

'Grease' pleasingly parodies **1950's greaser raunchiness**

in the Class President or Head

Sandy, (Marcia McClain) the

new girl in school, wants to fit in

with the gang, but doesn't want

to give up her chaste "Sandra

Dee'' image, her ponytail, beaded

cardigan or white ankle socks.

Her past summer love turns out

to be the hotrod leader of the

Danny's black leather jacket,

ducktail haircut and "Mr. Cool"

ways are foreign to Sandy, and

she claims he's not the boy she

thought she knew. Sandy finally

decides to come over to the

greaser's way of life, donning

tight capri pants and a Pink La-

Grease wouldn't be much with-

out the wide variety of 50's set-

tings, situations, costumes, man-

nerisms, music and slang which

bring this polished parody of that

The set, framed by large high

The simple turn of events in

Cheerleader mold either.

Burger Palace Boys.

dies jacket.

degenerates, but they don't fit school cafeteria, the Burger Pa-

life.

By PENNY BLANK

Grease's pleasingly raunchy company proved to Power Center audiences this weekend just how crude, lewd and rude the 1950's were.

For the play's teenage boppers of Rydell High, being seniors in 1959 means monster movie driveins, pajama parties, making-out in the backseat of a souped-up Chevy, and chugging Thunderbird with the gang, not worrying about getting cooties.

This musical comedy, still a hit on Broadway, gives its viewers more fun and less introspection than other productions, such as American Grafitti, riding the 50's nostalgia wave. Grease is high energy and irreverent; social comment is zilch and the bawdy humor never quits, except to be momentarily replaced by parody of prudery. Seeing this production makes you want to drag out your old 45's and put on your boppin' shoes.

era to life. The plot revolves around some real cool dudes — The Burger Palace Boys, and their boss chicks — The Pink Ladies. school yearbook photos, is backed by a collage of 1950's pictures, symbols and memorabilia. It is They're not really bad kids or easily transformed into the

Warsaw ensemble displays excellence

lence.

By TONY CECERE

Modern Polish music rarely appears on concert programs in America, yet two such pieces, plus two old standards comprised

Petrouchka changed the mediocre atmosphere. Maestro Rowicki approached the Stravinsky with a songlike concept: modern harmonies supported long and graceful melodic lines that passed between instruments without hitch. Sensitivity and grace were evident in the beautiful rendition of the flute cadenza. The trumpet and snare drum duet was absolutely perfect. The Tarantella, a short viva-

bers dutifully churned out oodles of musical noodles, to no positive result

Joni Mitchell: A versatile artist with 'superstar' aura

By DIANE LEVICK Arts Editor

No doubt about it. Joni Mitchell can boogie.

Touring for the first time with a jazz-boogie back-up band (Tom Scott and the L.A. Express), Joni 'knocked 'em dead'' at Hill Aud. -or at least into an admiring stupor - with her versatility Saturday night

Surrounded by the true "superstar" aura, she delivered her rousing rock and roll "Raised on Robbery" as well as her gentle but piercing dulcimer tunes. And then she was gone.

No press interviews. No backstage visits. Clutching a bouquet of red roses, Joni had barely a moment to greet well-wishers at Hill Auditorium's backdoor. A few words exchange with fans. An album signed.

Her road manager and entourage spirited her back to Campus

lace, a drive-in movie, or a hop

in the gym - all the scenes of

crucial events in a teenager's

The costuming is painfully au-

thentic, right down to the white

bucks and argyles of the school

clod. Practically every charac-

ter's costume change elicits

groans from the older members

of the audience remembering

how they used to look in pink

pedal pushers or leopardskin pat-

Under the direction of Tom

Moore, every move of the cast

is part of the familiar teenage

rebel stereotype epitomized by

James Dean, whose picture

stares down on the proceedings.

The importance of "maintaining

your cool" is also an integral

part of the good - natured cutting

down of friends in Grease's dia-

The music in Grease is genu-ine rock 'n' roll, worthy of the

hully - gully, hand jive or the

stroll. Songs like "Beauty School

Dropout", "It's Raining on Prom

Night" and "Mooning" are

choreographed with "shamefully

crass gestures" (as a cheerleader in Grease puts it) and blatant,

suggestive gyrations that banned

the photographing of "Elvis the

Pelvis" from the waist down on

An energetic, uninhibited cast

gave equally good performances

of the 1950's not so troubled,

good-times-rolling youth. Grease

is by far the funniest and most

enjoyable play I've seen in a

great while: dy-na-mite!

terned tuxedos.

logue.

television.

Inn on her private bus comfort- from For the Roses as "the first ably decked out with curtains and bar service. The plush livingroom style interior cost \$150,000 to remodel, according to one of

Joni's sound men. One wonders how much fame and fortune have changed Joni's view of her audience since the last time she played Ann Arbor in Canterbury House about five years ago.

See tomorrow's Arts Page for Kurt Harju's review of Joni Mitchell's new album.

Taking her privacy quite seriously these days, Joni now reveals herself only on record and onstage. Saturday night her most revealing and intense songs were those from her Blue album, accompanied only by her flowing dulcimer. The austerity of the music accented the powerful vocal on "A Case of You" as Joni flavored it with her characteristic bittersweetness.

Yet she played a mean acoustic rock guitar and made thorough use of open tunings which gave a full, lound sound. "Big Yellow Taxi," inspired by Joni's trip to touristy Hawaii, allowed Joni to do some of her own rocking and rolling without the backup band. Not bad for a woman who learned guitar from a Pete Seeger album.

It was only during her solo set that Joni talked to her audience, offering a few scraps of explanation to those interested in pinpointing her lyrics' meaning. She described a selection

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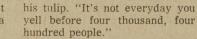
of many retirement songs . . . a farewell to show biz.

