At Fringe, Feasting o

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There's a rasslin' match between a Warrior Princess and a Damsel in Distress, a pair of halfnude Amazons glowering and wielding swords, and a string of classic dirty jokes told by a threeheaded figure embodying the stereotypical virgin-mother-whore view of womanhood. The entire evening is awfully skillful: The comic timing is polished, and the cast banters winningly with the crowd throughout the evening. The women generally keep the irony dialed pretty high, and the control is impressive as they play these overdrawn types to the hilt, egging the audience on in a peculiar high-spirited conspiracy to have women flirting, fighting and exposed. Washington

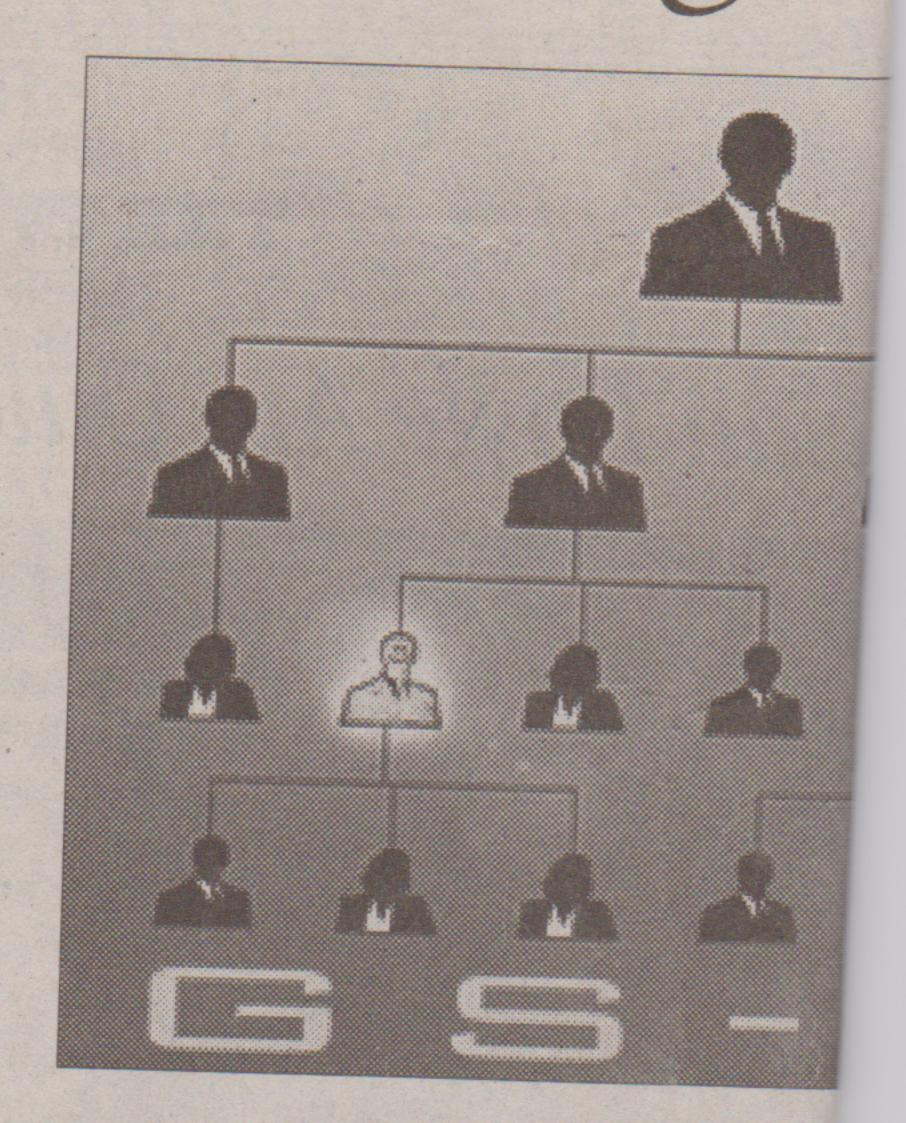
'DIZZY MISS LIZZIE'S 7/23/09

A little bit of Woodstock at the Fringe: That's what you get with the party-ready "Dizzy Miss Lizzie's Roadside Revue — The Saints."

This is storytelling via rock-androll. The band of musicians who had a hit last summer with an electrified "Oresteia" are now reviving it at the Church Street Theater, and their amped-up, laid-back carnival routine in "The Saints" at the Baldacchino tent still makes them as cool as anything at the festival.

Again, the original songs are by guitarist Steve McWilliams (who also serves as emcee) and keyboardist Debra Buonaccorsi (who also works the accordion, guitar and mandolin). Their blues-based tunes tell the tales of various biblical saints, from Augustine (played in cowboy gear by bassist Jason Wilson) to Francis of Assisi (a very hippy-dippy Jordan Klein).

This being rock-and-roll, it's all done with equal parts devotion, subversion and wit. The Virgin Martyrs get a honky-tonk number, St. George sings a country ballad and the range of styles surprise and amuse. The band also rocks, which means the audience spontaneously claps along. As before, Dizzy Miss Lizzie looks so fine: The muscular, high-spirited music and appealingly casual atmosphere have no trouble creating new converts.



It's "The Office"-style mayhem in a gove



The performances are passionate in "Leayne C. Freeman about life in a dete

is largely carried by Ford's writing: He gives a merrily Machiavel-