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Tuned engines ... less air pollution.

Give a hoot.
Don't pollute.

Save your breath.
Plant a tree to make more oxygen.

Give a hoot.
Don't pollute.

Woodsy Owl says
Injuries Hurt!

Give a hoot.
Don't pollute.

The Kenyon Collegian

Give a hoot.

Established 1856

Don't pollute.

News Briefs

Middle Path Massacre

All Kenyon continues to mourn last weekend's tragic slaying. Witnesses reported seeing a young male depart from Old Kenyon at approximately 1:00 a.m. Sunday morning, in a state of excessive inebriation. The victim walked about two hundred yards when a group of youths charged out of the building in pursuit. The youths, adorned in moccasins, fatigue pants, tie dyes and rastafarian hats, mounted multi-colored dilapidated bicycles and ruthlessly chased down their victim. The young man was caught after a short chase and repeatedly run over. He was pronounced dead at the scene. The perpetrators then rode off into the fog singing "Sugar Magnolia". Moonbeam D'appleblossom, 21, has been charged in the slaying while the police continue to hunt for other suspects. Excessive use of cannabis is believed to be the cause of the tragedy.

Sophomore Girls Go Crazy Again

Last Wed. night four armed sophomore girls went into Gund Servery and opened fire. Four people were injured and all of the veal parmesan destroyed. The still unidentified girls, walked into Gund dressed as their favorite frat boys. Disguised in such a manner, the girls are still on the large, but are not believed to be dangerous.

The investigation is still going on so please contact security if you have any information pertaining to this case. Officials say to be on the look out for sensitive Delts.

Frat Top Ten

- 1) Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw (Jimmy Buffet)
- 2) Why Can't I Get Just One Kiss (Violent Femmes)
- 3) Love the One You're With (CSN)
- 4) What I Like About You (The Romantics)
- 5) Willin' (Little Feat)
- 6) Rainy Day Women (Bob Dylan)
- 7) Red Red Wine (UB40)
- 8) I Wanna Be Sedated (Ramones)
- 9) White Rabbit (Jefferson Airplane)
- 10) Touch Me (Doors)

Singer '88.5 and Short Duel at Dawn

Last Sunday, the 200th Anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, professor Thomas Short & Alumnus Paul Singer (88.5) met in front of Rosse Hall for a duel that was to begin at dawn.

Jack Finefrock officiated, giving each contestant his choice of weapon. Singer chose the December issue of the *Nation* and, Short, April's *National Review*.

Finefrock then established an unusual field of battle, allowing for Singer's farsightedness, Short's nearsightedness, and the tunnel vision of both. Despite Finefrock's efforts, it still took the contestants 47 minutes to even see one another, at which point they fell to blows.

In a furious volley of jargon and generalization, acronyms and accusations, and a barrage of propaganda, Short and Singer lashed out against one another. The deafening sound resounded, through the quad—all those at division claim to have heard nothing. All those, that is, except Chip Rome.

Red eyed and runny nosed from a long night of intense philosophical debate at a party "of the 4 keg persuasion," having discussed at some length the communist threat in Gambier, Rome was more than well prepared. With *Stand Up Reagan* as his only weapon (see add page 4), Rome lumbered towards the field of battle.

Even without Rome's intellect, Singer seemed to be faltering. Slowed down by the 'his/hers,' the 'selves,' and the 'humankinds' of gender inclusive language, Singer simply could not keep up with Short's awful, terrible, pretty darn insensitive and really not nice androcentric language. But it was the Chippers with the Gipper who delivered the death blow.

Video cassette in hand Chip dauntingly approached the laboring Singer, who was by now on his knees. Chip put an end to Singer's flailing by ramming the VHS cassette down his throat. "And this is for the radio show," screamed Chip, "and for the brothers of Delta-phi, and for the Poli-Sci. department, for Old Glory." With tape in throat, Singer miraculously shut up. And Frank Grupi was nowhere to be found.

