

(There's no place in Evanston or anywhere on the North Shore for that matter that has good quality, cheap, Chinese food where they will actually deliver). It being summer we opted for the take out.

July 4

Fourth of July - Needless to say we didn't participate in any festivities today. We spent the day unpacking and that was about it.

July 5-11

The last week was spent doing a number of different necessary errands and tasks. Unpacking and setting up our apartment was no small job. However, the details of that are boring so I won't elaborate.

I just joined a gym (the YMCA at 63rd street and Central Park West) and I will also be starting to take dance a couple of times a week at a studio down on Canal Street that Katherine knows well called Dance Space Center. DSC is a nice alternative to Steps and Broadway Dance which are known for being notoriously over crowded.

I'm signed up for a soap opera class starting in August which is taught by a major casting director in NYC for soaps named Bob Lambert. Although I have no soap experience it should be fun and a good experience. (6/30/04 As it turned out I wasn't able to take this class due to other commitments and Katherine took the slot instead)

We live in a wonderfully quiet neighborhood on the northern tip of Manhattan. I can walk less than a block and be at four small grocery stores, one large grocery, a florist, a video store, any number of dry cleaners and Laundromats, a hardware store, several restaurants, a drug store, a pet care place and a branch of Chase Manhattan bank. Another half block and I have an incredible view of the Hudson River. Also, a block's walk is a subway stop for the A train which is an express train that can get me downtown in 15 minutes. I'm incredibly blessed to have such an oasis.

July 12

Saturday - Audition #1 - Audition for *The Kid Who Played the Palace*. The audition ran from 10-7pm and union actors were given preference when they arrived. I arrived at about 10:25 and finally auditioned at about 1:30. The rest of my

time was spent in reluctant conversations with mothers of young girls who were there to audition. The holding pen was a small theatrical space that was air-conditioned to within an inch of its life. After about an hour in that icebox I moved, at first, out into the hall and then finally into the waiting room outside the audition room. The longer I sat the bolder I became with regard to finding out exactly what was going on and when I would be auditioning.

Sitting in the waiting room outside the audition room was interesting because I got to see and hear how this audition was run. The production team was the writer/director/producer Peter Sklar, a woman who sat at the table with him and a woman who was the accompanist. Their assistants were about 8 young girls all about 16-18 years old who I later learned were a part of some educational experience with the producer. This audition was a workshop for them to learn how to run an audition. In that regard it was highly unprofessionally run. However, there was no denying the talent of the kids that were walking through the door to audition. Some came out with sides to read and some were dismissed.

I finally walked through the door and truly had a moment of nearly uncontrollable nervousness because it had been so long since I'd done an audition! I held it together and made my way first to the table to drop off my pic and resume and then to the piano to discuss my song selections. I had decided to sing "I Won't Send Roses" and "I Don't Remember Christmas". "...Roses" was a transposition that I had freehanded to a lead sheet in order to get it into a range for my voice but not all accompanists feel comfortable reading these. I showed it to her and she was fine with it but said that in order to stay under the "30 seconds per song" requirement that I needed to start half way through. I hadn't sung since I'd warmed up at 9:00 that morning and I had a phrase and a half before the high G to get warmed up again. It was a bit bumpy and I felt as stiff as a board, but I managed to get to the end of the song. I went straight into the second song and did better with this but was still feeling stiff.

My experience with the director was noteworthy. Just before I sang he asked what part I was there to audition for as though there wasn't anything in the show for my age range. For a second I panicked thinking I had misread the info but said "Bob Monroe?" Then they said "Oh yes of course, we put Bob in the listing!"