

10-17-1974

The Bates Student - volume 101 number 16 - October 17, 1974

Bates College

Follow this and additional works at: http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student

Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 101 number 16 - October 17, 1974" (1974). *The Bates Student*. 1697.
http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student/1697

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives and Special Collections at SCARAB. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Bates Student by an authorized administrator of SCARAB. For more information, please contact batesscarab@bates.edu.

NOTES AND COMMENTARY

Race Relations, or 'The Batesie Syndrome'

THE SOPHIST

By Charles Schaefer

It is an unfortunate fact that, in past years, those Bates students possessed of some degree of moral sensitivity have, more often than not, found themselves at odds with the administration and/or faculty of the college. It is the Sophist's contention that all arguments are, essentially, philosophical problems; he will, therefore, attempt to expose the philosophical basis of the above-mentioned friction.

Some two thousand years ago, Plato drew a distinction between two different types of knowledge; technique, which concerns the exercise of particular skills, and wisdom, which concerns itself with the fundamental nature of what is. In order to acquire the first, one went for instruction to a master of the craft. The second, however, required a different approach: the Socratic Dialogue, a concerted and mutual effort to define terms and expose underlying assumptions. The distinction is still valid, and a failure to appreciate it is the cause of much of the discontent at Bates.

Where technique is concerned, the relationship between teacher and student is essentially one of subordination. The student, by the very act of seeking out the teacher, acknowledges his or her inferiority; if he knows more (or even as much) as the teacher, why go to him? The teaching relationship, moreover, is judged essentially by its end product. Can the student exercise his new skill? If so, the teacher is successful.

When a student is striving to acquire wisdom, however, his or her relationship with the teacher becomes more subtle. Socratic Dialogue demands mutual respect (as between fellow enquirers) rather than subordination, and has no clearly definable end-product. The student, therefore, acknowledges the teacher's superior experience, but the teacher (since he seeks wisdom, rather than possessing it) must show more respect for the student's considered judgement than is required when teaching a skill.

Because Bates is an institution which, among other things, administers degrees which are accepted as evidence of professional competence, those who administer the college may tend to concern themselves chiefly with the teaching of skills ("Students must in this day and age become specialists" - T. H. Reynolds), and to measure their own success in terms of graduates employed or in graduate schools. So long as these levels remain high, they do not feel compelled to question their methods, and tend to regard suggestions (unless they promise to improve these levels) as

irrelevant to the problems they face. Those who make the suggestions, moreover, do not possess competence to make them; competence involves the exercise of a skill, which students do not yet possess.

Those students who tend to involve themselves in moral or ethical issues, however, generally emphasize the mutual respect which the Socratic relation demands. Thus they tend to regard administration claims to "know better" as arrogance, and exclusion from the decision-making process of the college as a betrayal of the educational endeavor.

Will appreciation of the fact that arguments concerning the functioning of the college can take place on more than one level reduce the number of arguments which take place? Probably not: in attempting to produce specialists well-grounded in the humanities Bates is trying to serve two masters, which is always difficult. Still, an appreciation by each side of the other's presuppositions may increase the amount of light which the arguments cast, while reducing their heat.

If there's one thing I learned at the Sugarloaf Conference two weeks ago, it's that there *is* a race relations problem at Bates. And the big problem is that as far as most white students are concerned, there is no problem.

It's all too easy not to notice the problems of some one percent of the college population. It's all too easy to grow insular when you can attend five classes, live in a dormitory with 120 people, and meet next to no one who's not a Caucasoid from Massachusetts or Connecticut. All the many minute vexations that hassle day-to-day existence in such a white-washed world are so, so easy not to notice - for a white.

Admittedly, any black who chooses to come here must know that he or she will be, in all likelihood, the spice - or the sore thumb, whichever way you look at it - in a sort of milky, bland homogeneity. That's not necessarily so bad. Myself, a Tennessee hillbilly, came here precisely to find out what these New Englanders were all about.

But no white American can really talk about the culture shock that hits an Afro-American who can't even buy the right kind of hair comb in town, can't find the right cosmetics or tune in on some soul music. Not to mention the big things, like prejudice, societal barriers, and finding your name on the infamous College "risk list." And finding the achievements of your ancestors left out of almost every music, art, sociology and history class. And, unless you're one of those rare blacks who manages to break through the racial barriers, having the choice of only a dozen members of the opposite sex as dating partners.

Pretty discouraging. The solution? Blacks say that another hundred Afro-American students and a couple of black teachers would help. The Admissions Department says they're really trying to give us a heterogenous community - within the limits of academic criteria.

Prof. Peter Kernaghan has spoken jokingly of a "Batesie syndrome." He points out that many Batesies marry Batesies, and send their children to Bates to marry other Batesies' children. Let's exaggerate a bit. Could the College, ten thousand years from now, become an inbred hotbed of hemophilia, insanity and various inherited anomalies?

Well, both that and admissions policies are probably beyond our immediate control.

But seriously, if this place is going to provide the liberal social education it's supposed to, we students are going to have to be a lot less clique-ish and a lot more mobile. Sure, it would feel funny to be the only white walking into Afro-Am meetings. I'm sure it feels somewhat similar to be the only black walking into any other club on campus.

But there are classes, and there are dormitories, and there are the pool and ping-pong rooms, and if one person can say, "Hi, how's it going?" to another, they might start seeing individuals in Afro-Am, individuals in all the other, white-dominated clubs, instead of a mass of other-colored faces.

Unfortunately, the burden of integration has fallen, so far, too far, on black shoulders. The blacks are the ones who are forced to overcome if they want to join more than one college organization. The blacks are the ones who go to what are intended to be Afro-Am's "inter-racial" mixers. The blacks are the ones who attend special lectures, and take seminar courses in black art and literature, while the whites probably need the education more. The blacks are the ones that get called on to present lectures on jazz and soul for the music classes.

If the blacks are the only ones who care, I suppose that's how it'll be. I'm writing this editorial because I feel that many whites would care, but just are not aware. If they'd only open their eyes, they'd see that Chase Hall never gives a soul concert, and black art never hangs in the Treat Gallery.

