

The Kenyon Collegian

12-14-1978

Kenyon Collegian - December 14, 1978

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Sound of music: alive on the hill?

By CYNTHIA SAVAGE
Staff Writer

Students all over the country use the Freedom of Information Act to gain access to evaluations in their personal files. The act grants a privilege that, in a small way, helps maintain democracy. Should they ever wish to exercise it, Kenyon students have that same right. Last week, Kenyon music professors discovered that departments don't.

During the fall of 1977 an Ad Hoc Committee on the Musical Life of the College was formed because, according to department chairman Ken Taylor, he and the administration "were unable to agree . . . about the size and nature of the department and discipline."

By the end of the 1977-78 academic year the committee had filed a report which cited findings in support of their conclusion that "Kenyon is a place where students come and give up music."

In December of 1977 Taylor reportedly urged the administration to initiate an outside evaluation of "the appropriateness and scope" of the department. That evaluation took place this October when three professionals spent an intensive two days at Kenyon. Their individual reports were filed early in November.

Until last week Taylor and music professor Daniel Robinson expected to receive copies of each of three evaluations. Even after Taylor was given a 12-page compilation of selected paragraphs from the three he was assured by the president's secretary that documentation with the appropriate attributions was forthcoming. Only on December 5, Taylor said, did Jordan's office admit the accuracy of claims from the Provost's office that the department had received all of the information that they are going to

get. The department had not and would not see the actual reports.

On December 6 Provost Haywood, Robinson recalled, told him that the evaluators and the department had both known that the reports would be the exclusive property of the president's office, to be given out as the president saw fit. Neither Taylor nor Robinson remembered such an understanding. When contacted none of the three evaluators admitted making that agreement with the administration; each claimed he saw no reason the actual reports should be withheld from the department.

During their December 6 conversation Haywood allegedly told Robinson that "he did not wish to get into a discussion of the different merits of the various reports . . . implying that we [the music professors] could not assess the reports as well as they could. 'You can like it or lump it,'" Haywood is quoted as saying.

Robinson continued, saying that the Provost had mentioned that the three reports "seemed very similar." Haywood reportedly then "made a contradiction by claiming that the department would instantly recognize the individual evaluators by their reports, even with the names left off."

In an interview December 7 President Jordan called the issue of withholding the report "utterly peripheral, a red herring." He concurred with Haywood stating that the evaluative reports had been made for the administration to facilitate their decisions about budget allocations and staffing in the future. The compilation of the evaluator's observations contains the individual documents "virtually in their entirety," Jordan said.

Jordan commented that he feels
Continued on page seven



Spencer Sloan — Collegian

December sun sets on another clear Gambier day.

Ambitious C.C. Pyle opens new theater

By RICK ROSENGARTEN
Staff Writer

The Kenyon College Dramatic Club production of Michael Cristofer's *C.C. Pyle & the Bunion Derby* seems to me both highly ambitious and flawed; it is an exciting prospect and, in light of its promise, something of a disappointment in the end. Ambitious, because Cristofer seeks to dramatize a man's memory, to bring it to the stage and made the stage become the man's memory; flawed, because the ending of the play seems untrue to its beginning, and some important credibility is lost. But Cristofer's play is by no means a bad opening for the Bolton Theater; it's a very challenging play to produce, with many nice, fine touches, and it's an audience's play in the truest sense. Unlike too many past Kenyon productions, *C.C. Pyle* is unconventional and exciting to see. I hope this portents more of the same for the future.

C.C. Pyle was an entrepreneur in early twentieth-century America, probably as active and ambitious — and daring — as any who lived then. The "Bunion Derby" was one of his most famous projects, a cross-

country jaunt which was both less and more than a race. Pyle hired runners to "race" from city to city along the route, but he wasn't above determining the outcome if an interested bettor manifested a substantial interest. He also brought along Red Grange, the football hero, and a troupe of chorus girls to publicize the Derby and bring in some extra money during stopovers in towns like Topeka and Wichita. The Bunion Derby took place in the 1920's, after the first World War and before the Great Depression.

All this is in Cristofer's play, as seen through Pyle's memory. The play opens with Pyle in a jail cell, drunk, singing the national anthem; as he begins to awake he hears voices, of his runners, from the past, and his memory begins to go to work. What he remembers for the audience is the Derby in all its elements — its hope and despair, its grime and its glory, and its desperate nature. These memories form the substance of the next two hours, with occasional supplemental comments from people who knew Pyle well. Cristofer seems less concerned with adhering to his convention, and more concerned with evoking a sense of the man. I mention this only because the

program makes such a point of the memory-play motif, and of elucidating a couple of its subtleties for us.

The problem with the play is its ending. Having exercised his memory over the entire terrain of the Bunion Derby, Pyle is once again in his jail cell, hearing voices, calling for the jailer, wondering what time it is and why exactly he is there. Suddenly his wife, Euphemia walks onto the stage and "enters" Pyle's cell. She tells him that she has organized a second Derby, and has amassed sufficient pledges from towns the first Derby did not travel through to create the credit for Pyle's \$25,000 bail and the promise of some earnings. And they climb up into their truck, and off they go, singing the national anthem, which seems, at that point, maudlin.

Now, I'm not so naive as to think that Pyle's memory is totally objective, and I realize that imagination forms much of the substance of his memory, and that the imagination seems very real on the stage. But Pyle has been given depth, been built up as a subtle character throughout the play, a character of some foresight, in some sense ahead of his time. I fully expected him to be returned, at the play's end, to the darkness of the

cell, finally at the mercy of the fact of his situation.

I suppose this ending confirms the power of Pyle's imaginative vision (if such a term will do), but I don't think it's satisfactory, for the audience or for the play itself. Pyle has a tragic power which Cristofer uses, and his escape doesn't fit with the opening of the play. I'm all for happy endings, but this seemed too incredible to be justified, especially in terms of the play's opening and Cristofer's treatment of Pyle.

Yet there is much to be liked about this production. Cristofer wrote the play for the stage (it does not read well), and Paul Newman, Ted Walsh, and their cohorts made a large step in the right direction toward realizing the potential of Cristofer's play.

Technically, the play is quite sound. The Bolton Theater plays no small part in this success. The theater's thrust stage, surrounded on three sides by its audience, allows for intimacy and a great deal of freedom, in terms of space and angles, in staging. The potential liabilities of such a stage can be offset by intelligent planning. When I first saw the set, just prior to the performance, it seemed cluttered and restrictive; but its effect during the play was

quite the opposite. Good choreography had something to do with this, as did the intelligent lighting; the technical crew's success was manifest in the ease with which they directed the audience's attention about the stage. The music evoked the optimistic tone of the twenties and Pyle, and the costumes — all based on the extent to which the character is developed through Pyle's memory — are evocative of the colorlessness we associate with the age through our pictorial knowledge of it.

And there are some fine performances. Most notable is that of John Considine as C.C. Pyle. Considine makes Pyle likable and exciting, the sort of fellow who is inspirational enough, and possessed of enough imagination, to bring off, not only the Bunion Derby, but the reminiscence of it that we see on stage. Considine was the motor that ran on steadily through the production's slower moments, and he made the crucial role of Pyle into the complex, multi-faceted hero the play requires.

