Love Songs, Vivaldi’s Seasons, & The T

Scene: Baker Library, Harvard Business School. 3:45 pm. The Tech music critic attempts to coerce photocopy machine into operation without success. Digests a nick, remains in hyperbolic frenzy. A patiently waiting woman points kindly at a rather large button on the front of the machine. Ah! Six pages later discover that have been placing sheets in the wrong place. Queue of seven people waiting to use the machine. Concert begins 3:30.

John Silverstein in the Theatre, a strangely shaped building which appears to have grown from some unformed culture (I am not referring here to avant-garde music) in no particular order, with no particular reason. Well naturally the concert was sold out and was just starting. Van plea to be allowed to stand at the back. Only one way out. Shock, horror, panic, sobs! The ear-shattering power, the earth-shattering power, the shock, horror, probe, scandal!...at the back. Only, one way out. Vain pleas to be allowed to stand at the back. Were particularly beautiful,--another member of the audience finds its way trickling down the rows. As a whole this was a fascinating and enjoyable programme; the next concert in the series is on 17 February and information can be had on 267-9060. Admission for students is only $3.

9:00pm. Peoples Theater, Inman Square. Box office lady threatens critic’s life and limb unless a good notice is printed in The Tech. Critic informs her that he positively adores writing bad reviews (I am referring here to the subject matter of the item in question, and not to the concert). Inside the auditorium are twelve other people and a dog. The dog belongs to a blind man, and provides added entertainment during the show in adventures onto the stage. The handicapped are generally underprovided for in the theatre, but there is no valid reason why they should be excluded, so it was pleasant to see the blind man smiling with pleasure during the show. Another member of the audience walked round collecting the autographs of all present. He apparently has 25,000 signatures on 2,000 programmes. Reminds me of Willy Loman. But what of his life?

The show... ah yes, well it’s called The T and it’s written by a woman bus driver. No, this is not your opportunity to roll The Tech up into a little ball. Hang on... Geralyn Horton, having left her job as production assistant with The Opera Company of Boston, by chance and pressure of unemployment found herself engaged with The T. A serious playwright, she reckoned on getting good material out of it. This material, entered in a notebook of interesting things that happened to me on the job,” became the current commonplace, every one in which she emphasised, really happened. Full of verve, the result is oh so fresh, the obvious result of personal experience, lovingly, basking-recycled.

Six actors take part, each taking on several roles, of drivers, in-stereotyped people, creating scenes from life on the T. Each character thus created springs to life as that type of person you have inevitably met... oh where was it? The woman who doesn’t know where to get off, the man who doesn’t know where to leave off annoying the driver. There is a strong current of feminism throughout, of passengers both men and women disrespecting the woman driver, and of fellow male drivers treating her as a porcelain vase.

The matter-of-fact air of Gray Kirby as the Inspector was marvellous. Also of note was the resigned performance of Janet Ciccone as a bus driver transformed into the picture of a passenger whose life and chores briefly enter, deeply moving as she states how she once thought it nothing to cross the ocean but now finds it a struggle to cross the

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The six actors in The T wait for their bus at the People’s Theatre in Inman Square.