

# Odd Troupe tours 'Odd Couple' to Corvallis

## Dear Auntie Hildegard,

Mommy seems to feel it's time I write you again. But, golly, I wrote you at the end of March and it's just barely June. You remember, I wrote about the trip to Cannon Beach and that fantastic cabin we stayed in? The one where we could do this, that, and the other thing from one place... Of course you remember.

Well, I'm writing about another theater trip. This one was to the cute little college town of Corvallis. I had all but packed my entire wardrobe in one little overnight case when I saw that the clock on the wall read "time to go." I forgot what time it was. I had gotten smart this trip. Instead of riding for two, long sweaty hours in a white van, I decided to drive down.

I realize now it was a mistake. Four people and seven pieces of luggage crammed into one economical Fiesta is pretty miserable. So, for two long, sweaty hours we

rode in a silver Fiesta.

Arriving in Corvallis, we attempted to find our hotel. After about 10 minutes of driving the wrong way on one-way streets, we decided to turn into a gas station. But, before I could turn in, my co-pilot jabbed me in the side with her elbow and said, "Look up ahead, a Nendels!" A sigh of relief escaped all eight of our lips. At last a place to rest our weary —. Spitefully we watched as the familiar white vans and our U-Haul truck drove into the hotel parking lot.

Our rooms were spacious and well decorated. My roommate and I had adjoining rooms with two other theater people. Lucky duckies we were. We had a beautiful view of the back side of the hotel parking lot. I almost missed the ocean and the crabby cabin. Two oil paintings hung over each double bed. Talk about a firm mattress. So firm that when you hung from the chandelier and dropped off onto the bed, it didn't even creak.

Yes, I like sleeping on a solid concrete mattress.

Let me tell you about the decor of our room. The two oil paintings were exactly the same. I'm not complaining, mind you, but, if we stood really close to the paintings we were able to see that they were signed by two different artists. Michel Angelo and Leonardo De Vinci. Just kidding.

After a restful night on a firm mattress, I was ready to face the day and a chiropractor. We rose at nine and discovered we were to be at the university at 10 a.m. Normally, that would pose no huge problem, but that day, for some reason, we were not capable of getting out of neutral. In an attempt to live the life of Reilly we ordered breakfast through room service. Aside from the fact that it cost you three more dollars to have it that way, it was kind of fun standing around in our pajamas dripping boiling hot coffee on our feet.

At the OSU theater, we began to unload our U-Haul. Using the "Stay right where you are, I know what I'm doing," method to assemble the set, it only took three hours. We were so far ahead of schedule we found no time to have a rehearsal. The performance went well. Personally, I enjoy not having any applause. It kind of detracts from the intensity of the curtain call.

That evening we were turned loose on the town of Corvallis. So, not being the quiet types, we got really crazy and went out to dinner and went back to the hotel room and watched cable T.V. It was quite an evening.

The next day was considered our last and we decided to make the least, I mean, best of it. We toured the beautiful rhododendron-covered campus. Leaving our room was not

nearly as emotional as it was leaving our ocean view cabin at Cannon Beach. We quietly packed our bags and climbed into the elevator for the last time. It was touching to see the desk clerks wave as we departed. We had actually paid our room-service bill.

The trip home was fairly uneventful. We were making good time, I was zooming along about 70 m.p.h. And, wouldn't you know it, I looked in my rear view mirror and there speeding along behind me was a flashing copola car. The deputy seemed to think he should give me a ticket for going a teeny-weeny bit over the speed limit. As I look at that yellow piece of paper I start thinking to myself, "Maybe I was going a little bit fast..." Boy, it was a great vacation.

Your loving niece,  
Amy

## College Arts

The Theater Department's "Mask, Makeup and Mime" class will present an exposition on June 3 in the Fireside Lounge.

Students will perform several mimes (group and individual), and will also demonstrate various warm-up exercises and examples of impromptu mime.

Directors of the show will be Kermit Schafer and Joette Rose.

In the Music Department, the Swing Choir (Sound Crafters) will entertain on June 2 at noon in the Fireside Lounge.