Susan Sharkey's Euphemia is both devious and fragile. Euphemia

Continued on page five

Famous last words

This editorial is penned fresh on the heels of a "niter" brought about by a conflict between the need to see the *Collegian* through to publication, and the need to finish a paper for Art History. Not the first time it has happened, but I can finally say it is the last time. That's it. I'm through. Done. Finished. Kaput.

Hoo Boy.

Farewell editorials are a fond tradition among would-be-significant college journalists. They are usually trite; this one is no exception.

Good luck to Cynthia Savage as the new *Collegian* editor — luck can certainly be used in the position. There are a number of people who have made my experience one which I will remember (and, yes, even take some pride in) for a long time. This column has often moaned about the lack of good help these days. The truth is, I have had good help, and plenty of it over the past year.

Thanks to absentia to Janice Cooper and Fran Met-selaar whose vivacious personalities were missed this year. Thanks also to Tim Hayes, who had the good sense to do some other things than devoting his life to the newspaper this year; he was as good a number two man as could be asked for. Thanks to Todd Holzman, who was never wrong, and was right often enough to fill the shoes of Managing Editor and devil's advocate at the same time; large shoes, indeed.

So much for the late, great ones. Thanks to a very alive Lauren Weiner, who could be just about the best feature writer I've seen, and who never complained when given the short end of the stick. Thanks to Spencer Sloan, who always managed to grin when I turned in late photo assignments, and who never once gave the great Kenyon excuse.

Thanks to Doug Braddock, Steve Altman, Bill Soukup, and Lindsay Brooks, all of whom were there when we needed them. Thanks to Geoff Smith, who appeared from nowhere to do a fine job as Circulation Manager. Thanks to Bob Vogt and the crew at Printing Arts for their patience and excellence at what could be just a job.

Special thanks to Matt O'Farrell for the help (and the use of the furniture). Good luck, Matt.

Kudos to Wilson Milam, who was always very busy with important nothings. Thanks to Al Coons for his input into our foreign affairs desk, and to Gary Yacobian for his layout advice.

My deepest appreciation to Gerrit Roelofs, Joseph Slate, Martin Garhart, and Galbraith Crump. Gentlemen, without your encouragement and guidance I do not see how I could have gotten through. It is people such as yourselves that give the "Kenyon Experience" its real value when the rhetoric has faded. Thank you.

There are many, many people who I have left off my thank-you note that deserve mention. Thank you all.

To quote a famous hobbit, "I feel all thin and stretched, like butter spread over too much toast." I have enjoyed editing the *Collegian*; now I am happy to be through. I would not have missed it for the world.

— ROBERT A. RUBIN



LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS

THE KENYON COLLEGIAN encourages letters to the Editor. All submissions must be typed. The Editor reserves the right to edit all material while maintaining the original intentions of the particular submission.

Racism and inequity

To the Editor:

Racism does happen here. Many of the quotes in the article on black admissions were contradictory, exhibiting a confusion about racism and inequity, their sources in our society, and our collective responsibility for these problems.

Mr. Hatcher is partly correct that it is an issue of resources: Kenyon does not have as much money for aid as some colleges. Even with our present resources, however, it is a matter of priorities and allocation, not just absolute figures. We could have more blacks here than we do at present, but it would have to be at the expense of other things — merit scholarships, student activities, and (shudder) salaries. We are, nonetheless, responsible for our choices. We cannot fob off the

responsibility for there being so few blacks at Kenyon simply because they choose not to come. Most blacks cannot choose Kenyon because of financial limitations, or because of the quality of their high school education, or because they have never heard of this place. In fact, most whites cannot choose Kenyon for those same reasons. This is an elite institution with an elite constituency.

The question is, how much is Kenyon responsible for the conditions of inequality which predetermine its applicant pool? Our policies, on the whole, imply that we do not accept much of that responsibility. We have defined ourselves as "a very different world, slightly removed from the mainstream of concerns and cares of the real world." In this atmosphere, it is

easy to ignore racism and inequity and, by ignoring, to comply with them. It is questionable whether Kenyon teaches students "how to deal with people," but it certainly does not teach them much about changing relationships between people, relationships often marred by racism. Nor has Kenyon, as an institution, committed much of its resources to changing the hierarchical class structure of "the real world" of which Kenyon is a part. Indeed, it could be argued that Kenyon helps perpetuate our social structure with its pervasive inequalities because that structure, in turn, perpetuates Kenyon.

Sincerely yours,

Rita Elm
 Howard Sait
 Mary Ellen Bates
 Richard Kim

Dr. Know

Translated from the incoherent by Barry Rosenberg

"Fear and Loathing in Gambier." The words hit me like the climax of a Peter Townsend smash solo. That Son Of A Bitch Rubin Told Me To Jet My Tail Out Of Lotus Land To Some Ridiculous Town in . . . in. Where the hell was it? I looked on an Ohio map. No good. By God, the adrenalin was beginning to kick in. I was going to have to find the town by instinct.

*Son of Sam I am,
 I do Not Like
 Green Eggs and Ham,
 Blam, blam, blam.*

The zen of Dr. Seuss is not immediately apparent unless one has followed the example of a strange Marxist cult located high in the Urals. Spinning the globe, bringin you the constant variety of pharmaceutical conglomerations, the thrill of utopia, the agony of this article. This has been DHT's Wide World. But lads, I tell you, I'd never seen anything like these people. Their cult was established on Marx's well known "Religion is the opiate of the people." High in the Urals, in a ceremony witnessed by only a handful of outsiders, a high priest chants an ancient incantation, lights a swirling irradiated candle and opens "The Box." There in the box are a dozen 20 mg. tabs of Deuteronomy. Upon downing "The Whit Cross" the followers go into a state of emotional and intellectual euphoria never seen on this continent.

I cruised Columbus in an Avis Harley searching for the man. I had to have something to get me through

the trip to Gambier. Rubin had sent me on a lot of dumb things before, but stalking the corn fields had to be the stupidest thought ever to crease his "21" crazed brain.

Suddenly I saw him on High Street.

"Jerry's back in town," he claimed as I handed him the fin for a bag of Jerusalem of Gold. Getting through the Bible had never been half as fun as letting the bible roar through you.

I pulled into Gambier at 4 and found my way to Pee Wee's. I was met at his door by a 2 meter behemoth who proceeded to pin me down and search me before I could reach for my luger. Much to my surprise, he didn't remove my pistols, grenades, grape flavored Kool-ade, or my Mattel Star Wars Laser Sword. (Be the last kid on your block.)

We had to be careful, Pee Wee's caught the fever.

"Jim, the lives of millions of people are at stake."

"I know Bones."

I entered Fernbuster's chambers. A shock.

"Why . . . Why . . . you're a Y."

"Exactly Dr. Thompson."

A moment to gather my disturbed senses was needed. Pee Wee was a woman.

"Look Honey lets go on a first name basis. You can call me Dr., and I can call you Pee."

