

The New York Times

## A Hot Ticket on Broadway, and a Cold Shoulder to Reviewers

Al Pacino is back on Broadway, or so I hear. I wouldn't know from firsthand experience. Unlike the many thousands of theatergoers who have seen Mr. Pacino in the revival of David Mamet's "Glengarry Glen Ross," making it the highest-grossing straight play currently on Broadway, critics have not been invited to attend until later this week, more than six

**CHARLES ISHERWOOD**  
CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

weeks after the show began previews.

It was not supposed to be this way. Originally the production, which also stars Bobby Cannavale (or so I've heard) and is directed by Daniel Sullivan, was scheduled to open on Nov. 11, after a little more than three weeks of previews, which is generally the norm for play revivals on Broadway.

Then along came Sandy, and suddenly the opening was postponed — not for a day or two, as you might expect, given

### Bad notices for the delay of 'Glengarry Glen Ross.'

that Broadway shows missed only a couple of performances because of the hurricane. Instead the producers announced that the official opening would be bounced back almost a month. The

new opening is this weekend. Afterward, critics will finally weigh in with their opinions on what is without question one of the most highly anticipated shows of the fall season.

By that late date, you may reasonably ask, who will care what the critics have to say?

I suspect that the producers asked themselves that very question before announcing the postponement.

The show will have played a full half

of its run — it is scheduled to close at the end of January — without having to face any official critical scrutiny, an extremely rare, if not unprecedented, situation on Broadway. (That's discounting shows that close quickly in response to critical brickbats.)

I am not the only Broadway watcher to smell a rat in this highly unusual delay. Jeremy Gerard, the theater critic

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PAULA LOBO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

### Remember the '80s? Here's a Reminder

Ballet Hispanico in "A Vueltas con los Ochenta," on Saturday at the Apollo Theater. The dance reflects the mood of Spain in the 1980s, not long after the death of Francisco Franco. Review, Page 5.

NEW MUSIC

## Flip Side To Her Wild Side



By BEN RATLIFF

Kesha's not dangerous. She plays at being a terrible influence — drinking, sex, swearing, hard nights at the club — but the furthest surprise at the center of her project is sweetness, as it always was.

"Warrior" (RCA), her second full-length album, contains a very nonlethal competitive ambition.

## It Was The New Yorker With Hot Sauce

The new issue of The Oxford American, that estimable and disorderly Southern literary quarterly, flopped onto my porch the other day. I stared at it for a while before picking it up. The magazine had been on my mind.

DWIGHT GARNER

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

This year I'd planned to compose a tribute to The Oxford American on its 20th anniversary. Among the things I'd wanted to say in print were these: that it was the best and most original new American magazine of the last 25 years and that its founder, Marc Smirnoff, was the most important editor out of the South since Willie Morris.

### Hail to The Oxford American, a Southern journal without picnics.

I wasn't planning on holding back. It's harder than it used to be to fall in love with a magazine, especially now that they're collapsing around us like the virus-stricken in "Contagion." When it does happen, you should raise your hand.

Things, however, got weird. In July Mr. Smirnoff was fired after being ac-

cused of sexual harassment. Also, he admitted that he gave alcohol to under-age interns. I can't say whether these actions were closer to peccadilloes or closer to something much worse.

But I couldn't see publishing my assessment any longer. It was a time to hang fire.

Four months later the air has cleared a bit. The Oxford American has installed a new editor, Roger D. Hodge, formerly the editor of Harper's Magazine, as was Willie Morris. There have been grumblings that Mr. Hodge hails from Texas; Southerners have complicated feelings about Texas. But Mr. Smirnoff grew up

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## Television That's Worth Dissecting

In his first session with Dr. Melfi, Tony Soprano says: "It's good to be in something from the ground floor. I came too late for that, I know. But lately, I'm getting the feeling that I came in at the end. The best is over."

