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1501 BROADWAY, SUITE 1314
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10036
P: 212.575.3030 • F: 212.575.7534

THE MORNING LINE

DATE: Friday, May 22, 2015

FROM: Michelle Farabaugh, Jennie Mamary
Eliza Ranieri, Raychel Shipley

PAGES: 22, *including this page.*

Boneau/Bryan-Brown will close today at 2:00pm in observance of Memorial Day weekend.

Our offices will be closed on Monday, May 25, and we will reopen on Tuesday, May 26 at 9:30am.

The New York Times

ArtsBeat
The Culture at Large



May 22, 2015

Next Wave at BAM: New Season to Include Binoche, Whelan, Soto and Kentridge

By Michael Cooper

Juliette Binoche will play the title role in “Antigone” in a production that premiered at the Grand Théâtre de Luxembourg. Wendy Whelan and Jock Soto will dance in the world premiere of a new dance-chamber opera inspired by a Noh drama, “Hagoromo.” And the Debussy String Quartet will play Shostakovich while Australian acrobats perform tricks all around them.

These will be among the offerings of the Brooklyn Academy of Music’s 2015 Next Wave Festival, whose lineup was announced on Thursday, and will present a mixture of theater, dance, music and performance art from around the world from Sept. 16 through Dec. 20.

William Kentridge, the South African artist, will perform in the United States premiere of his “Refuse the Hour” — a work that is described as “an elliptical lecture-performance” and a “multimedia chamber opera,” which features music by Philip Miller, choreography by Dada Masilo and a cast of a dozen dancers, musicians, performers and vocalists.

A new play constructed from the writings of Queen Elizabeth I by the director Karin Coonrod, called “texts&beheadings/ElizabethR,” will be performed in October. And “Steel Hammer,” by the composer Julia Wolfe, who won the Pulitzer Prize in music this year, will be staged by the director Anne Bogart and played by the Bang on a Can All-Stars.

The festival will be capped in December with performances of “The Hard Nut,” Mark Morris’s take on “The Nutcracker,” which will return to BAM after a five-year absence.

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The New York Times

May 22, 2015

Review: ‘The Sound and the Fury,’ Elevator Repair Service’s Take on Faulkner

By Ben Brantley

Time flies and crawls, warps and balances, melts and freezes. It passes by before you know it and it stands still forever. All those contradictory kinetic clichés are pulsing away in Elevator Repair Service’s mesmerizing “[The Sound and the Fury](#),” which opened on Thursday night at the [Public Theater](#).

Adapted from the opening section of [William Faulkner’s 1929 novel](#) — the chapter titled “April Seventh, 1928” — this sprawling but surreally symmetrical production dares to try to capture onstage one of the most dizzyingly subjective points of view ever committed to print. For the narrator here is a man with the mind of a child, someone who, as another character describes him, has “been 3 years old 30 years.”

This man-child’s name is Benjamin, though it was once Maury, and a lot of people call him Benjy. Trying to figure out what Benjy knows has been the bane and delight of countless modern comp-lit students. Many a densely written book has been devoted to Benjy’s way with words, which is a lot less arbitrary than it seems. Photo

But as far as I know, Elevator Repair Service is the first theater company to transform everything that’s said, thought and done in “April Seventh, 1928” into a sustained theatrical spectacle. I saw [an earlier version](#) of this “Sound and the Fury” at the New York Theater Workshop seven years ago.

Directed by John Collins, the production has grown bigger and richer in its current incarnation. It is more sprawling than I remember, and may have lost a bit of its hypnotic focus. But it remains as mystifying and enlightening as one of those dreams that seem to explain everything for as long as you’re asleep.

The antic but rigorous Elevator Repair Service is fast becoming the thinking theatergoer’s favorite book club, with adaptations of American classics that turn the act of reading into not just acting but action — a dynamic physical process. These include “[The Select \(The Sun Also Rises\)](#),” a riff on Ernest Hemingway’s first novel, and “[Gatz](#),” its extraordinary six-plus-hours, line-for-line rendering of F. Scott Fitzgerald’s “The Great Gatsby.”

“The Sound and the Fury” requires a fuller leap of faith — and a more furrowed brow. This is suited to a work of literature that asks readers to become armchair sleuths, extracting a core of shimmering truth from Benjy’s clouded thoughts. This production holds on to the confusion as well as the clarity, with every performer onstage becoming a sort of industrious surrogate detective for us.

