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## Kenyon Collegian - February 3, 2011

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# TopKenyon: Students Cook in Budget Competition

## Limitations Highlight Steep Market Prices

MEREDITH TYMA AND  
ZOEY EDERNEBILEG

*Staff Writers*

How can a resident of Gambier make a quality three-course meal on a student-sized budget? Before we can even consider food preparations, we have to know how to shop. This week, the Collegian challenged two writers to make the most grandiose meal possible from products at Wal-Mart and The Village Market — with only \$20. Meredith Tyma '11 and Zoey Erdenebileg '14 faced off to create their own personal recipes, addressing the time, effort and materials needed for culinary success.

### Zoey Erdenebileg '14

As a first year without a car, taking the shuttle to go to Wal-Mart is an adventure to me. Waiting in the chilly January air next to the bookstore, I found myself paralleling the situation in *The Fellowship of the Ring*, my posse and I ready to weather the bumpy ride, the occasional Amish sightings and the myriad of strange and awesome offerings of Wal-Mart. I soon remember, however, that I am only going to buy groceries, and my vision of Frodo disappears. I feel more like a third-grader waiting for the bus.

After 15 minutes of waiting with a reddened nose, I enter the bus, informing the kindly bus driver that my destination is also Wal-Mart, along with the ten students that boarded ahead of me. We arrive at Wal-Mart 20 minutes later and are given one hour until pick-up time.

With a half-thought-out grocery list in hand, I roll into the grocery section. I planned to make chicken fettuccine alfredo and cheesecake. First on my list — chicken breasts. I admit I giggled a little. The Good Value brand indeed proves to be a good value—a whole pack for only \$5.98. The Good Value brand is one that I use throughout the project, including the fettuccine, which is only \$1 per pack. Originally, I wanted to make the alfredo sauce myself, but buying the packet is cheaper, easier and, frankly, probably tastes better than anything I could make from scratch. The packets are \$1.56 each. I need milk to make the sauce. A regular half gallon costs \$1.35. Baking has never been a talent of mine, nor have I ever possessed an interest in it. So I choose a “No Baking Needed” cheesecake mix for \$1.58, which could either be genius or a dubious choice. The graham cracker crust also costs \$1.58. By the time I have all my ingredients and have



MEREDITH TYMA

The ingredients for this meal, prepared by Meredith Tyma '11, were purchased on a twenty dollar budget at the Village Market in Gambier. Tyma went to Peirce for items such as salad dressing.

had a chance to dip into the \$5 DVD section, my one hour is almost up.

Out of fear of being stranded at Wal-Mart for far longer than I care for, I rush to self-check-out and hurriedly scan my items. I quickly grab the bags and speed-walk out, only to find that the shuttle is not there. Not only that, it fails to arrive for another 20 minutes. Again, the reddened nose, the cold hands, the waiting. The bus service is great, and I deeply appreciate it, but I can't help lamenting my lack of a car. Especially since after the shuttle finally comes, it takes another 20 minutes to get back to campus. So the entire journey to Wal-Mart is about two hours. The total amount of money spent on ingredients is \$17.77.

Crozier allows me to use their impressively-equipped kitchen. It is available to anyone who reserves it at a time when there is no planned event in Crozier. The total amount of time that it takes me to prepare the meal is about 40 minutes. The chicken takes some time to cook, while the pasta and the sauce are ready in very little time. Likewise, the cheesecake is surprisingly easy. Just mix, pour and chill for one hour. When we finish dinner, dessert is ready to serve.

All in all, I think I made a pretty decent meal. I do not know how grandiose it was, and I skimped on appetizers because I didn't have enough money. I am sure that someone more skilled and creative than me could be more successful, however. Thankfully, my dinner partners enjoyed their chicken fettuccine alfredo and cheesecake. Moreover, I discovered that making a meal with friends and for friends is a simple pleasure, and their company was very much appreciated. If you have the time and \$20 and want to have a nice evening, I would

recommend it.

### Meredith Tyma '11

Making a hardy meal from ingredients found in Gambier may be a feat for students who, like me, don't want to fork up wads of cash. When it comes to food shopping, a quick drive to our friendly neighborhood Wal-Mart or Kmart sounds, honestly, preferable. The products are cheaper, the options are overwhelming and the multitudes of fresh spices and produce are almost intoxicating. But is indulging an international corporation filled with items of questionable origin truly better than supporting our local supermarket? Does \$20 at the Village Market get you...well, anywhere? My flatmate and I got the chance to test it out and eat a great meal in the process.\*

Course 1: Refreshing salad  
1 bag of Dole Packaged Salad, extra crunchy: \$2.50

Prep time: 2 minutes. This mixture of crisp romaine and iceberg lettuce, crunchy radish and thinly sliced carrots provides a light and easy start. Just wash and dry. No science behind it. If you like to slather dressing on top, a quick trip to Peirce to grab your favorite topping will suffice. I suggest staying classy with ranch.

