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Bates College

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When, in the course of human events, a strange newspaper appears which bears no resemblance to a regular college newspaper, everyone wonders where it came from. Even the staff of the college newspaper wonder because they have nothing to do with it. Some think it has something to do with Lempoons, Harvard, National or otherwise, but it doesn't. This paper has nothing to do with Lammings, it is about Lemmings, the unofficial mascot of a small Maine liberal arts college. Therefore this (as you probably guessed) IS NOT

The Bates Lempoon

Vol. III Number IV

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April 11, 1980

Cardigan Resigns, Alleges Sexism, Racism

Dean of the College James Cardigan announced his resignation Tuesday, citing alleged sexism and racism at Bates as his reasons. In a press conference, Cardigan talked about his resignation and

the reasons for it. "It got to the point where I just couldn't take it. All that talking behind my back. You know what they say as well as I do. 'There he goes, our token WASP dean.' Of course

this is only part of the problem. Sex discrimination at Bates is an outrage. It is virtually impossible for a man to get a job here. Those that do stand little chance of getting tenure because of the quotas set. There are many subtle ways that men are discriminated against at Bates. Let me give you an example or two. Do you realize how few mens' bathrooms there are in Parker Hall? Women's Awareness receives lots of money and attention, yet we do not even have a men's awareness."

"Bates must try to restructure its commitment to white males and other minorities. Being forced to pay for the sins of our fathers has driven us into moral bankruptcy. The whole situation needs to be examined closely."

When asked what his plans were, Cardigan was at a loss.

"I don't know. I am a white male, what opportunity is there for me?"



Dean Cardigan in summer civies. (Photo by Cardigan)

Bates Denied Admission To Ivy League

In another piece of brilliant investigative reporting, The Bates Lempoon has uncovered evidence that early in 1979, Bates College applied for admission to the Ivy League. The application was rejected. After much research, we have put together this story behind the story.

Convinced that Bates had improved its level and quality of education, in January 1979, the president and trustees of Bates College applied for admission to the Ivy League. In addition to the educational and athletic prestige this posting would give the college, it also meant a financial bonus to Bates. The average tuition of Ivy League institutions is \$2,000 more than Bates. Hence, once in the Ivy League, "we could really jack up the tuition" a member of the board of trustees confided.

In April, 1979, a committee, representing the Ivy League visited Bates for a week to determine the suitability of the college for admission to their select cadre. The Bates Lempoon was able to track down a member of that committee Dr. Pendleton Wallaby of Harvard to find out why the Bates petition was rejected.

"First of all" said Dr. Wallaby, "Bates had too low an alligator quotient. We surveyed the student body, and found that only 10% at

any given time were wearing Alligator LaCoste Shirts. To be classified Ivy League, the alligator quotient must be at least 20%."

"Another problem was athletics. Bates does not have any crew teams. If they put a boat house on Lake Andrews, and started training eights, we might reconsider. Also, instead of having ivy on the walls of your gym, you have dents."

"Of course, the student body represents a problem. Bates is so proletarian. I mean, not a single member of either the Kennedys* or the Rockefellers have attended Bates. Most of them think Bates is a junior college. If we let Bates in, U. Mass would be next."

"Lewiston does not fit in with the Ivy League tradition either. It is too big to be compared to Hanover, and not quite as big as Boston or New York. Lewiston is disgusting, but not as bad as New Haven or Philadelphia."

Bates continues its quest for prestige undauntedly. At last report, the Board of Trustees had entered negotiations with the Little Three to make it the Not Quite So Little Four.

*Editor's Note: Robert Kennedy did, indeed, attend Bates College as part of the V-12 unit here in 1942. He lived in Smith Hall and was on the ski team. Really!

