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Bates College

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Commentary

Exam week is upon us. Bates students are beset by over due papers, under prepared for exams, and a general lack of free time. So is the Bates Student. Our foresightful editor, once she discovered this awesome truth, elected several weeks ago to put out a magazine instead of a regular issue this week. The advantages are two-fold. First, students working for the paper, i.e., reporters and assorted editors, found that they did not have time to write articles of a newsworthy nature this week. Instead, several of us wrote more extended, less topical, features and essays. For variety, our arts staff and assorted contributors donated as you might expect them to do, some artistic works and

reviews. Second, students seldom have time to read through an ordinary paper during a busy week. Therefore, we have provided what we hope will be a diversified, entertaining, different sort of magazine for you to ponder and cherish.

If any of you feel deprived of campus news, here are the week's events: The window in the third floor smoking lounge of the library came loose and had to be replaced. Classes ended. There, I think that covers it. Fully satisfied, you may now sit back and read the remainder of this issue without worrying about missing any vital news or your next exam. Aren't you glad? T.L.



When one envisions a small liberal arts college class, the image which comes to mind is that of a small group in which students and faculty can interrelate on a personal level. Recently, however, enrollment in several courses has mushroomed to the point where they could easily be mistaken for large university lectures. Last year Astronomy 101 had over 180 students enrolled, and projected enrollment next year, by one estimate, will be 300. American Society has increased from a discussion group of 20 students to a class of about 180. Clearly, this trend should not be allowed to continue.

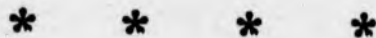
The Administration has wisely elected to set limits on the number of students allowed to take Astronomy. The reduction will allow 50 students to take the course each term. This move should keep the professor from being run ragged correcting mid-terms, reading papers, and supervising labs. It will also preserve for students the tradition of small classes, which remains one of Bates' main drawing attractions. However, limiting enrollment does not solve the problem, but serves only to alleviate some of the more obvious drawbacks of large classes.

The proposed limitations does not

decrease student demand for specific courses. Instead it reduces the number of alternatives most students may take. In deciding to come to Bates as opposed to a large university, students choose high quality courses and sacrifice diverse offerings. The relative lack of diversity at Bates should not be allowed to decrease further if at all possible.

A more permanent solution would be to increase the number of professors in departments where the demand for courses is heavy. While increasing the number of faculty members means incurring added expenses, the outlay is warranted when over 10% of the school wishes to take a specific course.

We understand that the Administration has been seeking an astronomy lecturer for this purpose. We hope they meet with success. More importantly, we hope that after enrollment is limited the underlying problem, no longer so obvious, is not forgotten. Although the Administration must attempt to economize to keep tuition from rising still further, we feel that increasing the number of faculty members is justified when circumstances clearly demand it. T.L.



The Student

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Cover

illustration

by Tom Storey

Inside

Illustration

by Carole Spelich



Dear Editor,

Your reporter at the Gong Show must have had his mind on something else when we made an introduction which explained our act. The correct title to our song was "Has Anybody Seen Our Woo?"

Frye House

Dear Editor:

As we approach another Tax Day (April 15th), there are a couple of bills pending in the House of Representatives which will be of interest to many students and faculty of Bates College.

Some 54 million Americans are hit with an income tax penalty of up to 20% because they are single, or because they are married with both partners working. The Committee of Single Taxpayers (COST) has been working for several years to eliminate this inequity. To accomplish this goal, Rep. Ed Koch has again introduced HR 850 in the House Ways and Means Committee.

Also pending in Ways and Means is HR 84, introduced by Rep. Herb Harris, which would make a beginning toward income tax equality for renters, similar to what has for so long been available to homeowners.

Anyone interested in more information about these bills is urged to send a long, self-addressed stamped envelope to me at the address below, mentioning that this letter was read in the Bates Student. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Lee Spencer
Box 4330

Arlington, Virginia 22204

Forum

Dear Editor,

I totally disagree with your assessment of the performance of the judges at the Chase Hall Committee's First Annual Gong show. Each act went into the show with a copy of the rules stating that they could be gonged at the judges' discretion - they all knew what they were getting themselves into. The judges were not, as you put it, "total failures". It takes a very special kind of professor to sit up there in front of three hundred Batesies in varying stages of intoxication shouting out anything they please at these professors because of the anonymity the crowd provides for them. The Gong Show was an experiment and these professors were willing to go along with something that could have turned out to be total disaster. They are good sports and deserved better treatment than you gave them, especially Mr. Law. I thought Mr. Law was great - he got into the spirit of the show and he added a great deal to the atmosphere of the evening. I chose these particular professors because they are well-liked on campus and are all noted for having exceptional senses of humor - I do not think you could have come up with three better choices. I think we should thank all of them for their willingness to participate in the whole thing and for the job they did.

And speaking of being "ripped off" (as you did in your article), why did you mention only one member of the Pink Panther act by name and not bother to find out the names of the others in the group? Also, you misrepresented Frye Houses' act by not correctly identifying their substitution for the word "girl" as "Woo" not "womb" - they explained this before they sang their song.

I wholeheartedly agree with your assessment of the great amount of talent and imagination displayed in the show. I only wish your treatment of the judges had been as good as the rest of your article.

Regina Kelland

Michael O'Donahue:

LIVE FROM LEWISTON

By TIM LUNDERGAN & JIM CURTIN

(Michael O'Donahue, writer for NBC Saturday Night, spoke at Bates two weeks ago. Afterward he was interviewed by the Student.)

Student: Could you give us some biographical material on yourself, other than your working for Saturday Night?

O'Donahue: I'll tell you. I ran the National Lampoon Radio Hour for a year, I've produced two records. One was called Radio Dinner, the second was called the Best of Saturday Night Live. I did a movie with Jim Ivory called *Savages*. I wrote a couple of books. One was called *The Incredible Stoned Adventures of a Rock*. Rocks have very hard lives. There's an earthquake and they roll a few feet and they stand there for a hundred years. It's really sad...What else have I done? I've been a radio disc jockey, and worked for a newspaper for a couple of years.

Student: What about your education?

O'Donahue: I was thrown out of the University of Rochester my junior year for a bad attitude. You see, the incident that led to it was that I had stolen the campus security policeman's car, and was driving around shouting, "Hey, pull over!" to my friends. You know, you could have a lot of fun with that car, putting on the siren and shouting at people. They never caught me but someone had seen me doing this. Bad attitude. This is a bad attitude.

Rochester's a lame school. At least it was in terms of liberal arts when I went there.

Student: Did you write humor at Rochester?
O'Donahue: I worked for their humor magazine. It was called *Ugh!* A classy name.

Student: Did you ever work for the *Harvard Lampoon*?

O'Donahue: I was never part of the *Harvard Lampoon*. I've been made an honorary member and I know a lot of those people from working with them on the *National Lampoon*. It was fun. They kind of honored the show so we went up there. They had a parade and they couldn't afford any real cars so they had cut-out cars to carry around. And Danny got a bansaw and cut a chair in half.

Student: Did you write the *Missing White House Tapes* album?

O'Donahue: No, nothing at all. That was done at the *Lampoon* when I was working on the *Radio Hour*. I worked on the *National Lampoon* for four years. I edited it for about two years.

