

'Luv' Became Too Gross

By Maurice Snively

To hear one dirty joke is funny; in fact, to hear 20 dirty jokes can be funny. But after listening to one crude remark after another, one usually gets a spoiled feeling somewhere inside.

'Luv' was a funny play. No one laughed more than I at the shenanigans that took place on stage. And yet, after listening to one gross remark after another, I could not help having that sickening feeling inside as I left the performance of the Homecoming play.

I CANNOT HELP saying this feeling is tragic because it was such a good try. The cast was perfectly chosen.

Jeff Hendricks made a hilarious kook who couldn't understand why the red line of his sex life wasn't touching the black line. Phyllis Bartges was outstanding as the love-torn female who played a wicked Flamenco guitar. Gary McKee **SHOULD** be Jewish. His character was portrayed well, especially in the beginning suicide scene.

And the cast's interactions came off well. The crowd roared at the escapades of Harry and Milt during the first act and who could complain about that hilarious love scene complete with sweeping music.

BUT THE FACT remains that the play could actually have ended after the first act and been complete, or should I say, have been enough.

It's unfortunate that such a feeling should occur with so much working for it. But nothing can erase that bad taste from the play.

Nothing, not the director, the actors, the set or the costumes or anything else for that matter, could have altered the poor feeling at the conclusion of the second act.

The play was funny, but not good. It was just too gross.



Photo By Dan File

Phyllis Bartges, left and Gary McKee, along with Jeff Hendricks are the entire cast in the Homecoming play, "Luv."