

CAPSTONE



THEATRICALS

Presents

The 30th Anniversary Tour



A MUSICAL DOUBLE FEATURE

Book and Lyrics by

Music by

DICK VOSBURGH

FRANK LAZARUS

For Booking Information contact

Capstone Theatricals

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THE CRITICS LOVE A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE

**“FUNNIEST SHOW TO HIT N.Y. IN YEARS. IT’S A CLASSY,
SASSY NIGHT OF MAGIC”**

CLIVE BARNES, NEW YORK POST

**“I’M OUT OF MY HEAD OVER HOLLYWOOD/UKRAINE. ONE OF THE GREATEST
EVENINGS I’VE EVER SPENT IN THE THEATRE.”**

LIZ SMITH, SYNDICATED COLUMNIST

**“AN UPROARIOUS PIECE OF ENCHANTMENT. AN EVENING OF HILARIOUS JOY.
HOLLYWOOD/UKRAINE HAS A VEIN OF MUSICAL GOLD RUNNING THROUGH IT.
THIS IS A HIT. A STUPENDOUS HIT.”**

WILLIAM RAIDY, NEWHOUSE MAGAZINE

**“THIS IS A SAUCY, STYLISH, FROLICSOMELY FUNNY SHOW. HOORAY FOR
HOLLYWOOD.”**

T.E. KALEM, TIME MAGAZINE

“A MARVELOUS SHOW. I LOVED IT.”

CHAUNCEY HOWELL, WNBC-TV

“THIS IS THE SORT OF SHOW A REVIEWER LIVES FOR.”

DENNIS CUNNINGHAM, WCBS-TV

**“BROADWAY HASN’T LAUGHED SO HARD SINCE THE MARX BROTHERS
PLAYED THE PALACE. AN ABSOLUTLEY INCREDIBLE ALL SINGING ALL
TAPPING SHOW. IT’S BRILLIANT. DON’T MISS IT.”**

JOEL SIEGEL, WABC-TV

**“ON BROADWAY NOW, NOTHING IS FUNNIER, MORE WILDLY ENTERTAINING OR
MORE UPROARIOUS THAN A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD, A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE.”**

ELLIOT NORTON, BOSTON HERALD AMERICAN

**“A SURPRISE PACKAGE OF MELODY AND CHARM. THE MOST ORIGINAL
STAGING IN MANY SEASONS.”**

JACK KROLL, NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE

“ A RICH, ROLLICKING RARITY. A TOTAL DELIGHT.”

JACK OBRIAN, KING FEATURES

“TWO HILARIOUS HITS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.”

GLENN CURRIE, UPI

**“I NEVER LAUGHED SO MUCH IN MY LIFE. I NEVER HAD A
BETTER TIME IN THE THEATRE”**

REX REED, DAILY NEWS

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About Capstone Theatricals...

In 2004, a group of theatre professional who had served as staff members of various touring theatre companies talked about their experiences with those companies. They discussed what they perceived were the strengths and weaknesses of each company and what they would do differently, "if they ran the place." Although they didn't realize it at the time, it was out this meeting and subsequent discussions that Capstone Theatricals was born.

Capstone Theatricals is dedicated to providing high quality entertainment at an affordable cost. But, equally as important as what the audience sees on stage, this company values the relationship that the staff of each venue has with us. Capstone Theatricals is dedicated to making your working relationship with us as pleasant an experience as possible. We recognize that each venue is unique with its own personality and that the people who work in the space every day know it better than anyone. We view our relationship with each venue as a partnership. Therefore, we want the advice and counsel of the people who know the space the best. With everything we do in regards to mounting and publicizing the show, we want to focus on what we can do for you (rather than what we cannot). For example, if your local newspaper wants a phone interview with a cast member, we will make it happen. If you want a television interview with a cast member once we get in town, we will make every effort to see that it's done. If we need to make special arrangements with loading the show into the venue, just let us know and if it is at all feasible, we will do it. If you want a meet-and-greet following a performance, say the word and you've got it. Our job is to help you fill the house and to make your overall experience with us pleasant. We will do whatever it takes to make both a reality. Never hesitate to ask us to do those extra little things that can add so much...we're glad to do it. It's our job!

