

# TimeOut New York

**April 1-8, 1999**



**TICKET TO RIDE** Lisa Kron takes a wild 2.5 Minute Ride at the Public.

### **2.5 Minute Ride**

Written and performed by Lisa Kron.  
Dir. Mark Brokaw. Joseph Papp  
Public Theater (see *Off Broadway*).

**A**t first, auburn-haired Lisa Kron looks like a friendly, jaunty girl you might have gone to high school with, now turned slightly matronly and middle-class. Then she begins her vivid 70-minute riff on her Lansing, Michigan, family and their annual pilgrimage to an amusement park in Ohio (site of a breath-stopping 2.5-minute roller-coaster ride). She segues to her brother's wedding to Shoshi Rivkin from Brooklyn and, poignantly, to a journey with her ailing Polish father, whom she accompanies to the site of the Auschwitz concentration camp. The diverse topics showcase the versatility that makes Kron, a member of the Five Lesbian Brothers performance troupe, a vibrant actress and comedian.

In a clever use of the old slide-show routine, Kron aims a laser pointer at blank squares of light on the wall behind her while she tells her three entwined stories. Aside from a stool, a chair and Kenneth Posner's delicate lighting, Kron uses only her expressive face and body and her indefatigable words to carry the evening (Mark Brokaw provides invisible direction). The verbal images Kron limns are both comical and touching. The description of her brother's finding a Jewish fiancée through America Online and of the subsequent wedding at the Seaview Jewish Center in Canarsie is hilarious. She entertains with a story about trying to find a restaurant while driving through Poland, only to discover a pizza parlor that serves melted American cheese on toast doused with ketchup. She liked it: "This might actually go over big in the Midwest," she quips, "where cheese is a vital component of every dish."

But in an instant, humor changes to quiet pathos when Kron recalls riding pitch-dark Polish roads with her father and her Dutch "sister" Elizabeth (a former exchange student who had stayed with Kron's family) to the now-empty spot of hell where Kron's paternal grandparents were murdered. "They were old," her father tells her. "And they stood outside, lined up in the cold; and they were of no use to anyone, and they were killed."

Even in the shadow of a long-ago horror, Kron finds moments of wry humor. There is no mawkishness in *2.5 Minute Ride*. There is only an emotionally honest, clear-eyed tribute to her father and family.—*Alexis Greene*