

le 23 janvier 1989

Cabaret

by *Bucky Berkey*

The lights were dimmed and the place was silent except for the intermittent clink of glasses and the occasional giggle which comes from light intoxication. Suddenly, a spotlight flashed bright through the steamy room to alight upon the face of a smiling master of ceremonies.

"Welcome, my friends...", he cajoled, "to the show of all shows." He smiled pleasantly as I sat down and prepared for the evening to come. A man came to my table with a pen and pad. I stared at him, he stared at me.

"What do you wish to order from the bar?" he asked questioningly. A dawn of comprehension hit me, a bar! And table service! I settled back and ordered a drink and watched the show unfold.

Folk melodies drifted over crowd. The music ended and a voice began to speak. I saw only a head jutting through the wall. Images flashed on a screen hanging in the corner. The poem ended as a flashy hipster began to play a jazz riff on the grand piano. An upright bass joined in as did a guitar and a flute. Later, a scantily clad woman sang *'La Vie en Rose'* as a jazz trumpet accompanied her. Films played on a giant screen, new and old. A magician travelled from table to table.

For four hours I sat entranced until my watch read 12:30 and the lights relit. It was time for me to return to sad reality happy in the knowledge that I had seen **Cabaret Glendon** presented by **Theatre Glendon** on February 7 and 8 from 8:30 to 12:30 with a bar.