While Tuxedomoon's first LP was certainly brilliant ("Recording History"). it was, said one critic, Tuxedomoon's own direct cut. The level of alienated urban terror present in their last LP, Half-Life, has gone "way down and there's none of the frenziness of their earlier EP (e.g., "No Tears"). The stress and tension have given way to a greater degree of—what—maybe "weary romanticism." Which is not to say that the album isn't strange and disconcerting. It's got none of Enos's discretion, to be sure, but minimalism seems to have been replicated in production; this isn't better or worse, just different. Tuxedomoon have succeeded in countereverything of every part of their music so that nothing is overcome: the electronic percussiveness is given freedom by the violin, the bland vocals relieved by the reckless use of sonic quirks and chips.

"Fast Jinx" and "Music all" are the beautifully tasteful that open the album, dreamy cuts with clean backbeats, reminiscent of sedated Cure. "Dance" had declarative vocals and "Inscutis" recalls John Fox, who was the only one on his British Metalhead label.

Side Two is somewhat more aggressive and gives bands like DNA from hightech New York a run for their money. The best cut here is "Again": rippling, keyboard sound animates this floating, gushing song which suddenly winds down to a deep organ chord, carrying the listener with it. "In the Name of Talent" is more passionate, free-spirited, and "Holiday Fool" and "Fool for You" uses a whole set of cliches and repetitions to advance its silly structure ("Sometimes in the best of homes/the furniture doesn't fit/the sofa makes me want to swear/the bathrooms done in mirror tiles.")

Thoroughly worthwhile for people into experimental, avant-garde, or progressive music. A nifty bit of art that won't col-
dust in your house.

Sheena

The previous time I had seen The Magic Flute was during last season's Santa Fe Opera Festival. There, in the loneliness of the New Mexico nothingness, all the mystery of the ultra-fair tale was accentuated, leaving long afterwards a feeling of wonderment and awe.

The present production, by Adams House Music Society, has no mystery. It is a "modern" production that, while having nothing new to add, disregards the essence of the inspired originality that make this opera so special. The set includes a Boston Red Line subway entrance for no reason other than that, as a cost-mind tell me, the construction work at Harvard Square was a central issue of the community. The set consists of a long staircase, and there is intentionally the environment of a construction site, for no evident reason. Some of the action happens in Germany, some in English. I had assumed that this was some representation of "Good" and "Evil" respectively, but was told that this symbolized strata of class: if this was so, then there were many inconsistencies and the constant changes in tongue were, in any case, a needless distraction.

A number of unfortunate cuts have broken the continuity of the work and reduced the significance of the all-

together unimportant symbolism to naught. The overall weakness of the production denies us insight into the true meaning of Sarastro’s world, and Tamino’s odyssey after truth is reached at a day trip. The relationship between Tamino and Papageno is missed; the fact that they can both lead worthy lives, but at different levels, is hardly developed at all.

The best performance of the evening doubtless came from Barbara Marsh as the Queen of the Night. In any and every rendition of the hazadrously difficult Die Holle Reiche, disciplined singing brought about what the orchestra has power, thespia, the hate, but also the tor-
mourning. The character was really well done, sung by Anne Johnson, Penelope Bitzas, and Deborah Harrington — had pity at-
ttractive changes, and so forth.

Katherine LaToraca sang cleanly as Pamina, but was reduced by the sheer aw-
fulness of the orchestral playing in Mozart's most heart-rending of all arias, the G minor Ach ich fuhl's. The subtleties of discrete woodwinds and of chromatic harmonies were entirely lost on an orchestra which sought to emulate the niceties of a construction job rather than the beauties of Mozartian passion.

Danial Pantano was adequate as Papageno, but nothing special. Lewis Brin-
dle sang Monastatos' aria Alles fuhlt der Liebe Freuden lustily, but was hampered, once again, by inadequate orchestral ac-
companyment. Sensitive orchestral playing is vital in establishing not only the body but also — and pre-eminently — the soul of this score, and I am sure that better in-
strumentalists than this could be found in Harvard (or they could try MIT). There were moments — albeit brief — when the woodwinds did shine through and there was, mercifully, a good flautist. But the str-
ings were consistently appalling, their wooden, clumsy, and altogether charmless playing under Music Directer Theo Saye being largely responsible for the staleness of the production. David Prum, Stage Director, can, however, doubtless also take credit for its failure; he obviously has no

understanding of what this opera is about.

Jonathan Richmond