This thing has got to be two-way. A good start, my white readers, might be attending Etheridge Knight's poetry reading tonight. Another good start might be joining the currently-forming student-faculty committee on inter-racial relations. Probably the best and most natural start of all is simply to start being an open, receptive, friendly human being. - KO

BEWARE OF PIRATES!

To the Editor:

It has come to our attention that there is present on campus a force that demands reckoning with. This force is otherwise known as Pierce House. They are polluting our crystal line intramural system with ideas of cruelty, brutality, and sadism as a means to success. We see their moral fibre as being unsalvagable, simply because they enjoy themselves to such a degree.

As a possible cure we suggest the ultimate game in the Piercian frame of reference. The eleven-man Pierce soccer squad is to be divided into two six-man teams, who will play each other until only one participant is left standing. This man will then be sent to the U.S. Marine Corps. We sincerely submit this as a way to keep Pierce House happy, and the rest of the student body physically intact.

Stay cool,
The Smith Middle Football Club

HELP AM BEING HELD PRISONER BY STUDENT PRODUCTION
CREW WHO FORCE ME TO DO PASTEUR ON TUESDAY NIGHTS IN
LOWER HATHORN HELP AM BEING HELD PRISONER BY STUDENT
PRODUCTION CREW WHO FORCE ME TO DRINK BEER IN
LOWER HATHORN ON TUESDAY

THE STUDENT

Editor S. F. Williams
Business Manager Chris Richter
News Editor Karen Olson
Tech Editor Jim Bunnell
Layout Editor Laure Rixon
Sports Editor Eric Bauer
Feature Editor Coekburn Coke
Production Crew Steven Wice, John Howe,
John Blatchford, Wayne Bridwell
and Spanish John

The Bates Student is published weekly by the Publishing Association, Box 309, Bates College, Lewiston ME 04240. Subscriptions are \$7.00 for the academic year. Printed by Twin City Printery, Lewiston, and 2nd class postage paid in Lewiston. Hello Mom.

Volume 101, no. 16 17 October 1974

QUICKIES!!!

Photo Club To Buy Tanks

By John Blatchford

Wednesday night has become the regular meeting time for the Photography Club. It has not been established as an official club, so the meetings are for interested people. A constitution has been submitted to the Extra-Curricular Activities Committee, so the group can have organizational status.

A dozen or so people usually attend. The group's dark room in the Fine Arts Studio has been fixed up somewhat by maintenance men. With the money now in the group's treasury, they plan on purchasing an accurate thermometer, a film dryer, and some good developing tanks.

Future plans include guest speakers, possibly a Short Term Unit on photography, and exhibiting works in Chase Hall second semester.

Fritz Hayes and Marty Kunofsky are the backbone of the organization, at least until offices and officers to fill them are established. Anyone interested should drop by the Hirasawa Lounge at 6:30 p.m. Wednesdays.

One-Armed Soda Machine

By Kayo McLucky

A full-scale gambling operation is now open 24 hours a day, seven days a week in the basement of Parker Hall.

Here's how the game works: any Batesie may risk a quarter or more on the soft drink slot machine. Probably about 29 out of 30 times, that quarter will be "eaten."

Finally, a lucky winner will receive several dollars and several dozen drinks for her efforts. However, the "lucky winner" must pass one final acid test before she can pick up her prize.

When inserting quarters, she must remember to stand to one side of the machine. If she is the lucky winner, the dozens of drinks which will be spewed out could crush and amputate some toes. Although she hits the jackpot, she may find her losses much greater than those of her unlucky predecessors.



LATIN

Javier de Leon's production "Carnival de Mexico," which is making its second coast-to-coast tour with Columbia Artists this year, will be at the Lewiston Junior High School Auditorium at 8:15 p.m. next Tuesday.

De Leon is Mexico's leading producer of dance and musical attractions; he has made five national tours in the U.S. over the last decade.

For his new production, he has engaged stars and special artists

How To Play Post Office

By Stan Dimock

An intra-campus mail service is now in operation for Bates students. Any student can now send a letter to a fellow "Batesie" without paying postage. A box has been placed outside the Concierge for the collection of all intra-campus mail, and all letters will be placed in the post office boxes weekdays between 2 and 3 p.m.

The Campus Association is running the mail service as an experiment. The service is provided for personal messages only; organizations should continue to deliver all mail directly in the post office.



PIECE

who have not yet appeared in the States. Mericia Zuniga, soprano, the Mariachi band "Embajadores," and singers-dancers-players Celia and Los Alvarado are a few of the featured performers.

Also highlighting the performance will be the Escamilla Brothers, show-stopping, rope-twirling champions known all over their native land.

The show is being sponsored by local Community Concerts.

Bookworms Meet

On Friday, Oct. 25, 1974, Bates College will be host to a fall meeting of the Maine Academic and Research Librarians.

The Bates College Library staff invites all faculty, students or other interested members of the Bates community to attend the afternoon meeting, to be held in the Chapel at 2 p.m.

Marjorie A. Duval, Chairman of the Maine Library Association's Intellectual Freedom Committee, will speak on "Censorship - will college and university libraries be involved?"

American Folk

By Lyman Munson

The Chase Hall Committee will present a concert next Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 7:30 p.m. in Chase Lounge. Frank Warner, noted singer of traditional American folk songs, will appear. He is one of the nation's first and foremost experts on American folklore.

Warner has introduced and made popular such songs as "Gilgarry Mountain," "He's Got the Whole World in His Hand," "Blue Mountain Lake," "The Days of Forty-Nine," and "The Jolly Roving Tar."

He accompanies his singing on a Blue Ridge banjo made out of butternut wood, adding to the frontier flavor that is already present in his songs. He is most popular for one song in particular, "Hang Down Your Head, Tom Dooley," which he sang in concerts for 20 years and recorded for Elektra in 1952.

Born in North Carolina but currently living in New York, Warner has travelled across the United States, appearing before historical societies, clubs, and many colleges and universities including Colgate, Minnesota, Purdue, Hamilton, and Denver.

