

**THE MIT COMMUNITY PLAYERS**

**PRESENT:**

# **QUINTESSENTIAL COMEDIES**

**AN EVENING OF SHORT ONE-ACTS**

THE  
MIDLIFE  
CRISIS  
OF  
DIONYSUS  
by  
Garrison  
Keillor

FOREPLAY,  
OR  
THE ART  
OF THE  
FUGUE  
by  
David  
Ives

LINES  
COMPOSED  
A FEW MILES  
ABOVE  
TINTERN  
ABBEY,  
PART II  
by  
Jonathan  
Reynolds

THE  
MICE  
HAVE  
BEEN  
DRINKING  
AGAIN  
by  
Cleve  
Haubold

WORDS,  
WORDS,  
WORDS  
by  
David  
Ives

**THURSDAY-SATURDAY, AUGUST 8-10, 1996**  
**KRESGE LITTLE THEATRE ON THE MIT CAMPUS**

# THE PLAYS



## The Midlife Crisis of Dionysus

by Garrison Keillor

Directed by Yael Agi

<i>Dionysus</i> .....	Mark Simonoff
<i>Ariadne</i> .....	Julie Terrell
<i>Nymph</i> .....	Susan Ruff
<i>Gladys</i> .....	Marion Leeds Carroll (S)
<i>Guy</i> .....	Randy Weinstein (G)

**The Midlife Crisis of Dionysus** © 1993 by Garrison Keillor.

From *The Book of Guys* by Garrison Keillor. Published by Viking Penguin, Inc.



## Foreplay, or the Art of the Fugue

by David Ives

Directed by James Carroll (A)

<i>Chuck</i> .....	Kevin Cunningham (A)
<i>Amy</i> .....	Stephanie V. Gellar (A)
<i>Chuck II</i> .....	Eric Lindblad (G)
<i>Annie</i> .....	Beth Jobes (S)
<i>Chuck III</i> .....	Peter Floyd (A/S)
<i>Alma</i> .....	Karen Mueller-Harder (S)



Produced by special arrangement with Dramatists' Play Service.



**Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey, Part II  
or How We Got *America's Most Wanted*  
and *The New York Post***

by Jonathan Reynolds

Directed by Alice Waugh (S)



<i>Lady Murdoch</i> .....	Julie Terrell
<i>Sir Keith Murdoch</i> .....	Greg Tucker (S)
<i>Rupert</i> .....	Ben Dubrovsky (A)
<i>Nigel</i> .....	Eric Lindblad (G)
<i>Andrew</i> .....	Webb Wilcoxon
<i>Mrs. Fairchilderdern</i> .....	Marion Leeds Carroll (S)
<i>Matriciana</i> .....	Alice Waugh (S)



Setting: *Australia, 1938*



— ***Intermission*** —

*Refreshments will be available in the lobby.*

# The Mice Have Been Drinking Again

by Cleve Haubold

Directed by Janni Moselsky-Hansen (S)

*Julie* ..... Anne Sechrest (affil)  
*Jerry* ..... Randy Weinstein (G)  
*Roxanne* ..... Stephanie V. Gellar (A/S)  
*Harold* ..... Sanjay Pahuja (G)



Produced by special arrangement with Baker's Plays, Boston, MA.



# Words, Words, Words

by David Ives

Directed by Peter Floyd (A/S)

*Swift*..... Ben Dubrovsky (A)  
*Milton* ..... Mark Simonoff  
*Kafka* ..... Karen Mueller-Harder (S)



Produced by special arrangement with Dramatists' Play Service.



# THE CREW

Producer.....	Karen Mueller-Harder (G)
Set Design.....	John van der Meer (A)
Costume Design.....	Anna Socrates Melissa Manolis (S)
Lighting Design .....	Michael Schneider (G) John van der Meer (A)
Sound Design.....	Vanessa Thomas ('98)



Stage Managers.....	Melissa Manolis (S) Janni Moselsky-Hansen (S) Erica Klempner (G)
Makeup/Hair Design.....	Anna Socrates
Props Coordinator .....	Karen Mueller-Harder (S)
Costume Assistant .....	Stephanie V. Gellar (A/S)
Publicity Coordinator .....	Beth Jobes (S)
Ad Coordinator .....	Eric Lindblad (G) Anne Sechrest (affil)
Program .....	Kevin Cunningham (A/S)
Graphic Design .....	Aaron Seidman (A/affil)
Drop Poster .....	Beth Jobes (S) Yael Agi
House Manager.....	Archie Roberts (A) Natalia Fuentes ('9?) Brian Young ('98)
Set/Lighting Crew .....	John van der Meer (A) Michael Schneider (G) Aaron Seidman (A/affil) Erica Klempner (G) Melissa Manolis (S) <i>and the casts &amp; directors</i>

*(“S” indicates MIT staff member, “G” indicates graduate student, “A” indicates alumnus, and “affil” indicates affiliated with a member of the MIT community).*

## ABOUT THE CAST AND CREW

**Yael Agi** (director, *Dionysus*) joined the MITCP as stage manager for last fall's production of *Holiday*. This summer, she is very pleased to come back to directing after a two years break, working with the wonderful team of *Dionysus*.

