review

Hawk-- Still the Master

The choirs in a lengthy solo by tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins resemble a rowdy gangling among weasels—here and there a portion added, subtracted, or altered, each version a fresh flutter, leaving only the bald nakedness of their most essential features. Like the human voice, in whose image the saxophone and other instruments were created, Hawk's playing shifts in texture according to the mood and tempo of each section of a solo; as he drops rhythms, he is heard in a robust, raspy voice, at medium tempos, in a thinner tone, and at slow paces, with a husky, muffled sound.

In the last, near latenight set of a concert, Patients in Jazz, on Friday night, Coleman Hawkins, a distinguished looking, nearly bald man of fifty-four, was in his usual eclecticism from Patients in Jazz. Myer Kutz was imaginatively presented at Northeastern University's Alumni Hall on Huntington Avenue by the University's Jazz Society. The jazz players performed before a movie screen, the upper half of which was illuminated by a attractive bank of red, blue, and purple lighting; the screen, as in a Hollywood film representation, of everything that is a room where jazz is music, except the instruments and the musicians, had vanished. Only Hawkins' position, too far forward on the stage, and too much removed from his accompaniment, for me, spoiled the illusion.

Hawkins' colleagues, the young, well-groomed Paul Neves, Trio—Paul Neves on piano, John Neves on bass, and Alton Davison on drums—which appears nightly, Wednesday through Sunday, at the chattering club at forty-five Mount Auburn Street in Harvard Square, provided excellent background for control ironically placed and united solos; John, a Shearing and Pomeroy alumnus, filled a firm rhythm foundation for the group and furnished a driving, draining solo, the notes were done high and low, bouncing up and down like a rubber ball.

Alan D'Alessio, wonderfully addicted to "dropping bombs" on the vibes, on the cymbals, and on the gong, in a powerful, jazzy, and polishing-around of sentiment.

Dean Gitter as the Director gives us an extremely funny performance, and the scene where he "shoves" the actors of his company how to interpret the drama, just lived by the characters, is a brilliant parody of theatrical personalities, a sagacious and realistic imitation of "the people behind the scenes".

Ray Reinich is the Father is strong, articulate, well recorded, though a little exaggerated at moments; it is however a good production, certainly worth mentioning.

Undoubtedly the winner of the whole evening is Dora Laneby as the Steadfast Girl, a beautiful girl, she is the personification of vision, as the "author" the characters are searching for would have liked her to be. But her talent is not her beauty; she is a very fine actress, with an astonishing range of sentiments and expressions at her disposal, a careful portrayal of her character, a very fine presence on stage, and an essensie bordering candidacy. A girl for the role or the role for the girl, nobody knows.

Wendell Clark has one scene, in fact one line, and it brings the house down with laughter. But I'll let it be a secret, it's a small, but very small comment about Maury Milley (Miley) (ingenius): it is very good to have Studs a fiction, but it is very bad to impose on spectators. In all the performances I've seen her, her tone and her language is the same: a child speaking and pronouncing everything, as he learns to read; not only is it embarrassing but annoying to have an actor say his lines in the same tempe, with the same bear. Susan Miley reminds me of a schoolteacher reading from "Mother Goose".

"Six Characters in Search of an Author" has Pirandello's message: "... you too must not cast overmuch on your reality as you feel it today, since, like that of yesterday, it may prove an illusion for you tomorrow." And the Boston Repertory, Inc. carried it well and vigorously, in a show where worth going more than once for its good direction, original setting and careful acting. You have a date with the Wilbur Theatre rest time you go to a play.

Jean Pierre Frankenhuis '61

letter

Sky, Ski, and Prairie

To the Editor "The Tech",

I should like to take this opportunity to thank the ladies and gentlemen of The Daily Reporter for spelling my name correctly, a point which has in the past represented one of the few shortcomings of their rival communications and gentlemen of The Tech. May I point out, however, that they were far more successful in their apparent purpose of elevating edification and amusement had they merely written a letter to the editor praising "The Tech" effusively... and signed it with my name.

M. Padlipsky

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The Tech.must therefore, in a masterful fashion: it is set in a theatre, on a bare stage, and there the few, shortcomings of their rival communications and gentlemen of The Tech. May I point out, however, that they were far more successful in their apparent purpose of elevating edification and amusement had they merely written a letter to the editor praising "The Tech" effusively... and signed it with my name.

Patronage Refund too on payment charges and on purchases of tires and batteries.

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