New Orchestra debut stunning

The New Orchestra of Boston, *conducted by David Epstein, in concert at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, New York, Tuesday, Mar. 27.*

Imagine yourself engulfed in all-encompassing open sound, a sound of brilliant crescendos, effortless transitions, taut coordination, and unpretentious emotion. Imagine yourself sitting in Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall listening to MIT's latest cultural creation, the New Orchestra of Boston, playing Ravel's Piano Concerto under the baton of David Epstein.

A natural and symbiotic balance made a pivot point for excitement from the first note; Adriano Jordao gave an involved solo piano performance to tight and dynamically rich orchestral accompaniment. If individual notes jumped out at you bright and clear, they were inextricably bound up in a mesmerizing continuum as strings surrounded and embraced the piano, a harp added beauty and a full-bodied control propelled the work along.

The second movement presented a thoughtful piano, and a wonderfully soft wind coloration backed by a warm blanket of strings. Indeed, seemingly effortless and natural piano playing gave the movement intensely personal meaning, while brilliance of percussion, percussiveness of piano, close plucking on strings and sharp clarity of brass carried through to the finale.

Much of the endless enigma of Mozart lies in the composer's ability to put the audience off guard with superficially innocent simplicity of structure, yet reach our innermost selves through introspective eddies hidden just below the surface. His is music demanding an understanding of a composer conveyed in his musical output, but not altogether symbolized by the marks on a score; the real Mozart is elusive because of the need to be at one with a mind and a spirit most of us could not hope to fathom.

Mozart's 33rd Symphony (K. 319), written in Salzburg, Austria in 1779 and with which the orchestra opened its New York concert, is not an easy work to play. More intimate than his 32nd Symphony (K. 318), it requires precision of form, yet abandon to inward reflection and glimpses of penetrating feeling so slightly hidden as to be almost naked, could we but penetrate its subtle disguise.

The New Orchestra provided Classical style, and there were several aesthetically pleasing litle touches to be found. Yet the performance as a whole was unrelaxed; there were moments of heaviness, passages of thinness and at the end, an emptiness because clockwork Mozart is not Mozart at all.

Perhaps ironically, the ensemble saved its Mozartian potential for the concluding piece, Schubert's 3rd Symphony, played with Schubertian joy but Mozartian pathos. If brightness and momentum captured attention, more personal moments provided a foil of heavenly delight. Winds and strings talked of changing emotions, but one person.

The opening of the second movement, a sweet question from the strings and rapturous answer from the winds, was enormously pleasing. The second movement danced into the third, intensity building for a finale combining thrill and charm and the knowledge that, despite some Mozart problems which will surely be cured by the Orchestra's planned trip to Salzburg this summer, we were witnessing a fresh, unmarred beginning to an illustrious career for MIT's newest venture in pursuit of *mens et manus*, and perhaps a bit more.

Jonathan Richmond

ARTS

Kick out the jams with satirical heavy metal

This is Spinal Tap, *directed by Rob Reiner; written by and starring Christopher Guest, Michael McKean, Rob Reiner, and Harry Shearer; also starring Paul Shafer, Howard Hesseman, and Tony Hendra. Playing at the Nickelodeon Cinema, Kenmore Square; rated R.*

The music business, and rock and roll especially, eats, breathes and lives on hype. Heavy metal groups are so flashy with their outrageous stage antics and their exploits which are intended to shock and offend, it is amazing no one has made a movie satire of this type of rock band before now. They were practically asking for it.

In light of all this, it surprising that *This is Spinal Tap* is such a subtle and closely detailed comedy. This "rockumentary" chronicles the exploits of Spinal Tap, a seventeen-year-old British band attempting to make a comeback on their "Tap into America Supertour '84." Spinal Tap has all the trimmings which go along with their stardom: roadies, groupies, wagging tounges, leather clothes, obnoxious album covers, and numerous drummers who accidentally died while members of the group — the first one in "a bizarre gardening accident."

This is Spinal Tap is one of the funniest movies to come out in a long time. Director Rob Reiner shows he can mimic the documentary style at least as well as Woody Allen. If the movie has any faults, it is that it follows the strict documentary style too closely, almost to the point where it interferes with the movie's flow. But the small faults are more than made up for by the playfully clever satire. It is a brilliant parody, and the filmmakers not only mock existing rock bands; they create a new, unique group and draw us into their world.