**James Carroll** (director, *Foreplay*) has appeared successively in MITCP productions as a butler, a bank president and The Prince of Darkness; his role in the present production was therefore inevitable. At the conclusion of each performance, he will be available to part seas and give staging notes.

**Kevin Cunningham** (Chuck) played Johnny Case in MITCP's production of *Holiday*.

**Ben Dubrovsky** (Rupert; Swift) continues his MITCP traditions of creating random literature (Tristan Tzara, *Travesties*) and using outrageous accents (Nick Potter, *Holiday*).

**Peter Floyd** (Chuck III; director, *Words*). List of shows previously done with the group. Light-hearted description of experiences as a first-time director. Clever in-joke about the show that only the cast will get. Self-consciously *non-sequitur* final sentence that attempts to be amusing but fails.

**Stephanie V. Gellar** (Amy; Roxanne) has dabbled in acting and costume design in several productions at MIT and off campus. By day she has been known to stare intently at computer screens creating diagrams for 1 and designing databases. This is her first time working with the MIT Community Players and she is (to quote her character Amy in *Foreplay*) "having a very good time."



**Beth Jobs** (Annie; publicity) is making a rare appearance on stage—usually she's behind the scenes set painting, house managing, producing, or just kibitzing. When not assisting MITCP, she works at the MIT Libraries and attends graduate school at Simmons. She considers her part in this production her "15 minutes of fame."

**Marion Leeds Carroll** (Gladys; Mrs. Fairchilderdern) has spent most of the past decade directing Gilbert & Sullivan at MIT and elsewhere. Before that, she sang G&S and opera in NYC and elsewhere. This summer she is amazed to find herself a) on stage b) without music. Where's the safety net?!

**Eric Lindblad** (Chuck II; Nigel) has previously appeared in MITCP productions of *Holiday* and *A Bright Room Called Day*. He also played Geoffrey in the Musical Theatre Guild's 1996 spring production of *Something's Afoot*, but his finest dramatic moment occurred when he recently made Anne Sechrest an MIT affiliate.

**Janni Moselsky-Hansen** (director, *Mice*; stage manager) joined MITCP last year as Susan Potter in *Holiday* and Gotchling in *A Bright Room Called Day*. As a half-time staffer at the Parsons Lab, this allows time to work on her book and volunteer as a tutor in reading to third-graders.

**Karen Mueller-Harder** (Alma; Kafka; producer) has been active with MITCP since its revival 2 years ago, directing *Holiday* and *Actor's Nightmare*, playing Nadya in *Travesties*, working behind the scenes in one way or another in every

production, and serving as the group's president until this spring. She really enjoys playing characters she does not resemble.

**Sanjay Pahuja** (Harold) loves to do funky roles. He has been seen playing "the Graduate Student" in *MIT*.



**Susan Ruff** (Nymph) was last seen on the stage as Viola in MITCP's *Twelfth Night*. Before that she chorussed and built sets with MITG&SP (*Princess Ida* through *Ruddigore*) and was the old maid character in *Baker's Wife* with Theater Guild. She sings with the Harmonic Convergence, an *a capella* singing group specializing in popular songs of this century. She also enjoys rock climbing, English and Scottish Country dancing, and hiking. In her free time she edits high school math text books in the hopes that someday people will no longer say, "You do math? Ugh, I hated that!"

**Michael Schneider** (lighting design, set crew) is a 2nd-year graduate student in the EECS department. He designed the lights for the fall 1994 Dramashop One Acts and has been gradually increasing his involvement with MITCP over the past year.

**Anne Sechrest** (Julie) is making her second appearance with the MIT Community Players. She was last seen as Die Alte in Tony Kushner's *A Bright Room Called Day*. She is currently studying acting with Stan Edelson.

**Aaron Seidman** (graphic design, set crew), an MIT alumnus and Principal of Imaginative Illustration (<http://world.std.com/~seidman/image.html>), contributes his design skills from time to time to the Community Players.

**Mark Simonoff** (Dionysus; Milton) is happy to make his MITC He is an attorney in his other life.

**Julie Terrell** (Ariadne; Lady Murdoch) is making her second appearance with MITCP, her first being in *Third Person*.

**Greg Tucker** (Sir Keith Murdoch) recently moved to the area from Pennsylvania. This is his first appearance with MITCP.



**Vanessa Thomas** (sound design) is a Course 12 (Earth, Atmospheric and Planetary Sciences) undergraduate from Lansing, Michigan. She got involved in theater through MIT Dramashop and this is her second MITCP experience.

