

Goodbye to bad Fortune; now hail Theatre Toronto

by Frank Liebeck

Out goes Fortune and in comes Theatre Toronto with no lag in between. You can barely fit a razor blade between the closing down of one show, and the opening of another, and it's a good thing, too.

Fortune And Men's Eyes winds up this weekend now that it's been proven that Toronto hasn't completely been swallowed by the pink whale.

Whether or not it was a good show is irrelevant, but any production that succeeds with homosexuality as its

theme in Dennison's city propheys a new era.

I didn't care for it, but that's only my opinion, and whoever listens to me? Nathan Cohen liked it and that's all that matters.

I thought the play lacked a build up to its final climax. When it came, it was too fast and too brief. I thought Queenie was too outrageous and took away some of the play's credibility, though the production was excellent and deserved all the acclaim it received.

Now Theatre Toronto opens with The Drummer Boy by Montrealer Jean Basile. It deals with the horrors of 17th

century Quebec and I just hope they're no worse than the horrors of 20th century Quebec.

It is to be followed by three other plays, one of which is supposed to lift the lid off Churchill, and the other off Don Mills. I don't know which one will prove more shocking. I've driven down Woodbine and have seen it all. It's true. Take it from me.

Clifford Williams is an Englishman who has been hired by the company to initiate its premiere in Toronto. He has achieved wide fame in Britain and perhaps he is just the impetus Toronto needs to raise its theatrical standard to that

enjoyed by other cities on the North American continent.

Theatre Toronto is the result of a merger of the Canadian Players and the Crest. You remember the Crest, don't you? It's showing The Sound of Music right now. That's like Ben Casey turned to repairing hub caps.

But with the death of the old, there comes the renaissance. They're at the House of Mirvish for the next few months. Mr. Williams is going to Bulgaria next, to direct Shakespeare. It seems they need a renaissance there also. Guess we're not the only ones in the world.

Kids rolled in the aisles, but no cash rolled in, so it's time to tell

the truth about Sinbad

by Don McKay

As Sinbad sinks slowly in the west, the producers leave the mythical diamond mines on the Shimmering Island to calculate their losses. These were great but the play was a success.

The production was spectacular. The lighting designed by Donald Acaster, affectively highlighted the sparkling costumes and sets.

The play by Chris Wiggins, is an ideal children's play as it encourages active audience participation.

The kiddietwinks all had a ball, mainly because they didn't have to sit quietly and behave for two hours as they usually do at movies.

The acting wasn't top notch but it was good enough to satisfy the kids. John D. Innes as Sharkle, Tedd Reed as the Vizier, and June Boag as Ting Tang Tong were the notable exceptions. Their performances were very professional and extremely amusing.

But an artistic success, is no compensation for impossibly small houses. Sinbad cost approximately \$9,600. Fifty percent of this went into publicity. Thirty percent went into labor costs. The loss has not been published but it is going to be huge.

Why wasn't the publicity a success? The most upsetting fact is the surrounding community has no interest in

York. The main publicity campaign was centred on the area around York, because people from the city cannot be expected to come all the way up to the Burton Auditorium.

Another serious problem was the price of the tickets. It would have cost a mother and two children \$5.00 for an afternoon's entertainment.

Christmas is a bad time to expect people to spend this much on entertainment.

The price was a sincere mistake being based on the prices of the very successful Museum Children's Theatre.

Sinbad and the Mermaid was not a total failure, and children's theatre should be attempted again next year.

If the plans for it are started early in the school year, block sales from the schools in the area could cover the entire production cost.

MAUD'S COLUMN RETURNS

MAUD'S COLUMN, written by Maud's Friend ('He just listens to me,' says Maud), returns next week with a review of the PINK FLOYD album, The Piper at The Gates of Dawn.

In the meantime, hear the PAUPERS to-night, Winter Carnival Dance. Their album, Magic People, is tremendous.



Photo Credit—Clark Hill

John D. Innes as Sharkle, Rick Blair as the Calif and Tedd Reed as the Vizier entertain the kiddietwinks.

VERSAFOOD DISCOUNTED MEAL CARDS

(a) Term Meal Cards:

Covering 9 meals per week. 5 lunches and 4 dinners, Monday through Friday.

This card will cover 14 weeks (15 January-19 April) at a cost of:

Lunch	.95 x 5 x 14 weeks	\$66.50
Dinners	\$1.20 x 4 x 14 weeks	\$67.20
Discount at 10%	13.37	Card Cost \$120.00

(b) Weekly Meal Cards:

Covering 9 meals per week, i.e. 5 lunches and 4 dinners, Monday through Friday.

Full Course meals worth \$9.55 will be discounted .80 cents to \$8.75.

Cash Value	5 lunches	\$4.75
	4 dinners	\$4.80
Discount at 8%	.80	Card cost \$8.75

Note: A 13 week card e.g. (excluding reading period 19-23 Feb.) may be sold for \$111.00.

(c) Weekend Cards:

Covering 3 dinners and 2 lunches from Friday dinner through Sunday dinner. Full course meals worth \$5.50 will be discounted to \$5.00.

Discounted cards (a) and (b) above for next term may be purchased from the Accounting Dept. at Glendon College and York Campus from Monday 11 December. Weekend cards may be purchased from food service cashiers.

EXCALIBUR EXPERTS PICK THE TEN BEST OF '67

1. CUL-DE-SAC
2. IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT
3. BLOW UP
4. BONNIE AND CLYDE
5. ACCIDENT
6. THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY
7. REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE
8. TWO FOR THE ROAD
9. LA GUERRE EST FINIE
10. EL DORADO

After deliberation, we have decided to give the LJS (Laurie J. Siegel) Award to Cul-de-Sac as the best film of 1967.

The Booby prize for the year's disaster is won hands down by Godard's Pierrot Le Fou.

If you want to see ugly, see Eli in pizza Western

by Dave Warga

Recipe for a good Western: take three American actors, add three Italian writers and one director (prime ingredient named Sergio Leone), stir slowly (2 1/2 hours worth) over a dry fire (would you believe the Italian desert) and presto, you have The Good, the Bad and the Ugly.

The Good is Clint Eastwood of Rawhide fame, in the third of a series of films about 'the man with no name'. But this time he has a name—Blondie. Blondie is the original Peck's bad boy.

The Bad is Lee Van Cleef, who just couldn't match his role in the second of the trilogy, For a Few Dollars

More.

The Ugly is Eli Wallach (enough said), in his typical role as a jovial Mexican bandito à la How the West Was Won and The Magnificent Seven. The word for Wallach is wonderful.

And the word for The Good ...is good. It has funny lines (I laughed so hard), no women (I cried so much), and killing - boy, is there killing. I counted 21 shot and one hanged but I gave up in the Civil War battle field.

Perhaps the best scene is the triple shoot-out, where the casualties were Lee Van Cleef and three of my finger nails. Viva Italia.