As we said, we want to create a partnership with each of our venues. That's why we will seek your advice on ways to make our programming and services better for you. At the end of each of our visits, we will ask you to evaluate our production, staff and supporting materials. Our aim is to make sure that you are completely satisfied with our productions from the point of booking to the moment we walk out the door.

A lot of production companies provide good programming and want the overall experience to be pleasant...the Capstone Theatricals difference is that we make it a priority.

ABOUT A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/ A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE...

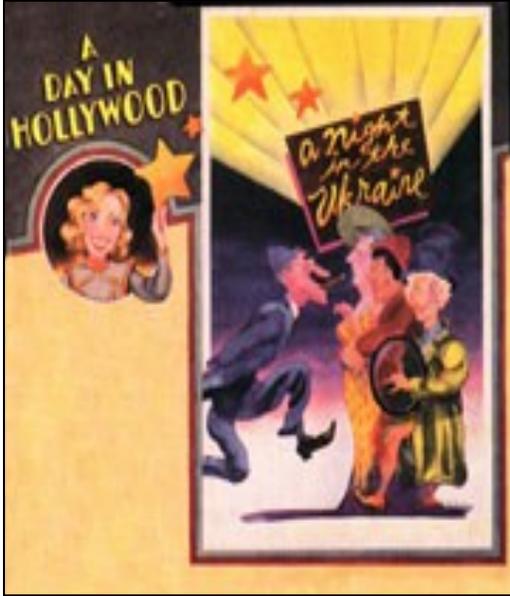
Capstone Theatricals' goal for all of its productions is to equal or exceed the original Broadway or off-Broadway production. To that end, Capstone Theatricals is pleased to announce that Frank Lazarus, composer and original Broadway and West End cast member, is actively working with us on our production of this show. Mr. Lazarus is a two-time Tony award nominee and two-time Drama-Logue award winner. He has been involved with every major production of Hollywood/Ukraine and we are honored to have him working with us. Capstone Theatricals is also negotiating with other Broadway creative staff members to assist our production of this wonderful show.

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Story and Musical Numbers from **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD** **A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE**

Book & Lyrics by Dick Vosburgh - Music by Frank Lazarus
with contributions by Jerry Herman, Trevor Lyttleton, Richard
Whiting, Ange Lorenzo & others

Act I—A Day in Hollywood takes place in the lobby of the Grauman's Chinese Theatre of the '30s where six ushers pay tribute to the heyday of Hollywood. "Thanks for the Memory," "Too Marvelous for Words," "Sleepy Time Gal," and a tapped rendition of the actual 1930s Hollywood Production Code that rivals any number in Stomp or Riverdance, are just a few of the numbers that will have your audiences cheer "Hooray for Hollywood!"

Act II— A Night in the Ukraine is the funniest Marx Brothers movie they never made. Based on *The Bear* by Anton Chekov (Russia's top gag writer), A Night in the Ukraine takes place in the mansion of Madame Pavlenko, a wealthy Ukrainian widow, prior to the Revolution. Your audiences will be in stitches as they witness the antics of Serge B. Samovar (Groucho), a shyster lawyer who professes his love for Madame Pavlenko (Margaret Dumont) ...well... it's true...he does love her money! Madame Pavlenko's faithful servants Carlo (Chico) and Gino (Harpo) come to her aid as they try to rid the mansion of Samovar, and every now and then, throw in a couple of potshots at Madame Pavlenko's expense.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

(SONGS ARE BY VOSBURGH AND LAZARUS UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED)