The Music Department will also present a choral concert on June 3 at 7:30 p.m. in the Community Center Mall.

the College are much more valuable than they were when originally purchased. Just think, someday the College may possess a painting as valuable as a Rembrandt!



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## Review

# 'The Clan of the Cave Bear' - dramatic, exciting fiction

By Peggy Conrad  
For The Print

It is not every day that one reads a book wherein none of the main characters speak English. Not only do they not speak English, but their

language is not spoken anywhere in the "civilized world." However, Jean M. Auel's "The Clan of the Cave Bear" is easily understood

because she has translated and brought to life an entire clan of pre-historic cavemen.

The story is set around Ayla, who was born to Others (anyone who is not "Clan"),

but is adopted by the Clan when her family is destroyed by an earthquake. Ayla and the Clan have a difficult time adjusting to each other as they

speak different languages, she towers over them physically, and her mental capacity is greater, by far, than the Clan can comprehend.

Although Ayla loves her new family and quickly learns the

ways of the Medicine Woman, Iza, she has a hard time being the never-speak-until-you-are-spoken-to, second-class person, that females of the Clan

are expected to be. And herein lies the heart of the story. Ayla's battles with Broud, the son of the leader's mate, provide the reader with anticipation against an inevitable con-

clusion. But Ayla's relationship with her adopted parents, Iza and Creb, gives us a glimpse of how human emotions were born.

The book is warm, exciting, and dramatic, adventure fiction

at its very best, which gives Portland another reason to be

proud. Jean M. Auel is a Portland-area resident on her

way to being a very accomplished author.

Summer is a good time to put away books on engineering, economics and Western Civ. and read something a little

more enjoyable. As a person who does a lot of reading, I can highly recommend "The Clan

of the Cave Bear." Don't wait for the movie—they might leave out the part about the Curse of Death.

## In the movies

By Thomas A. Rhodes

Of The Print

"Breaker Morant"—Without a doubt the best film in town right now, and perhaps for some time to come. Set in the Boer Wars of the 1800s, three men go on trial for mistreatment of

prisoners. An award-winner at Cannes Film Festival for best supporting actor, this powerful, heart-wrenching film questions military justice during battle. Rated PG (Hollywood).

"Plan 9 From Outer Space" and "Robot Monster"—Beware! Beware! Two of the worst films ever made are coming to town Thursday through Saturday at the Cinema 21 only. See plump hairy robots that look like guerillas, and a feature film from the worst director who ever lived, the Great Edward D. Wood, Jr., the famous transvestite (would I kid you?). Both are probably more entertaining than most of the films in town right now. Don't miss!

Wednesday, May 27, 1981

"Happy Birthday to Me"—Six of the most bizarre murders you will ever see! Well, hotdog! If you have nothing better to do with your evenings, than I really feel sorry for you. Rated R for violence. (Rose Moyer, Town Center, 82nd St. and Laurelhurst).

"Airplane" and "Popeye"—An unusual combination together for the first time. From the creators of "Kentucky Fried Movie" comes "Airplane," this sick, tacky, tasteless, and disgusting spoof of nearly everything under the sun. It's also sidesplitting. "Popeye" is so unusual and original that it seems like a foreign film for a few minutes. After you begin to understand the dialogue, it begins to move. Director Robert Altman and writer Jules Feiffer create an entirely new world. Starring Robin Williams as Popeye and Shelley Duvall as Olive Oyl, the show just gets better and better as it goes along. Both rated PG.

## Artist honored

With the exception of a few art students, how many people here at the College know who Robert A. Nelson is? Come on, folks, strain your brain for a moment! Give up? Okay.

Robert A. Nelson is the artist who painted many of the pictures in the Community Center and Fireside Lounge. The

"Cleveland Cat" and frog and alligator pictures are all examples of his work.

Recently, Nelson received the "Award of Excellence" by the National Graphic Society of

America, in New York.

Among his other credits, he is praised in a current textbook as being "one of the finest draftsmen and most creative artists in the United States." The drawings now owned by

