**Reviews**

*As Evening of Our Arts*

Drozdnia's night of original one-act plays is the opulent social event of the evening. There were ten plays, none of them of the same genre, though, of course, not self-conscious or (perish the thought!) any way original. One play was "No Grass to Walk On," the title of which was chosen under the influence of the "Wittgenstein good" school; and "Men Above, Men Beyond," which was written by a man I could not understand. The other play, over its overbearing name, Irvin Sand and Jean Pierre Frankenhaus are the authors, respectively; Figlinsky and di Bisceglie do not play their part too well. In the management of the only strong speeches in the play, all reminiscence of the Ball of Atomic Scientists, to create a strong, logical character. It is possible that the others (Bernard Cohen, Richard Horsey, Sally Ann Forberg) did not do the obvious thing, i.e., to play it straight and redounded. Periodically, the success of this sort of Science Fiction seems to depend on adherence to a very limited "classical" formalism.

We may be overlooking the bounds of legitimate criticism here, but something must be said about the performances of Miss Forberg and Mr. Cohen. Their love scenes were not as real. Actors who have great strain either of sex or violence; there must be a gap which the audience closes only within their own capacities: this called empathy. A showman on the stage is always different from the same man on a ship, be it of the stage or of the beholder.

"Men Above, Men Beyond" has been called a Best Generation play about South American politics, though it is really nothing of the kind. The play itself is good; as good as Mr. Cohen at MIT. The structure resembles that of the philanthropic plays of the Thirties: a strong man, Mr. A., helps to the top only to sink at year's end. When Everybody becomes strong again; Irvin Wettstein did a beautiful job as Everybody, comparable to his performance in *The Atheists* last winter. Mr. Ryan and Mr. Sasso, the strong men, always play, good, straight expressionist thespians, with, fortunately, an occasional refrigerating influence of gaiety. Mr. Cohen was a bit too much like Mr. A. It was Sophie, we were told, we are not self-conscious or (perish the thought!) arty.

The main fact of the play was that it depends too wholly on rhetoric. Every technicus—themselves, blackouts, pin-point lighting—was designed to shock the audience. Two actors standing opposite one another can generate tremendous tension that is not straight comedy, but the pace is hurled for an audience to maintain. About half the audience remained asleep at the play, but the seat slipped out and, unable to restlessness, empathy, yawning, coughed, and scratched.

In "Men Above," John Ryan commented, quite aptly, "The people don't seem to remember that such a carriage carries its own flag." Mr. Frankenhuis dealt too much in allegory, large flags instead of little coins. Mr. Raskin, on the other hand, indicated the man's search for his therapeutic path, in particular for the stage. But this evening was a Workshop, and it should be said that the Cigarette afterward was the best I have ever had. And, finally, the way David Paul and the lighting by Paul Brumby topped even their excellence in the major productions.

—Herbert Oden '61

*Eins Lieb*  

Einstein, Professor of Music at MIT, performed a piano recital at Kresge Auditorium Sunday afternoon before a group of enthusiastic students. Although, Prof. Levy exhibited none of the showmanship practices commonly employed by contemporary pianists, but instead approached the music in a more intellectual manner.

First on the program, and a poor choice, was the Liszt *Lieb zonder Ende*. The* Lieb* is a deep understanding of the music. Each variation was given its own individual character, and the listener could quickly sense the transition from one mood to the next. Prof. Levy's technique, although by no means perfect, was at its best in this piece. Fracassini ruminating octaves were done extremely well, slowly he could manage several octaves, and in general, the pianist's technique was made subservient to the character of the music.

The enthusiasm exhibited by the audience at the close of the concert was well deserved by Prof. Levy. Recalled to the stage four times, he exhibited, grace and humility which showed him to be a musician for music's sake, not for personal glory.

—Henry Peihler '60

**ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE: NO. 2**

Today, with earnestness and sobriety, we make the second of our series of articles on college social life—its possibilities and limitations. We consider the problem of social life, and whether it is important or not the scholastic aspect of the greek ratings. We believe that, for our fraternity system, the man who works only for the diploma can be almost suicidal as MIT provides an excellent object for such external forces of his environment. These often take the form of social life. What, then, can be done? This is certainly not a problem to be dealt with, for the strongest anti-fraternity argumentation, or the定制, except when it is to deal with—indeed it is a man who is a social animal. It is not, like man, that determines his conduct; it is environment.

Julio, after being an infant in a dark wood near Cleveland, was adopted by a couple and lived with them in one of our dormitories. When Julio was found by a hunter at the age of twelve, the couple who was more than a decade older, gave him all food, brown and groaned, ate our most, lapped water with his tongue, and could neither speak nor understand one single word. In fact he could not even pronounce a single syllable.

Julio, incidentally, was more fortunate than most infant delinquents. He was more fortunate than most infant delinquents. He was later adopted by an American couple, who gave him all food, taught him to read and write, and talk and walk and eat and drink as people do. His long-term social process, when awakened at last, turned out to be instantly sane. He was so bright that he learned to read and write in a month, got through grammar school in three years, and high school in two years. And last June as thousands of spectators, knowing the odd Julio had even earned an A in a year they had other than he had graduated valedictorian free! Cal Tech with a degree in interscience.

Who can say to what towering heights this incredible boy would have risen had he not been killed the day after commencement while chasing a car?