Student: What was your first printed piece?

O'Donahue: Boy, I don't know. I did something in college, I guess. I did something with foxes. I still write stories with foxes. Foxes and bears. I wrote for the student newspaper. You see, I started out as a serious artist writing for the *Evergreen Review*, which was publishing Ginsberg and Genet, a lot of people like that. And so I was writing poetry for them, things like that, and then I started doing this adult comic strip called the *Zicons*. I began sliding more and more into that kind of material.

Student: What kind of comedy are you interested in most, for instance, satire, farce?

O'Donahue: I have things I can do well. For instance, two minute blurbs. I did a *Burger Master* sketch a couple of weeks ago. They blew the first line but it still worked.



And I try more dangerous things. *Star Trek* was great. It never worked until we did it on the air, and that one time Belushi just got wired up and played that fucking role, and Chevy was fabulous. That kind of thing is more dangerous...I did a thing called *Car Yummies*. You could get them at any gas station. It kept the image of a pet but still maintained the image of doing something good for your car.

Student: Is there anything you single out for attack?

O'Donahue: Me? Well, Eastern airlines. That was before I flew Air New England. Other than that, nothing, really.

Student: How did you start working for *Saturday Night*? did you contact them or did they contact you?

O'Donahue: Chevy recommended me. Marilyn Miller had recommended me to Lorne. Lorne had heard a sketch I did on the radio in which I had cancer. After it's all done I walk out whistling "Somewhere over the Rainbow." This guy says, "There goes that true showman." And they talk about how my wife just died and I still went ahead and did the show for the troops in Korea. And then one of them says, "Here's something you didn't know about Mike, he's got cancer. He's got three weeks to live. A lesser man would be a hospital bed. It's no wonder they call him Mister Showbiz." Then it ends with the soundtrack of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." Lorne heard that and just loved it. He used to drive around listening to the show. Californians used to schedule their driving around it.

Student: Why'd you get into macabre, morbid humor?

O'Donahue: It's the only form going. It's not something I chose arbitrarily. It's what gets me off. I see America as a second rate power sliding into third. Things are grim, really grim, and it's only by relating to that reality that you can dissipate it, laugh at it.

Student: do you ever get writer's block?

O'Donahue: No. Almost everyone else does, but I don't. I'm a manic depressive, and

I get a little cranky, a little surly, but I don't go through a period where I can't keep writing. Even when I'm not writing if I get an idea I just jot it down.

Student: How do you account for the success of *Saturday Night*? When it first came out a lot of people said it wouldn't work but it really snowballed.

O'Donahue: It's the type of humor - it's our humor, it's us. It's humor done by us for us. I'm 37 and a lot of the people are younger.

Danny's 24, Lorraine's 24, Frank's 22. It's our thing. It's not being written down three generations like some shows. It's what we get off on. And we got off on death, for instance, cause those are the tensions of our society. That's what makes us nervous. And we respond to it.

Student: Could you tell us if you've had any hassles with the network censors?

O'Donahue: Ya, ya. They weren't bad on the New Orleans show, but they killed a few things. The most important thing is that we're a live show. We go on live. I wrote a thing about Charlie Manson's girls selling human hair pot holders for the Louise Lasser show. Right before it went on, somebody in the audience saw them, freaked out, and screamed. That just energized those fucking people and they did a great performance. Before the show Lorraine asked me if it was OK to pinch her nipples when she screamed. I said OK. I didn't know she was going to pinch them like that and let out this shriek: Aaaaaah! That's something you don't see on the Dick Van Dyke show. But it's live.

Student: Can the FCC play games with you? About language?

O'Donahue: No, they can't even do that anymore. They lost that case when a New York radio station played a George Carlin record with obscenities on it. They can't stop you anymore.

Student: Did they on your radio show?

O'Donahue: Do you know what used to happen with the *Radio Hour*? It was an hour

show and we did it for thirteen weeks and then it died because there were just two of us doing it. So what we did was to send it out half an hour long to the stations on tape and for six weeks we claimed it was the stations that were doing it. We cut it in the middle, we ended something right after a long setup, we left out the end, we even went on the air to claim that the radio stations were doing it. In the middle of one show we protested that someone wasn't playing the whole thing. We said we knew there was only one station doing it and if you knew who they were to please let us know. We jammed the

"I see America as a second rate power sliding into third. Things are grim, really grim..."

switchboard in Chicago for hours with people trying to get it put back on. We finally donated half hour time to the United Council of Churches. We said, if you won't let us put on our show with sexual, relevant, things, put them on instead.

Student: There have been a lot of comparisons between the Saturday Night Show and the Monty Python kind of humor. Some have said that Saturday Night Live is a national Lampon that moves it's lips. What do you see the Saturday Night style as?

O'Donahue: It doesn't have a lot to do with Python, it's just that they came out with stuff at the same time we did. No, we haven't copied much of their style or ideas. We did draw on the National Lampon for a lot of material, but that was because I worked there, so I was stealing from myself. For instance, a lot of the morbid stuff you see is mine, the preoccupation with violence and death and sex is mine. And a lot of people who came over are stealing from themselves, too.

Another part of it is Lorne Micheals and his kind of California-Canadian sense of humor. Very gentle, traditional. He was influenced by Jack Benny. Some of the old Jack Benny bits are killers, with the manipulation of the audience, the turns, some of that comes through.



Student: So you have a lot of different styles, then?

O'Donahue: Lorne wanted this to be something like a magazine. Rather than some communal thing where everything stays the same there'd be a piece by Rosie Micheals, a piece by Alan Spardell. I'm the easiest to recognize because of the darkness of what I write. But I can recognize Mary Miller, she does those little plays; they aren't really funny, but you think about them.

Student: Don't some of the famous

Saturday Night lines bother you when everyone uses them on you?

O'Donahue: Oh, ya. They get on your nerves.

Student: They get a little repetitive after two years.

O'Donahue: Ya. I'm tired of the "Nevermind." There have been some real embarrassments. I was putting together a Saturday Night album and I had a hard time picking an Emily Latella because they're so badly written.

Student: Who thought up the Killer Bees?

O'Donahue: I don't know. I worked on that sketch a bit. Lorne and Chevy used to write most of it. The three of us worked together on a lot of things. We also wrote the Godfather sketch. The best thing Chevy and I ever wrote was Jaws II, the one with the landshark. The way Chevy pronounced the first syllable was hilarious. "Candygram." He was funny. I miss Chevy. I'm serious. It doesn't destroy the show without him but it diminishes it, and diminishes him. It also destroys a romantic lead. Bill Murray just can't do that.

Student: He's been getting a lot of straight lines -

O'Donahue: He's a good straight man. Jane gets a lot of those lines too. Billy hasn't really gotten into this thing yet. He's a very good actor. His brother Brian used to write for the Lampon. Garret Morris doesn't get too many lines either. That's because his timing is different from the typical American-Jewish style of delivery. A lot of times he'll ruin one of my lines. But he's the only Not Ready For Prime Time Player who can sing, and good if he gets the right lines.

Student: I was wondering what you see New York as?

