

Thursday, December 13, 1979

(F)1C



Duglass Duglass whips up a creamy pumpkin cheese cake.



Ardis Kenealy assists chef, cracking a few eggs.

Duglass Duglass creates holiday desserts with flair

Story: ETHEL SIMMONS
Photos: LINDA SOLOMON

When restaurateur-chef Duglass Duglass gives a lecture-demonstration on how to make three holiday desserts, it's not an orderly, one-two-three kind of presentation.

The eternally boyish Duglass (looking younger than ever), started his program informally, early, on a recent afternoon at The Community House in Birmingham. Women in the audience who arrived shortly before 1:30 p.m. — the time the Coffee and Conversation series lecture was scheduled to start — wondered if they had eased in late.

"If you come early, you get a bonus," Duglass declared, as he answered questions on how to make a chocolate soufflé.

He introduced Helen Balmer of The Community House, who explained it was the first time she had ever been introduced by the speaker she was to introduce.

DUGLASS, WHO runs Restaurant Duglass in Southfield, combines a natural, down-to-earth manner and a flamboyant flair. He has an avid following of diners who love his elegantly prepared, quality dishes.

When Duglass lectures, he seems to describe and demonstrate everything at once. This makes it a little hard to take notes, and women who meticulously want to write down a recipe's ingredients are left in the lurch.

Duglass relies on other note-takers in the audience to read the recipe aloud, so everyone can be sure they have got everything listed.

He measures in his own way and tries with good humor to translate. Measuring brown sugar, he answered the question, "How much?" with his own queries, "A baby's handful? How do women think?"

Duglass demonstrated how to make an apple pie, upside down, with a pecan glaze; a pumpkin-almond cheesecake garnished with fresh strawberries and white chocolate glaze; and a chocolate torte "that never fails."

HE FLUNG bars of dark and white chocolate into the audience, and the women opened these to divide up the tasty samples.

"I also brought you the dessert of desserts," he said introducing Ardis Kenealy, former hostess of a television kiddie show "Romper Room." A fine cook herself, Mrs. Kenealy joined Duglass

onstage, working as cook's helper, peeling apples among her mundane tasks.

Duglass made the whole presentation entertaining, despite its overall chaotic semblance. He spoke in a rapid delivery but tried to slow down after one woman asked, "Could you speak more slowly when you give directions?"

The recipes were an orgy of butter, sugar, whipping cream and other tantalizing ingredients.

"I'm not a dictator. I just know what's comfortable for me and works," he explained, at the beginning of his demonstration.

"THE DESSERTS are already made: I'm just going to run through them," he said.

Duglass had brought one each of three desserts, but did make versions of them again during the program. For the Gateau Nancy (pronounced nan-SEE) chocolate torte, he gave credit to Yvonne Gill of Tweeney's Cafe in Birmingham.

"I think she introduced this to Michigan," he said. "Here is better. I make mine lighter."

Making Pate Brisee, the apple pie pastry, he said, "Julia Child has a phenomenal recipe for it." He also praised Ardis Kenealy, saying, "She makes great pastry."

"Apple pie must taste like apples," he said. When adding cinnamon, "Don't OD on it," Duglass said apple pie is his favorite dessert and that "men love apple pie."

How many apples do you use?

"Six apples the size of tomatoes in August," he finally decided, trying to give an exact measure.

THE PIE, READY for baking, looked so sweet, its high crust plump with apples, edges of the crust hemmed under.

The pumpkin cheesecake required three pounds of cream cheese. He put it in a mixer, to beat "till it's fluffy like down pillows."

The cheesecake's white chocolate glaze added a spectacular touch.

"White chocolate is the chic-ee thing this year. It hasn't even come to our town," Duglass said.

Duglass will soon have a mixer of his own design on the market, and he also is planning to have a new cookbook out next year.

With his creative cooking and conversation, Duglass reveals a high-vaulting imagination that makes an afternoon at his cooking demonstration well spent.

Ten years later, Who's still who

By PHILIP A. SHERMAN

"We've been looking for ways to grab people emotionally," Peter Townshend said in a Newsweek interview 10 years ago. "Learning how to disturb them in order to make them happy, or how to make them happy in order to disturb them."

Townshend, then 24 and lead guitarist for The Who, was speaking to the acclaim of the band's rock opera "Tommy," then and still hailed as the most articulate rendering by any rock and roll group.

The tone in 1969 was violence for its own sake. It was a concept The Who hardened by splintering equipment, fighting on stage and reveling in the knowledge that although the band was only 5 years old, few hotels in the mid-west would harbor its members for fear of summary cancellation by insurance companies.

SINCE THEN, Keith Moon, staccato drummer for The Who, died from an overdose of medication he was taking to combat alcoholism. More recently, 11 young people were stomped to death outside a Cincinnati concert hall while rushing the front gate.

Last Friday, 30 minutes into The Who's set in the Pontiac Silverdome's Mini-Dome, Townshend and lead singer Roger Daltrey spoke to the latter issue.

"Ease off the front — there's 46,000 people here tonight," Townshend yelled into his microphone.

"If something happened tonight, we just f--- wouldn't be able to face ourselves."

Daltrey had stopped the show 20 minutes earlier by walking to center stage and telling the audience to "take a step back, take it easy, and have a good time." The song he had stopped to speak to the crowd, officially numbered at 41,600, was "Teenage Wasteland."

