By Charles Foster Ford

The Image Theater is a long, narrow slice of a third floor, left over on Charles Street, filled with the bare theatre in the Boston area. The two plays there are both written modern one-acts, but the excellent quality of the acting transmutes them. Never have I seen the miracle whom is good theatre so obviously present on a stage.

"One of The Same Kind," for example, is a tight, simple excursus into the South of Erskine Caldwell, full of the violence and loneliness of white poverty. The scene is Art Niler's bar and beer-parlor; the action, the downfall and destruction of his former partner and successful rival, Norman Keegar. Then there's a group of pool-hall and sharpies, which find Norman and then Niler attempts to mollify for his own purpose. They make up a lay of emotional violence eager to explode.

This is a gallery of portraits which could quite easily appear hackneyed and stereotyped. Mob-violence, race-hated, and petty ambition are not original themes. But there is a fresh vitality to John Cong's dialogue, and character action often seem to hail one another, holding back their obvious reactions, demanding that others say what they themselves wish to say. Norman tries again and again to get the purse that a Negro who saves his financee from drowning had actually raped it. This doles out childish accounting: does it play with tension.

In this sort of performance, it is obvious that there are "stars." This is a group effort, in which James McRae's portrayal is so completely realized, characteristically aware of his position and drives at every moment. The result is that the clothes onstage has more feeling of reality exploding before the audience's eyes that plays normally do.

"The Real Miracle," is a fresh vitality to comedy. It is a group effort, in which Timn Kelly relies too heavily on two-line insults for most of his humor, the real meat of his play is to comedy is thorough and ex- pert. Again, it is the excellence of performance which is most impressive.

The Harvard Dramatic Club will present "The Pageant of Awkward Shadows" at the Loeb Drama Center February 21, March 1, 2, and March 6 at 8:30. Tickets are $2.50 for Wednes-
day and Thursdays, $2 for Fridays and Saturdays.

The play, a work of the Play-
tis Anderson Award, was written by Thomas Babe, a senior at Har-
vard. It is based on Chaucer's tale of a nobleman's marriage to a
peasant girl and his obsessive passion for her virtues.

The Phyllis Anderson Award was established last year by play-
wright Robert Anderson to be presented annually for the best play written by a Harvard undergrad-
uate.