The whole sorry, decades-spanning history of Benjy’s immediate family — the fast-declining Compson clan of Mississippi — is in evidence in “April Seventh, 1928.” But to unfold that history demands both a close reading and a willingness to go with the flow of a narrative unlike any other.

Elevator Repair Service pursues this double goal with military discipline and expansive imagination. The production takes place in a large living room that, as designed by David Zinn, exudes a cluttered, well-worn

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comfort, with its frayed rugs and ornately shaded lamps. At first, it suggests an unchanging place that is fixed unconditionally in memory, in that way we sometimes think of our childhood homes.

But everything in an Elevator Repair Service production is subject to flux. And this carefully appointed room will be disrupted, rearranged and thoroughly trashed as we move with Benjy through his memories of the only world he has ever known. The impression is of being somewhere that never changes and yet is always changing.

This paradox is given active, vivid life by an ensemble of a dozen who, with lightning costume changes (and occasional dance moves), portray the Compsons and their African-American servants. Conventions of race, age and gender are suspended. Most of the performers play many characters and often take turns portraying a single figure.

Susie Sokol, on the other hand, is Benjy throughout (though occasionally Aaron Landsman also takes on the role). As she embodies him, he is an actively passive presence, a person who registers even his own behavior as something happening outside himself.

Her face is usually blank, but she twists her body into convolutions to convey her character's disorientation. It isn't hard to disorient Benjy: just put him in a moving vehicle or ply him with liquor.

The bellows of distress that Benjy regularly gives way to when he feels sad or thwarted come not from Ms. Sokol but, it would seem, from the air. (Matt Tierney did the astonishing sound design, which is matched in tone by Mark Barton's liquid lighting.) Those wails become a sustained elegy, of sorts, for a familial procession to the graveyard.

Different performers read from a battered copy of Faulkner's novel. Often their voices are neutral, though underlined by the meditative intensity of a reader trying to figure out what's on the page. But when Tory Vasquez, who plays Benjy's beloved lost sister, Caddy, at different ages, takes over the narration, you hear the throb of empathy for the bewildered figure at the production's center.

Sentences from the book are sometimes projected onto the walls, as are short biographical descriptions of the characters. If you haven't read "The Sound and the Fury" (preferably recently), you're still likely to be at sea. But if you keep your senses wide open, you'll be aware of patterns forming, the kind that seem to spring up unbidden in your memory, when one chapter of your past suddenly links to another.

Every so often the stage is emptied, and there's not a noise to be heard. Yet you feel somehow that all that sound and fury is still going on, reverberant with the endless echoes you associate with old, abandoned houses. The times portrayed here, after all, never stop happening, not as long as there are readers of Faulkner's book.

The Sound and the Fury

By Elevator Repair Service; directed by John Collins; sets by David Zinn; costumes by Colleen Werthmann; lighting by Mark Barton; sound by Matt Tierney; projections and video by Eva von Schweinitz; additional costumes by Jacob A. Climer; movement dramaturge, Katherine Profeta; production stage manager, Maurina Lioce; production manager, David Nelson; assistant stage manager, Bridget Balodis; produced by Ariana Smart Truman; associate producer, Lindsay Hockaday. Presented by the Public Theater, Oskar Eustis, artistic director; Patrick Willingham, executive director; and by Elevator Repair Service, John Collins, artistic director; Ariana Smart Truman, producing director, and the Lehoczky Escobar Family and Nicholas Quinn Rosenkranz in association with Shawn M. Donnelley and David Gilbert. At the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village; 212-967-7555, publictheater.org. Through June 27. Running time: 2 hours 15 minutes.

