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## THE MORNING LINE

**DATE:** Monday, May 19, 2014

**FROM:** Emily Meagher, Michelle Farabaugh  
Camille Ring

**PAGES:** 20, *including this page*

# The New York Times

May 18, 2014



## Paul Rudd to Play Einstein at World Science Festival

By JENNIFER SCHUESSLER

After appearing in celebrations of dimwittedness like “Our Idiot Brother,” “Dinner for Schmucks” and “Anchorman,” Paul Rudd is taking on the ultimate high-I.Q. role: Albert Einstein.

Mr. Rudd — minus a genius fright wig — will play Einstein for one night only, on May 28, in a reading of “Dear Albert,” a play by Alan Alda that will open the World Science Festival, a five-day event that brings panels, performances, debates and other public events to New York City. The play, based on Einstein’s letters and personal writings and directed by the Obie winner Mark Brokaw, will feature Cynthia Nixon and Francesca Faridany as the women in Einstein’s life. After the performance, at New York University’s Skirball Center for the Performing Arts, the physicist Brian Greene, one of the festival’s founders, will join Mr. Alda for an onstage discussion of Einstein’s work.

“As I read through his letters, I was fascinated by him,” Mr. Alda said in a statement. “This was the voice of Albert at his most intimate and passionate as he was courting his first wife, his second wife and a number of other women. At the same time, he was just as passionate about courting the cosmos. And the cosmos often came out ahead.”

Tickets and a schedule of festival events are available at [worldsciencefestival.com](http://worldsciencefestival.com).



# Arts & Leisure

The New York Times

MAY 18, 2014

## It Will Have Blood (Mud, Too)

Kenneth Branagh, star and co-director, brings his visceral and breathless 'Macbeth' to Manhattan.

By SARAH LYALL

Any new production of "Macbeth" has a lot to overcome, including history, tradition, expectation and the participants' own relationship to the material. For the actor and director Kenneth Branagh, this meant years of thinking about the play, biding his time and concocting and discarding various ideas (some cleverer than others) for how to stage it.

One version was set in the 25th century. "This was going to be in a dystopian universe, and Duncan was going to be the head of King Enterprises, a global multimedia company," Mr. Branagh said recently. "Macbeth and Banquo were going to be the masters of the universe out there

in a kind of Blade-Runnered, neoned world."

In fact, that was not what happened at all, Mr. Branagh said, chuckling a little at himself as he laid out how his thinking had progressed. He was speaking in the Park Avenue Armory, the closest thing to an early-medieval Scottish castle as you are likely to find in Manhattan, its dark atmospheric moodiness a dramatic contrast to the Upper East Side's light, modern-day straightforwardness. This is where Mr. Branagh's muscular, bloody, fast-paced "Macbeth," in which he stars and, with Rob Ashford, directs, is to open on May 31 after its premiere last year at the Manchester International Festival.

The play, with Alex Kingston as a sexy, up-for-it Lady Macbeth, had a triumphant run, with critics raving especially about Mr. Branagh's physically grueling, emotionally nuanced performance in one of the world's great roles — the first time in a decade he had appeared onstage in a Shakespeare production. In *The Guardian*, Michael Billington compared Mr. Branagh's Macbeth to Laurence Olivier's and said the show was a reminder of "what an intemperately exciting Shakespearean actor he is."

Right, Kenneth Branagh at the Park Avenue Armory;



GREGG DELMAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES





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Kenneth Branagh at the Park Avenue Armory, where he opens in the title role of "Macbeth" on May 31. The production, which he directs with Rob Ashford, originated at the Manchester International Festival last year.

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With a lifetime steeped in the material and a gift for speaking 400-year-old poetry as perfect naturalistic prose, Mr. Branagh, rugged and bearded at 53, is one of the most subtle and fluent interpreters of Shakespeare around. He speaks about "Macbeth" as if it were an old if hard-to-pin-down friend, and you get the feeling that given the slightest encouragement, he could happily recite the whole thing off the top of his head, along with pages of notes on the text.

Mr. Branagh has never appeared on stage in New York, and this "Macbeth" comes at an interesting point in his career.

Known early on for his full-blooded approach, on screen or in the theater, to "Hamlet," "Henry V" and "Much Ado About Nothing," Mr. Branagh later branched out into regular movies. He mocked the actorly potential for pomposity as the lushly coifed, perennially self-regarding Gilderoy Lockhart in "Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets," and recently received an Oscar nomination for his performance as Olivier in "My Week With Marilyn"; on television, he played the world-weary title detective in the moody BBC series "Wallander." Along the way, he received a knighthood, and, somewhat unexpectedly for someone now officially called Sir Kenneth, he has found a successful sideline directing big-budget Hollywood blockbusters: "Jack Ryan: Shadow Recruit" (in which he also starred, as a Russian villain) and the comic-book action movie "Thor."

