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# The Bates Student - volume 101 number 10 - April 11, 1974

Bates College

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# NOTES & COMMENTARY

## OBVIOUSLY...



To the Editor,

I was appalled at Bob Goodlatte's comments in last week's *Student* on whether or not to send the teacher evaluation questionnaire to incoming freshmen. I am sure there are many that share his opinions, which makes them even more appalling. I do not attack Bob Goodlatte, I attack the ideas he supports.

Bob does not want the teacher evaluation sent to sub-frosh because it is misleading and is not representative of the students who took each course. He also objects to the way the information was presented, especially that too much attention was given to the comments. As a result of these distortions he fears less freshman will take Government courses. Bob's position essentially is; don't send the evaluation to sub-frosh because they might misinterpret it.

The evaluation is by its very nature subjective. It consists of opinions and opinions cannot ever be made objective. I fear this is really what Bob Goodlatte and others want. A survey of their type would yield such revealing comments as Prof. Chances wears brown shoes, or the room Religion 206 was held in was painted yellow. There will never be an opinion poll that is objective, hence there will always be those who disagree with its findings.

The charge that the evaluation is misleading is Bob Goodlatte's opinion of an opinion poll. Bob says the poll should not be sent to sub-frosh because they might misunderstand it. Didn't Richard Nixon refuse to release some tapes because the general public might misinterpret them? Who is Bob Goodlatte, or anyone else, to decide what information should be sent to sub-frosh? Bob and those who also hold the same opinion feel that they know what's good for sub-frosh, and they will decide what information will be sent to them. A more sensible decision is to send the evaluation to the sub-frosh and let them decide whether it is misleading.

How can the sub-frosh decide whether the evaluation is misleading when they've never been to Bates? First of all this reasoning could be used for not releasing the poll to science or humanities majors who have yet to fulfill their social science requirement. Since Bob believes the evaluation gives a misleading impression of the Government department, they might decide to take a Sociology course instead. Also following this reasoning the poll should not be given to current freshmen who are considering majoring in Government. Again it would give

them a misleading impression of the Government department and they might decide to major in History.

Bob also says the evaluation is not representative of those who took each course. Of course it isn't. It doesn't claim to be. It claims to be representative of three of the nine who took the course or seventy of the one hundred and fifty.

Finally Bob states that "some of the phrases are not appropriate." It is fine for him to decide what is appropriate, but by not sending the evaluation to sub-frosh, he wishes to impose his opinion on others. Who is he to decide what is appropriate? Does he wish to decide what's appropriate to appear in the Bates *Student* or the *Lewiston Evening Journal*?

Obviously, I believe the evaluation should be sent to incoming students. It is just an evaluation of Bates. Another evaluation of Bates that could be found just as "misleading" appears in the Bates catalogue. It is an opinion, and sub-frosh are intelligent enough to figure out the numbering system to see that only a fraction of the people in each course replied and that the comments are given dominance. Sent along with the teacher evaluation should be a presentation of Goodlatte's opinions and favorable opinions concerning the validity of the survey. Perhaps the poll in the *Student* should also be included in the package sent to incoming freshmen. With this information sub-frosh will be able to make up their own minds about the evaluation.

Again, I do not attack Bob Goodlatte, but the opinions he espouses. He just happens to be the representative of those opinions who was quoted in the *Student*, but there are many like him who wish to monitor the information others receive.

Sincerely yours,  
Steven Stycos

Our Duck you Sucker of the Week award goes out to all those folks who asked "Just what is that photo on the back cover of the April Fool's supplement?" Tell ya what. Get thirsty. Walk over to the Women's Gymnasium. Look for the water fountain. What's the first thing that pops into yr. mind when you find it? Still thirsty? Then, Duck you sucker!!!

Commentary  
Bob Pladek garners 2nd place & an invite to splite the 1st prize of the first annual Bates College Dirty Limericks contest with the winner & with the Editor. Bob, you're dirty, but you've got no class. The winner, a faculty person awaiting a tenure decision, prefers to remain anonymous at this time. He has class, and writes decently. But can he put away those 12 oz. Buds? Bob, we'll see. Contact Box 309 or PA lockbox & we'll set up the awards ceremony.

Ninth in a weekly series of Bates Student polls:  
Question: Do you think you might contribute financially to Bates as an alumnus or alumna?

	Number	Percentage
Yes	325	65%
No	175	35%

Five hundred students were arbitrarily selected to provide statistics for this poll, which went down in the dinner line Sunday night.

Well, this is the last poll of the year. Next year we'd like more input & feedback. Let us know suggestions for future polls. In fact, now that we think of it just where the hell were you all year? You've got a lot of damn gall coming around here talking yr. trash & shucking yr. jive about wot a swell year its been when you haven't even bothered to chuck yr. copy into the re-cycle bin.

Answerman is in reality answerwoman. How's that for sexual equality

## THE REAL REASON

To the Editor:

A brief reply to the (dare I say it?) (I do) hasty and not a little stupid and quite unnecessary comment attacking the *male* (let me be sure to emphasize that) proctors supposed CHAUVINISTIC decision to have a male replacement for Joe Glannon. If the quote mentioning something about male proctors not wanting to work with a woman was taken to be the only reason for the proctors' horrendous blow against sisterhood (Dean Isaacson take note) then allow me to apologize for the above derisive satire. However, even if the quote was misinterpreted as the only reason, it seems to this author that anyone taking serious issue with any issue should know a few more of the facts before he (she?) goes babbling on using obviously show-boat material that is guaranteed to get him(her?) on Gloria Steinem's goody list. As Coordinator of Student Activities, I am sure a female could do just as good a job as any male.

This is *not* the limit to the "Good Joe" role. As assistant to the Dean, this person must also act in a counselling role for social as well as academic problems. As assistant to the Dean of *Men* this necessitates interacting with more males than females. For example, Joe is presently responsible for all of Men's rooming. While it is not the point of this commentary to delineate male-female psycho-sexual differences, it is *quite obvious* that there are differences, not only in life-style, but also in world view (the basic orientation to one's environment and the people in it). As a result, Joe must handle certain problems concerning rooming and general campus existence that are *uniquely* male. Perhaps, a woman could understand most of the problems a young man could run into, perhaps. Even so, a young man having difficulty with his sex-role identity could be reticent towards a woman simply because of her bio-chemical givens. I can't speak for my fellow proctors, but I feel this reason alone justifies having a male as the new Coordinator of Student Activities.

Michael Larkin

## Snake Missing

To Whom it may concern:  
We were pleased to exhibit The Mario Puppets in Chase Hall Lounge early in March. It was fun to bring them out of their box and back to life again after so many years. Although warned about the possibility of theft, we wanted to take the chance that they would live through the period of exhibition in benevolent security and good health. However, at the very end of their stay - perhaps on the last day - one of the snakes disappeared.

We have been hoping that he would come back one way or another and we still feel this is a possibility. Of course he is a vital member of the troupe and we care like parents for him even though he is a snake.

Please, if you know of his whereabouts and could effect his return, do. No questions will be asked or fines imposed. In fact, we are flattered if someone wanted to care for him for a while.

With hope,  
John and Grace Tagliabue  
(Editor's note. Procedures: Tag lives at 59 Webster St. Or drop in inter-departmental mails. Or at No. 7 Herrick House. Or give to Duke Williams, or Karen Olson, or Jim Bunnell, or Laure Rixon or Lyn Benjamin, B.C. or B.K., Eric Bauer, Claudia Turner, or even Chris Righter. Or box 622 or box 309 or the lockbox in front of PA Office.)

## Ripped - Off

This is an open letter to you thieves and wallet-snatchers, who seem to be more rampant than ever on campus this year.

