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Greenspan, Rebecca Reynolds and Diana Son.

Clerks in the lobby sell "T-shirt plays," brief works by six of the country's leading playwrights — Jane Martin, David Henry Hwang, Naomi Wallace, Wendy Wasserstein, Mac Wellman and Tony Kushner — printed on cotton casual wear.

Kushner offers a playful sonnet on the fear of separation between the warp and the woof of the fabric; Wallace confronts a body-conscious lover's fear of exposing the flesh under the shirt; and Hwang outlines a filmmaker's fear that marketing will eclipse the movie, leaving him with no film, but lots of promotional T-shirts.

The festival moves more conventionally on ATL's three permanent stages, featuring five full-length plays and an octet of 10-minute scenes written and performed by people under 30.

★ ★ ★

Fear rides the Internet in "Y2K," Arthur Kopit's nightmare vision of a smug, sophisticated Manhattan couple's undoing at the digits of an obsessive cyber stalker. The full-length play, directed by Bob Balaban, was a chilling suggestion that we don't need to wait for the year 2000 (or 2001) to be concerned about where our dependence on computers is taking us.

★ ★ ★

Paranoia takes a spiritual twist in David Rambo's "God's Man in Texas." Director John Dillon's cast of ATL veterans presented a harrowing, human look at the personal and political paranoia experienced by the pastor of the world's largest Baptist

church and radio ministry after the church appoints a new assistant and heir apparent.

The production offered a tragic depiction of spiritual men struggling to balance ambition, devotion and egotism, and was the most powerful play of the festival.

★ ★ ★

"The Cockfighter" is a heavy-footed, high-testosterone assault on innocence and humanity. Frank Manley's play about a father inducting his sweet-natured son into the blood sport of cockfighting is a mother's worst nightmare. Paul Owens' scenic design was breathtaking, and Ellen McQueen's gender-switching portrayals of mother and uncle were remarkable. Even so, the journey was too long and too predictable.

★ ★ ★

The audience was invited to experience some anxious moments in the spotlight in "Cabin Pressure," a full-length performance art work by Anne Bogart and the SITI Company. It was a seamlessly choreographed deconstruction of the roles of and the interaction between actor and audience.

Using stylized delivery, movement and costumes, the actors played both sides of the curtain. They portrayed actors moving through the repetition of plays ranging from the era of white, powdered wigs to modern works by Noel Coward and Edward Albee. And they aped the onlookers, drawing from interviews with Actors Theatre patrons to mimic the audience, illuminated in the glare of the house lights.

The production belabored its point, but in the end it was a stunning experience.

★ ★ ★

Naomi Iizuka's "Aloha, Say the Pretty Girls" is a careening trip that starts in New York and ends in Hawaii and Alaska.

The play went nowhere in director Jon Jory's production, however.

The play trails a group of disconnected, "deeply damaged" people spinning their gears somewhere between "hello" and "good-bye" as their paths crisscross North America and the Pacific.

"Aloha" won two distinctions — as the most exasperating play of the festival, and as the worst example of the Gen-Xistential trough characters wallowed in in several of the "Under 30" series of 10-minute plays.

★ ★ ★

Most plays in the "Under 30" series focus on characters' fears of growing up.

The title of Robb Badlam's "Slop-Culture" describes the dilemma facing a 20-something raised on "25 years of bad TV," who finds herself unable to answer an essay question on a job application.

In Julia Jordan's "Mpls., St. Paul," an adolescent couple retreats from responsibility in marijuana-stoked rock 'n' roll fantasies about their imaginary relationships with Replacements singer Paul Westerberg.

In Jerome Hairston's "Forty-Minute Finish," a pair of convenience-store clerks flinch at mortality as they mop up after a customer who's suffered a stroke and cracked his head on the floor.

Fear of growing and facing real-life issues — alcoholic parents, cancer and aging itself — keeps characters going nowhere in Matt Pelfrey's "Drive Angry" and in Sheri Wilner's "Labor Day."

Reality really does bite a couple of "Under 30" characters. Rape destroys innocence and optimism in "Dancing with a Devil," and obsession kills in Courtney Baron's "The Blue Room."