"Macbeth," then, seems to be a return to his roots. While there is still a great deal more Shakespeare left to do if he wants to — Lear, Leontes, Claudius, for instance — these things tend to present themselves organically rather than be mapped out as part of some grand plan, he said.

"I definitely feel as though some more Shakespeare is coming my way," he said. "But I try to be a creature of instinct, and I never assume that anything is on your dance card, particularly. The chance to play these roles is so exciting and unusual, and so the care I take has been to find the right circumstances. There are plenty of performances of this play, of Shakespeare, so the question becomes: Do you have anything new to offer?" (His performance caps an unusually plentiful season for Shakespeare in New York, with Ethan Hawke starring in "Macbeth" on Broadway only a few months ago.)

Mr. Branagh wanted to play Macbeth, but also to direct "Macbeth," and he knew that to do both he would need a collaborator. This was Mr. Ashford, the experienced American choreographer turned director ("Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" "Promises, Promises"), who, it turned out, had never before directed Shakespeare.

The two surgically trimmed the play, jet-tisoned the intermissions and staged it as a headlong rush of breathless action, each scene blending rapidly into the next, for a production that clocks in at just over two hours. The actors have no time to stand



SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY, VIA PHOTOFEST

with Emma  
Thompson in "Much Ado  
About Nothing" (1993).

around in dramatic tableaux or engage in tour-de-force declamatory oration all by themselves; the audience is pitched right into and pulled along by the momentum.

"I'm on the outside, and he's on the inside," Mr. Ashford explained, "with him coming at it from a more informed view of how one does Shakespeare, and me coming at it more from the side of the show maker, with the tempo, the pacing, the staging, how to move it, how to make it this visceral production."

Rather than looking to the future, the idea that went out the window some time ago, the play goes back to a distant past as the playwright himself seems to have envisioned it: a wild ancient Scotland poised between paganism and order, between the law of the sword and the law of man. Macbeth and the other men wear heavy cloth-draped kilt ensembles, looking fierce and macho in the way that only Scots (or people pretending to be Scots) can while dressed, basically, in skirts.

The play moves from the supernatural weirdness of the first scene straight into the narration of an epic offstage battle. But in this production, the battle is shown onstage: a fierce, wet, muddy, bloody, intricately choreographed extended fight that takes place inches away from the audience. (Unlike "Rocky," across town, it has no referee.) Audience members in the front rows, sitting on either side of the transverse stage down the middle, sometimes get sprayed with dirt, fake blood and water from the rain machine.

"I'm not a fight choreographer, but I drew the pictures just like I would design a dance, and I used my sense of how to build something as you would build a number in a musical," Mr. Ashford said. "It has to start with something, go to something else, go to something else. And then all of it has to go toward a final moment. You can't keep the same pace the entire time or

show 20 guys battling the entire time. You have to get everyone on board, and then show the specifics."

In Manchester, the play was presented in a tiny space, a deconsecrated church seating just 200 people, 100 on either side of the stage. Here, in the Armory's great drill hall, the space is many times bigger, but the action takes place in a manageably

**'What we wanted to do was have the audience and the actors really sit in the middle of that adrenalized frenzy.'**

small stage set up at one end, with 500 audience members on each side, said Christopher Oram, the set and costume designer. (The rest of the hall is being made up into a heath that the audience, divided at the door into various "clans" affiliated with the rivalries onstage, will have to trudge through to get to the seats). As in Manchester, they will be seated in deliberately uncozy wooden bleachers that force them to remain alert, almost as participants in the action.

"The idea is of using the mud and rain to get the pagan and earthy quality," Mr. Oram said. "You get the sounds and the smell and the immediate experience of a play drenched in blood and mud."

At first, he said, he was nervous that audience members seated in the "blood and water zone," as he called it, would resent being splattered by battlefield byproducts. "It's not like a theme park, where we're going to hand out plastic ponchos," he said. "But then we realized that everybody was kind of into it, like it was a badge of honor." Some audience members even returned for a second bout, wearing their dirtied clothes from the time before.

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JOHAN PERSSON

top, in the  
title role of "Macbeth"  
at the Manchester  
International Festival in  
2013;

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SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY, VIA PHOTOFEST

Mr. Branagh in the title role in "Henry V" (1989), which he also directed.

The big-action opening means that the first time we hear Macbeth speak, he is out of breath and full of testosterone, having just "unseamed" — that is, disemboweled — someone right in front of us.

"What we wanted to do was have the audience and the actors really sit in the middle of that adrenalized frenzy," Mr. Branagh said. As a contrast to the "dry approach, the intellectual approach, the metaphysical approach" that some directors take toward "Macbeth," he said, he felt the material was better served by a quicker pace, in speaking as well as action, everything hurtling toward the inevitable tragic climax. That means that the characters have no time to reflect, that their decisions come in the heat of their charged, emotive, post-battle rush.