If you gotta take my money, go ahead. I'll do my damndest to prevent it, but if I slip up and you get ahold of my wallet, I guess I can't stop you.

But will you please, just in the name of human decency, make sure I get my driver's license and ID cards and photos back? Leave my wallet somewhere where it'll get found. Come up to me at Commons and say innocently "Gee, I just found this lying out on the Quad." Or mail it postage due.

I don't care. I won't ask any questions. I venture to say that the majority of wallet-snatchers' victims feel the same. We've given up on our cash, and we'd be just out-and-out grateful for our papers or whatever else you deem proper to return.

Thank you.

- KO

# THE STUDENT

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# QUICKIES!!!

## ICE CREAM...

By Kayo McCream

The Food Committee of the Representative Assembly is currently maneuvering to have a soft-freeze ice cream machine installed in Commons. Like the UNH and Colby machines, it would dispense a soft, dairy-queen type desert into any student's outstretched bowl or cone.

For \$4500, one can purchase an ice cream dispenser that makes 200 servings at a time and takes ten minutes to whip up a batch from scratch.

D. Craig Canedy, director of food services, says he doesn't mind buying the machine — but RA must find a way to fight Commons congestion. Mr. Canedy doesn't want riots at the ice cream machine.

Various other complications are also being explored by the RA Food Committee.

Saturday night *The Bates Student* polled 300 students in the dinner line. Two hundred and twenty-six, more than 75 percent, said they'd like such a machine in Commons.

Forty-three percent said they'd be willing to fast for a few meals in order to help purchase the dispenser. However, Sue Dumais, RA president, says that fasting would probably not be necessary. The problem is not so much financial as operational.

Anyone who wishes to brainstorm on the problem is asked to contact Sue Hawkes.

## FILLER

Oversimplification of obligatory ostricization obviously occasions opulent, opinionated opponents opportunity, ordinarily ornithologically opposites (over otiose ovenbird ovulation or other ornately orgastic occurances); only open-minded ontological organicism offers outstanding overall outcome, often officious operational opaqueness offensively obliterates objective omission.

— Oscar

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## BUT NO BEER

By Jim McCormick

There will definitely be no beer sold on the premises of Bates College in September. A subcommittee of the Maine Higher Education Council has shelved the possibility — at least for the near future.

The decision comes as a surprise since it was said earlier that the path for beer on campus was already cleared. It is not apparent what the mood was that pervaded through the committee in Augusta. Rumor has it that the decision comes as a reprisal for the epidemic of "streaking" on the campuses of educations in Maine.

However, there might be hope later. Dean Judith Isaacson says an affirmative decision from the Maine legislature might come through next year sometime.

She is quick to add that the college will need time to discuss the ramifications of such a decision and prepare a suitable locality for the sale of beer on campus. The old argument is that beer, if sold in the Den, would destroy its "inner sanctity." On the other hand, Dean Isaacson says that the college is in no way prepared to construct a beer joint out of nothing.

Questions on these problems will remain up in the air until a final decision is made by the Maine legislature.

## NEW EXHIBIT

By Crespigny Deverseaux

LEWISTON, MAINE — An exhibit of selections from the permanent collection at Bates College Treat Gallery will open April 11 and will remain on display through May 5. Included are a number of drypoints and prints by American Impressionist Mary Cassatt, a gift of Sylvan Lehman Joseph. Several American prints, given by Mr. and Mrs. Leo Meissner, will also be exhibited.

Some of the Marsden Hartley drawings will be shown for the first time in four years. The ninety-nine drawings from the Marsden Hartley Memorial Collection have been exhibited from coast to coast for the past three and a half years as a Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition. In September, the entire Hartley Collection will be shown in the Treat Gallery. On view will be two early oils by Marsden Hartley, given by his niece Norma Berger.

The next exhibition at Treat Gallery will be "Recent Sculpture" by Bernard Langlais and will open Sunday, May 12.

## ENDING/ BEGINNING

By Sandys Tyrwhit

Formal commencement exercises will take place Monday, June 10, 1974 at 10:00 a.m. Baccalaureate exercises and a reception for Seniors, Parents, and Faculty will occur Sunday afternoon, June 9. The annual Senior-Faculty Honors Banquet will be held the evening of Thursday, June 6, 1974.

Seniors who are not registered for the short term are encouraged to return to campus on June 6 to participate in all commencement ceremonies. Dining and residential facilities will be available at that time without charge.

A brief diploma ceremony will take place at 2:30 p.m., Sunday, April 28, 1974 for those seniors who will not be in attendance for short term and who will find it impossible to return to campus for commencement in June.

## THIS WEEK'S SPORT STORY

LEWISTON, MAINE — Sports Essayist Heywood Hale Broun of CBS News, will be a guest lecturer Thursday, April 11, at 8:30 p.m. in the Bates College Chapel. The lecture is sponsored by the Campus Association's Socio-Cultural Commission and there is no admission charge.

Broun, who offers a weekly commentary on the "CBS Saturday News with Roger Mudd", is an unconventional type of sportscaster, one who devotes equal time to the less popular aspects of sports. He says, "Sports are sports. People sometimes think it is silly that a youngster's marble tournament be given news coverage on the same basis that the Super Bowl might. But consider the pressure on an 11-year-old marble player in world championship competition. The shot he makes with that wet, slippery, round piece of glass, over some damp clay, may determine whether or not he wins a \$5000 scholarship. I think that pressure on an 11-year-old is as great as the pressure a mature professional athlete endures."

A 1940 graduate of Swarthmore College, Broun embarked on a career which he says "illustrates either a broad spectrum of interests or a deplorable lack of purpose." He served in the Artillery during World War II, after which followed such diverse jobs as sports editor of the now-defunct New York Star, instructor in the Serbo-Croatian language at the University of Pittsburgh, and actor in Phil Silvers' "Arrow Theater."

Broun has recently acted in summer stock and on Broadway, but is best known for his sports commentary. His coverage of the Munich Olympics will be remembered by many people.

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## SOCIAL LIFE ... HERE???

By Barry Gilberg

A recent poll I took of Bates students' attitudes about social life here revealed some surprising feelings.

Sixty students were asked to rate social life at Bates on a scale from extremely poor to excellent. Forty-five of the students were in the library and 15 in the Den, as the experimenter hoped to reach both more and less studious "types."

Both groups split 50-50, half giving a rating of "good" or better, half of "poor" or worse. Only five of the 60 said the social situation was "very poor" or "extremely poor."

A quite different response came from 60 students in the dinner line, who were asked "What percentage of Bates student do you feel would rate the social life here as less than good?" The median response was about 73 percent.

This is a point that should be remembered when the social situation here is discussed. The assumption in many news articles and conversations seems to be that nearly everyone is unhappy with the social life, but this appears to be untrue in light of this poll.

## FROG NEWS

By Mitzi LaFille

The French Club had to take over a private home to get a good setting for their last big rendezvous of the year on Wednesday. Denise Bourassa, president, arranged a special champagne and candlelight setting for the select group of friends.

Then, one at a time, she called on each member to perform a little personal entertainment. The finale came when four students rolled around the floor in agonies of ecstatic laughter at the feet of Alexis Caron.

Carleen LePage cavorted through her "bird dance" routine, and Maria Francello provided fitting background strumming for the strange antics. Laura DeFrancesco and Jan Malatesta romped through an out-of-this-world flight act.

Denise, outgoing president, exposed the whole year's activities in a detailed, exact, full disclosure. Her report was much-applauded. Some of her personal compositions, which she exhibited to all, were even more interesting.

