

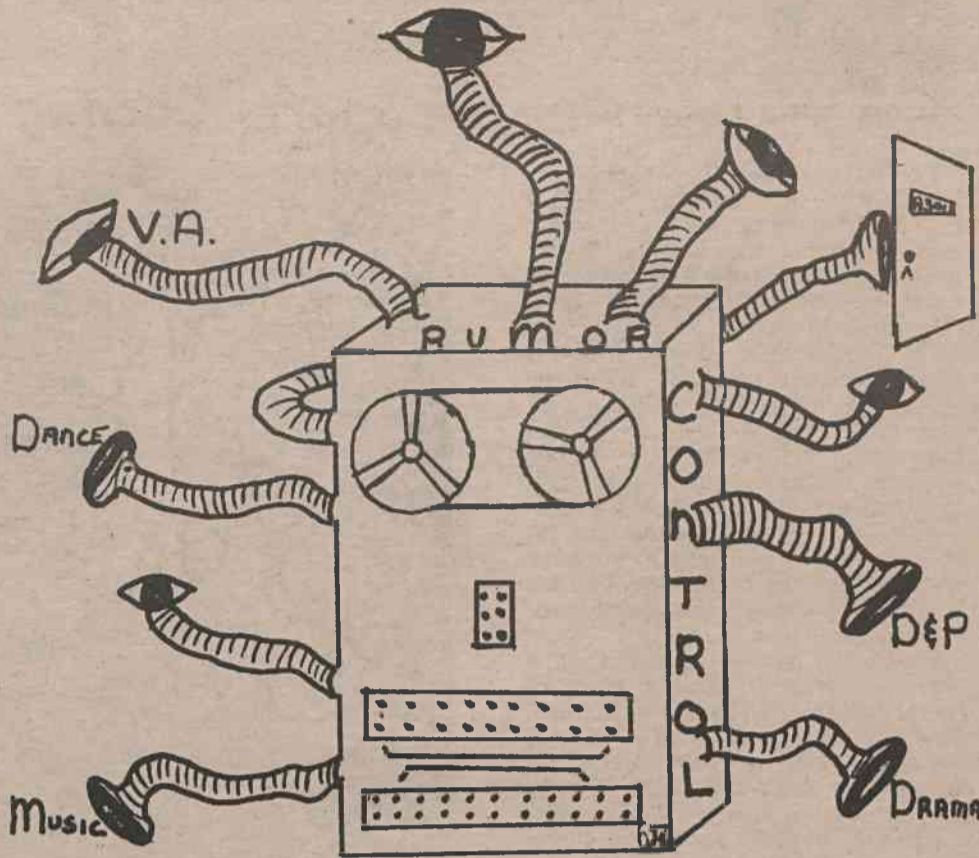
Yes Virginia, There Is a Rumor Control

By CRAIG WEINDLING

What is Rumor Control? Almost everybody on campus knows what it is. But ask them for a concrete explanation of it and you get perplexed looks, oral stumblings and remarks like "well, like, you know- uh- like, it's just there."

With this cloud of mystery encircling Rumor Control and the Essay being "an instrument for visual expressions of student activity and thought" (with Rumor Control definitely being classified as an expression of student activity and thought) a feeble attempt to clarify Rumor Control will now follow.

With all the misunderstandings and unawareness surrounding Rumor Control, it could easily be accepted and dismissed as a joke or a figment of the imagination. Or, as the clic cliché goes, it could be a Communist plot, in this case, to spread vicious and dangerous rumors throughout the campus, thereby undermining the students' morale and making them more gullible to listen to Communist propaganda. Or, as is the case, it could exist only because you believe it exists.



Nonsense, you may say, arguing that if something exists purely on the basis of belief with no concrete justifications, it is undoubtedly a fig of your imagination. Not so! Rumor Control is you. Even as you read this paper, thoughts are racing through your mind as to what to take to the next Rumor Control meeting, wherever it may be. It may be a brief five-minute parlay before a class or a marathon gathering in the quad until the wee hours of the morning.

It is amazing that a simple operation like Rumor Control can function so smoothly and usually produce the same results each time, no matter how many different parties are involved in one particular phase. It seems to be the organization that gets the most support and membership, approximately 80 percent of the student body, and creates the most chaos.

