Leviathan at Kresge

by Sandy Yulke

Kresge auditorium has long been the home of the Musical Theatre Guild because it was not really designed for full-scale productions. One would assume, how-

ever, that the stage was small enough so that it could do without a lone-man show like Jack Aranson’s presentation of Moby Dick, this year’s Compton Lecture, but this was not the case. It is very hard to think of making, no matter how good it is, if one is in physically uncomfortable, and most people are not comfortable in a room filled with people in which the temperature is over eighty degrees. The very high temperature caused much of the audience to drop off during the first act, and, at the intermission, quite a few actually moved outside in as the heat, rather than the air conditioning, had been on all day.

The mood that was given for the inordinately high temperature was despite that it had been in the sixties that day, the heat, rather than the air conditioning, had been on all day.

Enough about Kresge. What about Moby Dick? When I heard about this year’s Compton Lecture was going to be a one-man dramatic presentation of Moby Dick, I thought that it sounded pretty exciting, after all, one-man shows are not very common, and often (e.g. Hal Holbrooke at Mark Twain) they are extraordin-

ary pieces of theatre. Unfortunately, this was not the case with Moby Dick, from the beginning, I had wondered how much of the show he would branch off from the book, for a book as extremely long and deeply philosophical took for so many people who have never read it, or seen it only in an abridged or ad-libbed version. The audience was more than willing to know Met-

ville’s genius. I was particularly interes-

ted in how he was going to portray his was not the case. It is very hard to

capture his audience, despite the heat,
rather than the air conditioning, which was a state of puzzlement as to exactly what was supposed to be going on, the task was changing his body movements and in many forms of American folk music, one of the most influential people in so

to include areas of the arts as well as contemporary problems. It’s surely an admirable idea, and one hopes that the type of lecture which was presented this year will be presented in the future.

The doozie Doobies

by Neil Vitale

In light of all the commotion and changes that are currently taking place in the whole Mason, Georgia/Capitol Records box of Deep South music, as well as the increasing "pop" influences infiltrating and watering down country n’ western, a band like the Doobie Brothers is an amazing entity. They have managed to have overtones from both those styles, a heady blend of rock and create a fresh, tuneful, potent, portable, stage-clearing de-

vice and loads of good, expensive equip-

ment, are just some of the by-products and outgrowths from AM hits.

Led by scat-singing guitarist Tom Johnston and white-harcore drummer "Little John" Hartman (who took more like

overnight Little Lord Fauntleroy), the band performed a fast-paced, complete with follwing smoke effects, in their own inimitable chunky-sounding rock style. The vocals of Johnston, based on Ian Drury, Porter, and second guitarist Pat Simmons, is at their best in a crystalline number like "Clear As the Drive Snow", or balancing off the think about it. I find myself wondering in their latest, best, and best song of "China Grove" (introduced in concert with a rather bizarre Glastonbury Dead-ending), Instrumental breaks are handled with an unexpected freency; and a sidewise aspect of a few of the mugging songs, some what apparent on record, is particularly well-avoided when live.

The Doobie Brothers are a very good band, but no means great. The Doobie Brothers are a very good band, but no means great. They are the most successful folk-rock group, perhaps, because of the rather juvenile appeal of their music, and there are far worse ways to spend a Sunday night than seeing and hearing the Doobie Brothers.

Recent times at Passim

by Dan Denn

The Passim Cofeolehouse, located at 47

Palmer Street in Cambridge, continues to be a pleasant place to be, I was in the Boston area to hear some well-known

singers, as well as local and lesser-known artistes, Bob and Madeleine Mann Passim with a quiet competency that never pressures of faith to be lost than friendship. The second was in evidence when we found our way to Joe Val and the New England Bluegrass Boys that night. Joe Val’s bluegrass string quartet is quite a beginning, and very much the one John Wirt and the New England Bluegrass Boys that night. Joe Val’s new style is not immediately accessible, but it is well’s effort to listen. He manages to bring to each song all the feeling and pain that the singer always has to communicate in order to convey. Van Ronk puts himself so completely into each song (first it comes out of a new thing, he has been very successful in the skill and undertones of his career, Dave Van Ronk, has created a new style of folk-singing which must be heard to be unc: missed. And once you hear him, I think you will agree with me that this is a good new thing.

The Doobie Brothers

The Doobie Brothers

guitar, Bob Terrell played bass. Bob Frechn, exhibiting all the inhalation and rock of a Haymarket buckteer, pitched banjo. Together they bounced around, grooving and singing along.

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