Cohen Receives First Lempoon Award

(c) 1980, The Bates Lempoon

On Monday, February 26, Robert Cohen was presented with The Bates Lempoon Communications Award at his estate at the University of Southern Maine. Presenter-in-chief of *The Lempoon*, Richard Nixon traveled to the east coast for the presentation. The award, honoring former Bates Student Editor Cohen for his accomplishments in the field of international communication, was the first of four such awards to be presented by the satirical student newspaper, each honoring an individual who excel-

led in a different area of communications. Editor Cohen was chosen to receive the award by a special committee appointed from among the staff of *The Lempoon*. Following is the text of the presentation speech:

"On behalf of the Bates Lempoon, the satirical student newspaper or Bates College in Lewiston, Maine, I am pleased to present to you the Bates Lempoon Communications Award."

This annual award is presented to you, Robert Cohen, for your admirable efforts in the field of inter-

national communications. It is not that you have actually made any such contributions in the field but our paper is so desperate to make a joke that it will stoop to any level to get a laugh. At first we had intended to give the award to Andrew Young in order to create controversy. Then we thought that the Ay atolah Khomeni in an effort to make everyone mad might be an even better person to receive the award. Then we remembered those good old days when that glorious chant, "We Weren't Asked" filled the air and decided that it was you, Robert Cohen, that created an atmosphere of controversy last spring. With this award we recognize you for this contribution and perhaps hope to relive a little of this excitement.

Former Editor Cohen accepted the award, an engraved Bates College plaque, and expressed his appreciation and pleasure at being chosen. Directly preceding and following presentation, Editor Cohen was kind enough to talk informally with President Nixon. Subjects discussed included Cohen's new stereo system, his recent trip to Boston, his upcoming graduation and a variety of other topics. A tour of the former editor's office, rich in memorabilia from around the state, was also given. Robert Cohen was an amiable and hospitable host.



Cohen receives First Lempoon Award (Photo by Arey)

Editors Elected

The Executive Board of the Bates Student announced Wednesday its decision regarding the appointment of editor and assistant editor to serve in 1980-81.

Serving as editor will be sophomore Van Tomnah. Van was elected when he offered to split his \$2000 salary with the other members of the Executive Board. When asked for a comment, Tomnah said, "Papa would be proud... Papa Hemingway, that is. You know Ernest started out in the newspaper game too." Van has served on the staff of *The Student* as scapegoat and professional lackey.

Appointed by the Board as assistant editor was Diane Gold, a three-year student who will be beginning her fifth year at Bates next fall. Gold has served on *The Student* as token female reporter.

Tomnah and Gold will be working together for the remainder of

the year and officially take office on the last day of the current semester. When asked about the relationship between editor and assistant editor, Tomnah stated, "I see us doing lots of special reports

together. This should include lots of undercover work."

Current assistant editor Marc Jonus could not be reached for comment.

Track Coach To Leave Bates

The Bates College News Bureau announced today that long time Bates track and cross-country Coach Walter Slothwaltinski will resign his post at the end of this school year to take a new position at Florida State University as Head Coach of the women's cross-country ski team.

In the past year Slothwaltinski has come under some criticism for his coaching methods at Bates, and the Lempoon, in an exclusive interview, asked the track mentor

whether this had influenced his decision to leave this College. In a typically Slothwaltinski reply, the Coach answered, "ah, no." When he was asked why he was leaving Mr. Slothwaltinski replied, "There are many reasons for my decision both professional and personal that I don't wish to discuss with the press." But Slothwaltinski did tell this reporter off the record that he was taking the FSU position because it paid better.

(Continued on Page 4)

This Week

Inside *The Lempoon* this week: — "Nymphomaniacs at Bates," who they are and where to find them. Hugh Hefner takes us on a pictorial tour.

— Continued massive free publicity for WINTA. This week, we have 17 articles on WINTA. Next week we will have full coverage.

— Intricate details of the Democratic Primary Campaign. Also a special report: "Why the Republican Party is unimportant and not worth mentioning in the Bates Lempoon."

A Book Review: "Women's Awareness, Human Awareness and Other Dulled Senses"

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Due to new pool problems Lake Hedley will open during Short Term. See related letter on page 3.

