

theatre...

"Anger" opens at Charles

Talking Rock

By Steve Grant

The Charles Theatre initiated its fifth season with last Thursday night's production of "Look Back in Anger", a play in three acts by John Osborne. The play concerns itself in O'Neill-like fashion with the conflict between conventional social apathy, and the radical thinking of an ever increasing segment in our society - the dissident young.

Osborne has successfully focused this struggle as a personal conflict between three people: Jimmy Porter, his wife Alison, and a mutual friend, Cliff. Together they sandwich a precarious existence into a run-down, two-room flat. Jimmy strikes out constantly at the other two in an attempt to stir them from their complacency. "Why don't we have a game?" he remarks sardonically. "Let's pretend that we're human beings, that we're really alive."

His motives at first appear sadistic, believably cruel and unfair. He seems to be bent upon the complete humiliation of Alison and all that she stands for. But Jimmy is a member of a serious minority who believe that "to come angry is to care". It is necessary to make people realize suffering to open their eyes. In a sad, eloquent monologue, he reveals his sensitivity to the anguish of life by relating the childhood experience of his father's death. "One of us is mean and stupid and crazy. Which is it? Is it me standing here like an hysterical girl, hardly able to get my words out? Or is it her? Sitting there, sitting on her shoes ... with the silence?"

The play, surprisingly, is a story not of vindictiveness, but of love. A

poignant, fresh look at precious human relationships. And so it remains for Alison to suffer; she must shed her distasteful upperclass apathy in real personal sacrifice before Jimmy can accept her.

The final scene of reconciliation is one of subtle beauty. It embodies the ultimate expression of that sad, proud reaction on the part of sensitive individuals to "the cruel steel traps" of society; and to the mutual needs of their quixotic celebration of life.

Breaking away this year from the limitations of a resident company, producer Frank Sugrue has imported a talented crop of young actors and an experienced director of Osborne from the New York scene, solely for performances of "Look Back in Anger". Despite his frequent verbal

contortions and a gross over play of stage business, Marion Killinger is able when necessary to concentrate his considerable talents in the difficult role of Jimmy. Kevin Conway gives a convincing performance in his role as Cliff, the "no man's land" between Jimmy and Alison. And the sensitive interpretation of Alison by Karen Grassle is virtually flawless. Janet Sarno is effective as the sexy, calculating female snob who temporarily captivates Jimmy.

Jon Jory, directing his first play for the Charles, apparently is not fully aware of the precious intimacy between actors and audience that the theatre is capable of providing. As a consequence, the viewer is often battered where playwright Osborne would have him absorbed in the imbalance of the play's conflict.

Let's not knock the Velvet Underground too hard. After all, they are a pretty good "realization of all their intentions." But what are those intentions, and are they worth people's attention? The Velvet Underground played two sets this past Friday and Saturday night at the Boston Tea Party. They were recruited by Andy Warhol, the "pop kulch" prodigy of our time, and they sound like it, too. Jim Stone, '69, compares listening to them to "looking at a Campbell's soup can in an art gallery." In other words, they are amusing at first, titillating as time goes on, and merely a bore after a while.

The VU, like everybody else, draw heavily from the Byrd's stylebook - an all-encompassing 12-string lead, and an

overall sound that drives like mad without really going anywhere. But whereas this type of sound is a matter of form with the Byrds, the VU merely plays a gimmick to death. They're a tremendous yuk when taken in small doses - listen to "The Gift" from "White Light/White Heat". But if you try to listen to a whole album of this, you may fall asleep. Most displeasure with a VU performance, therefore, is going to be due to programming them to appear in a time slot longer than fifteen minutes. Less than that, they're a panic.

Part of the VU's problems can be analyzed by watching Maureen Tucker (an honest-to-goodness chick playing percussion - do you believe it?). She plays almost like she's never seen a drum set before, and it's a riot. She's actually got the nerve to try to sound naive in front of a paying, consuming audience. This put-on, and the VU's entire put-on approach, only surfeit one's appetite for musical humor after a while, however.

