

Inside Report For Outsiders

BY WOODY MacLEAN

Anonymous Hall
Whether a university residence is large and beautiful, or small and bleak... it serves the same purpose.

First, it makes accessibility to classes and study very easy, and eliminates the unpleasantness of living off-campus. It relieves a lot of responsibility and the difficulties which otherwise would have to be faced if the student were out of residence.

Second, it puts the student amidst the activity and spirit of university life. It orients frosh, while making them feel at home. It is a haven to those whose homes are far away.

Third, it is a fraternity. Anonymous Hall, the Dalhousie Men's Residence, is fortunately new, modern, and relatively attractive. Tho' its hospital-like corridors, and spacial extravagances, tho' its tile, terrazzo, and plastic floors... its lack of fireplaces, and a 20th century habit of being soul-less, may make it, at first glance appear cold and unfeeling... the observer is mistaken.

Indeed, the building feels. Lights burn out, paint peels, dust gathers, odors arise, floors crack, and plaster crumbles. In the evening the grand chandeliers in the dining room burn as if some furious festivity were taking place.

Gayly shower heads and sinks fall off the walls with ease, and the oak dining room has a delightful antique squeak. Late at night the wind howls thru the south lobby... warning someone.

And every one of its 150 single rooms, be they identical in every respect, has its own particular

charm, flavor, character, representative of each particular tenant... his tastes and personality. Everyone finds these rooms quite adequate in size and furnishing, as they are host to nightly orgies accommodating up to fifty or sixty guests, none of which are ladies... and this is such a pity.

HALL WELL EQUIPPED

Besides these 318 or so chambers a couther, there are laundry rooms, music rooms, libraries, canteens, trunk rooms, linen closets, circular staircases, a three-room suite with miniature fridge... out of HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, a host of tunnels trap doors, and secrets, and a non-denominational chapel, with pump organ and non-denominational protestant hymn books.

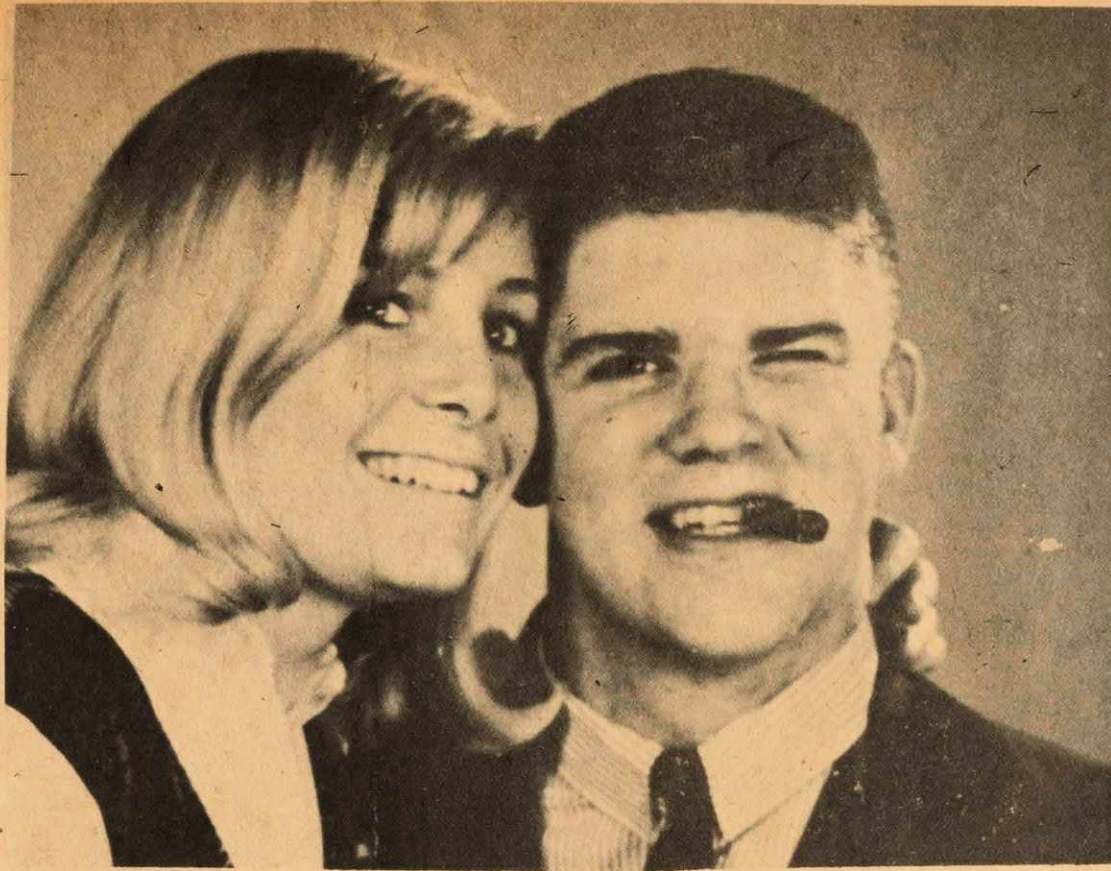
Practically speaking, these facilities are cared for by a barrage of people, and one irreplaceable porter. Maids every morning care for the private rooms and the halls. They hint at the late risers, then quickly dust the floors and make the beds. One sheet, the bottom one, is changed every week, the top becoming the bottom... so are the pillow slips.

