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Red and Black and White and Limelight and Purple Twilight

by Aljab

Red Devil: Have you seen the Revue?

Black: No. I've been to the first one nineteen years ago, and that was enough.

Red: What? You've seen it then, and you're only eighteen?

Black: I said I've been to it but I haven't seen it.

Red: Oh.

Black: See ya.

Red: Where are you going?

Lily White: Hi. I didn't have the chance to talk to you last night but wasn't that the greatest?

Red: No, I've seen better ones at McGill and Toronto. Besides, why did the "would-be patriots" have to start with O'Canada? Isn't it bad enough to listen to it any time when a station comes on the air, goes off the air, after every movie, every concert? When I was a fanatic kid I froze stiff at the first chord of every national anthem even when I was alone, but now it's getting to the point that I won't stand up unless Canada declared peace.

Lily: We are Canadians and it was very "appropriate" way to start our show. The American, Phil, respects Canada more than you.

Red: So do I, but familiarity breeds contempt which every hearing increases. I was more impressed by the leggy girls handing out the programs.

Lily: They had to start the show somehow. Anyway, some of those girls were fat.

Red: They started the show well enough with the air raid and the tension burst out in joyful relief with the opening kickline.

Lily: After the fast moving surprise Bonny and Patty were a pleasing contrast with their impish innocent faces and byootiful lyrical voices and a cute ballad about the populars.

Red: Their faces were a white blob in the too bright limelight and their voices mushy sweet and the populars no longer topical. Nice figures though.

Lily: Nonsense. But their white and black dresses went

well with the difference in their delicate voices.

Red: I didn't notice that, but in the next number the only thing good was the clowncaps and the gaudy colors of the funny east Africans.

Lily: Well, I saw many foreign student acts and this was the best ever. The song, the dance, the native dress and the high spirits of the smiling guys when they did the mating dance made this the freshest, most enjoyable number in the whole show.

Red: All right, I liked the farewell song, but this confusion, reversal of the sexes was overdone in the Revue. I would rather see Lail MacKeigan not dressed as a French Canadian lumberjack, but her act was funny.

Lily: That's just the point of the joke, don't you see? If a man had done it they might think he meant it. But there was nothing funny about bringing in Miss Edith G. MacLeod. It should have been cut.

Red: Or substitute somebody else, say — to bring out the joke at the expense of the coeds in residence, who're here to get a lumberjack.

Lily: (Whispers in his ear, then) . . . so probably she intended to put her in the act originally. The number should have been left out. She just wanted to be in the show.

Red: Sure. Why not? She is the best comedian actress on campus. Chim-chim-chim of the Choral Society was better than I Don't Care, though the male voices did not carry the volume to balance the girls'.

Lily: It's not their fault if enough guys don't join the choir. What I noticed was that they sang from notes. You could also see it from their singing that they didn't practise enough to know the songs by heart.

Red: Ed Bell seemed to rattle off his jokes off the cuff.

Lily: Oh no. It was obscene, terrible except for the song about the Playhouse. And the fillers were cheap slapsticks, immoral trash.

Red: Exactly. That's what we need. It didn't shock people and even you giggled your head off (luckily for me). The purpose of a revue is above all to raise a laugh in this vale of tears — some prefer to wail and quash their fees and to relax people with music like Flamenco guitarist Ted Gray, or awaken their interest for the moods of our times as the Fugue in Black and White did. (Or to sexcite)

Lily: True, the band was cool, and the better half of the kickline did the piano-like movements with their keyboard backs perfectly. The jazz of the trio and the dance blended well. I wish I could hear them again. I hope the classical guitarist will play more too. Alegrias was improvised very skillfully and played with great sensitivity.

Red: But it had no force, energy but this will come with more confidence. His technique was excellent. But in the Fugue and Lure-Lites I was impressed by the variations in the lightening in harmony with the music and the dance and by the glittering batons of the girls in the purple twilight, especially the experienced Sue Sheffield. The Henchmen in spite of their experience sang a War song in soft coolings about

like the Student Wives, we just don't say that kind of jokes (in front of guys), and I can't stand all those Jewish jokes, and Ed Bell too, and the clothing store skits.

Red: What? I didn't see anything like that in them, and you have to be pretty prejudiced to look at it that way. And about the Student Wives, they are the backbone of every Red and Black and always, come up with hilarious skits. Don't forget you might become one after last night.

Lily: (Bites his arm, kicks his shin, and pours coffee on him which is cold by now anyway and then blushes) Darling, Red darling, maybe we shouldn't have left after the first half, and listened to the band instead.

Red: (scared) What are you talking about? We didn't leave, it was only our souls that hovered above us in a platonic embrace and were felled when the bomb exploded after the second air raid.

Grey: (Brings two teas and starts shouting) I've got some inside information on the show at the Playhouse. Where are you now? Since I'm the reporter of this article I want to know how are my characters doing?

Red: We are fine, we are

but great.

Red: Yeah, and they had a tough time when they carried off one-another by the waist and thighs. The audience roared.

Grey: I hope the girls in the revue will repay the compliment and play the first quarter for them next season. They couldn't do much worse and the opponents wouldn't know what to do with them. You just can't tackle a girl.

Lily: Betty Burke sang an old English ballad and a blue grass song with a pleasing haunting lyric voice.

Grey: She is a member of the N.S. Folk Guild and also sings nova scotian ballads.

Red: I would've liked her to sing authentic songs and not wail these sentimental swoonings.

Lily: You're wrong; they were really good original tunes. I'm glad that they cut the joke about the grand piano.

Red: Stephen Crawford started his variations mechanically and weakly, but it picked up with his virtuoso technique. In spite of his messy musical mannerisms where the counterpoint overwhelmed the melody and his hesitating stallings, his technique gradually melted in pure lyric emotion as in every virtuoso. Like Liszt he couldn't



-photo by Bitto

equality, liberty and they won the war, no doubt with their soft voices.

Lily: You're cruel. That was the best musical number, you just don't appreciate this moving folk-song, its not about war but about LOVE. They deserved their encores, and I wish the group would continue. I could listen to them all night here in the Student Centre. But I didn't

fine, we are fine, though you gave me a hell of a scare a minute ago. We're on the Red Bombers, Sugar Plum Fairies now.

Grey: No comments from me, only facts. Sue Leal and Joanne Kenney who are also in the Sophistic Cats did the ballet, and both are experienced ballerinas. The music was Chaikovsky and Chopin.

Lily: They were not only big

tear himself from the grand piano, and produced almost a parody of the grandiose ending.

Grey: Steve's been a natural piano player ever since the earthquake shoved his cradle into the piano and the chords started to vibrate and in the terrible silence he started to finger the keys.

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