

Jacques Brel's music is beautifully interpreted

"Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" was pre-sented by Opera Lite in associa-tion with the Smith Theatre on the Orchard Ridge Campus of Oakland Community College in Farmington Hills.

Jacques Brel may be dead, but his

Jacques Brei may be dead, but his mustic is alive and well and playing to full houses at the Smith Theatre. The four singers who do justice to Herl's bitterswell tyrics are admirably directed by Annette Bergasse and Anthony Lord.

Brel. a singer and songwriter who has a worldwide following, has been translated into many languages. The Smith production is the English werston by Eric Blau with additional material by Mort Shuman. Sung in English or French, with or without Theodore Black, the unscrittmental melodic, distinct sound of Besens news corrected "Mathida" to the thythmite "Bachelor's Song," armsingly sung by Will Young, to Betsey Bronson's wonderful rendition of "My Death," through the east of, four singing "Desperate Ones," the startling Brechtian oversones

and touches of Edith Piof ring clear. Act I ends with "Amsterdam" and Act II opens with a lively rendition of "The Bulls." Joan Wilson, an ener-getic dancer, adds a sense of comedy

getic dancer, adus a sense of comedy to the evening.

The east has no problem dissolv-ing into "Old Folks" and rising for the funny "Funeral Tango." Bronson, the most polished member of the cast, does a lovely job with "Mar-icke." Her sweet, strong voice car-riest the hallads with east.

icke." Her sweet, strong voice car-ries the ballads with ease. SAD "FANETTE" is followed by "Middle Class," the only song in the revue that seems quantily '80s; King don't call anyone 'fascist pigs' anymore, let alone policemen. "Next," a great song, and possibly the most Brechtan of Brel's lyrics, is given a properly bewildered, angry, confused-young-soldier treatment by

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Anthony Lord.

"Carousel," a song of surpassing charm, has everyone in the house feeling as if he or she is turning faster and faster. As lights spin come and the theater ceilings are supported in a spin on a whirling merry-go-round.

Bronson, Lord, Wilson and Young leave their cafe stools, move offstage and join the audience for the closing number, "If We Only Have Love," ending on an upbeat note as Brel would have wished. Beneath the cynicism of some of his songs, the listener can always hear the passionate wish for sanity, love, friendship and beauty to prevail.

Beveriy Labuta on piano, Nick Bakos on percussion, Peter Tollal on electric guitar/bass and Joseph Labuta on synthesizer handle their muscled the support of the synthesize of the support of the support of the synthesize of the formula of the support of the synthesize of the formula of the synthesize of the synthesize of the formula of the synthesize of th

Meadow Brook offers a toned-down production

Performances of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" continue through Sun-day, Feb. 21, at Meadow Brook Theatre on the Oakland Universi-ty campus in Rochester Hills. For ticket information, call the box office at 377-3300.

Deceit and rank truths lurk at the

office at 377-3300.
Decett and rank truths lurk at the dark center of Tennessee Williams "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," a play charged with love. Jealousy, greed and sex. Yet "Cat" has its bright humor and biting comic moments as family members maneuver to see who will inherit Big Daddy's fortune when he dies of cancer.

Meadow Brook Theatre's solid production boasts a generally fine cast and an excellent set created by Peter Hicks. The open set showing part of a rich plantation house on the Mississippi delta leaves no private place to hide from the intrusive, insistent presence of family.

Linda Gehringer is a stunning Maggie – beautiful, long-legged and an articulate actress. She uses her weighty mane of chestnut hair as though it has a sensual life of its own. All eyes follow when she preens before the mirror, lifting her hair coyly this way and that above her head and when she drapes her mane provocatively over the side of the bed as she lounges in her silp.

Director Carl Schurr's decision to play down the nagging, bitchier side of Maggie's character, to make her mere sympathetic and less darkly conniving, diminishes some of the tangled mystery in Maggie's complex personality.

AND IT THROWS the play ever so AND IT THROWS the play ever as slightly off balance, just enough to make the grand lie Maggle tells in Act Ill seem somehow out of character. Deceil must fester at the center of the Williams' play and be bone and sinow in Maggle the Cat.
Paul DeBoy warms infinitely slowly to his part of Brick, the former football star who is Maggle's husband. The script calls for him to be pickled in bourbon and tortured



Cathie Breidenbach

by guilt, but for awhile it looks as though the bourbon has extinguished all his fire and he'll never wake from emotional stuper. Once Deligores wake and warm to his part, he holds his own well with the rest of the volumers of humor from his part as Brick's obnoxious 'brother Gooper. He's excellent as the unloved son and father of the pack of brats who periodically lay siege to the house with their cap pistols. It's notoriously difficult to get kids to give linely tuned performances, and the kids in the Meadow Brook production come off merely as indistinguishable sterectyped brats. Peggy Thorp as Gooper's perpetually pregnant wife Mae is another story. She's wonderfully awful and deserves her obnoxious husband and her whining brood of mossier children.

Arthur Beer can add another feather to his can for his role of Risk of Ris Brick's obnosious brother Gooper. He's excellent as the unloved son and father of the park of brats who periodically lay slege to the house with their cap pisols. It's motern brother their cap the state of the periodical lay slege to the house with their cap pisols. It's motern brother their cap their state of the s

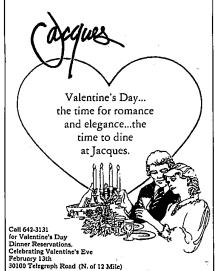
Phillip Locker squeezes every nuance of humor from his part as Brick's obnoxious brother Gooper.

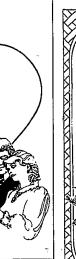
shoots off his mouth and throws his raw power.

weight around. Jeanne Arnold is usually an artist who brings welcome depth and substance to characters, but as Big Mama she seems a pushy Edith Bunker rather than a strong woman capable of matching wills with Big freelance writer.

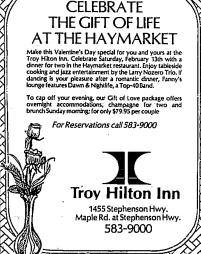








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