review

Musical charms at village players

The Birmingham Village Players production of "Dear World" continues at 8:30 p.m. Friday-Saturday, 7:30 p.m. Sunday and 8:30 p.m. March 26:27 at the playhouse, 752 Chestnut and Hunter Boulevard, Birmingham. For ticket in-formation call 644-2075.

By Cathie Breidenbach

"Dear World," the adaptation of Giraudoux's "The Mad Woman of Chaillod," is a musical farce, and it's cleverly presented by the Birmingham Village Phytocres. What it accesses the makes up in witty charm. Still, What it can be supported to the still the sti

IN CONTRAST, the staging is lively and expert; the set, simple and cleverly versatile, and the costumes, luxuriously imaginative. All the principals in the cast project a winning eccentric charm. The musical is about a madwoman, who isn't really mad, of course. She's never bag-lady bonkers, merely graciously eccentric. Donna Ryder, who plays Countess Aurelia, the madwoman, is so thoroughly in charge of every gesture that she seems more like a hostess at a grand parly than the resident crazy of the Chaillot district in Parls.

ulstrict in Paris.

She's a fine actress who sings creditably but quietly. Sometimes lyrics got lost because her voice didn't project well.

WITTY LYRICS, not memorable melodies, give Jerry Herman's songs their charm. By the time I'd negotiated the puddles in
the parking lot after the show, the tunes from "Dear World" had
flown off into the night – the melodies forgotten.
Not so the character roles of crazies from the streets of Paris
among them the Sewerman, played with masterful deadpan irony
by Bob Bowes, and the other endearing "crazy" ladies, Constance,
played by Ruth Seranian in elegantly artsy rags, and Jean Conway
as Gabrielle, with Dickie, the devilish imaginary dog.

Dixieland brightens scene

By Duarie Stewart special writer

VERY WEDNESDAY from 8:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. the Cooper's Arms restaurant in Cochester is host to a Dixieland band called the St. Aubin Street

Ramblers.

The music is a slice of the past served up in a warm, homey atmos-

The music is a silce of the past served up in a warm, homey atmosphere.

Numerous paintings grace the walls, and tables are situated around an old fireplace with a mosehead above the mantlel. When planist Bob Milne sits down at the antique upright, he is like a friend who comes to your house and after a casual comment like, 'Ob, you have a plano?' begins to dazzle you with the expertise hidden beneath a smile of innocence.

In white shirt and black vest, with a long stogle smooting in his month, Milne tickles that the laughter catches amid the audience. Knowing people as he does his plano, he keeps everyone happy by playing the right notes.

THE FELT hammers dance along he strings until they strike your funny-

In that this kind of music is fun to play, "be said, "People don't have to play," be said, "People don't have to play," be said, "People don't have to play," be said, "People don't have to look or a profound inner meaning." In St. Aubin Street Ramblers might, not cut the mustard at a Beelhoven rectal, but as the life of the party the bards of the proper static. They cort stant you to histen to their might with your hands folded on your lap. They work stant you to clap along and get up and dance even though there's no dance floorer though there's no dance floorer the said sout player. Ned Spencer, a Burl Ives look-faller, is a cudity tedy bear in a red veet and black derby. He stands out the Ramblers not only as a veteran strummer but for the jazzy showmaship of a bygone era.

TOM SAUNDERS, burly and beard-ed tuba player, is like the Greek god



St. Aubin Street Rambiers led by Bob Milne offers music with a lively beat Wednesdays at Cooper's

Neptune blowing into a seashell and summoning four mighty winds from his lungs. The oceanic depth of his music sweeps the place away.

Trumpeter Nate Panicacci and clarinet player Bill Roper pierce your eardrums with notes that could turmble the drums with notes that could tuthible use walls of Jerico on first try. Hold onto your shot glass. They're better than Memorex.

The band was formed three years

ago to play at the Woodbridge Tavern on St. Aubin Street in Detroit. Most of the members have been performing around fown for up to 29 years.

Milne was a professional ragtime, before going Distreland with the bend. Chuck Muer's kept him on for 10 years and the Ramada Inn of Southield also opened its keyboard for Milne.

A solo recording he made a few years back on the Jim Taylor Presents label (sponsored by the Detroit Hot Jazz Society) was reviewed in the March 1982 Issue of High Fidelity magazine.

JOHN S. Wilson of the New York

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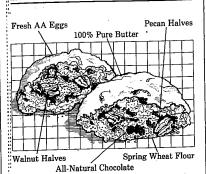




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