

Bad Coffee, Bad Grades & Japanese Monster Movies

By NICK OLIVER

Have you ever felt like a 20 ton weight is on your shoulders? I feel like that all the time. I used to think I was overweight. I used to pull off the road onto the highway truck scales but the guy there would just wave me through, yelling something holding up a whole convoy of trucks bringing heaps and heaps of cabbage patch dolls, melted chocolate bars and bad american beer. I would frantically explain that I feared bridge collapse whenever I went travelling. He would tell me the only way I could make a bridge collapse by driving over it would be if it had been designed by a UNB engineering graduate. I found it astonishing that their reputation was as far reaching as Harvey Station but you never can tell. Anyway, I discovered I wasn't overweight by seeing my own x-rays at the hospital one day. Imagine my surprise when my mental image of the x-rays of obese people didn't match my own. I won't go into graphic detail but let's just say I thought my x-ray would need two exposures and the soundtrack to "2001" to do it justice. The mean look my editor gives me continues to remind me of that 20 ton feeling however.

My prediction about the Tragically Hip show seems to be unfolding like I said it would. "Beat the AUC rush, buy your tickets now" sounds more like a dying cry to boost ticket sales to me. The marquee also neglects to mention that not only is this the "show of '92" but also the show of 91, 90 and 88. The sad part of all this is those pathetic posters showing how many "UNB celebrities" are attending the show and why. Come on, beg me a little harder; I still won't go. The new album bites and I hate seeing shows in the Aitken Centre. Give me the SUB cafeteria over a cold hockey arena anyday. Even sadder is the fact that if this show bombs, and the indicators as well as conventional wisdom point in that direction, a significant chunk of the entertainment budget will be gone. Fortunately, there will still be enough cash for homophobic movies with no plot, thank the lucky stars. You'd think it was spring with all the people getting together all around. I mean, shit, you'd swear I was on Fantasy Island with all the action going on around me. Don't confuse

these people with the ones obsessed with leaving their icky "personal protection devices" wherever they can be seen. No, this is a new breed of neo-romantic. I'm glad to see my friends getting together with each other but whether I need to be around for every glowing example of the practice of primitive dating rituals by previously undersexed university students is another question. Don't get me wrong, I'm happy for them all. I love them all and any opportunity to make cheesy sexual jokes over double entendres and unfinished sentences is seized immediately. It's only fair, they did the same for me when I first met my current sidekick. It's good to know your friends really care, you know even if they are getting laid much more than you. I suppose it's better than having my roommate inviting all her single friends for an evening of fine pornographic film viewing. Believe me, the idea was, and as far as I know is still, not far from becoming reality. Nothing I want more than a living room full of horny young undergrads with a taste for revenge, cheap sex, corn chips,

fudge and Moosehead Dry. Not enough cigarettes to go around just adds fuel to the flames. I think I'll go out and have my legs elongated that night. It's a toss up between that and tapping my head against something big and made of iron. See, no contest. I'd stay but I'm not sure what Environment Canada has deemed to be an acceptable level of estrogen. Besides, I hate injections.

If I want to overload on estrogen I'll hang out at Tibbits. They are quite cranky though. Did you ever notice that? I thought at first maybe it was the Beaver Food being so close by but with some further analysis and talking with girls who hate it there, we've come to the joint conclusion that there is enough yeast in that place to brew their own beer. You could make a killing. (And that doesn't mean I'm inviting death threats. One journalist(?) on campus at a time is all that's allowed. I looked it up.) Tune in next week, same bat time, same bat channel. 'Til then keep ignoring the Hip, kissing each other and microwaving those panties. Ta!

RED 'N' BLACK

The Red 'N' Black is a 46 year tradition at UNB, the first show being Thursday, March 4th, 1948. The show was so popular that a third night had to be added to accommodate all the students who wanted to see the show. Needless to say, the show has undergone many other changes over time. Originally the show was performed by the senior class in the spring to help raise funds for the grad class party. After eleven years the show moved to the Fall to avoid conflicts with hockey play-offs, Spring exams and Student Union Elections. The show has maintained its Fall date with the exception of the odd year when the Playhouse was not available.

The Playhouse has not always been the location of the Red 'N' Black. For the first few years the show was held in the Gym, because it was the largest venue at the time in the city. Later, after the Playhouse was built, the show moved off campus and downtown. On occasion the first night had been held at Marshal D'Avrey Hall, a logistics nightmare for the crew who had to set up the stage area for one night and move it all the next day to the Playhouse for the remaining two nights.

For many students the kickline & jug band are old favorites, but they were never in the original show. The jug band came later and the kickline was better known as the "Harem Girls".

The Red 'N' Black has not always been the success that many would have liked. In 1962 there was a chance the show would be cancelled. Director, Dave Wilson, said that without more people there wouldn't be a show. As a result a front cover story in the Brunswickan was written to spark interest, but even that failed. In a last ditch effort, the Brunswickan printed a special one page issue in the hope of saving the show, with the battle cry being "This would never happen at Mount 'A'". This resulted in an outpouring of support that saved the show. This year's show is being directed by Michael Demmons and Kevin Arseneault, with the last two shows taking place tonight and tomorrow.

by Umas Forsythe



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