Act I

1. **Just Go to the Movies** (Music & Lyrics by Jerry Herman)
2. **Famous Feet**
3. **I Love A Film Cliché** (Music by Trevor Lyttleton with additional music by Frank Lazarus)
4. **Nelson** (Music & Lyrics by Jerry Herman)
5. **The Best in the World** (Music & Lyrics by Jerry Herman)
6. **It All Comes Out of the Piano**
7. **Ain't We Got Fun** (Music by Richard A. Whiting, Lyrics by Gus Kahn and Raymond B. Eagan)
8. **Too Marvelous For Words** (Music by Whiting, Lyrics by Johnny Mercer)
9. **Japanese Sandman** (Music by Whiting, Lyrics by Egan)
10. **On the Good Ship Lollipop** (Music by Whiting, Lyrics by Sidney Clare)
11. **Double Trouble** (Music by Whiting and Ralph Rainger, Lyrics by Leo Robin)
12. **Louise** (Music by Whiting, Lyrics by Robin)
13. **Sleepy Time Gal** (Music by Whiting & Ange

Lorenzo, Lyrics by Egan and Joseph R. Alden)

14. **Beyond the Blue Horizon** (Music by Whiting, Lyrics by Whiting & W. Franke Harling, Lyrics by Robin)
15. **Thanks for the Memory** (Music by Rainger, Lyric by Robin)
16. **Another Memory**
17. **Do in' the Production Code**
18. **A Night in the Ukraine**

Act II

1. **Samovar the Lawyer**
2. **Just Like That**
3. **Again**
4. **A Duel! A Duel!**
5. **Natasha**
6. **A Night in the Ukraine** (Reprise)

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**A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD
A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE**

BOOK AND LYRICS BY DICK VOSBURGH

MUSIC BY FRANK LAZARUS

MONDAY, MAY 12, 1980

By T.E. Kalem

One can almost hear Louella Parsons saying, "Hello to all of you from Haw-ley-wood." This saucy, stylish, frolicsomenely funny show is an affectionate spoof of the golden age of the silver screen.

Act I is a takeoff on the 1930s movie musical. Using Grauman's Chinese Theater as aspic, it captures the clichés, the formulas, the juicily idiotic emotional punch lines of the period. Jeanette MacDonald (Peggy Hewitt) fondles a life-size cardboard cut-out of Nelson Eddy, never the most mobile of performers.

The show-stopper of *A Day in Hollywood* is a dance number called "Famous Feet." Tommy Tune, who brings irrepressible humor to his choreography as well as dauntless invention, has devised a narrow, mirror-backed bridge span of a stage high above the stage proper. Only the legs and feet of the dancers (Niki Harris and Albert Stephenson) are visible. By their styles and their shoes, ye shall know them. Some feet! Ginger and Fred, naturally, as well as Garland, Chaplin, Dietrich and,

believe it or not, Mickey and Minnie.

In *A Night in the Ukraine*, Groucho lives. So do Chico, Harpo and that lady of the formidable embonpoint, Margaret Dumont. The program notes say that this exercise in dementia is "loosely based on Chekhov's *The Bear*." Groucho (David Garrison) is the shysterish Samovar the Lawyer. Chico (Frank Lazarus) is a larcenous tongue-in-cheeky footman to the imperious Mrs. Pavlenko (Hewitt), the Dumont role. Perfectly at ease as Harpo, Priscilla Lopez is a creature from another planet, who at one wonderfully zany moment plucks out the inevitable harp solo on the spokes of an upside down bicycle.

Every type of cherished ploy from the classic Marx Brothers canon is here, the inane non-sequiturs, the sappy puns and the bedlam chases, in this instance through the byzantine corridors of Tony Walton's red-wallpapered dollhouse of a set.

Dick Vosburgh splices his own lines into the action as if he had collaborated on the films. To use a song title from the show: Hooray for Hollywood.

