

Some Raz-Ma-Taz And A Little Jazz

By: Susan M. Siciliano

"One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock rock." If you didn't take your chick to the malt shop on October 10th, maybe she would have enjoyed the 50's Dance instead. All the other greasers and chicks did.



Greasers and chicks rocked to the beat of the 50's at the 50's Dance held on October 10th in the student lounge. Photo by Joe Dwyer

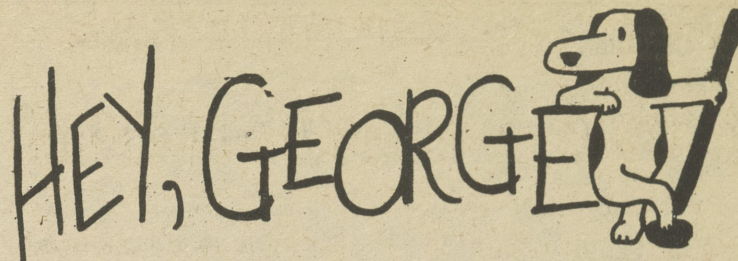
The group, "Crystl Dawn," came straight out of "Fonz Era" with their foot stomping songs, motorcycle jackets and real heavy music. Everyone "bob-she-bobbed" till their sides split, and went on to boogie some

more. The whole night was out-a-sight!

Everyone tried their feet at jitterbugging, but the contest proved Kathy White and Jon Temple "the coolest cats on the floor." "The Freeze Dance," (a slow dance that eliminates couples if they move after the music stops) was won after a long, hard battle by Nancy Jolly and Phil Freed. But the toppers of the evening were the awards for the "Best Chick and Greaser" awarded to none other than "the sweet doll with the smile" Lynn Signora and "the cool dude in the mood" Denny Tracey.

With bobbie socks, saddle shoes, bottles of Vitals, T-shirts and rolled-up dunges, everyone had a neeto-keeno time and enough dancing to last a long while. During the last half hour, "Crystl Dawn" played from the top 40's and that got everyone on the floor.

A combination of the 50's and the 70's . . . a real gas!



By: Susan M. Siciliano

Wandering through the halls of this campus at 9th week is like taking your life in your hands. Kids come from nowhere with this strange stare in their eyes that seems to flash "void," mumbling weird statements like "x plus the quantity y equals s-t and r is a coefficient of u unless x is less than 0 and it's a Tuesday. . ." and then they pull out this huge book, tear through the pages, scream and put neat dents in the wall with their heads. They'd make great scare tactics for Judo and Karate, but something tells me you can't get a wall in a good strangle hold. Hey, here comes George. She's gotta know something. Let's find out.

ME: Hey, George! What's happening?

GEORGE: Hap-pen-ing (n) Something that happens; an event; occurrence.

ME: Come on, George! Something funny is going on around here. These kids aren't the same.

GEORGE: It's called "I've Got the Finals Blues And a D in Calculus" or something like that.

ME: Finals! You mean kids actually go to classes around here?!

GEORGE: Well, they gotta do something! There isn't much of a career in store for pinball wizards.

ME: Well, College life has changed alot in the past few years. Kids actually go to class to learn and student protest has almost died away.

GEORGE: DIED AWAY!! What do you call the petitions for dorm housing at University Park, a traffic light on Yearsley Mill Road, used books to be sold in the bookstore. . .

ME: Yeah, But they're just petitions. The only thing they prove is that college kids can sign their name.

GEORGE: And they know when they are being taken advantage of. The first dorm housing petition failed because it rejected the "lottery system" all together, and it looks like the only way to get that traffic light is to present a dead body for evidence. I don't think we'd get too many volunteers for that one. And God knows many of the students have huge, personal libraries and small, empty pockets.

ME: And where have these petitions gotten them?

GEORGE: Nowhere yet. But just a few more slaps and they'll fight instead of write. Wow! A poet and I didn't know it! Maybe they could use me in "Poetry Corner" --

ME: Well, at least the campus is shaping up a bit.

GEORGE: Yeah! It was pretty nice of the University to give me all that great outdoor plumbing. . . but, you know, I keep imagining all those bushes uprooting the mod complexes -- then all the pin-ball machines would go on "tilt."

ME: I'm getting out of here before one of those kids takes it out on me or I get arrested for inciting to riot. Can you give me any parting words before I take off?

GEORGE: Life is like Chinese food. You think you've done all you can to cure the hunger, then an hour later your efforts disappear and you're hungry again.

Good luck on finals and Happy Thanksgiving!

My Column Or Something Like That

By: Joe College

Before I start this latest installment of "MY COLUMN", there are several people I wish to thank for their help and cooperation along with their comments with respect to "MY COLUMN" past and present: Richard Simons, Steve Winkelman, Sue Siciliano, Dave Alfe, Chris at Sam Goody's in Springfield, Richard Squadrito, Phil Freed, that beautiful brunette I see in the lounge, maybe Lynn Signora, and a host of other people too numerous to mention.

This is my Final Exams issue of "MY COLUMN", complete with study guide to clip and save.

Finals, in case you forgot, are a teacher's way of getting back at all those students who disrupted class all term.

Some teachers actually look forward to reading the completion and essay questions on exams. Creative former students, I say former students because most of them have flunked out, take pride in making up comical answers to asinine questions.

But how can we, as diligent students, prepare ourselves for this session in brain-racking? Try my Joe College study guide.

