

# Don't dream it - be it!

## The Roadhouse's Rocky Horror Show invades Erie

### RHPS vet speaks...

*It's not easy having a good time.*

By Rick Kastan  
The Collegian

How do you define "absolute pleasure?"

Well, if you're one of the many thousands of fans of the Rocky Horror Show and it's bastard son (daughter?) The Rocky Horror Picture Show, you might say that absolute pleasure is sitting in a dark and crowded theater throwing food, squirting guns and shouting the crudest and rudest of ad-libs for the benefit of a bunch of people dressed up in drag (of course you don't have to be a fan to enjoy socializing with drag-queens, but I won't even get into that!).

"So", you say, "what can a die hard fan like me expect from seeing the original Rocky Horror Show (as written for the stage by Richard O'Brien) during its eight-week stint at Erie's own Roadhouse Theater? I've already lost my dignity dressing up in women's clothing. I've thrown my share of toilet paper and hot-dogs. I've embarrassed myself by absent-mindedly screaming the wrong things at the wrong times. I've done the Time Warp. Now, what more is there for me to experience? SAY IT!!!"

Well, not much actually. In fact, I'd have to say the parties that old Frank and Riff throw at the castle these days just ain't what they used to be and seeing Rocky at the Roadhouse could really turn out to be a big let-down for you (as it was for me) rather than a great party.

My first impression upon sitting down was one of great excitement. I could see that the crowd, laden down with super soakers and toilet paper, also seemed giddy and ready to go. And as the theater lights faded and first notes of Science Fiction Double Feature blasted across the room (thanks to the truly electrifying Travelling Pallbearers band) my heart sped up to the point of arrest in anticipation of a rousing good time.

And then, something happened (or should I say nothing happened). Nobody said anything. Brad and Janet came on (Jimmy Mehs and Carrie Smith) without a hail of wedding confetti. The neckless Narrator (David Sinclair) spoke to the dead-virgin-audience with a perplexed look on his face.

I began to feel the same confusion the Narrator so obviously felt. Was this the same Rocky Horror Show I've seen so many times? I mean, Christ, we were ten minutes into the play and I hadn't even heard the F-word let alone said it!

And then I said something that I never thought I would say

during Rocky. "I want to go home." I was heart-broken.

Maybe my problem is loyalty. Maybe having seen the thing so many damn times has soured my ability to look at it in another light. If this is so, then I'm sorry.

The problem was those lousy virgins (who always seemed so cute in the movie theater) outnumbered the vets by about 100 to 1. I mean, sure, there was water-gun squirting and toilet-paper launching but when those things did happen it was at the wrong moments (done, I think, out of boredom) and went on for far too long (well into songs and important scenes).

The production itself, although far from flawless, is very professional, well directed by Dave Mitchell and well acted by the Roadhouse Troupe.

Particularly notable is Jerry Lovelace as Dr. Frank'n'Furter who nicely parallels Tim Curry without trying to be him. But all of Lovelace's efforts are inversely mirrored by Bud Pacy Jr. as Riff Raff who brings a surprising limpness to a really juicy role.

So after all this time The Rocky Horror Show again becomes what it originally was - a very funny and rousing spoof of Fifties horror movies, Sixties free love and seventies glam rock. It is not the movie, nor does it have to be. It is far sexier and far more adult than the film version and often far more titillating (I must admit I can think of worse things to do than sit around for an hour and a half watching seven buxom young girls in their bras and panties jumping around and touching each other) but if you want the Rocky Horror Picture Show you're either gonna have to rent it or go in a big enough group to take control of the audience participation. As a matter of fact, if you do, call me.

### She said she was a virgin...

*Rocky Horror from a first-time point of view*

By Kristie Guldner  
The Collegian

Imagine the worst science-fiction movie you have ever scene, add in Mel Brook's Spaceballs, put it to music with the craziest lyrics, a cast of characters too outrageous for Looney Toons, mix in two bags of confetti, three buckets of water, a seven pound bag of rice, four cans of spray string, plus two gigantic family packs of toilet paper, and set your blender on high speed. Also, do expect an outpouring of overflowing juices of all colors and smells. This simple recipe will give you an instant Rocky Horror Show.

Many of you may be familiar with the Rocky Horror Picture Show. I, however, was not at the start of this adventure. From what I hear, the movie is a bit

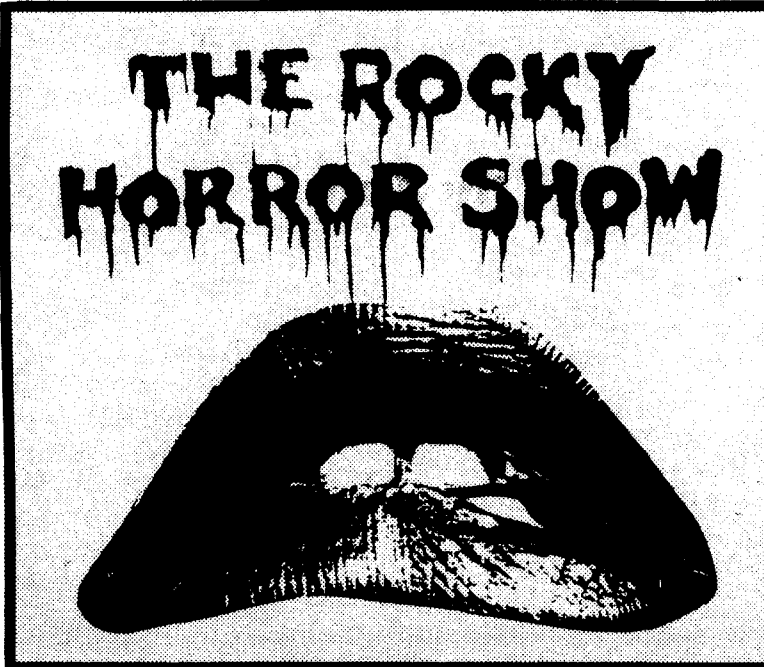
small twenty-five cent bag of confetti. Being that I am very thrifty, the price pleased my pocketbook, but something inside me was shrieking, "Buy more ammo, you idiot!!!" Unfortunately, however I didn't listen to that shrieking voice.

