



Review by Margaret Evans, Editor

“Opera isn’t going anywhere... it’s just changing,” Maeve Hoglund tells me as we chat at the bar of the Sonesta Resort on Hilton Head. “It’s becoming smaller. More intimate. Getting back to its roots. Like tonight.”

I’ve just watched Maeve turn in a bravura performance as Musetta in Martin McFie’s production of *La Boheme*, and it was, indeed, intimate. Marvelously so. (I’m pretty sure I made eye contact with Marcello. Don’t tell my husband.) But I’m hard pressed to call the production “small.” Yes, the venue was a transformed hotel ballroom instead of a grand opera house. Yes, there were only a few hundred people in attendance, not a thousand. (It was sold-out, by the way.) But from the orchestra to the set design to the costumes to – especially – the voices on stage, this was world-class opera. And it was magnificent.

The Charleston Opera Company, under the artistic direction of David Templeton,