This in turn helps address one of Shakespeare's perennial challenges: how to make plausible his characters' near-instantaneous transformations — in this case, Macbeth's journey from loyal soldier to murderous megalomaniac, in what seems almost to be midsentence.

Mr. Branagh can trace his love of "Macbeth" straight back to the moment when, at the age of 12 or so, he saw a paperback lying on the kitchen table at his family's house in Reading, its cover illustrated with a mesmerizing image of three witches in a kind of "graphic, blocky style," he said. It was his older brother's school copy of "Macbeth," possibly the first Shakespeare Mr. Branagh had ever seen.

He was hooked. He would go on to read it many times and see many productions of it. And though he is not superstitious — he is perfectly happy to use the word "Macbeth" rather than calling it "the Scottish play," as many theater people do on the ground that bad luck seems to follow various productions, and they do not want to tempt fate — Mr. Branagh has held on to

that original copy through all these years.

It contains his brother's schoolboy notations, his own notes and the cuts he made for the current production. He used it to learn his lines, and — bolstered and reinforced with tape administered by his wife to prevent it from falling apart — the paperback will be with him in New York.

It reminds him, he said, of his long, evolving engagement with "Macbeth."

"It goes beyond something that one can talk about," he said. "The part starts to play you, and the evening starts to take on its own form. You have a sense of being a vessel for something much bigger than yourself."

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# The New York Times

MAY 17, 2014

## What Is This Child Doing in Prison?

By Harvey Fierstein

**L**AST month a 16-year-old child was placed in solitary confinement at the York Correctional Institution for Women in Niantic, Conn. She has never been charged, tried or convicted. What is her crime? That she has survived.

With her father incarcerated and her mother addicted to heroin, crack cocaine and alcohol, the girl — who is referred to simply as Jane Doe, to protect her identity as a minor — had been passed among family members since she was 5 years old. They repeatedly raped, tortured and even prostituted her.

At last rescued by Connecticut's Department of Children and Families, she was placed in a foster care facility, where she was raped by a fellow resident and forced to have sex with a staff member. When she fought back, she was punished. When caught involuntarily performing sex acts, she was punished. Jane was then placed at a residential facility in Massachusetts, but the sexual assaults continued at the hand of a worker entrusted with her care.

Finally, on April 8 the state of Connecticut placed her in a mental-ward cell, for her own protection. She is alone for up to 23 hours a day. Joette Katz, the commissioner of the state's Department of Children and Families, said in *The Hartford Courant* that she had no choice but to incarcerate Jane because it was "the only acceptable option to ensure

*Harvey Fierstein is an actor and playwright.*

the safety of the other youths for whom I am responsible."

You see, Jane can be violent. She has fought with other children and with staff members wherever she's been placed. But given her history, how could she survive by being anything but violent? Where, in her entire life, would this child have ever learned anything except to fight back? And how is placing her in an adult prison — where aggression, savagery and intimidation are the everyday tools needed to survive — going to help her heal?

It's not enough to recount the tor-

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### The transgender teenager needs treatment, not isolation.

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ment she has endured. If we want to stop the cycle of brutality, we have to ask why the heavens rained down on this child. I believe it is because Jane is transgender.

Jane was born a boy. She began exhibiting feminine characteristics from age 5, and by the time she was 9 she knew that she was, in fact, a girl. Born into a society where blending gender lines was unacceptable, where God and preachers condemn, Jane didn't have a chance.

Those with the best intentions felt it was their duty to beat these notions out of her. Those with the worst intentions felt it their right to toy with someone they considered a freak of nature. She

was devalued as a family member, rejected by her peers and shunned by decent society. How could she ever survive except by learning that no adult could be trusted?

And yet, against all odds and reason, she has not destroyed herself. And her strength has brought her allies; protesters have marched in the state capital, Hartford, demanding her release. Gov. Dannel Malloy agreed, and at his urging she was moved on Tuesday to a cottage on the prison grounds. This is not a solution. Yes, it is better than a cell, but she is still just as isolated, and still being held against her will in a prison. And she is not receiving what she really needs — demands, in fact — and that is treatment. "I need to deal with the trauma I've experienced," she wrote in an affidavit. "This prison cannot do that for me."

Ms. Katz, of the Department of Children and Families, says that because of the threat of violence, there is no place else to put Jane. That is simply untrue. Several families have already offered to take her in. Knowing everything they do about her history and problems, these families are willing to foster this child and begin the healing. One of these families is a transgender couple with a unique understanding of Jane's needs and situation.

But Ms. Katz has been inexplicably unmovable. Meanwhile, Jane remains in prison, and not one of her rapists or abusers or torturers has been charged.