A Special Inside Report

Politics In College Papers: Student Lempo Staffers Meet White House Aide

LOW-RANKING CARTER ADMINISTRATOR FORCED TO LAND IN LEWISTON

Last Wednesday, a plane carrying Sammy Joe Carter, a distant relative and even more distant supporter of President Carter, was fogged in over Boston and forced to land in Lewiston. Carter, while he was here, decided to spend some time campaigning for the President. Since there were no other politicians campaigning in the state, *The Student* is forced to use this boring topic for another of our boring political special reports. As usual, *The Student* was there to cover every boring, trivial minute of the stop.

Sammy Joe Carter voiced initial dismay at being forced to land in Lewiston. "It was o.k. though, once I learned that we were still in the United States. At first I thought we were in Quebec."

"What exactly is your relation to the President?" asked our reporter ignorantly.

"Actually, I'm only related to the President by marriage. You see, Mrs. Carter is the sister of my mother's cousin's uncle's nephew, twice removed. It's only a coincidence that my daddy's name was Carter too."

"That's so simple, I should have known that. By the way, what position do you hold in the Carter Administration?"

"I am Chief of the White House Bureau for Aquatic Custodial Affairs."

"I imagine that lately you've been concerned a lot with the possible aquatic landing into Iran?" guessed a student blindly.

"No, actually, I just supervise the cleaning of the White House Pool," said Carter.

"Gee, you sure made us look like dumb idiots, Mr. Carter," said another.

"That's o.k., I lay out this section of the paper. I'll just cut out this part that makes us look bad," laughed the reporter.

"Golly, isn't that censorship of the press?"

"Shhhhh!"

Mr. Carter had a busy schedule in Lewiston. His first stop was the men's room of the L-A Airport. Our staffer quizzed Sammy Joe about the facilities.

"How did it go in there? We were afraid you had drowned."

"Actually, I like to check out all airport facilities. If Jimmy is elected, he wants to institute a 10

million dollar program to upgrade the League of Women Voters. After a four-martini lunch, another Bates *Lempo* reporter had a chance to fire some hard-hitting questions concerning Mr. Carter's views about women. "What exactly is the President's position on women?" she asked.

"What the President and Rosalyn are up to is not my concern. I know that he has been known to lust, but that's his problem."

"But what about ERA?"

tion for Amy."

Next stop was Bates College. Sammy Joe attended an anti-draft rally sponsored by W.I.N.T.A. Here, of course, the major issue was military service.

"What exactly is the President's stand on sending troops to Afghanistan, Mr. Carter?" asked one student.

"The President wants to create, for all Americans, a safe world. He feels that his administration can be a bridge to this nonviolent future," explained Mr. Carter.

"Speaking about bridges, what do you think of Senator Kennedy's chances?" interrupted a faculty member.

"The Senator is a pacifist. He is unrealistic. He doesn't see that the only way to be a pacifist, you've got to fight. Once we nuke the Comies, we can live in a safe world. Of course, some Americans may have to lay down their lives to secure this future..."

"Hey!" shouted one of the rallying pacifists, "this guy is all for war, quick, let's lynch him! Someone get the tar and feathers."

Aided by the Bates Security Force, armed with helmets and tear gas, Sammy Joe Carter was able to make it into the Bates Commons where he held a dinner meeting with the staff of *The Student*. This gave everyone a chance to get their shot at the high-ranking dignitary. The first question went to *The Student's* ace music expert.

"How does the President feel about disco?" he asked.

"The President thinks that disco sucks!" yelled Carter.

"I think I'm going to be sick," blurted the reporter as he made a beeline for the door.

"Does this mean that the President backs the bill calling for the annual celebration of Buddy Holly Day?" asked the editor.

"No," explained Carter, "it just means that the President likes to make disco supporters sick."

"Don't you think that virtually

everyone has the wrong approach to all issues?" asked another writer. "I mean, on the draft, both the hawks and the draft dodgers are wrong and only the select few who think like me, right in the middle, are right."

"Boy, are you old enough to vote?" asked Carter.

"Why, no..."

"Then get lost."

While picking cube steak from her teeth with a fork, a staffer asked, "Does the President plan to appoint more female advisors and cabinet members?"

"Well, if he does, don't hold your breath waiting for a job."

"Is there any chance of the President rescinding the boycott of the Summer Olympics?" another asked sportingly.