1. If you weren't on good speaking terms with your teacher, an apple might help; however, it may be a good idea to invest in a bushel of apples.
2. Make good friends with Evelyn Wood.
3. Of course, it is illegal to cheat, but if you cross your legs just right, you can read very small writing on your left shoe.
4. Tape record your notes and play them while you sleep. Some people claim this helps. If not, carry a portable tape recorder in your pant leg with an ear plug and cord running up the side of your body to your ear. You can then play your notes as you take your final. This method works best when you wear a turtleneck sweater and have long hair to hide the ear plug.
5. For the hard working, you can burn the midnight oil. If you live in a modern house with indoor plumbing and other essentials, you can evaporate the electrons. No-Doz goes for under a buck and Dunkin' Donuts is always open for coffee.
6. Some people like to hear loud music while they study. This poses a problem at three in the morning. Headphones should

(Continued On Page 4)

'Something Different' Not Really That Different

By: Jim Demopulos

Walking into a theater to see a Monty Python movie, you just don't know what to expect. What I saw was the best skits and bits that Monty Python did.

"And Now For Something Completely Different" was not a new picture by the talented sextet (Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones and Michael Palin). This was their first release, about 1968-69. It contained some of the material that was shown on Channel 12 last year. But only the best bits.

For those who saw the "Holy Grail" (which is in a re-showing at area theaters), this picture was quite tame, but still funny.

The best bit in the movie was the one about little old ladies forming gangs and attacking people on the street. This was a fine take-off on the "Wild in the Streets" flick.

Another fine bit was the one about the singing mice where each one was painstakingly trained to sing a certain note when hit with a huge mallet.

Others were the Upperclass Twit of the Year; for the mili-

cary end there was some precision drilling; for the business majors, the Vocational Guidance Counselor to tell you what happens to the accountants; and the list could go on.

The transition from one bit to another was excellent and the acting was also good. The famous cartoons, done by Terry Gilliam were the best part of the movie.

For those who enjoy the television show, you would enjoy the movie.

Monty Python's Flying Circus is on every Tuesday night at 10 p.m. on Channel 12.

'Clearly Love' Shines For Olivia

By: Harry Wilson

For anyone who is already a fan of Olivia Newton-John, her latest album, "Clearly Love," is more than a pleasant surprise, and anyone who is not a fan will soon become one after listening to "Clearly Love." This album should surpass any of her previous albums in both sales and popularity.

Known in the past for her physical attributes as well as her vocal ability, this album may tip the scales in favor of the latter. It is her finest singing effort, and may indicate a moderate exodus from country music, although Olivia is not totally a country artist. Olivia prefers to

sing a variety of songs, and she shows her versatility by performing pop, country, and a little rock, all equally well.

The most impressive song is "Lovers," a sad song whose performance really has to be heard to be appreciated. That may be an old cliché, but it is quite applicable. "Something Better To Do," a current single release, like many of Olivia's hits was written by John Farrar and features Olivia's sexy voice at its best. The total range of her voice is displayed in "Sail Into Tomorrow," another Farrar tune, and the title song "Clearly Love." She sings country in "Let It Shine" and rock in an old Elvis song, "Summertime

Blues." The final song is a moving performance of "He Ain't Heavy. . . He's My Brother."

Much of the success of the album is due to the superb background music provided mainly by the electric guitar of John Farrar, Terry Britten, and Farrer on acoustic guitar, the keyboard of Graeme Todd, Brian Bennett on drums, Alan Tarney on bass, the steel guitar of B. J. Cole, Keith Nelson on the five-string banjo, and an excellent vocal group.

However, the main reason "Clearly Love" is so good is Olivia Newton-John, whose songs keep getting better and whose voice improves even more with each new song.

Wakeman Comes Down From The Clouds

By: Steven Randazzo

Friday, October 10th witnessed the talents of Larry Coryell, Gentle Giant, and keyboard magician Rick Wakeman at the Spectrum. The latter two put on a terrific show, and gave a hint of promising future material.

Larry Coryell and the Eleventh House led off with a 25 minute jam that featured the expert talents of the four members in a jazz-rock fusion of melodies. The bass and drums provided a constant moving rhythm with various guitar and keyboard solos, but the group fell short on variety. They have a lot of energy, but become repetitive and predictable in their release of it.

The next act was Gentle Giant, a five man British band that performs a fine, well coordinated brand of Old English rock. Traces of Yes, Genesis and other similar groups can be heard in their

material. The five musicians are very versatile; each being able to play at least three different instruments. Their flexibility showed splendidly in a segment with four of the five playing flutes and another with all five playing percussive instruments. The group's versatility has and will lead it to many excellent works which the perspective rock customer should look into.

Finally, "the almighty" Rick Wakeman appeared on stage in his sparkling cape, surrounded by his arsenal of keyboards. However, this is where the godly splendour of his show began and ended.

Instead of engulfing himself with full orchestra and choir, Rick used only a seven man band, The English Rock Ensemble. This gave Wakeman and the act a down-to-earth character which appealed very much to the aud-

(Continued On Page 4)

Poetry Corner

TIN FUTURE BLUES

By: Billy Hagel

Lights flicker in our minds, dulling surroundings above us. People here show no signs of hate, pity or love for us.

Mechanical flesh burns all hate, love is a word from the past. No pity for no crying mate, No sorrow for the fruitless cast.

The meaning of life is unclear, shadows overpower future. No one knows his role here, No one knows his culture.

(Continued On Page 4)