Of all the crimes that have been committed against Jane, the worst may be that of omission: our failure to nurture, protect and teach our children, and to treasure them as unique individuals. The crime is ours. The punishment is theirs to bear. □



# The New York Times

May 18, 2014

*Vacation? The Show Will Still Go On*

## Nicky Silver's 'Too Much Sun' Stars Linda Lavin

By **BEN BRANTLEY**

What's love got to do with it? Audrey Langham, an actress of modest fame and exceptional survival skills, has just set eyes on a man who might do nicely as her sixth husband. Or would it be her seventh? Audrey, played by the remarkable Linda Lavin in Nicky Silver's "Too Much Sun" at the [Vineyard Theater](#), is fuzzy on personal math.

But on the issue of taking care of Audrey, she is as focused — and as mesmerizing — as a starving cobra sizing up its next meal. To watch Audrey in action is to see Darwinian theory made flesh. And to watch Ms. Lavin doing Audrey in action is to see a veteran actress, whose own interpretive instincts have never been sharper, at the very top of her game.

"Too Much Sun," which opened on Sunday night in an astutely acted production that features [Jennifer Westfeldt](#) (as Audrey's unfortunate daughter) and sharp direction by Mark Brokaw, is hardly a perfect play. Mr. Silver, author of "The Lyons" and "Raised in Captivity," has always combined show-off juvenile cleverness with a mature philosophical melancholy; his unevenness is as immense as his talents. His latest work shows evidence of both of these aspects.

Yet in a New York season when so many new plays have been exercises in either straightforward didacticism or surface stylistic flourishes, it's a relief to sit down with a dramatist who has such an original and thoroughly sustained tragicomic worldview. And it's an unconditional treat to witness an actress like Ms. Lavin tuned so precisely into the writer's wavelength that script and performance become a marriage of true minds.

Mr. Silver and Ms. Lavin demonstrated that affinity very entertainingly in their first collaboration together, "The Lyons," in which she played a refreshing variation on the child-stunting Jewish mother, a longtime specialty of Mr. Silver's. That work, first staged at the Vineyard in 2011, was seen on Broadway only two years ago. When I heard that Ms. Lavin would be playing another monstrous mother in a Silver play, I winced. Hadn't they exhausted that formula?

But one of the tenets of "Too Much Sun" is, to quote from the play, that "people surprise you, all the time, just when you think you have them all figured out." And Mr. Silver and Ms. Lavin both surprise here.

Audrey isn't at all like Rita, the guilt-manufacturing matriarch of "The Lyons." Audrey's policy of child rearing has been one of sustained neglect rather than of smothering love. She is a raging egomaniac, which should come as no shock since she is an actress.

But here's the other major surprise. You would expect that given such a self-centered, self-dramatizing diva to portray, Ms. Lavin would erupt into fireworks and scenery mauling. Yet though we first see her (hilariously) having a nervous breakdown in costume in rehearsal for "Medea," Audrey turns out to be one of Ms. Lavin's most restrained, cool-eyed performances.

She may be a narcissist, but Audrey is also a pragmatist. And the more we learn about her, the more we realize that she has always done what she must to keep moving forward through a life filled with roadblocks, dangers and detours. If that includes throwing tantrums, turning on the charm at full wattage and systematically belittling others, so be it. Audrey knows exactly what she's doing at these moments, and she makes no apologies for her behavior. Judge her if you like, but you get the feeling that Audrey won't care a whit if you do.

Of course there has been collateral damage as Audrey has clung to the perch of second-tier theater stardom. Most notably



there's her daughter, Kitty (Ms. Westfeldt), a perpetually petrified woman with the air, both confrontational and cowering, of a natural victim. Kitty is, not very happily, a schoolteacher, married to Dennis (Ken Barnett), who is not very happily in advertising.

When the play begins, Kitty and Dennis have retreated to their summer refuge on Cape Cod (airily designed by Donyale Werle). Unfortunately for them, this is where Audrey descends to lick her wounds after that "Medea" fiasco. She is desperately pursued there by Gil (Matt Dellapina), who works for Audrey's agent. Then there are the next-door neighbors who are always dropping by and lingering: Lucas (Matt Dickson), a pot-dealing, emotionally unstable youth bound for college next year, and his father, the handsome, recently widowed Winston (Richard Bekins).

This setup — of a self-contained idyll besieged by invaders — is at least as old as "Uncle Vanya." Mr. Silver uses it to suggest (and take heed, those of you plotting your summer vacations) that down time is dangerous time. Freed from the circumscribed rituals that define your life, you may discover more about what you really want, love and hate in life than what is good for your continued existence. And before the summer of "Too Much Sun" ends, there will be significant casualties.

The entire cast is more than credible as these people in combustible proximity. Ms. Westfeldt, in particular, is terrific as a passive-aggressive whiner whom it's difficult to like but easy to sympathize with. The same might be said of all the characters here, who fall in love with one another in different combinations. Well, sort of. Love is a moot point in the world of Mr. Silver, who regards his creations with an almost scientific detachment.

But he does give them the generous gift of speaking beautifully, in epigrams and winged barbs and poetic soliloquies that cascade like a Schubert impromptu. Some of these verbal devices are used too self-consciously. You can always feel when a revelatory monologue's coming on.