The timing of Daltrey's plea for audience self-control was ironic at best. Seventeen minutes before, a huge screen suspended above the stage lit up with an eight-minute promo for the band's latest film endeavor, "Quadrophenia."

The film clip, backed by The Who's strongest songs, featured Mods and Rockers chain whipping each other, fighting with British police and storming a beach.

After these scenes of tranquility and self-assurance, the screen delivered the message that the film was a Who production and would be in neighborhood theaters by Christmas. Then the music started.

MARTIN MULL once said that "writing about music is like dancing about architecture." With the help of two columns of amplifiers, 24 amps to

a column, The Who literally shook the first two tiers in the Silverdome.

Contrary to reports by critics with self-acclaimed perfect pitch, The Who manufactured a sound that mirrored its albums. "Substitute" was clear, sharp and quick, trashing the notions that Silverdome acoustics resemble those of the cavern-like Cobo Hall.

Daltrey, Townshend, bassist John Entwistle and drummer Kenney Jones ran through all the best from the band's earlier albums, including "I Can See for Miles," "Boris the Spider" and "Won't Get Fooled Again."

The crowd on the floor, estimated at 2,500, had already made a press for the stage and was now in the process of forming what would have passed as a huge conga line. It was interesting to note that those in the line were probably little more than 2 years older than the songs they were dancing to.

IN 1969 in Chicago, The Who relied on Townshend's ability to cleave an amp in half with his guitar for special effects. In the Silverdome, it was evident that economic factors and road-worthy competitiveness had driven the band to different extremes.

The most spectacular effects came during "Sister Disco," a song hiding farewell to polyester print shirts and chi chi neck chains.

With the first few chords the stage was illuminated by three spiraling sets of white lights overhead, creating the "mirrored ball" effect, synonymous with the one-two, turn-and-shake crowd.

Daltrey bounced back and forth like a boxer, ran in place and obviously enjoyed pounding the image of disco into the stage beneath him.

Stepping back while twirling his microphone at the end of its cord, he took aim and ricocheted it off the high-hat cymbal on Jones' drum set. A quick military salute followed and the lights went down.

And so went the entire two-hour set. Townshend ran in circles and proved that 15 years on the road hadn't dampened his ability to leap five feet in the air.

Entwistle clung to his image as anchor for the band, standing stock still and singing background.

Jones, formerly of the Small Faces and the chosen musician to replace Moon, is an adequate drummer, but little more for a band accustomed to a percussionist who could matter-of-factly squeeze eight beats into a space designated to accommodate four.

'Charley's Aunt' tenses wittily

By BARBARA MICHALS

"Charley's Aunt" is a sugarplum — Meadow Brook Theatre's Christmas gift to the community.

The vintage 1892 comedy will run through Dec. 30 on the Oakland University campus near Rochester. "Charley's Aunt" is still delightfully zany, and the Meadow Brook cast performs it to perfection.

The plot is classic farce, featuring mistaken identity, pratfalls and actors darting about, dodging one another.

Oxford undergraduates Jack and Charley (Michael Tylo and Terence Mariani) both have girlfriends with whom they are hopelessly in love. They contrive to lure the objects of their affections to their quarters on the pretext of meeting Charley's aunt, due to arrive on a visit from Brazil.

WHEN THE AUNT fails to show up and the girls make it clear they won't stay unless properly chaperoned, fellow student Lord Fancourt Babberley (Robert Moberly) is cajoled into impersonating the old lady. He slips into a handy costume he was to wear in an amateur theatrical and — voila! — he is Charley's aunt.

The catch is that Charley's aunt is a widowed millionaire, making her irresistibly attractive to the opposite sex. Before long the ersatz old lady is being frantically courted by two fortune-hunters, Jack's father and the stern guardian of the two girls. By the time the real aunt shows up, with Babberley's own true love in tow, it is indeed a tangled web.

Moberly is stunsly marvelous, both as the eccentric aunt ("from Brazil — you know, where the nuts come from") and the kind-hearted, fey Babberley. In drag Moberly does not try to exaggerate his mannishness but rather lets

review

the absurdity of the situation speak for itself.

He creates the impression that Babberley has thrown himself into the role wholeheartedly, with only an occasional lapse — such as succumbing to the temptation of a cigar.

TYLO is a deft Jack, endearing as both woebegone lover and manic manipulator. Mariani's Charley is always amusingly befuddled, with or without the spectacles he whips off when ever his girl is in sight.

When the two young men realize what a hopeless mess they've concocted, Tylo and Mariani excel at pop-eyed dismay.

George Gitto is dapper and immensely likable as Sir Francis, Jack's self-sacrificing father. As Spettigue, Sir Francis' rival for the hand of Charley's aunt, A.D. Cover is deliciously wicked, a Dickensian caricature of greed.

DOUGLAS WRIGHT's set for Jack's college rooms is strikingly handsome, but the garden setting for the second act is sparse and unimaginative.

"Charley's Aunt" has been playing somewhere in the world every week since its 1892 opening and has been translated into at least 40 languages, according to the program notes. The current Meadow Brook production amply illustrates why the play continues to have such enormous appeal. Director John Ulmer has the old girl looking mighty good.



Duglass' chocolate torte deserves applause, led by Ms. Kenealy during a cooking demonstration at The Community House in Birmingham.