Washrooms are occasionally polished superficially by a single magic hand which makes porcelain gleam... And one lone housekeeper does most of the rest, wielding a five ton floor polisher over miles of corridor thru miles of mess. She arrives in the gray of the morning and leaves before the night... and every floor she polishes, every wall she washes, every chair she arranges, every ashtray she empties... is scuffed, smeared, knocked over, filled... five minutes after she vainly put it in order from the day before. Hers is a thankless job... a job of Fanta-stains and burmmarks, and dust, and mud and more dust. No one seems to care that the building is in order, or out or it.

RESIDENCE COUNCIL POWERFUL

The law is laid down by four monitors and floor representatives to the Residence Council. The former are responsible to the dean, the latter to the council... the residents legal vehicle for reform and complaint. The residence is a fraternity, perhaps not quite closely knit, but performing much the same tasks... binding people together in faith.

There are those who would prefer to live away, there are those who do not take advantage of the opportunity this environment affords, but the majority of those who reside here are familiar, friendly and faithful with each other and have established lasting friendships. There could be nothing more beneficial to a new student than one year... the first year... in residence. For if they are not so fortunate as to live here in the following years, they at least have formed relationships and ties which will carry them throughout their college careers.



Dal Brings Al Capp to Life-Abner Smash Hit

By DOUGLAS BARBOUR

A lot of effort and a lot of energy were put into this production; and the results were impressive. LPL ABNER is a big bouncy musical, as the New York dailies are fond of saying. It swings, and it keeps the audience happy throughout. And it had to overcome some rather large obstacles to do so, not the least of these being the size of the Capital Theatre stage.

In contrast to last year's BRIGADOON, this production moves with flair throughout, and since the director is the same, it must have something to do with the play itself. LPL ABNER is fun to play and to watch, and this had a lot to do with the success of the production. Genni Archibald did a fine job of directing, however, and, in contrast to the semi-circles that filled the stage last year, managed to stage her crowd scenes with imagination. For one thing, she kept the people moving continually, which added to the colour and liveliness of the play.

The set was almost perfect, and was absolutely right for that stage. The set changes were extremely well blocked out and provided the audience with some of their happiest chuckles of the evening. Indeed, nothing but praise can be given to the whole production staff for keeping the show running as smoothly as it did. The only complaint, in fact, is about lighting, which for the most part was well handled; at the beginning of some scenes, the lights were neither fully on the players nor so obviously dimmed that one knew they were supposed to be, but this fault did not interfere with one's enjoyment.