Dr. Caron expressed concern to yours truly, Mitzi LaFille. He had received curious feedback from administrators and faculty members concerning *The Bates Student's* coverage of French Club activities. "Now, we don't want them to get a *wrong* impression," he cautioned. Mitzi swore never to distort any true facts of the situation.

The following five members competed for and won commanding posts in next year's regime: Mlle. LePage, "president"; Laura DeFrancesco, *vice* president; Jan Malatesta, capital affairs; Liz Primiano, intimate journal-keeper; and yours truly, Mitzi LaFille, public (and private) relations.

*A septembre, mes petits choux!*

# STU GETS YOU OFF !!!

We find ourselves looking forward to the coming Short Term. Perhaps a few of you remember its early days, when the idea was to take 4 courses during each regular semester, 2 during the Short Term, & thus graduate from Bates in 3 years. Back in those days, of course, we had classes on Saturday morning & no parietals ("Parietals? What's a parietal?"), so it was obviously the Dark Ages. People stayed away in droves.

Next era, which we missed, was the gradual evolution towards a Short Term taken by the student to drink beer or to make up those courses which he had, peradventure, flunked. Our Professor Shadoof comments: "We got tired of seeing those same stupid faces staring back at us. & besides, our colleagues were getting to go to Luxembourg & England & all over the place & most of us had to stay here in (shudder) Lewiston. Also, It amounted to a *free* summer school & God knows, if you get something free off Bates College, there's a flaw in the system."

Not for long, Mr. Shadoof. As many of you remember, last year we Batesians had another curve thrown at us. The old Short Term course was hauled out, shaken by the scruff, had its lights punched out, & was shitcanned so dogass viciously that students are still reeling from the blow. The faculty gave us (ta da) THE SHORT TERM UNIT.

Now, heh heh, the faculty will be hoist by its own petard. (lit., 'blown up by its own bomb') The SHORT TERM UNITs we have available are *quite* limited. The obvious example of Art's 1 STU in Paris w/. \$800 fee & 3 prerequisites puts the Masters out of the reach of hungry proles who can't draw. English, the dream of every editor, has 4 STUs, 3 for majors & another requiring 2 prerequisites. Heh, heh. According to Prof. Carl B. Straub, assistant Dean of the Faculty, STUs are now "to provide professors and students a chance to experiment in learning situations which can only occur with limited enrollment."

Uh-huh. Take a close look at the offerings, gang. Same old stuff, different packaging. So, be here this coming Short Term - a chuckle a minute, 62 faculty persons here & elsewhere faking it for all they're worth. Short Term? Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.

## Men & Women (Side by Side)

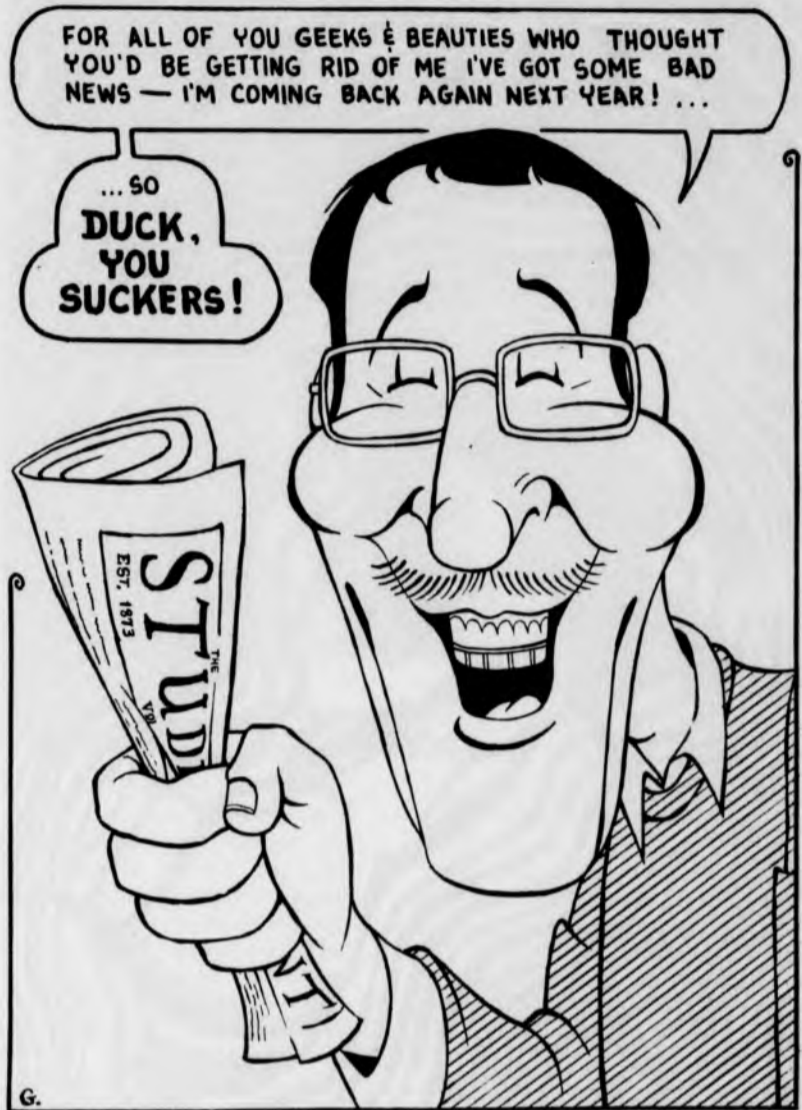
### SLEEP TIGHT?

As I laid in bed the other afternoon, a thought came into my head concerning the plight of the Committee to Correct Communication Between the Sexes, those anonymous young heroins (heroes?) ardently striving to erradicate the seeming abnormal relationship between gentlemen and ladies at Bateson Place. "Holy Mia Farrow!", I cried, "Why hasn't someone thought of this before?" Therefore, I, Lyon Bachalot, being of sound mind, concerned body and excellent control of, shall I say, my faculties, dost propose a possible remedy to a most unfortunate situation.

In my brief exposure to opinions dealing with Bates men's goals in a dating situation, I noticed an underlying structure in all their overt or covert comments, a structure which supports us all or all of us at one time or another, a bed. Similarly, Bates women, while trying to mask their passions behind a facade of propriety (a few don't, bless you), exhibit a certain propensity for that pleasing prone companion, the bed, that is. It does seem a shame that indoctrinated reason has reduced what *could* be a beautiful means of communication between two *understanding* individuals into a hungry, greedy little desire. A desire that must be fleetingly satisfied at all costs in order to consider oneself a normal, well-rounded, tres chic (he) individual, but - heavens to Slumberland! where are my dreams wandering to? Back to the subject (as it *often* is) at "hand." I propose that the tortuously narrow beds, of possible Army barracks fame, are the cause of the lack of communication between the sexes at Bateson Place. How can the administration possibly expect two potential engagees to ever get to know

one another unless the total surface area of the iron-maidens is increased? I recently strolled through a study area in the library and as I gazed upon several intent students I wistfully thought to myself, "Ah, for such peaceful repose, being able to study on one's back, with closed eyes even." I'm sure all you happy young devotees, or couples as I believe they are called, can feel my words when I say that two people on their backs, side by side in a Bateson bed is like trying to down two luke-warm Black Labels in rapid succession. The result can be a terrible mess. All you future Don Juans and Juanesses heed my well-educated back and take issue with your quarters which could become painfully cramped if ever you come upon a willing companion. Don't dare think this only applies to those desiring more intimate companionship. The few others of you out there, how many times have you been forced out of your room so your roommate could enjoy the luxury of two beds pushed together? Admit it, the floor next door didn't quite substitute for your own comfy confine.