So began another grueling interview. This one would be tougher than most. This time I would be conscious.

Next Week: Fear & Loathing in Gambier Part 2.



Along Middle Path

Compiled by JOHN KILYK, JR.

Friday, Dec. 15
 6:00 p.m. — Union of Jewish Students dinner, GLPDR.
 7:00 p.m. — Christmas Concert — Chasers, Peirce Lounge.
 8:00 p.m. — Play: "C.C. Pyle and the Bunion Derby," Bolton Theatre.
 9:00 p.m. — *A Christmas Carol* (film), Rosse.
 9:00 p.m. — Second Annual Winter's Eve Ball, Peirce Hall.

Saturday, Dec. 16
 3:00 p.m. — Men's Basketball — Rose-Hulman at home.
 8:00 p.m. — Play: "C.C. Pyle and the Bunion Derby," Bolton Theatre.
 9:00 p.m. — *A Christmas Carol* (film), Rosse.

Sunday, Dec. 17
 8:00 p.m. — Dramatic Reading: "Child's Christmas in Wales" by G. Wilson, Peirce Lounge.

Tuesday, Jan. 16
 8:30 p.m. — Second George Concert: String Quartet — Hungary, Rosse.

Thursday, Jan. 18
 8:00 p.m. — PACC Lecture by Prof. Caesar, Bio. Aud.

The Kenyon Collegian

—Established 1856—

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Black students cope with minority status

By NANCY SILBERGELD
 Staff Writer

"Prejudice and discrimination will always exist in one form or another," said Eddie Gregory, Head of the Kenyon Black Student Union. "Most people need to justify themselves and do this by degrading others."

"Racial prejudice exists at Kenyon," Gregory affirmed. "It is usually the result of uncertainty and fear rather than overt hate. A lot of people are uncertain around blacks. They aren't used to being around us and don't know how to respond to us so they act unnaturally," he adds.

"Whites may ignore blacks, go out of their way to be too friendly, or else go out of their way to treat us badly... but mainly I think most people just don't want to be bothered with blacks — they don't care," Gregory said.

The Black Student Union (BSU) is a group dedicated to "making the Kenyon community aware of the roles of black people both on and off the Gambier campus... an attempt to increase... consciousness — black awareness — that's what we attempt to do," says Eddie. "It's important to have a society where a group that actually has to live the situation can get together."

BSU has a dining table in Dempsey

and a lounge on the second floor of Peirce Hall, and holds informal Sunday afternoon meetings for its 13 members.

Eddie feels that, "there aren't enough blacks at Kenyon for us to be comfortable. It looks as though we always are hanging together and that's true but it's because we have something in common and that's hard to explain... We have shared experiences that can't be shared by anyone else who's not black."

"I'm very happy at Kenyon," he continues. "The main thing I dislike is the small number of blacks... I don't know if it is possible to get blacks to come here though."

Gregory agreed with Director of Admission John Kushan's remarks in last week's *Collegian* regarding the reasons why blacks aren't attracted to Kenyon.

However, he disagreed with Kushan's response that Kenyon does not suffer as a result of its largely uniform racial makeup. "That's a bunch of bull, it's everyone's loss. I know I've gained by being exposed to different cultures and communities and I know anyone would gain... you can improve on yourself and if you don't think you can well then just stay in Gambier, Ohio."

"Whites who interrelate with blacks at Kenyon can't necessarily go

into a large city and interrelate with blacks there. I have to play two different roles — one at Kenyon, a white institution, the other in my predominately black neighborhood," he elaborates.

"There is an agreement that a couple of us blacks have," said Eddie. "It's easy to go to an all black campus and feel secure but we want to make it in the white world — western society is controlled by whites, only 4 percent of the nation's businesses are owned by minority firms. If we can make it these four years here then we believe we can make it in the world since this campus is an extreme in the ratio of blacks to whites."

Because most of the blacks on campus come from predominantly black neighborhoods, it is difficult to adjust to an all white institution. BSU makes this transition easier because it provides a familiar situation where blacks can feel comfortable according to Gregory. This is why BSU maintains an all black membership.

Gregory did mention that in the future there will be specified BSU meetings open to everyone and announced in *Newscope*.

"If 5 blacks are sitting together at a meal, whites feel we don't want them to sit with us and that's not



Jon Ellis — Collegian

Eddie Gregory

true," said Eddie. "If we felt that way we wouldn't have come to a place like Kenyon. There's no way for us to isolate ourselves here."

"It's kind of 'the hate that hate produces' which makes us separate. Blacks on campus aren't prejudiced against whites, we may be mad but we can't blame it on the whole race," Eddie said.

"We're being separate to relate to one another," he explains. "When I walk down Middle Path I am what I am, there is a difference, it's racial

identity that we have. If one black person runs into another there is a tendency to acknowledge the other black whether you are acquainted or not."

The BSU has had a lot of problems getting started this year," according to Eddie. "I've never been an organization head before; we only had 7 members, returning upperclassmen, in September."

Plans are being made for short films, documentaries, and speakers for second semester. The BSU is working with Reverend Lincoln Stelek to have a black speaker come to Kenyon in February. The Union is particularly interested in focusing on key issues such as the South African situation.

BSU would like to set up informal workshops and invite all people to talk about the situation that's going on. "People don't want to talk about race and they prefer it to be kept hush-hush," said Gregory. The workshops could be beneficial by giving everyone a chance to speak openly and just be together.

"There are so many things I feel and I can't explain. Even if I can get my point across it can't be understood. My black friends and I have almost come to the conclusion that we can't convey the situation to someone outside of us," concludes Gregory.

LOOK FASTER, I KNOW YOU BLEW YOUR FINALS BECAUSE YOU SPENT THE LAST TWO WEEKS TRYING TO GET CAUGHT UP ON THE WORK YOU GOT BEHIND ON OVER THANKSGIVING, BECAUSE YOU SPENT THANKSGIVING TRYING TO GET CAUGHT UP ON THE WORK YOU GOT BEHIND ON OVER OCTOBER BREAK, BECAUSE YOU SPENT OCTOBER BREAK TRYING TO GET CAUGHT UP ON THE WORK YOU GOT BEHIND ON OVER THE WEEKEND OF SEPTEMBER 2, BECAUSE YOU SAW THE MOVIE AND WENT TO A FRAT PARTY THAT WEEKEND. BUT JUST THINK....



Me an' Paul

PEE WEE FERNBUSTER
 Personal Friend of Paul Newman

Analysis and Commentary by,

Paul Newman has made a pretty big splash here at Kenyon, and I'll bet a lot of you wish you were a friend of his, or wonder what it's like to be a friend of his. Well, I can't help you be a friend of his (let's face it, you've probably got zits or pick your nose with your feet, and he couldn't afford to be seen with you), but I can tell you what it is like to be a personal friend of Paul's. To be honest, it's really kind of a nuisance, because he's always asking me to go have a beer with him, or give him advice on directing the play and so on.

