

Auditions for CG Theatre's production of 'The Fantasticks' set for Aug. 19

Cottage Theatre will hold auditions on Sunday, August 19 at 6 p.m. for "The Fantasticks," a touching fable about passion and innocence. This production, the final show in Cottage Theatre's 2018 season, will be on stage for three weekends, Nov. 30 through Dec. 16.

The musical is directed by Kory Weimer. Auditions will

take place at Cottage Theatre, 700 Village Drive in Cottage Grove, and no appointment is necessary.

Eight roles are available for men and women ages 16 and older.

This timeless story has captivated the hearts and imaginations of generations of theatregoers. Written in 1960, and featuring enduring

classics like "Try to Remember" and "Soon It's Gonna Rain," "The Fantasticks" is a romantic, allegorical musical about a boy, a girl, two fathers and a wall.

The neighboring dads trick their children into falling in love by pretending to feud. Once Matt and Luisa discover their parents' deception, they reject the arranged

love match and grow apart.

Following a series of disillusioning experiences, they finally find their way back to each other after realizing that, "without a hurt, the heart is hollow."

"The Fantasticks" the longest-running musical in the world with good reason: at the heart of its breathtaking poetry and subtle theatrical

sophistication is a purity that transcends cultural barriers.

The result is a touching fable of love that is both nostalgic and universal at the same time.

Interested actors should prepare 16 to 32 bars of a song that demonstrates their vocal talents, and bring sheet music for the provided accompanist.

If actors are interested in the non-speaking role of The Mute, they should come to auditions prepared to tell a story without using words.

Additional audition details are available at www.cottagetheatre.org, or by calling the Cottage Theatre at 541-942-8001.



Betty Kaiser

Betty Kaiser's Chatter Box: Mother Nature surprises city girls

a month every summer in nearby Crestline. My grandfather wasn't a fisherman either but he loved trout.

He would pile us kids in the car and off we would go to the trout farm where you paid to fish.

Grandpa said it was the most expensive activity of the summer. There, an employee baited the hook on your fishing pole and the fish would practically leap out of the water into your lap. Fortunately, I not only didn't have to bait the hook but someone else took the slimy, squirming fish off the line and put it into the bucket for me.

Fast forward a few decades and I'm living at C.G. Lake where fishing is a regular pastime. But not for me. I'm more like someone out of a Justin Moore Country song: I can't even bait a hook.

That all sort of changed a couple of weeks ago. A strong wind had blown

through our six acres of trees and branches were scattered on the deck and under the trees closest to the house.

I got busy with my rake and wheelbarrow and began cleaning up. That's when I saw what looked like a 12-inch log covered in mulch about three feet inside the tree line. I went over to pick it up and it moved! It was breathing.

Yikes! I practically jumped out of my jeans!

I gently nudged it with a stick and it rolled over and fanned out what looked like tail feathers.

A bird? And it was still alive? Eek! I ran into the house, filled the tea kettle, dashed outside and poured water over the "bird." Well, the bird was a fish and its gills were opening and closing. I had to rescue it!

I covered the fish with a damp cloth, laid it in a box, grabbed the car keys and drove over to the lake. At the

boat ramp, I gently put the fish in the water, it briefly swam a few inches and was still.

A fisherman was nearby with his little girl. I asked him if he knew anything about fish.

Duh. Of course he did. He was fishing.

I told him my fish story and could tell that he thought I was a few bricks short of a load. Finally, he got curious, came over and said, "Doggone, it's a Catfish." (Or something like that.) He called his daughter over to check it out as he nudged it into deeper water.

The fish, however, had other ideas and kept coming back onto shore!

The fisherman asked me where I found it. I told him it was covered in mulch under the trees but came alive when I poured water on it from a tea kettle.

I still didn't know how it got there. Then it dawned on

me. There's an osprey nest nearby. Sometimes other birds try to steal their fish when they're coming home. Perhaps there was a tussle and he dropped it on our property — but three feet under the trees?

By this time my fisherman's daughter is asking questions and he is describing the fish as identified by its whiskers. Then, hoping to get rid of me, he assured me that my fish was going to be fine and I drove home — still shaking — to ponder what had happened.

Later, I was telling this story to my friend Emily who proceeded to confound me with her own Mother Nature story. She lives in a house on a city lot in Eugene. Her backyard has a nice big deck overlooking a little stream that runs into a pond.

A small Blue Jay (slightly handicapped because of a chopped off tail!) has been

frequenting the pond to drink water and check out the tadpoles.

One day while Emily was relaxing outside, she noticed that the tadpoles were now frogs. Suddenly, a HUGE Bullfrog leaped out of the water, jumped on her bluebird and swallowed its entire head!

Emily leaped into action and eventually was able to free her bird's head from the bullfrog. The frog dove back into the pond and the bird has never been seen again. Emily will never trust her bullfrogs again.

Evidently they are carnivores that will even eat their own young. That's Mother Nature at work.

We city girls sure have a lot to learn.

Contact Betty Kaiser's Chatterbox at 942-1317 or email bchatty@bettykaiser.com



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