He has participated at folk festivals such as Newport, Berkeley, Duke, and Cornell, displaying at each his entertaining and authentic way of folk singing. Author of the book *Folk Songs of the Eastern Seaboard: From a Collector's Notebook*, he has also appeared on radio and television many times and has six albums to his credit.

Warner is a member of the Board of Directors of the Newport Folk Foundation and is Past President of the New York Folklore Society.

Carl Sandburg has said, "I consider Frank Warner perhaps the best singer of folk songs in America."

The concert is free.

Thank You

The Campus Association wishes to thank those students who have volunteered to write to Jose da Silva, our foster child in Brazil. His address is: Jose Paula Meirelles da Silva, Sponsorship No. 211.400, Case No. 868, care of Christian Children's Fund, Inc., Caixa Postal 602; 30,000 Belo Horizonte, Minas Gerais, Brazil.

THROUGH THE WINDOW PAYNE

By Rich Curtis

Fellow Batesies, have you ever had that tired, run down, blown out feeling? How many times have yourself bored and alone, just searching for stimulation, only to pick up the weekly newsletter to find: "Next Monday, at 5:00 A.M., the Biology Department, in conjunction with the Lawrence Chemical Society, will sponsor an illustrated lecture by Dr. Sarah Bellam of the University of Oshkosh on "Comparative Irrelevance of Sperm Generation in Seven Subterranean Neo-Sadistic Strains of *Drysophila spurrius*, with reference to its implications for orgone therapy in autistic sea-lamprey populations. Refreshments will be served."

In the face of such an overwhelming onslaught of profundity, the average Batesie is intimidated by the prospect of his tidy little world lying in ruins, shattered by insights that will surely burst forth from the podium, shaking the heart with a terror which knows no bounds of time or space. Little wonder the student opts instead for the familiar subjective investigations into the effects of ethanol, delta-nine-tetrahydrocannabinol, or worse still, situation comedies projected by modified cathode-ray tubes. Obviously, the students lack a healthy appreciation for "the intellectual life."

A more complete approach would also suggest certain weaknesses in this college's official approach toward a liberal arts education. It seems that some professors have developed a myopic perspective on their own fields, causing them to ignore other, "rival" departments. However, the general catalog asserts: "Bates is convinced that the broad knowledge achieved in a liberal education gives young men and women a *realistic understanding* of their world and well prepares them for lives satisfying to themselves and useful to others."

What broad knowledge does this refer to? Certainly not the sort gained through fulfilling distributional requirements. One may graduate from this college not only as New England's foremost authority on the reasons behind the sudden extinction of *Australopithecus lesbiantis*, but also as the possessor of priceless insights into the subtleties of econometrics. Unfortunately, such a gifted, erudite individual would be a total loss to explain the relative importance of these two fields in a larger scheme. Is this a *realistic understanding* of the world?

Either steps should be taken to

enlighten the student body about the historical, methodological, and cultural contexts of the various disciplines, or the administration should immediately cease all this sheer bullshit about Bates being an embodiment of the intellectual life. After listening to the panel discussions during freshman orientation, one is left with the impression that Bates is a perfect blend of the Royal Society and the Fabians. Reaction to this fiction spawns cynicism among the students, leading them to the conviction that Bates is a nasty, pretentious joke.

This is not an attack on specificity, for many of the narrowly defined courses now offered are both desirable and necessary for vocational aims and matured interests. The solution to academic tunnel vision lies not in pruning present programs, but in expanding the curriculum to investigate the common contexts of the programs now offered. Notable projects to this end have been undertaken by the physics department in Astro 101 and Physics 101, which attempt to be more than just science for imbeciles.

But most importantly, the focus of such an effort should be outside of the classroom to have any real impact. Most people claim to be sick of studying, and more of it will only dull appetites further. Good entertainment should both teach and delight. What is called for is an atmosphere where interests can be looked upon as a form of recreation, not as a chore. One way to do this would be to draw upon the vast body of available "popular" documentaries produced for T.V. and educational programs, scheduling two or three a week for free. The departments could do no better in advertising their wares without the stigma of obligation and drudgery. The paucity of such outlets at the present is simply inexcusable.

Extensive use could be made of the various special rooms in commons during dinner. Faculty members could give talks on their interests to a group of munching students, a situation far more conducive to enjoyable attention than the lecture hall. A keg of beer in a lounge would be yet another inducement to learning. Why such events rarely occur is a mystery. The lack of energy and imagination exercised toward intensifying extra-curricular activities is easily one of the more abysmal aspects of this college.



Photo by Pat Chant

WHAT'S GOING DOWN

By Al Green

Well, if you didn't spend too much time in Hedge, or Roger Bill or Frye House, or whatever dark corner you decided to be at Saturday night, and if, after a few beers, you weren't party to one of the many minor traumas that lead one to agree with *The Insiders' Guide to the Colleges'* analysis of Lewiston as "a hole," then you could have attempted to dance to Cinderella. If you chose that option, it was probably pretty tough.

It is indeed unfortunate that a band like Cinderella has to play a dance in a gym. Depending on your taste, they are either above it or below it. Who would have dreamed that Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds and other such electronic music could be accurately rendered, or that all that labor, equipment, and money was worth your final decision to give the dance "the exhaust." (That's right Tex.) To put this plainly, it was all very impressive, but who could dance to it? For everything there is a season.

A better time was last Friday in Chase Lounge where Richard Johnson was pretty obviously one of the best individual performers Bates has ever acquired. To be

really excellent, one must do more than play well. Our last year's guitarist-in-residence, for instance, was a master of the instrument, but somehow was nervous, unnatural, falsely sincere. Having every word of his dialogue pre-recorded in his mind, to see him twice was to feel that he bordered on the corny. Richard Johnson created music from a guitar and a bottle that sounded like a whole band, and besides was able to be sincere, create mood, and be funny all at once. There ain't too many people who can recreate a truck in the cold as such, or tell foul limericks in an entertaining fashion. Watch for his forthcoming album.

Ranking with the above was Peter Cicco's Vespers in the Chapel. The Chapel can be a magic place with such music. To use a Pettingillesque appeal, why isn't there more such music? Perhaps a better question would be, who and where is that mysterious student responsible for talking the music-makers into making such music? If we are to heed Mr. Curtis, there must be music. Hopefully there will be more Vespers and more activity towards them.

