

## We Three Lizas



**SEQUINS OF EVENTS** Plisz sparkles as young Liza.



**About Face Theatre** (see Resident companies). Book and lyrics by Scott Bradley. Music and additional lyrics by Alan Schmuckler. Dir. Scott Ferguson. With ensemble cast. 2hrs 20mins; one intermission.

Like generations of holiday entertainments, Scott Bradley and Alan Schmuckler's new piece riffs on those that came before it, from Dickens to Rudolph. But Bradley and director Scott Ferguson's decidedly queerer tale lifts a little more from Ye Olde Tabloids—not those of the Stone Age, but rather the Stonewall Age.

Bradley, perhaps better known as "Scooty" of the Scooty & JoJo Show and their *Alien Queen* mash-up, teams up well with straight ally Schmuckler to recast Scrooge as a struggling designer who gets visited not by spirits of Christmas but offspring of Garland. The narrative's more than a little goofy and frankly hard to follow, given that the focus bounces between initial protagonist Scott Duff and eventual heroine Dana Tretta. But Schmuckler's pleasant, poppy score provides plenty of hooks—particularly in the numbers penned for the three over-the-top incarnations of Liza (Bradley, Sean Blake and the divine Danielle Plisz)—and the overall tale is undeniably original and joyously queer.—*Kris Vire*

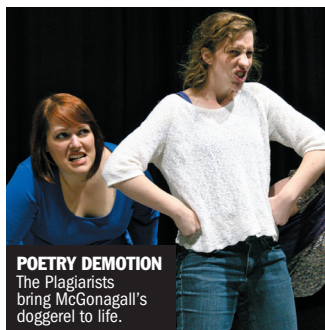
## The Feast of Saint McGonagall



**The Plagiarists** (see Fringe & storefront). By Jessica Wright Buha. Dir. Gregory Peters. With ensemble cast. 1hr 30mins; no intermission.

William Topaz McGonagall is celebrated—or denigrated—in literary circles as among the worst poets to have written in the English language. But he surely deserves better remembrance than the shrieking train wreck offered up by the Plagiarists, in which seven actors recount the Scot's creative life in reverse, from his end to the point, at age 50, when he felt the compulsion to become a poet.

The seven-person ensemble, under the direction of Gregory Peters, trades off a tam-o'-shanter as the actors take possession of the McGonagall character. Except a McGonagall character is never actually established as we move backward through his life events, most of which



**POETRY DEMOTION**  
The Plagiarists bring McGonagall's doggerel to life.

aren't terribly eventful. Jessica Wright Buha's script fails at each and every thing it needs to do: explaining why McGonagall matters, why the artists at hand care about him and why she's telling his story the way she is. The cast, meanwhile, tries to substitute exuberance for substance—which, come to think of it, might be a proper tribute to McGonagall after all.—*Kris Vire*

PHOTOS: TOP, MICHAEL BROSILOW; BOTTOM, JASMINE BASCI

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