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The New York Times

Theater: 'Hollywood/Ukraine'

By MEL GUSSOW

Friday, May 2, 1980

Do you remember the scene in "The Wizard of Oz" when Judy Garland clicks her heels twice in order to frighten Bela Lugosi, and the scene in Chekhov's "The Bear" - or was it "The Seagull"? - when Nina and Konstantin sang a love song while Chico Marx tinkled the ivories? You will remember them if you see "A Day in Hollywood/ A Night in the Ukraine," the zany new musical revue that opened last night at the Golden Theater.

"Hollywood/Ukraine," which could be called "The 1930's Movie Hour," is a double-barreled pastiche of the golden days of the silver screen. The show is of British origins, the creation of Dick Vosburgh (book and lyrics) and Frank Lazarus (music), who is also one of the more antic members of the cast. However, the evening's top billing unquestionably should go to Tommy Tune as director and choreographer. Mr. Tune is the toe-tapping Broadway heir to Busby Berkeley. What his predecessor did with 50 dancing girls and a sound stage, he can do in cameo, with four feet.

In several senses, the high spot of the evening is a number called "Famous Feet." Far above the footlights on a ribbon-thin catwalk of a stage we see only the dancing feet of Niki Harris and Albert Stephenson. Clattering their heels, the dancers merrily impersonate a cavalcade of stars: Judy, Charlie, Minnie. They all seem to dance on air; on strings. For Mr. Tune the idea is a small miracle of theatrical inventiveness, and it provides a perfect comic counterpoint to the reel life on the main stage below.

The first half of the show is devoted to Hollywood musicals. As formidably tonsilled Jeanette MacDonald, Peggy Hewett sings to a cardboard Nelson Eddy—in this show he really is a piece of

cardboard. To the tune "Sleepy Time Gal," Priscilla Lopez spins like a dervish, deftly spoofing all those Hollywood ladies who spend their lifetime being sung to by Hollywood gentlemen. The eclectic score ranges from three new upbeat Hollywood numbers by Jerry Herman to a nostalgic "Thanks for the Memory," sung winsomely by Stephen James and Kate Draper.

The background of this potpourri of songs and sketches is Grauman's Chinese Theater, a candy-box version of that movie palace designed by Tony Walton. Everything is kept appropriate within its chamber scale, as the act quicksteps to its finale, a small production number about the Hollywood production code.

In the second half we move to Russia to spend "A Night in the Ukraine," which is the screenplay that Anton Chekhov did not write for the Marx Brothers. The source of the script is Chekhov's "The Bear," that short vaudeville that made Tolstoy laugh. If he had seen "A Night in the Ukraine," Tolstoy might have grinned all the way home to Yashaya Polyana.

As written by Mr. Vosburgh, this is a crackling compendium of Marx Brothers comedies, packed with all the obligatory gambits, routines and running gags. Instead of playing Captain Spaulding, the African explorer, this Groucho is Samovar the Lawyer, which also happens to be the title of a clever Gilbert and Sullivan-like patter song. Chico is a faithful footman who can be bought for any price and Harpo is a maid-chasing, horn-beeping gardener. The lady of the house is, of course, a Margaret Dumont act-alike, and there is even a Zeppo-ish coachman who wins the girl. He croons a love-sick ballad entitled "Again," which is an endless reprise of the title. Just when things seem to be winding down, he winds up and delivers still

another impassioned "again."

In performance, the second act is not quite as amusing as it should be. For one thing, I could imagine a funnier Groucho than David Garrison. He has the appearance and even a reason approximation of the voice, but he misses that devil-may-care quality of the original. Groucho tossed off his lines as casually as ashes from his cigar. Mr. Garrison has a tendency to savor the jokes while contorting himself into Grochoesque positions—although he does leap agilely onto a chaise longue.

