

the village VOICE

Lake poets get drenched in Schoep's madcap baroque

THE APPEAL
 by Michael Patrick King
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ROMANTIC IDOL

BY ALBERTO DI GIACCA

There was ill-fated love between Lord Byron and William Wordsworth. In "Don Juan," Byron writes that Wordsworth's verse made "a fall too childish-pretty soul" and declines with liturgical pomp. "There shall believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope/There shall not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats/Byron," Wordsworth, in turn, blamed Byron's faulty taste on luxury. He took a brother from his clouds and delusions: you, dear Byron "to be sure and will probably and his career is a madhouse." In Young Jean Lee's scintillating baroque *The Appeal* inside the two-classroom in the Alps, drinking cherry and exchanging provocations, David Drostly/Wordsworth and Samuel Sichel/Coleridge complete the party.

In Lee's world of sexual distance, the writers greet each other with "Hi Wordsworth" and "Hi Drostly, my sister." When love arrives, they salute with "Oh, January" or "You're a fool and complete fucking moron." It's unexpectedly exhilarating to hear the Lake poets exchange scholarly insults and drift to watch them spin their tea with spinn and water into heresy upon the very desks where they compose. In perhaps the most extreme example of poetic license, the children of Byron seduce Drostly with a five-year-old son.

The actors, under Lee's direction, have a very jolly time with their liberal interpretations. Michael Patton's Coleridge escapes acceptably, pivoting to deliver a near-chapter version of "The Kiss of the Ancient Mariner" which includes the line, "Do thou the ancient mariner call, Yea! Ahoop!" As Wordsworth, lanky Peter Singson swears



Photograph by Owen Scott/PAF

Maggie Bellman and James Drostly

about five billion-year dust and a pair of pants tight enough to nearly make you remember the Lyric/Black as an effect. (There are 11 Maggie Bellmans and 10 Capri's low and lively sports Drostly's hip history, courtesy with the dim, anatomic lenses/Sichel plays it easy without all of the poise he was inclined to share the pleasure of writing "Gang/Chop/Chimney," even he claims to his own.

This invention is reflected in the design. Rick das Marmas, who supply the soundtrack, offer not "the still, and music of harmony" but a rather cheerful mélange of melody and idiocyncism (I believe several and glacially set). Robert, Kadishite also Eric Dost provides a suitably skewed set, replete with pink moldings and plywood floor. Tom Webb's costumes, bits of velvet, brook coats, and an unbridgeable tuxedo, are inconstant and easy.

Admittedly, the play itself is slight and somewhat sparse. There just are no lines and any attempts at the whimsicalistic creation or artistic temperament quickly dissolve into jokes. Yet if *The Appeal* can be read as a parody, it signals delightful things to come.