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AMERICAN DANCE
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Click, Tip, Dip-I-Ti

Jazz Tap Dancing Lifts Soul

By JOHN COIT
Herald Staff Writer

Picture this guy who is a slob, big and fat, slumped in an overstuffed chair wearing a tank top, cut-off khaki shorts and shower shoes, nursing a beer and he hasn't paid the electric bill in two months.

This cartoon man hates his life and isn't easily amused. There is an answer to this entertainment problem.

Tap dancing.

Yes. This poor bum is part of our souls, that part which is full of despair, and all the gunfire on television isn't going to make it go away.

Tap dancing.

The American Dance Festival presented "An Evening of Jazz Tap Dancing" at Page Auditorium Thursday night and what fun.

From the first moment when the clickety-click of those dancing shoes started on stage, a stage unlit, nothing to see yet, just clickity, click, a bop, tip, dippity, you're hooked.

Jane Goldberg, a cheerful, bouncy performer, is responsible for the show, entitled "Lost in the Shuffle." She brought along some of her pals, too.

Good stuff, laid down with absolute precision by the great Charles Cook, late of the Vaudeville stage, and the very debonair Leslie "Bubba" Gaines. Neither have forgotten where they come from. And with a sparkle and some nice hoofing came Andrea Levine, rounding out the cast.

Together and separately they showed that lickity-split polish that makes you want to sit up straight and pay attention, lose a

few pounds and shave. Before you hit the street.

Or, from a passive angle, those sophisticated shuffles made you flash on black and white movies made in the 30's and 40's when folks dressed up and had a ball.

Cook and Gaines together, as they were on the numbers "What It's About" and "The Tradition Passes On," are smooth as silk, almost too nice. You'd suspect anybody who could move that well.

Ms. Goldberg and Ms. Levine, dancing to the jazz stylings of Jim Roberts on piano and Chris Braun on drums, love the moves so well it was more fun looking at their expressions than their body language.

And what they do for old fatso of the soul ain't bad medicine.

Clickety, click, do bob, dip, dip, dow.



The Eloquent Feet of Tapdancers Charles Cook and Jane Goldberg.

Sarah Wells