

COLLAGE

Pie face makes a hit with students

EAST LANSING, Mich. — Neither rain, nor hail, nor a pie in the face could stop Barbara Steidle from her appointed lecture. And for courage under blueberries, the Michigan State University associate professor earned a spontaneous ovation from her students.

Steidle is only one of more than 25 victims of The Chefs, an underground student group that prides itself on arranging artful displays of fruit, custard and chocolate on the faces of surprised MSU professors. Members of The Chefs go by names like Niacin, Riboflavin and Potassium Sorbate and make their hits wearing chef's hats, shirts and aprons, as well as inverted long-johns to hide their faces.

So far, none have been caught by campus authorities, although students seem to know how to contact the pie throwers, who charge \$20 a hit.

Steidle's students were not all overjoyed to see their professor pelted with pastry. In fact, as the attacker stalked his victim before the class of 300, several students called out and one shrieked "No, you creep!" Warnings came too late, however, as the chef pushed Steidle's face into the blueberry pie.

The history professor left the room briefly to clean her face, but returned to resume the lecture. As she finished, the students broke into applause that continued even after she left the room.

— Collegiate Hedlines

Bellydancing

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sual, instead of sexual.

Koska made her costumes by looking at her instructor's. She said she's spent about \$80 on both costumes. "There're made mostly of chiffon, gold braid and a lot of breads and bangles — and just about anything that shines," she said.

There are several versions on how belly dancing was named, she said. "Some say it came from beledi, which is a form of belly dance. Also, there's a saying that when Little Egypt performed, her dance was introduced as 'danse du ventre', which means dance of the stomach, or something like that.

"It's really not belly dance, it's beli dance, which means folk dance," she said. "That's what belly dance is — a folk dance, the women dance one

kind of dance and the men another."

Instructions start with "how to twirl the veil and then a simple pattern on the zils (finger cymbals). It's a one-two-three pattern. Then you go to a very fast one-two-three-four," she said.

As in most dances, the art is in making the dance look easy. But looks are deceiving, because belly dancing isn't easy. "It's a lot of exercise," Koska said. "It's good for the stomach, it's good for the legs, it's good for the whole body because you learn how to move this without moving that.

"The hardest part is how to do steps with your feet because you're doing things with your hands too. To coordinate all that together takes a lot of practice," she said.

Koska will perform at Backstage during the fall.

Strippers offer women a night on the town

United Press International

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Ill. — If they could only see their grandmothers now.

Once a month, silver-haired women and young housewives — ages 18 to 102 — get together with mothers, daughters, sisters and friends and do something men have done for a long, long time.

They go and see the strippers.

Some husbands even buy their wives the \$5 ticket.

But the night may be a secret for some women who tell their husbands they are going shopping, to a movie or to play bridge.

"I loved it. I think this is super," said Marge Behrmas, 44, of Arlington Heights. "Men do it all the time. Why not have a night out on the town? I'm just a normal housewife. I think it's great for the women. Husbands always go."

She and the other women were watching the Peter Adonis' Fantasy Traveling Show, a male burlesque group that plays the south and southeast and made its Midwest debut at the Cinderella Rockefeller discotheque.

It's a choreographed show with comedy, lavish costumes, lights and music. In a dozen acts, the dancers shed clothes until all that's left are glittering G-strings.

One stripper danced up to Behrmas, caressing her face in his hands as she slipped a dollar bill into his G-string.

"It's done with taste. It's not raunchy. This is fun. Women have good times together. I've got to buy my husband one of those outfits," she said.

Members of the Adonis troupe grew up together in Charlotte, N.C., where Adonis began a strip show with two other dancers. But Bob Gregory came along and suggested adding comedy to make the act "total entertainment."

"We took the friends around us we knew that were crazy, zany and good dancers and formed a sort of magnetism that makes it work," said Gregory, business manager and co-owner with Adonis.

It was a risk from their secure jobs. Most had professional dance training, but no experience in the entertainment business.

Gregory, 25, was a banking financial analyst; Adonis, 29, computer operator; Adonis' fiance, Yvonne Calhoun, 27, shoe store assistant manager; Joe Goodnight, 29, hospital credit manager; John Purvis, 28, bartender; Dean Welch, 24, Caribbean cruise staffer; and Mike Bowers, 27, restaurant manager.