Miss Lopez as Harpo (heresy! a lady Harpo) and Mr. Lazarus, repeating his London role as Chico, are more comfortable and more madcap, each managing to comment on his or her character in the course of the performance. Miss Lopez is a doll of a Harpo, an incessant flirt always offering a leg up instead of a handshake, drinking ink, and delivering a rapturous harp solo on an upside-down bicycle - low notes on the back tires. Mr. Lazarus is a cheeky Chico, playing him with an Italian-Jewish-English accent—an easy fall guy for all of Groucho's duplicities and also a long-playing pianist. Miss Hewett is suitably imposing Margaret Dumont.

In his design for "A Night in the Ukraine," Mr. Walton is an expert miniaturist, with a plush, long-corridor Russian estate that has the detail of a Pollock's toy theater. The presiding maestro of the evening is Mr. Tune. For him, the show is a marvelous directorial feat.

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DAILY NEWS

May 2, 1980

Snazzy style and rhythm**By Douglas Watt**

“A Night in the Ukraine,” a touched-up London import that is the second and better half of last night’s musical twin bill at the Golden, is the comedy the Marx Brothers didn’t make, the one by Chekhov and Vosburgh instead of Kaufman and Ryskind. In an imperial red setting, as opposed to a Communist red one, Chico fingers the piano. Harpo strums the spokes of an upturned bike, and Groucho plays himself, only more so. The puns, like the feet in the first half (a pastiche entitled “A Day in Hollywood”) have wings, and you’ll leave the theater with the dizzy feeling of having witnessed a super, impossibly professional, senior-class spring show. Not a bad feeling at all.

But first to that team of Chekhov and Vosburgh, “A Night in the Ukraine” plays fast and loose with Chekhov’s three-character one-acter “The Bear,” upgrading the pretty young widow to a statuesque middle-aged one: in short, Margaret Dumont, bearing the name Mrs. Pavlenko and played to haughty, gullible perfection by Peggy Hewitt, an invaluable part of both halves of the show. Dick Vosburgh has transformed Chekhov’s creditor into one of a different sort, a Moscow shyster named Samovar. And, of course, there’s a housemaid for Harpo (in the person of a bewigged horn-honking Priscilla Lopez) to chase, along with a romantic couple (Stephen James and Kate Draper) patterned after Allan Jones and Kitty Carlisle, but with a seemingly endless “Again” for James to sing instead of his predecessor’s “Alone.” David

Garrison’s extraordinarily supple Groucho has his own nifty closing number, “Natasha,” a serenade to the wealthy widow he wins. Frank Lazarus, who plays Chico, has composed the functional tunes to Vosburgh’s lyrics.

“A Day in Hollywood” is, in addition to being a fitting curtain-raiser for “A Night in the Ukraine,” a revue spoofing the Hollywood of the ‘30s. It is presented by six ushers and usherettes wearing natty Grauman’s Chinese Theater uniforms. With Lazarus, who composed some of the key songs to Vosburgh’s lyrics, again at the piano and singing a good deal of the time—too much of the time, because these excursions of his strike a distinctly amateurish note—the company performs entirely “in one,” slipping in and out of a row of identical doors.

But the most striking section here is “Famous Feet” in which a narrow stage-wide panel at the top of the set, the dancing, scampering, sometimes floating lower limbs and hoofs of Garland, Astaire and Rogers, Mickey and Minnie, and countless others are captivatingly represented and in continually changing leg-and-foot wear, by Niki Harris and Albert Stephenson (they’re seen whole later along in “Ukraine”). This novel number was devised by Tommy Tune, who staged the entire evening with style and rhythm.

The aforementioned Peggy Hewitt is fun here, too, both playing Jeanette MacDonald singing to cardboard cutout of Mountie

Nelson Eddy in a Jerry Herman song called “Nelson” (Herman has contributed three numbers to the American version) and tootling a baritone sax through the melody of “On the Good Ship Lollipop” in a tribute to film composer Richard A. Whiting. The true Whiting high spots, however, are “Too Marvelous for Words,” sung straight and appealingly by Draper, and the Bob Hope-Shirley Ross duet “Thanks for the Memory,” done to a turn by Draper and James. The tutti closing number of this section “Doing the Production Code,” in which the many amusing taboos of the industry during Will Hays’ reign as censorship czar are spelled out in unison song and dance.