Arise, Batesians! Demand what should be coming! Even a six-inch extension could alleviate some of the problems. Easily attached to the side of the bed, this invaluable addition could be removed when not needed and used for, say, an ironing board. If nothing this radical, then at least a fold-up cot of equal height to the bed which could be set up as the situation demanded. Don't give in to those puritanical demons in Lane Hall! Thrust yourselves forward! Upward the cause! Hail the double-bed! (There will be a mattress-burning ceremony in front of the maintenance center, April 31st. Be there, you liberated rascals!)



It is with some hesitation that we begin our year's end editorial. Everybody is expecting some sort of blast, cheap shot, low blow, &c., but we just don't feel quite that way this Sunday in April. I can smell the sweetness of thawed earth, feel warming winds on skin & hear the voice of the turtle, so to speak. Just spring, Ah.

Despite constant accusations of apathy & paranoia, the Bates studentry pulled thru with another year of things to do & be. Those who called Lewiston a "cultural wasteland" stayed away from the LPL Plus series & missed some excellent lectures, live music performances, and films. They also avoided the Tuesday Noon Concerts, Most of the offerings of Bates theater, a few of the Film Board's offerings, & the Concert-Lecture series.

For the rest of us, there were keg parties, Sadies, casino nights, drunken orgies, & paste-up on Tuesday nights (now & forever) in Lower Hathorn's PA Office.

The faculty pulled thru as well, despite the usual overload of courses to teach & an upward spiral in the price of gin, successfully popping a few insights here & there, with scattered reports of genuine learning experiences, & an occasional epiphany.

ADMIN??? Heh, heh. Well, ADMIN is doing just fine, thank you. They will continue to do just fine, thank you. Although they continue to wonder why they are not believed & beloved, we don't feel quite up to the challenge of telling them. (1) because they wouldn't believe us, and (2) because it would ruin our advantage going into next year.

So. Thus ends another year for the Bates Student, a weekly newspaper. I feels a sense of wonder that it got done. I feels a glad sense of relief. I feels academically blown away.

There is one other thing, something that we have been trying to tell you from the beginning of Vol. 101: This is a good place to go to school; it could be better; it *will* be better. You are good people, all of you, & it is a pleasure to go to school with you.

See you next year, gang. Same time, same place.

It might be of interest to the community of scholars here at Bates that the logo quotations which appear every week in the grand tradition of the Lewiston Evening Journal have in some instances been attributed to the wrong author. Our first quote "Born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad." was attributed to Balzac, quite incorrectly.

Most recently we attributed "Once one's in it, one's in it up to the neck" to Antonin Artaud, also quite incorrect. We will accept correction from members of this community of nitpickers, but we aren't too sure if we'll get it. You have one hour. Write legibly.



## Artistry versus Academia

By David Fuller

My reaction to the four art thesis shows which hung in the Chase Hall Gallery last week was one of disappointment. As in the larger Bates College Community, it seems, creativity has lost its battle with the rampant academic pretention. Studies of or after the work of great artists are useful, and perhaps even necessary tools for the development of artistic technique, but they should *never* be the thrust of one's thesis.

Kathy Szopa: *TENEBRISM*

These seven studies study form, they study highlights and shadows, they study perspective, but they fail to study the spirit or the emotions of the original paintings. In the study of *Malle Babbe*, for example, all of Hals' highlights and shadows are there, but the eternal instant captured by Hals is stifled. In the study of Caravaggio's *The Conversion of St. Paul*, the foreshortening and the highlights are there, but the terrifying brilliance of the light created in the original is nowhere to be seen.

The one successful painting of the group is entitled *Tenebristic Portrait*. It is successful because it does capture the quiet, pensive nature of its subject. The painting's colors are muted, and subtly direct us toward its mood. Most importantly, the painting has an air of originality — one feels that the artist knew the emotions she

portrayed instead of trying to copy those depicted by another.

Thomas C. MacMichael: *THE INTERACTION OF SENSUAL FORM AND LIGHT VALUES*

Beneath this title, Mr. MacMichael has written a singularly incoherent discussion of perceptual abstraction which did not in the least help me to understand his studies of "the planar perception of light."

The high point of this show is the bottle painting, a fascinating work in which all descriptive elements are stripped away, leaving only color and color value. The result is an image which is at once a bottle and a mottled blue and grey surface with patches of red and brown. The two pen and ink drawings are delightful in their spontaneity. The etchings are drab and pretentious. There is a series of five pencil studies for the etching entitled *Model in Studio* which evolve into a very effective description of the planar nature of the perception of light. All this is lost, however in the dark mass of the etching itself. On the whole, more eye of MacMichael and less "oeuvre of Villion" would have been nice.

Robert Mathewson: *IN SEARCH OF LIGHT*

All art, regardless of its medium, ought to have some influence on any artist who perceives it. I must admit, however, that I am bothered

## Wendy — A Woman in Love

By Karen Olson

It's hard to criticize something when you're having a good time. That's how I felt about Wendy Lang's senior acting thesis, "Women in Love" (not D. H. Lawrence, but a series of Wendy's own selections concerning love).

The play didn't always work. Individual presentations were good, but sometimes the transitional dialogue wasn't quite transitional enough. And Carson McCullers' tomboy Frankie seemed somehow discordant with the mature, adult love portrayed in other scenes.

But "Women in Love" was billed as an "afternoon of acting with Wendy Lang," and as such, it succeeded. Almost all the scenes seemed chosen with an integrated end in mind, yet they were not the least bit repetitious in effect. Wendy changed her tone and mood as easily as her hats and aprons, and yet remained Wendy — a woman in love — throughout.

I liked her haughty, self-assured, socialite Millamant and her beer-guzzling, TV-ogling housewife best of all. The former seemed so arch and sensible and down-to-earth despite an elegant 17th century facade of etiquette. The latter seemed so bright and crazy and

impulsive despite her dreary housewife, soap opera life.

The sentimental, wise grandmother of "Flapdoodle, Trust and Obey," the proud, cold sorceress of "Medea" and the resigned, tired old woman of "My Heart and I" also stand out in my mind for their versatility.

Wendy is, she confessed as she held up her diamond-decked ring finger, herself committed to a love. Perhaps that's why the first two selections, from Carson McCullers' "The Member of the Wedding," and Stephen Vincent Benet's "John Brown's Body," didn't seem so lively to me. Both involve a girl's first discovery of love. Maybe "John Brown's Body" didn't come across because of its narrative, inactive, format. Wendy played the confused, searching "Member of the Wedding" well — but somehow the jump from Frankie to the passive, patient Melora was too great.

Otherwise, she seemed to live what she was acting. Wendy moved gracefully on stage, and her diction was utterly lucid. The brief, slide-show series of scenes moved at perfect pace, and the 60-second sustained applause at the end was as good a review as mine here is.



Photo by Ken Paterson

by the idea of a thesis in photography for which the primary influence is a painter. This show does very little to dispel my doubts.

As light studies, some of the photographs are successful; especially the bowl and pitcher, the rumpled curtain, and the sewing machine. "Dan's Tree Service" presents an interesting subject, and is interesting because of its uniquely photographic nature. A hedge row beside a driveway which opens through a larger hedge into the light and some water droplets on leaves are depicted in the two most interesting photographs of the show. They have a subject interest which derives from their depth. They allow the viewer's eye to wander in and out of their images. They have a graphic beauty too, which compliments their subjects and mood.

As a whole, though, the show seems indecisive. Mr. Mathewson tells us that he has gone in search of light, but fails to show us what he found.

Nina Grabbe: *ALPHABET BOOK*

I wish Miss Grabbe had not told us of her conception of her show as an alphabet book, because it forced me to spend a good three or four hours in Chase Hall trying to figure out what represented what, whether all the alphabet was there or only a part, and if there were actually letters at all or if there were only representations of letters. They were some of the most delightful hours spent in a long time.