This play, more than some musicals, stands or falls on the performances of its three major leads; this production stood solidly. Cheryl Hirschfield was a scintillating Daisy Mae, with plenty of fire and life when she needed it. Miss Hirschfield's performance in BRIGADOON last year did not prepare one for this fine performance but having seen her as Daisy Mae, one would have to blame the play, not the performer. She sang with great authority, too. Ewan Clark has already shown this year, in ROMEO AND JULIET, that he knows how to act; he now demonstrates that

he knows how to sing, and very well, too. Mr. Clark's Abner was right; he captured the flavour of the comic strip character and held it throughout. Indeed, the first scene of the play did not capture the audience as it should have because the words were garbled by many of the singers, and the orchestra was a bit too loud (this complaint holds for most of the performance); but the second scene, at the fishing hole, with the DRUTHERS song by Mr. Clark and his cronies completely won the audience over. Although both these performances were good, I think top honours for the evening must go to Norm Hall for his wonderful impersonation of Marryin' Sam. Mr. Hall has some experience in musical comedy by now, and he brought all of it to bear on this comic creation. He waddled throughout, pulled the longest faces, and sang his songs with gusto (the orchestra sometimes managed to drown him out, too, but no blame attaches to him). These three performers made the show go.

A number of the minor roles were capably filled, too, and some fine performances were given. Ann Hick's Mammy Yokum was just as gritty as one could wish. Earthquake McGoon was played as a lumbering dirty mean grinner by Robin Robertson, and it was a funny performance. Jim Richard's General Bullmoose was loud and money-mad, a fine job. Jamie Craig was best as Evil Eye Fleagle, and wardrobe should be congratulated for having dug up THAT costume. Everybody else turned in good performances, and the wives, in their one big song, came through with verve.

This was a very good production of an everyday, normal Broadway musical (and all that that entails). One could wish that D. G. D. S. had seen fit to present something like THE THREE-

PENNY OPERA, but, given the musical they did choose to present, the resulting production was as lively and happy as could be expected. This was a good show.

Wilson's Concert Defies Convention

By PETER MARCH
Gazette Music Reviewer

Intended as interesting both intellectually and passively, last Sunday's concert by a group of Dalhousie amateur musicians, led by professor Wilson, reached far ahead of conventional trends in music.

The programme of archaic music for cello, recorders, harpsicord, and voices, showed that Professor Wilson, unlike such artistic directors as those at the Neptune Theatre and the Halifax Symphony, is attempting a methodical exposition of Western art, unrestricted by visions of popularity. Ironically, though happily, Professor Wilson is now probably the most popular musician in Halifax, among those who have had the pleasure of attending his concerts. Not only is music chosen to delight the ear or edify the emotions but also to broaden his listeners' understanding of the elements that make up the complex form of modern music. We fail to understand music when we fail to reduce it to the seemingly innate ideas which we have and always have had concerning music - failing in this we fail to appreciate the contemporary, and must relegate ourselves to listening to the past, letting only future generations appreciate the music of our times.

The music chosen, though apparently "simple" constitutes a considerable challenge to modern musicians. For due to its simplicity, each instrument is individually heard and mistakes are not covered up as in the "averaging" effect of more modern music's method of exposition. Further, the expression of emotion achieved in this archaic music arises out of the bare bones of the music's form rather than out of some conventions about how one expressed sadness, delights or angers in the music of our day. Unfortunately some musicians gave in to romantic schmaltz, wholly out of place in this music presented Sunday.

FILMS

Exercise In Mass Hypnosis

By DAVE GIFFIN

The British ambassador to Germany in the 1930's wrote of the Nuremberg party rally: "... for the handsome beauty I have never seen a ballet to compare with it." Last week the Dal Film Society screened the film record, TRIUMPH OF THE WILL, of the rally which took place in September, 1934. This was the second of the major Nuremberg gatherings since the Nazi seizure of power at the beginning of 1933, although annual party rallies had taken place in Nuremberg since 1927. Nuremberg was apparently chosen as a shrine for National Socialism because of its long cultural heritage; Hitler wished to emphasize the continuity of his regime with Germany's past.

As a film, TRIUMPH OF THE WILL seems to me unbearably long; the audience to which it was originally addressed must have been well-inocinated indeed to have accepted it with patience.

Several tricks are employed by the film's director, Leni Riefenstahl, to heighten the viewer's psychological tension. Even before the film begins, we are made to sit before a darkened screen while the soundtrack presents a musical overture (a de-

vice Hollywood has taken over for its costume epics). During the course of the film, we are shown numerous cuts, always brief, of individual faces; faces which register the emotion of a moment and infect the spectator with restlessness, with the desire to be doing something, ANYTHING rather than just sitting still.