WITH: Susie Sokol (Benjy Compson), Mike Iveson (Quentin/Uncle Maury/Jason/Mother/Man With Red Tie/A Washer-Woman), Ben Williams (Luster/Father/TP), Aaron Landsman and Pete Simpson alternating (Benjy Compson/Quentin/TP/Golfer's Caddy), Vin Knight (Jason/Versh/Father/Dilsey/TP/Mother/A Washer-Woman), Kaneza Schaal (Frony/Mrs. Patterson/Caddy/Quentin), Daphne Gaines (Versh/Dilsey/Jason/TP/A Schoolgirl), Randolph Curtis Rand (Roskus/Father/Charlie/A Golfer/Caddy's Husband/Mr. Patterson), Lucy Taylor (Mother/Caddy), Greig Sargeant (Dilsey/Versh/A Washer-Woman/A Golfer/Mother/TP/Luster/Roskus), Rosie Goldensohn (Caddy/A Schoolgirl) and Tory Vazquez and Maggie Hoffman alternating (Caddy).

The New York Times

May 22, 2015

Review: In ‘The Other Thing,’ a Ghostly Vigil Turns Ominous

By Charles Isherwood

“The Other Thing,” a new play by Emily Schwend, spikes a ghost story with a twist of feminism. That unusual recipe gives the play a certain novelty, but Ms. Schwend’s dark drama, which can be seen at the McGinn/Cazale Theater as part of the Second Stage’s uptown summer series, ultimately comes across as preposterous.

Of course tales of ghosts, zombies, vampires, werewolves and more garden-variety freaks are a strong draw on television, so Ms. Schwend’s play, about a reporter profiling a renowned ghost hunter, qualifies as on-trend, even if such tales tend to be more satisfyingly chilling on screen.

The central character, Kim (Samantha Soule), has settled on a friendly old fellow named Carl (John Doman, oozing equal measures of Southern courtliness and orneriness) as the perfect subject for a piece she wants to write about ghost chasers. She joins him and his son, Brady (an amusingly cranky James Kautz), for a night vigil outside a supposedly haunted barn in Virginia.

Why anyone would care whether or not a barn was haunted did occur to me more than once during the sluggish first act. Also, why would any self-respecting ghost want to hang around a barn, anyway? Still, the owner has been spooked by a light that flickers weirdly, some strange banging noises and unusual cold spots. (Sounds like my apartment almost any night this winter.)

It doesn’t take paranormal powers to discern that Kim’s interest in the otherworldly is not entirely professional. She’s writing the article with no contract for publication, for one thing, despite telling Carl that it is to appear in The Washington Post. Our suspicions are confirmed when Carl and Kim’s conversation grows antagonistic — the subject is his somewhat dismissive treatment of Brady — and suddenly Kim’s genial inquiries take a strange turn.

Ms. Soule’s voice acquires a hard-edged new timbre — not exactly a leap from Linda Blair to Mercedes McCambridge, but along those lines — and soon Kim begins referring rather oddly to herself in the third person. Bang! A light sputters out in the barn, and suddenly Kim (or whoever or whatever has sneaked into her body while she was downing Bud Lights) begins castigating Carl in a decidedly threatening tone.

“I hate men like you,” she says coolly. “Everything is so clear to men like you. What’s right, what’s wrong, what’s insignificant. You love telling us how we think and feel.” Just how much this entity hates men like Carl becomes apparent shortly thereafter. I probably shouldn’t disclose much more, but then Ms. Schwend more or less gives away the game at the top of the second act with a monologue in which Kim makes pretty obvious the (im)probable causes of her peculiar behavior. (The plot reminded me of the early Brian De Palma movie “Sisters,” a guilty pleasure.) Under the direction of Lucie Tiberghien, the second act proves livelier than the first, even though my interest tended to flag once Kim’s erratic behavior has been tidily explained in that monologue.

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I had to wonder how more than one spirit could possibly inhabit a body as lithe and toned as Ms. Soule's, but she gives a persuasive performance as Kim, who herself doesn't understand what happened out there by the barn, but knows it wasn't good. In the second act we watch as she gently tries to withdraw from her boyfriend, Thomas (a charming Bhavesh Patel), for reasons she cannot quite name. He cajoles her into changing her mind.

But Kim's disturbing supernatural experiences are not over yet. When "the other thing" makes its final return, the evil spirit offers us a lecture that might have warmed the heart of Valerie Solanas, the radical feminist who shot Andy Warhol. While her brand of flame-throwing feminism has been on the ropes, culturally speaking, since the 1960s and early 1970s, apparently it's still alive and thriving in the afterlife.