Miss Grabbe's woodcut prints were by far the high point of the four shows. Even at a glance, there is a unity to the show which becomes more apparent the longer it is viewed. There is a unity of concept, but more importantly, she has created a unified style, which she seems genuinely to understand and direct. Although each print is beautiful in itself, it is this conceptual interrelation and stylistic unity which make the show delightful as it is. In fact, I have but one objection: the word "HAIR".

## Good Show, Dancers, But Smile While You Sin

By Gayle Vigeant

Last Friday and Saturday evenings The Bates College Modern Dance Company under the direction of Marcy Plavin performed a program of varied student-choreographed dances and Plavin's own "Seven Deadly Sins."

On the whole, much of the movement was mastered and well-executed, but on many occasions the dancers appeared earthbound and lacking in lightness and spirit. A certain concentration is needed in any art to create well, but so is fluidity and grace, and pieces such as "Designs for Five Bodies" and "The Replacement" seemed mechanical, jerky, and without feeling.

I did enjoy John Carrafa's choreography, however, in the piece "Salvation"; he achieved that sense of quickness and fluidity with a large company.

This dance was greatly enhanced by Robert Hager's and Alan Hendrickson's effective lighting schemes, as was the entire production. Also, Norman Dodge's simple set design looked good, proved an effective prop for the dance troupe, and never became an obstacle nor an intrusion upon the dance area.

Celine Ward and Deborah Radding's "Discord Dance-Dialogue for two" was a cute, comic routine. I only wish that both girls had taken Roberta Flack's musical advice and SMILED. Maybe the memory of

mothers and dancing teachers drilling it into their tap-dancing nine year olds to "smile" doesn't always apply to big girls (and guys) in college dance companies, but it couldn't hurt. If one put in as much time as I imagine each member of the troupe did preparing this show, he or she must enjoy dancing. Show your audience that you are having fun and fulfilling yourself.

The dance dramatizations of the sins "Avarice" and "Gluttony" were the beginning of such a good time. David Edwards happily reminded us that dance is not only arm and leg movement, but that the face is a part of the dancer's body and expression, too. Those Joel Grey "Cabaret" antics were a joy. "Gluttony" incorporated dance, mime, a lot of imagination, and fun into a little gem of a finale in which the company devoured their Big Mac fellow dancers.

Finally, my own favorite dance of the evening was "Let's Call It 'Jarjal,'" choreographed by Landi deGregoris. A bit of funky jazz, the piece was, happily, a surprising change from most of the other student-choreographed dances which seemed to mirror much of Director Plavin's own style of choreography. It got soul.

And then there was "Lust." What can I say? It *moovooed* me.

I'm still wondering why the company didn't take its bow and receive the enthusiastic applause the audience so eagerly wanted to give them. A good show.



Photo by Jim Bunnell

## Spanish 112 & The Case of "La Casa"

By Martin Fiero

The public is invited to attend a free performance in Spanish of Federico Garcia Lorca's play, *La Casa de Bernarda Alba* (The House of Bernarda Alba), presented by Bates students of Spanish 112. The performance will take place on Friday, April 19 at 5:15 p.m. in the Studio Theater of Schaeffer Theater.

The Spanish 112 class has been rehearsing this play since the second week of the semester. Prof. Manuel Bejar gave his students the option of participating in the play and writing a short story, or attending traditional Spanish classes. The venture is a completely experimental innovation.

Most of the actresses are freshmen and sophomores; the only male in the class is Richard Boesch, the director.

"It's kind of difficult since none of us have any acting experience," says Janice Malatesta, who plays Magdalena. "But I think we're all on the same level, and we all have the Spanish language ability to do it. Mr. Bejar has helped us with the accents."

The play will feature a very simple set, with black and white motifs.

*La Casa de Bernarda Alba* is the last and considered the best of the so-called "rural" tragedies of Garcia Lorca. The author wrote it in 1936, shortly before his death, but it was not presented to the public until 1945; since then it has been performed on the most renowned stages of the world.

This tragedy has the value of a social document inasmuch as it depicts certain aspects in the way of life of women in Spanish villages of the time. But the action that takes place in the rural society of this drama achieves further significance.

In a town that is rigidly divided by the notion of social classes, Bernarda is the richest landowner. After her husband's death, she becomes the head of her family. In

this male-female dual role she seeks futilely to control the life of her daughters and in doing so, she crushes their basic human instincts.

The failure of her jealous, dominating vigilance is magnified by the suicide of Adela, the youngest daughter. In reference to this attitude of Bernarda, the critic G. T. Ballester has written: "At first sight, Bernarda tyrannizes her daughters just to protect them against defamation; but, deep in her heart, she enjoys making them obey her. As in so many people who seek power, the objective finality (rationale) of her behavior is but a pretext or justification. The reality which she desires is to substitute her will for the will of those around her."

However, to reduce this play to a work of ideas — psychological or moral thesis, let us say — would be a gross interpretation and a great disservice to an author whose creation springs from the purest and most hidden forces of human life.

With *La Casa de Bernarda Alba*, Garcia Lorca opened a new path in the evolution of his dramatic career. The critic Perez Minik has observed that the lyrical and mythological load of Garcia Lorca's preceding tragedies appears now, in his posthumous tragedy, distant and as a dream, to give way to the surrounding reality.

It is in this manner, the critic says, that Garcia Lorca — like Aeschylus, the Medieval Mysteries, Shakespeare, Tirso, Ibsen or Galdós — writes a political work which is dramatic in its essence and polemical.

The cast will include Susan Bierkan as Bernarda; Denise Bourassa as Amelia; Karen Stathoplos as Adela; Liz Primiano as Martirio; Patricia A. Marinero as Criada; Pamela J. Walch as La Poncia; Deborah A. Marinone as Maria Josefa; Janice Malatesta as Magdalena; Nancy Witherell as Augustias; and Debbie Cagenello as Prudencia.



Photo by Jim Bunnell

ANSWERMAN ENTERPRISES PRESENTS:

# Ask Answerman

ANSWERMAN ENTERPRISES  
PROUDLY PRESENTS:

ANSWERMAN NO. 89 (56)

(Editors note: Answerman, our dauntless seeker of wisdom and truth has been on a tour of the middle east section of Cheney House. His purpose there was to publicly confess his identity to the multitudes of credible girls known to gravitate in that direction. Noting that he had taken brave and noble stands on many rather sensitive issues, he felt that he owed it to the fellow sufferers in this life cycle to finally at long last divulge his true identity; so that the full force of his prestige and respect might be used to lend credibility to the suggested remedial behavior. Lets cut the shit folks, it's me Answerman speaking (you mean writing, simeon) (thats me too) (no it's not) (&\*c%\$%c). I have a few revelations for you: I write these editor's notes myself. Duke is too stupid! Secondly fans, many of you have already guessed at my true identity: I am Fred Grant. This week (our last of the year by the way, which has nothing to do with my willingness to reveal my identity) features all real letters.)

Dear Answerman:

Help! Am (Zip!) being molested (Bang!Zip) by lightning bolts. (Ouch!) Is there (RRRRipppp!) something (Suck!) I can do? (Crash! Boom! Puff . . .) (sic. sic. double sic.)

Signed

Mass Streakers

Dear Miss S.

Come come now. It doesn't sound like lightening to me and somehow you don't sound too molested. How about streaking over to the P.A. office Tuesday night and bringing the noisy one with you?

Answerman

Dear Mr. Man:

We think that you are the hottest item on campus. Are you as debonaire and dashing as Fred Astaire? As innocent and unassuming as Kurt Russell? As handsome and virile as Robert Redford?