D-Phi's and Snyder Unite

By Jasper LeFarge & Joyce Brown

In order to celebrate their moving from Middle Hanna, the Delta Phi's have declared the 1989-90 school year as "Homeless Awareness Year." During the 1989-90 school year the members of Delta Phi have announced plans to camp out in front of the Church of the Holy Spirit. "We laughed at the Peeps last year," said ex-President Tom Furda, "but now we have a new perspective. In fact, we've spent what would have been next year's rush budget on L.L. Bean orders." Edward Frogg, an L.L. Bean Customer Service Representative, reports that the tents are expected to arrive in time for the September opening of the school.

The plight of the D-Phi's has garnered national attention. Homeless activist Mitch Snyder has joined the Delta Phi cause by announcing that he will remain on a hunger strike until such time that Middle Hanna has been returned to its rightful inhabitants. John Doyle, a D-Phi senior, expressed

gratitude toward Mr. Snyder. "It might not sound that hard to be on a hunger strike, but remember Mitch [Snyder] isn't here in Gambier with A.R.A. as his only dining alternative." Also, in a surprise news conference in Los Angeles, the organizers of Comic Relief III committed funds for the building of a new Delta Phi lodge.

Another punishment was also given to the D-Phi's in the school's denial to issue them party permits during next year. Most members consider this to be less problematic. "If we had parties, those denim wearers would just come anyway!" said Chip Rome '89, "What really hurts is losing our housing. Without us in Hanna who will make the Archons and Phi Kaps look good?"

So next year when you're walking down Middle Path and see a D-Phi sprawled out face down on the lawn, don't assume that there was another pledge function, remember their plight and drop some spare change into the box marked "F.A.D.C."

Wimmin Attempt Castration of Clor

By Paul Singer

Militant feminists stormed the home of Professor Harry Clor last night. Carrying unabridged editions of Plato's works, they chanted Wimmin! Wimmin! as they tossed Plato's works into a bonfire. They clapped and shouted with glee as the anti-feminist treatise went up in smoke.

Clor awoke to the commotion and met the protestors with a bemused look on his face and his pipe clenched between his teeth. "Ahhh, those feminists. When will they submit to reason?"

Clor ventured into the melee at the risk of

being shredded by the talons of the women on his lawn. They were busy adding great works of literature written by white males to the already sizable bonfire. No great literature remained.

The leader of the uprising, Professor Ryn Edwards, was overheard chanting "All men should be castrated!" As her first victim, Clor, neared the bonfire, she raised her scissors in anticipation. "Just like a typical woman," Clor countered.

Suddenly, Professor Harry Brod arrived at the scene, ready to advert violence. Brod distracted Edwards, allowing Clor to escape

see WIMMIN page eight

Are Gorbey & Orby the same guy?



WITH a little artist's magic,
Commie boss Gorbachev ...



... and the late Roy Orbison
could be twins!

Coach Steen in Critical Condition After Bonehead Move

By Phil McKracken

In classic fashion, men's and women's swimming coach Jim Steen dove into an empty Ernst Center pool last week and is now listed in stable condition at Knox County Hospital. Apparently, Steen went for a late-night swim in the dark and, forgetting he had ordered the pool be drained and cleaned, dove headfirst into the deep-end.

"He called me about two in the afternoon and told me there was some fungus problem in the pool," said Charlie Jacobs, head of maintenance. "We decided it would be best to drain the thing and give it a complete cleaning the next day."

Although he has been going in and out of consciousness, Steen was able to dictate answers to questions issued by the press. When asked, "What were you thinking?" Steen had this to say: "I really don't care what people think about something like this, because my philosophy is I'm my own person. But it's important to me that nobody thinks I'm a clown because I know that, maybe, sometimes, behind my back, people say funny things about me. Heck, we all space once in awhile. I'm sort of excited about all this, think about it, we finally get some recognition for the swim team."

Despite the fact that this incident could have been fatal, most Kenyon people took it

in stride.

"It doesn't surprise me a bit," noted cross-country coach Duane Gomez. "He's my assistant in the Fall and he pulls stuff like this all the time. Once, we were stranded at Ohio Wesleyan forever because this chump forgets to give us the damn car keys. Then there was the time we ran out of gas at six in the morning because he forgets to fill it up like I told him. I could think of a million stories! Who hired this guy, anyways?"