So it seems that Rumor Control is here to stay because it is so efficient. Any attempt to trace it to the roots is utterly futile and will ultimately lead the searcher in a large circle, leading directly back to himself. It is impossible to trace- and to escape- Rumor Control is omnipresent. So let's just sit back and enjoy and see what rumblings will come from R.C. this year.

Craig Weindling is a college D&P major and Essay Staff Reporter.

Drama Department Opens London Program

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myself; the upcoming year of study, travel, acting and pub-crawling comes as manna from heaven to us theatre-starved fellow actors.

The list of participants includes, (besides those mentioned above: Danny Arden, Katherine Buffalo, Margot Dionne, Craig Eubanks, Lee Ewing, Shanley Heffelfinger, Joe Henderson, Connie Kincaid, Sandra LaValle (T.A.), Aaron Levin (T.A.), Denise Myers, Charlotte Nelson, Pam Reid, Robert Richardson, and Amy Wood.

Housed in four separate locations throughout the London area, some students share double rooms, while a few reside in singles.

Greeting us at London's Heathrow Airport on Tuesday were Ms. G. Jones, welfare officer for the course, and Mr. David Wynne, a former actor with the Young Vic theatre here and presently an assistant director for the program. From the airport, we were taken by autobus to Morley College in southeast London where Mr. James Dodding, the course director, spoke briefly with us concerning our lodgings and what we were to expect during our first few days here. After tea, Dodding gave us car fare and left us at the mercy of several London cabbies (who succeeded in scalping a few extra pence from these obviously naive lambs!)

Getting accustomed to this strange, new, exciting city has taken awhile; we've been here five days now. Colds, sore feet, and hassles about lodgings and rent prices are just a few of the little inconveniences that have nagged at our heels as the group settles in.

But- perhaps because of the hectic pace of our orientation at Morley, the many tours and the theatre parties- we twenty newcomers have been able to cope with the depression that sometimes strikes the visitor to an alien culture.

After spending Tuesday evening in our new "digs", we awoke the next morning, bleary-eyed, to hot 7:30 breakfasts followed by a quick "tube" (subway) trip to Morley. (Which was thoroughly confusing). I might add that not all our breakfasts were alike. The morning meal, provided by our landladies, varied from house to house. Joe, Lucius, Rodd, and I enjoyed cornflakes, toast, scrambled eggs, milk, sausage, bacon, fried tomatoes and coffee. Other houses'

menus ranged from similar fares to only two slices of toast and a cuppa' coffee - as Kathy Lindsey can testify!

Wednesday's schedule began with an orientation session in which Mrs. Dodding, Wynne, Jones and Mr. Donald Dryden (another assistant director for the program) explained to the students the general course of study for the next seven months. Classes in acting, ballet, voice, oral interpretation, singing, period and style, project classes including stage fighting and mime were described. In addition, students will be allowed to take optional supplementary night classes at Morley and at the City Lit Centre for Adults.

Mr. Barry Till, Morley College principal, explained the school's history from it's beginnings 80 years ago. Till said that a "Victorian do-gooder transformed the original Old Victorian Music Hall (later to become the Old Vic) into a temperance theatre offering penny lectures. Lillian Bayless, a famous London actress, began producing Shakespearean plays in The Old Vic and moved the penny lectures to the present college site.

Gustav Holt brought music to Morley in 1920, said Till.

Till described the college as "non-vocational, perhaps most famous for amateur music."

"We hold rather a sympathy for arts people," said Till, "although they are sometimes a bit difficult."

Courses in philosophy, art and opera are of high quality, Till explained.

Although the NCSA program leases their rooms at Morley only until 5:30 p.m. during the week, night classes will be available. Most students at the meeting were impressed by the nominal cost for an entire year-long course - 2.60 pounds (about \$6.00).

Next, a tour of the college wound up in the school's cafeteria, where we sat down to lunch and gossip.

At 2 p.m. the course was officially opened by Ms. Rose Bruford, head of the Bruford School here. Mrs. Bruford asked the students to think of themselves as a group, not just as individuals.

