactly make me reflect on my life to this point as a waste.

I once went to a performance of "The Phantom of the Opera" in Toronto. Actually, it was more like I was dragged. I remember sitting in the audience and being awed by the special effects and costumes that were featured during the play. It really made me appreciate the fine arts. I was pleasantly surprised as to how much I enjoyed myself.

Since then, I've been to my fair share of musicals. I've seen performances of "The Little Shoppe Of Horrors," "West Side Story," and "My Fair Lady," among others. Some avid theater go-er once asked me, "What could be better than a night at the opera?"

Since that question was posed to me, I've given it some thought. I now have a list of about a thousand activities I would enjoy more than going to another musical. Some of



these activities on my list include: staying at home and clipping my toe nails, getting a root canal done with no Novocain, and repeatedly dropping bricks on my foot.

These activities, however painful or uneventful they may be, would be much more enjoyable to me than the boredom I would experience sitting through another musical.

As much as I was turned on to the fine arts scene by "The Phantom Of The Opera," I was equally as sickened by the other musicals I have seen. In fact, at the last musical I attended, I was tempted to wear pajamas and bring a pillow.

Taking a few hours out of my life

to watch grown men running around on stage wearing make-up and singing tunes about a corrupt cop doesn't exactly light my fire.

Lastly, I would like to say that I have nothing against the Fisher players. Actually, I find them quite entertaining. There are some very humorous and talented people involved in that club. However, if they ever decide to put on a production of "The Lion King," you'll probably find me at my dentist's office enjoying an evening of root canal surgery.

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Will You Dance With Me?



Above: After Jay scores a clutch touchdown in a touch football game, he celebrates with teammates Andrew Aizer (left), Cody Hodge (middle), and Coach Paul Vosburgh.



Above left: After foregoing the winning and dining, Scott Dillon skips right to the romancing by clipping Kevin. Above right: After forgiving the statue for not helping him tie his shoe laces, Jay "gets jiggly" with it.



Jay and Aubs scoured the campus looking for people to dance with them. Here are a few that made the cut.



Above left: Jen Pagano (left), Anna Peters (middle), and Erin Palmer (right) get excited over eggplant parmesan as they dance with Jay in the dining hall. Above right: R.J. Povia and Kevin get down to some C+C Music Factory in the back of R.J.'s truck.

