
The Kenyon Collegian

5-9-1980

Kenyon Collegian - May 9, 1980

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Students Participate In March For World Unity

"Stop the Neo-Fascist Terror and Oppression in North Dakota!" So read one of many banners in the recent candlelight vigil and march for World Unity organized by the Association for Cultural Exchange (ACE). With participation by more than a dozen Kenyon students, the event was deemed "a huge success" by ACE chairman Azid-A-Kabul-Amedani-Stan.

The protest march and vigil was held due to the recent incursion of disunity across the face of the globe. Said Stan, "We have become increasingly aware of the growing presence of schism in the universe. We feel that this must be stopped, and can be stopped, through a universal plea for World Unity." He cited the attainment of peace, love, harmony, paradise, and utopia, as few of the goals that ACE hoped to attain through the protest.

The event began with a symbolic shredded wheat and prune juice dinner. The group then organized outside of Peirce with each member carrying a symbolic candle, a banner, a large styrofoam ball with an unlit firecracker inside (symbolic of the world) a cross and an artificial dove. In addition to the symbolic shoulder length hair of each member, the group wore symbolic beads, symbolic robes, and symbolic headwear. Said Rubin Gregory, chair of the ACE Banner Committee, regarding the banners, "we've coined some slogans that we feel will be eye-catching, that we feel will make the world understand the very real, very urgent cause of our movement. We gave these statements a great deal of progressive thought and creative effort because our movement stands for progressive thought and creative effort. There is no other single, greater, more all-encompassing, pressing, apocalyptic concern to all of us, young and old, rich and poor, tall and short, than world unity."

In light of the great success of the Kenyon protest, ACE is planning to participate in next Tuesday's March On Pittsburgh.

Faculty Meeting Highlighted By Lively Debate On Heated Issues

An important meeting of the faculty took place Wednesday, May 7. A number of new proposals were discussed and passed.

The first proposal was forwarded by Prof. Smail of the Anthropology Department, who suggested that the October break now called a Reading Period should in the future be referred to as a Writing Period. This would discourage students from leaving campus during the break. The motion passed unanimously.

The next motion on the agenda was presented by Prof. Turner of the English Department, who suggested that faculty members not allow themselves to be harassed by the artificial boundaries of spacio-temporal existence, but rather to allow their creative being to participate in the process through which it constitutes artistic energy and vitality. Prof. Turner ended his presentation with a lengthy interpretive dance dating from the High Renaissance. The motion was soundly defeated.

Dean Edwards then forwarded the motion that students not be given the benefit of the doubt. The motion passed unanimously.

The next item on the agenda was discussion about the formation and operation of the Alcohol Task Force. Prof. Harry Clor of the Political Science Department suggested that this new group simply be referred to as "The Force," and be equipped with napalm, breathalizers, and automatic weaponry (capable of both short and long-range fire). Clor went on to say that when the ends to an

action are justified, the means are secondary. This brought a rousing round of applause from members of the Economics, Political Science, and Natural Sciences Departments, but caused the Sociology Department to call Clor a "crass positivist." Several members of the Philosophy Department charged that Clor did not exist.

This issue provoked numerous accusations from different members of the faculty and administration. Prof. McCarthy of the Sociology Department charged the the Chapel bells make Psychology students salivate. This provoked Prof. Denis Baly of the Religion Department to address the difficult theological problem behind the Church of the Holy Spirit as the source of personal salvation. The Psychology professors reprimanded their colleagues for what they termed "anal-compulsive" behavior. Prof. Rice accused the Sociology Department of teaching Karl Marx in the classroom.

Prof. Richard Hettlinger of IPHS expressed his "grave and profound disappointment," over the juvenile behavior of his colleagues, the state of the college, and the condition of the world. "I had thought that life had great potential," said Mr. Hettlinger, "but I am gravely disappointed that the world has not lived up to my expectations."

Student Council President E. Graham Robb then addressed the faculty on the highly-disputed OPIRG referendum. He pointed out that insufficient information had

been gathered on (OPIRG organizer) Linda Kagan's ethnic roots and ties with the American Communist Party. "We have reason to suspect," said Mr. Robb, "that OPIRG is a public interest research group."

As a last order of business, Prof. Smail proposed that a People-Mover be installed on Middle Path. This, he said, would eliminate the maintenance difficulties the Path is currently creating.

New Facility Construction To Commence



Construction of Kenyon's first college-owned cemetery began yesterday. President Jordan lifted the first shovel full of dirt in the ceremony that marked the official beginning of the Decay-Rigormortus Convocation (DRC).

The festivities were highlighted by Board Chairman John Smale: "We are all extremely pleased and honored to be given the privilege to be part of this memorable occasion." He went on to say that the new facility would serve the needs of old faculty members, old members of the administration, old dogs, old students, and dead stock.

