

How to die laughing

Eternally Yours Theater Network

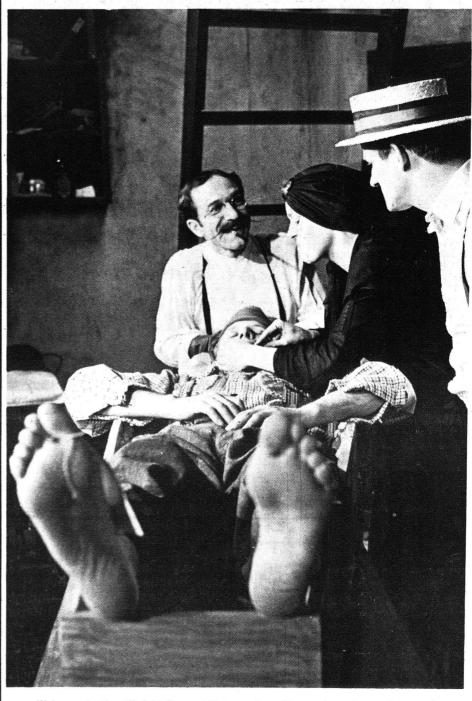
review by Jens Andersen

Well, this isn't *Macbeth* or *The Wild Duck* or anything heavy like that, but it's a tolerable enough burlesque. If you're tolerant towards such things. My own taste being rather low I naturally ate it up.

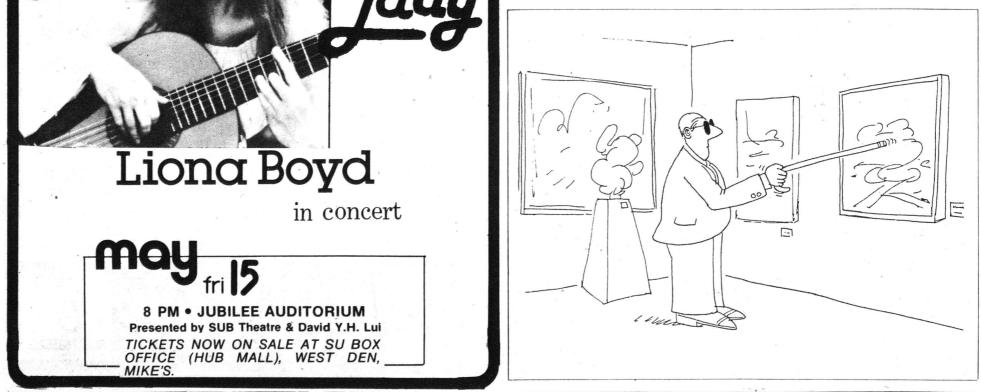
Consider the set-up: a funeral home in a small city in the Great Depression, run by a cynical, opportunistic director, his ridiculously devout and sexually repressed assistant Jane and a vague and semi-idealistic delivery man-turnedpriest. Consider the comic possibilities as director and assistant try to squeeze an oversized lumberjack into an undersized casket, or eulogize him to his widow ("He was a chip off the old block... felled before his time"). Talk about wooden dialogue!

his time"). Talk about wooden dialogue! The slapstick is nicely counterpointed by a few serious touches like Jane's singing, and parts of the priest's radio speeches. Some of the dialogue verges on speechifying but generally it is well-paced and flows naturally. The acting is as hammy as the situation requires. Special mention should be made of Dennis Robinson whose Groucho Marxist antics would make any genuine funeral director pale.

The Tuesday preview ran into a few technical snags typical of such affairs but I imagine they have been ironed out by now, and an even more wonderful show is in store for you than the one I saw.



Welcome to the Albright Funeral Home, where "the customer's convienence is our problem." The proprietor, Mortimer Zecchus, (with glasses) dreams of the day when he can afford a Duesenberg hearse, and he won't have to sneak the stiffs to the cemetary in a milkwagon.



Thursday, March 12, 1981