President Jordan was confronted with this question, and had a diplomatic answer.

"What are we supposed to do? Fire him? I mean, he's given us about the only successful and positive recognition we have had. I'm not saying this is an image-oriented school, but, hey, we spend our money in the right places. Like, take for instance, the seven grand we laid out for the new flagpole. What's more important, putting shitloads of cash into the Weaver Cottage for the alumni, or shelling out more for that infirmary place?"

The reactions from team members varied. Most of them wished Steen well, but also thought it was inevitable, judging from his character.

"Does it really matter what happens to him?" asked senior Erin Finneran. "I mean, we won the frickin championships, and now he gets all the attention for hitting his head on the ground."

STAND-UP REAGAN



The wit, warmth and humor of one of America's most beloved Presidents

He's the Great Communicator...the soft-spoken man with the twinkle in his eye who made America feel proud again. He's Ronald "Dutch" Reagan, one of the country's most beloved leaders.

And one of its greatest storytellers!

Now, for the first time, Reagan's most humorous tales and most amusing anecdotes are combined on one delightfully entertaining collector's video -- *Stand-Up Reagan*.

Whether he's with the press or the public, at conferences or official dinners, the Reagan warmth and congeniality shine through -- and *Stand-Up Reagan* is the man at his affable best. He jokes with Congress, takes good-natured potshots at the media, and spins witty yarns with the legendary master's touch. He even enlists Nancy as his partner in mischief!

There's never been a video like this for the millions of Reagan admirers across the country. It's an ideal keepsake that his fans will cherish for a lifetime.

Stand-Up Reagan is available right now, so don't delay. Order now!

Furda Questions Sober Van



Does anybody know this guy?

Coach Charged

Men's soccer coach Mike Pilger has been charged by Knox County with two counts of petty theft. According to deputy sheriff Randy McPeck, Pilger was caught at the Wiggin St. elementary school stealing desserts at lunch from helpless students last Thursday. After being released on his own recognizance, Pilger was spotted Thursday evening snooping around in Peirce.

"I believe it," said track coach Duane Gomez. "We call him Mike Pilger because he goes through all the box lunches at meets and takes all the chocolate chip cookies. The guy has a problem."

When we contacted Piglet, he had this to say: "Hey, how's a guy supposed to survive on the pay at this crummy school. If you think I'm bad, you oughta see what the ARA workers nab. Just think how much one of them can mow compared to me."

"Screw Steen," said ex-swimmer Dave Greenlee. "Hell, screw the whole team. Man, I'm the best, and everybody knows it. Why isn't this article about me? I could have got a scholarship anywhere and I come to this shit-hole. Texas told me they would have been national champs four years in a row had I gone there. I'm the coolest. Did I ever tell you about the time I dunked over Michael Jordan? And did you know I could have been on the USA world cup soccer team? I turned them down, though. I was in the middle of my Dave 'I'm the fucking best and the whole world's gonna know it' Greenlee tour and I just couldn't commit. One more thing, too. Don't forget to check your July issue of

Playgirl. I'm the centerfold. The title of the article is 'Hey pinhead! Check out the Goods--Dave Greenlee for Emperor'. God I love myself."

Sophomore basketball stud Rich Barron had his own thoughts on the whole incident.

"If it was me, I would have landed on my feet and been fine," he said. "Hell, I jump that high on some of my dunks. Ya know, I blocked Dyon Nix's shot once. He never came back for more, neither. I also could have gone to Duke to hoop out. Me and Mike K are like this. Hey, I wouldn't lie, man. I don't lie. Just ask Marty Blake about me. That Steen fall? Hey man, that's like a WMD hop for a guy like me."

Golf Team Banned For Drug Use

By Koke Dup

In a shocking move yesterday, the NCAA ruled that the men's golf team would be barred from post-season play. At a press conference on Monday, the midwest region's violations investigators reported that the team tested positive for "at least twelve different drugs," and would not be allowed to compete in the NCAA tournament. It was also hinted that further penalties would result.