I will never forget the first time I met Paulie (he makes me call him Paulie). I was walking into the V.I., and I saw him sitting at a table towards the back. I suppose he was trying to be discreet, but who else would wear dark glasses in the V.I.? Well, I realized that I was someone Paul probably wanted to meet (it's not everyone who gets at least forty square inches in the *Collegian* every week, you know). So with my ready wit, I strode up to his table and flipped a nickel into his cup, pretending to mistake him for a blind man. Unfortunately his glass was full at the time and the fact that the beer splashed up all over him put a slight damper, so to speak, on my little joke, but he graciously smiled it off. Needless to say, I felt kind of bad about the little misfortune. So, to return Paul to his former humor, I took the rest of his beer and poured it over my head, telling him with great comicality that we were now even, being sure of course to subtly retrieve my nickel. Paul seemed slightly amused — that is, he smiled again — but it still did not seem as though my levity had really made him quite as bouyant as he ought to have been, so (knowing that most artists are moody people), I pulled up a chair in order to further entertain him out of his doldrums. I introduced myself while simultaneously shocking the hell out of him with my ever-present joy buzzer. For some reason, however, he did not seem to share in my merriment.

We did not seem to be getting off to as good a start as I had hoped we would, so I offered him a cigar, which he was good enough to accept. I honestly did not know it was going to explode. I was just wearing the wrong jacket, as it turned out. I told Paul I would replace his cracked dark glasses, and to change the subject, I asked him if he would mind posing for a few pictures with me. He had a little trouble saying yes (as I assume a piece of cigar shrapnel had burned his tongue), but I was already yelling for the waitress and setting my camera. I told Paul to put his arm around me and to hold a little sign I had previously prepared, which read "Pee Wee's for me, see?" Striking my trademark pose (as above), the waitress shot off the roll for me. Next, still hoping to induce Paul's laughter, I drolly asked him if he would autograph my left buttock. Off-color jokes are not for everyone I found, and I offered to buy him a drink. He had a double. I decided that Paul was probably just not in the mood for wit, so I determined to engage him in stimulating conversation. I told him I could really sympathize with his publicity problems and explained that it was not easy being a popular intellectual columnist at a college newspaper either, but I told him not to worry, and that they did not call me Fernbuster for my agronomic attributes. I said that I would help him out, and that I would write a column telling everyone that he was a personal friend of Pee Wee's and that they ought to treat him accordingly. He thanked me. Figuring that we were now on a better footing, I quipped that I would be happy to sign his napkin, if he would sign mine. He assented, much more readily than I had anticipated. When he returned the napkin, I saw he had jovially written, "Butt out of my life, worm." Of course I laughed heartily. Crazy Paul! He had been joshing with me the whole time! Here I was afraid he might be out of sorts, but he obviously was just acting the whole time! What a card!

I immediately saw that we were going to be lifelong friends, and I abandoned my thoughts of quitting the place, and instead, ordered another round of drinks. Paul had a triple. (You can tell he is still a Kenyon boy at heart!) "So Paul," I said, "Do you think you will ever set back together with the rest of the Beatles?"

The 'Society' page

Kenyon Film Society

In an age when adjectives like "timeless" and "classic," as well as other superlatives, have become trite, it is difficult to describe a film such as *A Christmas Carol*. However, this version of the story by Dickens far and away surpasses all others, even (blasphemy though it may be to some) the animated one with Mr. Magoo. Desmond-Hurst faithfully follows the original text, not only in events and characters, but in recreating the pitiful way the working man in nineteenth-century England lived, as seen in the Cratchett family. They make the best of what they have cheerfully and admirably, while the main character — Bob Cratchett's boss Scrooge — is absolutely pathetic because of the life he has created for himself.

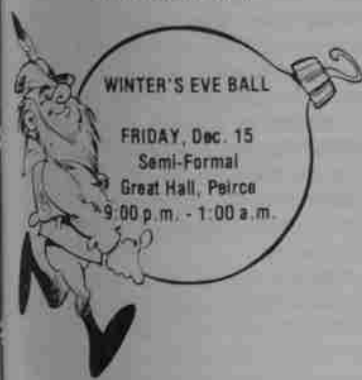
The basic plot, for those whose parents were remiss and never read it to them, is as follows: It is Christmas Eve. Scrooge, a hard and miserly man, is keeping his clerks (one of whom is Bob Cratchett) working until the last second of quitting time. As they head home to their families and the beginning of the Christmas celebrations, Scrooge goes home to his usual dinner alone, and then

retires. During the night he is visited by the ghost of his old partner, who tells him he must mend his ways. To show him the error of his life three ghosts — of Christmas' past, present, and future — will visit him. His youth and missed opportunities are produced first, then the present time, in which he views Cratchett's family as they pity Scrooge, and wish him well from their poverty. Finally he is shown the unhappiness and misfortune which is to come, yet which he has the power to change, in a terrifying nightmare. To continue would spoil a good, although predictable ending.

Although the story has been done many times in various overly sentimental versions, don't let that keep you from this one. Alastair Sim does not portray Scrooge as the malicious and cruel old man who suddenly seems to develop a heart of gold, but rather as a pathetic and lonely figure, embittered by the disappointments of the years. This is an excellent film, one which will be enjoyed by all, and which provides a reminder that Christmas was not always a commercial holiday.

—S. Stearly

Don't forget...



WINTER'S EVE BALL

FRIDAY, Dec. 15
 Semi-Formal
 Great Hall, Peirce
 9:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.

Tickets are \$1.00 and will be on sale during dinner at Gund and Peirce everyday this week.

Garhart and Gunderson: complementary opposites

By ROBERT A. RUBIN

The two-man show by Martin Garhart and Barry Gunderson which runs in Colburn Gallery through December 20 is a fascinating combination of two distinctly different styles. The two artists seem to complement each other well, with the result being a show that requires a lot of hard thinking and several visits before it can be fully appreciated.

The styles of the artists could not be more divergent: Gunderson's drawings are flat, airbrushed and watercolor pieces done in something like a pop-art style. His sculpture is a three-dimensional reflection of essentially two-dimensional forms. Garhart, on the other hand, creates amazingly intricate and fantastical images in his prints and drawings. He has chosen to work out many of his current themes in a three-dimensional manner as well, yet they are unmistakably products of the same hand and mind.

The Gunderson images are confusing. They seem to be filled with a bubbling sense of humor and irony that directs their content. His sculpture deals primarily with clouds,

and explores the implications of our perception of them. His clouds are captured by chicken wire in a hill, they cast shadows that become the dirt that doesn't erode from under a rock in a field, they reflect images of themselves in their shadows, they float in the air, they exist as heavy cliches on a pedestal. Along with the clouds are a series of visual puns dealing with plastic-like arms and legs — of people and of dolls. His drawings are of flying DeKalb corn emblems and dancing human legs.