"The President is, in fact, considering lifting the boycott of the Olympic games" said Carter. "The ban should be lifted sometime early in the fall."

"The President has a vested interest in peanuts, does he," asked a contributing columnist, "like peanut butter ice cream?"

"Surprisingly, President Carter hates peanut butter ice cream. He always eats chocolate chip when it is available. In fact, he supports the amendment to the Constitution which would give all Americans the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of chocolate chip ice cream."

After this meeting broke up, Mr. Carter took his limousine back to Lewiston Airport. Not surprisingly, the daring duo of *The Student* were there, every inch of the way, describing all the details.

We could give you more in-depth reporting about the condition of Sammy Joe Carter, but we feel that it is too trivial and completely unimportant.

Carter's plane took off from L-A Airport at 7:41 and 16.8 seconds P.M. It flew at an altitude of 32,456 feet (approx.).



A Sammy Joe Carter addresses students in Chase Hall

(Photo by Himself)

million dollar program to upgrade airport toilets."

"That way, no one can complain that they don't have a pot to pee on," said a reporter. "Gosh, I'm proud to be an American."

"What did you think of the toilet paper?" quizzed another.

"Actually, I'm afraid to report that it was Charmin, which is squeezable, but not socially diversified enough to be considered as good Democratic toilet paper. The President and Mrs. Carter prefer White Cloud," said Sammy Joe Carter.

Next stop for Mr. Carter was a luncheon attended by members of

"Well, as you probably know, Jimmy did used to pitch for the high school baseball team and he had a very good ERA. Senior year, I believe his earned run average was something like 1.61."

"Wow, he should have turned pro, that's too bad," said the staffer.

"Yea, he probably would have doubled his viewing audience," cracked another.

"Back to women, Mr. Carter, how does the President feel about abortions?"

"Neither Jimmy or Rosalyn have ever had an abortion, though the President now admits that perhaps they should have made an excep-

Administrative Meeting Tapped By Lempo Staffers



"Love Me I'm A Liberal" Carignan

One afternoon the staff of the Bates *Lempo* was sitting around the office, drinking heavily and watching our favorite television show, Hogan's Heroes, on reruns.

We all were making comments on how much fun Colonel Hogan and the gang were having eavesdropping on one of the meeting in good old Colonel Klink's office.



"Watch that, fella," remarks President Reynolds

Suddenly *Lempo* Coordinator Tad Baker, (sipping his 37th beer of the afternoon) decided that it might be fun to bug Lane Hall and see what goes on in those hallowed halls.

Cleverly, a microphone was hidden in a bottle of Jim Beam in the president's office. Heard is the text of a meeting held last week in that office. Parts have been deleted for the sake of conserving space and for common decency.

President: This meeting will come to (hic) order. The secretary will read the minutes of the last meeting.

Secretary: Last week we discussed...

President: Excuse me. I've gotta use the bathroom.

Secretary: ... as I was saying ... (sound of water trickling against a wall)

Dean Reese: Ah, like excuse me, Mr. President, but that's the, ah, closet. The bathroom is the next, ah, door down.

(a stumbling sound is heard and then the sound of water on water)

Secretary: ... as I was saying ...

Dean Carignan: I would like to take this opportunity to make a motion for the oral recitation of the recorded events of one week ago be dispensed with due to the lateness of the present hour as can be seen by the depiction ... (11 minutes speech deleted) ... can not be discussed at the present time.

Alumni Director Welbourne: What the hell did that mean?

Dean Hiss: I think he means that we shouldn't read the minutes of the

last meeting because its getting late.

MacDonald: I agree, lets get out of here early because I don't want to be sexually harassed after dark.

Dean Reese will you please put that basketball down and come back to the meeting.

Dean Reese: Well, ah, O.K., I guess so.

Dean Straub: I'd like to argue Welbourne's point that the Alumni is this College's major concern. Seriously, where are our priorities? What are we here for anyways? The faculty is far more important than the Alumni.

Dean Carignan: I believe we have carelessly forgotten an aspect of the College community that superceeds all related criteria for judgement of ... (Parts of 17 minute speech deleted) ... Thus in conclusion the administration is the most important group on campus.