Course 2: Juicy steak topped with grilled mushroom, onion, and garlic

1 loin steak: \$6.21  
1 carton of baby bella mushrooms: \$2.50  
1 medium onion: \$1.34  
1 clove of garlic: \$0.40  
Salt and pepper for seasoning (optional: thyme)

Prep time: 20 minutes. Wash the meat and sprinkle very generously with seasonings. Throw the chopped onions into a non-stick pan with the heat on high, stirring occasionally until brown. Add the diced garlic and mushrooms along the way. Slap

the steak onto a larger pan with the heat on medium-high, and flip after about three minutes. If you like your meat medium rare (as all decent people should), cut into it after four minutes to check. Toss the vegetables on top of the steak.

Note: Don't forget to scrape the fond (the brown remnants left in the pan after grilling or sautéing a dish) onto the top for extra flavor.

Course 3: Giant Ice Cream Cookie Sandwich

1 stick of Hillandale Farms Margarine: \$0.31 (package of 4 is \$1.25)

1 egg: \$0.25 (half a dozen is \$1.50)

1 package of Betty Crocker Oatmeal Chocolate Chip Cookies: \$2.70

1 pint of Velvet Cookies and Cream ice cream: \$3

Optional: powdered sugar  
Prep time: 18 minutes. Follow the mixing directions on the package, except divide the batter into two super cookies. Bake for 16 minutes, or until they're gooey but still considered solid masses. Scoop ungodly mounds of ice cream in between them and on the top, dusting with powdered sugar. Prepare yourself for a sugar overkill.

Total: \$19.21. While we could sit here and ponder how one would buy just one egg or just one stick of margarine to keep the receipt under \$20, I think we have better things to do. Despite higher prices, the Market offers a lot of options for great meals, some that you can pair with Peirce items like dressing or seasoning. Or you could go ahead with the Market's Hidden Valley Ranch dressing and spend an extra \$2.60. But let's be honest — we're in college.

\*Big thanks to Reena DeLanerolle for her help with the cooking and eating.

# Style Profile: Hayes Sports Vintage Look

DAVID MCCABE

*Staff Writer*

This week The Collegian chose Michael Hayes '14 for a style profile. Michael is an associate at the Kenyon Review from Mount Vernon, OH who will likely major in Political Science.

**Q: How would you describe your personal style?**

A: I would say that my style is liberal arts chic. Style is really about being a part of your environment, but also standing out. It's like, “Hello, Carrie Bradshaw? We're not in New York anymore.” People either look like they think they're walking down 5th Avenue or they just rolled out of bed. I would say that they should aim for something in between. My rule of thumb is super simple — three words: “accessorize, accessorize, accessorize.” A little coffee dribble on your t-shirt, raging chin stubble and a certain eau d'all-nighter can go a long way to rounding out your overall appearance.

**Q: Who are your style icons? Or any other sources of inspiration?**

A: Marc Jacobs has a tattoo of Spongebob on his right bicep. Clearly.

**Q: Where do you shop?**

A: I steal most of my

clothes from my nigh-deaf German grandfather, let's be honest.

**Q: How many sweaters do you own?**

A: A few more than half of his.

**Q: What is the greatest fashion challenge you have had to overcome recently?**

A: I had this really great pair of 7 for All Man-kind Jeans. You know the kind where one of the back pockets is expertly distressed and the other one is intricately embroidered? Yeah, well, the slight boot flare at the ends of the pant legs got salt-stained by the snow, so I turned them into jorts [jean shorts]. Greatest idea. Winter wardrobe to spring wardrobe in T-minus a pair of scissors, if you will.

**Q: Do you follow any style websites?**

A: I find that latfh.com is a really good one. From what I can surmise, the hot style this year is '80s retro. Away with the blogs, I say: let's go right to the source. I often peruse fan sites for television shows like Miami Vice and The Cosby Show. Quick tip from me to you: invest in pastel polos, white and chino sport coats and screamin' loud sweaters. Nothing yells “hip” as loud as your father's yacht clothes.



MICHAEL HAYES

Hayes calls his style “Liberal Arts Chic.”



# Kokosingers Finish Two-Week Tour, Release New CD, Host Fundraiser

LAUREN TOOLE

*Arts and Entertainment Editor*

With a newly released CD, the end of a successful two-week tour and a benefit concert that raised over \$600 for charity, the Kokosingers have a lot to be proud of, but they couldn't be more humble about their accomplishments. They are also in the process of launching a website, [www.kokosingers.com](http://www.kokosingers.com), where fans can buy CDs, read a brief history of the group and read journal entries from the tour. Did we mention the "super secret alum page" that only past Kokes can access? Good luck hacking, readers.

The Kokes tour began in Boston, its traditional starting point, at the home of Nico Hargreaves-Heald '12, whose "parents [were] very gracious and let us re-

The concert featured singles off their new album as well as a variety of arrangements

hearse," according to Joe Lerangis '12. They then traveled to northern Connecticut, Maine, back to southern Connecticut, New York, Baltimore and finally Washington D.C. — around 20 gigs total. In Baltimore, they'd sometimes have up to four gigs in one day. "We'd start with a workshop with the lower school, then a concert for the lower school, a workshop with the upper school and then a concert for them," Lerangis said.

