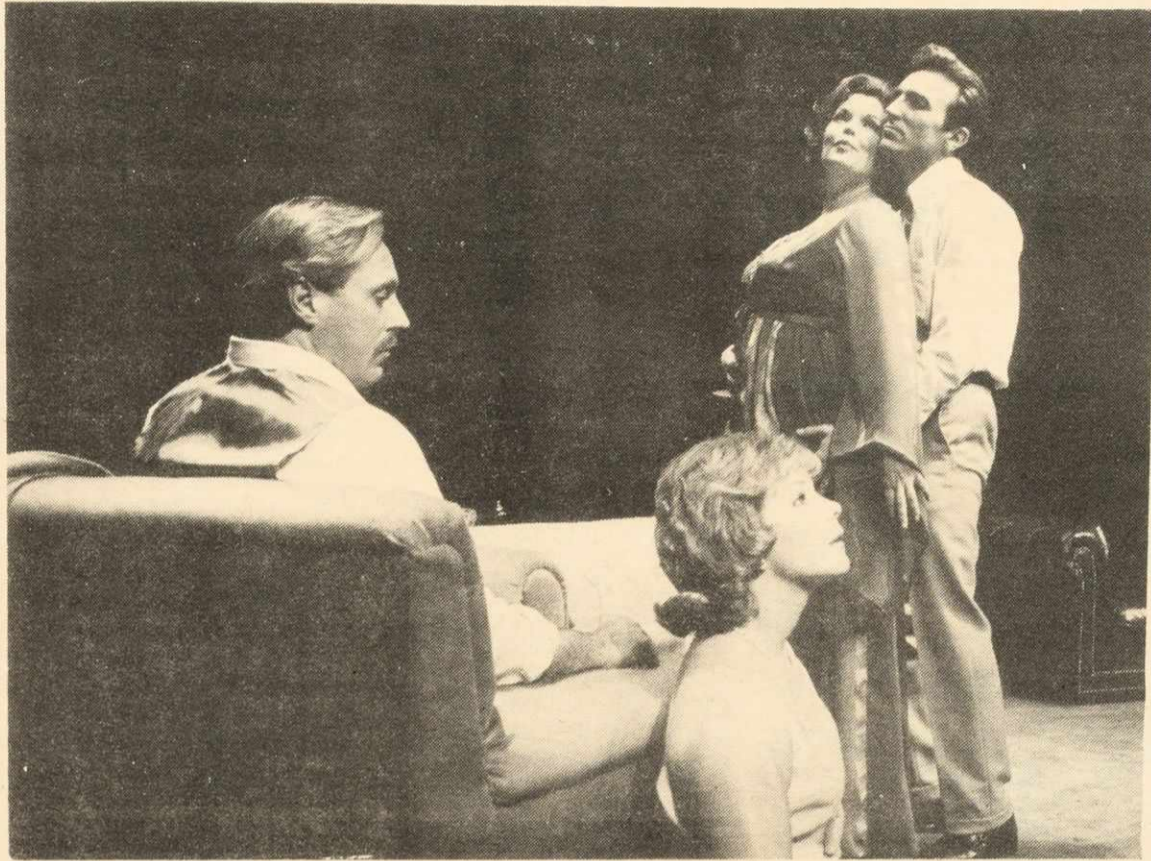


Roll over, Virginia



l-r: Allan Gray, Camille Mitchell, Susan Wright, Kimble Hall

Photo by G. Georgakakos

By ELLEN REYNOLDS

It's early September, 1962, on the campus of a New England college. This sets the scene for 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf,' a play by Edward Albee which premiered Friday, November 7 at the Neptune Theatre.

From the moment Martha (Susan Wright) and George (Allan Gray) entered, after returning home from a faculty party, cutting comments and insults were hurled around the plush livingroom set. The humorous exchange of scathing remarks is interrupted by the arrival of a young couple from the party Martha invited over. Nick (Kimble Hall) is an ambitious young biology teacher and Honey (Camille Mitchell) is his dotting wife.

Uneasy at first, caught between George and Martha, Nick and Honey got into the swing of things after a few drinks.

The evening digressed to "fun and games" which turned out to be less than fun and seemed too real to be games. Martha and

George provided an initiation for Nick and Honey into the world of "the games people play". Sexual games like "musical beds", power and guilt trips combined with the game "get the guest" was like stepping into the *Twilight Zone* for the unassuming young couple.

The actors' performances were convincing though the characters sometimes became tiresome. George was the only consistently real character. Nick and Honey were less pronounced and Martha, although a strong character, was not consistently so. For several reasons I occasionally felt uninvolved in the play.

When the play was over I revealed my ignorance by asking, "What did that have to do with Virginia Woolf?" The answer given (right or wrong) — unlike Virginia Woolf, these characters certainly weren't afraid of sex or sexual games — left me feeling vaguely unsatisfied, as did the play.

"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" is playing at the Neptune Theatre until November 30.

N'Orleans Jazz

By MARK PIESANEN

The audience at the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium on Monday night was treated to an evening of toe-tapping, hand-clapping original New Orleans Jazz music. The world-renowned Preservation Hall Jazz Band played one show in Halifax to the delight of those who caught it.

John Stevenson, director of jazz programming at CKDU, is pleased that a band of such high calibre can find an audience in Halifax. He describes the Preservation Hall's style of jazz as, "traditional New Orleans jazz, not to be confused with Dixieland or Ragtime. This is the street music of New Orleans at the turn of the century. This type of music evolved from the marching bands that used to follow funerals, weddings and street festivals."

Preservation Hall, in New Orleans' French Quarter, is universally heralded as the birthplace of jazz. The Preservation Hall Jazz Band is billed as the "sweet-sad-exuberant music that came out of the turn of the century street parades, saloons and river boats."

"As jazz music progressed," says Stevenson, "places like Chicago, New York, and the West Coast cultivated their own musical traditions. Jazz became intellectualized and more esoteric. But the type of jazz associated with Preservation Hall is roots music; the music of the brothel and of the street."



Photo by Mark Piesanen/Dai Photo

Speaking to me backstage before the show, bassist Frank Fields explained the workings of Preservation Hall's touring bands. "There are about 150 musicians in the Preservation Hall organization. There are four different bands, and up to three of them are touring at any one time. Of course, there is a band playing every night at the Hall in New Orleans." Making up the rest of the seven piece band for Monday night's show were Allonzo Stewart on drums, Sadie on piano, Neil Unferscher on banjo, Worthia Thomas on trombone, Orange Kellin on clarinet, and on trumpet, band leader Kid Sheik.

The musicians were very laid back, arriving onstage unannounced, and mugging for the crowd while each of them soloed. The band didn't have a scheduled set of songs but rather improvised numbers as they played off audience response. Soloists and vocalists were greeted with choruses of applause. In particular, pianist Sadie charmed the crowd with her bluesy, raspy voiced rendition of, "Don't Get Around Much Anymore."

