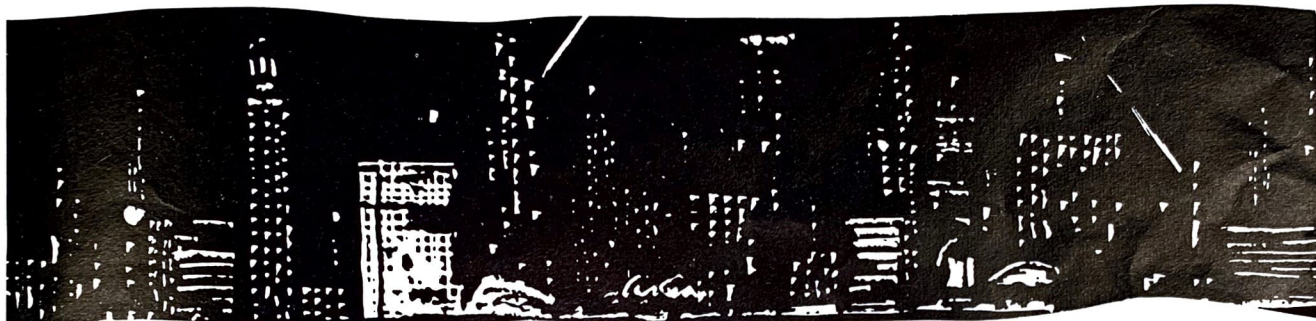


FROST AFTER HOURS



IT IS FAIRLY evident that a certain attitude of sophistication surrounds the Davidson Gentleman and that, for the most part, his taste in lighter reading is directed toward the sophisticated magazines (so called). Now, whether he is really as cool as he thinks is another question, and whether this state is deplorable or desirable is still another (the faculty seems to have certain explicit opinions).

Nevertheless, as stated earlier, our magazine attempts to point up campus incongruities by the art of pertinent satire. Although the "sex" magazines are an obvious subject for parody, at first we avoided the sacred subject of sex like the plague. We felt that this would not be in keeping with our religious principles — we are all Orthodox Cowards. However, an important precedent was brought to our attention. Three hundred years ago, the books of Rabelais were "dirty," but, with the proper passage of time, they have become "earthy." Thus, we made our fateful decision. Perhaps, some day this issue will also be required reading in all the advanced literature classes.

FILMS

It seems that a universal tendency among today's "Cool Men" is an attitude of profound introspection — an inward searching for motivating forces and thoughts. The result of this, thus far, has been an egoistical chorus of "Lost youth in the chaotic deluge

of etc., etc., etc." They have looked and have found nothing. Why?

We don't know, but one thing is certain—a look at a certain *jeune fille*, completely misnamed as BB, is guaranteed to furnish plenty of "food" for thought. Which brings us to our criticism of films.

Yesirree, fellows, BB could best be renamed cannonball (s). We saw a scorch of hers, something about "somebody making something" and believe me Kinsey was wrong. We didn't believe him from the beginning, though. What he says obviously isn't true and we should know. And here this picture is supporting Kinsey—all it is trying to do is sell copies of his report. Like we said, it is not true at all. Whoever heard of such? But, when in Rome (though unfortunately we're not in Rome), and even if it's not true, (and we should know) we'll try to look at it (BB, of course) (though her name should be cannonballs) as objectively as possible.

The movie starts off convincingly, but everything seems to go all wrong later (according to us, not Kinsey) and one man's meat turned out to be another man's poison, and we felt like taking poison (because the Kinsey Report isn't true, and we should know). We would recommend this film to anyone inclined to depravity or senility.

THEATRE

Nothing much going on concerning the theatre lately. It's fast becoming a fact that one can walk from one end of Davidson to the other without finding a decent play.

We did see one the other day! Actually it was more than one—seemed to be some sort of a "Twelve Worthies" thing. The plot was loose and confusing. We were viewing a classroom when — whisk — the scene became a gremlin convention (we think they were gremlins, anyway), and then there was an assembly which kept dedicating things. This was all right, but, toward the end of the play, one of the Worthies was so tired that he fell down in his tracks. Ironically and humiliatingly enough, the place in which he happened to fall was a horizontal mop stand, and the poor Worthy fainted (or something) with his face buried in a mop. We think the play was too long because everyone said there were certain parts which should be cut out.

But, the play was closed after opening night. We can't remember ever having seen a bit of drama so violently panned by the critics.

DINING — DRINKING

We don't know a thing about this kind of stuff—Nothing! Honest, we don't — because it's a bad thing (or something)!

