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# Big City Players Seek Actors for AIDS Musical

**BURLINGTON** -- Big City Players, a non-profit theater organization based in Burlington, is conducting a nationwide search for an up-coming musical to premiere in the late spring of 1997. The production deals with AIDS, relationships, and the coming together of all genders for one cause.

Pending funding, actors will be paid up to \$5,000 for two month's worth of work. Housing will be provided to those living outside the state.

Those interested in being considered for a role should submit a black-and-white glossy, resume, and a tape recording of their singing ability (showing their entire range). The song or number of songs is up to the individual, but must be on audio cassette tape or video tape (reel-to-reel or other formats cannot be accepted).

There will be no other auditions for the show. Actors will be selected from the resumes received. BCPI will not accept any phone calls pertaining to these auditions. Selections will be made in January, with cast members announced at that time. In the event that more than one person is considered for a particular role, an addition in-person audition may be scheduled to determine the final cut. Big City Players is not an Equity organization and does not require that actors are Equity members to participate. Equity actors must adhere to all Equity policies pertaining to working with non-Equity groups.

Send all required materials by December 10 to: National Talent Search c/o BCPI, PO Box 1012, Burlington VT 05402-1012, Attn.: Dean.

## Good Like That

by Barbara Baird

Last summer I went to Western Pennsylvania to sing at my ex-lover's wedding. I'm good like that.

I stopped on the way to the ceremony to buy the bride's mother some flowers. I'm good like that. Unfortunately, the young woman who waited on me seemed to know less about flowers than I do. I spent entirely too much time in this shop. While she hemmed, hawed, picked, cut, and wrapped, I read every greeting card, smelled every candle, and sighed many times as loudly as I could.

Just as I was about to sneak out of the shop and risk whatever cosmic paybacks might ensue, she was done. I paid for the flowers and grabbed them in a hurry.

I hadn't gone to the rehearsal the night before, so I didn't know if the wedding was indoors or outdoors. Where would I stand? When would I sing? I wouldn't sob, would I? Would there be time for a cocktail before the ceremony?

I approached a little village that I had never noticed before in all my years of passing through the area. I noticed it this time because of the large traffic jam. I was confused until I saw a banner over the road; it was this little town's bicentennial celebration or something. It promised games, food, a parade at four o'clock...a parade at four o'clock? I looked at my watch. Sure enough, right on the button.

I blasted my horn in futile protest and got out of the car to examine the scene. A cop walked by. "Excuse me," I yelled over the happy din. "I need to get by. Which way is by?"

"What?" he asked.

I slowed down. "I need to get to a wedding. I need to get by. Is there another way through town?"

He grinned and looked at the guitar and flowers in my car. "Guess you could just get in the parade," he said looking around. "It's either that or wait."

So I was in this little village's bicentennial parade. I found myself behind the Shriner's Zem-Zem guys...you know, the group of older men sporting fez hats and tassels. They ride go-carts in parades and perform scary figure-eight maneuvers, nearly missing each other. Or is it nearly hitting each other? Either way, I flinched a lot. All I needed now was a go-cart pile-up to delay me further.

I rolled my eyes and checked my watch constantly. People were waving to the dyke in the Vermont Subaru like she was homecoming queen. They didn't care; they were happy and I wasn't. I tried to be friendly. I waved back once. Still, it's clear to me that parades and stress don't mix.

"What are you?" a kid yelled from the curb.

"Late!" I barked back.

We finally made it to the end of Main Street U.S.A. I waved to the last of the people. I'm good like that. I sped up to the wedding site and spilled out of the car with my things. I think I was screaming. My friend Gary came over to help.

"Where do I go?" I yelled.

"I don't know," he said.

"Is the wedding inside or outside?"

"I don't know."

"Where's the bar?"

"Through those doors and take a left."

I sang at my ex-lover's wedding. I didn't cry, although my eyes did water a little from all of that residual go-cart exhaust. I pretended it didn't bother me. I'm good like that. ▼

## Heartland Books Leaves Vermont

**EAST CORINTH** -- Heartland Books, a retail mail order book business specializing in lesbian literature, has changed hands and moved to the Pacific Northwest. Heartland had been in business in Vermont for over three years, and specialized in providing easy access to books for women in rural parts of the country.

Previous owners Linda Weiss and Joyce McKeeman have become very active in their East Corinth community and found that time had gotten too tight to run both a business and large home with many loving pets. While not wanting to close down Heartland completely, they wanted to ensure that the operation moved to a good home.

Linda and Joyce sold the business to Barb Dube and Sunny Mally of Winthrop, Washington, a similarly rural area. Barb and Sunny also run a large home with many animals. According to the women, "It's very much like looking through the looking glass — two couples on opposite sides of the country, chucking the city thing, doing the country thing, and wanting to have women's books available."

Barb and Sunny don't plan on making many changes at Heartland, though they do hope to increase their children's book offerings and anticipate launching a Web Site sometime soon. They can be reached at Heartland Books, PO Box 609, Winthrop WA 98862-0806 or by calling (800) 535-3799. You can also e-mail Heartland at [heartlan@methow.com](mailto:heartlan@methow.com). ▼