

is more a distraction than an asset. Perhaps that is merely because the night I attended the audience was liberally peppered with Antaeus and other friends of the cast members who found the sight of the bearded Groener reclining languidly on an embroidered divan playing an old harem lady, or John Prosky as a somewhat Olive-Oily Arab servant, too funny a sight not to laugh uproariously, taking the rest of us right out of the story.

Maybe if these great actors were all strangers—as the magnificent Kathleen Chalfant was when she first stepped out onto the Taper and Broadway stages as the rabbi in *Angels*—the device wouldn't seem so off-putting here.

Also, thanks to the Boston Court's usually unstoppable production values, I fully expected my jaw to drop about to *there* when I first walked into this lovely and auspiciously appointed theatre run by people I love and admire and respect so dearly. Oddly, however, although LADCC Lifetime Achievement honoree Tom Buderwitz' multi-leveled design is suitably spectacular, its execution is a major disappointment, looking as fresh and new and clean as something mounted in a dinner theatre in Evanston, Illinois. This takes place in a classy old hotel, sure, but what's missing for me is aged walls, dark weathered corners, decades worth of cracks and settled doorways, even maybe a deep red where areas painted off-white simply looked too unreal. The