



“Hip, cool, sleek, and sensuous, 1968 burst forth, taking the playgoer on a wild and wacky ride into the past (or is it the future?) Never have I been so thoroughly, so utterly and so completely interested.”

Clive Barnes

“Boisterous, billowy, blatant, brainy B turns in a bombastic performance in this otherwise murky mire. B is 1968.”

Rona Barrett

“This was what I was trying to say but I died before I could say it.”

Freud

“Rarely am I afforded the chance to drop the rococo posturing of ‘critic’ but in this instance I must. I wept. Yes, I wept openly. Viewing this Jordan opus I was transformed. I have taken up Scientology, moved to a little farm in Connecticut and have vowed never again to wear scarves or say bitchy things about Barbra Streisand.”

Rex Reed

“I don’t think it’s nice to make fun of other people’s suffering.”

Andy Warhol

“I didn’t like the bad words and all, but that one girl was pretty. Nurse Bullock wouldn’t let me stay for the ending; it was time for my Melarill and we had to get back. Anyway, it was Friday night when we have the ping-pong tournament and I’m champion.”

Valerie Solanus

“This is what I was trying to say but I died before I could say it. Also thought B was good.”

Karl Marx

“Pigeons in the grass my ass.”

Gertrude Stein

“The play performs the ultimate rite of plasticity. B is lean, ascetic. A real camp.”

Susan Sontag

“This is what we would have wrote if we hadn’t died.”

Edward Albee and Tennessee Williams

“So I’m drunk, so what. I’m the greatest fucking writer who ever lived. So get off my fucking podium. I know Jackie Onassis. Eat shit.”

Truman Capote

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY