



Myles Standish Hall and Annex, the oldest dormitory in BU's inventory, is getting a two-year, \$130 million renovation.

Ode to the Old Myles

“They paved paradise and put up a parking lot.” I just finished the article detailing the “gutting” of Myles (“Renovation for Myles,” Summer 2016). It actually hurt to read it.

I arrived as a freshman in 1964 and was assigned to room at Myles Standish Hall. It was not the newest dorm by any stretch. It had real character. It was a palace. It had history. It was referred to in the play *Death of a Salesman*.

I learned the finer points of the game of pool in the rec room as I lost more than a couple of bucks to the house hustler, “Bridgeport Bill.” I watched the original *Batman* weekly series in the TV room with 50 to 60 of my “closest friends” cheering, booing, and throwing stuff at the screen, but only at the appropriate time. I was right there when the first episodes of some new sci-fi series called *Star Trek* came on. Played four-wall handball on the court in the basement. Participated in the well-choreographed food fight graphically covered by the *Record American* the next day—we had invited them to witness our version of social protest over the quality of the menu. Helped paint the bed sheet banner with several of my dorm-mates that we hung in the end balcony of the old Boston Garden before we beat Harvard in the Beanpot final our sophomore year. Took a girl from Charlesgate on one of our first dates to the basement film room to see a full-length flick preceded by a couple of serial episodes of *Rocket Man*. I guess she was impressed—we have been married for almost 48 years. Got to see Barry and the Remains in that same venue while they jammed “Dirty Water” (“down by the river, down by the banks of the river Charles”). Had Sunday dinner from Filthy’s right across the street. Got a haircut in a back room of the same establishment. Saw the building completely dark from Kenmore Square the night of the blackout of 1965.

I spent three years there and in spite of, or more likely because of, all the above, managed to graduate. I loved the “old” Myles. I will miss it.

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I am a 1966 graduate of the College of Communication and spent my freshman year in Myles Standish Hall. The summer issue of *Bostonia* suggests that “Joan Baez lived there for her entire BU career.” At the time the dormitory was men only, and I believe Joan Baez was already busy singing in coffee shops. Hard to believe this statement is correct.

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EDITOR’S NOTE: *You are correct. Joan Baez lived off campus with her parents. We regret the error.*

Dismayed at BU Theatre Sale

As a 1973 theater design graduate of the College of Fine Arts, I was disheartened to hear of the sale of the BU Theatre (“Plans Unveiled for New Theater Facility,” Summer 2016), but even more concerned that the new facility would only have a black box theater. Aside from the wonderful faculty, the BU Theatre was one of the best features of the program. When I worked in NYC, I felt at home in the Broadway houses because 95 percent of them are like the theater we had in school.



I understand the economics and the location issue, but I can’t help thinking that from a training perspective, not including a proscenium theater is a major omission. There are many lessons to be learned by directors, performers, and designers in a proscenium theater that are not learned in a black box. “Leasing space in suitable venues” is not always a viable option, and I think is a step backward and a deficiency in a school with a major professional reputation.

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