



BEST VOICE T. RYDER SMITH.

Without singing a note, this downtown star showed once again he's got the most distinctive pipes in town. His delivery—low but a little creaky, piercing but resonant—sounds as if it's been beamed forward in time from a Gothic novel, which made him equally suited to Richard Foreman's loopy *The Gods Are Pounding My Head!* and Anne Washburn's gnomic fright show *Apparition*. (And his acting's just as astonishing.)