A comic gross-out, however. His play rises, if a father in a slum in South Philadelphia. and riding a trike while imitating a (John Cassisi), a fat adolescent with middle-aged flirt, and her son Herschel obese, shrill, obscene, and very horny Weinbergers - B'un'-ty' - (La'ur-ie'l; Cronin), an makes a solid attempt at reaching the heart of the matter. "I'm turning queer" he announces unhappily as Judith makes advances. This may answer. over-tories of ethnic- and familial- concerns itself with one Francis... for dredging issues - as Judith is love with Francis, despite the fact she is thin and beautiful while Francis is fat and still has acne. What is more, he is her first true lover ever.

Francis, however, has a guilty secret; "I'm turning queer" he announces unhappily as Judith makes advances. The audience would hush; how poignant! These people were Wounded in the best "We're traditional; they had Sad Pasts. Happily, these sorts of kowtow devices were absent from the concluding act. What took their place was a melancholy gritiness on the playwright's part, a more objective and truer understanding of this eccentric and beautiful family. For it turns out Charles, Francis' sexual confusion is no secret to his family and neighbors, they accepted him long ago, and seem to consider it a flaw in the same light as Bunny's obesity or Herschel's obsession with trolls. The Geminians and Weinbergers taw, in their own ways, to terms with their human failings - which, somehow, define their humanity itself. "I know what she saw in him," Francis' father says of the man his wife left him for. "He didn't arouse himself, or cough or fart, or get rashes." But then later: "Sure, i cough, i scratch, i fart, i get rashes. That's how you know i'm here. The Geminians are here."