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THE THEATRE CHURCH

The plays of Young Jean Lee are as personal and probing as they are utterly demented. Her latest, an hour-long assault on the topic of spirituality, is composed of sermons, admonishments, exuberant songs and dances, and parables that spin off into phantasmagoric nonsense. Lee's project isn't to send up organized religion—though one gets the sense that she could eviscerate it if she chose—but to knead away at Christianity until her presumably godless downtown audience becomes vulnerable to it. Implicating everyone, including herself, Lee puts the menace back into concepts as exotic to the P.S. 122 crowd as sin, Satan, and salvation; for the unwaveringly secular, she offers the slighter pleasure of brazen theatrical inventiveness.