



SPECIAL GUEST CONTRIBUTORS

The Liar

by Jenna Maxfield

Outrageously funny while also heartwarming, *The Liar* is a production you can't miss. As with all the plays put on at the Antaeus Company in Hollywood, *The Liar* is expertly acted and directed.



Antaeus continues its tradition of "partner casting" with this production, meaning that two actors share every role and work together throughout the rehearsal process to enhance the creative experience for both cast and audience.

Originally written by Pierre Corneille, *The Liar* was a classic French romp. Antaeus is performing the

clever English-language adaptation by David Ives, and Casey Stangl is directing the Los Angeles premiere of the play. Ives' translation is both clever and current, but retains the beautiful language of the time period.

The Liar is the wild tale of Dorante (Nicholas D'Agosto/Graham Hamilton), a handsome young man, both dashing and debonair, who's just arrived in Paris. Dorante has but a single flaw—he finds it impossible to tell the truth. At the play's open, Dorante meets a manservant, Cliton (Rob Nagle/Brian Slaten), who cannot tell a lie, and what follows is an unlikely but true friendship. Dorante then meets and falls in love with Clarice (Kate Maher/Jules Wilcox), but he mistakes her for her friend Lucrece (Ann Noble/Joanna Strapp). To further complicate matters, Dorante doesn't realize that the woman he thinks he just fell in love with is secretly engaged to his best friend Alcippe (Joe Delafield/Bo Foxworth), and top of that, Dorante's father (Robert Pine/Peter Van Norden) is trying to negotiate a marriage between his son and Clarice—whom he thinks is Lucrece. Add to the mayhem identical maid servants Isabelle and Sabine (Gigi Bermingham/Karen Malina White, each playing both roles), and a play spoken entirely in rhyming couplets—and the product is an enticing Paris romance, both fresh and brilliantly adapted.

While *The Liar* is a comedy, the play still poses an interesting question that all of us are faced with in life: what kind of life are we living if it's not authentic? All of us have to lie at some point or another—some of us more than others—but when do our lies permeate our lives so much that we lose touch with reality? During *The Liar*, Dorante's lies eventually catch up to him, and he begins losing his grip on what is real and what is a lie. While this

is hyperbolized in the play, it's a valid issue with which people have always struggled. The image we put forth to the public often doesn't reflect our true desires and vulnerabilities, and if we allow ourselves to become too immersed in our inauthentic selves, what will it cost? *The Liar* addresses this very question, which gives the play its truth.

Run, don't walk, to see this play. You won't be disappointed!