Dean MacDonald

President Reynolds: I agree with my dear friend James Carignan. The administration is so important to the operation of this campus that I'm giving us all a pay raise and adjourning this meeting. With more discussion of ideas like the ones presented at today's meeting, we can make Bates as good as ... dare I say it ... MIDDLEBURY.



Dean Reese and friends

The Bates Lempoop

Commentary

The Presidential Campaign: The Russians Must Feel Rather Confident

The Presidential race seems to be down to five candidates now. Teddy Kennedy seems to have lost some of his reputation as a womanizer, a lifeguard and a submarine designer and now is running strictly on his reputation as a Senator. Maybe he should have stuck with being a submarine designer.

George Bush after a quick start in Iowa has lost much of the momentum he craves so much. Perhaps this is because he answers every question with the same answer. (Example: Q. Mr. Ambassador, how would you deal with the Iran crisis? A. With strong leadership. Q. What would you do about nuclear power plants? A. Show strong leadership.) It just doesn't seem like Mr. Bush has many answers. But then again, strong leadership is important.

John Anderson has become the campaign's flake and the media has fallen in love with him. The Anderson phenomenon is stunning, as how many candidates can get away with announcing that he will "raise" the price of gas fifty cents? Nobody really takes Anderson seriously. How many times have you heard people say, "I'd vote for Anderson but if I do Reagan will get the nomination"?

That seems to be the overriding feeling of the Republican campaign. Nobody is trying to win the nomination — they're try-

ing to keep Ronald Reagan from getting the nomination. What does everyone have against Reagan? Well, for one thing, he is old enough to be Carter's grandfather. Secondly, his idea of a good time is dropping nuclear bombs on Leningrad. Thirdly, his hair is greasy.

Finally, we should look at our glorious incumbent President, James Earl Carter. But I really don't want to, it just gets me depressed.

This group of candidates for President is certainly the worst group we've had running for the highest office in the land in nearly four years. But what choice do we have, none of the people that would make good Presidents ever seem to run for the office. Why don't people like Walter Cronkite, Carl Yastremski, Ted Turner or T. Hedley Reynolds ever put their names on the ballot?

Perhaps this is all a big commie plot to destroy the executive branch of our government. I mean what other country has an ex-movie actor, a driver's ed. flunkie and a peanut farmer running for the highest office in the land.

Many people feel the Russians are just as scared of our military might as we are of theirs. With one of those five clowns as Commander-in-Chief, I don't think the Russians have anything to worry about.



Women's Awareness: Pick-a-little, Talk-a-little

Girls Do It Better

With this new women's lib junk inundating us every day, the Bates Lempoop has tried to keep up with the spirit of the times. Accordingly, here are some things that girls can do better than men.

1. Girls can have babies better than men. This is a fact of life and girls should be proud that God has chosen them for this purpose. Keep up the good work, girls.

2. Girls can sit and watch men play sports like baseball, tennis and softball better than men can. Girls are born to be cheerleaders and they sure look cute in those little skirts at football games.

3. Girls can also perform very well in certain professional areas such as nurses, stewardesses, elementary school teachers and, of course, secretaries. Now I don't want to overemphasize the ability of girls in these professions. Certainly men could do as well if they wanted these types of jobs but somehow girls seem more suited for such things.

4. No one can make a home like a girl. In addition, nothing makes a man happier than for his girl to have a hot meal on the table when he comes home from a hard day at work. Just like that great Glen Campbell song about the "Everyday Housewife" goes, a good girl who can keep the house clean, keep his socks mended and also mow the lawn in between her bowling leagues and soap operas is a joy to behold.

5. There are other professions, such as acting, that girls have been known to excel in. Think of how much enjoyment such great female actresses as Farah Fawcett, Lonie Anderson, Linda Lovelace, Raquel Welch, Cheryl Ladd and Suzzanne Summers have given us.

6. Finally, girls are usually cuter than men. (Although not always.) There is nothing cuter than a nicely built little woman in a bikini on a warm summer's day. Thanks a lot girls, you sure make life great for us guys.

