

Summer Theatre Winterized

by nana m. greenwald

The Mount Holyoke College Summer Theatre has entertained summer residents in the community since 1970. Due to the warm reception of Summer Theatre by its audiences and the recognized need for a community-College liaison during the summers, the Trustees decided, in their November meeting, to subsidize Summer Theatre with a matching grant of \$3,000 for the 1973 season. The subsidy is a necessary part of the financial considerations of our coming season, but the College grant covers only one-half of the present deficit. The other half will be made by Summer Theatre itself and through the generous support of the community.

In order to make this 1973 season a successful financial venture, we have started early in our campaign to raise the necessary funds. The past members of Summer Theatre feel it is time to do their part to raise the money "for theatre and through theatre." We proudly announce the coming benefit production of *The Fantasticks*, music by Harvey Schmidt, book and lyrics by Tom Jones, the proceeds of which are to go to the Mount Holyoke College Summer Theatre. Fred Hampson, president of Industrial Chrome, and Bill Dwight, Jr., editor and associate publisher of the *Holyoke Transcript-Telegram*, have generously raised enough money to cover production costs. Michael Walker, a veteran of three summers with Mount Holyoke, is producer/director. Susan Buckley, '73, is Producer/Musical Director, and Bonnie Panson, '74, is choreographer.

The *Fantasticks* offers a unique opportunity in January to participate in theatre and in the community. Auditions for this musical comedy will be held on Friday, December 15, from 3:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. and from 7:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and on Saturday, December 16, from 9:30 A.M. to 12:00 noon in the Laboratory Theatre. They are open to anyone who is interested. For those who are unable to attend open auditions on the above dates, call (538)-4112 for an appointment.

Rehearsal dates are January 2-23. The production runs from January 24-26 in the Opera House adjacent to the Yankee Pedlar Inn and on February 2 in Chapin Auditorium.

We need your help. Come audition, and come support the theatre by attending the production. If you have never seen a Summer Theatre performance in the tent, by all means come to the Opera House or Chapin Auditorium and see our work in the winter!

Review: For The Roses

by holly hughes

Joni Mitchell's new album *For the Roses* creates a poignant picture of modern life, especially those aspects touching the experience of a woman and a musical performer. Many of her songs are intensely personal, reflecting a struggle for strength and independence as well as for love and beauty. The flowing imagery of her lyrics constructs this world, and the musical settings fill the portrait out.

It is perhaps needless to say much about the music itself—Joni Mitchell's tunes are generally unconventional and uncanny melodies which serve as a delicate vehicle for the rich lyrics. She has taste enough to keep the arrangements simple, to let the poetry shine through; usually a guitar or a piano carries the music, with drums and a bass guitar occasionally and light accents of woodwinds and reeds as she sings with a clear, high precision. Although she sometimes rushes and stuffs the lyrics into her tunes, these lines are still better sung than read, for the music somehow serves as a manipulator of moods, setting the tone and imposing a speed and emphasis upon the words.

A social comment, sometimes bitter, sometimes satirical, is expressed in the first songs on the album. "Barangrill" mocks the American lifestyle with wry humor in lines like "The guy at the gaspumps/He's got a lot of soul/He sings Merry Christmas for you/Just like Nat King Cole." "Banquet" hits a little harder, with its cry against

poverty in the midst of prosperity, where "Some get the gravy/And some get the gristle/Some get the marrow bone/And some get nothing/Though there's plenty to spare."

Most of the rest of the songs on the album, however, are torn out of Ms. Mitchell's own life experiences. As a musician, she can sympathize with the rock and roll singer in "Blonde in the Bleachers" to whom "it seems like you've gotta give up/Such a piece of your soul." Her cure, in "Judgement of the Moon and Stars (Ludwig's Tune)" is to "Strike every chord that you feel" even though "The gift goes on/In silence/In a bell jar/Still a song." The title song "For the Roses" compares "the days when you used to sit/And make up your tunes for love/And pour your simple sorrow/To the soundhole and your knee" to the present, when "Your name's in the news/Everything's first class—/The lights go down—/And it's just you up there/Getting them to feel like that."

But the special situation of a woman in this world seems to concern her even more. "You know I'm not after/A piece of your fortune/And your fame/Cause I've tasted mine" she explains in "See You Sometime," where she celebrates her independence—"I run in the woods/I spring from the boulders/Like a Mama lion." The attractions of home and security are admitted to in "Let the Wind Carry Me," when she says "Sometimes I get that feeling/And I want to settle/And raise a child up with somebody... But it passes like the summer/I'm a wild seed again."

The most heartfelt statement of a woman's situation is the song "Woman of Heart and Mind." Here she rages against a man who dares to "think I'm like your mother/Or another lover or your sister/Or the queen of your dreams/Or just another silly girl/When love makes a fool of me." She does need love, but not on the man's terms—"I'm looking for affection and respect/A little passion/And you want stimulation — nothing more."