The American cast, from James’ rangy, grinning juvenile to Priscilla Lopez’ sultry usherette and subsequent pop-eyed Harpo, has been admirably chosen. And the backstage two-piano support to Lazarus’ perfunctory playing is indispensable. The vividly contrasted sets were designed by Tony Walton and lighted by Beverly Emmons, while Michael Stuart is responsible for the snazzy and, in the case of the Marxes, thoughtfully disheveled costumes.

The evening, which you might say consists of two extended revue sketches with songs, wears thin at times. But it’s a lark on the whole, and, after all, who better than the Marx Brothers, and especially Groucho, could see us through the remainder of the year?

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NEW YORK POST

May 2, 1980

‘A Day in Hollywood’ is a night of magic

By Clive Barnes

WHAT IS ONE to say? *A Day in Hollywood*, *A Night in the Ukraine*, which opened last night at the John Golden Theatre, is worth a month in the country. It is crazy, zany magic— it is an extravaganza of the old time Hollywood of Grauman’s Chinese Theatre, and the ever new, ever fresh Marx Brothers, updated, transformed and transmogrified into symbols of the comic spirit of their time. It all comes together as a smashing show, classy, sassy nostalgia combined with the zip and zap of the day after tomorrow.

The show is called “a musical double feature” and that is precisely what it is. It is a fascinatingly successful attempt to recreate on the stage the old concept, now sadly lost, of the movie double-header. There is no connection at all between the first act and the second act—although the actors do some pretty nifty costume changes— apart from that love of movies which percolated through so many of our adolescent dreams.

The first part—the B feature, if you like—is a simple spoof on Hollywood prior to WWII, those golden days. The songs are funny, and the

attitudes very definitely nostalgic. We have numbers about the Hollywood production code that religionized cinematic morality or film clichés, or even the ignoble but graceful art of writing show tunes. The cast are supposedly ushers at Grauman’s Chinese Theater and the atmosphere is light-hearted and amusing. A walk down memory lane where every step becomes a psychic Proustian stumble recalling images of silver screens.

This is great fun. There is not a step wrongly places, or, for that matter, an echo incorrectly heard. Yet, very properly, the meat of the evening is *A Night in the Ukraine*.

Imagine Chekhov’s one-act play *The Bear* (what, you haven’t heard of it? - worry not, you have missed little) as it might have been given by the Marx Brothers. It is simply pure madcap idiocy, with one liners and non-sequiters cheerfully chasing one another down the corridor of infamy. This show is probably the funniest thing to hit New York since pastrami.

The curious thing is that it was not always so fabulously ludicrous as it is now. I first saw this

musical double feature with book and lyrics by Dick Vosburgh and music by Frank Lazarus, last season in London. The second part—the Marx Brothers send-off was even there triumphant, and the show was one of the major hits of the London season, but the first part, that *Day in Hollywood* struck me as about as entertaining as *Three Years in the Gulag Archipeligo*.

But what the producers Alexander Cohen and Hildy Parks, and the director/choreographer Tommy Tune, not to mention the designer Tony Walton have done, is sensational. They have taken gold and turned it into uranium, and made the retro-active radioactive.

With this one show Tune goes to the top of the class with such choreographer/directors as Michael Bennett, Bob Fosse, Joe Layton and the incomparable Jerome Robbins. The staging is so breathtakingly original—for example, watch out for the cut-out famous dancing feet in the first act—that it simply zooms.

Walton’s scenery is style personified. Even his drop curtain of the famous footprints in the concrete sands of time

outside Grauman’s Theater is conceptually perfect, and his setting for the Chekhov, which with its unending perspective of corridors is, I suspect, influenced by Wakhevitch’s famous design for *Boris Godunov* is pure enchantment.