We follow Spinal Tap through the trials and tribulations of a nationwide tour — the cancelled shows, the petty fighting within the band, the arguments over the cover of their latest album, *Smell the Glove*. Spinal Tap is a once popular supergroup now reduced to playing smaller concert halls — they are forced to share billing with a puppet show at Stockton, California's "Themeland Amusement Park."

Everything that could go wrong with the tour does. The band gets lost backstage at one concert, and at another they decide to use a Stonehenge theme. When their model of the Stonehenge rocks turns out to be 18 inches high instead of the intended 18 feet, the manager hires dwarfs to go out on stage to make the model look bigger.

Nothing is left untouched in this "rockumentary." Footage from Spinal Tap's early years is mixed in with the current film, and Reiner, the documentary maker, asks the band members probing questions about their personal philosophies ("Well, I suppose I could live without rock and roll as long as there was still sex and drugs").

The best thing about *This is Spinal Tap* is that it is so believable. We believe that the lead guitarist could try to play three electric guitars at once. We believe that the group would stop off at Elvis Presley's grave to sing a tribute. We believe that the cover of an album called *Intravenous de Milo* would show Venus de Milo getting a blood transfusion. The best satire is not so far from the truth.

Dan Crean

On the town

Friday, April 6

DANCE

The Hungarian State Folk Ensemble, Symphony Hall, 301 Mass. Ave. An evening of music, dance, and singing from Hungary. 8:00 p.m. $12.50-$16.50 266-1492

SAElor Party, DuPont Gymnasium. The band will be *Tangent* and the proceeds will go to Muscular Dystrophy. 8:30 p.m. - 1:00 a.m. $5.00

FILM

Yojimbo, the classic Japanese film by director Kurosawa. LSC, 10-150, 7:30 $1.00

Stripes, a satiric look at army life starring Bill Murray. LSC, 26-100, 7:00 & 9:30 $1.00

MUSIC

The Mask of Time, by Michael Tippett performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra & the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. Symphony Hall, 301 Mass. Ave. 2:00 p.m. $4.50 266-1492

Saturday, April 7

DANCE

Beaux Arts Ball, Julius Adams Stratton Student Center, MIT. An evening of dance. Black Tie Optional. $2.00/Student, $4.00/Non-Students. 8:30 p.m. 253-1000

FILM

Criminal Language and **Orobors,** presented by the Boston Film/Video Foundation, 1126 Boylston St. Canadian Filmmaker Amnon Buchbinder presents two experimental narrative films. 7:00 p.m. $4.00 731-2040

Zelig, Woody Allen's 1983 psuedo-documentary, starring Woody Allen. LSC, 26-100, 7 & 9:30 $1.00

ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS A
ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ART
ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS A

Sunday, April 8

ART

Tribute to the Hasidic Arts, The Jack and Helena Gordon Arts Festival, Hebrew College, 43 Hawes St., Brookline. Featuring artists Tully Filus, Zalkman Kleinman, Itzhak Holtz and many others. 9:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. 232-8710

FILM

Breaker Morant, a serious film evaulating individual responsibility during the Boer War.

MUSIC

New Morning for the World, written by Joseph Schwantner, being performed at the Jordan Hall, 30 Gainsborough St., Boston. A dramatic program based on the writings of Martin Luther King Jr. and narrated by Willie Stargell. 3:00 p.m. $6.00, $8.00 536-2412

ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS
ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS A
ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS
ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS AR

THEATER

Trouble in Mind present *Fiddle Fever*, an evening of bluegrass music played by fiddlers Matt Glaser, Jay Ungar and Evan Stover. First Church Congregational, 11 Garden St., Cambridge 7:00 p.m. $6.00 461-1549

THEATER

A Doublin-based variety show, at Jury's Irish Cabaret, Symphony Hall, 301 Mass. Ave. 2:30 p.m. $12.50-$15.50 266-1492

Friday, April 13

FILM

Poetry in Montion, by Ron Mann, at the Boston Film/Video Foundation, 1126 Boylston St. 8:00 p.m. $4.00 731-2040

ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS
ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS
ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS
ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS ARTS