O'Donahue: The good point's obviously the people. You're around very bright, very fast people there. Our show has very bright people. The set designers have won all sorts of awards. The costume designers, too. The people, that's the draw of the city. I mean, there's a lot of cities where the food is better and the people are nicer, and just about everything is nicer in terms of what life should be, except you don't get the excitement. I think I might live in Paris for a while.

we could have more of. Some of us do it. I do it occasionally. A couple of people Al Franken and Frank Davis write some stuff with a lot of political comedy. Frank Davis, by the way, - here's a story. The other day Agnew was down on the Today show at seven a.m. Davis got up at six in the morning to denounce him. so the producer sees him there and says, "Don't denounce him now, do it after the show." So after the show he goes up to Angew and says, "You know, a couple of years ago you called me a bum. Well, I think you're a bum." And they had this big confrontation, shouting at each other. and this woman working for Agnew rode down in the elevator with Davis. You know, there's a time and a place for everything. As they rode down together he asked how long she'd been working for Agnew? She said three years. He said, "You know, that man took money when he was vice-president. He took a five thousand dollar bribe. You're nothing better than a whore." And he began screaming "Whore! Whore! Cambodian bombings!" and the woman just ran out of that elevator, petrified.

Student: Have there been many practical jokes played by the Saturday Night crew to relieve the tension?

"The liberals haven't come in and said, 'you can't do that, it's not art' "

O'Donahue: One time Marilyn Miller did something. Frank and Davis had just started working, and they're really young and they don't have all their moves done right, so they always get into fights with Lorne Micheals, getting them upset. So Marilyn moved the furniture out of their office and left a note: See me, Lorne. That's about it for pranks.

Student: What are the advantages of live TV?

O'Donahue: The advantage is, if they have ever seen a pilot of this show it would have never gotten on the air. It's true, I'll tell you. This show shocked the network, shocked them when they saw it, and they waited for the public reaction. And there was nothing. No outrage. A few letters, that's all. Then the ratings jumped, clients said "can we get on the show?" but a pilot would have killed it. Other stations have tried to imitate us but they keep getting killed because the network will say you can't do that.

Student: How did you manage to get the show on the air without a pilot?

O'Donahue: Well, Lorne used a lot of muscle to get that on. He staged temper tantrums, everything you could do, got big front money. Here's a trick he used (You spend ten times the budget they give you, so they sort of have to go through with the show.)

Student: Do you think the style of comedy will change as this generation grows older, like from Shecky Green to Saturday Night Live?

O'Donahue: I don't know what that would be. There are guys that do that sort of thing. Ed Brooster, Martin Mull. I don't know what will happen. This style of comedy has never been tried. I like doing live TV because it's such a raw art form. It's not like art, the liberals haven't come in and said, "you can't do that, it's not art. But we do it like art, act like artists. That's how Lorne gets stuff out of us.

Student: Was Lorne Micheals always the driving force behind this show?

O'Donahue: Ya, he was. He put it all together. Always. His theory of producing is to get a lot of talented people into a room and leave it. That way he won't meddle. And a lot

Student: What do you plan to be doing ten years from now?

O'Donahue: I don't know. Look five years back and think of what I'm doing now. I've got some plans to write a few movies, some comedies, but I don't know.

Student: It seems you've run out of media.

O'Donahue: I don't know what happens to me.

Student: Could Saturday Night have more social commentary?

O'Donahue: That's certainly one thing

Continued on next page

of times he does leave the room, and a lot of good things happen.

Student: do you get a response from advertisers when your parodies come close to the stuff they're pushing?

O'Donahue: No, no. They've been very supportive. The Coca-Cola company let me put part of their jingle in one of my records. But I don't think Col. Sanders liked the Vietnamese reference.

Student: I remember one burger king parody with rat's bladders or something, and two minutes later there was a Burger King commercial. I said, "Wait a minute, who's supporting who?"

O'Donahue: Take the blood of this frog and put it on the burger. Hey, no problem! But in general, you know, they leave us alone.

Student: I've always understood that they're really sensitive about their products.

O'Donahue: Look, we're so booked up for sponsors that if one of them ducked out, if all of them ducked out, we could just fill it right back up. We're booked up for five years with people wanting to get in, because here's what we've got. We've got good ratings but within that rating we've got the bracket they call the youth market. The age from fifteen to thirty is a tremendous buying public and no other show controls it like we do. It's a buying market and people want to buy into it

Student: What do you think will happen to Saturday Night in the future?

O'Donahue: I don't know what will happen. You see, We're burning ourselves out fast. We need some new blood. Maybe a new producer and a few writers. I know the cycle of magazines because I've been through it. And I know that there's a five or seven year cycle. The first four years were very good on the Lampoon, and then it started going downhill. I know that cycle. But television is so much faster.

Student: After TV, what's the last frontier for you?

O'Donahue: Well, I'm going to do some movies. Marilyn Miller and I want to do a musical comedy. Not some asshole comedy like My Fair Lady, but something for us. You know, there's so many things you never see because nobody does them. But it'd be a lot of fun if you did see them, and one hopes there will be a lot more of that sort of thing.

"We're burning ourselves out fast. We need new blood."

Student: There's definitely a market now.

O'Donahue: Yes, that definitely helps.

Student: You've mentioned working with Madeline Kahn. How about Gene Wilder or the Mel Brooks group?

O'Donahue: I like him very much. Again, we asked him to appear on the show.

Student: One show I wouldn't miss.

O'Donahue: Boy, that would be fun, wouldn't it. I'd suspect that would be an extremely good show. We did a show with Norman Lear that was a lot of fun. He was great. He was nice to work with, gave a really laid back performance.

Student: Who's been your best host so far?



O'Donahue: Boy, that's hard to say. I like Buck Henry and I like Elliot Gould a lot. Gould always takes a real role and Buck helps write a lot. Richard Prior was stunning.

I didn't work on the show because I was afraid of the man. He's a real dangerous guy. He likes to appear more dangerous than he is, but he threatened to hit me across the head with a cognac bottle, and he was just kind of kidding, but then, he's hit a lot of people across the head with a cognac bottle. He's up for charges for beating up an NBC page. He's

quite wild. I liked working with Madelene Kahn too. I think we're supposed to have her back on the show in a few months. She did a fantastic Pat Nixon slobbered-drunk. I watched her hone her performance. It was a little broad at first but she kept bringing it back. Tremendous.

O'Donahue: I used to have the concept of a Chinese fortune head. And I don't know if you noticed, but if you break open the head of a Chinese, inside is your true fortune, not that shit like you're going to take a trip across water, but things like: While crossing the street at Walpole and Congress you will be struck by a speeding Peugeot with white sidewalls and a worn fan belt. Your wife will run off with a computer technician named Niel.

(The conversation shifted to talk about Lewiston.)

O'Donahue: You must go nuts up here, cause I went nuts living through Rochester, and that was bigger. Not all that big, but this place is tiny. IN a larger school you can just vanish. You can't do that in a place like this.

Student: Are you giving many college lectures now?

O'Donahue: I've been doing a lot of stuff with Belushi. I remember once he almost

killed me. Last week, the last time we did it, his samuri sword, the sword that hit Buck Henry in the head and cut him, - that sword really hurts! I threw an orange up from my hand for him to cut, and the sword blade came off its handle and came right at me. And it's razor sharp. You can kill people with it. I dove for the ground, it's like the Bionic Man, and I watched it go over my head and over the people behind me. Everyone went "Oooh!" I was frightened, cause I was standing right in front of him. He's promising not to use it again now.