The cast play like the winners in a World Series. They are all so good that to mention two or three out of this even cast of eight is obviously unjust. But Frank Lazarus, a South African who was one of the show’s initiators, is a nifty pianist and a charming Chico, Stephen James makes a neat distinction between Allen Jones and Nelson Eddy, Peggy Hewitt as the new cycled Margaret Dumont, and a fantastic David Garrison proving no slouch as Groucho, do need separate celebration.

But what a show! With *Barnum* the night before, and a few decent plays in the past few weeks, this long-delayed season finally seems to be getting on the road. Anyway, please take in this Hollywood popcorn epic—they don’t make films like that anymore.

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WCBS TV
May 1, 1980

Dennis Cunningham

A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE

Well, it seems to me not worth a lawsuit, but it's certainly worth one hell of a lot of fuss, because it's one helluva lot of fun, this play with the beguiling title, "A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine." Now, I've seen a number of very good Broadway events. Recently Mary Tyler Moore in "Whose Life is it Anyway?," "Children of a Lesser God," "Happy New Year," "Morning's at Seven." But tonight is the sort of night a reviewer lives for. This play, which is really two different plays. Act one, "A Day in Hollywood," is a loving send-up of movies of the thirties, when Hollywood truly was America's Dream Factory. Full of famous faces, famous bodies and famous feet, including the feet of Mickey and Minnie Mouse. That act one, "A Day in Hollywood," despite

a slight lapse or two, is splendidly funny and remarkably clever entertainment. But the end of act one tells us what lies ahead in act two, "A Night in the Ukraine," a Russian movie as The Marx Brothers might have done it—and that (and the whole evening in fact) provides everything you've ever wanted out of life...and everything this weary troubled old world needs: inspired lunacy, impeccable foolishness and perfectly hilarious nonsense, which in this case, makes the best sense of all. Congratulations to the cast, crew, authors, composers, producers, press agents...and all concerned. Most especially to director/choreographer, super talented Tommy Tune, who, tonight, arrived dynamically imaginative, as a major force in the musical theatre.

You better get your tickets right quick, ya hear?

Newsweek

May 12, 1980

Theater

JACK KROLL

If "Barnum" is a big bag of wind, "A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine" is a surprise package of melody and charm, and Tommy Tune's staging is the most original in many seasons. "Day/Night" is a "double feature," the first part being a revue on the theme of old movies. Tired idea, you say? Maybe, but it springs to refreshing life under Tune's ingenious direction, the simple but clever book and lyrics by Dick Vosburgh, music by Frank Lazarus and the brilliant, intimate set by Tony Walton, which evokes the lobby of the legendary Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood.

Marvelous Tribute: Within these fantasy-red walls, the

engaging cast of eight moves through a series of song-and-dance sketches on themes of the Hollywood dream factory. There's a celebration of the wit and wisdom of movie clichés, a deliciously choreographed homage to famous feet, from Dietrich's gams to Astaire's toes to the yellow-clad dogs of Mickey and Minnie Mouse. There's a quite marvelous tribute to a composer of with the un-household name of Richard A. Whiting, who turns out to have written what seems like 80 percent of the songs in movie history ("Hooray for Hollywood," "On the Good Ship Lollipop," "Louise," "Beyond the Blue Horizon"). There's a cantata to the exact words of the notorious Hollywood Production Code, with the entire cast singing hosannas to the prurient Puritanism of the '30s, when you couldn't say "virgin" or "tart," "pregnant" or "hell," and could kiss nor more than six seconds "with a dry, closed mouth."