Somehow, their closing number, "Heroin", managed to dispel yawns. The alternate accelerating tempo created unbelievable tension in place of the previous grins. It was the only song they ever did that I'd care to hear more than five times.

If the Underground can't be taken seriously, they are at least worth a chuckle. Honors for "their best song yet" would have to go to "The Gift", the story of a young man whose unrequited love leads him to mail himself in a package to the girl. In stereo, this song has the band playing a delightfully bland hard-rock nonsense spiel out of one speaker, and Lou Reed, who wrote the song, telling the story in straightforward narrative fashion out of the other.

Some notes on the new Jefferson Airplane album 'Crown of Creation' which were crowded out of last Tuesday's The Tech: although Marty Balin is obviously the member of the group whose songs and singing have the most rapport with an audience, Marty himself is rather quiet and withdrawn in conversation with strangers. Paul Kantner, on the other hand, who is as open and friendly a person as you could hope to meet, doesn't reflect this warmth in his songs. As a result, Marty's "If You Feel" is one of the highlights of "Crown of Creation", along with Grace's three songs. Paul's songs, and those of Jorma Kaukonen, are cacophonous discontinuities in comparison. It's a difficult paradox to explain.

folk...

Hedge and Donna outstanding at Unicorn

By Randy Hawthorne

There is a pleasant surprise at the Unicorn Coffeehouse these days. A folk duo calling themselves Hedge and Donna. Their music is in the "new folk" of the duo is Donna, a fine sensitive bag, the idiom used by Tim Buckley, young singer in her own right, and the Richie Havens, Tim Hardin et al. In fact, combination of their voices adds a quality to their singing which is their greatest drawback. When Hedge comes out - unkempt hair, thin, almost wispy, twelve string guitar in hand - the resemblance to Tim Buckley is uncanny. Furthering this is the curious fact that their conga drummer was Carter C.C.

Collins who formerly(?) played with... Tim Buckley. But, it is at this point that they come into their own. The other half of the duo is Donna, a fine sensitive young singer in her own right, and the combination of their voices adds a quality to their singing which is their greatest drawback. When Hedge comes out - unkempt hair, thin, almost wispy, twelve string guitar in hand - the resemblance to Tim Buckley is uncanny. Furthering this is the curious fact that their conga drummer was Carter C.C.

Synthesis of sound

The music is contemporary. The style changes; be it uptempo and driving or gentle and swaying, intense and biting or happy and funny. The moods change not only from song to song but oftentimes

within the same number, as they achieve a synthesis of sounds both instrumental and vocal. Their voices do more than sing the words (and excellent the words may seem). Even without the words it would be easy to identify the emotions expressed, whether they are singing together or complementing and harmonizing with one another. Each song has its own distinctiveness whether it is Donna Singing "Four Women", a moving comment on the stereotyped opinions of our society, or the two of them doing "Wings" the only Buckley number of the night.

Although the vocals are in the limelight, the instrumental backing is outstanding in its own right. With the subtle electric bass of Arnold Moore and the always amazing congas of the aforementioned Carter C. C. Collins set behind Hedge's own 12-string, the instruments couple with the vocals to provide the unity necessary to an already outstanding performance.

Rapport

They can take a song, be it traditional folk, blues, or gospel and through their handling communicate its message to an audience. They share their songs, "you must know the words by now, come on sing," until the audience is caught up with them and what they're feeling. Because that is important. Otherwise why stop when someone in the back starts mumbling, or when the mikes aren't quite right. When someone takes the time to care about what they do, maybe they should be heard... at the Unicorn... until next Sunday.

movies...

"Rachel" captivates screen

By Pete Lindner

Undoubtedly, you have already glanced at some review of "Rachel, Rachel" and know by now that the movie is worth watching. To read much more about it just might detract from its charm and freshness. However, some facets of the movie are noted before seeing it at the Music Hall. That Rachel and her mother seem to switch identities in a child-parent relationship is an interesting phenomenon. This would only be obvious at the end, if the viewer were not alerted at the outset. This character study of a 35-year-old spinster, "Rachel" does have some flaws, notably its superficial sentimentality. What the movie does contain at times are moments when it is easy to feel some empathy and, I am sure for many, a degree of identification.