Student: Who brought the Samuri idea up in the first place?

O'Donahue: That was John's idea.

Student: That's one thing which doesn't lose its effect so easily, slapstick.

O'Donahue: Ya, it's physical humor. I look forward to doing more Coneheads, cause Coneheads are great. I like the way they drink six packs of beer. They just pull all the

"Coneheads are great. I like they way they drink six packs of beer."

tops off. They consume at ten times the rate of human beings. That's never been mentioned. Dan doesn't want to mention this fact. I'm working on a thing where giant lobsters come and attack the studio through this giant aquarium window. There's gunfights and everything, and they keep coming. Some body says, "Can nothing stop these things?" and someone else says, "I know this sounds crazy but it just might work. Get me 2 billion gallons of boiling water."

Do you guys have any more questions?

Student: No, we finished a long time ago. We're just here for fun.



There were no stars. The night was soft and grey and dripping damp. And it was silent. The river flowed in front of her, running smoothly, drifting eternally, passing her silently. It was surrounded by the black silhouettes of dressed trees. The night was white. The graveyard comforting. she was living, she had no fear of death, no debts to be paid to the dead. The past was behind her, like the pure forms of the monuments. The future stretched in front of her, unseen, like the next bend in the river.

She was alone. Later there would be warmth and dancing and drinking. Dancing and laughter and warmth and other people. But she was alone now. Alone in the grey, hugging the damp wool of her sweater around her. Cold, wet, alone. Later she would need people to reflect her light. Now she could shine for herself and all the faceless dead. Later she would blend into the crowd, become a part of the whole. Now she was a whole unto herself, she had importance. She was the only possible sum of her ambition, of her talent, of her arrogance.

"May I join you?" The voice came from behind her, behind the tombstone she rested against. She did not jump, she was not frightened. The spirits tonight were for her, and her alone. Whatever manner of being this voice embodied, it would not hurt her, it could not harm her. She had the power of life.

She moved back and sat on the stone, and the white voice sat down beside her.

"You are at the college?" His voice was like the silence, it did not disturb the night.

She nodded and hugged her sweater closer.

"Me too, and is it your first year?"

She nodded and watched the milky waters flow by.

"Yes, mine also. Do you like it?"

Yes, she liked it. She liked the sudden sense of wholeness she had obtained. Her past dependencies had been severed with one blow. They no longer existed because they no longer could exist. She nodded again and looked at the boy beside her. He was fair and ghostlike, but reassuringly real.

"Are the gravestones old here?" She asked, speaking for the first time, speaking in a whisper, afraid that she might break the silence. Her voice was like a pebble falling into a still lake, it rippled out through the damp air.

"Yes, very."

She wanted to read them. She turned her back on the river, and ran up the hill. He followed. The tombstones rose above them, jagged across the top of the mound. The night rose above the stones, white, like silver.

"Eliza P. Wife of C.T. Thomaston," she read breathlessly.

"How rude!" her ghost said. She looked at him surprised. "Look, here is her husband: C.T. Thomaston."

"So?" She did not understand.

"He stands alone. He is whole."

It was her time of month. The flow from her body echoed the flow of the river, it tied her to the past and to the future. It tied her to all women. Each man was created in an act separate, in an act of individual creation.

Each woman was a manifestation of the flow of life. She was the past and the future and the present. She was a part of the river that flowed through all ages. To hold the past and the future gave such power to the present. Men didn't understand that.

The ghost watched the soft outline of her body, muffled by the mist. "Are you in love?" The strange intimate quality of the question was lost in the fog, softened by her thoughts. It seemed part of the atmosphere. It was not out of place.

"With life," she answered as she thought of the boy she had left behind. She loved him enough to give her life, and it hurt her that it could do him no good. She kept it for herself. The miles were creating a stranger out of one who had once known her mind better than she had known it herself. Love was of the present.

Forever was too long a time for anything, except for the perpetual flow of womanhood. What more was there to love other than life? What more was there? Not meaning of existence, but life itself. Life that she could give. The half-life that died now within her, unconsummated, unwhole. Wholeness was of sublime importance.

She told the boy this and he said he understood. But she knew he never would because he was not a part of the flow and he never could be.

They walked back together and the lights brought reality closer and the tree framed river of milk faded away. The lights were bright, the cars were fast, the music was loud. They all rippled through the current of her thoughts and broke them.

—Barbara Braman

New Sorrows in Schaefer Theatre

Last weekend, the Bates College Theatre Department staged Ulrich Plenzdorf's "The New Sorrows of Young W." The play is a tedious and rambling monologue, interrupted by occasional superfluous dramatic commercials.

The production was the English language premier of "New Sorrows," an East German work. And if the play has to stand on its own merit, this will probably be the only performance. From its ominous beginning to its shocking conclusion, "New Sorrows" is a poor excuse for a play.

"New Sorrows" is the story of Edgar Wibeau, an 18 year old East German "hippy freak." The play focuses on the last year of his life, dealing mostly with his relationship with Charley, a young woman who teaches kindergarten in Mittenburg, where he lives.

When we first meet Edgar, he is dead, and his ghost hovers on a beam, talking to the audience about his life. Edgar's ghost likes to talk. In fact, he hardly ever shuts up. Each time the play threatens to get interesting, Edgar's ghost swoops in for a long, wordy and trivial speech.

Joe Phaneuf does a good job as Edgar. But it's hard to make something out of nothing. Unfortunately, he's not really believable as a dirty, unkept hippy. Joe looks like he just stepped out of the shower, took time to neatly comb his hair, and perhaps to press his shirt, or sew a few nice, neat little patches on his jeans.

Jennifer Worden is a creditable Charley,

and plays the part with a little energy, which seemed to be lacking in the rest of the production.

Tim Hillman is OK as Edgar's father. However, he's saddled with a silly part. Edgar's father runs through "New Sorrows" asking questions about his dead son. Each time he asks a question, either the action dissolves into a flashback, or Edgar's ghost flutters in for another speech. He does get to do a little something now and then, but the playwright doesn't make very good use of the character, and there isn't much that Hillman could do with it.

The rest of the cast is comprised of some very talented people. However, their parts in "New Sorrows" amount to little more than nothing. Lucky them.

Director Michael Nash also has to take some of the blame for the failure of "New Sorrows". If the play is going to succeed, we really have to like Edgar. He's revolting when the play starts, and he's even more revolting when it finishes. As a result, the audience doesn't care about Edgar, and therefore couldn't give a damn about the play either. Nash could have directed Joe Phaneuf to develop Edgar's character to a point where the audience could relate to him better.

Again, Norm Dodge has done a great job with the set, which is beautiful, and the intricate lighting, which really works.

Jeffrey Ullman's costumes are unnoticeable, which makes them a hundred

per cent better than the rags he provided for most of the cast of "Private Lives."

Staging an East German play in the United States was a good idea. In fact, "New Sorrows" is reputed to be one of the most exciting new pieces of East German theatre. Which makes me glad I don't live in East Germany.

(djc - 4/4/77)

Windowpain

The wax wings fell,
their youthful dream broken
But it doesn't concern you.

Only the uncaring can't see care,
reaching out to soothe a frantic colt
afraid to grow, to stretch his legs and run.

You have painted your eyes
with designs that hide your shadow,
safe but lost behind opaque windows.

The window is stronger than me.
I sport bruised knuckles; an attempt
to break through the pane.

But what matter this to you?
It bounced back off your barrier
and never left a mark - I did.

That day when death's shadow struck
I should have joined the broken glass:
strewn at Kilkenny's feet.

V.

Alphabet Soup

Harry Rowe:

Yesterday

and

Today

by

Brad Fuller

Author's Note: This week's "Alphabet Soup" is the tenth and final installment in a series dealing with yesterday and today at Bates College.

Bates College stands aloof from the city of Lewiston, slightly out of place with its neatly trimmed campus and majestic buildings. Just a short walk from any of its four corners and a striking contrast exists -- the buildings become less majestic and the quaint New England college campus fades into a mill town going through the pangs of growing old.

But below this surface appearance, is Bates College any different than Lewiston, or for that matter, any city or town where people interact and are sometimes euphoric or sometimes depressed, sometimes busy or sometimes bored, sometimes in dilemmas or sometimes carefree? Bates College is really no different than the society from which it is physically separated, but merely a mirror, a microcosm.

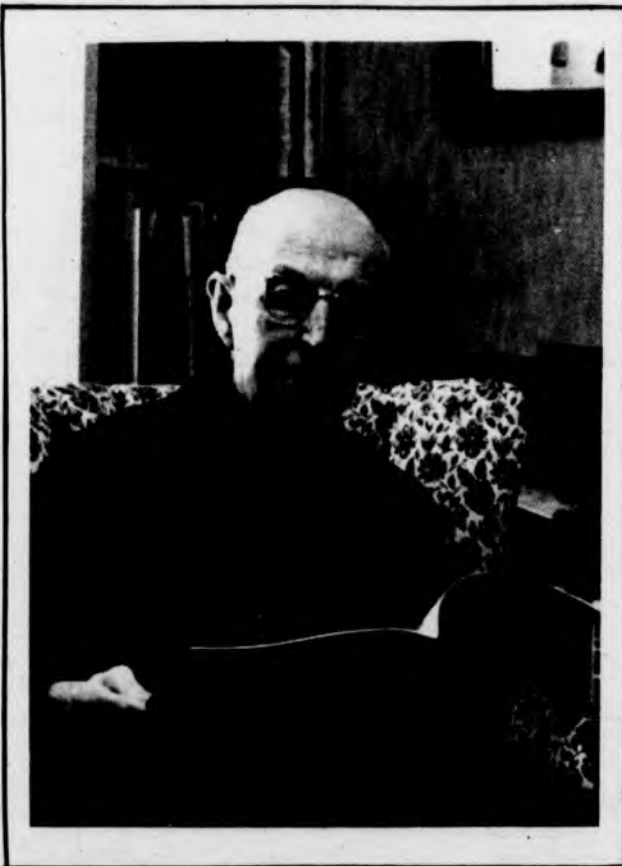
But there was a day when Bates College was separated a little more than at present from the society which existed around it, and the man who has been with the College throughout yesterday and today is Dean Emeritus of the Faculty and College Historian Harry W. Rowe. Born in 1887, and graduated from Bates in 1912, Harry Rowe has been connected with the College in one capacity or another from 1914 to the present. He has been Secretary of the Bates YMCA, General Administrator of the college, Bursar, Alumni Secretary and founder of the first alumni fund, Assistant to the President, in charge of men's admissions, participated in duties equivalent to Dean of Men, and finally Dean of Faculty from 1946 until his retirement in 1958.

When Harry Rowe was a freshman, Libbey Forum was just being dedicated, and the only buildings on campus were JB (science lab), Coram Library, Hathorn (classrooms), Parker (men's dorm), and the girl's dorms which included Rand, Cheney, Milliken, and Whittier. In his early career as a member of the Bates staff, church attendance was mandatory on Sunday, chapel was held every day (girls had to sit in the back), boys with scholarships could not smoke, dancing was prohibited (until 1920 when Rowe and the Dean of Women pleaded for its acceptance), and girls were not allowed to cheer at sporting events but were forced to sit and "clap daintily".

In Oct. 6, 1954 issue of the *Bates Student*, Rowe stated that "one of the most important things about a college is its tradition, because traditions represent a fine distilled perfume of past living and experience. They humanize an institution." Much of the humanity of the institution has left it as progress winds its way through every corridor and pathway to knowledge which exists. Rowe does not think as many traditions have been preserved today. "I think colleges are too sophisticated," he says adding that they do things the way society in general does them, and are too much on the

same level of involvement.

As the College is able to stand physically aloof from the city of Lewiston, likewise the basic aims of the college have been able to withstand the many changes occurring around them. Harry Rowe says it is "quite remarkable that Bates has deviated so little from these basic premises." The basic premises that he refers to include the facts that the College was founded as a co-educational institution and remained such despite early criticism, no fraternities or



sororities have been allowed, needy students have always received generous financial aid, and the basic educational divisions have for the most part remained untouched. But around these ideals change has occurred.

The size of the institution itself has made it less humanistic and more integrated into the general pattern of society. This is reflected by the faculty members past and present. The earlier faculty, says Rowe, treated Bates "as almost a cause, a religion." He adds that "it was the faculty members

who kept the students happy. They participated actively in student activities and had a personal contact with the students." Rowe now feels that at present "these young Ph D's on the faculty seem to think they have to expose the students to all their knowledge in a short space of time." Although he realizes that progress has brought with it a great body of knowledge which has caused diversification of the curriculum and a larger faculty, he would like to see more student-faculty interaction. He adds that some faculty members are merely passing through, using Bates as a stepping stone to get into a larger university to conduct more research. Like himself, the early faculty tended to make Bates their lifetime career, and to settle into the community.

The students themselves have also mirrored the change in the Bates society. In 1928, seventy-five percent of the students came from Maine, the majority of them from homes with simple traditions and a simple home life, mainly the children of small time merchants. As Harry Rowe relates "most of the small fry went to Bates, Colby, and the state colleges." The majority of the wealthy students went to the Ivy League schools. "Back in my time," says Rowe, "students would come to College with twenty-five dollars." They earned their way through school, but were forced to lose the total enrichment of the entire College program. These students spent their time working all night downtown at a restaurant and then tried to keep awake the next day in class. Some were even forced to drop out for ten weeks or so in order to earn money teaching, and then return and try to make up the work. Of course says Rowe, this is impossible today.

In order to cope with today's college environment, Rowe first suggests that students need "the intellectual capacity and drive to accomplish the kind of work that Bates is offering at the present time." Secondly, he feels that as both the college and society has progressed, students need "the ability to adjust to the modern strains of family life, personal living, and to avoid liquor and drugs." Citing the fact that forty percent of current marriages end in divorce, Rowe feels that somewhere in college a course in marriage and the family is needed, or perhaps "the general influence of the whole situation" can bring about the desired changes.

Harry Rowe feels it is the nature of students never to be satisfied with what they have. He says that in 1920 they wanted dancing and today they want a pub. Whatever the year, he adds, it will always be the same. Perhaps complaining and the ability to never be satisfied is what progress is all about. Progress is inevitable, and when it will finally grind to a halt no one can precisely say. It originated from yesterday and is heading mysteriously into tomorrow. We are all unique members of this voyage, along for the ride like a bowlful of Alphabet Soup.



Photographs
by
Jon Berick



After 1198 points—

Marois and 'Smooth'— They Go Together

By DANA FORMAN

"Jim Marois was the best all-around basketball player that I've ever had at Bates, and that's in 12 years of coaching." - Coach Wigton.



The atmosphere is tense in the Alumni Gym. The palms of several hundred spectators are moist with anticipation. A smooth but deliberate Bates' player glides down the floor with the ball. Two defending players seal off his path. The crowd murmurs the certain impending doom. Suddenly, there is a darting, a twisting, a turning, a dipping, a slithering, and a swirling, capped by the fluttering of woven strings. The crowd roars its approval as Jim Marois scores two more points.

A product of St. John's Prep, outside of Worcester Mass., Marois managed to compile an astounding set of statistics during his four-year stint at Bates. With the quickness and co-ordination of a cat, Marois scored 1198 points, placing him second in Bates all-time scoring. His blistering 50% shooting average from the floor enabled him to average in double figures in each of his four years, including an average of over 19 points a game as a senior.

As team captain both his junior and senior years, "Rookie" was named to the All-Maine second team as well as All-CBB. Also, as a senior, Marois was named Coaches' All-New England (second team), UPI All-New England (second team), and received Honorable Mention All-American (Division 3) - missing the third team by one place.

His coaches have nothing but praise for him as Head Coach Wigton said, "Jim Marois was the best all-around basketball player that I've had - and that's in 12 years of coaching."

Assistant Coach Russ Reilly called Jim, "One of the most electrifying players I've seen in all my years at Bates, and that includes my four years here as a student."

Indeed, the Alumni Gym was filled with electricity the night Marois scored his 1000th career point. For 10 glorified minutes hundreds of enthusiastic fans thundered their appreciation for what Marois has done for Bates Basketball. During this immense standing ovation, however, one could not help notice that emotions were much more visible on the faces in the crowd than on the remarkably cool Marois. Yet, underneath that outer mask of collective calm, there must have lain the tumultuous swelling of emotion, as Marois later admitted that this was his single biggest thrill at Bates.

Although Jim seems to be overly-laden with talent, he emphasizes the need to stay in shape: "I try to play as much as I can in the summer and I play every day once fall begins."

Nor does Marois limit himself to only basketball. He is a member of the Bates Tennis Team and plays a considerable amount of paddleball. He is also a pretty fair pool player (winner doubles tournament, runner-up singles.)

While Jim was an outstanding basketball player for Bates, the teams he played on did not exactly compile overly-impressive win-lost records. Marois in no way blames the coaching for the teams mediocre records. Instead, he feels that it is a reflection of the administration's attitude toward athletics, and that is that athletics

should take a back seat to academics. It is not that Jim is adamantly opposed to this policy, but he feels that in some ways the coaches are limited in their approach by the administration.

While basketball has been an intricate part of Marois' life, he realizes that it cannot be a full-time venture. Yet, at the same time, he would still like to be involved in basketball in some way. Accordingly, Jim is seriously thinking of becoming a graduate basketball assistant at Brown University.

One of the main reasons Jim Marois came to Bates was because a close friend advised him that he would receive a good education as well as an opportunity to play basketball. One shudders to think of what Bates' Basketball teams would have accomplished if it were not for Marois. As he puts it, "I'm just glad I came here...I'm glad I made the right decision." Well so are we, Jim, so are we!



Cage Softball

Official Final Standings

PANAMANIAN DIVISION

TEAM	WINS	LOSSES	FORFEITS
Page 1	7	0	0
Hedge	4	2	0
Roger Bill 1	4	2	1
Rand	3	2	1
J.B. 2	3	3	0
Page 2	3	4	0
Stillman			
Herrick	2	3	2
Adams 3	1	5	0

COLUMBIAN DIVISION

J.B. 1	6	1	0
HKWS	5	2	0
Smith 3	5	2	0
Adams 2	4	3	0
Smith 2	3	3	0
Milliken	2	3	1
Smith 4	1	4	0
Chase	0	3	4

MEXICAN DIVISION

Adams 1	5	0	0
Pierce	5	1	0
Roger Bill	1	0	2
Adams 4	2	3	0
Turner	1	2	0
Howard	0	1	3
Smith 1	0	2	4

Bagel Exposes Monster

By JAMES WEBER

6:15 p.m. Saturday, our first call came in. My name is Weber. Me and my asst. Lundy work the night shift for the Investigative team of the Student. The call was from the concierge, they were scared, scared to death. "See...we just got this call from this guy...and like..." "Just the facts please, just the facts." I prodded. "They saw the puddle monster please find out what really happened!" The phone fell dead.

We started researching the puddle monster, the first sighting was on the evening of Sept. 28, 1968 when students complained of seeing the monster, Richard Nixon in his underwear and Abbie Hoffman reading *Reader's Digest* whilst whistling the Star Spangled Banner. They were told to see the Dean of students the following day. They were never seen again.

Since then we have found out that a veritable plethora of sightings have occurred. They were all the same as far as place, description and conditions. They were always seen in the puddle, usually seen during so-called Keg Parties. They described seeing a long necked beast with a head that was half horse-like and half human, with a plastic nose, eyeglasses, and mustache disguise. There were simply too many sightings to ignore.

Sophisticated devices were useless in the detection because of the water of the puddle was simply too thick with suspended particals of undeterminate origin to be useful.

Our first real break came when while going thru the admissions office trash we discovered the following message:

Dear Sir,
Up Puddle Monster admissions or answer to the N.A.A.P.M.

Lance

We contacted the National Association for the Advancement of Puddle Monsters (NAAPM) and found them out to lunch.

Lundy and me were mad and wanted answers so we went to the biology dept. and asked them their opinion, two said yes, four no and one wanted a bagel and coffee to go. Later That prof. reveled the horrid truth, "He didn't want cream cheese on his bagel! Of course at first I was shocked then later noticed a cryptic message dug into the surface of the cheese. It read, "I know about

Lance, meet me in the pit, 12:00 p.m. Sat." This was the turning point for the investigation.

At that meeting the truth about the puddle monster came out, "Well, its like this, Lance is perhaps the last of an ancient lineage, you see once there was a species of Saber-toothed marsupials. They used to hang around with every day normal type saber-toothed tigers till one day the tigers set up a lions club and wouldn't let any of Lance's clan into the club. They told the leader of the



marsupials that they didn't want any grotty marsupial buggers hanging around, lowering property values and ruining the jungle with their filth. So the marsupials who were quite miffed, wanted to go home to mother, and they did just that, they remembered that about 5 million years before their ancestors had crawled out from the sea originially."

"Smart little buggers," I commented.

"Smarter still," the prof. continued, "They evolved gills again and fins but, they had to pay for it by living in murky, slimy,

polluted, stagnant ponds."

