

## **Cu'Fu? a lulu**

**Cu'Fu? • REVUE** The family of storyteller Calogero (Charly) Chiarelli may not have had much money, but they've provided him with a wealth of good theatrical material. His one-man show *Cu'Fu?* is filled with anecdotes about his boyhood in Hamilton, Ontario as the son of Sicilian parents. He seamlessly interweaves these often hilarious stories with original and traditional songs (which he plays on the harmonica) and an account of his family's decision, many years later, to take his hospitalized father Antonio off the life-support machine.

Chiarelli's funniest stories revolve around his mother, who, he says, "may not have been able to read words, but man! Could she read faces!" She was once able to figure out which of the other shoppers in the local supermarket

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had snatched her purse from her cart just by peering into their eyes. Even better is Chiarelli's account of the time he encouraged his university buddies to light up a joint in the family kitchen—right in front of his mother. "Don't worry," he assures his understandably hesitant friends. "Sicilians don't betray family members over something so insignificant as a *crime!*"

The play runs two hours, but you get the feeling when it's over that Chiarelli has barely scratched the surface of his memories. We don't learn much about his six brothers and sisters, for instance, and even his father remains something of a mysterious figure. Perhaps Chiarelli is saving that stuff up for a sequel. *Cu'Fu Two*, anyone?