

Live boa constrictor hit of Westlane dance

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More and more, it seems that, at Westlane, the students are coming to truly appreciate the dances set up for them by the student council. The case in point is the dance of last week, featuring those two smash groups, 'Dallas' and the 'Grease Caprice'.

The obvious success was at the gate. Once again, we drew a phenomenal crowd. In fact, it was calculated from the gate receipts 736 people attended. They were packed shoulder to shoulder on the gym floor from the stage to the mid-court line, and the bleachers had to be pulled out to accommodate the rest. The bleachers, too, were full.

Funky All-Sorts 3, as the dance was officially called (remember the first two?), got under way with a few solo performances by Westlane singers. Then the Grease Caprice hit the stage. The star of Grease Caprice is Dallas "Elvis" Mateyk, formerly of Slik Mateyk and His Greaseballs.

Last Friday night, Dave had a terrible cold, and he could hardly talk at all. But he sure did sing. This group is probably Westlane's favorite, in fact, undoubtedly Westlane's favorite.

Their mixture of humor (Bruce McRae as "Johnny Angel") in some places, and some really wild songs, like Jailhouse Rock and Blue Suede Shoes, are simply tops at our school. About the only thing they don't have is a boa constrictor or a gallows.

Both of which, indeed, were thoughtfully provided by Dallas, the other smash group. Dallas is led by Brian Bretti, a former Westlane student, who led an earlier version of the show to first place in the Battle of the Bands during the Blossom Festival in May. He based his new show on "the element of the unexpected", and that

didn't quite work because most people seemed to have a pretty good idea of what was coming anyway.

The show was plagued by equipment problems. Nevertheless, Brian managed to capture some of the decadence and sadism he hoped for. As a matter of fact, it is my opinion the audience was maybe a little bit too blood-thirsty. It didn't show up too much in the song where the live boa constrictor was around, maybe because seeing something like that on stage, uncaged, really does interest people so much they forget the danger which could be involved.

But when the song called Dead Babies was going on, the audience proclaimed its character. There's Brian, on stage, chopping this doll filled with bloodish fluid, throwing the limbs and everything into the audience, and does anybody retch, or scream, or moan, or groan? Not on your life. People were downright crazy about it. Everybody wanted more than anything to get one of those doll pieces.

Later, I saw ordinarily normal

people carrying pieces home with them. There's little more shocking than seeing a foot with dried blood on it hanging out of the corner of some girl's purse!

And then came the hanging of Dallas, to climax the evening. Talk about morbid. People were yelling out things like "So hang him already!", as the drama built up.

Now, I ask you, how can you shock an audience like that?

But that dance is a thing of the past. Everybody can be looking forward to a record hop next Friday. Actually, I think record hops are a good idea. They're cheap to get together, and so the cost at the gate is not much. Furthermore, without a live band, the audience has nothing to watch, and so they either dance or get bored. Or, for those who just want to stand around, it's a good opportunity to stand around where there's some decent supervision, and chances to meet lots of friends. Anyway, don't miss the hop next week.

The Word of the Week is Gluttonation.

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