



# Hurricane Horror Rocks Show!

# Last Week's Issue Printed

Well, it finally happened. For the first time since the show opened here at the CTC, we didn't have a show on a Friday night. The effects of Hurricane Gloria on the theatre forced the cancellation of the show.



In case any of you were wondering there was an issue of RIR printed last week (#23). Unfortunately, getting the issue to press was a more difficult matter as most copy shops were closed Friday and Saturday (wimps).

The cast was prepared to brave the storm and be here. Perhaps it was for the best, though, as all members of the cast were then free to lead the rescue operations taking place throughout the tri-state area.

For those of you who do want a copy of #23, we will be making copies of it on regular white paper. These should be ready by next Friday.

RR

From news reports we've seen, many people decided to go crazy and buy up an abundance of canned goods, bread, batteries, toilet paper, and other such goods. We hope the absense of the bread and toilet paper does not have a major impact.

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 allright.  
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!

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