MICHIKO KAKUTANI

BOOKS OF THE TIMES

As the television critic Alán Sepinwall points out in his incisive new book, the joke on Tony is "that the show that told his story represented not the end of something, but the thrilling ground floor." Though other series like "NYPD Blue," "Twin Peaks" and "Oz" made the revolution possible, "The Sopranos" is "the one that made the world realize something special was

## Dallas Museum Returns Art to Turkey

### Move Comes With a Deal for Loans of Work From That Nation

By RANDY KENNEDY

The Dallas Museum of Art voluntarily returned an ancient marble mosaic in its collection to Turkey on Monday, after determining that the work — which dates from



### The Revolution Was Televised

The Cons





# Gilbert and Sullivan Made Jokes About Costco and Smartphones? Who Knew?



RICHARD TERMINE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

**The Sorcerer** Stephen O'Brien in the title role of this 1877 operetta by the New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players at the Gerald W. Lynch Theater of John Jay College.

Midway through a New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players performance of "The Sorcerer" on Saturday night at the Gerald W. Lynch Theater of John Jay College, the conjurer of the title

**STEVE SMITH**

**MUSIC REVIEW**

boasted that he could predict the Maya apocalypse and upgrade features of the iPhone 6. Jarring? Hardly. Timely embellishment is part of the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition, of which Albert Bergeret, the Players' artistic director and conductor, is a steadfast conservator.

The third operatic collaboration between W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, "The Sorcerer" was a hit, running for more than 170 performances at the Opera Comique in London after it opened in 1877. It has since faded from view, partly because of the success of

The New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players will present their annual New Year's Eve gala at Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th Street; (212) 864-6400, [nygasp.org](http://nygasp.org).

the works that immediately followed, "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance," both of which improved on a template of grand-opera parody, quick-witted patter songs, winsome duets and rousing choruses that had coalesced with "The Sorcerer."

More significant, the plot — based on "An Elixir of Love," an 1876 magazine story by Gilbert, in which social inequality is addressed with a magical potion — has not aged especially well. Its references to rank are dated beyond empathy's reach; filled with sly allusions, its assumptions about a general audience's musical knowledge are unrealistic. Without those cues what remains is neither as exotic nor as amusing as "Pinafore," "Pirates" or "The Mikado."

Still, "The Sorcerer" packs ample charms, including a felicitous score, a Verdian drinking song turned to teetotal ends, and at least one chorus that has reached the periphery of pop culture. With the commitment and over-

size enthusiasm that are Mr. Bergeret's stock in trade, the work can entrance a modern audience, as it did on Saturday.

As ever, Mr. Bergeret assembled a solid cast. Particularly high marks go to Daniel Greenwood as Alexis, the foppish noble who sets the plot in motion; Kimilee Bryant as Aline, Alexis's amenable fiancée; and Keith Jurosko as Sir Marmaduke Poindextre, Alexis's sternly proper father.

As John Wellington Wells, the sorcerer of the title, Stephen O'Brien negotiated treacherous patter with high spirits if not consummate ease. Sarah Caldwell Smith, Elizabeth Picker, Caitlin Burke and Richard Alan Holmes were admirable in supporting roles. In the pit woodwind solos were uniformly lovely.

Tempos fluctuated, coordination faltered, violinists struggled, and scenery wobbled. References to Costco and "Fifty Shades of Grey" courted groans. Still, Mr. Bergeret's custodial diligence was unflinching and estimable; his enthusiasm, infectious.

## Capturing The Vibes Of the Past Right Now

When Ballet Hispanico played the Apollo Theater last December, it was the troupe's debut there. Its return uptown for a one-night-only event on Saturday felt like a tradition in the making. Three premieres, live music and an enthusiastic audience combined with the theater's historic vibrations for a sense of special occasion.

**BRIAN SEIBERT**  
**DANCE REVIEW**

As has been the case since Eduardo Vilario took over as artistic director in 2009, there was also a sense of a company in conflict or transition, trying to fulfill its original mission of glorifying Latino culture while branching off in directions that might complicate that duty. Here Mr. Vilario balanced bold choices of guest choreographers with a pleasant hedge of his own.