The New York Times

May 22, 2015

Review: Ensemble Studio Theater's '35th Marathon of One-Act Plays'

By Alexis Soloski

In just two hours, Series A of the Ensemble Studio Theater's "35th Marathon of One-Act Plays" races from Manhattan to Brooklyn, from a port town in Kenya to the capital of Idaho, from the 1950s to right now. A collection of short works, most Ensemble regulars, this speed-trial evening emphasizes how difficult it is for theater artists to work in miniature and how satisfying when they succeed.

The tidiest and most effective play of the series, Chiara Atik's "52nd to Bowery to Cobble Hill, in Brooklyn," is also the speediest. On a rainy night, two female friends who aren't really friends (Megan Tusing and Molly Carden) share a cab. Nothing much happens, but Ms. Atik, who used the short form to excellent effect in her recent "Five Times in One Night," nails the rhythms and preoccupations of contemporary urban conversation. The director, Adrienne Campbell-Holt, helps the actors find believable relationships and cadences.

Will Snider's "The Big Man," directed by Matt Penn, centers on an American working in Kenya (Gianmarco Soresi) who is pleading with a couple of cops (Brian D. Coats and Ray Anthony Thomas) to return his truck. Mr. Snider provides some local detail and has a fine way of reversing expectations, although the final U-turn actually circles back to a conventional narrative, in which seemingly unsophisticated men show a know-it-all how little he actually knows.

By contrast, Mariah MacCarthy's "Until She Claws Her Way Out," directed and choreographed by Sidney Erik Wright, takes a fairly unconventional approach to a tale of domestic abuse among ballet dancers, though the move from monologue to erotic pas de deux feels somewhat forced.

Amy Fox's "Silver Men," about three generations of a family, still seems very much a work in progress, with its symbols too deliberate and its pathos unearned. The brief musical "I Battled Lenny Ross," by Anna Ziegler and Matt Schatz, about a real-life quiz show whiz kid, also feels unfinished — its structure convoluted, its storytelling fuzzy. Yet Mr. Schatz's songs are so captivating that I hope the theater commits to a two-act version.

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The New York Times

May 22, 2015

Review: ‘Macbeth,’ Accelerated, at Public Theater

By Alexis Soloski

There’s very little creeping in the [Public Theater](#)’s Mobile Shakespeare Unit [production](#) of “Macbeth.” And the pace the director Edward Torres sets isn’t exactly petty. Part of a project dedicated to bringing [Shakespeare](#) to underserved audiences, this sped-up and slimmed-down tragedy toured prisons, shelters and community centers before bundling its witches and thanes back to Lafayette Street.

Mr. Torres knocked out audiences a few years ago with his staging of Kristoffer Diaz’s “[The Elaborate Entrance of Chad Deity](#),” a wrestling comedy that was also a stealthy piece of social commentary. His style is brisk and kinetic, which you sense in the Scottish play’s opening scene, when a critical battle is fought in about 45 seconds. For “Macbeth,” this is both a strength and a snag.

The Mobile Shakespeare Unit has had great success with comedies and romances like “Much Ado About Nothing” and “[Pericles, Prince of Tyre](#),” plays that depend on event and incident and the occasional dance party. But tragedy relies more heavily on character, and this approach doesn’t really allow its characters to develop.

Rob Campbell, who plays Macbeth, and Jennifer Ikeda, who plays his ambitious Lady, are both talented actors, but the mad-dash pace doesn’t give them much chance to define their relationship. Macbeth’s greets his wife’s death with the resonant lines, “She should have died hereafter/There would have been a time for such a word.” Then he jogs through the “[tomorrow](#)” speech.

The simple set design — a mat printed with a photo of graffiti — is nicely flexible. The gutter-punk costuming is fanciful, the performers are engaging, the story is accessible, the action is dynamic. (And violent: A child in the audience looked fairly traumatized.) But the play isn’t especially tragic or moving.

When he’s weighing whether to murder Duncan, Macbeth muses, “ ’Twere well/It were done quickly.” Not always.

“Macbeth” continues through June 7 at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street at Astor Place, East Village; 212-967-7555, [publictheater.org](#).

