

Faculty-Student Comariety Review

On January 12, 1968, at 8:30 P.M. in the Student Union Building, the curtain rose on the first annual Faculty-Student Comariety Show with a capacity crowd to view the forthcoming evening's events. An appropriate first comment is to give three cheers to Mr. Len Shaeval and Mr. Alan Price, whose creativity, imagination, and boundless efforts as producer and director resulted in an exceptional night's entertainment. Yet, as with all first attempts at stardom, there are flaws which must be ironed out, improvements to be made, and criticisms that are warranted for the betterment of future programs. It is in this light that I offer my evaluation of the performance.

The show opened with a bang with the entire cast welcoming the audience in song. The words and melody (again contributed by producer Len Shaeval) were fitting and rhythmic and immediately put the audience in a receptive mood. Although I think the chorus was guilty of harboring a few monotones along with a few stragglers who had a bit of difficulty staying on pitch, the score was enthusiastically delivered in addition to being well-arranged.

George Kashi and Mike Hager really got the show on the road with the "Faculty Auto Race". Their fiery and most witty commentary on an imagined race among the members of the faculty was superb. The descriptions were so vivid and the voices of the two commentators so exhilarating, that one could almost visualize Mr. Parkin, rolling forward in his Rambler, or Mr. Aurand barreling ahead in his Barracuda, or Miss Goodman keeping a steady pace in her MG, the latter under the

close scrutiny of our two approving commentators. To be honest with you, George, I think you should forget politics—you're a natural for the stage, and Mike, you take no back seat either—Rowan and Martin will have to go a long way to whip up a skit that would top your "Faculty Auto Race."

The skits that followed in the first act; namely "Final Phys. Ed. Class", "Cafeteria", and "Maintenance Shop", added a few laughs to the show, but basically left something to be desired. The general plot of these skits was good, but as they progressed they tended to become dull and dry in content. They accomplished in three or four minutes what they could have very well said in one or two—and somewhat more effectively at that.

The interlude that Frank Nastasee and Larry Opert provided with the "Folk Group" between skits was a welcome one. Such talent at Highacres should be continually pursued. It lent a certain artistic quality and variety to the show that otherwise would have been lacking. Mr. Nastasee and Mr. Opert gave a rendition of several popular folk numbers which cannot be too highly commended.

The undisputed hit of the evening was to come, however, at the end of the first half of the show, when our Dr. Staudenmeir wowed us all with his "leg show". He was great! Honest, Doc, we were beginning to think you really blew your cool. Seriously, the next time you plan to be that daring, I will lend you my Lady Gillete—You know, it gives that smoother, sexier look!

The second half of the "Faculty-Student extravaganza was equally

entertaining in its scope. Yet, it also had its lags, the main one found in the skit "Highacres Home Movies". Bat Man made his entrance a bit too conspicuously after the second or third scene. The one really hilarious part of this skit was Mr. Cerullo's confiscating the school funds. We always did think you were somewhat of a shady character, Mr. C. — now we really have the goods on you.

Mr. Paul's "Women's Fashions" and the student display of "The May Ball" were both extremely well-delivered and well-received acts. I am convinced that Sal DeFazio made the best May Queen on record, and I am sure Mr. Paul will have an increased enrollment in his classes from now on due to his acutely interesting topics of discussion.

The highlights of the second half of the show undoubtedly shone on the "Faculty Quintet". A better assortment of "nutty" professors I am certain no University will ever see. When Mr. Shaeval came out in that blonde mop everyone knew it was over. I think he was a perfect cross between Raggedy-Ann and Paul McCartney. As if this were not enough, he was followed by a somewhat shady looking character in black leather jacket and match-

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