The resurrection of Sister George

by Dennis Mill

On Thursday, two hours ago, the Hub Theatre Centre began its run of _The Killing of Sister George_. For those of you who saw the movie version, I can't make any comparisons, since I haven't seen it. But I can say that this four-person drama has got everything going for it, from superb playing and direction (both of which are at a level of($2.20) that's almost reasonable for Boston drama.

But the best thing about this play is the feeling of intimacy between the audience and the actors. It's a large room to begin with, but the state is really "warm," and as it were. You're watching a tennis match of verbalisms. But that's all right too, because you're really in the midst of the play, from the most humorous (of which there are many) to the most tragic.

George, played by Victoria Fraser, is the play's leading character, but therein lies the facile observations regarding Paul's sexual mores. The anguish of the film is that we are not one that can be easily accepted or dismissed. Last Tango will keep you thinking long after it has ended. At the Cleon.