



R H O D E
I S L A N D

ROCKY



HURRICANE HORROR



Another blow is being struck at the RHPS, this time by meteorologists across the eastern United States. They have announced the coming of a hurricane, dubbed "Gloria," and plotted it's proposed course along many eastern cities that currently show Rocky Horror. The timing of the storm just happens to be on a Friday night. Sure.

I am amused and then angered when I see many people running out to buy radios and flashlights (don't they have them already?), stocking up on foods (my God!), and canceling their plans to attend the Rocky Horror Picture Show. From what I've seen at home here Thursday night, the weather looks calm. A few clouds don't scare me. But to those who still choose to fret, why not bring an umbrella to the show. What's the big deal anyway? If you can handle being in the audience of the RHPS, what's a hurricane to you.

To those of you who do make it to the show, congradulations on not being taken in. And even if it does rain a little and the wind blows, just pull out the flashlights and canned goods. We promise to update you during the show every 4 minutes (our criminologist/narrator will do the honors). So, until this whole mess clears up, think sunshine! RR

WORDS TO THE MUSIC ... Sweet Transvestite

How do you do? I
See you've met my
Faithful handyman.
He's just a little brought down,
Because when you knocked,
He thought you were the candyman.

Don't get strung out,
By the way I look.
Don't judge a book by it's cover.
I'm not much of a man,
By the light of day,
But by night I'm one hell of a lover!

I'm just a sweet Transvestite,
From Transexual, Transylvania.

Let me show you around,
Maybe play you a sound.
You look like you're both pretty groovie.
Or if you want something visual,
But not too abysmal,
We could take in an old Steeve Reeves movie!

I'm glad we caught you at home.
Could we use your phone?
We're both in a bit of a hurry.
We'll just say where we are,
Then go back to the car.
We don't want to be any worry.

Well, you got caught with a flat,
Well, how about that?
Well, babies, don't you panic.
By the light of the night,
It'll all seem alright.
I'll get you a satanic mechanic.

I'm just a sweet Transvestite,
From Transexual, Transylvania.

Why don't you stay for the night?
Or maybe a bite.
I could show you my favorite obsession.
I've been making a man,
With blonde hair and a tan.
And he's good for relieving my tension.

I'm just a sweet Transvestite,
From Transexual, Transylvania.

So, come up to the lab,
And see what's on the slab.
I see you shiver with anticipation!
But maybe the rain
Is really the blame.
So I'll remove the cause, but not the symptom!

Still looking for a few good cast
members ... Still looking
for someone to enter the
contest... HAPPY HURRICANING