The committee of five said that it had spent the past twelve weeks following members of the team. In its ten-page report, there are graphic descriptions of illegal drug transactions in places such as Columbus crack houses, the Kenyon weight room, the Village Deli, and in Old Kenyon.

The main culprit seems to be superstar sophomore Matt Alcorn. The committee reported that Alcorn's improved play in such a short time raised suspicions. According to the NCAA, Alcorn injects steroids daily, has been smoking crack for three months, and has become the main campus drug dealer.

"And we all thought Matt was just a regular guy," said golf coach Sam Freas. "I was sort of suspicious when he asked to stop at the drug store last week for needles, but he said it was for a diabetes problem."

When this newspaper tried to interview his girlfriend, Jenny Lefler, the junior field hockey player wept profusely and ran away.

Alcorn was also approached and had this to say: "Don't be axing about no crack or dope... Unless you got some."

Also cited were fellow sophomores Andrew Art, Alex Hinrichs, and Simon Yoo. Apparently, Hinrichs has spent over a year of his life in rehabilitation, but was said to have had his problem under control. The investigators report that Hinrichs spends at least four nights a week in Columbus strip joints, and his problem has gone unnoticed

because he gets all his drugs through Alcorn.

"Geez," said Hinrichs. "I used to do five times the heroin I do now. What's the big deal? I remember when ecstasy was legal back home in Texas. Those were the days. I always say, if I gotta choose between golf and drugs, you can have the clubs."

Seniors Steve Mischler and John Doyle were cleared of any wrongdoing, and may qualify as individuals for the upcoming tournament. Mischler, though, does have a diabetes problem and is in a coma after passing out on the course last week. It is suspected that Alcorn stole Mischler's drugs in need of a quick fix.

In its report, Doyle and Mischler are reported to be "squeaky clean." The NCAA was tipped off to Kenyon by Wooster golf coach Bob Nye, who specifically requested investigations on these two and their apartments, E-1 and A-4. The committee has found that neither Doyle nor Mischler, nor any of their roommates, have been involved with anything harder than 3% beer over the past three months.

Junior Paul Skidmore, from Orrville, was also cited in the report. The Skids, as his friends affectionately call him, is said to be a "loud, belligerent drunk, also known to take large quantities of amphetamines." When we offered the Skids a case of 151 proof rum, the lanky Mather resident said, "Nah, it ain't hard enough."

The committee had nothing to report on junior Mike "ball and chain" Collyer because "we could never find him." It has been suspected that he has spent every moment of the past three months with his girlfriend, Jen Jansen. Kenyon president Philip Jordan, though, disputes this.

"Collyer? That damn kid!" complained Jordan. "He's in this office every day trying to get back D-Phi housing. Screw him! Screw the D-Phi's! Screw fraternities! This place is for the butt-pirates of the world!"



Matt Alcorn at a recent Dead Show

Students Slain by Militant Mob

By Jack B. Nimble

Margaret A. Graham, known to her friends as Alison, and Jenny Kerr both died a bizarre and tragic death in Mather dorm Tues. evening, May 2, when a militant mob of fellow dorm mates descended upon their rooms on the third floor, turned their stereos into bits of twisted steel and transistors, and then proceeded to rip the two Kenyon women into little pieces. The Knox County Sheriff's office and the Kenyon College Security and Safety Office are actively following leads in the grizzly case, and the County Morgue is at press time still searching for remains, as several individuals absconded with undisclosed body parts.

"As near as we can figure," Sheriff Bob explained in a recent interview conducted at the scene of the crime, "the two young women were in Ms. Graham's room having a beer and smoking cigarettes while playing their respective stereos at excessive volumes... with the doors open. Although both were in Ms. Graham's room for several hours, Ms. Kerr's stereo played the same Led Zeppelin album over and over, with the volume set so high that the distortion must have been horrible. I mean really horrible."