Right before they left for Maine, a snowstorm hit the Northeast and caused many schools to cancel. Riley Scheid '11 said he was sending emails to as many schools as possible in the Maine area and after that

"we kind of had to piece together the tour as we went," said Lerangis.

"[The tour] was hectic — this [year] more than last year," Scheid said. "There were a lot of last minute and early morning gigs."

Halfway through the tour, the Kokes performed at Madame X, a bar they visit partway through the tour every year. Scandalously tag-lined "New York's sexiest bar and lounge," the club, located in SoHo, is owned by Kenyon alum Amy McCloskey, who invites the Kokes (and previously the Owl Creeks) to sing there every year.

In Baltimore, the Kokes worked with some girls' choirs, much to their delight. After the workshops, "we did get some Facebook friend requests," Lerangis said. "[But] we just made a group decision to just turn them down or put on limited profile."

The Kokes' final stop was in Washington D.C., where they were given tours of Capitol Hill and performed at a concert in the Senate building. The father of member Taylor Hartwell '14 is a railroad lobbyist, and he invited the Kokes to sing at a dinner that included his clients and fellow lobbyists.

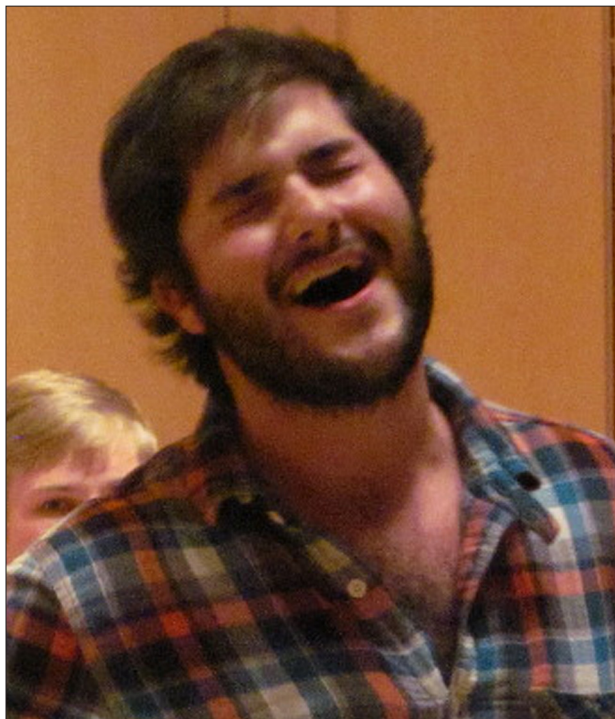
One week after the tour, the Kokes followed with a benefit concert, held on Friday, Jan. 21st in Brandi Recital Hall. All proceeds raised were matched by the Kokes and went to the Mount Vernon Women's Shelter. According to Zach Barnett '11, treasurer of the group, they were able to raise \$335 and (after the Koke's contribution) will be donating a total of \$670 towards the shelter.

"We do a different charity every year and try to make it topical," Scheid said. Last year, the group



PHOTOS BY SAM COLT

All photos are from the Kokosingers Benefit Concert, performed on Friday, Jan. 21. Above, Joe Lerangis '12 takes the solo while Codey Shankman '12 sings "Tearin' Up My Heart" to the side. The concert was very relaxed, incorporating a lot of improvisation and comedy into the arrangements.



made contributions to Haiti and the year before that to the Susan G. Komen breast cancer foundation. "We wanted to act more locally this year," Scheid said.

The concert featured singles off their new album as well as a variety of newer arrangements and some that were brought to the Kokes as far back as the mid-'60s. It gave "Kenyon a taste of what we do on tour," Lerangis

said. "We're at these high schools every morning and these kids are falling asleep, so we really need to step it up," he said. During interludes at the benefit, the Kokes would keep up banter with the audience and keep them engaged with certain comedic acts. Kevin Holloway '11 tossed a Frisbee around during his performance, and during "Little Red Corvette," sung by Cole Dachenhaus '11, background members

incorporated catcalls and booty slapping effortlessly into the song.

"This is our homecoming concert," Scheid said. "On Parents' Weekend we have to get it right, but at this concert we get to perform and have fun."

*All Tied Up* is the first CD that the Kokes have released in two years, and mum's the word on the story behind its title. Released just in time for Parents' Weekend, the reason

for its naming falls under "Kokes-code" — stories that cannot leave the Kokes' inner circle. It's "a little bit secret society-ish, but it's all in good fun," Lerangis said. Riley assures listeners that "it's not what you think."

CDs are currently on sale in the bookstore for \$10, and look out for the Kokosingers' spring concert (the date has not been sent yet).

## Kenyon Film Society

THIS WEEK IN THE KENYON FILM SOCIETY

WE'RE-ONLY-SHOWING-ONE-FILM-BECAUSE-PHLING-IS-ON-SATURDAY WEEK!