Smale added, "we feel that this new facility will serve the entire community."

An Interview With Our Dean

Edwards Faces Pressing Student Concerns

(Dean Edwards recently granted an interview to the *Collegian* on topics of campus concern. The full transcript of that interview is printed below.)

Collegian: Dean Edwards, do you anticipate that the College will have difficulty maintaining its standards as the number of college-age students decreases?

Edwards: This is, of course, a difficult question, and one which the Trustees will discuss at their April meeting.

Collegian: How is the ARC coming along?

Edwards: It would, you understand, be difficult to make a

think that, all things being equal, such things were within the jurisdiction of those who consider themselves to be, may we say, persons who are, rather than being self-serving students with rancid dormitories and unclean methods of self-maintenance, are responsible persons with, and, may we say, continue to be, in the college as a whole, and the greater Gambier community.

Collegian: The tenure decisions on various members of the college faculty are still creating widespread dissent. What has the administration done to deal with this problem?

Edwards: Well, and as we said to our wife, it's really no business of yours, now is it?

Collegian: What do you think about Paul Posnak's proposal to incorporate a music addition onto the library expansion?

Edwards: Would you close that window behind you please?

Collegian: Yes, sir. What about the Posnak proposal?

Edwards: One would think that, when interviewing the Dean of Students, a coat and tie would be in order.

Collegian: How is the search for a new Provost coming along?

Edwards: We're very glad you asked that question. It allows us the opportunity to say that, as a whole, the *Collegian* is a newspaper comparable only to the *National Enquirer* in its blatant disregard for

the facts, shabby layout, misleading headlines, and particularly ugly editor. We have had to require the past three *Collegian* editors to "hold our coat," as it were. And the last one, a Mr. Raffy, we believe, smudged it in the process. It was a rather nice tweed coat, too, with lapels just the right size. We cannot, however, divulge the maker of that coat at this time. It would simply be improper to do so. If you were in our

shoes, with the same information at your command, you would make a similar decision.

Collegian: How are the wife and kids?

Edwards: We do not, unfortunately, have the kind of information at this time which would enable us to make a responsible reply to your question. We hope that the board of Trustees will look into the matter during their April meeting.

Profs. Ward And Roelofs Depart

English professors John Ward and Gerrit Roelofs, the *Collegian* has learned, have declared their free agency and accepted long term contracts with the New York Yankees.

Details of the contracts were not disclosed, but it is known that both Ward and Roelofs are guaranteed a six figure annual salary with additional bonuses for doubles, triples, and errorless lectures on imagery in medieval poetry. "Both have been important members of the English department" lauded Provost Bruce Haywood. "It is our hope that they have the same success with the Yankees as they had here."

Although neither professor has ever played baseball beyond the Pony

League level, Yankee officials are pleased by the signings. Said General Manager Gene Michael, "with Gullett's arm doubtful for opening day, there is a big need for hard hitting, literary scholars on our team." Acknowledging Roelofs' strength from chopping wood all winter, the Yanks expect to use him as late game powerhitting replacement.

Ward when reached for comment at the Yankee training camp in Ft. Lauderdale said "The opportunity to play professional baseball was one I couldn't pass up." Roelofs' statement was a bit different; instead of answering the question, he launched into a series of old war stories. Commented Yankees shortstop Bucky Dent; "Christ, are

his jokes bad — especially the one about the streetwalker."

The signings climax recent league attempts to make baseball players more literate. It is generally known that Yankee outfielders have poor arms and possess absolutely no knowledge of either Chaucer or Beowulf. Rightfielder Jackson, for example, has trouble with throwing to the cutoff man and comprehending personification in "The Wife of Bath" It is in this respect that the signings of Ward and Roelofs should help.

In light of next week's road swing through the west coast, both Ward and Roelofs have cancelled English 1-2 until next Monday. Additionally, English 24 students are requested to read "The Merchant of Venice."



definitive statement on that at this time, though we, as one concerned member of the College administration, would not, as it were,

Moving Suggestion

As long as there's been rain in Gambier, Middle Path has been a problem. Here is an excerpt from a *Collegian* editorial from November 19, 1970:

"The *Collegian* has a concrete suggestion regarding the paving of Middle Path. Do it."

Despite our clarion call for action ten years ago, nothing has been done. The Path is an ever-widening sea of mud in the rainy season, and a mess of dust and gravel when dry. The advance of the pebbles threatens the few blades of grass that survive the snow and rain.

But is blacktopping that strip of tradition really the answer? We don't think so. The last thing this college needs is a highway down its middle. But we didn't say all this just to tell the administration what not to do; we have a suggestion: Let's install a moving sidewalk.

