

The Provincetown Theater Company

presents

Bertolt Brecht — Kurt Weill's

The Three Penny Opera

translated and adapted by Marc Blitzstein

directed by

Charles Horne & Jeffrey Hewitt

produced in arrangement with Tams-Witmark Music Library, Inc.

CAST

Mr. Peachum	Wayne-Peter Team
Mrs. Peachum	Bonnie Horwitz
Polly Peachum	Peyton
Macheath	Jeffrey Kresser
Lucy Brown	Eva Monet
Tiger Brown	Scott Lindstrom
Smith	Chip Bailey
Ginny Jenny	J. Webb
Filch	Alice Hamers
Rev. Kimball	Jack Kelly
Crooks	Valerie Santuccio (Matt), Dennis Dermody (Jake), Maria Rivera (Bob), Pierre Evans (Walt)
Whores	Abbi Marchesani (Sukey Tawdry), Jane Astion (Molly), Nancy Jenkins (Coaxer), Janet Cangelesi (Dolly)
Beggars	Gerri Corrado, Onion, Ivan Katz, David Schoolman, Bill Mevis, Randy Shepard, Chuckie Vetter, Janice Goldstein
Cops	Doug Best, Saul Manni, Francis N. Girolamo
Horse	Larry Riley, Matt Breakey

MUSICIANS

Piano	Jeffrey Hewitt
Drums	Joe Burke

PRODUCTION

Production Manager	Chip Mulberger
Dance Choreography	Gretchen MacLane
Costumes	Bruce Montl, Betsy Pilling (asst.)
Lighting	Christopher Peerson, Donna Short
Directorial Consultant	Edmond Di Stasi
Props	Ron Elder, John Castagna, Frankie Marshall
Construction	Larry Riley, Arnie Charnick, Francis N. Girolamo, Matt Breakey
Publicity	Onion, Matt Breakey, Barbara Giangrossi, Wayne-Peter Team
Aide-de-Camp	Rodney Garbato

PATRONS

NATURAL LEATHER — MARINE SPECIALTIES — SADIE GREENS
REMEMBRANCES OF THINGS PAST — CROWN & ANCHOR
PETER TOMPKINS — ADAMS PHARMACY — CIRO & SALS
WAVERLY WEST — THE PENNY PATCH — LE CLUB D' EDWIGE
EARTHFOODS — FRONT STREET . . . a restaurant

Special Thanks to Jillian and Mick

BENEFIT FOR PROVINCETOWN THEATER COMPANY

On Wednesday, April 30, 1975, The Provincetown Theater Company will present THE EMPTY SPACE, a documentary on the work of Peter Brook, director of the Royal Shakespeare Company. His productions include the English version of MARAT | SADE, KING LEAR, and MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Admission to the film, shown at 8:30 pm at the Provincetown Art Association, will be by donation.

ADVOCATE REVIEW

The Three Penny Opera

Casting, Staging: Wow

By Charles Boyle

Each time I attend one of Charles Horne's productions I find the Art Association transformed. Part director and part ringmaster, he never attempts theatrical effects that movies can do better. He knows there's no need to. There's never a proscenium arch in his plays. He uses the whole space. If he can, he surrounds you. For "Peter Pan" the seats were lined along one long wall like bleachers with the glittering forest and pirate ship of Nevernever Land spread out before you, and up in the balcony, a bedroom back in England. (He's the only director who consistently makes good use of the balcony in the Art Association.) In "Alice in Wonderland" the bleachers were switched to the back wall, creating a deeper stage that was more like an arena, as if we were Romans watching hallucinations in the Colosseum.

With his latest show, "The Three Penny Opera," which opened last Thursday and runs through this weekend, the feeling that you are attending not just a play, but a circus and a sport, has been developed even further. With the seats lining both sides of the hall and the performers running in and out from all directions, it's like walking into a basketball game. Only in this case both teams are capitalism, and though they pretend to have winners, everybody is losing.

It must be a sign of the times that after

"Peter Pan" and "Alice," two Victorian fantasies about children escaping into the Unreal, the Provincetown Theater Company has come of age with Bertolt Brecht's bitter satire of the system that runs the West. Edmond Di Stasi's excellent production of "Marat-Sade," the Company's birth cry, was also concerned with revolution, but in that one the radical politics came foaming from the ignored lips of madmen. This show marks a new maturity in the political and artistic growth of this talented ensemble.

Both the staging, imaginative and free flowing, and the singing, skillfully directed by Jeffrey Hewitt, have opened up new channels of energy in the Company. Again and again I was amazed by the vitality of the musical numbers and the power they fed to the dramatic scenes around them.

The players, particularly the women, employed an operatic rather than naturalistic style of acting that was very effective. Bonnie Horwitz led the way with a careening rendition of the hard drinking Mrs. Peachum that made me think of Archie Bunker's wife on a bender. Her swooning seemed to infect both Eva Monet as Lucy and Peyton as Polly. They were marvelous in their scenes together. Peyton, an actress who can sometimes shadow her own talent with a tendency to make faces, has developed a more natural animation with the discovery of her beautiful soprano voice. Her handling of

the "Pirate Jenny" song is one of the highlights of the evening.

The most daring piece of casting is Joe Webb as Jinny Jenny. It is not without precedent, however. Anita Loos reports of those times, "Any Berlin lady of the evening might turn out to be a man; the prettiest girl on the street was Conrad Veidt." Twenty years later he played the Nazi officer Bogart killed in the film "Casablanca." Mr. Webb's Jenny appears capable of a similar metamorphosis. Sleek as a lizard, with all the weary, cruel humor of faithless intelligence, she cuts a forbidding figure, every inch Macheath's match.

Wayne-Peter Team uses his strong voice and slight frame to create a bookworm villian in Mr. Peachum, cynical and conniving to the bone, kicking at his beggars timidly, as if afraid he'd smudge his boots on the needy. Scott Lindstrom, new to the Company, proved to be a charming performer blessed with a rich, deep voice that adds resonance to his interpretation of the corrupt but affable Tiger Brown. Jack Kelly as a prissy priest and Alice Hamers as the whining Filch are both amusing. Abbi Marchesani makes an exciting and brassy Sukey Tawdry. Valerie Santuccio, a gifted comedienne, lends able support to the proceedings as one of the crooks. Pierre Evens is another memorable member of the gang.

In Jeffrey Kresser's imaginative hands, Macheath, pimp, thief, murderer, Soul of Capitalism, truly becomes a "Knight of the Gutter." He gets better and better with each production. Though in the opening scenes there was sometimes a hint of sweetness misplaced from earlier characterizations, once he got into the play he began projecting a virile intensity that heightened the role till, by the end, he seemed as noble as a Sidney Carlton being led to the guillotine.

"Art isn't nice," Macheath hisses at one point to his gang, echoing Brecht's sentiments. This is an angry play, brilliantly witty, often very funny, but not



Joe Webb.

really nice. "What is the robbing of a bank compared to the founding of a bank?" he asks later. In this age of socialism for the rich and Capitalism for the poor, when our government spends billions shoring up failing conglomerates and dictatorships while slashing social services and letting the environment rot, we might well ask the same question. "The Three Penny Opera" was originally inspired by the Germany of the 20's, a spiritual chaos diving headlong towards disaster. Our Bicentennial America of the 70's is an appropriate time to see it produced again.