

*Subject: General sort of comment*

*Date: Friday, April 1, 2005 12:53 AM*

*From: JESQUE@\*\*\*.\*\*\**

*To: <mspt@goldfishpublishers.com>*

You know, it's interesting -- until now, I hadn't read the various emails written to you concerning that production of "Company" that you hated so much. Toni's was quite vitriolic, wasn't it? I wouldn't have thought that would come from her -- she's such a sweetheart. Anyhoo, I was obviously pretty upset back in November after I read the review (as you can probably imagine), but it really wasn't so much the content of said review with which I took issue. Call me a whiny little bitch, call me an egotist, but what really disturbed me was that you left at intermission. Now, I can understand the desire to leave at intermission, especially during a show fraught with such technical asininity (is that a word?) as that one, and I can even understand the departure of a certain percentage of patrons not wanting to have their eardrums blown by the various tyrannosaur howls issuing forth from that seemingly possessed sound system; you, however, are not the average audience member, and your responsibilities as I see them extend beyond the range of the standard patron. Regardless of how badly a performance seems to be going, or how much issue one takes with the performances therein, a theatre critic has an obligation to 'take one for the team' and see if things improve in the second act.

Now, perhaps I'm only saying this because most of the 'acting' done in the role of Bobby occurs in the second act, perhaps it is because you missed out on my performance of "Being Alive" which, goddamnit, I was pretty f---ing proud of, perhaps I'm simply seeking validation for this one role that I feel I was able to enter into better than any other role I've played thus far. Or perhaps not. The thing is, you'll never know, will you? Neither will I. THAT, I think, is what upsets me most.

Regards,  
Jesse Berger

Jesse,

I am sorry to have missed your performance, but it was a matter of the bad outweighing the good by a wide margin.

I agree that a theatre critic has an obligation to stick no matter what, as evidenced by the fact that I have only bailed from four shows out of the over 800 productions that I have critiqued between here, New York, and Boston. I've sat through some real stinkers because I had the barest hope that things might improve. My various companions through the years have begged me to leave, and still I stuck. I have actually had two companions ditch me at the theatre at intermission, leaving me without a way to get home. If that isn't dedication, then I'm lost.

My retreat from your production of *Company* was doubly motivated: by my anger at the consistent undercutting of productions by the management as well as by the production itself. In the end, it was a matter of expecting nothing and getting less than that. Again, I'm sorry that I missed your performance, but I'm certain I'll see you soon in a show more worthy of your talents.

Cheers,

Mark S.P. Turvin

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