

THE BARD'S GONNA KNOCK YOU OUT

BY JAMES YEARA

THE BOMB-ITTY OF ERRORS

BY JORDAN ALLEN-DUTTON, JASON CATALANO, GREGORY QAIYUM, AND ERICK WEINER, MUSIC BY JEFFREY QAIYUM, DIRECTED BY NICK CORLEY

ADIRONDACK THEATRE FESTIVAL,
THROUGH JULY 15

LIKE MENTOS DROPPED INTO A HALF-liter bottle of Coke, *The Bomb-itty of Errors* explodes Shakespeare's shortest and earliest play, *The Comedy of Errors*, into a spume of colors, clichés, characters, and cadences. Updating Shakespeare's goofiest comedy (itself an adaptation) this hip-hop self-titled "ad-RAP-tation" bursts with flavor and rhythm, making this show not just a fun intro-

duction to the mayhem of Shakespeare, but a witty addition to Shakespeare-inspired musicals. It's the funniest, funkiest, wittiest, wackiest show you could hope to see this summer.

duces the cast as eye-popping as Luke Cantarella's graffiti-fried set. There are three brightly colored sets of doors for the three Ephesus locales of Antipholus' house down right, the "Pleasure Palace" (with a sweet use of pink) down left, and the abbey up center. Jeff Nellis' lighting design makes the cast and set pop; this is as much a feast for the eyes as it is for the ears.

Literally overseeing this production is DJ Spae (Jordan Connors), who creates the beats for the various songs standing above the upstage center entrance to the Ephesus Abbey, his purple-and-gold-trim Spanish ruff creating lots of biling. The five create a take on *The Comedy of Errors* that not only preserves its plot—two sets of identical twins, master and servant, who, unaware of their long lost brothers, create one misprision (the most basic comedic device where one thing is mistaken for another) after another as they rush

know what I meant/The jury is hung/It's your own fault/But my husband is not" captures the essence of *The Bomb-itty of Errors*. All four in the cast create specific, physically exact, and hysterical characters sometimes literally with just a twirl, but Babinsky's Luciana is spectacularly engaging, like watching a breathy cross of Holly Hunter and Jessica Simpson, and her word-association scene brings the house down. Nick Corley's direction keeps the juggling of characters from falling into chaos, and his chase sequences are inspired. *The Bomb-itty of Errors* earns its standing ovation and inspires the audience to keep their hands in the air. It's a show that shouldn't be missed.



Bring the . . . iambic pentameter? *The Bomb-itty of Errors* at Adirondack Theatre Festival.

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The Bomb-itty of Errors streaks by in 99 minutes, the four-actor cast (Jake Mosser, Benton Greene, Omar Evans, Jason Babinsky) whirling through the 20 characters of Shakespeare's play. Costume designer Maiko Matsushima gives the servant Dromios bright green baggy shorts and plaid shirts, and the upper-class Antipholuses black jeans and white muscle shirts, stylishly slashed, which

through Ephesus—but captures the madcap rhythms of Shakespeare's ur-text; *COE* is almost 90-percent poetry (of its nearly 1,800 lines, only 200 are in prose).

Particularly fun are the quick changes finding the four creating one of the female characters: Antipholus of Ephesus' wife Adriana (Benton Greene), her blonde-bimbo little sister Luciana (Jason Babinsky), the head courtesan of the Pleasure Palace (Omar Evans), or the Abbess (Jake Mosser). Adriana's lament "It's your own fault/That you can't pitch a tent/It's your own fault/You