Friday, Feb. 4 — To Kill a Mockingbird

It is a rare occasion when a film adapted from a book becomes as beloved as the book itself. The Pulitzer-winning novel by Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, has become an American classic. American Film Institute named it the 25th best American film ever made and the best courtroom film ever made. The story follows two young children, Jem and Scout (Phillip Alford and Mary Badham, the latter of whom was nominated for an Academy Award) who live in Maycomb, Alabama in the 1930s. Their father, Atticus Finch (Gregory Peck, who did win an Academy Award) is a lawyer who defends a clearly innocent black man named Tom Robinson (Brock Peters). The film also features the famously reclusive Boo Radley, who is apparently played by Robert Duvall. Who knew? The film is worth seeing if only for Gregory Peck's performance, in what the prolific actor called his best film. It was enough, in fact, for the American Film Institute to name Atticus Finch the "single greatest movie hero" of all time, beating out characters such as Luke Skywalker, James Bond, Indiana Jones and Rocky Balboa. If that's not enticing enough, see the film because it's a real classic, and one that continuing to be effective even after repeated viewings. Interestingly, despite all of the film's acclaim and longevity, it did not win the Oscar for best picture, losing to *Lawrence of Arabia*.

We hope to see you at this wonderful film! The screening is at 7:30 p.m. in the KAC Theater.

— Miles Purinton '12



# American Poet Charles Fort Invited to Kenyon for Guest Reading

## First Author Speaks in the Kenyon Review Reading Series for Spring 2011

DAN KIPP

Staff Writer

The Cheever Seminar Room played host to guest poet Charles Fort, American poet, on Thursday, Jan. 27. As Kenyon's guest poetry readings often are, the event was well attended by Kenyon students, teachers and Knox County community members. Fort read a number of his original poems and afterwards fielded questions from the audience. Fort's sense of humor and artfulness blended together, creating a warm atmosphere for the reading.

Sarah Kahwash '14 said of the reading, "Fort often mentioned the previous names of each poem, which I appreciated. It kind of brought the audience along with him during the creative process." For example, Fort began with a poem originally titled "To Spring," then "Winter Kill" and finally, "To Winter."

Fort has two daughters tied to Kenyon, Claire Fort '07 and Shelley Fort '11. A series of the poems he read were written about and addressed to them. In these poems, Fort's belief in trusting "making the memory of imagination" is particularly prevalent. One excerpt was particularly moving: "Your birth arrives like a morning tide, / Like wings alive in a jar."

He read a variety of forms



COURTESY OF CHARLESFORTPOETRY.COM

Poet Charles Fort is the father of Kenyon students Claire Fort '07 and Shelley Fort '11 and a series of his poems were written and addressed to them at the reading.

of poetry, including librettos, verse meant to be set to music; sestinas, poems structured with six stanzas of six lines and a final triplet; sonnets; villanelles, nineteen-line poems with two rhymes throughout; and, surprisingly, prose poems — what Fort called "proems."

"I write with a range of styles and subjects. I cannot be limited. Memory and imagination require full attention to language," Fort said. "They are all magical and alive on the page."

Many audience members asked Fort how he bridged the seeming divide between such

structured poems and free-verse proems. Fort didn't see the dichotomy as distinctly as his inquisitors. "Poets should enjoy form; own the masters," he said.

For Fort, writing poems is "a reductive process," wherein he begins by writing flowing prose, then going back through

and paring it down considerably. The process is the same, no matter what type of poetry Fort writes.

Either way, Fort says, the essence of poetry is consistent: "the best words in the best order." Fort also adheres to T.S. Eliot's belief that a writer should trust intuition rather than reason.

Indeed, Fort's philosophies seem to be effective. Fort has a number of successful compilations of poetry published, as well as a running website: charlesfortpoet.com.

Fort's poetry ranges in topic as widely as it does in form. Part of this is due to the fact that Fort has lived a number of places, including but not limited to Connecticut, New Orleans and Edinburgh. These places, as well as the people in his life, influence and often manifest themselves in his writing.

Years prior to the levees breaking in New Orleans, Fort wrote a poem entitled "Something Called A City" about New Orleans. In it, he proves premonitory, writing of "streets of water" and other apocalyptic parallels to Hurricane Katrina's destruction. Perhaps an example of intuition trumping reason?

Fort also writes in response to novels, film and music. One poem he read, "Born on the River," is a reference to Same

Cooke's "Change Is Gonna Come," which itself was a response to Bob Dylan's "Blowin' in the Wind."

Most notably, Fort read a series of poems that utilized a character called Darvil. Fort enigmatically described Darvil as being "based in part, on the Yeats figure Leo Africanus ... perhaps his daemon. Darvil is my secret sharer, more importantly perhaps, the Other, a three foot character with odd appendages over his entire body and webbed feet and a six-foot-long, red tongue."

In one of these, a "proem" entitled "Darvil Meets James Brown in Harlem and New Orleans," Fort capitalized on "the pleasure of arriving at a musical refrain." Amid a deluge of blues and spectacular vernacular, from a sea of social commentary and character development, the line "Ain't no potato like blackberry jam" continually surfaced as one such bookending refrain.

When Fort first started submitting poems, he often received responses from editors at the bottom of drafts reading, "What is this?" Now, Fort says with more good humor than bitterness, "I'll send them my books."

Fort is currently working on his first novel, *The Last Black Hippie From Connecticut*.