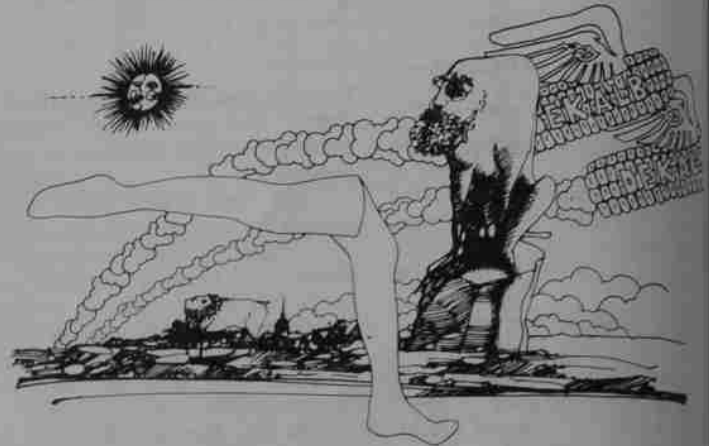
It is often hard to tell when he is joking and when he is serious — just when humor and satire becomes irony. His clouds have a simple beauty of form that is rather enchanting when thought about for long enough. They deal with weight, light and perception, and the notion of what a cloud is after you get past the pop, cartoon image we have of them. His clouds have a soul, it seems, one that is straining toward heaven much as we are.

Garhart's prints, drawings, and sculpture pieces are a much darker vision of the world. His work seems to embody a fantastic mythology all his own. He deals with two main themes — the implications of family

and the quest of the artist. To embody this he portrays a beast with the head of a man. The creatures gaze up into the heavens with an agony of reflection. The hoary sexuality of the bodies seems to be a prison from which the classical souls are striving to escape. Each drawing and sculpture has the feel of self-portraiture, though only one is explicitly so. They reflect the dark emotion raging inside the artist; the animal instincts of family and the quest for creativity.

What makes Garhart's work so fascinating is the melding of style and subject matter. His prints and drawings are executed with a technical virtuosity that may be more compelling than the subject matter. His tiny, expressive hatching and marvelous draughtsmanship create a mood even before the subject becomes clear — for some it never does.

The works of the two artists fit together well. Gunderson's humor contrasts Garhart's intensity, and the styles play off one another. Beyond this, though, they speak to many of the same profound desires within, and the struggle of the spirit.



GARHART GUNDERSON

COLBURN GALLERY
nov 27 - dec 20
opening reception
mon, nov 27, 7:00



Joan Friedman

Jon Ellis — Collegian

Friedman subs at WMVO

Student plays 'only game in town'

By LAUREN WEINER
Feature Editor

A criticism that most of us here are aware of, one we prefer not to think about too much, is that it is questionable whether the Kenyon Experience can easily lend itself to Practical Experience. One person entitled to argue the point is junior Joan Friedman. Friedman is a disc-jockey on campus for 10-watt WKCO, and she has also been working part-time for 20,000-watt WMVO, Mt. Vernon's commercial radio station.

With no experience in radio, Friedman got her broadcasting license as a Kenyon freshman. "They liked my voice, first of all, and there weren't any Progressive Rock woman disc-jockeys, only ones doing Classical and softer Rock," she said. Friedman has filled that void

competently. She became music director during her sophomore year, later program director, and now intends to run for the position of manager of the station.

A few weeks before Thanksgiving of this year, an opening at WMVO appeared. Consistent with the star-is-born tradition, the regular d.j. got sick, and Friedman was called in to substitute for a few weeks, Monday through Friday from 6 p.m. to midnight. Her first taste of professional radio was hectic but educational: "I went through a training period that was really a crash course. With a commercial station, you're following a program log. You have to work out how many commercials go in between each break, and get them into the machine." At WKCO, she is free to fill her shows with anything she pleases: mostly all music, or mostly all talking, or "any

kind of jazz or rock, things people haven't heard of." WKCO has an effective radiating power of 5 miles, most of which are populated by a kind of audience — college students.

WMVO, on the other hand, broadcasts over a radius of about 100 miles. Being "the only game in town," it must cater to wide range tastes, its audience including farmers, housewives, teenyboppers, and college students. There is a Top 40 play list that Friedman is required to work from; the most marketable songs are played in order to be competitive profits as high as possible. She is allowed to make some of her selections (of "disc stuff"), but only during about a third of her total air time.

The creativity involved in being a disc-jockey in such a setting is minimal. Still, she explains, "It's a job where you have to go on the air and speak and put sets together. You have to be some creative input. You have to have the flow, and you have to have things down — there's no doubt about it." Also included in the format is information for the community, be it reporting car accidents or announcing a book collection. Working within the guidelines, Friedman has learned exactly what a career in radio entails.

Since she plans to pursue the career after leaving Kenyon, the knowledge gained is invaluable to her. Opportunities for women in broadcasting look promising. "Right now it's a good field for women to get into," she said, "but you have to realize that they never put women back to back on the radio. . . . I personally feel there's a quota." Considering that she has been out a male for her substitute position at WMVO, thus far being female has been no personal disadvantage. She continues to fill in occasionally, and hopes to get a permanent job this summer.

Keeping up on academics in addition to performing a night job has been difficult. The challenge of the job has made sacrifice worthwhile. Friedman concludes, "There was a way I was going to pass up an opportunity, I set my priorities so that was it. It could mean a whole lot to me eventually in broadcasting. Having an experience like that on my belt."

Pumping iron

By DRU JOHNSTON
Staff Writer

"This borders on masochism." That statement by Chris Conway concisely articulates most peoples' impressions concerning weight lifting. Buried amid the sweat, groans and physical agony of the weight room in Wertheimer fieldhouse, a small but loyal contingency practices that art of self-torture known as pumping iron.

While none of the Kenyon weight lifters expressed an ardent desire to win a Mr. Universe title, they did cite a variety of motivating factors which prompt them to lift weights. Frank Dickos, a weight room regular who has developed lifting routines for a number of other athletes, explained that there are basically two groups of people who lift weights: "People who play sports, and people who want to stay in shape." Dickos stated, "A lot of guys come down to get in shape for varsity sports. I come down to build up strength and endurance to get in shape for lacrosse."

Many weight lifters look to pumping iron as an outlet for pent up energies and aggressions. Curt Seichter explained that lifting is "something to get away from study." As Bill Carter puts it, "It

serves as a break from the work, another outlet." Gary Bender remarked that it "breaks up the day."

Some weight lifters pointed to slightly less honorable sources of motivation. "I come down to sober up," explained Jack Stevenson.

Most of the lifters have developed a regular routine, and do three sets three times a week. This means that they do eight to ten repetitions at each particular station, and complete the cycle three times.

Dickos explained that there are two types of weights in the fieldhouse. Positioned centrally in the room is the Universal; on this machine one works with solid weights. Scattered around the sides of the room are various isometric apparatuses. These machines are geared so that one is working against one continuous stress throughout the lifting motion.

A consensus of opinion held that, despite the hard work, weight lifting can be a lot of fun. The group agreed that they always manage to avoid monotony. Their newest innovation: "disco weight lifting" to the beat of MVO on the radio. Most of the weight lifters agree with Dickos that pumping iron is a good way "to improve yourself both mentally and physically."



Cynthia Savage

Sharon Sloan — Collegian

Scorza resigns

By CYNTHIA SAVAGE
Staff Writer

Assistant Professor of Political Science Thomas Scorza last week confirmed reports that he will resign in June. "Someone at my age and with my record is bound to have other attractive professional possibilities," he explained. "The attractiveness of those finally outweighed the attractiveness of staying."