Approximately 7:32 p.m., a student working in the computer room down the hall asked the two women to "pipe down" and "keep the damn door shut." Graham and Kerr responded by closing Graham's door and turning up her stereo, as the leader of the mob later reported, "to the max."

"The noise was deafening..." explained Dean Robert Keister. "Not only were residents in Mather bothered by the music, but security began to get complaints from students in Caples, Bexley Apartments and Professor Blumer's family, who live near campus. Although we try to let House Managers deal with these sorts of problems by themselves, we felt that because of the threatening nature of the calls, something more drastic needed to be done. At 8:17 p.m. we dispatched the Jeep to investigate the complaints. Now we know that it was too late..."

A crowd began to form under the Mather TV Lounge at approximately 8:05 p.m. The student who initially asked the two women to turn down their music earlier in the evening was quickly chosen leader.

"Are we going to take this anymore?" cried the student. "All year they've been taking the Computer and the Study Rooms hostage with their music! I might not even mind it as much if they didn't play MADONNA!!! I've had enough! I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it any more! What about you all?"

At this point the swelling crowd began chanting "We're gonna beat back the loud music attack!" and proceeded to march up the stairs two abreast. Everything in their path was disrupted, including the door to the third floor, which was ripped of its hinges and used as a battering ram to enter Graham's room. Students in surrounding dorms joined in the barrage of violence. More damage might have been done had Security officers not shown up at the scene.

President Jordan conveyed his apologies to both families and issued a statement condemning the violence and needless death. Donations in lieu of flowers may be sent to The Kenyon Collegian.

Nancy, The Rabbit Died!

Little Booger Dude, beloved rodent companion of Nancy Farts, a pesky nuisance to the Collegian staff, and a housing code violation to Charlie Jacobs, suffered an unexpected death last week.

Although details are incomplete, early police investigations indicate foul play may be a factor. The police are unwilling to reveal information, but it is believed they have a suspect and are pursuing him for questioning.

The alleged perpetrator of the heinous crime apparently wore a large Nike tennis shoe on the night of Dude's demise as the Nike logo was found imprinted in the remains of Dude's fur. This, police surmise, denotes a clue into the tragic death of Dude. Any one possessing information pertaining to the case should contact the police immediately. All names will remain anonymous.

Closed hutch services will be held for family and friends Tuesday, May 9, during Common Hour in The Church of the Holy Spirit. Contributions can be made to The Better Bong Development Fund.

The Graduate

The Graduate. Directed by Mike Nichols. Starring Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman, Katharine Ross. 1967. 105 minutes. No rating.

Ben (Hoffman) has just graduated from a prestigious liberal arts college and returned to his parents' home in Beverly Hills. He rapidly learns that his parents expect him to immediately adapt to their lifestyle, which consists of drinking a lot and socializing by the swimming pool. He is also expected to begin working in his father's business and looking for an appropriate wife. None of these activities particularly appeals to him; he feels he should be doing something important with his life. But he doesn't know where to start, so he hangs out at home for a while.

Soon, Ben discovers just how thin the facade of contentment among his parents' circle of friends really is—the wife of his father's partner seduces him. Things don't really get complicated, however, until Ben begins falling love with his seducer's daughter.

The Graduate was extremely innovative in 1967, and is a lot of fun to watch, although

there is a tendency to squirm in sympathy when Hoffman/Ben is making a fool of himself. There are two additional notes of interest about this movie. First, the *New York Times* review of this movie calls Hoffman "an amazing new young star," which is a little hard to picture in these post-Kramer and Rain Man days. And second, there's a great soundtrack. The name of the woman Ben has his affair is (yes, you guessed it, all you Simon and Garfunkel fans) Mrs. Robinson. — Stephanie R. Klein

Wimmin

Continued from page one

back into his home where the last bastion of great literature remained. Edwards then confronted Brod, "How could you let that rat escape?" Brod attempting to appease Edwards said, "One does not achieve great things through violence." Edwards exploded, "You don't understand! You're a man!" Brod retorted, "And damn proud of it!"