The film's dramatic framework is almost an attempt at a religious vision. We begin among the clouds in an aeroplane which gradually descends over the city. Views of Nuremberg from the air are intercut with clips of the plane, a symbol of Germany's renewed power and strength, bearing the messenger from the gods. The plane's shadow rushes over the rooftops. When finally the aircraft lands, we are shown a shot of its wheel rolling over the earth; contact with the chosen people is restored. At the film's end, applause at Hitler's closing oration (the effect of which has visibly surprised even Hitler himself) dissolves into a vision of Germany's strength embodied in its marching men. All through the film, the ritualistic elements of the spectacle are apparent. Each day's events are chronicled in what appears to be minutest detail, leading from idyllic morning calm to the frenzy of night's activities. The impression given is one of speed and power, of an all-male world in which woman's role is decorative and distinctly minor. The supposed solidarity of the German nation behind Hitler is symbolized in the fact that even the camera follows him, occasionally blurring out of focus slightly and producing about his head the halo of a saint. The leader is approachable; he condescends to speak with his people and to shake hands with them. Yet behind it all is the massive and awe-inspiring order, both of the men in uniform and of their bivouac, of the static displays

in the cutting room patiently editing thousands of individual sequences, have produced a montage of the events which made up the rally. The film is more than a newsreel record of those events; it tries to interpret them for the viewer as well. As Hitler had said in MEIN KAMPF:

"The whole art consists in doing this so skillfully that everyone will be convinced that the fact is real, the process necessary, the necessity correct, etc. But since propaganda is not and cannot be the necessity in itself, since its function, like the poster, consists in attracting the attention of the crowd, and not in educating those who are already educated or who are striving after education and knowledge, its effect for the most part must be aimed at the emotions and only to a very limited degree at the so-called intellect.

All propaganda must be popular and its intellectual level must be adjusted to the most limited intelligence among those it is addressed to. Consequently, the greater the mass it is intended to reach, the lower its purely intellectual level will have to be."

(Manheim trans.)

TRIUMPH OF THE WILL is no masterpiece of film art or propaganda, but it is effective. Alan Bullock in his STUDY IN TYRANNY has summarized the effect in this way:

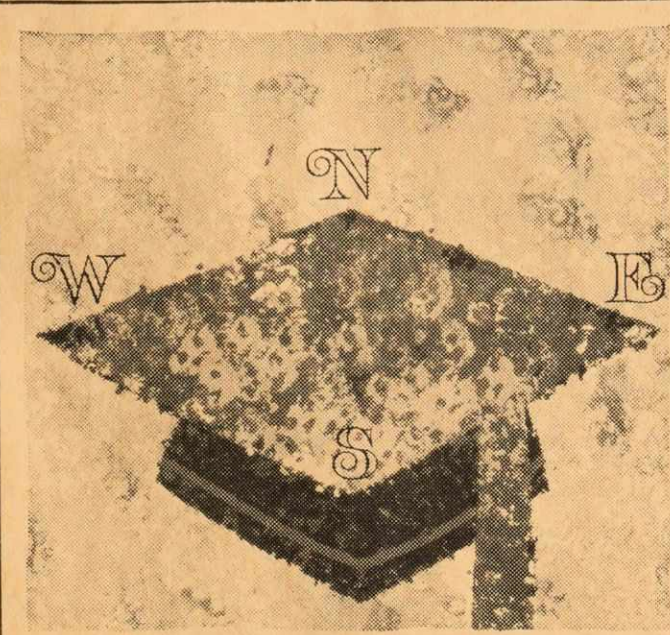
"To see the films of the Nuremberg rallies even today is to be recaptured by the hypnotic effect of thousands of men marching in perfect order, the music of the massed bands, the forest of standards and flags, the vast perspectives of the stadium, the smoking torches, the dome of searchlights. The sense of power, of force and unity was irresistible, and all converged with a mounting crescendo of excitement of the supreme moment when the Fuhrer himself made his entry. Paradoxically the man who was most affected by such spectacles was their originator, Hitler himself..."



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