— Michael Middleclass



Draft Girls?

In recent weeks there has been much discussion about the use of girls in the U.S. armed forces. The Lempoop as a public service to our readers has decided to print the Pro and Negative argument for the drafting of girls into the armed forces.

PRO:

Why shouldn't girls be drafted along with the rest of us? Someone has to protect this great nation of ours against the Huns from that pagan Red Menace known as Russia. Girls can perform, as well as, if not better than men, in many of the jobs in the modern war making machine. For example, who can seriously argue that girls aren't better cooks; more capable uniform menders; and superior secretaries than their male counterparts. I doubt that there is a single man in the Navy who can wash the deck of a ship better than a girl.

Besides the U.S. government wouldn't have to pay girls as much as men for doing the same jobs. Thus the U.S. could save money that could be used to buy better types of guns.

Of course there are certain jobs that girls should not be allowed to do. For example, our Armed Forces can not afford to trust expensive equipment like tanks and jeeps to lady drivers, such jobs should remain all male. In addition, women are not capable of commanding troops because they would probably get scared and start to cry.

But women are just as capable of leading suicide missions like charging up beach heads and

parachuting behind enemy lines. Thus this government should take advantage of girls as a human resource capable of helping to kill commie invaders. Besides, think of the special services that girls could perform for our guys on the front line — it could sure help morale.

AGAINST:

If we allow dames to be used anymore than we already do in our Armed Forces, a disaster will result. Can you imagine the problems. "Sorry Sargent, I can't make the war because I couldn't find a baby sitter." The problems would be limitless.

Pretty soon we would have to have pink submarines for girls and blue submarines for boys. You'd have panty hose hanging from gun mounts on battle ships and Drill Sargents wearing lipstick.

Can you imagine an American Infantry Soldier wearing high heels, earrings and carrying feminine hygiene sprays around in her field pack. By God, we'd never win another war.

Besides girls would have to get two or three days off of every month because of some mysterious ailment that they always seem to get. You'd have to install television sets in B-52 bombers just so girls wouldn't miss their soap operas. This great nation of ours would be the laughing stock of the world.

Anytime a girl wanted out of the military she would just get herself pregnant. America is not ready for such a gamble as using women in the Army. After all, everyone knows that a woman's place is in the home.

Letter From President

An VjlbWvT T tsa
Eluu Gjhehjb

N ij bee T t s n e l j b n o r r A j s f t
faLv tmln YlE i Q , tLv tmln H
tee f aj f eb n e l j b n t v T A j b a o r r
A j h e l j m f t w i l a j F l D N i j t j g
f s d : Y e t m l n j t j g n j l b a a j f e b a
o r r a j r j d i j f b e e T a u e b Q 5 4 6 : 4 0
C v f e b t v T A j b a o r r A j h e l j m e t
N v j a m l n Y l E i Q j l t m t j g n j l b a
c v f e b a o r r a j r j d b e e T a e t 9 j r x
t j a m l n f s d Y l E i Q D j g n j l b a
a e h i e T e b j a o r r b j e j f I j t v T A j b a
t j g L v t m l n Y l E i Q 2 l t m o r r
a j r j d b e e T a e t Y e t m l n Y l E i Q D
R e l j b n t v T A j b a o r r A j h e l j m
f t w i l a j F l r r h t e e t e t d i j m l j
f t m E l j d

N ij R e l j b n o r r A j i j m f t G l t m
F l D , t d i j f s d e u b e e T a j r j E k
d f e f a l v m j d a i e v r m s e d e G l t m
r e o j b r e v t s j o f i l r e t s f a l e u
b e e T E i e E j d

9 i j t l a l v m j d a r e l j b n t v T A j b
f a E l r j n j i k a i j o r r h e e j j m d e

h E y l t l l i f r A j b e e D
N v b t j b i e v a j i l a l b j l m A j j t
l a e f s t j m f t l s e v h b e e T t s r e k
(Continued on Page 4)

Track

(Continued from Page 1)

Campus action was varied. For instance, Tim MacNamara of Mac on Sports fame, broke into tears and started shouting hysterically, "How can he leave me. Walt has been like a father to me. Woe is me. Sob, sob, sob." Women's Basketball Coach Gloria Cranberry refused to comment and was last seen breaking open a bottle of 1934 Mounton Rothschild that she had been saving for a special occasion.

