

**Artsifacts**

Engineers have hairy sphynxers  
Dr. Joyce Brothers

THE OLD AND STALE  
**THE ARTS**

Friday April 10, 1992

Section C

**Artsifacts**

It only took one pound of hamburger for  
those over ten billion that we served.  
My Boss

*New Brunswick's*  
**Bursary Ballet**

*Intense choreography and dynamic movement intermingle with beaurocracy and a real look at the hard life of student aid workers*

*Arts Review/ New Brunswick's beautiful Bursary Ballet, educates as well as, entertains*

*Dwarves dressed as comptrollers in frilly and elegantly designed tutus cavort gaily about the stage tossing confetti and Kraft Dinner*

The New Brunswick Irving College of Political Design - sponsored tour of the Bursary Ballet gets underway with a premiere performance at Memorial Hall, UNB campus this week. A truly introspective look into the working world of Student Aid employees, this innovative and exciting production promises both laughter and tears from civil servants and students alike (but mainly respectively). Broken up in to three separate sections, choreographer Vaughn Blaney says that each section "acts to synthesize the whole drama into romance, greed, political beaurocracy and starvation. Oh, and education, can't forget that."

The NBBB's integration of student life and the long hours of the Aid employee offered an intriguing double glimpse of Choreographer Vaughn Blaney's talents. From the first segment entitled "SIN Number, Please!" set to the music of BTO's

*Takin' Care of Business*, we see Blaney's dancers as not just 40,000 dollar-a-year civil servants, but as hybrid creatures of human and animal quality. Tripping lightly and sure-footedly about the mahogany desks, the dancers move with grace and flair as they ambitiously leave the phone off the hook and toss a caricature dummy "student" back and forth between eachother. The overwhelming power of Blaney's vision comes to climax as the dummy student is slammed with finality into an office trash can and dimes are tossed in after him with genuine feeling that sends shivers down the audience.

Segment two, entitled "The Wait" sees the dummy "student" in his apartment, as the spectres of starvation and debt dance feverishly about the small, dimly lit room to the strains of *If I Were A Rich Man* from *Fiddler On The Roof*. As the spectres swirl closer in aching descending spirals, the angels of the Bursary come down to the *Halleluia Chorus* from Handel's *Messiah*. The dream-like quality and the triumphant arrival of the angels put the audience on its feet in an unprecedented mid-performance ovation. Dwarves dressed as comptrollers in frilly and elegantly designed tutus cavort gaily about the stage tossing confetti and Kraft Dinner.

The true highlight of the evening comes with the final segment called "Bursaries? I see No Bursaries!" The stage is in darkness and is covered with information forms and carbon paper. This compelling portion of the performance saw the solo dance of Blaney himself as the jester, symmetry and power interlinking in his every step. True innovation met grace and style as the office workers returned to the stage to dance with coffee cups and lit cigarettes around the giant cheque placed centrally. The NBBB gave a gutsy, compelling performance as the final curtain came down on the full cast as they mooned the dummy student.

The brilliance of Blaney's conceptualizations and actions were expressed beautifully in the graceful yet sure movement of the dancers. An inspiring work, this production kept pace with the tradition that has brought us such memorable performances in the past as McKenna's *Fences To Sit On*, Bird's *All I Want For Christmas is An Honorary Degree* and Bosnitch's virtuoso performance in *Prime Minister For A Day*.

The NBBB continues at Mem Hall until the due date for confirmation of earnings, with a final show on Registration Day.



(Above) Choreographer Vaughn Blaney is noted for his individualistic style, which he credits to his commitment to higher education. "We are training students for the real world. If they can't survive for ten months a year as students, on \$3360.00 how can they expect to survive as civil servants when their wages are frozen at \$40,000 a year?"

(Right) Prima Ballerina Francois Rioux (here seen as the jester in the ballet segment entitled "Bursaries? I see no Bursaries!"), a recent graduate of the New Brunswick Irving College of Political Design where he specialized in Light-footed Shifiness with a minor in Passing The Buck says of the production: "I like to think of this as bringing my real self onto the stage - I've always been a song and dance man at heart, and that's what I want to continue to give the people, especially the students."



**National Red And White**

*The World's Smallest Co-Ed Kickline*

Despite intense protest from the National Association of Sensitive New Age Engineers, the National Red and White Revue opened to a full house last night at the Pantages Theatre in Toronto. Those expecting to see "Phantom Of The Opera" were pleasantly astonished by the change in plans.

Celebrating the 125th anniversary of Canada, the Red and White gathered the most pretentious "semi-professional" performance acts from universities across this nation into a Woodstock for cabaret fans.

The Stars and Stripes Dance and Rodeo Posse, performing their own eclectic brand of cowboy hip-hop horseback dancing, opened the show. Some twenty-five semi-finalists from the Fly Girls auditions danced to the familiar strains of C&C Music Factory, only once falling off their high horses.

Various cover bands performed their original permutations of popular songs, to which the crowd clapped and sang along. Between Bad Carmen's rock and roll rendition of "Rubber Duckie" and Eight Sneakers' acapella version of "Enter Sandman," those seated could barely keep from rising to their feet.

Emcees Sarah Staley and Mark Siphon added their own brand of humor and spark to the show with a running "love story" gag, a revival of the lost art of Wayne

and Garth impersonations, and occasional obscure jokes concerning the lynching of high school students. (The jest may have been carried too far when a teenaged girl was burned in effigy onstage).

"The World's Smallest Co-Ed Kickline" appeared in the second act. The six members, arranged boy-girl, raised their legs to the world in tandem to the pounding rhythms of "There's No Business (Like Show Business)."

As a Grand Finale, the much-debated National Engineers' Jugband gave a slightly censored performance of "Oh Susanna," aiming to please the NASNAE by covering up the slang terms with loud beeps. Political correctness may not have been achieved, but the masses did seem to find the act humorous.

The National Red and White Revue ended with a standing ovation... all those remaining in the audience at the end of the show were clapping and shrieking madly as they rose from their seats to approach the stage. Security, however, was not threatened by the mob.

When asked if the Revue would be done again next year, director Suing Magazine had only this to say: "I don't know. After all, they are only university students."

Assorted Press  
For the Old And Stale



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