



# I Feel Like I'm Taking Crazy Pills

from Joel Corbo and Allen Rabinovich

*Something about these reviews is a little off...*

This is a cheerful, if conventional story of the novice from the abbey who becomes governess of seven motherless children and teaches them how to sing by making a large pile of songbooks and tablatures.

The show is a nearly complete musicalization of the whimsical "Old Possum's Book for Practical Barbers," with an inspirational climax thrown in for last-minute plot's sake.

This shrink-wrapped musical biography of the pop group the Four Seasons provides a rush of vertigo as it transports the audience to the swamps of the Garden State.

Provincial conservative factory workers from Northampton meet their antithesis, a troupe of flamboyant sea-faring drag queens with ships made for hedonism.

Sitting through this heavily publicized adaptation of E. L. Doctorow's 1975 novel about turn-of-the-century growing pains of rodents is like meeting someone on the basis of a promising lonely-hearts ad.

Few people may have the gift of this show's title character, a coal miner's son in northern England who discovers he was born to steal lunch money from other kids.

The story, inspired by a comic strip, is set at the depth of the Depression years, and stars a red-haired moppet orphan with a concave navel.

The show's fascination hinges on the fact that it relies on theatrical razzle-dazzle to make entertaining its coldly cynical story of two murderesses who share a dashing lawyer from Mexico.

This musical story concerns a fond and foolish knight, his quest and his adventures as he drives around the country in his box-like horseless carriage.

In the opening number of this sensation of a musical, 17 aspirants for eight tedious around-the-house jobs step front to recount their life histories.

This scurrilous, blasphemous, and foul-mouthed show transports two dewy missionaries from Salt Lake City to a cozy alcove of a library.

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The denizens of this bohemian landscape are directly descended from their Puccini prototypes but given a hip, topical spin centered around their life in a canvas abode.

The high-living, freethinking aunt kicks a leg clear to heaven in the irresistible title song, just as the comic nanny, the Japanese butler, and the villainous stuffed-shirt lawyer all join in mindlessly viewing humorous viral images on the Internet.

In this story of a cast of a Shakespearean comedy, "real life" parallels the play-within-the-play, as the fetish-prone hero demands that his ex-wife talk to him disrespectfully.

This show has to do with a beleaguered butcher who specializes in intestines and never seems to have time to marry his perennial fiancée, Miss Adelaide, the night-club singer he has been in love with for year.

Probably for the first time in history, a typical musical comedy audience finds itself absorbed in whether the professor's favorite salon owner can properly pronounce "pain," "rain," and "Spain."

This retelling of the classic adventures of Dorothy and her companions made of straw, tin, and mangy cowardice, takes an unusual turn in their encounter with a Nintendo console.

Though the musical tells the same story as "8 1/2" - that of a creatively and emotionally blocked film director in midlife crisis, its score seems to consist primarily of smooth, repetitive oscillations.

The rock star heroine of this story carries with her the tangible and psychic scars of her former life in East Berlin: an infuriatingly persistent rash, and a fragmenting sense of self.

Existing on a diet of human blood, the shrub at the helm of a tiny Skid Row boat grows larger and larger until it is a monstrous mutant.

Singing in the style of tribal rock, the characters approve enthusiastically of miscegenation, and one enterprising lyric catalogues somewhat arcane sexual practices as it recounts the life of a beneficiary of a will. Oh yes, they also hand out flowers.