# Psychological Thriller "Proof" Hailed as 'Finest Senior Thesis' This Year

JAMES DENNIN

Staff Writer

Part mystery story and part family psychological drama, David Auburn's *Proof* opened Friday Jan. 28. A deft and witty play about family, academia and the alleged burdens of genius, the play provided the groundwork for one of the finest senior theses of the year.

The play, directed by Will Arbery '11, centers on Catherine, a disturbed and gifted young woman who leaves school to care for her ailing father — a once great but extremely unstable mathematician. In the wake of his death, Catherine must reconcile herself to her own psychological disposition (she talks to dead people, fights policemen and solves mathematical conundrums).

Though the bulk of the dramatic action centers on Catherine, a burden that Eliza Logan '11 handled with considerable poise, *Proof's* success is contingent on the strength of its ensemble. In a play where sanity is at best relative, a lot rests on the family dynamic. In this case, that was provided by Rachel Sa-



KATIE POINSATTE

*Proof*, by David Auburn, opened Friday night and stars Eliza Logan '11, Rachel Sachnoff '11, Reed Stokes '11 and Kevin Holloway '11. It is the senior thesis of Logan and Holloway.

chnoff '12, Catherine's annoyingly pragmatic sister, and Reed Stokes '11, who played her father, Robert. There is also the love interest, Hal (Kevin Holloway '11), an idealistic former advisee of Robert who has volunteered to sort through Robert's old notebooks in the hopes that something great might remain buried in his volumes of math-

ematical gibberish.

It goes without saying that *Proof* is an exceptional choice for a senior thesis, both for its playful digs at academia and its utter mastery of theatrical formula. Auburn's characters are rich, his language is nimble and his jokes are quality; the whole play moves with the brisk and effortless pace of a great film noir.

Holloway was bookish and affable, and his graceful trajectory from the comic relief to a pivotal influence in the future of the family was central to the play.

As the sisters, Sachnoff and Logan are beautiful foils — Claire the practical success and Catherine the dysfunctional genius. The effect of genius on the sibling dynamic is a central

question of the text. This is illuminated by the way both women wear their insecurities — Catherine for having inherited her father's genetic gifts, and Claire for having not. It is an interesting treatise on the way our parents impact our own destinies and it forces us to consider whether the questions about Catherine's san-

ity are merely hypothetical projections from those who knew her father.

Though not without its moments, Stokes's performance sometimes fell short of what was needed of the erratic patriarch. He was less at home in his role than the other characters and certain decisions (like his "gray" streak) called unnecessary attention to his age. He did, however, shine in his final scene with Catherine — the heart-breaking one in which the ailing father asks his daughter to collaborate on his nonsense. It is at this moment that Catherine decides to leave school and we wonder for the first time whether Robert is not insecure himself at the prospect of being outshone.

Still, the play is really about Catherine. Logan's fiery cynicism was unflinching, her paranoia palpable and her vulnerability affecting. It is why she was so much better in the role than many of her counterparts (if you've ever seen the film *Proof*, you will know exactly what I mean). In *Proof* it is true that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts.



# Students Voyage Into the Infamous Fox Hole

SAM COLT  
Features Editor

We turn onto Route 229, eastbound in pursuit of the infamous Fox Hole strip club. Driving to the Fox Hole is simple: David, Cat and I just ride the twists and turns of 229 until David suggests that we should be arriving soon. Coming from Gambier, I can't imagine going anywhere more desolate; surely the Fox Hole is in a relatively bustling area of New Castle, a town in next door Coshocton County. I am soon proven wrong.

Soon I notice a well-lit area up ahead on the left-hand side of the road. The backlit road sign is unmistakable. We have arrived.

Pulling to the side of the road in the tiny town after a 25-minute drive from Kenyon, we see a stark, gray, shed-like building sitting by the street, the peace of the night disturbed only by the strobe lights casting lightning strikes and shadows over the door. When we step out of the car, we are immediately struck with muffled yet booming music coming from inside the establishment, generally known at Kenyon as "the place with the one-armed dancer."

Despite what I have heard about the dubious quality of the club, I am nonetheless shocked by how decrepit it is. The Fox Hole is a wooden, rectangular building about 20x40 feet. The white walls, neon lights and blaring music are bold and unforgiving. This is not an establishment trying to blend in. We



SAM COLT

A view of the Fox Hole from the street. The establishment's flashing strobe light, designed to aggravate local protesters, can be seen from a distance. A few yards from the club's entrance, local Christians gather around a space heater and attempt to dissuade patrons from entering.

take it in for a few minutes.

As we gather a camera, notebook, IDs and cash, two middle-aged men bundled in cold-weather garb who have been staring at us from the meager parking lot begin to approach us. My first thought is that they must be drunken patrons, wondering why three college students would visit their favorite spot. Curious and slightly worried, we listen as they ask us what business

we have at the Fox Hole. We reply nervously that we are just visiting, but they keep pressing. To ward off their inquisitions, Catherine says that we are here to write an article for our school newspaper. The men visibly relax and one asks if we are from Kenyon. (Is it that obvious?)