Joanne Woodward, as Rachel, imparts to the movie a dynamic lift that might not have resulted from less skillful person. She carries the awkwardness of the middle-aged school teacher with a great deal of naturalness. Her foil is another unmarried woman; a pleasantly plump, vibrant teacher who has adapted herself to a solitary life, accepting a revivalist religious sect as her zeal in life and adopting lesbian tendencies as a substitute for more meaningful relationships (although the latter contention is somewhat untenable, considering the closely intertwined natures of cause and effect). Rachel however cannot follow either of these roads and, with her naive sense of romanticism, falls in love with an acquaintance of her youth whom she "bumps into" one day. By hoping that her luck will continue to improve, Rachel sets herself up for the inevitable disappointment as her lover leaves after his fling.

Paul Newman, as director, handles the storyline well. Throughout the film, flashbacks and enactments of Rachel's thoughts provide a surrealistic quality to an otherwise quite conventional treatment.

Mike Devorkin

(Continued from Page 4)

circumstance curtail it because of possible criticism. There is no substitute for victory in South Vietnam."

Q: What about a negotiated settlement?

"There is no reasonable possibility of a negotiated settlement.

Further discussion... delays the end of the war by simply encouraging the enemy that we are begging for peace. We'll never let the flag down, you can be sure of that."

Q: That is most reassuring. Now in closing this frank and open discussion of the crucial issues of our time, Mr. Nixon, could you

give us a final summary of your best judgment on Vietnam?

"It's not worth killing American boys to have Vietnam have free elections."

Q: Thank you, Mr. Nixon. I hope we haven't been too tough on you.

"When we're elected, we'll take care of people like you! Okay, boys, throw him out!"

(To protect the credibility of this column, this reporter reminds the reader that Mr. Nixon's statements are direct quotes taken from *The Almanac of Poor Richard Nixon* The World Publishing Company, 1968)

Forty films at awards festival

(Continued from Page 6)

here at all.

Czech Allegory

In sharp contrast was the winner of the geography category, "Stone of Men." To portray the problems and primitive methods of Afganistan's farmers, it creates one specific example, and holds one's interest despite a much less interesting topic. And, for once, there is no happy ending. It was followed by "Lay My Burden Down," a conventional and fairly well made documentary on southern Negro tenant farmers. Strangely, they seemed to have many problems in common with Afgan farmers.

An interesting Czech animated short, "The Hand," is an allegory on the treatment of the artist by a totalitarian regime. While he is alive, his work is interrupted, and he is forced to do as the rulers wish; when he dies, they praise him, and take credit for his work.

HARVARD SQ. UN 4-4080

Last times today.
"ELVIRA MADIGAN"
3:15, 6:30, 9:50
"THE AFRICAN QUEEN"
1:30, 4:45, 8:00
Starting Wednesday
Jean-Luc Godard's
"LA CHINOISE"

BRATTLE SQ. TR 6-4226

Last times today.
"THE GOOD SOLDIER
SCHWEIK"
Wednesday through Saturday
"MORGAN"
Shows daily 5:30, 7:30, 9:30

Tech Show
Immediate-authors needed
also others-contact Ginz
742-1298 or x4426

THE UNIVERSAL PARTY

will hold a meeting for the voting public at Little America Motel, Salt Lake City, on the subject of:

WHY IS THE AMERICAN VOTER AND TAXPAYER ALWAYS A SUCKER?

Listen to the Party leaders explain why under the present two-party system there will never be a change for the better - but higher taxes and more wars to come. Must voter apathy and tough Statutes be broken to give more new Parties a chance to spread out control from a few to the people themselves?

The meeting will commence at 8 p.m. in the basement meeting room on Sunday, July 28.

Write for the Party platform and results of the Denver Convention in March for President and Vice President: c/o Headquarters, P.O. Box 516, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

Paid Political Advertisement by The Universal Party, John W. Hopkins, Chairman, National Committee.