And some of the characters' more whimsical eccentricities (like Gil's desire to become a rabbi, or Winston's fascination with India) feel appended, like cartoon stickers on a lunchbox. The play could benefit from some tough-love editing.

But as written and performed, Audrey doesn't strike a false note, even when she's being false. In one of my favorite exchanges in "Too Much Sun," Audrey is miffed when Gil walks in on her artful seduction of Winston.

"You have the worst timing since [Aldo Ray](#)," she snaps at Gil, who answers, exasperatedly: "Aldo Ray? I don't know who that is."

Audrey's dismissive answer: "It doesn't matter. I picked it for the rhythm."

You kind of have to love anyone, no matter how selfish and destructive, who is so amusingly self-aware.

### **Too Much Sun**

By Nicky Silver; directed by Mark Brokaw; sets by Donyale Werle; costumes by Michael Krass; lighting by David Lander; music and sound by David Van Tieghem; production stage manager, Winnie Y. Lok; general manager, DR Theatrical Management; production manager, Adrian White. Presented by the Vineyard Theater, Douglas Aibel, artistic director; Sarah Stern, co-artistic director; Jennifer Garvey-Blackwell, executive producer. At the Vineyard Theater, 108 East 15th Street, Manhattan, 212-353-0303, vineyardtheatre.org. Through June 22. Running time: 2 hours.

WITH: Ken Barnett (Dennis), Richard Bekins (Winston), Matt Dellapina (Gil), Matt Dickson (Lucas), Linda Lavin (Audrey Langham) and Jennifer Westfeldt (Kitty).

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# The New York Times

May 17, 2014

## A Melancholy Stroll Through the Past

### Edgar Oliver's Walk 'In the Park,' at Axis Theater

By Alexis Soloski

Edgar Oliver has yellowed teeth, hooded eyes and a sagging jaw. If it weren't for his gentle smile, you might mistake him for that portrait of Dorian Gray. A writer and performer, Mr. Oliver will put you in mind of the macabre. He has a tendency to turn even the most banal event — like drinking a Shirley Temple — into something out of Edgar Allan Poe.

"In the Park," his new monologue at Axis Theater, has Mr. Oliver strolling through Prospect Park in Brooklyn. These meanderings often lead him back to the boy he was and to the young men he loved. Many of these recollections have a mournful tinge. Even as a child, Mr. Oliver says, "I realized that I loved sorrow, and that I loved melancholy, and that I loved life."

His favorite park road goes nowhere. Accordingly, the script doesn't offer much structure. Nor does the director, Randy Sharp, impose one. The repeated theme is unfulfilled longing, embodied here most vividly by a hustler who offers himself to Mr. Oliver in exchange for \$60. Mr. Oliver doesn't have the cash, so they share an umbrella instead.

The story rambles, sometimes sliding into poetry, sometimes planted in the prosaic. Of course, nothing's altogether prosaic with Mr. Oliver. His breathy, gloomy voice stretches out certain words to sinister, languorous lengths. "Park" seems to take three syllables at least. He voices "car" as "cur," "dark" as "dirk," and appropriate to a piece so focused on lost love, "heart" as "hurt."

To hear him recite an ordinary word like "McDonald's" or "Frisbee" is to feel the shiver of the uncanny, as though Bram Stoker had suddenly crept behind you in a Starbucks and asked for extra whip on his Frappuccino. But that is Mr. Oliver's aim. If his other tales ("Helen & Edgar," "East 10th Street: Self Portrait With Empty House") centered on mad mothers and attempted murder, this piece finds the spooky, the eerie, the unsettling in a walk in the park.

"In the Park" continues through June 7 at Axis Theater, 1 Sheridan Square, West Village; 212-352-3101, [axiscompany.org](http://axiscompany.org).

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# The New York Times

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## David Balding, Producer Who Adopted an Elephant, Dies at 75

By Bruce Weber

David Balding, a producer of Broadway and Off Broadway plays who may have been best known as a circus showman who acted as a parent to an elephant, died on May 9 in Weldon Spring, Mo. He was 75.

His wife, Laura, said that he had severe arthritis and other ailments and that he died of a head injury after falling in their home.

Mr. Balding was the central human character — though he was not the star — of the 2011 documentary film “One Lucky Elephant,” about his relationship with Flora, the orphaned baby African elephant he bought and more or less adopted in 1984.

Mr. Balding, a natural impresario who had started his own theater company in his 20s and put on plays directed by Mike Nichols and Harold Pinter, had long wanted to build his own circus, and he placed Flora at the center of that dream, training her to perform and to collaborate with acrobats.

He and a handful of partners created Circus Flora, a family-friendly one-ring affair whose acts — one was a big-little equine comedy team featuring a Clydesdale and a miniature horse — were loosely stitched into a narrative and combined circus and theater techniques. Mr. Balding was the ringmaster.

