

# Fat Daddy grooves the Greek food with Hawkins

Even while you read, your Fat Daddy feeds at the Alexis Zorbas Supper Club with Wm. Hawkins and friends. Hawkins, who is taking a brief sojourn at the bottom, will be appearing tonight at Burton-- the first major new poet to perform there since Leonard Cohen. While the Greek food circulates, your Fat Daddy sucks a lemon in anticipation. Hawkins has decided to move to Toronto from where he'll direct his current Empire, High Renaissance.

His show at Burton will be his first Toronto appearance since last year, when he appeared with the Lovin' Spoonful. Hawkins has evolved through a succession of groups since then, momentarily realizing in The (New) Heavenly Blue his dream of bringing back the Big Tangier Band Sound. Some lovely Diana has just dropped a bunch of grapes on your Fat Daddy's Head. Later, Rappapussy's Daughter (one of the Coup de Villes of the Canadian cinema) spoke for us all, when she asked Bill why he chose to

become a member of the Assassination Generation. Hawkins: "Those boys really have what it takes. I'm so enthralled with their fantastic idea that I'm going to change the name of my whole family to the Assassination Generation and become the Lone Ranger of Ectoplasmic Aural Rock."

Kudos to Founders and Winters and Paul Fort and Judy Reikai for bringing our good friends Elia Jacov Katz and Buttoc O'Wankin from Baltimore to read in this festival.

# This York Review just misses the mark

by Don McKay

Yorkvue '68 was on target but it didn't hit the bullseye. It had every element of a top review--almost.

The cast was not lacking in talent. Joan Linden, in 'Matin Place', Lyba Steinberg, as the torch? singer, David Langer, as the slob in the ripped T-shirt, Sandy Fainer, Sidney Troister, and the three top singers, Carol Etkin, Gary Arbour, and Di-

ane Gillespie presented the best performances.

Don Acaster designed a technically excellent show, by coordinating slides and lights to produce many stunning effects.

The direction by Nicholas Ayre was well-paced and his movement of the cast in the big production numbers was marked by a beautiful simplicity.

Unfortunately, except for Christine Edinborough's Swan Lake solo, the dancing left a lot to be desired.

Richar Banigan's costume designs were executed with skill. The white gown worn by Diane Gillespie in the Paths of Glory was a most beautiful piece of design. Mr. Banigan's flamboyant flair for costuming is best suited to a review setting.

You might even say that his designs are professional.

Gary Arbour coordinated and arranged all the musical backgrounds with humour and intelligence.

With all this, why was the review only a minor success? The script was mediocre. The skits ranged from top humor to pure garbage.

Sketches such as the 'Last Flower' and the 'Torch? Singer' were worthy of the cast, director and designers, but others such as 'Pizza' or 'I Came Back' were an insult to the audience.

A better script and a more careful screening of all material would have made Yorkvue '68 excellent.



Rehearsal shot of 'Lyba Steinberg trying to seduce a piano in Yorkvue '68

## Fringe benefits in Bedazzled

by Rick Blair

Bedazzled is funny. Bedazzled is a bit too long-- 30 minutes to be exact. Bedazzled stars Peter Cook and Dudley Moore (Beyond the Fringe). They're great.

Bedazzled also stars Eleanor Bron. She's attractive and unattractive at the same time. In other words, she's good too.

Bedazzled is a very slick production of a modern day Faust (Moore) who sells his soul to the devil (Cook) for seven wishes.

Moore works in a Wimpy-burger joint and his greatest wish is to seduce the waitress (Eleanor Bron).

However, he is a shy little man who can't even manage to speak to her.

George Spigott (alias Satan, alias Peter Cook) offers Moore anything including the waitress if Moore would sell his soul ('a painless opera-

tion') to Spigott. However, once this has occurred, Spigott keeps finding loopholes in Moore's wishes which eventually frustrate him.

In one wish, Moore asks for Margaret (Miss Bron) to be 'physical and lusty' while he is powerful and rich. After the magic words 'Julie Andrews', the wish is answered. However, Margaret is lustful, but with every man except Moore. Oh well, try again Stanley.

Throughout the whole film, Cook and Moore handle their lives with an excellent care-free manner which makes potentially boring dialogue delightful. The most exciting part of the film is that the more I think back on it, the better it gets.

As an afterword, Raquel Welch appeared as Raquel Welch. Vive Sex.

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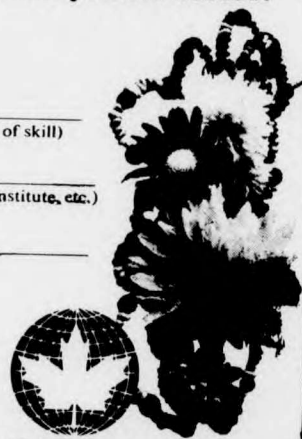
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(C-68)

-BROUART-

## Guard just doing his job

by Frank Liebeck

Imagine a prison. It's a gray-green color, with peeling paint, and built to look like an extension of the theatre you're seated in. It's dark and sinister with cold bricks, and in the middle stands Brouart.

Now don't get Brouart wrong. He's just doing his job. I mean he's not the brightest prison guard in the world, but he's efficient. So he thinks himself to be a brilliant interrogator, a man who knows the truth. Well, he's merely trying to impress his assistant, and if you had a job like that, you'd have fantasies too.

Pouzin is put into his custody to await the guillotine. There is something funny about this Pouzin. It seems he whispered into the ear of two people, 'You are going to die', and five minutes later they dropped, from seemingly natural causes. But Pouzin was there, so he

must have been the cause. Strange powers like these are incomprehensible, and facts are facts, so kill Pouzin.

Both comedy and drama as directed by Leon Major flow from the Hart House stage. In this black comedy, written by Claude Aveline, Major has subtly used the humorous stupidity of the two warders to offset the significance of the ignorant persecution of Pouzin.

I have nothing but praise for James Bradford's portrayal of Brouart. Both he and John Astington are two sincere and bungling warders who just plod on. At the end Bradford, quite drunk by now, talks to himself and tries to dissect the implications of the gift possessed by the prisoner in the next room. Patrick Saul's Pouzin is just as confused by his fits of doom as society is. He is pathetic and stupid, but fears death like any man.