**Alice Waugh** (Matriciana; director, *Tintern Abbey*) is enjoying ordering actors around after appearing in MITCP productions as Judith Bliss in *Hay Fever* and Laura Cram in *Holiday*. She is staff writer and assistant editor of MIT's own newspaper, Tech Talk.

**Randy Weinstein** (Guy, Jerry) made his last appearance with MITCP as Sandy Tyrell in *Hay Fever*. He now gets to play a satyr, doctor, oil clerk, Zeus, narrator, and an employee in a stuffy bookstore. In his spare time he is a grad student in ChemE who one day hopes to escape the basement of Building 66 and join the real world. If you want to go hiking, camping, or skiing, just let him know.

**Webb Wilcoxon** (Andrew) is a Cambridge-based filmmaker and writer. This is his first appearance with MITCP.

# SPECIAL THANKS

Garrison Keillor

Route 1 Golf and Baseball Park, for the loan of the putters

Mike McCarthy and the MIT Property Office

Paul Linton

Tina Trager, Alice Wu, Derrick Barnes, Rose Needham, Billy Yorston, Joanne Katz  
and Peter Cummings of the Campus Activities Complex

Professor Harry Hemond and Sheila Frankel, director and assistant director of the  
Parsons Lab, for use of the lab for rehearsals and prop storage.

Lynn Heinemann and the Office of the Arts

The MIT Musical Theatre Guild

MIT Gilbert and Sullivan Players

Lisa Gibalerio

Bianca Bova

Imaginative Illustration



## ABOUT THE COMMUNITY PLAYERS

The MIT Community Players is a group of MIT staff, students, alumni/ae, and other interested people who produce a fall and spring show at MIT each year, as well as summer events. We're always looking for people interested in participating on stage and in positions including director, producer, designer, publicity and house management staff, technical staff and stage crew. We're happy to have experienced people looking for a good opportunity to use their creative and technical skills, and we also welcome people with little or no experience, both those interested in being an apprentice or assistant to a certain position, or just helping out for a few hours.

If you'd like to get involved with MITCP, receive e-mail mailings, or send us a comment or question, send e-mail to [mitcp-info@mit.edu](mailto:mitcp-info@mit.edu) or call 253-2530 and leave a message.

### **Open Script Readings for our December Production**

*August 13, 20, 27, and September 3*

*Thursdays at 7pm in MIT Room 10-280*

Please join us for open readings of some of the plays under consideration for our December production. We'll read a different play each Thursday as the summer winds down. Come and take a role, or just listen. This is a great way to become involved with the Community Players—or just have a fun evening!



for those of you who absolutely must know...

"Lines, composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798" by *William Wordsworth*

Five years have past; five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
With a soft inland murmur. Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my purer mind  
With tranquil restoration: -- feelings, too,  
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened: -- that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on, --  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this  
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft --  
In darkness and amid the many shapés  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart --  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye! thou wandered thro' the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again:  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
Fur future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. for nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all. -- I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. -- That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts  
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth: of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear -- both what they half create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
Suffer my genial spirit to decay:  
For thou art with me here upon the banks  
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
To blow against thee: and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance --  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence -- wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together: and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
Unwearing in that service: rather say  
With warmer love -- oh! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!



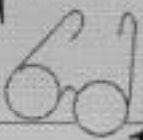
**Infinite-Monkey Theorem**, n. "If you put an infinite number of monkeys at typewriters, eventually one will bash out the script for Hamlet." (One may also hypothesize a small number of monkeys and a very long period of time.)

This theorem asserts nothing about the intelligence of the one random monkey that eventually comes up with the script (and note that the mob will also type out all the possible *incorrect* versions of Hamlet). ...The implication is that, with enough resources thrown at it, any technical challenge becomes a one-banana problem.

This theorem was first popularized by the astronomer Sir Arthur Eddington. It became part of the idiom of through the classic short story "Inflexible Logic" by Russell Maloney, and many younger hackers know it through a reference in Douglas Adams's *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

—from the on-line hacker *Jargon File*  
version 3.0.0 (27 July 1993)

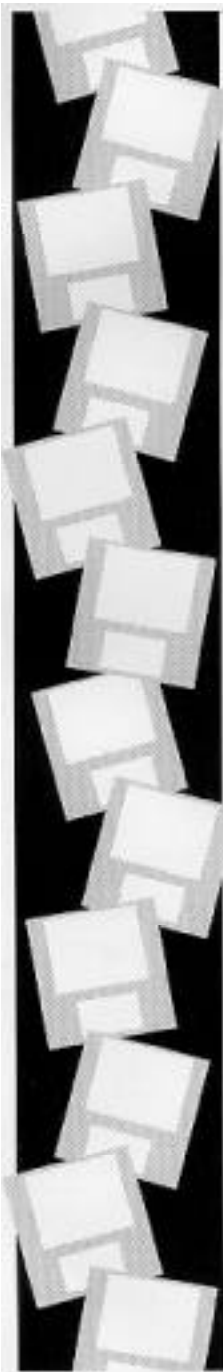
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