We would like to meet you! Just name the time and place. We will be discreet!

Your ever lovin fans,  
Mutt and Jeff

Dear Blondie and Dagwood:

If Robert Redford is your idea of virile; Kurt Russell your idea of unassuming; and most importantly: if you think that Fred Astaire is dashing and debonaire, why don't we just forget it? Besides what fun could it be if you promise to be discreet?

Answerman

Dear Answerman:

First of all, we would like to apologize to all the guys who got dumped at reverse Sadie for the rudeness of their erstwhile dates. There is no way to excuse such inconsideration on the parts of those girls; we are ashamed even if they are not.

However, we would like to congratulate the guys on their turnout for the gala event. This was a giant step in the right direction, now just keep up the good work.

But now, Mr. A., we want to take you to task for implying that only girls gossip. Guys are just as worried about peer approval, and they hold "evaluating" sessions, the female version being condemned as gossip sessions. We do agree with you, everyone would feel better and enjoy life a hell of a lot more, if they would just forget about what the peers back at the dorm will think and say. Just don't aim that solely at the female population of Bates.

As ever,

The Chairmen of the  
Committee to Correct  
Communications Between  
The Sexes:  
Bates Chapter

Dear Chairpeople:

Sorry if I implied that everybody wouldn't feel as good as the women would. Consider me corrected. However, I would disagree with you on one score: Guys don't gossip as much as girls. Sure everyone gossips a little, it's healthy, but those "evaluating" sessions just don't take place the way you seem to think. They have a basis in reality: if a guy is interested in a girl that he doesn't know he might ask around. And sure there is the asshole fringe that would rather sit around the dorm on weekends and discuss who's on the pill and such, but this is a small (but unfortunately growing) minority. Most guys consider it their duty to accept without question, any girl that a friend of theirs might be dating. It is the unwritten code. The current female concept of the male evaluating session, that gives girls nightmares, is nothing more than the result of scattered reports of the above mentioned occurrences being circulated around the female grapevine a couple of times. Furthermore, if you trace a rumor on the male side of campus you invariably find it rooted in the female grapevine. I'm not giving the girls all of the blame, only their rightful 90%. But it doesn't matter anymore as now everyone is going to follow our advice and straighten out, right? I also agree that reverse Sadie was a step in the right direction, but you forgot to stress the word was. For many who were humiliated there, its going to be one hell of a giant step backwards.

Answerman

P.S. Ain't it a shame that the only public forum for our cause, one of improved communications, is two anonymous authors writing anonymously to each other?

March 26, 1974

Continued on p. 8



## WHAT'S

By Rich Pettengill

For my final article this year, I thought I'd look in retrospect at the semester and evaluate it in terms of ideals, expectations . . .

We had a number of good inexpensive concert-dances (like Al Gould's group) the best one being the Chris Rhodes-Orchestra Luna concert. We had Wendy Waldman who was . . . well, she was Wendy Waldman. Has anyone listened to their free copy of her album? Funny how fast her tunes have faded from my mind.

There were some real joke-type concerts, like Jimmy Hanna, complete with canned drums, special organ-guitar, and some of the shmaltziest songs on the market. Oh well, he was entertaining . . .

Ironically, one of the musical treats of the year was the jazz group at the semi-formal. Though they were a bit corny, and didn't serve their purpose (impossible to

## ETERNAL OPPOSITES

by Fred Grant



The critics of the I.S.C. course evaluation are coming forward, as expected. All the hurt people, those who would not take seriously I.S.C. promises to represent all opinion expressed, those who had better things to do than waste time putting comments on forms, are wailing. Accusations come hard and fast from those whose preconceptions weren't met.

And it's a damn shame.

If I chose to speak *ex cathedra* as the head of an organization, I'd expect to be called to account. I do not believe Vin Bucci had the voted permission of the Bates Government Club to flaunt personal opinion, and I can only note that his feelings fall in neatly with those who refuse to listen to how the evaluation was prepared and intended.

"Editorial sensationalism" indeed!

I have been involved with the I.S.C. since it started, and I know for a fact how properly its business has been conducted. Yes, I would agree that the Government Department got a lambasting it didn't deserve, but would it not have been editorially irresponsible for the I.S.C. to soften criticism legitimately expressed?

Well?

My field is History and, quite frankly, I am not at all pleased with how that department was written up. I think it gives the wrong impression - but, by the same token - I understand that to be my personal opinion. I have no monopoly on accuracy, and I am not yet so incredibly pushy as to think I alone can dispense the truth.

I have my faith in Bates - and I am certain that, when this semester's evaluation forms are passed out, Bates students will fully appreciate the importance of their comments. In fact, the I.S.C. went out of their way in the composition of these forms to remind the student to comment.

No representative of the I.S.C. has ever called this course evaluation "perfect". Obviously, it isn't - but the labelling of these efforts as "irresponsible" is a mark of irresponsibility in itself. The I.S.C. has made its mark, and will continue to do so in the future as its work is improved and takes on greater importance. The I.S.C. invites all who would like to help

to join us in the preparation of the next course evaluation pamphlet.

By the way, Vin, if you'd bothered to check with the I.S.C. on your complaints, you would've found out the comments weren't intended to fit neatly with the statistics - they were intended to cover that which could not be well expressed in numbers. It is my opinion - mine alone, and I'm not going to try to pass it off as 'infallible' or as the thought of others - that criticism levelled without background investigation is "irresponsible" and, furthermore, I'd say that overwhelming student vote of confidence in I.S.C. accuracy means something.

But that is my own opinion, isn't it?

Biting The Hand That Feeds You Dept. We note that "Family Jewels, Ltd." is marketing in this publication an entire line of products for the paranoid (see last issue). It is interesting to note that their Vigilant Burglar Alarm - "GET VIGILANT BEFORE THEY GET YOU" - was marketed but a few years ago as a burglar alarm priced at a small fraction of the correct price (\$2 vs. \$5).

Ah, yes . . . and there's one born every minute, y'know.

Sidelight. The Answerman debate is getting ridiculous. The Managing Editor denies responsibility, Herb Canaway swears up and down it isn't him, and I still insist any Third Grader with a grasp of the English language can figure out - on stylistic grounds - it isn't me.

I feel obliged to change my tune. It appears the *Student* may have a surplus this year and, if so, shekels may enter the pockets of the top staff. It is clear that Answerman will be getting enough for a good night on the town - and, if Herb doesn't want it, I'm not foolish enough to turn it down.

Yes folks, it's me - I'M ANSWERMAN! If that doesn't convince you I'm innocent, nothing will.

You lose, Bill.

(Editor's note. Any turkey who believes Fred Grant is answerman would believe that he is the father of Mason Rees - a not altogether unlikely assertion)

Besides, Answerman can't spell. Now just who *is* this Mike Larkin?

## GOING

dance to) they were refreshingly talented musicians. Did you hear their version of "Summertime"?

Ah yes, Bill Schustik, with his own inimitable brand of folk-ballad muzak. He sure had a beautiful pair of boots.

The Concert and Lecture Series this semester was excellent, though it had its highs and lows. The Martin Best and Edward Flower concert stands out in my mind as one of the superb musical experiences of my life. I cannot do them justice on paper; come on over some time Short Term and hear the recording I made of them!

Pianist Anievas and cellist Kirshbaum were excellent too, though the Young Artists Competition Winner was some thing of a disappointment. Faithfully, the Portland String Quartet will return to Bates this Short-term.

## DOWN

There were some exceptional Vespers too, notably Paul Erikson's "Wintergreen" and those by JoAnn Stato.