Adonis opens the show: "Welcome to the ladies' night out. This is your night out. Let me tell you a secret. The more you yell, the more you're

going to get."

Gregory takes over as emcee: "You worked all day, you deserve a night out where you can have fun. You deserve a once-a-month get together with the girls to raise hell."

Wiping off the sweat from each stripper's body after each act with a T-shirt, Gregory announces the shirt will be a prize for the most enthusiastic lady of the night.

"It's a liberated feeling," Gregory said. "Most women still today, even if they work another job, their lives are geared around their husbands.

"We're not trying to take advantage of them. We're not throwing men's bodies in their faces or anything like that. We handle ourselves classy and we make them laugh. We make them feel good about themselves."

At first, Gregory said, husbands didn't want their wives to see the show.

"I think there may be a little envy that we were in good shape and they weren't. But now it seems to be that the husbands really enjoy it. Some husbands buy tickets for them."

The husbands benefit when the women come home, he said.

"I'm not saying that only sexually, but the women just feel good about themselves. Anytime you have a good day and things went right for you, definitely your husband's going to benefit when you come home. The husbands say, 'Come back next month.'"

"We make it a lot of fun. That's made us last. Male dancing, or women's oriented entertainment, is here to stay."

Juanita Sellards, 40, Rolling Meadows, invited her daughter along. She said her husband thought it was nice to see them doing something together.

"I was due for a good laugh. It's been a long time and I've never seen anything like this," she said.

Three generations of grandmother, mother and daughter — and sometimes even great-grandmothers — frequent the shows. One time, several convalescent home residents came, including a 102-year-old woman in Greensboro, N.C.

The ladies clap and yell to the music, dance up to the strippers, hold dollar bill tips in their mouth and chest, pat their behinds, kiss them on the stomach, say "I love you" and walk back to their seats screaming.

Some women grab the dancers' waists, never to let go.

The women plead "take it all off." But Welch said: "You always have to leave them with something they didn't see. It's a big tease."

Grouchy dragon steals the show

Dragonslayer: Disney for adults

By Cathy Saathoff

Battalion Staff

"Dragonslayer" is a movie you can go to without having to borrow a child to make people think you were forced into baby-sitting.

A co-production of Walt Disney Studios and Paramount Pictures, "Dragonslayer" seems more like a "regular" movie than the Walt Disney movies of childhood days. It may be a bit scary for kiddies anyway, although after the Dragon consumed its first victim in a blinding screenful of fire, a tiny voice rang out through the theater: "What happened?"

Best that you not know, my

child. The Dragon is a masterpiece of special effects, a nasty old thing with breath that could barbecue the cast of thousands in "Gone With the Wind."

She has some little baby dragons, messy eaters but not yet as huffy as she is. Mamma is magnificently disgusting; Baby is your basic garden variety disgusting. Someone should teach the little things table manners.

Mamma is definitely not into women's lib. She's a mother at heart — in more ways than one. She's also a red-blooded dragon, as the movie plainly shows.

The Dragon has a taste for

young virgins, which she satisfies at the rate of two per year in lieu of baking the entire village. (The sacrificial offerings don't do so bad themselves in the blood-and-gore department.)

The young virgins are not libbers, either; only one has the smarts to get herself ineligible for consumption.

Enter Galen Bradwardyn, apprentice sorcerer and man-about-town. The Dragon is the true star of the film, but cherubic Dallas native Peter MacNichol, as Galen, is a gallant co-star.

Galen is a sweet young thing who doesn't know how to deal with his considerable powers.

He looks just too innocent for words, much too sweet to kill a

MOVIES

Dragon.

But he is determined, despite the many obstacles he encounters, to get that Dragon. Galen believes in himself and the magical glowing amulet that is the source of his power. Everyone else believes in the amulet, but not many believe in Galen. It's that peachy face again.

Galen has a lot to learn. He sometimes gets more than he bargained for; his magic is impressive if unruly.

The power behind Galen's work is that old Disney magic, the special effects that have thrilled children for so long. Flashing lights, shooting stars, colored flames. Just a touch here and there, but you know, just know, where the touches came from. Disney's artists swept their magic brushes across the film, giving it that extra touch that says "Disney."

Fourth of July fireworks displays have nothing on "Dragonslayer."