The second part, "A Night in the Ukraine," presents Chekhov's

farce "The Bear" as if it had been screw-loosely adapted into a Marx Brothers movie. An hour of Marxian dialectics might be a big dose for some treasonous American souls, but for Brother-lovers it's pure caviar, or at least the ultimate in herring. In fact, it's the best take-off of its kind I've ever seen, and David Garrison is clearly possessed by the demon of Groucho himself. As Serge B. Samavor, the Moscow shyster, Garrison is a dazzling dervish of Grouchoid moves and marvels, from his jaunty song ("I'll litigate all over you") to his surrealist exchanges with Chico (played with perfect sang-froid by Frank Lazarus) and Harpo (transvested by the delightful Priscilla Lopez). Insanely accurate are the Margaret Dumont-like dowager of Peggy Hewett, the Zeppoish juvenile of Stephen James, the yummy ingénue of Kate Draper. "Day/Night" is a sweet, sly and funny show, and the cunning direction of Tommy Tune is like the dazzling light verse of Lewis Carroll—poetry in the play clothes of entertainment.

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WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY

May 5, 1980

'A Day in Hollywood, A Night in the Ukraine'

For the last dozen years the fastest-growing religion in America has been worship of Old Hollywood, which has replaced Mom and Apple Pie as our major object of veneration. I myself have often knelt at the alters of Selznick and Harry Cohn and shrieked with the faithful at evocation of Garbo or Maria Montez. But am I alone in verging apostasy, in finding the predictability of responses to the litany of Mickey and Judy and Bette tiresome? Am I the only one disturbed at how writers now build their work simply by rehashing the past or at how eagerly the public laps up these rehashings?

Thoughts like these made me resist Dick Vosburgh and Frank Lazarus' "A Day in Hollywood, A Night in the Ukraine" at the Golden, until the brilliance of Tommy Tune's choreography and direction and the loveableness of the extraordinary talented cast of eight made resistance impossible.

Though most of the material covers old ground cooly, several numbers are just marvelous. The best is one Tune has choreographed for two dancers we see only from the knees down—by the changes in costumes and the style of the step we know at once who is being evoked, an imaginative reworking of

familiar territory. In another, Tune has his dancers tap to a rhythmic recitation of the Hollywood Production Code. He has given Priscilla Lopez a stunningly complex solo she dances about four times as fast as someone sings an easygoing rendition of "Sleepy Time Gal."

The second half of the show is a perfectly on-target parody of a Marx Brothers film, in which Frank Lazarus as Chico, David Garrison as Groucho and Lopez as Harpo do superb imitations of the Marxes, Peggy Hewett is an exquisitely refined Margaret Dumont and Kate Draper and Stephen James are wonderful as the innocent younger couple. Tune has recognized that the movements of the Marxes are themselves choreography and has shaped them into a piece almost as delightful as "Gaité Parisienne." A churl might ask why one should pay Broadway prices to see an imitation (however expert) when the real thing costs so much less, but considering that our art has become a master of gradations of ersatz, the question is not merely impertinent but reveals esthetic insensitivity.



WABC-TV Joel Siegel
May 1, 1980

A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/ A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE

First, some explaining. "A Day in Hollywood/ A Night in the Ukraine" are two separate pieces, kind of a double feature, featuring the same cast.

"A Day in Hollywood" is a one act revue...make that an absolutely incredible, all singing-all tapping one-act revue about movies. The one slow spot at least gives you a chance to catch your breath. And just when you've applauded your hands raw and shouted your lungs hoarse, stretched for the intermission and downed an orange, up comes the Marx Brothers in "A Night in the Ukraine".

Now, this second act is not about The Marx Brothers—you can't call it a parody of the Marx Brothers. This is new material—made to seem

old, with Harpo, and Chico, and David Garrison, who is unbelievably comparable to the incomparable Groucho. "You and I could make beautiful music together," he says to Peggy Hewett, who's a near-perfect target of a Margaret Dumont, "after all, you're shaped like a piano." "This is a bad time to see her," Chico says of Ms. Dumont. "What's a good time?" Groucho asks. "Half an hour with Olga, the cook." I don't think Broadway has laughed so hard since the real Marx Brothers were playing the Palace.

"A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine" are two pieces that are—in two words—brill-iant! Don't miss this one. Or these two. It is so funny you'll plotz!

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