Incidentally, you are all cordially invited to my first Vespers next Wednesday night. I'll have a band together and we'll be going country rock along the lines of the Allman Brothers and the Dead.

In the typical Bates style of lack-of-innovation-for-fear-of-failure, we'll have Gary Burton again on April 12. Don't miss it though; Burton's an unbelievable musician.

That's all for this year, hope you've enjoyed the column: Excalibur!

# A-Man from p. 7

Dear Answer Man,

I was staring pensively out my window from the scenic site of the off-campus dorm (j.b.) just now and I thought to myself: Dick, I said. I said, Dick, what ever happened to all the ivy? Being the sentimental sort, this thought led, of course, to memories of such sweet lyrics based upon ivy such as "Tell my why", etc., but I won't go into that. The important point is that there is a deep cultural and emotional heritage rooted (if you'll excuse the expression) in ivy. How can you have such a song as the "Bates Smoker" without immediately thinking of a warm room with a fireplace and inside an ivy-covered house. How can you have the "Bates Alma Mater" without picturing the ivy-suffocated chapel? How can you have a New England school without ivy?

Perhaps the elimination of ivy from the campus is a design by the administration to make dear Bates appear sharp, modern and attractive (to whom?). Perhaps the ivy ban is part of a plot brought to you by the same people who seem to have been pushing so hard for all co-ed housing. I don't want to spread rumors, but I've heard it said that every morning maintenance men have to sweep the floors of Lane Hall clear of mangled ivy vines and shredded leaves. (Oh, the shame and horror of it!)

Apparently, there is a new fad spreading over the campus. (I think it's called shrieking?) In the good old days, if there was anything spreading, you could be sure it was ivy. No longer are the days of creeping tendrils and tender young leaves. The last I heard of ivy was a statement that the Bio department was working on a fast-growing strain of ivy for use on the library to help the building blend in with its surroundings. If this ever happens (and I have my doubts), it would only accentuate the library by making it the only building with ivy.

Batesies, arise! Let us not idly stand by while what is so dear to us is cut down and uprooted.

Answer Man, what is happening?

Seriously sincere,


A status-seeking ivy-leaguer

Dear Status Streaker:

It seems to me that this Ivy problem is rooted (I excused you) in the fact that ivy decreases the life of brick buildings. This same attitude could have caused Michaelangelo to paint the ceiling of the Cistine Chapel a nice off white, as it would be cheaper and easier to paint as the years went by. They just don't realize that nothing (not even J.B.) will last forever. All hope is not gone, however. Word has reached me that S.A.C.R.I.D. (The Senior Ad-hoc Committee for the Reinstatement of Ivy Day) has effectively infiltrated the senior committee and is commencing with plans to rebuild the ivy tradition at Bates. Now I ask you: would any Gnomie dare to defile ivy that had the seal of the class of '74 guarding it? Don't be ridiculous. Just hang in there: help is on the way.

Answerman

Well folks, that just about wraps it up for the year. Stay tuned to this part of the paper next year for more of my continuing adventures. One final note to any of you who might have bought the editors note as being sincere: DUCK YOU SUCKER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



**LOUIS P. NOLIN**  
Member American Gem Society  
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# ERWIN FOR GUV

Cathy Anne Gallant

Although the dark ages of participation have purportedly befallen the political world in the wake of Watergate, the enthusiasm of James Erwin was not wasted on the Bates audience Wednesday evening. Former Maine Attorney General and 1970 Republican challenger to the present governor, Erwin elaborated on the peculiar position of politicians - nationally as well as state-wide.

"Public officials now appear to be a little bit more tarnished," he stated, "This is a tragedy for it encourages the "stay at home" voter. A few may feel that someone will come along and run in the state and then realize that they are "stuck" with what they've got."

For the most part, the evening spent in Chase Lounge was devoted to questions of Maine concern - the candidate's views on environmental protection, economic growth, and Maine politics. Erwin, one of four Republicans competing for the party's gubernatorial nomination, characterizes himself as a fiscal conservative sympathetic to the findings of the recent Longley Commission on Maine costs and management. In his opinion, a 30 million dollar surplus larger than the actual tax base resulting in higher tax rates is a clue to the reluctance of business to locate within the state. As to the conflict between economic and environmental interests which Erwin labels the "pickereel vs. payroll" situation, a balance is what he believes that we should strive.

"A man would be a fool to destroy Maine. Yet, at the same time we cannot let the state stagnate economically. Land values within the state are rising tremendously especially for non-residents. It isn't enough to create a philosophical fence around ourselves. That is why I cannot honestly be opposed to all real

estate development," he admitted.

This type of pragmatism was also reflected in a discussion of the oil industry's place in the Maine economy. Erwin maintains that it is possible to handle oil as it has been in Portland Harbor with a minimum of pollution difficulties. In his view, the Maine environmental regulations would serve as a strict guide to any future oil refineries located in Maine.

Responding to a question involving campaign financing, the former Attorney General criticized advertizing as being "sinfully expensive". He expressed dissatisfaction with the present practice of full disclosure only after a candidate has filed papers rather than before. In his estimation this has a "crippling" effect on campaigns in general, tilting the scales in favor of the wealthy. This emphasis on candor provided Erwin with a basis for his comments on the President's situation - a "he's got his problems, I've got mine" view.

"If there is a vote to impeach, let's get it over. The delay provides too much of an opportunity for venal men. There is an old Maine saying that you either 'fish, cut bait, or row ashore'. That is what the Rodino committee should do." Erwin added.

In spite of the current Presidential difficulties, Erwin commented favorably on the overall accomplishments of the Nixon Administration particularly in the area of foreign relations. Fascinated by the Sino-Soviet struggle for power, he expressed faith in the Nixon-Kissinger policy of d'etente.

"In relations with China and the Soviet Union," he stated, "We are dealing with the most obvious forces of life and the nature of man. There is no way to ignore this."

Summarizing his own political

# FROSH from p.1

ISC pamphlet to freshmen, to explain that students should pay special attention to the numerical charts; that the course comments tended to be unrepresentative of general sentiment; and that the course evaluation booklet not be taken as an ultimate authority.

A second part of John's motion suggested procedures for future ISC booklets: that evaluation sheets clearly state that comments will be used to write a brief description; that the ISC state that they solicit all comments; that a person outside the department write a certain department's blurbs, to insure impartiality; that all course blurbs be in the same format; that the ISC consider sending out a separate evaluation for junior and senior majors.

The ISC is already planning to incorporate some of these suggestions. Next week a new ISC questionnaire will solicit opinions on second semester courses. This will be tallied up Short Term and printed at the end of next fall.


This time, ISC plans to publicize their effort more effectively. Last time only 50 percent of the student body responded, and only 20 percent wrote specific comments.

Anyone willing to pass out ISC questionnaires next week should notify the residents of Page 402. Those interested in formulating an ISC constitution should meet with Jim More, Wayne Fletcher and other members during Short Term.

The ISC is presently funded partially by RA and partially by the Campus Association. Jim thinks that they might try for total CA funding next year.

situation in the state - one man against four of his own party and six of the other, - Erwin again proved to be philosophical.

"You may not like all of them," he chuckled, "But they are honorable."

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## ...SMUT...CHEAP THRILLS...