The two then introduce themselves as members of a local church that protests against the strip club. Members stand outside in an attempt to talk to

its customers in hopes of deterring them from taking part in what they see as an evil activity.

The men wear overalls and strike a balance between intimidating and calm. Now that they know we're journalists, the pair are eager to lead us over to a group of around eight or nine men and women huddled around a heat lamp on this freezing night so that we may talk to the man in charge, Pastor Bill Dunfee of "New Be-

ginnings Ministries" in nearby Warsaw. We have heard of the Christians who had raised such a conflict over the Fox Hole, but had no idea that we would actually run into them. Still, we are excited at the prospect of hearing their views straight from them rather than through diluted news sources.

Before Dunfee begins speaking, I am immediately impressed by what is going on: these men and women protest

outside the Fox Hole every night, even during bone-chilling weather such as tonight's. Dunfee begins his well-rehearsed speech by detailing their cause.

"We're Christians, and we've come out into our community to just spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ outside of the strip club," he says. "You know, when we take a look at Coshocton County, this place right here ... is the embodiment of evil that reveals the most evil in our community. A little over four years ago, the Lord impressed upon my heart that we needed to deal with it — bring the Gospel ... and see about getting some souls saved, see if we couldn't salvage some marriages, and at the same time lift up the standard in our community."

Dunfee speaks with a predictable conviction, saying, "The men that go into this place isn't what men ought to be doing, and the women that dance in this place isn't what our young ladies ought to be doing." As David continues listening to and recording the pastor, Catherine and I walk away to examine the signs that the Christians had put up near the club in protest. There are many, colorful and bold. Designed to evoke shame, one sign shouts "KEEP YOUR MARRIAGE VOWS." Another, which depicts a little girl frowning, reads "Sexually Oriented Businesses Breed Predators & Pedophiles." Clearly the Fox Hole doesn't

see *FOX HOLE*, page 8

STUDENTS

Gambier Grillin'

Anna Krause '12

Devon Donohue '14

Bob Minikel,  
Professor of Mathematics

Ashley Bottger,  
Assistant Swimming Coach

FAC/STAFF

Totals so far:  
Students: 63  
Faculty: 65

How many bells are in the church tower?	Nine	Nine	16	Four	10 (F major scale plus Eb and high G)
Who is the new White House Press Secretary?	Lady Gaga	Kanye West	I knows Gibbs leaves soon....	Jay Carney	Jay Carney
In what decade was the Coca-Cola Co. established?	1890s	1910s	1890s	1880s	1890s (1892, although the origins of Coke reach back several years)
What is the world's fastest land animal?	Cheetah	Cheetah	Cheetah	Aaron Weddle	Cheetah
What artist painted "The Starry Night?"	van Gogh	van Gogh	Vincent van Gogh	van Gogh	Vincent van Gogh
Total Correct	Three	Two	Three	Two	By DAVID HOYT



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As we gather a camera, notebook, IDs and cash, two middle-aged men bundled in cold-weather garb who have been staring at us from the meager parking lot begin to approach us. My first thought is that they must be drunken patrons, wondering why three college students would visit their favorite spot. Curious and slightly worried, we listen as they ask us what business

we have at the Fox Hole. We reply nervously that we are just visiting, but they keep pressing. To ward off their inquisitions, Catherine says that we are here to write an article for our school newspaper. The men visibly relax and one asks if we are from Kenyon. (Is it that obvious?)

The two then introduce themselves as members of a local church that protests against the strip club. Members stand outside in an attempt to talk to

its customers in hopes of deterring them from taking part in what they see as an evil activity.

The men wear overalls and strike a balance between intimidating and calm. Now that they know we're journalists, the pair are eager to lead us over to a group of around eight or nine men and women huddled around a heat lamp on this freezing night so that we may talk to the man in charge, Pastor Bill Dunfee of "New Be-

ginnings Ministries" in nearby Warsaw. We have heard of the Christians who had raised such a conflict over the Fox Hole, but had no idea that we would actually run into them. Still, we are excited at the prospect of hearing their views straight from them rather than through diluted news sources.

Before Dunfee begins speaking, I am immediately impressed by what is going on: these men and women protest

outside the Fox Hole every night, even during bone-chilling weather such as tonight's. Dunfee begins his well-rehearsed speech by detailing their cause.

"We're Christians, and we've come out into our community to just spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ outside of the strip club," he says. "You know, when we take a look at Coshocton County, this place right here ... is the embodiment of evil that reveals the most evil in our community. A little over four years ago, the Lord impressed upon my heart that we needed to deal with it — bring the Gospel ... and see about getting some souls saved, see if we couldn't salvage some marriages, and at the same time lift up the standard in our community."

