The production is a complete one, writing both powerful, haunting and beautiful yet ruthless in its acrobatics, a perfect direction sparking with originality and enthusiasm, and as crisp, as vivid with taste and zest. so co-ordinated and enjoyable that you feel an actual action. that a small stage action in a world becomes a world totally alive.

Perhaps "alive" is the key word in this review. Beethoven is so passionately alive that, though his writing scores with anger, we come away with the feeling that even stronger than anger was his wishful longing for the natural good in man to make itself known. Fortunately his performance has a company equally alive.

Under the direction of Mr. Adler in the Caravan Thirene undertakes its mission with confidence and pleasure, swinging around the Circle as bells in a church tower. wheeling the larger-than-life monocacy across the Court square. running, fighting, and falling. They stand towards us as comrade and narrator. and serve as caretaker of the giant revolver that. onlvink and shadow, shows highlights and underscores the illusion of time, space, and action.

A simple and basic plot can be found. Grusha, a servant girl, finds her husband dead. The governor's wife, he finally discovers, has killed him. Grusha's fight to keep the child and make it her own culminates in the age-old conflict: love or duty. This story is interrupted in the second half of the play, in which we meet the new. a bride-taker and scoundrel who becomes in love with Grusha. He is the thros of the revolution, moving from success to success in a delightful sequence of his "judgements," all pointed and relevant, and the plot again appears to defend her right to keep the baby.

But all is not simple; nor is the play. Brecht writes it and Mr. Edward Albee artfully directs it. This is the whole point of every episode in Grusha's flight from the law, we are confronted with question and decision. How much do we commit ourselves? How loyal are we to our values in the face of real threat? What is Justice?

Accompanying this is the theatricality of the production. Huge robots wheel lumberingly across the stage as "ironhead" soldiers, providing a vivid image of the horror of a totalitarian state. Wind and fire sounds bring the reality to the panic in the burning city or the depredation of the snow-covered mountains. "Quacking" and "hissing" concoctions represent character with precision, all the while lending color and originality to the production. Actors grow.

"I hope you believe in magic." --Jeff Gale

(LSC capsules)