Sunshine.

"The Great Debate"

By Tim Jones

Bigelow Mountain: to develop or not to develop? This was the topic question of a debate held in Skelton Lounge last week between Lance Tapley and John Christie. Is the north face of Bigelow Mountain to become the "Aspen of the East" or is it to remain in its natural state?

Lance Tapley, debating in favor of preservation of Bigelow Mountain, is chairman of Friends of Bigelow. It is an organization dedicated to the preservation of Bigelow from corporate interests. Tapley graduated as an English major from Dartmouth College, is presently a free-lance writer, and is a member of the Newspaper Guild.

John Christie, debating in favor of development of Bigelow, is president of the Saddleback Ski Corporation which is an affiliate of the Bigelow Rangely Corp. He was the former manager of Mt. Snow Ski Area in Southern Vermont and Sugarloaf Ski Area in Maine. He is now a major stockholder of Sugarloaf. He graduated as an English major from Bowdoin College.

Thomas Moser, a former professor of speech here at Bates, was moderator of the debate, and gave introductory histories of the two respective debaters.

Christie opened the debate with a delivery of the main prerogatives for the development of a Bigelow ski area. He began with a comment on his own love of nature, and consideration of skiing as an enjoyable and healthy pastime. Out of 20 million acres of Maine land, he said, 19 million acres are forest. Therefore he believes that there is sufficient wilderness in the state to last for infinite generations despite 800 developed acres on the north face of Bigelow.

Christie went on to say that the Bigelow ski facilities would be a transportation-destination resort, where the resort would encourage skiers to come and remain there for more than one day. It would be a four-season recreation resort, maximizing the area's use throughout the area.

He continued by stating that the Bigelow Mtn. area is not wilderness in the purest sense anyway, but there are lumber and paper interests presently in the area. Christie's final words in his opening delivery were that the development of Bigelow Mountain would provide people with the best of both worlds, a variety of slopes for the skier and surrounding woods for the outdoorsman.

Lance Tapley opened his rebuttal by humorously pulling out

a black ski cap and awarding it to Christie. He explained that in the old western movies, the bad guys wear the black hats and the good, white. That evening he considered Christie the bad-guy businessman because of his intention to strip part of Maine's woodlands. Tapley did not have a white ski cap for himself, but came up with a blue cap with two red stripes.

He began his delivery with statements concerning Bigelow's present threat, the Flagstaff Corporation, a development corporation in Massachusetts, and its various proposals for the region. Flagstaff wants to make it an "Aspen of the East," with a village of condominiums, and public and private services. He said Flagstaff has proposed a jetport along Flagstaff Lake. Along with condominium construction, the idea of a land speculation boom is possible. All these factors, he said, would be detrimental to the preservation of the area's wild state.

Tapley was vehemently opposed to the mountain's ownership by out-of-staters, but said it should belong to those who respect its natural state and who would use the 20 miles of the range for fishing, hunting, cross-country skiing and hiking.

He does not want to see the affluent, downhill skiers, or in other words, "the luxury crowds," attracted to the area. He said these people are not the masses who would use the mountain for more basic purposes, but a clan who would use it as their "playground."

Tapley also suggested that in addition to environmental changes, the development would cause sociological changes. People in the area would begin locking their doors, tuning out these intruding "foreigners." The majority of the local residents are opposed to the development.

Of the total number of jobs generated by the development, Tapley said 70 to 90 percent would go to out-of-staters. Local people usually are given lift-operating jobs, which are minimum-wage positions.

Tapley described his organization, Friends of Bigelow, as a coordinated opposition to the development of Bigelow, which grew from 20 persons at its outset to its present enrollment of 550 persons. It is not a club, but a citizens' group open to anyone. He outlined its undertakings to impede development.

They have received political backing; one big name on their list is George Mitchell. Friends of Bigelow has been putting out petitions, and if 40,000 signatures



Tapley

are obtained, the matter will go to the state legislature. They have lawyers devoting time to drafting the proper bill. If it is passed, development of Bigelow Mountain would be illegal; but if it is not passed, the bill would go to the people in a special election, where Bigelow's fate would be decided. Tapley ended with the simple statement: "I just want to let the trees grow and the streams flow."

In the concluding minutes of the debate, Christie was allowed to refute Tapley and Tapley was allowed a counter-refute.

Christie began by stating that the Flagstaff Corporation has followed legal procedures in its proposals. They have consulted with state and local officials concerning proper zoning, construction, and waste-disposal.

Christie said that the 800 acres proposed for development are privately owned, making it the landowner's inalienable right under a democracy to file application for developing that land. Christie declared that Flagstaff's motives were most honorable, that this relatively small, recreational region would be intensely developed, while the greater portions of Maine would remain wild.

"John Christie is a businessman, he has no cause. I am a cause. Greed of the business world is not a cause; and profit-making is not a philosophy," Tapley sharply commented in his counter-refute.



Christie

Tapley believes that the line for further development should be drawn now. It is necessary to fight for the cause of preserving what's left of our wild environment, because this is why we are in a mess now, he said. Progress has ravaged across our country, and Tapley felt saving Bigelow would be a small victory against such progress. Tapley's final statement was that if legislation can't say what one can do with his own land, then the landowner should nevertheless feel a sense of community in doing whatever is best for the common good of all.

The debate concluded at this point. However, Dr. Moser opened the floor to the audience for questions.

One major question directed to Tapley was, "If oil refineries can exist in Maine, why can't a service facility, i.e., a ski area, exist which poses relatively small danger to the environment as compared to a refinery, and would boost the dragging economy of the state, creating more jobs?"

Tapley's reply was, that his only concern is the preservation of this unique and beautiful region of wilderness, and not the enhancement of business interests.

After the question and answer period, the audience and two debaters informally mingled for further discussion about the evening's subject matter, rounding out a good evening of controversy.

WE FILL STOMACHS WITHOUT EMPTYING WALLETS.



