



## Red 'N Black, as usual, was "bigger and better"

By JOHN LUMSDEN

UNB's medley of musical mirth was back again this year, 29 times "bigger and better" than it's original. Overseeing this entertainment extravaganza was the dapper, debonaire Don Martin. Throughout the night, he kept us entertained with a fountain of quirks and cultural gems, culminating in his bird call spectacular at the close of the show.

Music was the mainstay of the evening, the skits suffering somewhat from lack of direction and-or rehearsal time. The UNB dance theatre opened the evening with an interpretation of Elp's Rodeo. The pit band was excellent, though restrained, throughout.

Vocalists reigned supreme throughout the night as Don Martin so enthusiastically pointed out, "You won't find talent like that anywhere." Regular troupers Elston Johnston, Ted Tweedie and Mary McCann were back, delighting the audience with non-vinyl tainted sounds. The Odd Jobs did a professional job with several recent top 40 sounds, a visual as well as audio treat. Rishma Singh made a case of justifiable rape, even the unshakeable Don Martin had to cash in on a free anatomy lesson.

The musical highlight of the night, for me, was the second half of Krieburg and Lulham, a jazz improvisation for piano and flute. Expecting a comedy routine, Corn

Beef Cabbage and the Leftovers came on and surprised me with some more excellent music. They were aided again by Lulham on recorder and flute, dazzling the audience by playing a recorder duet by himself, only, simultaneously and at the same time.

One of the amazing things about going to a revue is to find out things that people actually still do. There was tap-dancing, baton-twirling - things I haven't seen since Tiny Talent Time, one of the dustier recollections of my youth.

A "new" for this year, and hopefully a perennial one is the all-girl jug band. I would hate to see an audience so jaded that they didn't get a kick out of the Whistling Pygmies routine, and

Tuesday night's certainly wasn't. Using "hot material" the stage crew had probably the best comedy skit, though "The Great Bumbalini" a last minute addition should certainly share the honours.

Undoubtedly the low point of the night was The Marx Bros., it being the worst excuse for a skit I've ever seen since the Tauny Six imitated a clump of trees at the Annual Cubboree July 9, 1963. And that was bad.

Ahh, that grand bevy of beauties, the kickline returned in finer form than ever, getting a standing ovation from every male in the audience. They were joined by the impeccable Dr. Anderson, whose benign gaze won him applause

every time he moved two feet without tripping over his own feet.

One of the hardest things about managing a revue such as this is the rapid transferal of props, flats, people and equipment throughout the night. The nerve center for this operation is the stage director, ably commandeered this year by Brad Marchant. The lack of polish evident in some of the skits could have something to do with the untimely disappearance of Gordon Kennedy, Skits Co-ordinator, a few days before production.

Congratulations to everybody behind the scenes or in the show, another year of students enjoyed a fine UNB tradition through your efforts.