In a statement released to the Collegian Scorza called his decision "a difficult one both because of my wife, children, and I have many close friends in Gambier and because I have a very high regard for my department."

The resignation was described by department chairman William Frame as a result of Scorza's "fight with the whole question of living out the future in academia." Frame expressed deep disappointment in Scorza's decision to leave.

Scorza's plans for next fall are not specific. He listed in order of preference, law school, business, or another academic post as his options.

Also undecided, according to Frame, are the types of qualifications his department will be looking for in Scorza's replacement, and when the search for that substitute will begin.

After the upcoming vacation, the Collegian will come under the management of Cynthia Savage, Editor in chief for a while her freshman year, Savage returned to Kenyon this fall after an internship under columnist Jack Anderson in Washington last year. She will bring a new staff and a new look to Gambier's finest weekly.

A Christmas visit from the Merry Elf

'Twas the night before
break -
And all through the dorm,
Not a student was
sleeping -
As was the norm.

The beer cans were stacked
Round the doorways with
care,
In hopes that St. Michelob
Soon would be there.

Our R.A. was nestled
All snug in his bed
While numerous girls
Did just what he said.

Some were hungover.
Others were high.
Meanwhile overhead,
St. Mich flew by.

Then all of a sudden -
The sound of a party,
I dropped my beer
And went for Bacardi.

I drank for hours,
Surpassing my fill,
And ran to the john
feeling quite ill.

Soon feeling better
I booked from the stall,
And crawled to my room
Enormously small.

I went to the window
In search of a brew,
I couldn't find any,
Not even a few.

The beers in the fridge
Had dwindled to nil,
As had the ones
On my window sill.

Then what to my wondering
eyes
Should appear
But a minature beer wagon
And six plastered reindeer.

With a little old driver
Who looked like a drunk,
I knew in a moment
What was stashed in his
trunk.

More rapid than finals
His reindeer they came,
He slurred and he shouted
And called them by name:

"Now Bud! Now Strohs!
Now Miller and Coors!
On Robin Hood and
Genee!
Oh, which one is yours?"

To the top of Old Kenyon
To the very last floor,
Let's give them bev'rage
Like they've not seen
before."

When nearing the commons
Students do see,
A dinner so gross
They quickly flee.

So up to Old Kenyon
The reindeer they flew,
With a sleigh full of beer
And St. Michelob too.

And then in a moment
I heard on the roof,
The staggering and
stumbling
of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head
And was turning around,
Down the chimney
St. Michelob came with a
bound.

He was dressed all in
corduroy
From his head to his boot,
And ashes were covering
His three piece red suit.

A full keg of beer
He had strapped on his
back,
And cans by the dozen
He kept in his sack.

His eyes, oh, how
bloodshot!
His dimples how merry,
And the nose on his face
Was as red as a cherry.

His droll little mouth
was drawn up in a bow,
And the pipe in his teeth
Was stuffed with MoJo.

He was fat and wasted,
Stoned out of his mind,
Having consumed mass
quantities
And beers of all kind.

He spoke not a word
But went right to his chore,
And filled each of the
stockings
With a case or more.

Beneath the tree
He left bottles of fun:
Gibleys Gin, V.O.,
And 151.

With a wink of his eye
And a snort in the nose,
A bottle in hand
Up the chimney he rose.

And I heard him proclaim
As he flew out of sight:
"Merry Christmas to all,
And one hell of a night!"

THE END
By Robin Hood
& His Merrie Men



C.C. Pyle

Continued from page one

few of the best here. Robert Davis was especially good as Langston Phipps, the F.B.I. man on Pyle's trail. Kevin Cobb and Scott Klavan, as the two toughs who represent Chicago's Mr. Cracker, are fine together. Nicholas Bakay does a fine job of bringing across the simple but complete loyalty of the athlete in his decent portrayal of Red Grange. The few runners who persevered through to the end were, as a group, excellent, and deserve mention: Kyle Hickock, Christian Chandler, Carlos Dague, Laurence O'Connell, Tait Ruppert, and especially Victor Cole. All had sufficient control to retain their group identity, and enough talent to make their own presence vital.

One unfortunate aspect of the production is the treatment of the Chorus girls. Intended to add color and impetus to the movement of the Derby itself, they unfortunately

clutter the stage and serve more to interrupt than assist the play's movement. The girls themselves seem talented enough, but perhaps they were introduced too late in the play to seem more than just an intrusion.

An inspired performance, both on and off, or behind the stage, combines well with an ambitious script; this is the virtue of *C.C. Pyle*. It is, for the present, a play of fine moments; and despite its disappointing conclusion, a play not unsatisfactory, I enjoyed its promise and the manifestations of that promise which occasionally emerged. The journey of Pyle's memory was itself well represented; what was outside that journey seemed something of a disappointment, and somewhat confusing. Still, not a bad way to open the Bolton Theater; on a note of promise, with potential known and (hopefully) unknown.



James Michael and John Consadine

Kenyon Public Relations

spends some time in a rest home prior to the Derby, and one of her amusing compulsions is pickpocketing people, even those (especially those) she runs into accidentally. Sharkey was at times a bit too sweet, but she brought off a character of many compulsions with credibility, making the audience admire Euphemia while enjoying her at the same time.

James Michael, as Pyle's father, played his short role magnificently. He performs it with a lot of sweet irony and just a little bitterness on the side, making the meeting between father and son, chosers of rather different paths, a short moment that was both beautiful and very sad.

Many of the students in the production were excellent, and I wish I had space to single out more than a

Kenyon to sport new athletic complex

By DAVID COHEN
Sports Writer

The word is out — Kenyon is getting a new sports complex! Now in the planning stages is the complete renovation of the school's recreational/athletic facilities, which are currently "substandard for a college of Kenyon's size and prestige," according to an independent research firm hired to investigate the problem. \$4½ million has been earmarked by the board of trustees for the project, which is the next priority for the improvement of the college. That figure includes \$185,000 for planning \$2,300,000 for the construction of a new sports complex, and the remainder to renovate Wertheimer, convert Shaeffer pool (probably into a dance studio), and modernize other facilities, particularly the outdoor fields. According to the research firm, these fields are "an enigma" — they have excellent potential, but are in terrible shape. The outdoor improvements will, mercifully, include a new track to replace one Dean Edwards thinks was constructed by builders "after a bad week end!" Edwards, and President Jordan outlined the progress made in deciding about the improvements at an open meeting for the college community on December 1.

The optimal location of the sports complex has been one of the major issues investigated in the past year. It has been tentatively decided that it will be built into the hill across from the current field house. This will save on heating costs, and keep the complex in close proximity to the rest of the campus. The administration and planners have looked into the problem of whether the use of this area would be destructive of the natural beauty there, and it was determined that construction could take place with little tree clearing and with the building detracting only minimally if at all from the beauty of the area. The alternative of attaching the new structure onto Wertheimer was rejected because of the constraints that would place on its design, and the indeterminate longevity of the old fieldhouse.