Humorously prefacing "People's Parties" from her new album Court and Spark, Joni told the audience of the party which provoked the acerbic treatment. The furniture was transparent, the food was transparent, and, said Joni, "I had the feeling that the people were transparent I felt like cellophane myself."

To some, Joni Mitchell is a fine singer whose lyrics never quite strike home, for her words suggest an unusually extreme fragility of spirt. But to others, her compositions are poetry - and not in the Rod McKuen sense -

bringing out the poet in all of us. Jamie Gibson (LSA, '75), for instance, attached a verse of his own song (inspired by Joni) to a red tulip and placed it hopefully onstage for the elusive singer Saturday night. Somehow Joni ei-, ther didn't see it or ignored it. "I couldn't stand it any long-

er," explains Gibson, who screamed out to Joni to look at



So Joni read his note silently and then giggled a "thank you, never relating the note's content to the curious audience. It was probably the last line that got to her. A verse concerning unattainable dreams, it concluded: "But I sure wish you'd come up here on the hill and stand beside me and be my queen." Quips Gibson, "Her next album

is going to be "For the Tulips."

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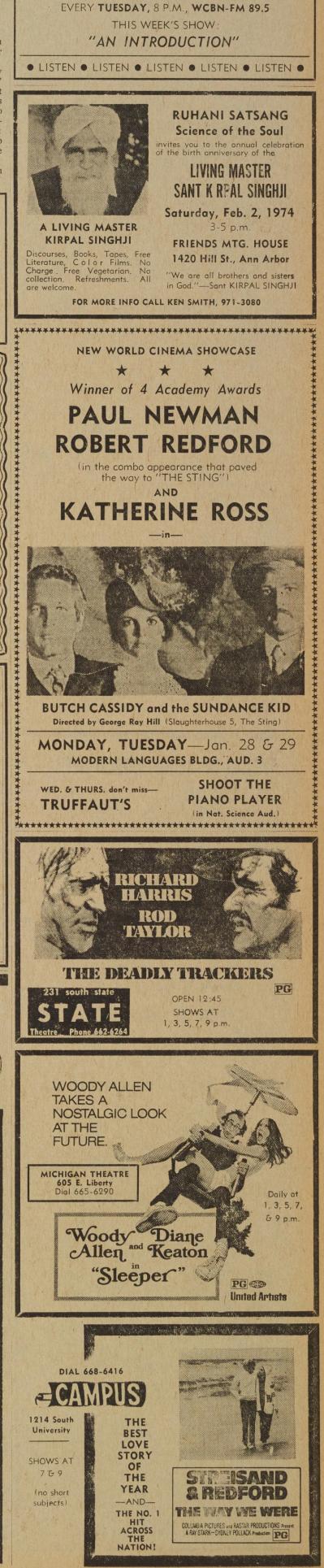
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WOMEN'S HOUR

THE

last Sunday's Warsaw National Philharmonic concert.

Witold Rowicki who founded the ensemble in 1950 directed it in Benjamin Britten's Les Illuminations for soprano and string orchestra, the Petrouchka Ballet Suite of Igor Stravinsky, the Concert Overture of Carol Szymanowski and Edward Boguslawski's Capriccioso Notturno.

The Concert Overture opened the program with a series of virile, romantic phrases reminiscent of Hollywood film scores and Richard Strauss. The brasses cut loose in this piece, playing loud passages throughout the piece. Maestro Rowicki gestured encouragingly to his players, resulting in a lyric reading

Stefania Woytowicz sang the soprano solo in the Britten work in a dissatisfying manner. Overdramatizing the vocal line with a fast, wide vibrato, Woytowicz lent an unwanted Wagnerian sound to these light, impressionistic pieces. In contrast, the orchestra supported her with a velvety string sound that suited the folksong quality of the work.

The Boguslawski work, a 1971 composition, was well executed, but the work did not live up to its title. Notes followed each other in illogical patterns, resulting in 10 minutes of musical mediocrity. Certain sections of the work were ad libbed and the orchestra mem-



cious work of Szymanowski, functioned as a fitting encore. Maestro Rowicki and his musicians displayed sensitivity to the vocal quality in all the pieces 2-3 p.m. performed. The Warsaw National Philharmonic proved itself to be an ensemble of uniform excel-

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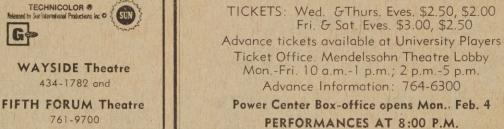
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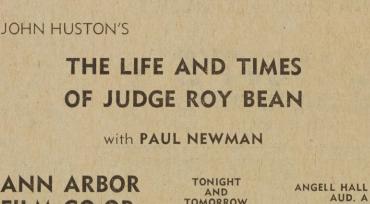
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the axis of eros by WALTER SPINK Schocken-\$10.00 our price-\$9.00 Walter Spink is professor of Eastern Art at U of M. Professor Spink will sign copies of his new book Saturday, Feb. 2,

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AND FILM CO-OP 7.69:30

ROBERT WEINE'S CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, 1919 at 6:30 Silent. (German, English titles). Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lili Dagover. Whoever fears heights should not see this horror film, with its fantastic expressionist settings and macabre plot. Surely one of the pioneer films of the horror genre and still capable of unsettling an audience. ************* IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PART I 7:45 & 9:30 1944-46. (Russian, English subtitles). Eisenstein died before completing his three part study of one of Russia's most powerful czars but the two parts that remain reveal him in complete mastery of the form. ARCHITECTURE TONIGHT

AND

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