Please be our guest for a Big Mac. Just present this ad to McDonald's of Lewiston or McDonald's of Auburn.

McDonald's You deserve a break today.

Limit: One Per Customer



D. A. Fuller Photo

Sartre, Euripides Don't Mix

By S. F. Williams

An artistic failure, even when it is executed with style, comes as a painful task for the critic. It is even more difficult when the critic's friends and colleagues are involved, but the Robinson Players' production of *The Trojan Women* must be judged such a failure nonetheless. The Robs were victims of their own vehicle, a translation of an adaptation of Euripedes' play by Jean-Paul Sartre, who had an existential axe to grind. At first the translation of the tragic form into existential terms seemed faithful to the spirit of the play, but its ultimate effect was to point up a basic disunity and a lack of structure.

The choral function of the *Women of Troy*, for example, was diffused by scattering them over the stage, their individual voices detracting from the power of their collectivity, so much so that when they spoke in chorus, we were surprised.

Lee Kennet as Hecuba struggled mightily with the unwieldiest lines and the most difficult role of the play; her efforts in the first half were forceful and convincing, but with the movement of the play into chaos she was forced to exchange her presence and intensity for sheer volume. Layla Anderson's Cassandra was another victim. As the prophetess who could not be believed, she arrived and departed abruptly, her madness suddenly thrust on us and just as suddenly withdrawn. Jane Duncan's Andromache epitomized the performer's dilemma: Even as her son Astyanax is taken from her, she

is struggling with the existential decision of whether life is worth living as concubine and slave. David Lewis, as Talthybios, the courier engaged in all sorts of existential errands was engaging and convincingly nasty, but seems to be getting cast into that type repeatedly.

By the time Ben Flynn and Sarah Pearson appeared as Menelaus and Helen, the audience was desperate for some relief, and they got more than they needed. Menelaus bumbled and lisped, Helen cooed and kissed her way into his affections, and the comic effect was heavy handed and out of place. After their appearance, it was a matter of sitting back and waiting for the play to end.

The set was designed by Donald Lent and consisted of a large painting of a horse in that style so familiar to those of us who wait in line at Commons. This is not to belittle an artist as talented as Mr. Lent, but the horse worked mostly as a distraction and referred not at all to the statement of the play. Lighting was designed by Norman B. Dodge, Jr., and was characterized by interesting violets and pinks which, again, pointed away from the mood of the play. Mr. Dodge's use of a strobe light as the women were led away was a good touch, however.

If there is a moral here, it is that craftsmanship, thought, and hard work cannot redeem poor material. The players were torn between the ideological demands of Sartre and the dramatic requirements of Euripedes, and so ended by satisfying neither.

FLIX...FLIX

By David Brooks

There have been times, I'm sure, in everybody's Bates career when they've wondered just how the professors learned to be so successfully cruel and sadistic. You've all noticed that you can take a normal, friendly human being who is loved far and wide, turn him-her into a distributor of higher education, and within a month have a power-crazed, soulless, wide-eyed fanatic whose original concepts of mental torture would put a Japanese wartime brainwashing board to shame.

And you may have speculated as to the cause of this horrifying but consistent phenomenon, but only been able to come up with wild theories about hypnosis or lobotomies. Well, we at the Film Board have stumbled upon a part of the hitherto top secret method of turning a human into a professor. They see the film we're bringing here this Friday!

The movie we're bringing here is called *Marat-Sade*, but its original title may give you more of a clue: *THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE*. Starting to get the picture?

The movie has a play within a play, all with a twist; the inmates of a French insane asylum, as a therapy, stage a play concerning the death of French revolutionary Jean-Paul Marat at the hands of lovely Charlotte Corday.

Simple enough, but the inmates are under the creative direction of the infamous Marquis De Sade, and quite frequently their diseases intrude upon the action. The result is a juxtaposition of madness, revolution, perversity and

philosophy. Rather like some of the courses I've taken here. (Give the Marquis an eyepatch when you watch the movie, and see if he reminds you of anybody).

This is truly one of this semester's most interesting selections, with some fine acting and direction to help the amazing plot along. It's this Friday, the eighteenth, in the Filene Room at 7:30 and 9:45, for only 75 cents. Considering you pay a hell of a lot more per class hour to have equally despicable things performed on *you*, instead of on actors in a film, it's not a bad price.

But don't go away yet, because we got another biggie coming your way. The following Wednesday, that's the twenty-third, we're bringing Jean Renoir's classic *RULES OF THE GAME*. This film was banned in France for a long time, because it "... frankly delineates the erotic charades of the French leisure class before World War II." It's an incredibly piercing film, one of the best satirical films about a society ever made. He unfeelingly shows the "... social and sexual mores of a decadent society near collapse." (All quotes from the Classic Collection of Janus Films. Oh, if they were always this good!) In other words, it's a fantastic film that will hold everybody's interest, from sociology jocks clean down through the classes of humanity to the Pierce House guys. So you know it's good. These are the two hardest hitting films we've got until *Trash*, so don't miss them. *RULES OF THE GAME* is only at 7:30, so don't forget or you won't get another chance to see it. It too is going for the absurdly low price of 75 cents, so that's only a buck and a half over six days to see two of the most dynamic films around. Don't blow it.



CHEAP THRILLS... ...PERSONALS...

Seriously, I want beginning trumpet lessons. Honest. Please apply Box 523.
Happy Birthday, Melinda C. You're a good proctor. The last bastion of femininity gives you a big kiss of approval.

Charlie S.: you need to leaf it up a little more.

Rich - We love your column, but there's a time and place for everything. Noon Sunday is the deadline, and you know where. (Cheer up - you're not as tardy as half the staff. KO just can't wait to read your stuff.)

Personals are free now. No \$\$\$ at all. So why aren't we getting any?

Friday's meeting of the Bates College Plastic Explosives Society has been cancelled due to premature detonation.

If you're feeling sad and lonely, there's a service I can render, tell the one who loves you only, that I long for sweet surrender.

Mitchell Pierce: Pull down your shades!

Sheckerley! What were you doing with Peggy Miller and Jake Snyder under the Mill St. Bridge!