Circus Flora made its debut at the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, S.C., in 1986 and toured the United States until making a permanent home in 1988 in St. Louis.

Flora was part of the circus until 2000, when Mr. Balding, who had looked after her as if she were a member of his family, recognized that, as an adult elephant, she needed to live among her kind. The documentary, directed by Lisa Leeman, tells of his search for an appropriate home for her and their subsequent lives apart. In 2004, Flora moved to the Elephant Sanctuary, a natural-habitat refuge in Hohenwald, Tenn.

“There’s no denying the ‘aww’ appeal of a man and an elephant walking down a street, hand in trunk,” Manohla Dargis wrote in reviewing the film for The New York Times. She described it as the story of “a circus man and the wild animal he foolishly bought, helped to train, loved like a (captive) daughter and finally, tearfully, tried to do right by, mostly by letting her go.”

Ivor David Balding came from an animal-loving family. He was born on March 3, 1939, in Manhattan, a son of Ivor G. Balding and the former Frances Godwin. His father was one of three English brothers who had come to fame playing polo in the United States, mostly on Long Island. The elder Balding later became the stable, farm and racing manager for C. V. Whitney, a scion of the Whitney and Vanderbilt families and a breeder of thoroughbreds.

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Young David grew up in the Whitney orbit, in Old Westbury, on Long Island, and in Lexington, Ky., where he helped care for the Whitney horses and Angus cattle. He attended the Green Vale School in Old Brookville on Long Island and the Brooks School in North Andover, Mass. Before attending Harvard, he was a summer assistant to the actress Eva Le Gallienne at the Westport Country Playhouse in Connecticut and briefly worked for a circus in Paris.

Mr. Balding never graduated from Harvard, embarking instead on a career in theater. By 1963, he was in New York, having founded the Establishment Theater Company — his partners included Joseph E. Levine and Peter Cook — which produced, among other shows, “The Ginger Man,” an adaptation of J. P. Donleavy’s novel starring Patrick O’Neal, and “Scuba Duba,” Bruce Jay Friedman’s comedy about a cuckolded American in the South of France.

On Broadway, Mr. Balding was a producer of “The Man in the Glass Booth,” Robert Shaw’s drama, directed by Harold Pinter, about a man who may or may not be a concentration camp survivor. It ran for more than 250 performances in 1968 and 1969.

Among his first shows was “The Knack,” an Off Broadway comedy by Ann Jellicoe about young men on the make, directed by a fresh new face, Mike Nichols, who had just had his first Broadway hit, “Barefoot in the Park.”

Mr. Nichols would later have occasion, when Flora was in New York to perform at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in a show conceived by Martha Clarke, to house her on the grounds of his Connecticut home.

“She was a lovely elephant; we all loved her,” Mr. Nichols recalled in an interview on Tuesday. “I liked to show her to visitors and to feed her peanuts, of course — all the things you do when you have an elephant.”

In the 1970s, Mr. Balding returned to Europe, where, working for CBS, he created and was a co-producer of the Circus World Championships, an Olympic-style competition for circus performers. He later worked as a producer for the Big Apple Circus in New York and eventually moved to a farm in South Carolina that his father had bought. There he hatched plans for his circus, which he started with three partners.

In the meantime, Flora, who was born in Zimbabwe in 1982 and whose parents were killed in a culling, was sold to an elephant trainer and broker in California. Mr. Balding bought her and added her to a menagerie that included Jack, the Clydesdale. After a South Carolina neighbor who was on the board of the Spoleto festival introduced Mr. Balding to the festival’s director, the composer Gian Carlo Menotti, Circus Flora had its first booking. Nigel Redden, the current general director of the festival and then the general manager, recalled in an interview that during the festival’s opening ceremony, the mayor of Charleston rode through the city’s downtown area on Flora’s back.

In addition to his wife, the former Laura Carpenter, whom he married in 1994, Mr. Balding is survived by three sisters, Bettina Blackford, Pamela Jencks and Linda Shearer — and, of course, by Flora, who is still in Tennessee.

At the start of the documentary, Mr. Balding offers a simple explanation for the acquisition that ended up defining him. “I wanted an elephant,” he says. “I wanted an elephant all my life.”

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# The New York Times

May 18, 2014

## Nancy Malone, Actress and TV Director, Dies at 79

By William Yardley

Nancy Malone, a child model in the 1940s who became a successful actress as an adult before moving to the other side of the camera as a television producer and director at a time when few women in Hollywood held those positions, died on May 8 in Duarte, Calif. She was 79.

The cause was pneumonia, a complication of leukemia, her publicist, Harlan Boll, said. A resident of Toluca Lake, Ms. Malone had been hospitalized nearby in Duarte, both in Los Angeles County.

“She did it all, but she had to fight for it all — all the way,” the actress Tyne Daly, a longtime friend, said in an interview on Thursday.

