

Dr. Gonz

Today, we shall deal with a topic with strong human interest. It is that masterpiece of erotic architecture, the female breast. No other part of the human anatomy goes under so many names. Part of this rich pattern of nomenclature is the fact that virtually any three syllable word one can form that starts with a bay can be interpreted as a pseudonym for breast if said with the correct inflection and a proper leer. For instance, try: bazooby, bazonga, bayooka. Breasts can also be denoted by anything conical; headlamps, torpedoes, and a new name rapidly gaining favour in high society; tubular bells. Truly, there is a name for every breast.

Time was, that a woman's bosom could live a life of relative obscurity under a concealing array of finery. Then, came the fifties and the sweater girl. Woe to the girl who did not conform to a rigid standard of mythical proportions requisite to the All American girl, as so ably demonstrated by say Annette Funicello. However, all was not lost to those who couldn't measure up. What nature didn't provide, Du Pont could. The end marriage of breast and sponge was formed, fashioned and fixed by an impressive array of stays, grammitis, cross over cantilvers and snaps that could befuddle the most experienced paramour. Copping I feel was not so much a gesture of any serious intent, but could merely be regarded as investigative reporting. Thus accostered, any girl could stride, hop or gyrate at will, safe in the knowledge that any induced movement would be held to a minimum by them a girls best friend.

Times have changed. No longer are girls required to measure up to such statusque proportions as the male world learns that bourne isn't necessarily beautiful. However the no-bra look has led to some serious medical complications. The natural stride of a healthy young girl cladst only in t-shirt produce a hypnotic pattern of sway, yawand roll, described in certain circles as simple harboonic motion. Now, the efforts of any young male to look on and track two seemingly independently moving points, themselves in a frame of reference that's also in motion, can cause eye strain, vertigo and in extreme cases damage to the inner ear. Yet to ignore this moving tableau is a direct affront to the young lady's femininity, and may result in her going to such extremes as joining a nunnery or going out with a forester. For a more comprehensive treatment of this problem, see "A sanscross Dirty Old Man, by Dr. A. Need - has to say, the liberation of the female comes at no small cost, but we can say the costs out ways the benefit.

Handy Household Hint: Eating out cheaply.

As Christmastide draws near, many students are experiencing a severe dwindling in funds. If you live in residence, your basic wants are furnished, so here as a technique for economical living for off campus students who find themselves facing dish-rag soap. It involves twenty-five cents and an accomplice, and a reasonably busy restaurant. Your accomplice enters the restaurant and takes a booth, preferably two-man, and orders a cup of coffee. A paper is a good prop, because he's going to have to stay awhile. After a five minute delay you then enter the restaurant, which should be crowded enough that you can sit down at the same booth without raising suspicion. No look of recognition or words can be exchanged. You order a massive feast and wait for your bill. By this time, of course, your accomplice has received his. You exchange bills, and pay the bill for the coffee on the way out. [This plan of course hinges on having a seperate cashier] After allowing you time to clear out, the accomplice "discovers" the switch and calls the waitress' attention to it. She has no choice but to give the accomplice another bill for twenty-five cents, and you're home free. Or almost free. The roles may of course be switched at a restaurant down the street. This plan, of course, has limited appeal in Fredericton, because performing it twice at the same restaurant is stretching things, but it should carry you through to exam's end.

What is a Newman?

awareness of what it means to be a Christian

By CARMEL MCMANUS

Many question and prejudices have been floating around this campus with regards to what the Newman Community is.

Newman was started some six years ago under the direction of Father Monte Peters and Father Joseph Higgins. It was termed a "christian Community" in the sense that all young people who attend hopefully will share with each other their experiences and grow in love. It is an individual thing where by the person develops an awareness of himself, who he is and what he believes in, and his relationship to his God. From this "Christian Community" the individual steps out to the community of other university student and is what he has learned, he can better deal with

the relationships around him.

Many people say that you can do this without going to Newman. In a way that is true but if these people also took a close look at themselves they would see also that they have their own close community of friends around them too.

Many people ask what benefit is Newman to the rest of the community? My answer is, what benefit is having a Spanish or English club? We still have a group of people who want to be together to share thoughts, ideas and experiences whether it be Spanish, or about Shakespeare or Chaucer. For the so called "Newman" it is self awareness of what it means to be Christian.

Newmans try to involve themselves in activities on campus and at times try to be supportive

of activities on behalf of the larger community. For example, some Newmans involve themselves with 'Norman House'. Other Newmans involve themselves with a radio show on CHSR. We have had penny drives together to aid A SHARE LENT project like helping an orphanage overseas.