WANTED: Sewing machine with broken motor. See Neal Carter, Small House 22.

WE, (some of the members of Rand) do hereby award the honorable Claudia T. with the infamous award: "Super Klutz of the Week" 'cause she felt she deserved it. (Who are we to argue?)

Respectfully,
us

Gridders Tromp Worcester

by BOB LITTLEFIELD

The Bates Football Team received a boost last week when they scored a convincing win over Worcester Tech, 26-18. It was the Bobcats' first win on the road in six years and it was their second win of the year; already the highest season total in five years. The score of the game makes it sound as though it was a close contest. Actually, the outcome of the game was never really in doubt as the Bobcats maintained control offensively.

The game started out on a familiar note as Worcester drove and scored the first time they got the ball. The P.A.T. went wide and the score was 6-0. The Bobcats bounced back when Hugo Colasante hit Mark Shapiro on a 47-yard touchdown pass. Sparky Godiksen added the point after to give Bates the lead they would not relinquish. Later in the first half Tom Wells recovered a fumbled punt on the Bates 44. The offense took over and started to move. Before long a determined run by Jim Geitz put the ball on the one and Colasante took it over from there. The half ended with the score 13-6. The Worcester team went on the field at the beginning of the game as 16½ point favorites but went into their locker room realizing that this Bates team was different from those of previous years.

The Bobcats continued to prove that in the second half when Colasante and Shapiro connected once again on a perfect 68-yard pass. It was the longest Bates scoring play that this writer has seen in four years.

Later in the third period a Colasante pass was intercepted and returned to the Bates 10. The Bobcat defense, however, showed why it is one of the best in the national ratings when it stopped the Engineers cold and turned the ball back over to the offense after yielding but one yard. Sparky Godiksen got the offense out of the hole when he boomed a 61-yard punt.

The Bobcats scored their fourth and last TD of the day when Gary Pugatch capped an eighty-yard drive with a four-yard run. Marcus Bruce, Pugatch, and Geitz combined for most of the yards in the drive with some fine running.

The Engineers found a ray of hope when they scored a TD with 32 seconds remaining in the game to make it 26-18. Their on-side kick was bounced around and finally caught by Nick Dell'Erario and "that was all she wrote." The clock ran out and Bates is now 2-2.

All in all it was a good win for the Bobcats. To score a convincing win over a favored opponent does great things for a team's confidence. This week they will face the Bears of Bridgewater State College. It could be a good day to start a winning streak -- something this school hasn't seen in a long time.



GIRLS HAVE RACKET GOING

By Nils Bonde-Henriksen

The Bates Women's Tennis team, on the verge of completing one of their most successful years, upped their record to 6-1 in a week that featured tight matches. Under the direction of their new coach Anna Staples, the team had chalked up five straight victories before suffering their first loss of the season versus U.N.H. on Wednesday.

Playing four singles and three double matches (instead of the usual 3.2) the girls lost the match 4-3 despite wins by the top three singles players. Sandy Peterson won 6-1, 6-3; Pam Wansker 6-1, 6-1; and Emily Wesselhoeft 6-2, 4-6, 6-4. Dee Dee Grayton, playing No. 4 singles, lost a close match 6-7, 4-6. The real story of the match was the doubles, where all three teams lost despite winning their first sets. The No. 1 doubles duo of Sarah Landers and Nancy Schroeter lost 7-6, 2-6, 2-6, while the No. 2 team of Jo Ann Kayatta and Sue Kistenmacher lost despite an excellent effort 6-3, 4-6, 5-7. The No. 3 team of Linda Mansfield and Carol Rudnai also lost a close one, 6-4, 1-6, 3-6.

It was another close call on Thursday when U. Maine-Orono traveled down for what was

expected to be one of the more interesting matches of the season. Bates won 3-2, reversing their close loss of the previous day. Playing No. 1 singles for Maine was Sue Staples, Coach Staples daughter, and easily the best woman player that the Bates team had come up against. Miss Staples won with the impressive score of 6-0, 6-3 but Sandy Peterson made the match a lot closer than the score indicated. Hitting hard, Pam Wansker came away with a 6-3, 7-6 victory to clinch the match after freshman Emily Wesselhoeft had finished her impressive 6-1, 6-1 winning effort. The No. 1 doubles team of Landers and Schroeter lost 3-6, 5-7 while the No. 2 team of Kayatta and Grayton had an easy time of it, winning 6-3, 6-0.

The girls traveled to Bowdoin this Monday. Bowdoin, with freshman playing 1-2-3 and having the advantage of their home clay, should be a very tough match. The girls will be playing on the slower clay surfaces for the first time this year (the Bates sand(?) courts bear no relationship to true clay courts). After Bowdoin, the girls will travel down to Brown for one of the final matches of the season.

WAY TO GO 'MURPH'

Bates College line-backer KEVIN MURPHY has been selected for the ECAC Division III Team of the Week as a result of his 15 tackles and 2 interceptions vs. W.P.I. Bobcat QB Hugo Colasante and End Mark Shapiro were accorded ECAC Honorable Mention.

LATE RESULTS:

SOCCER: Bates 3
Maine 3

TENNIS: Bowdoin 5
Bates 0

HARRIERS CRUISE TO 13th STRAIGHT

By Jim Anderson

Shortly before the Bates Football team rousinglly defeated WPI, shortly before the chicken had been started for WPI's Homecoming, and shortly before the masses of friends and fans showed up, the Bates College Cross Country team quietly recorded its 13th consecutive win without a loss this season. The Batesian runners' seeming inability to become overconfident paid off one more time as a very surprisingly strong WPI team fell to the wayside 24-34.

Two freshmen runners by the names of Oparowski and Leonard once more pulled Bates to victory. They took 1st and 2nd place, with the former setting a new course record for the 4.9 mile course in 25:21.0. The latter was less than a second behind. WPI then took 3rd, 4th, and 5th, but again the amazing Bates depth proved too much as the northern runners took 6 of the next 7 places, Keenan 6th, Merrill 7th, McPartland 8th, Graf 9th, DeBruin 11th, and Anderson 12th.

