

HUMOR

The sound of music
...and shouting

I keep a tape recorder in my car so I can make notes for my writing; I'm a terrible driver, and I figure our roads are safer without me trying to find a pencil and my lane at the same time. But the other day I left it on accidentally and ended up recording the entire thrilling excursion from Safeway to the dry cleaners.

I listened to the tape afterward out of curiosity and made a shocking revelation: I talk to myself. And not in an intelligent Hamlet soliloquizing kind of way but in the disjointed, incoherent mumbling manner of an insane street person collecting cans in a shopping cart.

I also sing. Constantly.

Oftentimes I'll be waiting in line somewhere and a person will turn to me and say: "What a nice voice you have" or "Do ya mind? I'm tryin' to pee."

I'll think: "Geez, was I singing? I hadn't realized." I just can't help myself.

So I was a little skeptical when I bought a ticket to the opening night of *Sing-a-Long Sound of Music*, a new audience participation experience in the spirit of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Every viewing of *The Sound of Music* is a sing-along as far as I'm concerned. And is now really the time for girls (or, in this case, more likely boys) in white dresses with blue satin sashes? I wasn't sure.

Because I have neither the time nor the ability to fashion lederhosen or dimdls out of curtains, I simply cut down some mailing tubes, wrapped them in brown paper and tied them up with string over the crotches of myself, my friend Brian and my boyfriend, Floyd. For the record, our brown paper packages measured 9 inches long and would have cost at least four bucks to ship.

We arrived at the theater in time for the costume judging, hosted by none other than

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC
by Marc Acito



who is now like 30 going on 21 and, I must say, still a complete babe. She cheerfully greeted some Hitler youth, a couple of Baroness Schraeders in drag and some women dressed as the Alps before the three of us stepped onstage and shoved our brown paper packages in her direction.

"These are a few of my favorite things," I told her. She declined to hold my package but did let me squeeze the Charmian.

We won first prize.

Singing along with the subtitles was great fun, although I never realized just how many choruses of "Do-Re-Mi" the Von Trapp children sing until I had to do it myself. But the chief pleasure came from yelling back at the screen.

As each of the children exited during "So Long, Farewell" we screamed: "You are the weakest link. Goodbye." As the nuns gathered behind a grill to watch Maria get married we shouted, "Free the nuns!"

I lost complete control. For someone who mumbles to himself, the opportunity to say whatever I wanted for three hours was cathartic. It's like primal scream therapy.

I got into some kind of zone and started a

stream-of-consciousness rant, providing the interior monologue for the characters. The Mother Abbess asked, "Maria what is it you can't face?" and I shouted back, "Who are you calling a cahntface?" Maria kissed the Captain and I said, "Ooh, that's not how the Mother Abbess does it." Maria sang to the Captain that she must have done something good to deserve him, so I shouted, "And now I wanna do something bad!" I was hoarse by evening's end.

But yelling at the screen also made me realize how little sense *The Sound of Music* actually makes. For instance, when Maria sang to the Captain, "Somewhere in my youth or childhood," the woman in front of me asked, "What's the difference?"

And anyone who's looked at a map knows that if the Von Trapps had actually climbed ev'ry mountain out of Salzburg they would have come down the other side of the Alps right into Nazi Germany.

But let's face it, very little makes



Squeezing Charmian

sense in the real world today, either, so I've decided that shouting and singing are as healthy a response as any. Sure, yelling at *The Sound of Music* feels good, but screaming at the nightly news feels even better. Talk about therapy.

Whenever newscasters talk about the Taliban, I don't resist the temptation to transform suddenly into Harry Belafonte and sing, "Hey, Mistah Taliban, tally me ba-na-na...." I've even got a little calypso dance I do.

Stupid? You bet. But singing is definitely one of my favorite things; after doing it, like the song says, "I don't feel so bad."

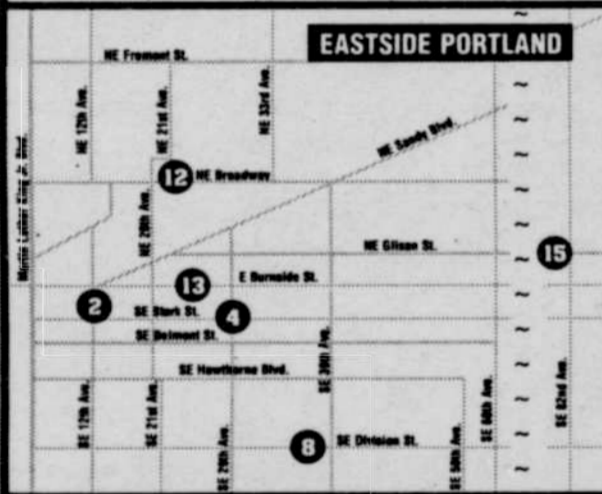
So how do you solve a problem like Osama bin Laden? I don't know, but in the meantime I'm going to cope with the sound of music...and lots of shouting.

And that, my friends, is *The Gospel According to Marc*. ☐

MARC ACITO fully intends to follow every rainbow till he finds his dream. You can e-mail him at marcacito@home.com.

To advertise, call (503) 236-1253.

NIGHTSPOTS



- Boxes/Brig—1035 SW Stark St.1
- CC Slaughters—219 NW Davis St.5
- Club Portland—303 SW 12th Ave.11
- Crush—1412 SE Morrison13
- Darcelle XV—208 NW Third Ave.5
- Dirty Duck Tavern—439 NW Third Ave.6
- Eagle PDX—1300 W Burnside St.7
- Egyptian Club—3701 SE Division St.8
- Embers Avenue—110 NW Broadway9
- Fez—316 SW 11th Ave.16
- Fox and Hounds—217 NW Second Ave.14
- Frontline—1125 SW Washington St.3
- Hobo's—120 NW Third Ave.5
- Klub Z—333 SW Park10
- JOO's—2512 NE Broadway12
- Neighbors—1417 Villard St. Eugene
- North Bank Tavern—106 W Sixth St. Vancouver
- Scandals Lounge—1038 SW Stark St.1
- Shanghai Steakery—16 NW Broadway9
- Silverado—1217 SW Stark St.11
- Starky's—2913 SE Stark St.4
- 300 Club—300 Liberty St. SE Salem
- 3 Friends Coffeehouse—201 SE 12th Ave.2
- Three Sisters Tavern—1125 SW Stark St.11
- Touchstone Coffee House—7631 NE Glisan St.15

Guide courtesy of **justout**



STARKY'S
Restaurant & Lounge

Visit us at www.starkys.com

503.230.7980

2913 SE Stark

Hobo's

~ Casual Dining ~
~ Lounge ~
~ Game Room ~
~ Live Music ~
~ Open 4:00 Daily ~

120 NW Third Avenue, Portland, OR 97209 • (503) 224-3285
Parking Validated Smart Park Davis & Front
www.hobos.citysearch.com

SCANDALS PORTLAND

JOIN US FOR 5 DAYS OF HALLOWEEN MAYHEM!

1038 SW Stark st 503.227.5887
Portland, OR 97205
www.scandals.citysearch.com

Stop Playing With Yourself!

Well Drink Specials

9 Ball Tournament
Saturdays @ 8pm
Everyone Welcome!

JOO'S

PDX 2512 "NE" Broadway
Full lottery/ATM (503) 287-4210