The building would be "L-shaped," the main section containing a sports arena, and the other wing a new pool that may be 25 yards in length or may be 50 meters (Olympic size), may be square or may be "L-shaped," but will provide sufficient diving facilities, and won't look like a greenhouse!

The arena, for which adaptability is being stressed, will contain a basketball court probably having a tartan floor (a hard rubber surface that is easy to maintain, and good for both basketball and tennis, among other things). The building will also be used for convocations, concerts, and other large events, and will potentially seat 1,500-2,000, a large portion of which seats will be moveable.

It is around what facilities will be included in the complex that most future discussions will probably be centered. There will likely be only 1 basketball court, 4-6 enclosed squash or handball courts, and additional training, locker and shower space. Exactly which of the college's athletic needs will in the future be served by Wertheimer, and how much duplication of function there will be between the two buildings, is not yet definite. There will be no ice rink, and probably no sauna, whirlpools or other such training paraphernalia, though the purchase of Nautilus weight equipment is a definite possibility.

Although all of these plans are tentative, it would seem that the most essential issue regarding the project, has already been decided. The money to be spent, and hence, the scale of the changes. Those students currently going to Kenyon will get little benefit from them, but still feel the nature of the changes is important, because of the impact they will have on future students. Some have suggested that the sum to be spent on these changes is excessive; the current fieldhouse has a certain "funky charm." A less imaginative argument is that the improvements will not be extensive enough.

More than once at the open

meeting it was mentioned that the board of trustees was concerned about maintaining Kenyon's image as a primarily academic school. The relation of the new sports complex to the rest of the college must reflect its relative importance. Perhaps this factor has been weighted too heavily.

Oberlin College, in many circles considered the premier educational institution in the Midwest from an academic standpoint (and Kenyon's rival for the "Harvard of the Midwest" title) recently completed a new complex to supplement their old gym and pool, with a price tag near \$8 million, and since then construction costs have soared. Although we know better about the best academic college, Oberlin's reputation certainly did not suffer from the addition, which they are getting full use out of. Ohio Wesleyan, another small Ohio liberal arts college, also recently completed a new sports center of much larger scale than ours will be.

Furthermore, administration members have admitted that athletic improvements will be relatively easy to garner financial support for. The \$2.3 million for the sports complex should come quite a bit more easily than the \$2 million for the theater did, because trends in America towards more women's participation in sports, and generally more emphasis on physical as well as cultural and academic development, assure wide alumnae support.

When Wertheimer goes, Kenyon could be in almost as pitiable a state as it is now, in terms of phys ed. facilities. We hope that at the very least planners will take notice, and build the new complex with the potential for easy future expansion.

The next project after the fieldhouse, slated to begin in about 8 years, is the expansion of Chalmers library. Current Kenyon students will be pleased to learn that they do not have to wait that long for additional study space: The top floor of Ascension will be renovated in the near future, and converted into a study area.



Wrestling club grapples with hazy future

By JOHN COLLINS
Staff Writer

At most colleges the major winter varsity sports include basketball, swimming — and wrestling. For the past two years Kenyon College has not had a varsity wrestling team.

This situation may change during the next two years due to the efforts of a group of interested students. The way has not been any easy one, and things are looking grim once more.

Freshman John Hays, who is more or less in charge of the Wrestling Club, originally believed that the club's success and subsequent growth into a varsity team depended solely on the number of students who were interested in the sport. Now, with the enthusiastic support of five upperclassmen and 14 freshmen, Hays is encountering other problems.

Hays describes the situation as "a kind of Catch-22." In order to achieve varsity status the club must survive for one year on its own, and this is almost impossible without a coach, and the place and time to practice.

The club members had two weeks of practice before Thanksgiving. During this period it was very hard to schedule "mat time." "It's difficult to practice at the fieldhouse," Hays said, "because we're wrestling as a club right now and not as a varsity team." Also, the fieldhouse just doesn't have the space to house

anything but the major sport of the season — in this case basketball.

Of course there never would have been this problem if in 1976 (the year for a varsity wrestling team) the wrestling room had not been converted into the present weight lifting room. So the club has nowhere to practice and no place to hold meets.

Along with a place to wrestle, the club needs a coach or someone with



John Hays

authority. The problem is, Hays' school work will be increasing and he won't have the necessary time to act as player-coach. "Wrestling is a time demanding sport," Hays explained, "so without someone to give the club full attention and leadership Kenyon would have difficulty against other Ohio wrestling schools which, for the



Gerald Campbell lays one in against Urbana

It's certainly exciting, but is it art?

By TODD HOLZMAN
Sports Writer

Five games into the season, Kenyon College's basketball picture seems to have been painted in the abstract.

The Lords' failure to establish a pattern thus far has "those who don't know basketball, but know what they like," scratching their heads. Home crowds have seen both sides of the masque of athletic drama the past week: Kenyon dropped a 65-64 tragedy to Urbana on December 5 before bouncing back to make high comedy out of Wilberforce, 95-76, the following Saturday. The Lords also split a pair in the Transylvania Tip-off tournament in Kentucky a weekend earlier. The home squad stopped Kenyon by five points on opening night, but the Lords coasted past Thomas More in the consolation game. OAC rival Capital won the tournament, firmly establishing itself as a team to beat in the newly-arranged conference title race.

While the tournament showing was respectable enough (Transylvania is highly-regarded, and preparing to move up into Division II next season) the Urbana contest was, quite simply, a mess. Scott Rogers neatly described the events of the evening as

"ridiculous." Urbana ran out to a 10-0 lead, and despite a lack of height, outrebounded the Lords, while employing a four-corner offense that had Kenyon mystified. The home team blew several opportunities to take control of the situation, and occurrence aided in part by a mediocre 39% average from the field. A sure testimonial to the Lords' ability, is that the game stayed close at all. It came down to the last three seconds. A rather suspect five-second call on the Urbana throw in gave Kenyon the ball under its own basket. Despite the gift, the Lords failed to develop a feasible offensive play. An errant 25-foot corner shot and remarkable, if desperate, follow up by Mark Thomay failed, and the verdict was sealed.

Saturday afternoon basketball debuted in Gambier with less than mixed review as Wilberforce fell easily and dully. The "Force" came in over an hour late for the contest, and proceeded to put on one of the worst defensive performances since Linda Lovelace in "Deep Throat." Rogers converted numerous fast breaks — some of them one-on-Wilberforce — to accrue a career high 37 points. Everybody played and 13 Lords scored, as three other

starters, Gerald Campbell, Bill Mahan and Andy Johnston, joined Rogers in double figures.

Hopefully the Lords repeated their performance last evening against John Carroll University in Cleveland. The team needs to move closer to consistency as the OAC championship season approaches. Kenyon hosts Rose Hulman of Indiana this Saturday afternoon at Wertheimer. The holiday schedule will see the team play in the traditional Mt. Vernon Colonial Classic. This tournament is shaping up nicely, with host MVNC and Kenyon joined by OAC competitors Otterbein and surprising Grove City victors over perennially tough Wooster early in the season. The new year begins with Kenyon visiting MVNC for a final independent game up before taking on Ohio Wesleyan in Delaware January 6 to open conference play. Then, if you're itching to get back to Gambier after the long break, do so with all haste, as the Lords host rival Denison in basketball for the first time in many years on Saturday afternoon, January 13. By then the 78% Kenyon cage color by number will have begun to take shape, abstract or no.

