

ALEX HORN, flanked by Peter G. Platt Jr. and Psyche Hartshorn, in a bed turned into a ship.

Arising To New Low

By Jeanne Miller

In more than ten years of reporting on the local theater scene, I remember no more punishing experience than last weekend's "The Fantastic Arising of Padraic Clancy Muldoon," mounted by a new troupe, the Everyman Theater, which performed in a recon-verted gymnasium at 24th and Mission streets.

Written by the theater's founder, Alex Horn, who co-produced, co-directed, and co-stars with his wife, Sharon Gans, the drama is a long (4-1/2 hours), loose, sprawling and incredibly trite opus about an Irish American college professor who decides to drop out by remaining in his bed until the world regains its sanity.

Muldoon's students, including his young son, are marching in political revolution, providing the playwright with an opportunity he couldn't resist to subject the audience to an interminable onslaught of sophomoric sloganeering.

The students and various members of Muldoon's family approach his bed with monotonous regularity to shout bumperstrip homilies about peace and love in a world gone mad.

Though Horn purportedly



"THE FANTASTIC ARISING OF PADRAIC CLANCY MULDOON," written by Alex Horn; produced and directed by Horn and Sharon Gans; setting by Joan Critchfield, Jan Mogensen, John Britton; costumes by Kathy Leung and Randy Swedberg. With Alex Horn, Sharon Gans, Shawn Niles, Psyche Hartshorn, Myra Hughes, Frank Triest, Robert Behling, Lynn Scalapino, Erich Gorgias, Martin Kahn, Fred Lazarus, Michele Holonen, Nick Cohn, Thomas Wilson, John Britton, Nancy Ponch, Millicent Thomas, Peter Brosnan, Dellen Swedberg, Kathy Leung, Ed Huberman, E. Raymond Hart. At the Everyman Theatre, 24th and Mission Streets.

intended a realistic comedy-drama, he has fashioned a tiresome and pretentious polemic that unceasingly exhort the audience in the persons of speech-making marionettes posing as characters in a play.

We are slugged over the head, time and time again, about things we know only too well -- how we assassinate those leaders who are truly fit to lead us, our President, our Senator and our Priest and how peace and love are preferable to the insanity of war.

The shapeless, turgid play is

totally lacking in originality, drama or theatricality. Stereotypes abound, the most flagrant being the archetypal "pig" police officer who rushes into Muldoon's bedroom brandishing a gun and accosts an Indian student with the following profundity: "Before we white men took this country away from you gooks, there wasn't one lousy refrigerator in the whole country."

That comment typifies the mindless quality of the dialog. Therefore, it is nearly impossible to assess the capabilities of the performers who are called upon merely to scream the bromides at ear-splitting levels of sound, in case we couldn't otherwise get the point.

The play is conceived in four acts, plus a prologue and epilogue. Bored to the point of total exhaustion, my attention span completely destroyed, I escaped after Act Two ended, nearly three hours after the curtain rose.

Children's plays on weekends

The Everyman Theater at 24th and Mission Streets is continuing its children's show of stories adapted from the works of the Brothers Grimm and Hans

Christian Anderson: "Little Red Riding Hood," and "The Gallant Tailor," "Sleeping Beauty," and "The Emperor's New Clothes."

The show is presented every Saturday and Sunday at 1 p.m.