

# The Washington Post

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## Weekend

### PERFORMANCE



Gross National Product: keeping you grinning from year to year.

## Sho' 'Nuff, It's 'The Right Fluff'

BY LLOYD GROVE

Gross National Product, a Washington-oriented comedy troupe, has tossed something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue into "The Right Fluff," its satirical revue at D.C. Space. And while one or two of their routines play woodenly, GNP's five performers are clever enough elsewhere to keep most folks grinning, and regularly laughing.

From the new material, there's "The One (and only) Official Soviet Socialist Musical," complete with steamy romance and slippery intrigue, in which a team of Russian scien-

tists sings and dances its way to the development of a particle-beam weapon. And there's "A Caucus Line," with Messrs. Hart, Mondale and Glenn singing "I Really Need This Job" against the commanding counterpoint of an imperious casting director. The luckless Glenn, in his outsized space helmet, evokes nothing so much as Colonel Bleep.

From the stuff we've seen before, there's a lampoon of tacky tourists at Walt Dismal World, and a generic cocktail party at which the guests come right out with their deepest feelings ("throbbing caucasian passion!") instead of the usual chitchat. Less amusing is

another look at crass TV evangelists (how can you improve on the real thing?), though even this is enlivened by a religious Richard Simmons, whose "exorcise show" promises to make viewers "light enough to walk on water."

The portly James Bowling, who plays Simmons with fey zealotry, is the most virtuosic of these generally accomplished clowns. Just when the show starts to drag, Bowling barges in as a lizardly lounge singer, or a roly-poly break dancer or a Bolshoi diva — and saves the day.

**THE RIGHT FLUFF** — At D.C. Space through March 31.