This past Tuesday Bates recorded its 12th victory at the hands of UMPG, 15-50. Six of the top Bates runners did not partake in the race but Bates still took the first 7 places against the struggling Portland-Gorham runners. (Bowdoin's Leo Goon prefers to refer to them as "anemic" in his article, perhaps showing the distinction between Bates and Bowdoin's outlook on the outside world. Remember Leo," he who casts stones should not live in glass houses.")

The next and final meet (record-wise) is the Maine State Invitational at Orono Saturday where Bates takes on all of Maine. Hopefully the Bates record will remain at "O" in loss column.



Freshman Jon Harris proved himself to be a highly competitive runner as he turned in an excellent 14th place (the amazement being that he never ran at all before this summer).

ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

The Athlete of the Week this week is Junior Wide Receiver Mark Shapiro. Mark caught three passes for 117 yards (including receptions of 68 and 34 yards) and two touchdowns in last Saturday's win over W.P.I. This brings his season totals to 15 catches for 261 yards and 3 touchdowns, a 17.4 yard per catch average.



NO LOSERS HERE

By Steve McCormick

With a slight change in personnel which stressed offense, and some new found esprit de corps, the Bobcat soccer players hosted Colby College in a contest last Wednesday. In all respects except one the 'Cats outplayed the Colby team. They beat them to the ball, they passed around them, did not permit them to mount an offense or score, dribbled around them, and essentially did everything necessary to win the game except score on them. They outshot Colby by more than 2 to 1, but simply could not put the ball in the goal.

The entire team played well and it was obviously Bates' best effort of the year thus far. Fine play by Angelo Salvucci, Stan Pelli and Joren Madsen showed the teams depth. Bates put more pressure on Colby during two five minute overtimes, but the game ended in a disappointing and frustrating 0-0 tie.

Last weekend the kickers treked to northwestern Mass. to play Williams College, a very reputable New England team. From the start it was a tough match, Williams being both skilled and sturdy. The Batesian booters started off slowly, but gradually built up a tempo which was crowned by a goal scored on a long lofted shot by halfback Dave Quinn. Halftime came a few minutes later, and found a fired up Bates team leading 1-0.

The second half began with both teams psyched and playing well. Fullbacks Mark Diters, Pat

ANSWERMAN ENTERPRISES PRESENTS:

Ask Answerman

ANSWERMAN NO. P534775e

(editor's note: A-man has spent the last week prowling near Small House, attempting to beat L. H. to finding the dirt on Rich Curtis. He reports nothing unusual, save coming upon a machete-bearing gnome in the bushes. The editor has no idea what about Curtis isn't unusual.)

Dear Answerman:

Our soccer team had the misfortune of playing Pierce House the other day. What a bunch of asses! Seems they've never heard of playing a fair game, if a fair game means not kicking the hell out of one's opponent. A-man, what would you recommend a team that has to play them do?

Hospitalized

Dear Hospitalized:

The problem with intramural sports seems to be that some players forget what it is. Too many hours spent looking dreamily at back issues of *Sports Illustrated* and *True Detective* puts a person in another world, no matter what dorm they're from. That Pierce House players are a sorry lot, who either need to be put out to pasture or sent to obedience school, seems obvious, but I can't imagine even what a seer with A-Man's unlimited power can do to solve the situation. Where's the intramural council? Where's P.H.'s sense of fair play? Get either of those back to work, and (maybe) intramural sports will go from bloodbath to the fun they're supposed to be.

ANSWERMAN

Dear Answerman:

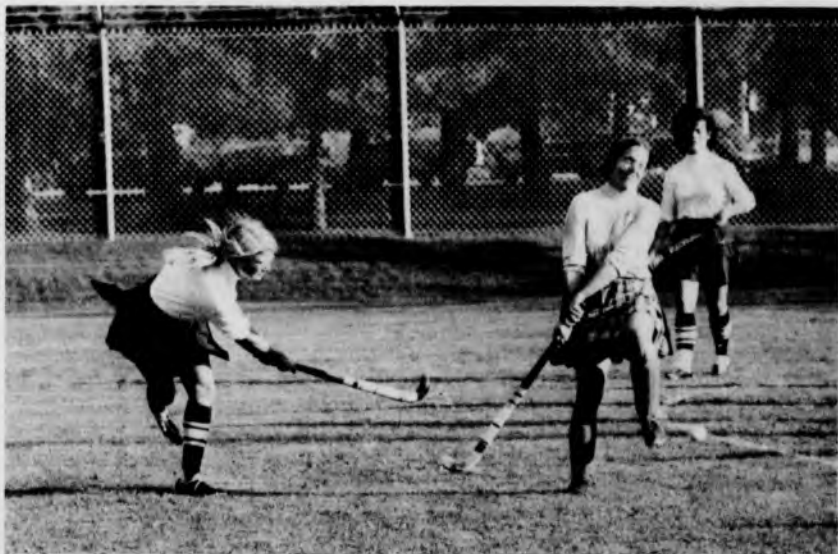
Well, the great, exclusive Sugarloaf Club has ended sessions for the year. We've seen the delegates return home, replete with hangovers and "full of ideas". One of the best ideas that's been heard so far is about a student-faculty committee on race relations, but I hear it's being allowed to die. A-man, what's the scoop?

Anonymous

Dear Mouse:

The proposal is being pocket vetoed. The R.A. could care less, L.H. seems to share the reaction. Guess so long as you're not black, prejudice isn't an issue.

ANSWERMAN



Sandy Korpela in action vs. UMO. Bates won 4-2.

FOR WHOM THE CHIMES TOLL

By John Blatchford

The chimes, which used to ring three times a day, have fallen silent. Yet, there has been no "Bring-back-our-chimes!" movement. Indeed, few have seemed to notice their disappearance. Why have the chimes been turned off? What makes them play? *The Student* visited George Waterman of the Music Department to see what we could see.

machine and tapes, and demonstrated how a person can practice with the chimes right in the chapel. This brings up the alternate way of playing the electronic bells.

By flipping a few switches the chimes can be played "live" from the organ in the chapel. But then, who's going to play the organ?