"Like the puddle?" I ventured.

"You got it Weber."

The search for "Lanie" (as the Lane Hall crowd had dubbed it) continued. Then the break came, Lance applied for admission. Dean Marks noted that although his qualifications were dubious, he was the only puddle monster and the federal department of bureaucracy had promised increased federal money for increased minority marsupial money. In this way Lance gained admission to Bates.

Hailing it as a new Bates tradition, Dean Carignan announced the establishment of a new Freshman incoming puddle monster aquarium center and public park. This is a great new exciting experiment to create diversity and to advise the monster to his academic, social and complexion problems. When asked how will total isolation create diversity, Dean Carignan replied, "Yes it is an exciting experiment, even if it's only in the planning stages." At this point several members of FREE LUNCH left giggling something about unbelievable.

Dean Issacson will be the advisor to the monster and is currently involved in forming a puddle monster club, a pre-puddle monster club, and a society for the betterment of puddle monsters.

The puddle monster is expected to major in Biology and will be guest lecturer in Evolution and the formation of mishappened beasties. The puddle monster plans on a minor in Govt. for no particular reason over that it reminds him of the puddle.

In an exclusive interview Lance stated that he didn't want to be the first "Beastie Batesie" but, "what the hell, it was free". He also expressed concern about his social life thus far at Bates confiding that he had been turned down many times when he asked Bates Coeds to go on a date. He feared that prejudice would mar his life out of the puddle but, he was much relieved to find out that his treatment was no different from any other male student. The monster otherwise did not have much to say other than he would not eat in commons, but instead would take his chances with the puddle's carp, toads, frogs and beer cans. Lundy and myself then left with the knowledge that monster or no, he was a true Bates student.

The Absolute Final Frog House by David Brooks



What's Happening

By MARGUERITE A. JORDAN

Theater and Dance

"The Homecoming." Through April 30, presented by the Portland Profile Theatre. For more information call 774-0465.

Richard Thomas-Theatre of Ballet. April 14, presented by the Rockland Community Concerts Association.

"Carnival." April 15, 16, 17 at 8:15 p.m. in Schaeffer Theatre. A Lewiston-Auburn Community Little Theatre Production.

Colby Dancers in Concert. April 15 and 16 in Strider Theatre. For more information call 873-1131 ext. 363.

"Forty Carats" April 14-16, 22-24, and 29-30, presented by Portland Players. For more information call 799-7337.

Film

La Femme Infidele. April 17 at 2:00 p.m. Sponsored by LPL & APL.

La Strada. April 10-12 at the Movies at Exchange Street (Portland)

Music

Portland Symphony Concert. April 12, 8:15 p.m. in the Portland City Hall. Features works by Manler and Beethoven.

Art Exhibits

Donald Lent and Lynda Litchfield Lent - Recent Works. Through April 17 in the Bates College Treat Gallery.

Paintings by the Wyeth Family. Through April 24 at the William A. Farnsworth Library and Art Museum in Rockland.

"I Never Promised you a Rose Garden" - An Exhibit on a Flower Theme. Through April 15 at the University of Maine at Augusta Gallery.

Tunisian Mosaics. Through April 24 at the Bowdoin College Art Museum.

Miscellany

Register for Spring Classes at the Craftschool (Lewiston) before April 13. Classes start April 18 and run through June 24. For more information call 783-9711.

The Art of Visual Gastronomy

Everyone knows there are more interesting things to do in Commons than eat. It's always fun to see a carefully aimed meatball splatter on some unwary neck, not to mention pseudo-splashdowns of napkin balls into steaming cups of coffee. (Cocoa produces an even more spectacular effect.) Pats of butter on the ceiling (margarine for chlorestorol watchers), salted milk, are only mild diversions from the day's various inedibles. In trugh, the finest delicacies are reserved for the eyes. A multitude of names for the art of visual gastronomy have sprung into use. Girl-watching, "perving" and outright leering are just a few.

So how does one whet his appetite? Location is important. Avoid places at the last table facing the wall. This can severely limit your viewing area. Any seat opposite a door is a good choice, except perhaps an emergency door. For the rear-action man an end chair is a must. Little or nothing is needed in the way of equipment - twenty-twenty vision (be sure to wear your glasses if you have them!) and a healthy lust for the opposite sex are the basics. Some bunny-watchers have been known to use binoculars but this tends to look a bit obvious. Subtlety is the name of the game here. Hard long stares just won't do. You're liable to get a dish of strawberry yogurt dumped on your head, or worse yet, your lap. (This is guaranteed to cool your ardor.) Other pitfalls can trap the unwary ogler. Breakfast is especially dangerous. Many a sharp-eyed hunter has lost his way in the cereal and donut jungle. Let's say one morning that cute blond you've been gazing at from afar is now staring back at you. You can't believe your good fortune! You look away, then glance back quickly. No doubt about it -- she's got her pair on you! But wait. People have been known to stare at lesser things than moldy prunes in the morning. You realize your caution is well founded. She's not watching you after all. What has riveted those beautiful blue eyes is not your new thirty dollar shirt but a coffee stain on the wall behind you.

Disappointments like these are inevitable. Of course, girls with hometown-honeys are a bad choice too, especially if their boyfriends weigh 220 pounds and stand six feet four inches tall. You might find yourself smeared onto the floor along with yeaterday's fluffy roast beef and today's won ton soup. But those are chances you have to take. In the end, the smallest efforts can prove to be visibly rewarding: even a beginner will soon learn that the best dishes in Commons aren't the ones posted on the menu.

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Classifieds: Secrets: Top Secrets: For Eyes Only. Reasonable prices. Contact Danial Ellberg, Inc.

Encountering insurmountable technical, operational, linguistic, or comprehension difficulties in situation verbosity experiences? For meaningful rectification of these inadequacies, write: Cares for Bureaucratic Terminology, Washington, D.C.

MY LIFE IN THE UNDERGROUND. Only \$5.95 at many leading bookstores. Read all about life on the run, encounters with police, drug freaks, and much, much more. Written by noted author and subway attendant Richard Gilbert.

Get Rich Quick! Lucrative profits available to investors in revolutionary new cure for hangnails! Send money to CLIPPER Box 309. Dissatisfaction guaranteed. No money back, no deposit.

Have you been ripped off by unscrupulous, materialistic, dishonest, scheming classified ads? We're trying to help. If you send money now, we can guarantee that there will be no more classified ads put in student newspapers for the remainder of the academic year. Send check or money order to: Truth in Advertising, Inc., Box 531.

Have you discovered a cure for webbed fingers? Why?

Have you discovered scandalous government corruption? Sorry there's a glut on the market. Try again in two years. Woodstein.

Have you discovered who has been writing these unhumorous ads? I thought we fired Jim a long time ago.

Have you discovered who wrote that last classified? He doesn't even work for us, does he?

No.

Have you discovered the thematic continuity of many of these classifieds? I see them as the author's search for order and truth in a world plagued by uncertainty, deceptions, lies, cheating, plagiarism, very shoddy work, and in general a bad attitude, so bad that I see no other choice but to ask you to take an extended leave of absence from this college. I'm sorry, but that is our decision.

Jim, you were right. They're infiltrating!

The art of potato frying can add a meaningful new dimension to your life. Send for our free brochure.