Dunfee speaks with a predictable conviction, saying, "The men that go into this place isn't what men ought to be doing, and the women that dance in this place isn't what our young ladies ought to be doing." As David continues listening to and recording the pastor, Catherine and I walk away to examine the signs that the Christians had put up near the club in protest. There are many, colorful and bold. Designed to evoke shame, one sign shouts "KEEP YOUR MARRIAGE VOWS." Another, which depicts a little girl frowning, reads "Sexually Oriented Businesses Breed Predators & Pedophiles." Clearly the Fox Hole doesn't

see *FOX HOLE*, page 10

STUDENTS

Gambier Grillin'

Anna Krause '12

Devon Donohue '14

Bob Minikel,  
Professor of Mathematics

Ashley Bottger,  
Assistant Swimming Coach

FAC/STAFF

Totals so far:  
Students: 63  
Faculty: 65

How many bells are in the church tower?	Nine	Nine	16	Four	10 (F major scale plus Eb and high G)
Who is the new White House Press Secretary?	Lady Gaga	Kanye West	I knows Gibbs leaves soon....	Jay Carney	Jay Carney
In what decade was the Coca-Cola Co. established?	1890s	1910s	1890s	1880s	1890s (1892, although the origins of Coke reach back several years)
What is the world's fastest land animal?	Cheetah	Cheetah	Cheetah	Aaron Weddle	Cheetah
What artist painted "The Starry Night?"	van Gogh	van Gogh	Vincent van Gogh	van Gogh	Vincent van Gogh
Total Correct	Three	Two	Three	Two	By DAVID HOYT



# Fox Hole: Tanning, Nails are Tax-Deductible

From page 9

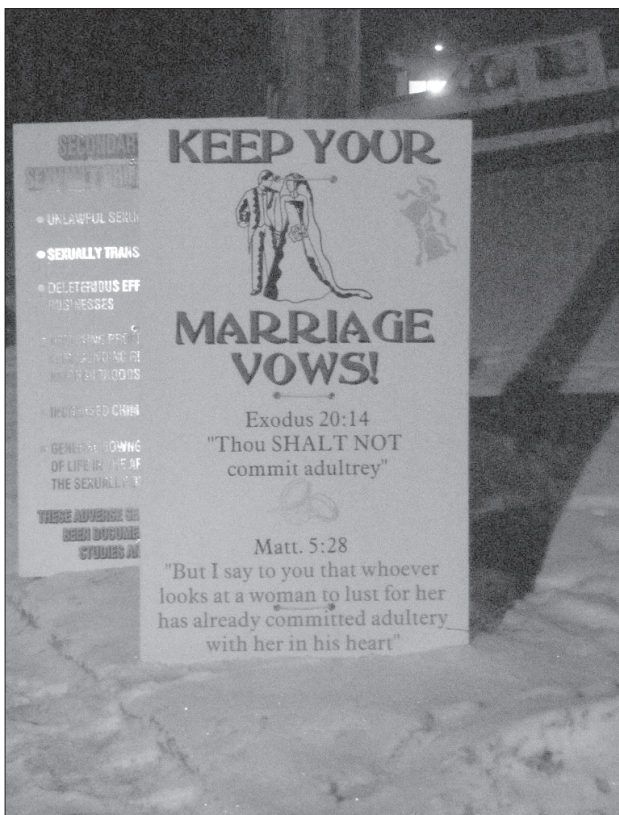
have to do much to attract patrons; the burden is on the protestors to turn visitors away.

While we take in the signage, sure that the night could not become more bizarre, a full-sized John Deere tractor pulls up behind David's Honda Civic. It is equipped with a glass cab and tires as tall as our entire compact sedan. From the cab emerges a Christian Mennonite with CDs proclaiming the word of the Lord, and he gives us two as a gift. As Catherine and I approach Dunfee, still preaching to David, he mentions that, since they began protesting, most of the Fox Hole's patrons now come from Knox County and the Mount Vernon area. I ask him how busy the club can get. Dunfee replies, "A good night anymore is in the neighborhood of 10-12 people," adding that when the protests began, patrons often numbered over 100 each night. I'm surprised by how few customers can keep the establishment operating. We politely tell the group that we need to go inside, and they resume their casual banter.

The door to the Fox Hole is not visible from the road and is marked by a large sign, but most of the letters have fallen off. I open the door, allowing two drunken men to exit before we enter. Upon entering, I see two curtains hung from the

ceiling on my right. Between the two curtains is an opening through which I am able to make out two saggy, disgusting couches. Above is posted a paper sign that reads "VIP Room." As I walk down the dark, smoky hall, I see a dancer tugging along an inebriated patron into the main room. Further down the hall, a chubby, bearded man behind a counter tells us that the cover charge is ten dollars. While we pay, he asks to see our IDs. Patrons of the club can be as young as 18, but beer is also served, so orange wristbands are provided for drinking-age customers and green ones for younger visitors. Obviously drunk, the manager hands us back our IDs and asks, "You guys are 21, right?" Catherine tells him that we're underage, so he asks to see my ID a second time. Apparently satisfied, he hands me back my ID and gives me an orange wristband reading "Over 21; Age ID Verified," giving David and Catherine green ones.