Finally, eight o'clock rolled around and the house lights went down. Ah, the moment I was waiting for. The show started off with a couple, Brad and Janet, coming back from a wedding. Brad asks Janet to marry him. Normally this would be a touching scene in a play. I'm sorry, but when I saw Brad and Janet's outfits I was overcome with a lengthy laughing fit. I don't know about your fashion sense, but dull stationwagon green high-heeled sandals are not my idea of the most fashionable footwear. The rest of her outfit,

first true taste of Rocky Horror, "The Time Warp."

Finally the master of the castle, Frank N. Furter, walks in, wearing a long, flowing, red-orange robe and lots of make-up, and introduced us to Magenta and Columbia. During this scene he sheds his robe and shows off his beautiful lingerie, a silky gray teddy. The displays of lady's lingerie in this play is enough to make Victoria's Secrets jealous.

Frank, our lovely host and/or hostess, has made a man to relieve his stress and tension from a hard day of work. Tonight his creature, the famed Rocky, will be given life. This is a very interesting escapade. Once Frank raises Rocky, he has to chase his poor little creation all over the theater in order to capture him. I, for one, was quite startled to see two members of the cast jump



The difference between a true RHPS fan and someone just out for a rowdy time can be seen in their manners and etiquette. Here are some guidelines that should be deemed necessary by anyone looking to perpetuate our experiences of absolute pleasure.

1. The throwing of rice, toilet paper, water, etc. is part of the fun. It is not meant to harm people, ruin make-up or costumes, or cause damage to the theater. **Do not throw anything on stage, at the actors, or especially the band, who could be severely injured by any of the above, particularly water!**
2. Respect the wishes of the theater. Vandalism and the breaking of the rules might not only lead to your ejection, but to the closing of the show. This would be spoiling it for everyone.
3. Never make fun of someone for dressing up - especially if their make-up or costume is not exact. The point is that their heart is in it, and that's what the cult's all about, isn't it?
4. Calling Brad an "asshole" and "neck lines" to the Narrator are funny in the proper place, but should not be yelled everytime you see these characters' faces. it does get boring and monotonous.

\*Etiquette from Roadhouse program.

different than the play. The difference still eludes me, therefore, I will only be able tell you my fantastical experience with the theatrical version of The Rocky Horror Show.

As I walked in to take my seat, I got a feel of the atmosphere of the theater. Everyone seemed excited; there was nervous chatter everywhere. Obviously, this was an exciting spectacle to behold; personally, I was excited, and a bit nervous, waiting for the extravaganza to begin. I saw many people with economy size bags of confetti, toilet paper rolls numbering into the thousands, super-soakers galore, and the largest spray-string cans money can buy. At this point I was extremely nervous.

Soon, a couple o. ladies, dressed like cigarette girls in old movies but with more make-up and shorter skirts, came around selling confetti, dinky squirt guns, candy cigarettes, and candy necklaces. I wanted to stock up on as much ammunition as my money could buy, so I bought a

(and his for that matter) was in the same sense of fashion no-no's. Besides laughing from the outfits, I could not help but howl at the uproarious comments that were being said by the audience. Let's just say it was very bawdy; I liked it a lot.

When Brad and Janet's car breaks down in the rain, they are forced to walk two miles to the closest shelter, a mysterious castle. When the rain storm began, this entertainment writer for The Collegian was soaked.

How do you go about describing a dark and mysterious castle? If you be so kind as to imagine Frankenstein's castle for the moment; if you want a real description, go and see the play. The first character I met was Riff Raff. He is a cross between Lurch (of the Addam's Family fame) and the hunchback from Notre Dame; to say the least an interesting sort of character. He lead the fearless, newly engaged couple of Brad and Janet in to the ballroom. A celebration was underway. Here is where I got my

into the audience and run around like children playing tag. At this point in the play, I could not help but enjoy myself.

Lots of other weird and wacky stuff happen in this science-fiction spoof play. And if I were to tell you everything the actors in the play wouldn't make money. Besides, experiencing Rocky Horror is the only way to truly love it.

Being a new fan of Rocky Horror is very interesting. I shall never forget my rendezvous with the wild side of sci-fi. I highly recommend this play. The Roadhouse Theatre for Contemporary Art is a small, intimate theater that will let any Rocky Horror 'virgin' or old fan feel up close and personal with the cast.