Security finally arrived, observed the situation, issued a fire code violation, and did nothing else. An investigation is pending. The College is reevaluating Women's Month, Women's Network, and women's housing in the Crozier Center.

Anth-Soc Beer Bash Angers Security

Friday, April 28, found the raucous Anth/Soc. department convening once again for the annual departmental picnic. The festivities began with a round of Budweiser and a scintillating discussion of political economic theory led in German by professors McCarthy and Marcus. At around 5:00 p.m., the life of the party arrived in the persona of a beer-swilling Andrew Fitz Gibbon. The 1½ year old immediately shotgunned two Buds under the watch of proud Heather Fitz Gibbon, while others looked on in awe and respect.

Pretty soon, those crazy majors broke out the volleyball for an intense game, led by Scott Rosenberg's vicious spikes and Matt

Dahl's no less than stunning serves. Though short lived, the volley left the department ready to challenge the econ. majors to a tournament of newcome and ideological battle.

Meanwhile, Dean Stewart Fitz Gibbons was locked in confrontation with a security officer over the nature of the beer bash. After a heated discussion, Fitz Gibbon managed to convince the would be arresting officer that Andrew was in fact a 23 year old midget who had left his I.D. at home. Andrew Fitz Gibbon had no comment.

The only disappointment of the afternoon was Professor David Suggs' refusal to perform the dance of the fairies, seen only once by a lucky few on the streets of Memphis, otherwise, the picnic was a brilliant success.

Collegian Awards

Anil Mammen—Outstanding Political Commentary
Dave Richards—Dramatic Irony
Scott Biggs—Volunteer of the Year
Scott Beggs—Co-Editor-in-Chief of the Year
Scott Beggs—Business Manager of the Year
John Douglass—General Sensitivity
Dog Kleinfeldt—Speedy Delivery

KENYISH/MUS

The Cartoon That Wants More Dances Set To Feminist Poetry (And Wishes You All A Happy Summer)



Overheard On The Hill

- "Do ya wanna step outside and talk about it?"—John Roman
- "That guy *really* hates us!"—Jenny Kerr
- "Today I feel like wanting to strangle everyone who's happy."—Beth The Fool
- "See, I got this rug burn sliding down the stairs naked."—Tom Samiljan
- "Sonner or later you will die and then you won't have any more fun."—Professor Fred Baumann on the essence of Lockean morality lowered to standard materialism
- "Is this the meaning of life? No calorie beer?"—Professor Baumann on Rousseau's objection
- "I want a computer more than sex."—Amanda Albrecht
- "My ass hurts and I need a Kleenex."—Dez Davis
- "Dave, you are such a Mr. Negative."—Dave Sullivan's Mom
- "I'm so whipped it's unbelievable."—Keith Calcagno
- "That one came from the toes."—Andrea Verrier
- "I wake up at 4:00 a.m. and I have to have something in my mouth."—Sonya Dudgeon
- "I really hate it when hard things poke me in the ass."—Sean Ward
- "I'd be great at it if someone would just give me a chance."—Ann Tutton
- "I can't do work with clothes on."—Christina Hoyt
- "I'm so impotent."—Dan McGuire
- "The first thing to worry about is getting it up and then you worry about where to put it."—Volleyball Coach Gretchen Weitbrecht

The Kenyon Collegian

Editor-in-Grief: Faris wheel
 Mismanagement Editor: Neidermeyer
 Snooze Editor: The invisible Man
 Perspiration Editor: John "I'll take it to the Supreme Court" Douglass
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Druggie Demands Dealers

To the Editor:

Hey now! As a member of the Kenyon community, I feel a need to write in and express the horror that I feel over the lack of drug dealers on this campus. Drug dealers are a minority on this campus, and as a result there has been a marked shift in the equilibrium price of pot (and drugs in general). The decrease in supply and the increase in demand have created monopolistic conditions for the few dealers that exist. As a result, it isn't possible to get an 1/8 for less than \$25 around here. I'm outraged! Please encourage diversity, and help get more

dealers in to Kenyon. Your support is vital, dude.