Finally, we step into the main room of the Fox Hole. On the left hand side I see the main attraction: a small rectangular stage with one dancing pole and a mirrored rear wall. Across from the stage, chairs surround small tables and line the black, dirty back wall. We sit and take in the atmosphere. Abrasive death metal assaults our ears while we attempt to talk over it. David notes that the dancers



SAM COLT

One of the many signs outside the Fox Hole placed by local Christians who have actively protested the club for four years.

not on the main stage are drinking. Despite a sign that restricts physical contact between dancer and patron, I think that rule is overtly broken. David comments, "She probably knows what she's doing," as we watch the main dancer bend over to get close to a customer. I am distracted by a TV on the wall playing, of all things, the Discovery Channel.

After a few minutes, a blonde woman walks up to us

and asks, "Would you guys like a three for 30?" She is referring to the standard deal at the Fox Hole: three lap dances for \$30, as opposed to one for \$25. We politely decline the dancer's offer. The pastor described the crowd accurately. About 12 to 15 men, ranging in age from around 20 to 70, sit and watch the main dancer. Most patrons are respectful to the dancers. I suggest that they probably have drunk themselves into sub-

mission. A few minutes later, Catherine gets up and goes to talk to the dancer that spoke to us earlier. She comes over and joins our table.

The first thing we learn about the women is that they don't use the word "stripper"; they call themselves dancers. This dancer, Candace, is tall, with long, wavy, blonde hair, and she is conspicuously tan considering the season. She tells us she's been dancing at the Fox Hole for seven years, though she's worked all over Ohio since entering the field a decade ago. By now, she's become one of the club's senior dancers. According to Candace, the Fox Hole employs seven dancers, who are required to work at least two eight-hour shifts a week. Candace works the weekends.

Her cousin got her into dancing, she tells us. She needed a job, and was reluctant at first. But after spending an evening with the DJ at another club, she decided to try it. We had heard that the Fox Hole was fully nude. Candace tells us that it used to be, but it is now only topless because of Ohio state law, which often changes. I ask her what she thinks of the protestors, and she quickly tells us that she doesn't want to discuss it; she later mentions briefly that the protestors hurt business, which takes away from dancers and their families. Holding a bottle of beer in each hand, Candace describes her job

in detail. She makes \$300-\$400 on a good night. Although her income, tips included, is taxed, business expenses are exempt. These include nails, tanning and hair. This isn't her only job; Candace also does scheduling for her husband's business, which is why she works part time. She has no children of her own, but some of the other dancers do.

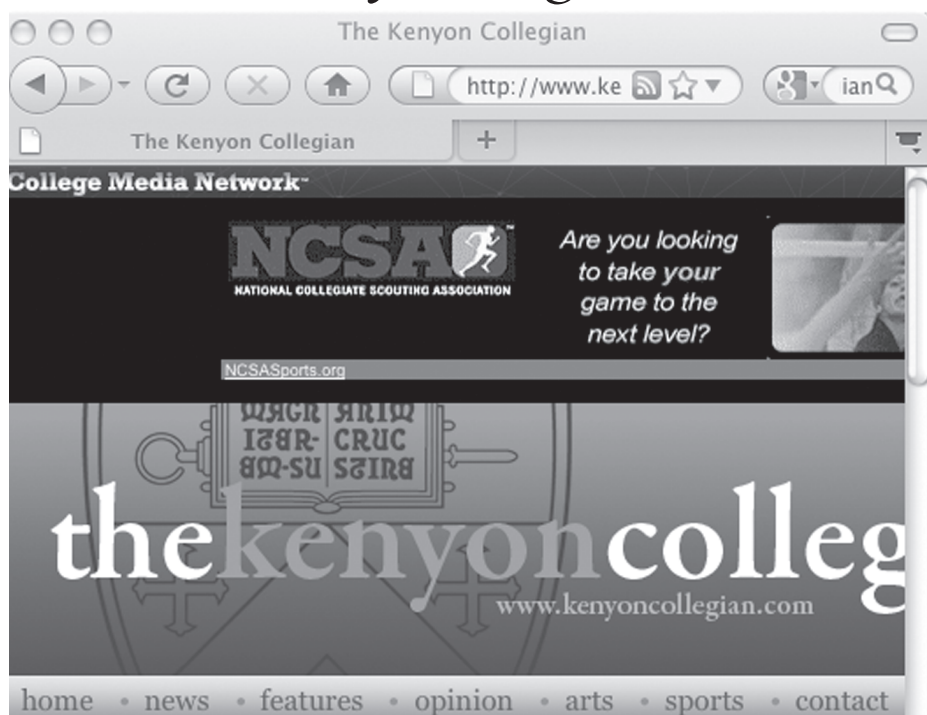
And now for the big question: I tell Candace that the Fox Hole is ubiquitously known at Kenyon as "the club with the one-armed stripper." Does she know anything about this? Candace replies, "We all have all of our limbs. How could you dance with one arm?" We nod. Satisfied at having busted the myth of the one-armed dancer (hopefully) for good, we thank Candace for talking to us. She wanders off and begins chatting up another patron.

On our way out, we thank the drunken manager and the protestors outside for speaking with us and then head back down the dark and foggy highway toward Kenyon. Although it's just a few miles down the road, we've found the Fox Hole to be another world: a place at once foreboding and welcoming, where all the classic elements of the American heartland converge, briefly, in the cold midwestern night.

Additional reporting by Catherine Weitzel and David Hoyt

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