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SARA KRULWICH/THE NEW YORK TIMES

★ **'AIRLINE HIGHWAY'** Lisa D'Amour's dark comedy explores the scattered lives of the down-and-out folks shacking up at a roadside motel in New Orleans. Joe Mantello's sharp direction helps give shape to a somewhat formless play, and Julie White (above left, with Carolyn Braver) is a knockout as a hooker with (natch) a good heart but a drug problem (2:15). Samuel J. Friedman Theater, 261 West 47th Street, Manhattan, 212-239-6200, manhattantheatreclub.com. (Charles Isherwood)

The New York Times

MAY 22, 2015

SPARE Times May 22-May 28

Memorial Day Weekend

New York City

Other Events

STARS IN THE ALLEY (Wednesday)
Darren Criss, currently the star of Broadway's "Hedwig and the Angry Inch," hosts this free outdoor concert that showcases numbers from new and long-running musicals. Tony nominees, like "Something Rotten!" and "Fun Home," will be included. At 10:30 a.m., Schubert Alley, between West 44th and West 45th Streets, Manhattan, broadway.org/info/stars-in-the-alley; free.

JOSHUA BARONE

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THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

May 21, 2015

A Brooklyn Playwright's Many Worlds

By STUART MILLER

The characters in Rajiv Joseph's plays often find themselves stuck.

In "Animals Out of Paper," a depressed origami master hasn't left her art studio for weeks, surviving on deliveries of Szechuan beef. The two characters in "Gruesome Playground Injuries" are trapped in a cycle of self-destructive behavior. And "Bengal Tiger at the Baghdad Zoo," for which Mr. Joseph was a Pulitzer Prize finalist, starts with a caged tiger.

"Guards at the Taj," which is beginning previews at the Atlantic Theater Company on Wednesday, opens with the two title characters in a holding pattern, waiting. The year is 1648, the majestic Taj Mahal structure has just been completed and the guards are unaware that they are about to be given an unenviable assignment—one that will forever transform their lives.

Mr. Joseph relishes finally launching his characters into action, which is fitting because he himself is frequently on the move, juggling multiple projects and even switching locations while writing.

"I find it refreshing," Mr. Joseph said at the Pershing Square Signature Center during a break from "Guards" rehearsals. "I like going back and forth. Sometimes I need to put something to rest for a while or I get too close and can't judge it properly."

So far, 2015 has offered a lot of back and forth. Mr. Joseph, who lives in Brooklyn, visited the Taj Mahal in January with his "Guards" cast, Omar Metwally and Arian Moayed. He journeyed to Morocco, where the movie "Army of One," starring Nicholas Cage, was being produced from a screenplay Mr. Joseph co-wrote. And he traveled to California for the world premiere of his new play, "Mr. Wolf," before coming home for "Guards" rehearsals.

Even at home in Park Slope, he likes to switch up his writing perch. A good day, he said, in-

cludes going to the Cocoa Bar on Seventh Avenue after dinner for chocolate, coffee and a few hours of writing—he does early drafts in longhand—and then moving to a bar for more work.

Mr. Joseph, who grew up in Cleveland, said a three-year stint in the Peace Corps in Senegal after college solidified his path as a writer. Not only did his regular journaling there instill a writing discipline, he said, but being in a strange land where he could barely communicate imbued him with a "fascination with the power of language."

His efforts at writing fiction—and then plays—came after he moved to New York. His lack of theatergoing experience, he said, was an advantage: "I didn't have any playwrighting heroes. I had an ignorance about theater and that helped."

Since 2005, he has steadily seen his plays staged and has written for screen as well, including for Showtime's "Nurse Jackie" and co-writing he movie "Draft Day."

In January, he won this year's Laurents/Hatcher Foundation Award, given to fund an unproduced, full-length play of social relevance by an emerging U.S. playwright. It comes with \$150,000, two-thirds of which goes to the production of "Guards at the Taj."

In each play he writes, Mr. Joseph said, he strives to create a wholly different world: "I don't like going back to the same places or ideas. I would take pleasure, in fact, if you wouldn't be able to tell it was the same playwright who wrote every one."

His last two works are a case in point. "Mr. Wolf" is a dark mystery about a family whose daughter is abducted, while "Guards at the Taj" is completely different thematically, says Neil Pepe, the Atlantic Theater's artistic director, and has "an element of Beckett, of 'Waiting for Godot.'"