Have you discovered a cure for potato blight? You're one hundred years late, but keep up the good work.

"Der Entschluß, die Welt zu verlassen, hatte in dieser Zeit, unter solchen Umständen in Werthers Steele immer mehr Kraft gewonnen." Goethe.

Staff: We've isolated the party responsible for infiltrating and leaking classifieds. They might be Germans. Jim.

Who's taking credit for my classifieds?

They're mine, not Jim's! I demand to be heard, or else...

Contrary to popular belief, we have found that potato buds cannot be used in plastic surgery.

Sure and yer doin' the best ya can, but the quality's gettin' a wee bit thin, don't ya think?

Infiltrators may be Irish. Pass it on.

Sehr Gut! Begora, infiltration is almost here

Tim,

They are Neo-Nazi-I.R.A. Provisionals Jim

If you can never enter the same river once, why bother taking a bath. Empedocles, go jump in a lake!

Barbara, still haven't received my check, please forward.

Well popcorn lovers, you really blew it, my bright attentive guards and attendants will join me in a popcorn orgy and your not invited you ingrates.

To all Seniors,

Write back to us and tell us, is there really a world outside Bates?

The Staff

Term paper typing not done, I mean everybody has either done it or flunked it by this time anyway. Finger Painting I will feature nude models this year, sign up before it is too late.

If Descartes was wrong and you don't exist, why am I bothering to write these classifieds?

Regards to the Lunch crowd, we are slowly being ostracized, ignore this if you don't comprehend.

Having a good time reading these classifieds? I'm having a rotten time writing them.

EUROPE FOR AM
less than 1/2 economy fare
(800) 325-4867

Un:Travel Charters

Cooper's

Seafood Steaks

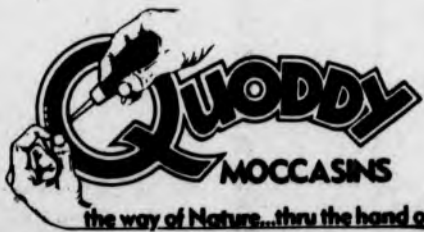
Now serving Cocktails!
11-11 daily except Sundays
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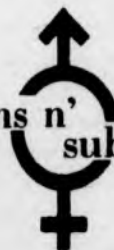
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Vladimir Nablokov's Disparity

This is the story of two brothers, Stu and Pid, who have more than a family resemblance. Yet they are also quite distinct from each other. Stu is a bright boy. People feel that he holds much promise. But Pid is different. He cavorts with reckless abandon. Everyone knows that he is an amiable fellow; unfortunately he lacks the academic lustre of his brother. His motivation is directed toward social concerns. While Stu finds pleasure in the Study of Russian subcultures, Pid wiles away his hours at the gaming tables, earning beer money and winning women. **Picture this** - Stu is marching to class with briefcase in hand; his knuckles white with effort. **Another scene** - Pid is strolling down Wood Street with a girl on one hand and a backgammon case in the other.

The next day comes. Stu is combing his hair in front of the mirror. He is going over his math problems in his mind. He turns away from the mirror and glances around his room. It is in complete disarray. A very busy day today, he thinks. A Quasar seminar at nine, and Dr. Werner Wagner of the Heidelberg Institute of Further Knowledge will be speaking at noon. Two hours in the computer center will almost fill the afternoon, and still leave enough time to finish the chemistry experiment. A sudden noise brings Stu to the window, where he again drifts into thought.

What a wild night last night. Pid chuckles as he recalls the scene. Wish those kids would be quiet out there; they aren't helping my head any. Don't remember everything, but that's a good excuse to talk to Alice again. She's a sharp girl; seems capable of handling any situation. She stood right up to that obnoxious Fleishman kid without causing a scene. Luckily he stayed around long enough for me to win ten bucks off him. Pid looked around the room again. God, what a mess. Where did all those people come from last night. They were everywhere, even on top of the bureau. So now the maid has to deal with this catastrophe. I'll go get a cup of coffee at Commons. He straightens his collar in the mirror. This time the sight is not as gruesome as when he awoke and first glanced at his image.

The Frandeesee Law is bothering Stu. How can a and b be the same when they appear to be different? Equal is understandable, but the same? The professor's voice drones on in the background while Stu mulls this problem over. He can work on it during lunch, he thinks, when the bell breaks the class. While he is walking out of the classroom, a voice stops him like a leash pulled taut. It is Alice. Stu asks her what she thinks of his math problem. She explains her view on the walk to lunch, after which there is a lengthy silence. Stu wishes that he could say more to Alice, but there is nothing else. He admires her in many ways. Why do I feel this way?, he thinks. Alice is smart, but that isn't what draws me to her. What do I feel? What strange desire is this? I must ask Pid, he is experienced in this field. Perhaps this feeling for Alice is a sign of a deeper restlessness. Oh, I wish I could be more like Pid; he does what he wants. Stu is on the ramp now, waiting for Commons to open. He looks up at the mirror, with the silent Alice next to him. "I will be more like Pid!", he says as he gazes into his own eyes.

"Pid?" says Alice.

Pid is jolted out of his trance, and he looks down from the ceiling mirror. I thought I heard Alice call my name. Ah, Alice, you are the one. You are the epitome of womanhood. So why aren't you the answer to my life? I

must look for meaning in myself. I thought that the life I lead would be the ultimate freedom, but it isn't. So where is freedom? It is not in any one lifestyle. I thought that, until repetition and boredom washed away my facade of free will. I have no choice; I must commit the ultimate act. By denying my own existence, I will affirm it.

Lunch goes quickly for the brothers. Afterwards, Stu and Pid spend the afternoon pondering their respective quandries. Stu worries about his lack of spontaneity and Pid, his bout with determinism. dinner comes and goes. Shadows have been gathering as the sun draws low upon the western horizon, and finally disappears. Evening brings relief from the day's heat, but not the mind's torment. In his anguished resolution, Pid takes a large rock to the moon lit shores of Lake Andrews. Clutching the rock with both hands, he jumps into the mysterious water, determined to end his life. In holding the rock, rather than being tied to it, Pid expresses the strength of his desire, for this act is one of pure will. Soon everything lies cold and still; only the ripples show motion as they silently leave the scene.

The moon has already risen when Stu steps out to take the evening air. He is still steeped in thought. I will be more impulsive. I must be. Why, I haven't touched a book since this afternoon, and I feel the difference. His gait affirms this change, as he strolls down the lane to the lake, humming a Berlin ballad. He looks into the water, and is startled to see his own reflection. Well, what would Pid do in this situation?, Stu asks himself. He answers his own question by leaping into the lake. As he dives into his mirror image, an unknown mass blocks his downward path. This strange mass struggles with him.

Pid has no idea how long he has been beneath the waves, when he is jolted. A new spectre drives his rendezvous with death away, as he drops his rock to grapple. He is resolved to kill himself; therefore he will fight any attempts to cheat him of this right.

Alice is enjoying a study break in her customary fashion, strolling around the puddle. She is feeling quite content when she notices someone dragging himself out of the water. He looks up at her and breaks into uproarious laughter. She gazes at this insane sight, and asks, "What do you think you were doing, Stupid?"

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