

SM/t  
23:11:82.

## Fiendish and versatile team out-sleazes Frankenstein

### THEATRE

By BERWYN LEWIS

**Vaude Villians**  
**Fiends:** Mick and Jim Conway, Dave Clayton, Booker T. Baldwin  
**Music:** Alistair Jones and Graeme Isaac  
**Reagan and Fraser Dummies:** Mick Conway  
**Nimrod Downstairs, Late Show Friday, Saturday and Sunday**

VAUDE Villians are very good at being bad. This fiendish and versatile team in swirling capes and top hats out-sleazes Frankenstein, Lucretia Borgia and Sweeney Todd with their funereal and vampire-ish tricks.

Their songs and sketches, about villains, old and new, as well as a devil incarnate and a Seventh Day Dingo are most ghastly and blood-curdling apparitions.

Be prepared to boo, hiss and curse throughout this demonic show but whatever you do, don't clap. It is too horrible to be true. It disinters everything from the contents of deadly meat pies made of Sweeney Todd victims to moments of high terror when Mick Conway kicks in a TV set in a who-dunnit on who killed vaudeville, an audio-video tap dance.

It's no laughing matter when it comes to Mack The Knife or the hideously black boogie man boogie woogie.

Lovers of vampire sports will relish the short but self-levitating devil guaranteed to drive its fork deep into the heart of disbelievers.

Daggers are thrust into innocent throats and backs. Shadows of dingoes flit across the stage as night crashes, literally. "Has Anyone Seen The Baby?" becomes the plaintive cry in this outdoors sketch described as good, clean family fun.

Don't miss the self-styled vampire on the bass, Dave "Crazy Legs"

Clayton, a snooty spectre who plays a mean tuba and cornet. Don't miss Booker T. Baldwin as he claws his way across the piano keys.

Don't miss the silly looks on the face of the virtuoso, James Conway, as he slips from saxophone to harmonica to bicycle pump. And don't miss the villain hiss-self, Mick "Microphone" Conway, who not only savours flames but greedily gorges on burning torches, setting fire to his tonsils, teeth and lips, stopping just this side of total self-immolation.

Potential nervous - breakdown cases are warned that this could be their showdown. It is guaranteed to scare the living daylight out of any decent soul.

The show ends on a macabre note, "where there's strife there's a villain and where there's life there's killin'."

It's a horribly funny and evil concoction of everything necromantic to grave-side. Worth every sneer and leer.