Mr. Joseph didn't see the Godot connection as he was



CLAUDIO PAPAPIETRO FOR THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

Playwright Rajiv Joseph at Manhattan's Pershing Square Signature Center, where rehearsals for 'Guards at the Taj' were held.

writing. But during rehearsals—he has worked with these two actors on the play since the beginning—he saw "the clown aspect in the tragicomic way of 'Godot.'" He credits "Guards" director Amy Morton for finding the delicate balance between the vaudeville and the pathos.

The seeds for the play, said Mr. Joseph, were planted during childhood visits to India, his father's homeland, where he heard the "myths and legends of the Taj Mahal" from an aunt.

He calls his first attempt at writing about the Taj Mahal, undertaken some 10 years ago, "a grandiose disaster." But as he was ready to trash his four-act play with its numerous characters and multiple time periods, he was struck by the two smallest roles, the guards—and decided to focus solely on them, his own Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. "Once I caught on to that,

the play went quickly," he said.

When he and the actors visited India, he said, they stepped through the gates and just stared at the Taj, struck speechless by it.

While this is the most polished script he has ever gone into rehearsal with, Mr. Joseph said, that doesn't mean he has stopped moving with it: "Seeing it on its feet, I realize it's a very physical play and so every day I am still making slight changes."

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The Bullseye

Here's a look at the pop culture news that was right on target this week—and the events that missed the mark



The last time Mitt was this poorly matched, he accidentally watched Logo.



Alan Thicke reportedly listens to Robin's music during sex. Bringing the grand total to one.



After the *Pan* trailer, we want Rooney Mara to tell us everything about Neverland's crafts industry.



The best thing to come out of *Chicago* since deep-dish pizza



Long live the King.



How we felt when Britney lost her chance at claiming the song of summer



Tom Hanks teaches David Letterman how to use a selfie stick. (Not pictured: Kylie Jenner teaching Ariana Grande how to use a rotary phone.)



Having to choose between Emma Stone and Rachel McAdams?! *Aloha* should have been called *Bradley's Choice*.



It's been hailed as "*The Catcher in the Rye* of the Instagram generation," but we like to call Kim's book of selfies by its other name: *Les Misérables*.



She likes her awards like she likes her friends: plentiful, nameless, and no big whoop if she loses one.



Once a decade, Celine Dion graces us with her presence, and it's all coming back to us now.

The biggest surprise after the *Mad Men* finale? Stan and Pete are hot!



Beyoncé and Nicki's "Feeling Myself" video, a.k.a. *Thelma & Louise Go to Coachella*



The Human Centipede Part 3: A disgrace to humans, centipedes, and part 3s everywhere



The new season of *The Bachelorette* reminds us of those Olsen twins sitcoms where we're supposed to be able to tell the difference between the two but can't.



The Real Housewives of Cheshire are just like the regular *Housewives* except they throw way more Earl Grey.



We see London, we see France, we see all of Natalie Portman at Cannes.

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May 10, 2015

Curtain Up! Light the Lights!

Stories and photos
by TERRY McCONN

A few weeks ago, on our annual spring break trip to New York City, my wife, Sherry, and I took in 10 Broadway productions.

Three shows imported from London, six musicals and a comedy.

From our first night in the city — where we went to “On the Town” — to the final show, “An American in Paris,” chock-full of Gershwin tunes ...

It was “S Wonderful!”

So it’s time, again, to share some observations.

Also, it’s Tony Award season to honor the productions, with nominees recently announced and the ceremony set for 8 p.m. June 7 on CBS TV.

In my summations of the shows, I’ve included a (*) to designate a nominee in a play, musical, revival, creative staff or acting category.

For more show summaries, turn to Page C8.

Move over “The Producers” and “Book of Mormon,” you’re being joined by the newest member in your club of outrageously funny, satirical Broadway musicals. “**Something Rotten!**”* is a roller-coaster spoof containing outlandish new songs and flashy dance numbers stemming from an absurd premise. It’s 1595 London, and two brothers want to top Shakespeare as the world’s greatest writer. Through the “help” of an inept soothsayer, the world’s first musical is produced. The script full of puns, twisted Shakespearean references and double entendres is hilarious, the singing and dancing are rousing, and the outlandish cast is earnest and sweet. “Something Rotten!” is the freshest new hit in town.