Aha! Here is the reason the chimes have been shut off altogether for the last week, and



This is the first year Waterman has had charge of the chimes. Prof. D. Robert Smith, who retired last year, used to take care of them.

First of all, *The Student* learned that "the chimes" have really only one bell, the one which calls us to and releases us from classes.

The music is produced electronically by a big machine in the Chapel. This machine, given by alumni in 1960, can be played two ways.

The first way is to feed in "tapes" which closely resemble player piano rolls into the giant music box and set them to turn on and off at specified times. Each tape has six three-minute selections. The three-minute selections range from hymns to classical pieces, including Bach and Handel. The College owns eight tapes, or 48 three-minute selections. The machine had been set to play at 12:03, 3 and 7 p.m.

The music can play either through the speakers on the top of Hathorn or just in the Chapel. Waterman showed *The Student* the

the reason there was a little blurb in last week's Newsletter for persons interested in being chimesmaster.

Waterman told *The Student* that many other colleges have not only chimesmasters or chimesmistresses, but also chimes playing groups. This tradition, he says, has lasted many years, and all tunes coming over their chimes are "live." These chimes playing groups are close-knit and Waterman says the music they produce is superb. Why not get a similar deal set up at Bates?

If there is any interest, Waterman would like to get such a group going. Members could get written records in order and arrange all chimes affairs. They needn't be keyboard wizards, just have the ability to play a few simple tunes on the organ. The music would be considerably better than the "canned" music played previously, Waterman feels. Those interested should see him in 306 Pettigrew.

But the chimes, at present, are not being played at all. Why? Waterman switched them off to get



some reaction about them. (Does anybody like them, dislike them, not care?) The comments he had heard about them before were from some professors who didn't like trying to teach a class with the chimes ringing, a few students who thought the chimes sounded crummy, and one person who liked the chimes just as is.

So Waterman thought maybe he'd get more reaction if he flipped the machine off altogether. So far he has had none. Have you enjoyed the quiet? Or do you miss the chimes? In either case, Waterman would like some feedback, so that at least he can say: "Do not ask for whom the bells toll (don't toll), they toll (don't toll) for thee!"



Photos by Jim Bunnell

THE BATES COLLEGE

STUDENT

EST. 1873

17 OCT 1974

VOL. 101

NO. 16

"To see is to see through." - Norman

WHY WRJR IS SILENT

By John Howe

Three weeks ago, WRJR went off the air because of technical problems. The mixer board at the station has a broken amp circuit which prevents inputs, such as microphones and turntables, from transmitting over the air.

However, another, less immediate problem has also arisen. It is rumored in Lewiston radio circles that the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) is investigating area radio stations. The FCC has never visited WRJR in the past. But they have the authority to conduct a surprise investigation.

When the FCC does come to a station, they investigate files concerning station identification and disc jockey qualifications. These files must be complete for five years prior to investigation.

WRJR has files on station identification and DJ logs, but some files from years past seem to be misplaced.

The DJ must have at least a permit (temporary license pending examination). A permit can be given to anyone, but can be given only once. After the permit expires one must get a third class broadcasting license. To this reporter's knowledge, no one on the staff of WRJR has a license, though several have permits.

There are other problems WRJR faces every day. Most important, WRJR needs a first class licensed engineer. A student can do most repairs, but certain repairs legally require the service of a licensed engineer. Currently the station is seeking to contract with a local engineer for this reason.

Another continuous problem is that record albums are ripped off from WRJR's record library both by students and non-students.

Last Thursday, Oct. 10, Gary Ferguson resigned his position as program director for WRJR. The program director for the station is responsible for "everything that goes over the air," says Gary.

Gary says he resigned because "I worked hard, thought we had it, but the station went off the air for two weeks. No one seemed to care whether we were on or not. It was just too much."

One of the station's biggest problems, says Gary, is that "the station changes leadership too frequently to be run efficiently."

Ferguson feels the best solution would be to hire a full time radio person to oversee WRJR, a person

who might also teach a course in radio under the Speech-Theatre Department.

Gary leaves his job as program director to take a less important, less time-consuming position on the staff of WRJR. Nevertheless, he retains an optimistic eye towards the future: "We've got a new schedule set, lots of people are ready to work, we're just waiting to go on the air."

KNIGHT TONIGHT

Etheridge Knight, well-known black poet, will read some of his works at 8:30 this evening in Chase Lounge. The reading, co-sponsored by the Afro-Am Society and the English Department, is free and open to the public. It will be followed by a reception.

Knight turned to poetry 'after years of anguish and disillusioning experiences.

He was born in Corinth, Miss., in 1933, and found himself in the U.S. Army fighting in the Korean War after two years of high school. In Korea he received a shrapnel wound, and found a resurrection in narcotics.

In 1960 he was sentenced to six years in prison on a charge of robbery. "Poetry brought me back to life," said Knight. His first book, *Poems from Prison*, was printed in 1968.

Since leaving prison and working as a punch press operator in a chain factory, Knight has become a leader and definer of black art.

In *Contemporary Authors*, 1970, he defines the role of the black artist, who must "perceive and conceptualize the collective aspirations, the collective vision of black people, and through his art form give back to the people the truth that he has gotten from them. He must sing to them of their own

deeds, and misdeeds."

Knight's own poems, bitter though sometimes funny, are frequently hard-driving, bitter sagas about black heroes and martyrs. *The Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry* says it like this, "His acid directness lends density and tension to vignettes of monstrous inhumanity."

Knight is fond of the 17-syllable haiku:

Making jazz swing in
Seventeen syllables AIN'T
No square poet's job.

One such jazz swing written by Knight:

To write a blues song
is to regiment riots
and pluck gems from graves.

One of Knight's best-known, or, at any rate, most frequently anthologized works, is "Hard Rock Returns to Prison from the Hospital for the Criminal Insane." This poem describes the destruction of Hard Rock, a convict whom the white authorities could defeat only by re-wiring his brain:

He had been our Destroyer, the doer of things

We dreamed of doing but could not bring ourselves to do,

The fears of years, like a biting whip,

Had cut grooves too deeply across our backs.