J. Herb

When you party,
remember to...

PARTY

D. Dashwood Expresses Discontent

By Declan Alex Dashwood

Well, I'm certainly no journalist, and I can't write articles nearly HALF as funny as Charlie Spaulding (I think Tad's a genius, too, Charlie), but seeing that this IS the humour issue (Note the cool British spelling with the u), I thought I'd give this a shot:

We all have complaints about Kenyon, so I thought—wouldn't it be fun to trivialize and generalize them all to the point where 90 percent of the campus gets annoyed. I realize that 'Kenyish' cartoon does this every week, but I will not buffer my views with wimpy disclaimers. Or goofy "Uh Rick" jokes.

So here's my Top Ten list of things I Will Miss LEAST about Kenyon over the summer. If you get seriously offended by these jokes then good. I'm going home in a week and I just don't care:

1. Women's Month. Last year was Women's Week; tell me, really, are we headed for Women's Year? And will I have to buy the button? I didn't buy one this year. You know why? Because Rob Edsall got kicked out of the Crozier Center because he was a male. Of course it wasn't discrimination he'll be allowed back if he gets express written permission from all the women on campus. Let's hear it for equal rights!!

2. Homeless D-Phi's. You can appeal all you want, boys, but the die has been cast. I hear the Wing Computer Center has lovely carpeting, though. Puke to your heart's content on it. A tip—break the glass and pass out INSIDE your rooms this time—you'll stay out of trouble that way. Serves you all right for not letting me into one of your parties last year. Anyhow, you guys are getting phased out of existence so the Thetas can have your housing.

3. People who steal the pens from other peoples' doors. What the hell, guys? I've gone through four pens this year, and considering I've had them practically chained and bolted to the door you must have REAL-ly wanted them. Why?? Don't you have any pens of your own? What do you do with them all? Eat them? Recycle them? Recycling, by the way, contrary to the popular notion, is neither neat nor fun. That has little to do with pen-snatching, but it needed to be said anyway. I just want my pens.

4. The "Gambier Journal Incident". Either someone tell me the ENTIRE story, or stop wasting *Collegian* space (and my time) with cryptic articles. And tell Paul Singer that he's graduated, and HAS TO STOP WRITING FOR THE COLLEGIAN!!

5. Misspelled Werds in Newzscope. Maybe it's just me, but this is rely irritating.

6. People who cannot keep a bathroom clean. The ladies who have to daily sanitize my hall's bathroom have just been awarded Medals of Honor. Gosh, neighbors, you could at least wash your beards down the sink, and use GOOD AIM at the toilet. You could also learn to flush, too.

7. Sidewalk Chalk. Perhaps this should be number one on my list. Hopefully this is only a fad; cause it's stupid, and I think that anyone who advertises with sidewalk chalk should, after the advertised event is over, be forced to clean the sidewalk with their tongue.

8. Common Grounds. The most popular place to Hang-Out-And-Get-Noticed. Even if ALL the pretentious people were there coloring with crayons on the tables and listening to poetry, you couldn't fool me. It's STILL just the Gund Snack Shop, only at night. And don't you people have WORK you should be doing?

9. The Bookstore. The second most popular place to Hang-Out-And-Get-Noticed. I used to laugh at the ostrich puppet that costs \$80, but soon the legal pads will cost that much at the rate things are going. Even the price of Slim Jims is up—and who the hell buys those?? I also don't like the Bookstore because there's too many books, and just not enough CD's.

10. Summer. Sniff, sniff. Yeah, I really DO love ol' Kenyon, and I'm sure going to miss this place, despite its little foibles. So who cares if Newscope misspells 'the', or if the toilets in my hall bathroom are filled with Cove pineapples? If Kenyon were perfect we wouldn't ever want to leave. So, with that in mind, go on home and get yourself a job. I know I will. I've got to save up if I want that ostrich puppet. Have fun and see you in August, DD.

Nick the Irreducible
&
Eric the Inexpandable

Call

for: Poetry
Palm Reading
Botswana Penis Peons
Obituaries
& More