In "Electricity," where the two electrical charges represent man (Minus) and woman (Plus), love "conducts little charges/That don't get charged back," except for the times when "The lines overloaded/And the sparks started flying." Either way, Joni Mitchell seems to see that peace can only be found by being "Out of touch with the breakdown/Of this century." Yet she cannot find that peace, for she still feels acutely the loneliness of the American dream and particularly the fetters of being a woman.

arts Bewitching

by suzanne beck



The Laboratory Theatre Production of "The Lady's Not for Burning" was a glorious revel in language and philosophy, a truly funny and well played comedy, and a tender tale of love and human fallibility.

An accused witch (Marcia Bresslour) takes refuge in the mayor's house where two people, Thomas Mendip, a discharged soldier who wants to be hanged, and Alizon Eliot, the fiancée of the mayor's nephew, are already waiting. The house is a bit at odds on this day more or less in the fifteenth century because the mayor's nephew Nicolas, played by George Dash, has just tried to kill his brother Humphrey, Alizon's betrothed, in order to win the girl for himself. In the witch hunt that follows, Thomas Mendip tries to pass himself off as the devil.

Michael Walker as Thomas was alternately the wisecracking rosebud "just nodding in," the play's most sensitive witness of the world's beauty, and a man too aware of his own wickedness, a Stoic, a Hamlet, a Sartre. He spoke the beautiful verse as though it were his everyday language, and he moved with the swash of an Elizabethan highway-

man. His decision to live at the play's conclusion is a choice of imperfect love, of continuance in spite of the inevitable chaos and meaninglessness of life.

Playing opposite him, Marcia presented convincingly although somewhat self-consciously the lovely realist whose attachment to the things of this world persuades Mendip to live, even as his love of the ideal infuses her.

Not only Marcia and Michael but each of the other members of the cast performed with skill and charm and timing so consistently fine it must be the effect of the unifying hand of Mr. Cavanaugh. Humphrey's smug chauvinism (played with just the proper degree of handsome bastardy by Keith LaRiviere) was well contrasted with George Dash's perfectly timed and noisy conceit. Carole LaMond as Alizon and Rory Johnson as Richard were both innocent and touching. BeeBee Horowitz as the frantic mother, moving always too quickly to think, showed stage presence and a solid ability with character parts. The Mayor and Tapperroom were bastions of blind justice, and Robert Murphy as both the chaplain and drunk Skipps showed persaps the greatest skill at comedy of the many fine character performances.

This is my last review as Art Editor, and I am glad it is of a play I can praise wholeheartedly. I know I have been very critical in the past, but it is because I believe Lab Theatre is capable of a very high standard of performance, higher than most college theatres, and to be content with less would be to cheat both the performers and the community. This production of "The Lady's Not for Burning" comes close to that standard. It was a pleasure to see, and I hope the Lab Theatre will continue striving to provide the College with such fine fare.



First Impressions

by suzanne beck

I went to hear Denise Levertov read tonight, afraid that I might be in for an evening of political rhetoric strewn with unoriginal corpses and ketchup blood. But I heard a gentle woman who tries to capture mystery in her verse and is so in love with the slant of light and the fragile world that contains that mystery that she must protest its destruction by that most insensitive and brutal of man's activities, war. She is a poet mature enough in her craft to explore less compressed forms although perhaps not always completely successfully. It is probably as difficult for her as it is for us to judge poems so emotionally connected with recent events, but some distinctions can be made between the first and last of the poems she read. Both were anti-war, but from the first I cannot remember a single striking image. It merges in my mind with endless songs of camaraderie I have heard in the endless demonstrations of the past few years. From the final poem however I remember that image of the Vietnam light and the mud-daubed hut of the crippled girl. Perhaps these things will last until the time when Vietnam can be considered safely as an image and not as a challenge.

Reading along with Ms. Levertov were three younger writers, Jan Whitted, Mark Pawlak, and Richard Edelman. The work of the first two is as yet rough. While there were some memorable images, their work is not disciplined. They are still trying to understand their families, not to recognize them as images of larger themes. Mark Pawlak needed to trim and revise and perhaps to question the effectiveness of too often heard phrases. Jan Whitted needed to expand to release her fancy. Richard Edelman read a long poem, "The Wedding Feast," which explored belief in revolution through the lives of three generations. I believe the poem was valid, but it was more too. It was a piece of America, a miniature of Dos Passos' USA, a less ecstatic Whitman. It was not all a poem can be, but there are many works that are far less. It was involving, dramatic, and a statement in images of a complex feeling concerning the perfectability of man.

I thank Ms. Levertov and the English Department for letting us hear these poets, and I thank Ms. Levertov particularly for her gentleness, a quality too rare in these times.

Social News

Who says Santa can't be a lady? A progressive institution, Mount Holyoke will have its first woman Santa this year in MacGregor. Thursday night is the night for parties in all the dorms, and there will be many faculty fellows appearing on the scene with a 'ho, ho, ho.' Who is the mysterious woman Santa? Find out tomorrow!

CMI has really gotten into the spirit of things as Thursday's "Dinner with Dickens" shows:

- Wassail Punch
- Olde English Pea Soup with Bacon
- Roast Christmas Goose
- Mrs. Cratchett's Nut Dressing
- Tiny Tim's Gravy
- Spiced Apple Sauce
- Morley's Plum Pudding
- Fresh Fruit
- East China Tea
- Colombian Coffee