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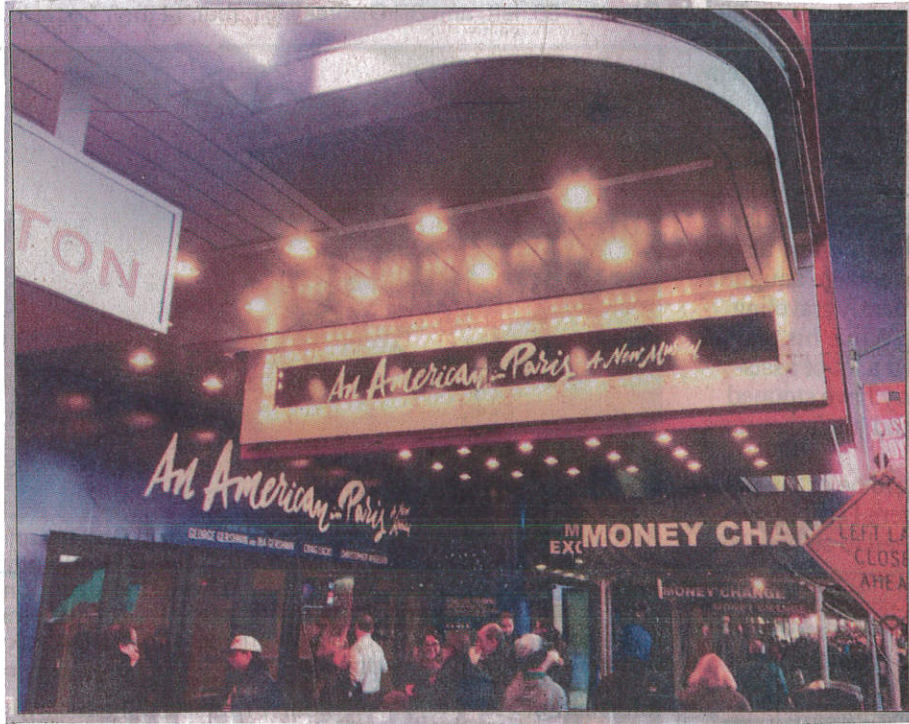
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“An American in Paris”* is a stunning new musical inspired by the 1951 film starring Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. Set in 1945 Paris, an American World War II veteran tries to win the hand of a young French woman with whom he’s fallen in love. What we saw was visually spectacular. Sets* were sketched by virtual animation onto pieces that rolled on and off the stage. Costumes* and lighting* were vivid. And the multi-talented cast effortlessly executed intricate choreography* in dance numbers set to Gershwin standards such as “I Got Rhythm,” “Shall We Dance?” and “They Can’t Take That Away From Me.” Exquisite!

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For more show summaries, turn to Page C8.

The British royal family is one of the most publicly private in the world. Queen Elizabeth II has tried to remain invisible, revealing little of her political views while holding weekly, closed-door meetings with a succession of 12 prime ministers over the past 60 years. Peter Morgan tells us all that through lines in his intelligent, witty play, “**The Audience.**” But it’s the magnificent Helen Mirren* who shows us the queen’s

soul. Sherry and I had front-row seats and heard every nuance of Mirren’s vocal inflections. We saw each subtle raising of an eyebrow, tilting of the head and curling of the lip. We witnessed Mirren, like a master sculptress, carve and mold a creation of immense complexity — an empathetic strategist; a kind but cautious woman; and ultimately a lonely, reluctant monarch.



May 10, 2015

Curtain Up! Light the Lights!

Stories and photos
by TERRY McCONN

A few weeks ago, on our annual spring break trip to New York City, my wife, Sherry, and I took in 10 Broadway productions.

Three shows imported from London, six musicals and a comedy.

From our first night in the city — where we went to “On the Town” — to the final show, “An American in Paris,” chock-full of Gershwin tunes ...

It was “S Wonderful!”

So it’s time, again, to share some observations.

