The bomb explodes

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We live in an age of terror. We, the youth of today, have never known the comfort and security of a truly peaceful world. We were spawned in the wake of Hiroshima, suckled at the breast of Korea, and are presently learning the facts of life in Viet Nam.

And throughout it all, there has been a perpetual sword of Damocles swaying to and fro above our heads—a concept so barbarian in its scope, so awe-inspiring in its inherent inhumanity, so totally alien to the civilized mind that we only whisper its name.

What is it's name?
THE BOMB.

On November 19 and 20 of this year, days that will live in infamy, the Senior Class, led by Lawson Taitte, dropped the bomb on the Rice Campus and it took all of Thanksgiving vacation to fumigate Hamman Hall. Indeed, word is out among the gnomes that if one lifts one's head in a dark corner, one may still sense the enormity of the stench.

Appropriate Name
The Seniors called this mammoth hoax, this swindle, appropriately enough, Senior Follies.

Blanket condemnations have one major pitfall, they generally tend to take in everything, and there are a few people who should be spared such public ridicule.

Winningham Wins
First, Jeff Winningham, for doing his best. The movie was not the greatest comic masterpiece ever shown, but it was the best thing in Follies and the only reason most of the audience didn't walk out. Also, Winningham deserves the award for the most well-rehearsed acting, and, compared with the rest of the show, one cannot help but wonder if this wasn't despite the direction rather than because of it.

Bob Loewenstein and Kim Nelson tried, too, and Miss Nelson's impersonation of a famous Rice Dean of Women was one of the finer touches of the show, but even such talent couldn't overcome the shoddy material and complete lack of preparation. They tried.

Basic Problem
Well, if you come to think of it, all of them tried. But, the problem with follies was not (as it usually is) complete lack of talent. The problem lay with the "direction" and "writing".

One cannot but wonder that Lawson Taitte allowed his name to be put to such a foul parody of stage production. Gone completely from this show was the hand of a man who had produced such Rice successes as "The Lesson" and "Waiting for Godot" for Baker. There obviously had been painfully little rehearsal, and what lines there were had been dropped by actors who, having only read them once or twice, had faulty memories.

Poorly Written
But, even more important than lack of preparation, one cannot imagine Lawson Taitte creating such a fouly written affair. The plot ("rebellion at a major Pacific university") was, to say the least, thin and trite, at the outset, but Taitte somehow decided on a pseudo-Joy-