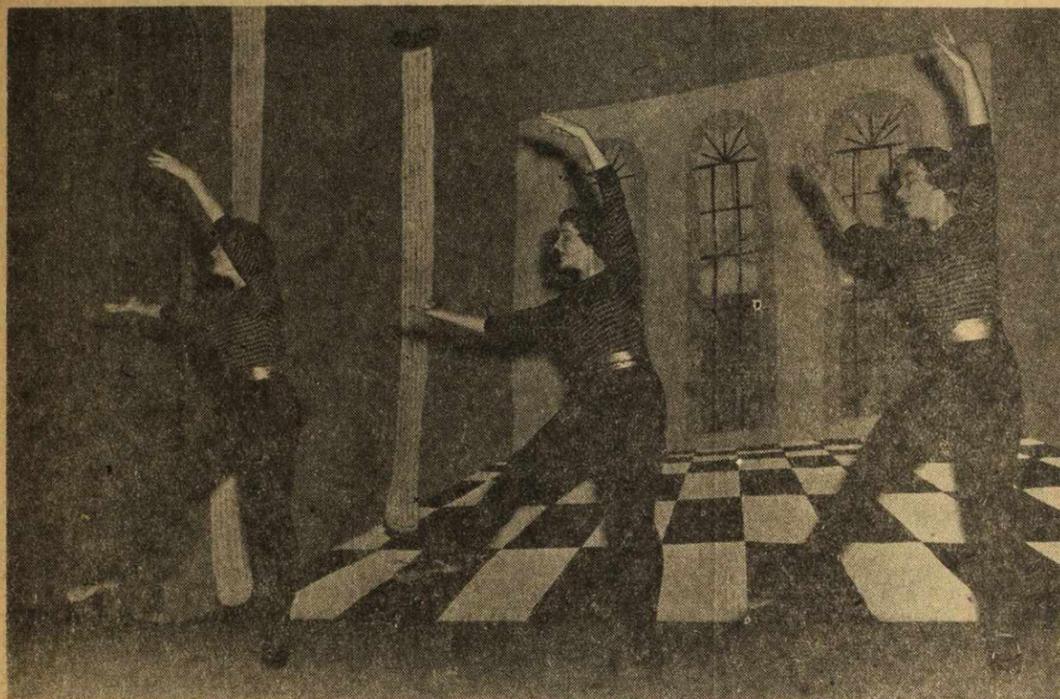


# CLASSICAL SIDE OF "KAPERS"



## "Kipper Kapers" Deemed

### CORRECTION

In the news story regarding Kipper Kapers which appeared in last week's Gazette, it was stated that Mr. Simon Gray wrote and produced the skits. This was a mistake arising from misinformation. Mr. Gray collaborated in the writing of several of the skits but had no part in the production of them.

Dalhousie is in mourning. Last Thursday evening in the gym a kaper was kipped to death. This does not mean that the individual constituents of the show were poor; many performers were really good. But the pervading atmosphere of the Kipper Kapers was one of agonizing amateurishness and sloppy stage management, far below the standards of D.G.D.S. presentations in past years.

Two criticisms which I think are generally held by those students who attended are a) the over-long pauses between the introduction of a number and the opening of the curtains, and between the end of a number and the announcement of the next, and b) the general lack of zest, flair, sparkle, or what you will, throughout the performance.

The first caused the whole show to lose its continuity and motion by slowing the progression of the acts and making the audiences very restless. It indicated lack of polish, a quality which Dal stagings have shown before, but not so much all at one time. True, many of the performers are new to the Dal stage. This lack of new faces was the source of much complaint last year; now we see the other side of the coin and a certain responsibility for this falls on the producers of previous revues who might have introduced some of these new faces more gradually and given them an opportunity to gain some much needed experience. The second criticism is a general one with only one or two exceptions, especially the dancers. It is that which raises a high school effort to university level and an amateur attempt to near professional quality. It keeps the audience interested, straining and applauding. It was profusely evident in It's A Steal. Someone must have stolen it back again.

The show consisted of five abilities: chorus (including soloists), skits, monologues, dances, and Elvis and God Save the Queen. The last were in a class by themselves. Both were "the end", figuratively for Elvis and literally for the Queen. "Amen", many said.

The Elvis Presley take-off, programmed as Serenade for Strings, was the uncontested hit of the show. Richard Kinley, as the boy in the blue suede shoes, opened the second act with a bang. His gestures, guitar, style and leg movements were all perfectly attuned to the delighted screams of adoring females off-stage. In this, Elvis' ensemble gave him excellent support.

The Kipper Korus, as it was billed, seemed to be well received by the small audience. Personally, I just sat back and relaxed during

their performances; it was quite pleasing. Soloist Neva Eisner added to the enjoyment more than sufficiently. Musical director, Dale Jackson, appeared to have done his chores with relish. However, there was that something lacking as with other parts of the production.

