

Swanee, how I love ya...

Cabaret tops off season with old soft shoe

Photos: Bob Foley

The nice thing about a cabaret is that by the time you've grown tired of a certain act, another one is waiting in the wings to take over.



Kevin Fennessy fills the air with words of Gershwin woo while a chorus of cabaret chorines echo his sentiments.

Last week's York Cabaret production of *Why Gershwin?* in Vanier's Open End pub offered singers, dancers, jugglers, minor melodrama and an Al Jolson imitation in a tight schedule running under an hour.

The emphasis was on George Gershwin, but songs like *Swanee* and

Give my regards to Broadway (re-named *Yorkdale* for the purposes of the skit) managed to sneak by now and then.

The show started with Gershwin's *Mine*, sung by Kevin Fennessy and Laurie Fyffe with a six-member backup chorus, all smiles and swaying limbs.

Matt Walsh's Jolson impression, black-face and all, was cut short by a large hook from backstage, somewhat deservedly, but by the end of the evening his voice had grown to resemble the original's. When he bent down on one knee to sing "Swanee, how I love ya, how I love ya", the capacity audience reacted with spontaneous applause.

DROPPING EGGS

Michael McCartney's juggling act with rings and balls went smoothly until he experimented with eggs, dropping one into the audience. Halfway through his next juggle, the egg was thrown back.

The voices and dancing of the crew were often impressive, and always adequate, and the atmosphere of fellowship and fun made the occasional strained high note bearable.

The highlight of the show was Jan Schneider's amazing singing in *I've Got a Crush on You* and *But not for Me*. Her voice, while lacking some discipline, was sharp, clear and commanding, and as a friend at our table commented, "She's a natural."

The tone of the evening was extremely light. *Yorkdale*, directed by Catherine Russell, was a rather over-drawn caricature of a matron whose charge account is revoked by her husband, but the resultant song and dance justified the excess.

ROLLING WAVES

Michael McCartney and Laurie Fyffe dotted their duet of Gershwin's *Soon* with witty physical comments: as Michael sang the word "safe", his arms flew out in the traditional umpire's gesture; and when the two talked of sailing away, Laurie motioned her hands to the right like a ship, while Michael in the background im-



Laurie Fyffe lets out a high note during one of the Gershwin numbers in *Why Gershwin?*, performed by the York cabaret last week in the Open End pub.

itated the roll of the waves.

Other performers included Ellen Berman, Debbie Lachlan, Wendy Dell, Judy Morgan, Colleen O'Brien, Debi Forsyth-Smith, Jifke Bettink, Debbie Hall, Dave Lear, Steve Thorne and Laurel Darnell.

Glenn Morley staged the production, and Rick Wolfe was artistic director.

The cabaret is funded by York's theatre department, and is open to

any student with an urge to act or write. They can call Rick Wolfe in Burton Auditorium at 667-3970.

The fall season is over, except for a final show by the theatre department tonight and tomorrow night, but the cabaret will return in January. The Open End pub, an L-shaped room with a piano in the corner, has a friendly atmosphere conducive to such amateur endeavours, and the whole show is free of charge.



Debi Forsyth-Smith, Jifke Bettink and Debbie Hall extol the virtues of *Yorkdale* in an adaptation of *Give my Regards to Broadway*.

Hunting the B.C. beastie

By SHELLEY RABINOVITCH

Wildman, Big Foot, Abominable Snowman, Yeti, and Sasquatch: all these and more are the phrases used to try and describe the enigma Indians have been speaking of for centuries.

In his book *Sasquatch*, Vancouver journalist Don Hunter documents the work of years of research into both the Russian and North American cases and sightings. His main source of information is Rene Dahinden, born Canadian, a Swiss Sasquatch hunter who has carefully documented hundreds of cases from across the world.

Sasquatch is an absorbing tale of the Big Foot and the people who have seen him (her, it)? The cover of the book is a colour blow-up of one frame

of an unaltered film by the late Roger Patterson, another Sasquatch researcher, who was all but attacked by a ten-foot female while riding in B.C.

A press release included with the book states that the publishers of the \$7.95 book, McClelland and Stewart, are offering \$100,000 to any Canadian citizen who will bring a live Saquatch to their offices.

"People are calling to ask if we're going to take one on tour, autographing parties, that kind of thing," says publisher Jack McClelland.

The reward offer specifies that the Sasquatch must be captured alive, that McClelland and Stewart would own all photographic rights, and that the creature would be released at the site of its capture one week after scientific verification.

Ron Kasman, graphic