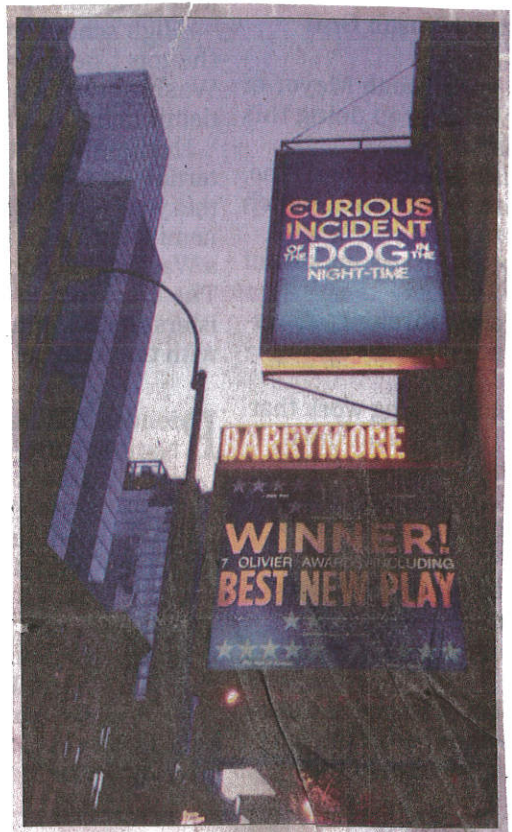
Also, it’s Tony Award season to honor the productions, with nominees recently announced and the ceremony set for 8 p.m. June 7 on CBS TV.

In my summations of the shows, I’ve included a (*) to designate a nominee in a play, musical, revival, creative staff or acting category.

For more show summaries, turn to Page C8.

“The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time,”*

based on the novel by Mark Haddon, is the courageous tale of a teenage, autistic boy who seeks to find out who killed a neighbor’s dog, thereby unearthing truths about his family that upend his already challenged life. Through inventive staging* and multimedia effects*, the audience struggles alongside him in his world until everyone discovers his “disability” actually is a brilliance that will contribute to society through genius in mathematics and science. Great cast.





May 22-25, 2015



'Fun Home,' 'Something Rotten!' to tour the country

Following the recent news that "An American in Paris" will embark on a national tour, word now comes that "Something Rotten!" and "Fun Home" (which both received a Tony nomination for Best New Musical) also have tours in the works. Numerous Tony voters represent theaters throughout the country that book national tours. These announcements are no doubt intended to appeal to them.

Total Daily Circulation – 336,800
Monthly Online Readership—178,845

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NEW YORK POST

May 22, 2015

Page Six®

Emily Smith
esmith@nypost.com

Ian Mohr
imohr@nypost.com
 Stephanie Smith
ssmith@nypost.com
 Mara Siegler
msiegler@nypost.com

Sightings . . .

VANESSA Hudgens, Darren Criss and Matthew Morrison at the Broadway.com Audience Choice Awards at 48 Lounge in Midtown.

Total Daily Circulation – 576,711
 Monthly Online Readership – 12,000,000

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May 22-25, 2015



Spotted ...






Bill and Hillary Clinton at "The Audience" ... Angela Lansbury at "Something Rotten!" ... Sarah Jessica Parker at "The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time."

Total Daily Circulation – 336,800
Monthly Online Readership–178,845

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May 22, 2015

Cast Albums

Two Weeks	Last Week	This Week	Title, Artist Imprint label	RIAA certification	Peak Pos.	Weeks on Chart
1	1	1	 Wicked Original Broadway Cast Recording Decca Broadway/Verve VG		1	490
3	2	2	The Book Of Mormon Original Broadway Cast Recording Ghostlight/Sh-K-Boom Razor & Tie		1	209
2	5	3	The Lion King Original Broadway Cast Recording Walt Disney		2	473
5	3	4	Beautiful: The Carole King Musical Original Broadway Cast Recording Ghostlight/Sh-K-Boom Razor & Tie		1	58
4	4	5	The Phantom Of The Opera Original London Cast Recording Really Useful/Polydor/Verve VG		2	360
New		6	Gigi New Broadway Cast Recording DMI Soundtracks		6	1
7	7	7	Jersey Boys Original Broadway Cast Recording Rhino		1	488
8	8	8	Newsies Original Broadway Cast Recording Ghostlight/Sh-K-Boom Razor & Tie		1	138
6	6	9	Kinky Boots Original Broadway Cast Recording Masterworks Broadway Sony Masterworks		1	99
10	13	10	Once: A New Musical Original Broadway Cast Recording Masterworks Broadway Sony Masterworks		1	162