Ms. Malone was 11 when she appeared on the cover of Life magazine’s 10th-anniversary issue in November 1946, an anonymous girl-next-door in pigtails. At 17, she was praised for her role on Broadway in “Time Out for Ginger,” playing a girl who wants to try out for a football team. By the mid-1950s she was immersed in a two-decade run of appearances on television, including episodes of “Hallmark Hall of Fame,” “Route 66,” “77 Sunset Strip,” “The Twilight Zone,” “The Andy Griffith Show” and “The Partridge Family.”

At one point she juggled the role of Robin on the soap opera “The Guiding Light” with another on the police drama “Naked City,” in which she played Libby, an aspiring actress whose boyfriend was a detective. She was nominated for an Emmy Award for outstanding supporting actress for that role, but she wanted more complicated parts.

“I watch the show regularly when it’s on the air, and I’m terribly dissatisfied with what I’m doing,” she said of “Naked City” in an interview with The New York Times in 1962. “I seem to repeat myself; it seems to be in the same area all the time. I’ve told the producers how I feel, but I realize that there isn’t very much they can do. It is, after all, a show about detectives, and I’m not one of the detectives.”

By the early 1970s, even as her acting career was thriving, she had grown more frustrated by its limitations.

“I just can’t wrap my mouth around ‘How do you want your coffee, darling?’ once more,” she told Tom Moore, then the president of ABC, according to the 2002 book “Women Who Run the Show: How a Brilliant and Creative New Generation of Women Stormed Hollywood,” by Mollie Gregory.

Mr. Moore, who was starting his own production company, Tomorrow Entertainment, invited her to join it, and she eventually did. Within a few years she had formed a company of her own, Lilac Productions, and begun producing television movies, including “Winner Take All,” starring Shirley Jones as a woman with a gambling addiction. By 1975 she had moved to 20th Century Fox, where she became its first female vice president,

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helping oversee new television shows. By the end of the decade she had moved again — into directing.

As was the case with her acting career, her projects as a director ranged widely over the next two decades. They included episodes of “The Bionic Woman,” “Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman,” “Beverly Hills, 90210,” “Melrose Place” and “Dynasty.”

She shared a producing Emmy in 1993 for the special “Bob Hope: The First 90 Years” with Don Mischer and Hope’s daughter Linda, a longtime friend.

She was born Nancy Josefa Maloney on March 19, 1935, in Queens. She began acting professionally at about 10, appearing on radio and television, and became so busy that she left a Roman Catholic school she was attending to enroll at Professional Children’s School, which allowed her to do schoolwork on a schedule that accommodated her career.

In a review of “Time Out for Ginger,” staged when Ms. Malone was 17, Brooks Atkinson of The Times wrote that her performance “becomes more sensitive as the evening progresses and finishes as something shyly triumphant.”

No immediate family members survive.

In the early 1970s Ms. Malone helped found Women in Film, a support and advocacy group. In 1977, she was among the first to receive the organization’s Crystal Award, for increasing opportunities for women in the entertainment industry.

In the 1980s Ms. Malone was one of the directors of “Cagney & Lacey,” the long-running series about two female detectives that starred Ms. Daly and Sharon Gless. When Ms. Daly was later cast on “Judging Amy,” she suggested to a producer that he hire Ms. Malone as a director.

“He said, ‘Oh, not in the first season,’ ” Ms. Daly recalled on Thursday. “That translates to ‘the men have to establish what the thing is before letting the women get involved.’ ”

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# The Record

MAY 18, 2014

## Cross-dressing has big impact on Tony Awards



**ROBERT  
FELDBERG**

ONSTAGE

When Milton Berle ruled television in the early 1950s, one of his most popular bits was appearing in women's clothes. "I always got a laugh dressing like a girl," he recalled years later. "Some things are funny, and some things are not."

Berle's cross-dressing – presented at the level of crude burlesque – was part of a long, psychologically murky, popular-entertainment tradition, exemplified by the classic "dame" character in English pantomime.

This type of transvestism also has a long history in theater, with Brandon Thomas'

comedy "Charley's Aunt" – the source for the musical "Where's Charley?" – initially appearing in New York back in 1893.

This past Broadway year, though, saw an unusual flowering of the form, going well beyond the simple man-in-dress laugh trigger.

Its impact can be gleaned from the list of acting nominees for the Tony Awards, which will be presented June 8. Of the 20 competitors in the lead and featured performer categories, seven had cross-dressing roles.

The most traditional example, perhaps, was in the musical "A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder."

Jefferson Mays, nomi-



Mark Rylance as Olivia in "Twelfth Night."

SIMON ANNAND

nated for best actor in a musical, plays eight characters, heirs to a title, all of whom must be eliminated in order for the murderous ninth in line to gain the prize.

Two are female, an awful actress and a hearty philanthropist, and Mays fits them wittily into his cavalcade of parody figures, while always clearly being a man playing women.