"Stanislavsky warned us against craving praise," said Ms. Bruford. "It makes actors trivial. Never be arrogant, never be disturbed with failure."

"Self-satisfaction will kill all you do," Ms. Bruford said later. "Go on learning

always.

"Never give into self-indulgence. And remember, the greatest wisdom is to recognize one's lack of it."

Also attending the meeting were several members of the faculty for the London course. A complete list of names and titles of these faculty members will appear in an upcoming issue of "The Essay."

Following the official opening, photos were taken of the group and the attending faculty by Ms. Hazel Louchars, course photographer.

After some personal interviews, the group moved on to other activities such as supper and pub-crawling before we all gathered at the Aldwych Theatre and witnessed the Royal Shakespeare Company production of "Richard II" starring Ian Richardson as Richard and Robert Pasco as Bolingbroke. (They alternate roles from evening to evening.) Quite a spectacle...

Our second day of getting oriented proved to be just as hectic as the first. We underwent acting presentations for Mrs. Dodding, Wynne, and Dryden. According to Dodding, these presentations were merely to give the acting teachers some idea of each student's way of working. Still, most everybody's nerves were "doing 90", as the saying goes.

After some more personal interviews, students were assigned the plays to be done during the first four-week "block": Shakespeare's "Hamlet", "Othello", and "The Winter's Tale."

The plays, Dryden explained were for the actors' benefits, since there would be no audience present. However, he added that at sometime in April we might put on a full-scale production of some play on which we'd worked.

"Until then, however, we will work with simplicity - cloaks and basic costumes, no lights, no effects," said Dryden. "Communication is the important thing, discovery; the performances will not be nearly as important as the plays."

The actors will be focusing on the areas of Shakespeare's tragedies and his comedies, Restoration comedy, Oscar Wilde, G.B. Shaw, Noel Coward, and several modern playwrights, said Dodding, with each area being dealt with in 3-or-4 week blocks.

Friday was spent on a tour of the thousand-year-old church at Stoke-Poges, where Sir Thomas Grey composed his exquisite "Elegy in a Country Church Yard". From there, we travelled to Windsor Castle, weekend palace of the Queen and a striking example of medieval architecture. Our group was allowed to wander throughout the State apartments where we saw all the elegance that comes with kings (and queens). Then on to Hampton Park, although most of us stayed in the bus or had some tea, since the weather was pure

ca-ca. (Margot did see the flowers, though. She says that they were just keen.)

Friday evening brought with it Dame Edith Evans... and Friends showing at the Phoenix Theatre in Charing Cross. The actress read selections from many works, including "You Are Old, Father Williams" by Lewis Carroll, "Romeo and Juliet" by you-know-who, and "Patterns" by Amy Lowell. This last piece was my personal favorite. Although she is over 80 years old, Ms. Evans conveyed the young woman's tragedy upon losing her lover so compellingly that most of us agreed the actress truly transcended her years, revealing all the sorrows, love, and loneliness of Ms. Lowell's work.

Finally, Saturday. No appointments, no tours, no 7:00 a.m. reveille. Most of us just kept on sleeping, although a few of the speedier kids took off for the open markets and cafes around Charing Cross, Covent Garden and Portobello Road. Food is pretty cheap here, but we can all just forget about new clothes. (Except for Miss Pam, who must've spent a fortune on that new outfit. Go, girl!)

And now it's Sunday.

This morning, those of us who felt like getting up were treated to an exceptionally fine walking tour of "The City", the one-mile-square area of London where "new meets old" at every turn of the corner, skyscrapers surrounded by Roman ruins. Our guide, the renowned "Lorry" Lawrence, wound up our walk at the rustic George Inn near the site of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre.

It was while sitting in a cozy corner of the inn, nursing a pint of stout and a sausage, that I overheard a rather astute comment issue from the table next door: "Some of you people think of us Londoners as a bit staid, traditional. The truth is, if you ask me, most of the people I know from here is bloody crackers!"

Later Hours For Commons

The Commons Building will be open each night one hour longer than last year, C.E. Aldridge, senior officer in charge of security, announced. Aldridge said the building will be open until 1 a.m. Sunday through Thursday and until 2 a.m. Friday and Saturday.

N.C. ESSAY

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