

arts

Cast slated for comedy

After what could be labeled as a good turnout of competent actors—enough to cast two shows—Director Jennie Mahali has chosen her cast for the College's spring production of "The Odd Couple."

The cast consists of: Doug Rhodes as Speed, Joe Schneck as Murray, Franklin Merris as Roy, Randy Evans as Vinnie, James Nicodemus as Oscar Madison, Dana Haynes as Felix Ungar, Amy DeVour as Gwendolyn Pigeon and Becky Proulx as Cecily Pigeon.

The Neil Simon comedy, based on the lives of two newly bachelorized men, will be presented on May 14-17. The plot involves meticulous Felix Ungar and incorrigible slob Oscar Madison. Ungar, who is undergoing divorce proceedings, stumbles upon the doorstep of his long-time buddy Oscar Madison. Ungar

moves in with Madison, and in a couple of disinfected minutes, Ungar drives Madison crazy.

Director Mahali chose the Neil Simon play not only for its tight comedy but also for its number of male roles. Explained Mahali, "It was very difficult to find a play with a large number of male roles. I have found that there is always a larger turnout of men compared to women at the auditions." Also because of a limited financial budget, it was necessary to find a play that had a simplistic set.

Another important factor influencing Mahali's decision was the well drawn character lines. Commented Mahali, "Because of its explicit characters, it's an excellent opportunity to learn straight comedy. One learns timing and business plus the characterization techniques necessary for good comedy."

"The Odd Couple" will be taken to Oregon State University for the Community College Theater Conference in Corvallis on May 22 and 23. The simplicity of the play's set will prove quite useful. Explained Mahali, "At the College, we will perform in what is called a 'black box.' It will have no stage or curtains."

To compensate for the lack of an official stage, Mahali plans to have a special dance choreographed for prop changes. Thus, creating a show within a show. This prop dance will be performed by Tina Riggs.

Recalled Mahali, "I went through many plays and I kept returning to this one. I chose it not only because it was successful at Plymouth (Theater, New York City premiere), but also because Neil Simon is an excellent playwright."

Doors regain magic

By Tom Jeffries
Of The Print

The drug-related death of their lead singer at the pinnacle of their success plunged them into relative obscurity, where they probably would have remained had it not been for the movie, "Apocalypse Now."

As it was, with their music featuring prominently in that cinematic extravaganza, The Doors have once more returned to the vanguard of the music scene, a decade after the release of their last album. Their recently re-released "Greatest Hits" album, now all but impossible to find in the Portland area, shows why. The Doors music has not faded with time in its excellence. It fits in with and exceeds every pop and rock group presently existing, and out "new waves" the New Wave groups. Even though the album is 10 years old, "The Doors Greatest Hits" is standing on its own.

Musically, the "Greatest Hits" album is excellent in content and composition. These four young men were not so much "rockers" as qualified musicians, who had no need to

rely on the standard fingernails-on-the-chalkboard guitar that has been used effectively to writing information from otherwise stalwart prisoners of war. Their music is powerful and grabbing. Morrison's voice was perfect for their music, totally incongruous with his appearance and lifestyle.

The New Wave craze brought The Doors back with a vengeance.

The songs are oddly compelling, this due to the combined forces of excellent music, a powerful voice, and masterful lyrics. All songs on the album were written by the Doors and this entitles them to even more respect, as many artists are incapable of both writing and singing (or even walking and chewing gum at the same time). The songs contain no blatant allusions to drugs, which many groups must do to attract any kind of a listening audience.

In short, The Doors are back. "The Doors Greatest Hits" is an album that should head the list of anyone who considers himself a music lover.

'Sam' cast treks to unsuspecting Cannon Beach

Dear Auntie Hildegarde,

Boy, it was rough. But, it was a vacation. The memories of our five-day excursion to Cannon Beach will remain in our minds forever, no matter how hard we try to forget them. There we were, 17 of us theater people, taking our winter production of "Play It

Again, Sam" down to the Coaster Theater in Cannon Beach.

I could sense from the moment I trudged outside with my Samsonite luggage that the weatherman was on our side. Dark and ominous rain clouds began to fill the sky. Yes, a perfect sunny day to go to the

coast. How could we miss? We did. We were in good spirits as we began to unload our U-haul van (loaded to the gills with props and set materials). I felt the warm coastal rain caress my cheeks. Well, maybe it wasn't caressing them, more like pummeling them.

It was late the first evening when we retired to our cabins. Our cabin overlooked the ocean. We were the envy of all the other theater people. Actually, you had to sit in one particular chair to see the ocean. Our cabin was complete with a dinky shower, two beds and a 3x4 kitchenette. It was incredible! You could wash dishes, open the refrigerator and tend to the stove all from one strategically positioned chair.

I really love the smell of the ocean, but our cabin smelled of crabs. I hate fish! The odor was so overwhelming my cabinmate and I practically raced to the store to purchase a large can of Glade Air Freshener. After four days of spraying the curtains, bedroom and kitchenette, they no longer smelled of crabs. They smelled of sand, salt water and pine-scented air freshener.

I awoke the next morning to the pounding of hammers and

the sawing of wood. I walked groggily to the window to see what was going on. I could have screamed! They were building a stupid cabin right next to ours. I felt the steam escape through my ears and my teeth were clenched. A deep breath. You can handle this.

The theater was only a short jaunt from our cabin. After a leisurely breakfast of french toast and orange juice, we were ready to face the day. All we had to accomplish was: finish the set, hang the lighting and do a light, sound and dress rehearsal. As we walked into the theater I felt a sudden, almost uncontrollable urge to run back to our crab-scented cabin. But, I resisted and we all set to work. A lot of time, sweat and tears were put into the set. People were moving left and right and a dedicated few even mastered the technique of (you guessed it) sitting.

That night was our big opening of the play. Everyone could feel the excitement and anxiety of the first performance. The audience was huge, gargantuan. Twenty people crowded the seating area. We did a good show, anyway.

Our later two performances improved both from the aspect

of audience attendance and acting quality. Performing in front of an audience of 130 people on our last night exhilarated us all.

The next morning, my cabinmate and I really got ambitious. We decided to go for a jog on the sandy beach. After 15 minutes of convincing ourselves that jogging really is good for you, we set out on our way. We had been jogging only about three minutes when we both decided to scrap jogging and collect seashells. As I watched the waves slosh in and break upon the sand, I felt like being really mean. "Shark!" I yelled. I never saw a fluorescent yellow Nike sweatshirt run so fast. My cabinmate did not appreciate my humor.

Toward the end of our stay the sand dunes grew larger. This was in our cabin. The shower alone had about an inch of beach on its tiling. We became used to our small cabin and even got sort of fond of it. Rolling out of a single bed onto the floor of sand was something to look forward to. I even felt a twinge of melancholy when the construction fellows didn't arrive at 8 a.m. to hammer me out of bed on Saturday.

The memories of that week will linger in our thoughts forever, and we will smile. Though we have gotten rid of most of the sand, we still will remember the gritty hotdogs and the beer can in the window. My only problem now is I need a vacation after THAT vacation. Boy, was it rough!

Your loving niece,
Amy

Page 3



Staff photo by Duffy Coffman

This Leong Wing painting was one of many works displayed last week in the Fireside Lounge.

Wednesday, April 8, 1981

The best man for the job
is a woman...

Vote Susy Ryan
ASG Vice Prez

Paid Advertisement

2x2 \$2.50 Tom Rhodes \$10,000 total