The intention of the Shakespeare's Globe's stunning repertory productions of "Twelfth Night" and "Richard III" was to give audiences a sense of how theater-goers in Shakespeare's time might have experienced the plays.

Since women were not permitted to appear on the Elizabethan stage, the Broadway productions' casts were all male.

Mark Rylance, who received a featured-actor nomination for playing Olivia in "Twelfth Night" – in addition to a lead actor nomination for the title role in "Richard III" – said his rollicking performance was not meant as a commentary on gender, or presented with a wink. He was simply an actor playing a female character, which the audience could take as it would.

A similar focus defined the Tony-nominated portrayals of Viola by Samuel Barnett (lead actor) and the maid Maria by Paul Chahidi (featured actor).

With "Casa Valentina," cross-dressing itself is the subject of the play, as we're asked to consider the distinction between gender identification and sexual orientation.

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Although playwright Harvey Fierstein has had considerable experience in the world of drag performance, as both writer and actor ("Torch Song Trilogy," "Hairspray"), he considers something more exotic here: straight men who dress up.

Based on a true story, the play, set in the early 1960s, centers on a small group of males, all heterosexual (with one exception), who gather on weekends at a Catskills resort for the purpose of cross-dressing, and behaving like women, in a safe and private place.

The performers, including Reed Birney, who got a featured-actor nomination for portraying the most militant member of the group, vividly convey the men's joy at living their fetish of role-playing women, each having carefully created a feminine alter ego to his own specifications.

Fierstein doesn't examine the sources of their impulses, but he does leave us with a provocative notion: The line between masculine and feminine can be wavy, and highly variable from one person to the next.

That idea is made even more explicit in the musical "Hedwig and the Angry Inch," in which Neil Patrick Harris vibrantly plays a transsexual East German rock-and-roll singer, winning a nomination for lead actor in a musical.

Hedwig, born male, exists in a maddening void after undergoing a botched sex-change operation that's left him with neither a male nor female sex organ, only an "angry inch" of flesh.

Living as a woman, Hedwig has a lover, Yitzhak, a female transvestite passing as a man, portrayed by Lena Hall in a performance nominated for featured actress in a musical.

The question of identity bounces back and forth throughout the evening, until Hedwig, dressed, in leather shorts, as a man, and Yitzhak, in a glittery showgirl costume, each find a kind of peace by reconciling their masculine and feminine sides.

Are we our gender, these shows, in their different ways, ask, or are we unique individuals?

What would Uncle Miltie think?



# NEW YORK

MAY 19–JUNE 1, 2014

For full listings of movies, theater, music, restaurants, and much more, see [nymag.com/agenda](http://nymag.com/agenda).



To

The CULTURE PAGES

# DO

TWENTY-FIVE THINGS TO SEE, HEAR, WATCH, AND READ.

MAY 21–JUNE 7

## THEATER

### 12. See Reed Birney in Drag

*The lady in question.*

Samuel J. Friedman Theatre through June 15.

As Charlotte in *Casa Valentina*, Reed Birney takes Harvey Fierstein's description of the character as "not your favorite aunt" and runs with it (possibly to a Tony). J.G.

## IMAGINARY THEATER

### 25. See *Hurt Locker: The Musical*

"It's better in Farsi."

Well, you can't, actually.

The only reason *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* is on Broadway now is that the previous (fictional) inhabitant of the Belasco Theater—*Hurt Locker: The Musical*—shuttered in the midst of its opening night. All that remains of that disaster is its postapocalyptic set and brilliant (fake) *Playbill*, distributed to *Hedwig* patrons, which is funnier even than the "internationally ignored song stylist." It's the best nonshow of the year! J.G.

New York Magazine

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# Newsday

MAY 18, 2014



## THEATER

### WHEN WE WERE YOUNG AND UN- AFRAID

Cherry

Jones, Tony-nominat-  
ed for her portrayal of  
the mother in Broad-  
way's recent revival

of "A Glass Menagerie," returns  
to her Off-Broadway roots in  
Sarah Treem's new play about  
the owner of a bed-and-break-  
fast in the early '70s who opens  
her doors for women in need.  
Previews begin Wednesday for  
a June 17 opening at Manhattan  
Theatre Club Stage I, 55th  
Street east of Seventh Avenue.  
Tickets are \$89. Call  
212-581-1212 or visit  
[manhattantheatreclub.org](http://manhattantheatreclub.org)

— LINDA WINER

Newsday

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# NEW YORK

MAY 19 - JUNE 1, 2014



## The CULTURE BAG

### 110 DIVERSIONS

Things  
to watch,  
hear, read,  
and do,  
all summer  
long.

# MAY JUNE

**5/31** **Kenneth Branagh**, making his New York stage debut, gets Shakespearean again in *Macbeth* at the Park Avenue Armory.

**6/2** All eyes will be on Broadway's *Holler If Ya Hear Me*, a musical inspired by the lyrics of 2Pac, as it begins previews at the Palace Theatre.

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