

In concert: Enohpoxas

By IFAN PAYNE
Music Critic

I should not be reviewing the Enohpoxas Quartet (as the KSU Saxophone Quartet seems to be calling itself), because their performance in the K-State Union Art Gallery on Wednesday noon was really an informal affair. But, for a while there, during the final movement of Jean Francaix's *Petit Quatuor* the ensemble played the sort of music that made me think that this is how those human Gods on Olympus sing and dance. The music is Milhaud-like in its quirky, foot-tapping way, and the Enohpoxas Quartet brought out all its jocular, infectious spirit and made the spirit soar.

I should not really be reviewing this group, though, because it is a relatively new one, and its young members are still learning to play together and it would be unfair to have to point out that there were a number of moments that were less than smooth, as in the *Rogtime Suite*.

On the other hand there were plenty of moments when I forgot the newborn quality of the group and bathed instead in the expressiveness and sense of ensemble of its playing, as during the penultimate *Fanfare, Air and Finale*.

It is unfair to review a group that by its nature would seem to be hampered by a lack of repertoire, condemned forever to play second-rate works and inferior arrangements.

This, though, would be to ignore the fine music that has been written for such a group, such as the concluding excerpt from Jack Marshall's captivating *Gold Rush Suite*. I hope that in the not too distant future the ensemble will be able to commission brand new works for itself (perhaps Hanley Jackson ...?) and can find a really creative and innovative arranger.

Performing amongst the buzzing mid-day crowd in the Union, it would not be right to review a group playing against the comings and goings of the brownbag set.

But this would deprive me of the opportunity of pointing out that there is a crying need for more such groups, for more such music-making

music, at every street corner and in every hallway of that benighted campus. More power to Enohpoxas for braving the conditions and for contributing to Susan B. Anthony week in this manner and for brightening up the both the day and the environment.

It would not be proper to review a new group that is just starting out as a permanent unit, better perhaps to give it a chance to mature and for the members to grow together.

I cannot resist pointing out though, that these are four remarkable musicians who showed in their performance of several slow movements, Pierre's *Chansons* in particular, that

they already breathe together, musically speaking, that their playing is both lyrical and sensitive to the line of the phrases and that the excellent balance of the instrumental sound shows that each player is listening to each other.

I am tired and I should not be writing this.

It is late at night and I should not be reviewing this performance.

I have already covered 13.5 column inches writing about this group. I shouldn't be doing it, but darn it, Candi, Steve, Ben and Jim, for two minutes there I heard The Fantasticks.