Stephen Sloan — Collegian

Chalmers Memorial Library
Library Hours
End of First Semester
Semester Break
1978-1979

Through Wednesday — 20 December — 8:30 a.m. - 12:00 midnight
Thursday — 21 December — 8:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Friday through Monday — 22-25 December — Closed
Tuesday through Thursday — 26-28 December — 8:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Friday through Monday — 29 December - 1 January — Closed
Tuesday through Friday — 2-5 January — 8:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Saturday and Sunday — 6-7 January — Closed
Monday through Saturday — 8-13 January — 8:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Sunday — 14 January — 1:00 p.m. - 12:00 midnight
Monday — 15 January — Resume regular hours



Alan Kiodell — Collegian

Sound of Music

Continued from page one

"the administrative action in this matter has been utterly consummate with our purpose . . . studying the issues of music activity . . . academic commitment and progress" in the music department.

In regard to specific funding and staffing for music in the near future, Jordan called it "unwise to make an increase until after study of the kind of intensive evaluation [of the department] that we have had."

Priorities in college staffing this year were the dance department and "the acknowledgement of keen student interest in political science," Jordan said.

According to Taylor, the administration "omitted to fill two of the positions the music department is allowed." Additional staff would not, then, reflect an increase but a restoration.

"One of the difficulties has been

illustrating the unique nature of music as a discipline. It's a point that we haven't been able to make clear to the administration," Robinson said. Robinson cited as a major factor in the conflict between the administration and the department that "they seem not to view . . . both the skill and talent required [in musical endeavors]. It appears they don't place music on the same academic level as the other disciplines."

Women Cagers optimistic, improved

By DRU JOHNSTON
Sports Writer

"Improved" and "optimistic" are the two words which best describe the 1978-79 Kenyon Women's basketball team. "We expect we'll be able to be at least .500 this year, an improvement on last year," stated head coach Karen Burke. Burke's prediction will be put to the test beginning on January 12 and 13, when the Ladies open their season at the Ohio Wesleyan University Tournament.

A group of promising newcomers plus a strong nucleus of returning players give Burke ample reason for optimism. Back this year are senior co-captains Lu Jones and Sandy Lane, junior Lisa Palais, and sophomores Cathy Waite, Mo Ryan and Mary Ashley. Ashley, at 5'8", was last season's leading scorer, averaging 18 point per game.

A crop of relatively tall and very talented first year players round out this year's roster. They are sophomore Lauren Weiner, and freshmen Susie Morrill, Linda Kagan, Anne Himmelright, Lissa Johnson, and Karen Steynson, Assistant Coach Sandy Martin is pleased with the bright range of this year's squad. "Height is going to help us on rebounding power; if you have that you can possibly work a little faster

offense," she commented.

Burke stated, "With the returning team plus a few strong freshmen, we should be fairly good." Lane, Palais, and Kagan are strong at guard. Waite and Jones show talent at the wings, with Morrill, at 5'10", showing good rebounding ability at baseline forward. Himmelright who is 5'9", had demonstrated promise at center.

The team has been working on conditioning and fundamentals in preparation for their season. "The development of proper shooting technique is one thing we are emphasizing," said Martin. The Ladies scrimmaged Case Western Reserve University on November 30, giving

Burke, Martin and the squad a clearer perception of their strengths and weaknesses. "We should have some fairly strong inside shooting," asserted Burke. Rebounding, speed, ball handling and defense were cited by Burke and Martin as areas in need of improvement.

The Ladies will play a 14-game season, with Ohio Wesleyan, Otterbein, Ohio Dominican, and Wilmington cited as particularly tough challengers. "I think once the season gets under way we're going to do really well," remarked co-captain Jones. The Ladies first home game is on January 18, when they take on Mt. Vernon Nazarene College.



Spencer Sloan — Collegian

'The Toe' puts it up against Urbana



Hindsight

By Todd Holzman

Sometimes feelings fairly burst for lack of articulation. Unfortunately, the keys of a typewriter cannot interpret what is being sensed by their manipulator, but only record what he can make of his jumble of emotions. Zeniths of writing careers, I am convinced, are reached not through the magic process of cultivated inspiration alone, but also, and perhaps more importantly, by finding an audience capable of reading accurately between the lines. In approaching a subject that evokes the emotions but dries up the pen, the writer is a tongue-tied suitor. Energy and feeling are simply not catalytic enough to force out the right word; every misstep is embarrassing, and every rebuff is painful, yet a successful response is strangely mistrusted as lying not in appreciation, but in sympathy.

This time of year creates such a problem for me. I love the holiday season, and like every good Christian-reared American, profess to abhor the commercialism that clings to Christmas like a parasite. I also love sport. Yet sport is often criticized as being the basis for some of the most visible excesses of the profane invasion once-a-December purists decry. How can sport's place in the holiday picture be justified?

See, this is my problem. I hear the criticisms, I feel a gut reaction to them, but I fear I can't effectively respond to their claims. So maybe I'll just ask questions to buy some time.

Is it really an affront to Christian sensibilities that I'm going to have one eye within ear shot, so to speak, of the Fiesta Bowl? Is it any worse than humming along with Muzak carols while standing in slushy, galoshed lines to meet the price of displaced piety?

I'll try another tack; they say Christmas is for children. If so, what do the grown-ups do? Watch the kids? I'd prefer to keep Dad's attention on Rick Bashore while one of his progeny is racking up his new Mr. Toe toy for a ten dollar loss.

And is it a shame, as Aunt Myrtle is heard to say, that the TV is filled with football this holiday season? Hell, if television maintains its idiotic level of material, even the pagans who developed the holiday festivities would quiver at the thought of watching "The Osmond Christmas Special." I'll take a subject — like sports — that can be tampered with only so much by the simps in the material control towers.

Proof of my original point can be found in the cheap jokes that followed it. I have a strong feeling that sport, as a microcosm of life, is neither unnatural nor unappreciated as a part of the general holiday hysteresis. I also can't help but believe that my efforts to express that feeling are doomed to be either maudlin or silly, or both. Must be love.

Wrestlers grapple

Continued from page six

most part, are very good." Even though the athletic department is very willing to help, the wrestling club won't realistically exist at Kenyon until it gets a coach who can devote his time, and a place to wrestle.

Presently there are no wrestling practices. However, the club hopes to resurrect itself after Christmas break with regular practices and the scheduling of intercollegiate meets. Perhaps Hays and his club will prove themselves worthy of varsity status, a coach, and a place to call home. If not, Kenyon will continue its tradition of a two "snow sport" school.

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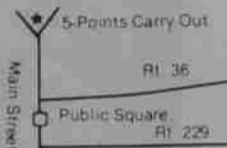
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