A highlight of the show was the dancing. What impressed me most was neither the quality of choreography nor the beauty of the dancers although these were evident without a doubt. The big thing was the sparkle of the staging. The audience sat on the edge of its collective seat. In addition the effect was heightened by the colorful and eye-catching costumes, their appeal deriving largely from simplicity.

The Changing of the Guard was a well-executed piece of work. The chorus girls did their jobs well especially to the satisfaction of the males in the audience. I think everyone enjoyed it. However, later I overheard someone say that although this particular part of the show was enjoyable, he thought it was about time D.G.D.S. started casting chorus girls so that they would be of similar height and dancing ability rather than of similar status as wheels on campus. This is open to argument.

Carol Ann Egan was delightful as was Janice Merritt in A Little Bit of Luck. If the latter continues to perform as she did Thursday evening and thereby follow in her sister's footsteps, we are set for some wonderful entertainment over the next few years.

Just Jazz was another exciting and colorful contribution to the show. Karine Anderson is especially to be congratulated for her choreography.

Of the skits, the less said the better, as there were but one or two exceptions to their general

inadequacy. A Gift from Heaven was fairly decent: The Passionate and the Profane, poorly staged; The Groans or English Two (a take-off on the B.B.C. music and comedy program, Take It From Here), only slightly better; The Club, about moron or Acadia U. level; Are You Civilized?, an unexpected follow-up of Elvis in Africa.

Of the monologues, Julia Gosling's contributions were far and away the best. Albert and the Lion, I think, was tremendous. Julia did it very well: timing, enunciation, accent and gestures were well calculated to bring out the humour of the piece. Albert may be no more but I hope Julia brings him back to life. The only criticism possible was the lack of color in the drab raincoat and zest in the staging.

Carl Perry was cute in reciting We Ain't 'Arf Proud, surmounting as he did an occasional lapse of memory and downward glance for aid. Mad Dogs and Englishmen and Why Can't the English are delightful pieces when well done. Unfortunately, they were not. This is not so much criticism of the performers as it is criticism of the habit of choosing material that is so well known that unless performed to perfection (the competition includes Noel Coward and Rex Harrison) no one appreciates the effort.

Several comments have been heard to the effect that all would have been much better had there been a master of ceremonies on stage to joke, sing and announce the acts. I feel this is a minor point. There was no M.C. for It's A Steal last year, and there were no complaints. Kipper Kapers does not approach last year's production. Potentially, however, the new faces and talents seen Thursday evening show much promise for future D.G.D.S. productions.

H. N.

## Hither and Yawn

by ANNE COBURN

Another week and again we settle down to the weekly round of inspiringly brilliant copy writing. Sorry for the weakness of that pun (or so it was intended) but how am I to be brilliant and inspiring now? Have just discovered to my great consternation that today is November 21, which is, according to my feeble but fundamental calculations, only three weeks away from December 12. As that date may mean little to the blissfully unaware, I hesitate to introduce the subject of Christmas Exams. (More commonly referred to as the "Professors' Revenge.") Not that said "Revenge" bothers me in the least; oh, no, it's just that I hate to see all the rest of you looking so grim and poker-faced.

A little humor is a wonderful thing. For example, the *Athenaeum* reprinted the following funny little remark: "If you choose to work, you will succeed; if you don't, you will fail." Now to me, the obvious wit in this remark is . . . obvious. The humor lies in the fact that so many people are too pig-headed to believe the implicit truth of such a statement, and therefore set about to "prove it!" All of which puts them on the long end of a short branch. See what I mean? Terribly amusing, really!

However, to descend to the common level, which is one of approaching gloom. I have gleaned a lovely little "letter to the editor" from last week's *Carleton*. This is a must for my growing list of things to remember. (The letter, NOT the editor!). Anyhow for what it's worth:

"Several students now attending this college seem to have some difficulty in distinguishing between two of our oldest and most distinguished institutions—the canteen and the library.

"Perhaps this would be a good time to consider the nature of these two institutions.

"First of all, the library is not the proper place to conduct a re-hash of the weekend's football game, last night's big date, or the failings of certain professors. That is the canteen.

"Secondly, the library is not the institution in which one must raise his voice far above the normal range of conversation in order to be heard over the tumult. That also is the canteen.

"Lastly, the library is not the place where one wanders up and down the aisles among the tables in search of long-lost friends, books or other such articles. That, we repeat, is the canteen.

"It may require some time before these differences become really noticeable, but until then, there is usually a fairly quiet corner to be found in the canteen which can serve as a study room."

You think this is funny? As I belong to the non-library classification, I wouldn't know. But I sometimes wonder why the canteen wouldn't be a little more like a library should be. Just a reminder, by the way, that the exam library rooms have now gone into effect. May the fastest reader win!

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—J.A.W.N.

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