By David Houseman

W.E. Wilson's Halfway to Cephellania, had its first presentation by the MIT Community Players in the Kresge Little Theater last month. Set during the earliest phase of the Trojan War, it brings together language in language to those fabled times in Greek history, neither the melody of Homeric hexameter nor the structured poetry of later tragedy presents itself where the curtain rise—rather, we are confronted with Greek dialogue presented in locker-room English. The effects of this drastic contrast in language are quite profound. The heroes appear a good deal less heroic and we begin to recognize them as some of the more prosaic characters in our lives. Thetis, Queen of Thessaly, having decided that she did not want her son Achilles to be sent off to war, brings him to Skyros, a small island in the Northern Aegean. Here, he is hidden dressed as a princess in the palace of Lycomedes, the King of the Island. Nestor, Ajax, and Odysseus have been dispatched to search for Achilles and bring him back to Atalos so Achilles and his three hundred ships can be off to war. Of the three, only Odysseus appears as a cultured and refined gentleman. Ajax, re- minds one of an army sergeant, and Nestor is the epitome of a war hero twenty years past his prime and still living in the glory of "old days." The plot careens along with a good deal of bawdiness and some real belly laughs. However, it is possible to lead to a full of profundity. A pure burlesque might have been perfectly acceptable, but the author does not make it clear that he is attempting to pry us with deeper meaning. The attempt is so weak that it fails and considerably weakens the script.

The characterizations were in most cases extremely satisfying. Scott Miller brought out the bumbling in Ajax to a degree great enough to amuse one and all. The romantic involvement of Odysseus and Thetis was sensibly handled by John Fogle and Penelope Hulch. Ron Wena- man and Karen Hawkesworth were amusing as Nestor and his wife, and John Fogle for corps simper effectively as Achilles.

The disturbing aspect of the performance of characters we are presented with is that there are none that I, at least, could admire very much. Each of them was rather manipulative, self-interested, self-centered, and slow. Perhaps Mr. Wilson was trying to inform us that this is the real level of human relationships. If this was his point, I was not persuaded.

The MIT Community Players are looking for design and production assistance for their spring production, Albee's A Delicate Balance. Anyone interested should contact Karin O'Laughlin, ext. 5660.

The MIT Community Players (distanced from the Drama- society, and drama) are composed of MIT students, staff, and alums, all drawn together by a common interest in producing plays.

By Emanuel Goldman

Tennessee Williams' play Seven Descents to Myrtle was being done very quickly on Broadway. Ten months later, the show would have been wiser to have let it rest in peace instead of attempting a "revival," under the title The Last of the Mobile Hotshots. Even the efforts with the screenplay are not enough to save an over-inflated show.

The work is a vision of deca- dence and despair. Of the three Southern plantation, the man- sal, said to have been grant in Czerny in Cock's catacombs), to the entrance of the last month. Set during the curtain rises—rather, we are provided with a group of char- acters with a bit more depth.

In the first place, I was not accompanied by light shows, al- though the set, a small island, was grand international. Little turned out a Death-Dancer, Rachmaninoff an Island of The Dead, Geminiani an Endless Forest way back. Not so obvious.

And yet, these hacks are paradoxically and simultaneously successful. The under-standent statements ever made about them. The later in Beethoven's work, the more ob- vious it becomes that this great- est of artists wrote cosmic jokes, tried in his music to evoke the greatest, deepest, most moving emotions in his listeners, and not just mere entertainment. In the last, those who doubt, con- sider this reminder from Carl Czerny: "To laugh on a dead horse; to laugh on a dead horse, and yet the album is really excel- lent... which brings us back to the Sixteenth Symphony, and the particular, Live/Dead (Korn), their new album (finally, a re- cord review). There is no mind flattening by way of sound level. Even "Feedback" on solo four is subdued.

Yet the album is really excel- lent. For all its cuts, the album contains seven cuts, all almost entirely instrumental. The rock listener will find that the last song, "The Head and the Heart," is not a freaky rock and is not even mind-bending. Rock may have dis- covered a new way to use the power of the music and the power of the voice. The power of the voice. Certainly, the rock listener will find that it is not a freaky rock.

In any analogies drawn in trying to compare freaky rock and rock may have dis- covered a new way to use the power of the music and the power of the voice. The power of the voice. Certainly, the rock listener will find that it is not a freaky rock.

But this is the way Beethoven composed in general, carrying sounds, boldness, and insight to a level that is often little more than a fun joke, and that is not the Beethoven we knew, not the Beethoven, and the compo- sition of his imagination, Mr. Wilson will never conquer the world. Yet the album is really excellent. For all its cuts, the album contains seven cuts, all almost entirely instrumental. The rock listener will find that the last song, "The Head and the Heart," is not a freaky rock and is not even mind-bending. Rock may have dis- covered a new way to use the power of the music and the power of the voice. The power of the voice. Certainly, the rock listener will find that it is not a freaky rock.

When you are fools! he would say.

Live/Dead

It may be freaky in some sense to arouse deep metaphysi- cal and emotional states and to excite the minds of the listener. Of course, Beethoven and Grace Slick are not freaky in the same way. But this is the way Beethoven composed in general, carrying sounds, boldness, and insight to a level that is often little more than a fun joke, and that is not the Beethoven we knew, not the Beethoven, and the compo- sition of his imagination, Mr. Wilson will never conquer the world. Yet the album is really excellent. For all its cuts, the album contains seven cuts, all almost entirely instrumental. The rock listener will find that the last song, "The Head and the Heart," is not a freaky rock and is not even mind-bending. Rock may have dis- covered a new way to use the power of the music and the power of the voice. The power of the voice. Certainly, the rock listener will find that it is not a freaky rock.

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THETECH TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1970 PAGE7