**FIRST OF ALL, I DON'T WRITE ALL THE GODDAMN PERSONALS & I NEVER DID. 8 OUT OF 10 ARE BOUGHT & PAID FOR BY LITTLE CREEPS LIKE YOU WHO WANT TO GET THEIR ROCKS OFF IN 6 POINT TYPE. SIGNED THA DUKE.**

**LARGE:** Good luck. A fat creep like you will need it, signed, A Pal.

**To WHOEVER:** Go buy a milk-shake with your 50c. Signed, the bubble-eyed muh-fuh.

**Bangs:** What is this shit on the floor?  
**Lear:** I don't know, but you just stepped in it.

**BEV:** Best of luck & watch out for those overhanging ducks.

**SAWYER:** Is it true you wear funny-colored socks?

**IMPEACH DEAN CARRIGAN.** Jesus but that was worth fifty cents.

**PENNY:** I haven't been two-timing you. I've been three-timing you.

**DUCHESS:** Step off your cloud and meet the rest of the world.

**LIKE MARKIN? HELL, NO!**

**CHRISTA:** You wish, I wish. Some more than others. See you next year, YSA.

**PERSONAL TO BAC:** Look, if you pay the half-C, I'll call off the boys from Providence. Deal?

**MS. BURKE:** You dynamite lady. Fly with me. Give up that keyboard for a week-end you'll never forget. You know who.

**ANSWERMAN:** You are probably the lowest slime that ever tried to pass for scum. You creep. You eater of swill. You swine. Love, MOM.

**Dear M.M., Speaking of being cliquey and wanting Pierce House panty raids...**

**BUDDY:** And 6 for 3 makes game. Love, SPAHKS.

**SISSA & DONNIE:** Bring back your maracas from Caracas.

**DON HATCH:** I see a tall dark college kid coming into your life. See you in September.

**ENDICOTT:** Did you know there's a town in Mass. named for you? Right — "Marblehead"

**JANE:** No, no, no, no! It's "Boogety, boogety, boogety — SHOOP!"

**M.M.T.L.L.:** You should have a kid as rotten as you.

**THED:** Yes. It was an April Fool's prank. Get with the program.

**CAM:** If you come back to me I will stop hangin around with ducks & sell out my ideals.

**THIS IS THE LAST PERSONAL AD OF THE 1973-4 ACADEMIC YEAR. DUKE WILLIAMS EATS A BAG OF SHIT. AND YOU CAN TELL HIM I SAID SO. ANON.**

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# THE BATES COLLEGE STUDENT

EST. 1873 11 APR. 1974 VOL. 101 NO. 10

"Only brigands are convinced — of what? That they must succeed. And so they do succeed."

— Charles Baudelaire

## FROSH LEFT in the DARK

By Abigail Von Typin

The Independent Student Committee's evaluation pamphlets on courses and professors will not be mailed to sub-freshmen this summer — at least, not according to present plans.

James Carignan, Dean of Students, has suggested that the ISC present the evaluation during freshman orientation instead, so ISC members could answer questions verbally and explain some of the pamphlets' shortcomings. ISC has agreed to do this.

"I think it will be a helluva lot better if we do it during orientation," says James More, ISC member. "Oral expression is better. We can answer questions in person about sections that may be biased, and we don't have to worry about mailing funds."

It's even uncertain whether ISC would be *allowed* to send out their pamphlets to rising freshmen. They have not asked administrators for an address list of sub-frosh. And Dean Carignan told *The Student* Sunday afternoon that he could not tell us at that time what the answer would be if he were asked.

Dean Carignan has told the ISC that their pamphlets could not be sent out with any official college mailings.

"But I don't know if we'd want to send it out in an official envelope anyway," says Jim More. "After all, we're a student group and the administration is different from us."

Mailing would cost around \$100, which the ISC does not currently have in their treasury.

However, the whole question of mailing ISC booklets to rising freshmen seems to be beside the point now.

The ISC booklet has been the object of great controversy in recent Representative Assembly meetings. Some students feel that the sampling was inadequate, the comments did not reflect general feeling, and the numerical graphs of responses were not clear.

Two motions concerning ISC, one by Bob Goodlatte and one by John Pothier, were passed last week in RA. Bob's recommended that the ISC not send their booklet to the class of '78 before freshman orientation. (This recommendation has no coercive value.)

John Pothier suggested that a cover sheet should accompany the

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## BURTON REVISITED

If you missed him last year, you now get a second chance to watch and listen to Gary Burton perform his magic on vibes. Gary Burton and his quartet, which once again features famed bassist Steve Swallow, are returning to the Bates Chapel on April 12, 1974 at 8:00 p.m.. With them will be another jazz group out of Boston, Spectrum.

Even if you are not one of the local jazz freaks, this is a concert that should not be missed. Burton is a highly talented, original musician who has worked out his own style of playing the vibraphones. His hands move with dazzling speed over his marimba-like instrument with its clear resonant sound. "Burton solos with assurance, a jewel-like clarity and the pianistic touch of his favorite composers contributing to a unique ensemble texture. If architecture were frozen music, freezing this music would produce something like a crystal palace." (Mark Baron *The Real Paper*) Burton has won the Best Vibist from the *Downbeat* magazine reader's poll for the past six years, as well as a Grammy Award in 1972 for his album, *Alone at Last*. His

present quartet is composed of guitarist Mick Goodrick, bassist Steve Swallow, and drummer Ted Seibs. All of the members of the quartet are or have been associated with Boston's Berklee College of Music, either as students or as faculty members.

Spectrum has been playing together for two years and plays original material in the jazz-rock idiom, as well as works by some of the well-known jazz composers. The four piece group is a collection of guitar, electric bass, electric piano, and percussion. The guitarist, Gary Allen, has also spent time playing with the Gary Burton Quartet.

The week before the concert, tickets will be sold in the dinner line for \$2.50. If you wait until April 12, it will cost \$3.50 at the door, so get your tickets early, especially since the chapel only seats a limited number of people. For those who are unfamiliar with Burton's music, Chase Hall will also be playing a tape in the dinner line. Don't miss this chance to see one of the finest young jazz performers of today in what promises to be a spectacular concert.

## FLIX...FLIX...FLIX

By P. Kael Jr.

Before I start on this week's film a few comments on last week's paper. The "April fool" portion was the most useless, wasteful expenditure of paper I've seen since the application forms for next semester's classes, and the person who attempted to satirize my column did the nearly incomprehensible — made me look good. Although why the hell BAC should get top billing and myself be erroneously insulted when I write the damn things is beyond me. Anyway, Duke, let's start improving our un-illustrious newspaper, okay? The only reason I read it now is to see my own column.

I'm not exactly sure how much of that will be printed (it's tough to argue with the editor — he can leave out anything he wants and always gets the last word at the end), but enough of that. This week's film is *Soldier Blue*, if you didn't read the newsletter, and it's this Saturday in the Filene room at the usual times (7:00 and 9:30 for those who have been intelligent enough not to read this column before). This is probably one of those films when you scratch your head and say "Soldier Blue? Never heard of it" and walk away. Don't. It's really a surprisingly fine movie (I was

surprised, anyway) about a cavalry massacre of a group of American Indians and the personal, tribal and national reverberations involved. The acting is superb — Candice Bergen isn't just nice to look at, and Peter Strauss is a most convincing U.S. infantry private who is slowly brought over to the Indians' side — and the directing, by Ralph Nelson (*Charly, Requiem for a Heavyweight*) brings out a sort of amazing power in the film. It's also an entertaining story, with a good-sounding plot and good-looking actress. You may get to feeling a little bit guilty about what your ancestors did to the original settlers of this land, but if it gets too bad, just remind yourself of what they did at Wounded Knee this past summer. That makes up for it.

As always, one final comment. Congratulations, Mr. Bob Chasen, for an intelligent and articulate letter in last week's real *Student*, an amazing contrast to the confusing messes the C.C.C.S. write. I couldn't agree with you more, and it's nice to know there's somebody who can say it without hiding behind a pseudonym like I do or a phoney organization like the C.C.C.S. does.

(Editor's note. Yr. goddamn right I get in the last word, you little frosh punk creepo.)

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