When reached for comment, President Reynolds said, "I'm gonna miss the man. He has been one of the best track and cross-country coaches the men's teams have had in the last five years."

Bates Theatre Presents *Lear*

The Bates College Department of Theater and Rhetoric presents *King Lear*, a continuous engagement from April 8, 1980 to Feb. 29, 1993. Produced by Irwin Allen.

This weekend, the Bates Theater Department premiered its version of Shakespeare's *King Lear*. The performance can only be described as unique. Liberties have been taken with the script, producing interesting results.

Steve Martin plays a spirited Lear. Unfortunately, he disappears relatively early in the script when he divides himself into three pieces as well as his kingdom. At this point, Cordelia, played by Carol Burnette, becomes the key figure in the play. She is aided in ruling the divided Kingdom by Kent, who is played by Eric and Beth Heiden. Eric plays the loyal Kent in the first two acts, while Beth takes over the role after Kent undergoes his sex change operation in Denmark in Act IV. Kent had supposedly gone to Denmark to entice Hamlet to come take the lead in the play after Lear's death. Late in Act V, negotiations begin

with MacBeth, through his agent, Fallstaff. He finally agrees to come into the play, and he arrives just in time to defend England against the Martian invasion in Act VII. The special effects used during the invasion are spectacular to put it mildly. They are carried off primarily by the passing out of hallucinogenic drugs to the audience. The stage crew must be commended for a good job here.

Special mention should be made of Lear's Fool, played to the hilt by Ronald Reagan, trying to make an acting comeback. Though he often makes veiled references to the

wisdom of using 20 Mule Team Borax, the Fool is mostly ignored, even by his constituents. It is a shame that Reagan has been away from the stage for so long, doing most of his acting on the political stage.

The performance does drag at times, but any play which lasts 47 hours is bound to do this a little. The costumes, primarily birthday suits, are well worth a second look. While the production has taken several minor liberties with the original script, I feel that any true lover of Shakespeare will find this tragedy most amusing.



Crowd lines up outside Schaeffer Theatre to see *Lear*.

Kurt's Cradle: A Novel In Installments

by Kirk Vonnestomach

The Bates *Lempoon* has recently acquired the rights to Kirk Vonnestomach's latest novel *Kurt's Cradle*. Vonnestomach, the author of such works as *Slaphappy*, *Welcome to the Doghouse* and *God Bless You, Kilgore Trout* has once again put together a masterpiece. The following is the first of several install-

ments from *Kurt's Cradle* which will appear in the *Lempoon*.

Call me An Accident. My parents do, at least they do now. It all started when I was thirty, actually it all started when the universe was born. Until I was thirty, my parents and everyone else called me Harold. Then, one day, for no reason at all, she said "you're an

accident." You can't imagine what problems this raised. I had to get my name legally changed to An Accident and train my wife and kids to call me An.

Listen: I did not start this book to tell you these things. These things are none of your business. I wrote this book to make money.

It all started when I was in my Uncle's furniture store in Peoria, Illinois. I happened to ask Uncle how his business was. This, of course was before I became stuck-up in time.

"Business?" he said. "Busy, busy, busy." And he shook his head.

Busy, busy, busy, means business was very good. It is not the opposite of slow, slow, slow, but they are related.

Here: Slow, slow, slow means stupid, extremely stupid. Example: Many slow, slow, slow people make my books sell busy, busy, busy.

I am here to spread the word of Bokoma. I am a Bokomaist. Bokoma is the teaching of the Lord Bo, who is so boring he puts you in a

coma (koma), hence BOKOMA. We Bokomaists believe that God works through teams, also called a "harass." The name of my team is The Brooklyn Dodgers.

When I was young, I fought in a bad war, very very bad. From the inside of a slaughterhouse, I witnessed a whole city being creamed. Very bad. This bothered me for years. Then, one day, I realized, if it was going to bother me I might as well make money from it, so I wrote a book. Busy, busy, busy. It is all foma.

