

# Features

## UNCOLLECTED TRUE TO FORM

By Chris Brown  
STAFF WRITER

Acid, the KKK, the meaning of life—and that was just one of many monologues.

Students planning a quiet evening watching a bubble-gum performance were in for a surprise when they arrived at the literally in-our-face performance of *Uncollected* directed by Greg Ray, a play based on monologues by Eric Bogosian.

There were no taboos to speak of during the back-to-back performances on Thursday and Friday, each lasting

upwards of three hours and then some. The audience sat back and watched numerous pathologies unfold while being bombarded with constant challenges to societal norms and philosophical beliefs during about 30 monologues.

While there was certainly no doubt as to whether or not the production was going to try to do these powerhouse monologues justice, the success of the play remains more debatable. While the acting was almost universally impressive, it was, however, somewhat less watched by the audience than the audiences'

own watches during the 10:00 p.m. show.

The lighting shifts produced numerous squinting eyes during scene breaks, which would have been less noticeable if the audience wasn't actively engaged in watching the screen, which showed related images after each monologue.

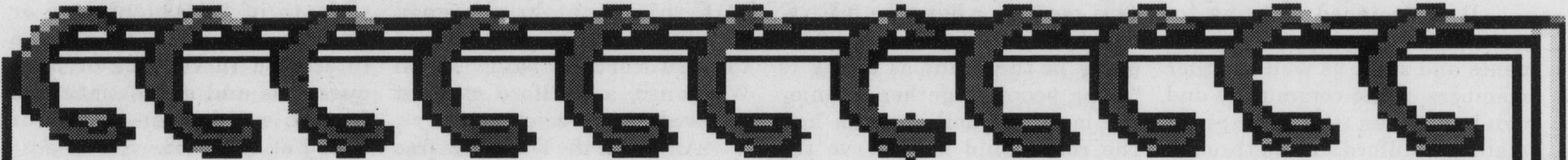
Overall reaction was mixed. While many strongly praised the play, others were unavailable for comment at the end of the show because they had not bothered to see the second half.

The strength of the per-

formance was undoubtedly the ability to not only draw such strong actors, but so many. The playbill listed the ensemble size at 32.

The standout monologues included Robert Adlers's expletive-laden tirade on world ecology which left the audience laughing and watching their step.

Elizabeth Emma's dance monologue let the audience see the lighter side of life before the production dove back into grit and disenfranchisement, provided by Simon Kress, Kate McNeely, and Zach Lihatsh.



## Hey Kelton...

By Kelton G. Cofer  
FEATURES ADVICE COLUMNIST

*Another week without questions in my boxes has forced me to delve into the strange world that is my brain and pull out this little ditty that I have been brooding over for several months. Some might say it has no point. Some might say it is somewhat disjointed. Some might not even read it. Regardless, if Dark Side Girl can rant and rave and pick on hippies, I suppose I'm entitled to fly off the hook every once in a while too. I call this piece (of sh\*t some might say) "Pennies From Heaven—or the Sidewalk."*

Someday I hope someone will remember me fondly, and with a certain amount of respect say, "the knife outwore the sheath." I don't think that's a lot to wish for. That's not a great expectation, is it? In the words of *Pulp Fiction's* Marcellus Wallace, "The world is filled with unrealistic motherfu\*\*ers." So many people want so much. I'll not be a liar, though, and say I wouldn't care to live like a king, but even wealth and power must get boring. If not boring, they tend to drive some humans mad. Look at poor, wealthy Donald Trump. He won't even shake hands, he's so screwy. Can we say Howard Hughes? This guy thought he had a shot at the presidency, and

he has reservations about kissing babies! I shudder to think that Pat Buchanan has a more voter-friendly personality.

Some people say, "I'd like to walk in his/her shoes for a day." What the h\*ll for? If you like it and it suits you, you're screwed! That's one day, then it is back to your own boring existence. If you hate it, you're still screwed. You've wasted a whole day seeing how miserable some other poor schmuck is!

There are people in this world that spend their lives trying to chase rainbows. Let's be realistic, though. There is no pot of gold. But what a novel ideology it makes out to be. I must first state the obvious for this theorem to hit home. People who wish for better things by tossing pennies into a fountain only wind up a penny poorer. I love the notion, though. Wouldn't it be great if eternal happiness only cost one cent? Abraham Lincoln wouldn't just be recognized as a great president, he'd probably be canonized.

With the "penny miracle" would come many changes, though. There would no longer be those "give a penny, take a penny" things at convenient stores. Finding a penny face down on the sidewalk would no longer be a bad thing. "Screw it! Let's go find a fountain!"

Eventually, of course, we would have to deal with worldwide inflation due to all the

greedy bastards that wished for a million dollars. Eventually paper money wouldn't be worth the paper it was printed on! But those pennies would be worth their weight in...well zinc. Forget sucking on them to avoid a DWI. You could wish it never happened.

What would you wish for eventually? More pennies, right? This is where the whole thing gets screwy (as if it hasn't already). Everybody has everything they could possibly want. What the hell do they do now? You have every possible material item. You've answered all of the mysteries of the universe. You've screwed everyone you ever dreamt about. You can play guitar like Stevie Ray Vaughn. You look and feel great. You've been everywhere and seen everything. Now what? The problem of penny overpopulation arises. I mean, there are only so many fountains. Do we scrape them out and re-issue the "spent" pennies? Are wished pennies recyclable? Can we toss pennies into other bodies of water and yield the same effect? If so, couldn't that create a health risk? I know that too much Vitamin C can kill you. I suppose the same is true of too much zinc.

Everyone has everything. Screw the Jones family, for one penny you can totally eradicate the need to keep up with them! Or better yet, you could eradicate the Jones family all together. Beware the children, though. I

know when I was fourteen, I wished I was sixteen. When I was nineteen, I wanted to be twenty-one. The penny could taint our hierarchy of age and the necessity for wise older people. As a child I know I felt burdened listening to my grandfather's stories of the Great Depression. Now, in his absence, I reflect favorably on, and with a renewed sense of understanding, on those stories of "the Old Days," that once were boring.

This little diatribe has a meaning, believe it or not. We all want our wishes to come true, but unfortunately they don't always. We can't let that get us down, though. Perhaps instead of wishes, we should call them "goals." Calling them dreams is counterproductive also. I have dreams about the '77 Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders. But they always end up the same, me alone with a box of Kleenex. Just kidding! I don't have the money to buy name brand tissue.

Let's leave the wishing well, the tooth fairy and the Easter Bunny for the children. (Tell me there's no Santa and I'll be very angry, though.)

Perhaps that little kid in the mall might really get a pony if we greedy grown-ups would quit pestering the spirit of the well for sports cars, and sex with Buffy the Vampire Slayer.