

Red 'N Black: "Imagine Liberace's transposition of Mandarin's boogie woogie to a one act play"

by john blaikie and norene mccann
brunswickan staff

Given the surprisingly high degree of competence of some of the performers we find ourselves at a loss to account for Mr. MacDonald's difficulty in structuring a respectable show. Metaphorically, responses are limitless. Imagine Liberace's transposition of Mandarin's Broadway boogie woogie to a one act play. That's the 23rd annual Red and Black.

Thursday was opening night. If you have tickets for Friday or Saturday perhaps you will be luckier than we were. We think not. It seems unlikely that the technical blunders in structure and in individual acts will be corrected.

The "Houston Countdown" was an excellent beginning. It was a bit artificial and we were uncertain about the possibility of relating it to the opening number. When the canned strains of "Aquarius" forced the curtains apart we relaxed. Unfortunately after only a few bars we paused to be introduced to our genial host and hostess attired quite magnificently in formal evening dress. The change in environment was a bit too sudden. A feeling of irrational suspension between the sea of tranquility and Wilf Carter's ballroom remains for the rest

of the performance.

The barbie dolls were better than last year, however the delicate balance among motion, light and sound still eludes them. That's partly the fault of the lighting technicians.

Anna Lee and Peggy's choice of songs wasn't as good as last year's but their harmony works and they're pretty and consequently not likely to miss with a Playhouse audience.

Skits are just that and "RIGHT THINKING" hit below the middle of the line. It wasn't that we predicted the punch line but that by the time it was delivered we weren't listening.

The kick line was more co-ordinated than ever before but interpretive dancing it didn't do and usually it is only relevant to the Saturday night audience anyway.

Phil Rees picked a number

on which he really couldn't use his fine tenor and nervousness obviously interfered with his breathing rhythm.

"BODY AND SOUL" suffered from the same problem as the barbie dolls. The middle half didn't come off. Keep Laureen Bassett down on the floor with "HARVEY'S TUNE" and good things will happen.

The "Eternal Triangle", drama in reverse, was well done and the only acceptable attempt at humour of the evening.

It appeared that the dangling conversation piece, competent musicians and vocalists, accidentally found themselves on stage together. Unfortunately that is also the way the group sounded.

The majorettes kicked up

from a little further along from where the barbie dolls left off. An enflamed baton twirled to the beat of "Light My Fire" in the hands of an impressive and competent majorette. Paul Campbell quickly extinguished any enthusiasm left over from the preceding performance.

The disorderly conduct of the students' wives meeting unintentionally reinforced the chaotic management prevalent during the revue. Pregnant with feminine frivolity it failed to even shake the stage let alone bring the house down with its humour and/or frolicking.

Stephen Crawford again the only performer with any sort of elemental professionalism was not quite up to his performance of last year.

Lynn Murray did well on her country and western

number but as far as Joan Baez, let her do her own thing.

"Country Pie and the Stump" were just what they said they were, mostly show. Their performance was consistent with the football rally atmosphere most of the second half.

The Naked Lunch have played at UNB dances.

We didn't forget John Wilson but we probably will.

The attempt at the end of the show to redevelop football rally enthusiasm failed miserably. The cast was on stage, obviously enthusiastic, but a recording of "Let The Sunshine In" couldn't possibly reflect that enthusiasm.

The "Kill McGill" slogan at curtain fall was quite appropriate. They had already done it to Red 'n Black '69.



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POTPOURRI ... SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER IN GOOD OL' FRED'...