Foma is the shaving cream which Bokomaists sell. Busy, busy, busy. If you want a can of foma, for your harass to shave with, and can't find it in your busy, busy, busy supermarket, then write me (enclose check or money order for \$15) at:

An Accident
c/o Kirk Vonnestomach
Martha's Vineyard
U.S.A.
Planet Earth
The Milky Way

Slim Whitman Will Not Fade Away

Well, that wiley ole rascal's gone up and done it again. Just when we thought Slim Whitman had finally faded into the sunset, he comes back in the best of form with this new "live" disc. This work represents quite a change for Slim, from the sweet voiced crooner to the deliverer of some of the gutsiest, hard-edged rock and roll that this reviewer has ever heard. I can imagine the shock of those thousands of middle-aged Japanese ladies expecting to be wooed into "walla-walla" land and instead get-

ting a contorting, pelvis-grinding, screeching rock and roller. Whitman, between 50 and 70 years old, described his new style as "the real me." The pictures on the album cover capture fully the fury of Whitman and his backup band "The Squirms" who live in the Tokyo hall. The left inside cover features a full frontal shot of Slim's gold sequined pelvis, and the right side has the performer's smiling face with several guitar picks inserted in the spaces between his teeth.

music. Whitman delivers the goods in memorable fashion, with gut-wrenching earnesty. It is a no bullshit album, lean chain-saw rock that matches up with some of the best of the year. Highlights include "I Left My Jockstrap in San Francisco," a reflective tune on Slim's early years, and "Growin' Groin," which features an uplifting solo by Whitman. "Crust" is a futuristic instrumental, and "Laserectomy" shows off the full range of Slim's now raspy soprano voice. This album represents the return of a champ. This man has brought some life back into the rock scene. He may be the future of rock and roll.

—R.R.

Astronomy Department Releases New Find

Elic Woolyman of the Bates College Astronomy Department recently released a startling new discovery to the Bates Community. At a recent press conference he announced the discovery of another planet. Mr. Woolyman explained that the planet has a series of colored bands and one student even claimed to see a large red spot on the planet surface. If Mr. Woolyman's guesses are accurate this would be the fifth planet from the sun to ever be observed. When asked if this might not be the planet Jupiter known to every scientist since ancient times, he claimed that there was no such planet and he refused to respond to such vicious rumours started by sick humanity majors attempting to undermine science.

When asked how it was done he adjourned the press conference to the Bates College Observatory on

the roof of the Carnegie Science building. He demonstrated the telescope that is the pride of the astronomy department. It was made by a professor in the 1930s by welding together a series of garbage cans. He explained that various students of the college have been randomly observing particular or beautiful heavenly bodies. This activity has been increasing in popularity as spring approaches. Mr. Woolyman couldn't account for the long hours logged on the telescope during warm afternoons when most sane people are "out sunbathing in shorts and thin teashirts rather than practicing how to operate a telescope."

When asked if he had decided upon a name for the new planet he said, "Jimmy, after our country's President. I've heard he's a little depressed lately and I thought it might cheer him up."



"Here it is Mr. President, I found your letter, sir"

(Continued from Page 3)

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Poet's Corner

Stopping by a Mending Wall Where Two Roads Diverged in Mudtime

by Jack Frost

I once saw a brown grey raccoon
Wander slowly across the path
On a soft wind day in November,
Far from the honking of summer horns.
The cart way of long ago,
Made by some time forgotten traveller
Was padded by the warm comfort
Of smoothly nestled pine boughs
Browned in the echoing past.
He ambled over a broken branch
His tail flapping along behind,
Not minding my presence,
Intent upon some mischief of his own.
Till he reached the far side
Amid the low swinging branches,
Fading into a solitary wall.
Only then did he look at me.
For an instant our eyes met
And I envied him for having
Cares and concerns of his own,
Most raccoon like, far from mine.
Then, without further regard,
He went his way and I mine,
I shot him and ate him for dinner.

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Dean Caridigan welcomes R.C.s to meeting