Every year Newman sponsors two or more retreats for the benefit of any interested university students. A few weeks ago several university students spent a very expressive retreat at a cottage near Sussex. The theme of the retreat was "trust". After two days of sharing and working together we came back with a better understanding of what it is like to trust and how to be trusted.

Newman is open to anyone who would like to come and share and just to be with us.

Play it Again Sam

Woody Allen's movies have been so disorganized as to defy description and so hilarious as to merit them. The link between his free-associational wit and his casual manner of presentation has not been adventitious, as *Play It Again, Sam*, his extended excursion into nostalgia, conclusively demonstrates. *Play It Again, Sam* is a smoother production than either of its predecessors, but not a better one. In *Take the Money and Run* Allen was still the stand-up comic, handling the camera like a microphone, to amplify his jokes, not to create them. In *Bananas* with its unfinished look, he experimented with a throw-away style that befitted the impression of unpredictability he wished to convey. Had adjectives like "wild" and "zany" not been appropriated by partisans of such textbook exercises as *The Producers* or *MASH*, they would have been, for these two films, entirely apropos. In *Play It Again, Sam*, Allen has returned to gag writing. He has transferred rather than translated his play to the screen. The one-liners are integrated into a coherent story, but it suffers by comparison with the previous films, which became mired in non sequiturs whose very randomness evinced a certain fatalism.

Play It Again, Sam begins with the conclusion of *Casablanca*, which Allen, a movie critic, views with the rapt attention of one for whom motion pictures do not constitute an escape from reality, but offer a guide to it. Bogart himself soon appears in his fantasies to advise him on his love life, which, having never begun, must start anew after his wife abandons him for more adventuresom companions. He wins the disrespect of every girl he meets by disastrously trying to fake the savoir-faire that he lacks.

The single success he attains is with his best friend's wife, with whom familiarity has bred contempt. Guilt-stricken, he renounced his love for her as she does the same, in a parting scene that parodies the Bogart-Bergman original. With each successive film Allen has insisted upon specifying the ramifications of sexual frustration at the expense of developing his initial theme of social inadequacy. By doing so, he inevitably turns from contemplation of society to self, thus widening his appeal while limiting his scope. Allen has not lost his comic vision, but he has blurred it perceptibly. The character he has created always was numbered among the walking wounded. In *Play It Again, Sam* the injuries seem to be self-inflicted. Of course, they regain incurable. Yet the antimony between the ingenuousness of Allen's here and the nihilism implicit in the scripts in which he figures conceivably might be effaced were the change from innocence to experience, imagined or actualized, to become permanent. This contrast between helplessness and hopelessness has sustained his humor, and it does here as well. If the character he portrays has been blameless, the world he inhabits has not. There is no proportion between endeavoring and achieving. The sole medal he owns is the one that he has bought. What is taken for granted by others becomes problematic for him. Completing the simplest of tasks like cooking television dinners eludes him, he sucks them frozen instead. He is in short a modern Everyensch, forced to live with the knowledge that losers are born, not made. He must persist in asking a potential pickup, who plans to commit suicide Saturday, what she is doing on Friday. Even a nymphomaniac rejects him. Should

Allen's protagonist triumph, it is by accident as much as intent. When he does get the girl, it is usually not before someone else has gotten to her first. Unlike the other great comedians, Allen finds his body less the instrument of his desires than an obstacle to them. His face stays mobile, registering a generalized anxiety that is relieved only by moments of incipient panic. Where the Marx Brothers strove to generate chaos, Allen need not. His environment is chaotic to begin with, but only for himself. Those around him can be aware of his difficulties because they do not share them. If his incompetence were strictly interpersonal, the fault could be his, but his encounters with objects that possess a will of their own prove it to be otherwise. Music boxes cannot be stopped, hair dryers go out of control, and records refuse to remain in their jackets. As in *Little Murders*, Jules Feiffer's report on metropolitan mayhem, to survive is an accomplishment. To comprehend is an impossibility. It is this inarticulated assumption which provides the manic intensity that animates Allen's work and the resignation that informs it. His ever improbably sense of the ludicrous rescues him from the occupational hazard of repetitiveness, but his interest in a laugh a minute precludes his horizons noticeably beyond the next punch line. Within these bounds Allen's efforts can be no different than they have been. They cannot be any funnier than they already are.

African Students Union Film:
"Vanishing Point", Tilley 102,
Wednesday, December 8 at 7
and 9 p.m. Admission - \$1.25.