The dancers looked glamorous and elegant in "Tango Vitrola," a 1987 work by the Argentine choreographer Alejandro Cervera. Cafe chairs and the titular phonograph defined a dance hall, as scratchy recordings of milonga music from the 1920s conjured the past. Mario Ismael Espinoza, shirtless and wonderfully slinky, set the melancholy tone by dancing tango with himself, augmenting the dance's vocabulary with pirouettes and jumps.

"Tango Vitrola" was ambivalent about the tango. It seemed to question the male aggression in the form, having the women wobble like stuck needles and collapse in the men's arms. It surrounded near-clichés about the battle between the sexes with full-on dance clichés, affixing a big group pose to the final note of every song. While the dancers might have clarified those internal contradictions, their awkwardness in the ballroom steps and relish of the Broadway flash served instead to exacerbate them.

If "Tango Vitrola" was created in the



PAULA LOBO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Ballet Hispanico unleashing a 1980s fervor when performing "A Vueltas con los Ochenta," one of three premieres on its program Saturday at the Apollo Theater.

1980s, "A Vueltas con los Ochenta," which had its world premiere on Saturday, was about that time, specifically the hedonistic period in Spain following the death of the dictator Francisco Franco. The dance, by the Spanish choreographers Meritxell Barberá and Inma García, caught the moment by introducing the dancers in headphones, each moving to his or her own private drummer. For the rest of the work they enjoyed the '80s period music together, in

public.

That music was rock, and the cast rocked leather outfits. There was crowd surfing, lip-syncing, posing for photos. One couple faced each other and simply swayed as everyone else circled around them at a nearly imperceptible rate; another couple encapsulated a relationship with the exchange of the man's jacket. There was violence and sex; the men stuck their forearms between the women's thighs and raised them forklift

style. Someone overdosed.

When the cast advanced to the lip of the stage, stared at the audience and then backed away, it seemed to encapsulate a failure of nerve in the overlong work, and the Ballet Hispanico dancers struggled with the swerves between campy fun and serious undertones. Still, the experiment was worthwhile.

Mr. Vilario's "Danzón" was much safer territory. Its treatment of its music — a smart Latin jazz arrangement played

live by the Paquito D'Rivera Ensemble — was generic but refreshingly light. Jamal Rashann Callender, solid in a sweet duet with Vanessa Valecillos, exploded in an exchange with the bongo player Paulo Stagnaro. Mr. Espinoza noodled nicely to the onstage extemporizing of Mr. D'Rivera and his clarinet. Easily recognizable musical quotations garnered a big response. Mr. Vilario has given Ballet Hispanico another crowd pleaser.

## Emotional Currents Captured in Physical Forms

According to the program for the double bill at Dance New Amsterdam, Elke Luyten's "Studies of Inertia" is supposed to follow Kendra Portier's "Beautiful Weather for an Air Raid."

**BRIAN SEIBERT**  
**DANCE REVIEW**

But at the start of Friday's performance, it quickly became apparent — after, say, the fifth or sixth consecutive time that one woman walked the theater's perimeter in silence — that the studies were preceding the weather.

The woman was indeed Ms. Luyten, and her 45-minute solo was consistently rigorous in its many repetitions. At first it seemed that the studies were

Costume changes galore, and motifs in abundance.

quined shorts, Ms. Luyten relentlessly repeated a knee-pumping hop. The regular stop in relevé, the adjustments in orientation, the eventual tiny variations: it was here that Sarah Michelson's influence was most evident. Kira Alker, who directed Ms. Luyten, is Ms. Michelson's rehearsal assistant.

The dance grew more original as Ms. Luyten (in brown pants) kept slumping

answering it, opening all the doors in the theater and finishing big. I found myself wondering how much the work's scattered strong effects depended upon its longueurs.

Besides too many costume changes, what Ms. Portier's "Beautiful Weather for an Air Raid" had in common with Ms. Luyten's piece was an interest in giving physical form to emotional currents. It began much more engagingly, with a prologue of 15 people in motley winter wear entering, one by one, to stand and shiver.

Weaving through them was the liquid Laurel Snyder, and her failed attempts to join the group activity proved to be