Sure, some people might say that it's too expensive. But that didn't stop Dennis Kucinich from proposing the same thing in bankrupt Cleveland. Middle Path may be the best place in the world for a moving sidewalk. Have you ever seen an airport that's as crowded as the Path between classes? And let's get our priorities in order. Why spend \$5.5 million on an ARC for a few athletic types when for the same amount we could build a conveyance for the benefit of everyone?

Yes, the possibilities are endless. How about "local" lanes on the outside and "express" lanes in the middle? Think of it: Old Kenyon to Bexley in under a minute! And why let those poor inebriated freshmen stumble home from fraternity parties when they could be whisked to their door, courtesy of modern technology?

Of course, some will contend that this whole project would be a massive waste of energy. But what about those professors who drive to class from the far reaches of McIlvaine Apartments or Woodside Drive? They could make it "downtown" in no time at all on the "Seventh Wonder of Knox County" (when you discover the other six, let us know).

Equal Billing

The announcement that Kenyon has awarded Comedian and former student Jonathan Winters an honorary degree is welcomed news but one which raises the issue of negligence by the administration towards another well-known personality whose roots are also in this area — Paul Lynde.

Perhaps you have seen — either in such blockbusters as *Temperature's Rising* or annoying audiences from coast to coast with his obnoxious behavior on "Hollywood Squares." As Paul Lynde is Mt. Vernon's own, much the way Winters is Kenyon's own, *The Collegian* urges that this administration considers him for an honorary degree as well.

Paul Lynde is an institution in Mt. Vernon, which certainly doesn't say much for Mt. Vernon, but he is about all that community has in the way of famous people, so it would be a neighbourly gesture to give him a degree. And who knows? With such an award, perhaps Mr. Lynde would even mention Kenyon some day on "Hollywood Squares," creating a great deal of extra publicity on the West Coast, an area from which this college generally does not draw many students.

Imagine too, the actual ceremony at graduation. With Mr. Lynde present the jokes would fly, leaving those alumni and generous rich people rolling in the aisles, and causing them to fill in multi-figured amounts in their checkbooks.

Paul Lynde — new admissions, the laughter, money, and perhaps the library can be renovated after all.

Shocked, Surprised

The recent actions by the student-faculty subcommittee to study the faculty committee on student subcommittees leave us shocked and surprised, Surprised and shocked. Shocked, indeed, and surprised.

Perhaps the committee should study their own validity of their own actions. Or must they continue to wallow in their own validity? Or will they sacrifice their validity for the sake of their actions? Or their actions for their sacrifice? We wonder . . . we really wonder.

In light of the committee's recent actions, we suggest that the subcommittee reconsider its actions, its validity, its subcommittee, its committee, its sacrifice, its actions and its study. If this course of action is not followed by all, we shall all be shocked and surprised.

The Kenyon Collegian

The Kenyon *Collegian* Humor Issue was planned, compiled and edited by Jim Reister and Duncan Holcomb.

The following persons contributed material: James Agnew, Tim Balk, Tom Chestnut, Lisa Disch, Tim Hayes, Kyle Henderson, Duncan Holcomb, Andrew Huggins, Robbin Lockett, Jodi Prota, Jim Reister, Bob Tenney, and Bill Watterson.

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Our cartoonist surprised everyone by passing enough courses to graduate, so
WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DRAW!

WHY NOT BE THE LIFE OF EVERY PARTY AS A COLLEGIAN CARTOONIST? IT'S FUN! IT'S QUICK! IT'S EASY! AND THE COLLEGIAN PAYS TOP DOLLAR! EVEN IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE NO TALENT, YOU COULD BE A TOP NOTCH CARTOONIST WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE!

DRAW THIS CHECK

AND TEST YOUR ABILITY TO RENDER A CONVINCING AND SUBTLE IMAGE! OUR CARTOONIST WILL PERSONALLY EVALUATE EVERY SUBMISSION, CAREFULLY CHECKING EACH FOR ACCURACY, FORM, LEGIBILITY, AND CONTENT! IF, IN HIS ESTIMATION, YOUR WORK IS INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE REAL THING, WE WILL CONSIDER HIRING YOU AS THE COLLEGIAN CARTOONIST! MAKE STATUS, FRIENDS, FAME, AND FORTUNE YOURS TODAY! MAIL YOUR DRAWING NOW!



LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS

THE KENYON COLLEGIAN would rather you didn't write letters to the editor. We are very busy as it is, and some of us have comps rewrites to do but if you must, the choice is yours — really.

Chainsaw Libel

To the Editor:

I am writing in regard to the recent KFS film *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. I thought that the Film Society showed very little taste and moral sensibility in bringing the film to Kenyon.

Specifically, we feel that the producer's use of our chainsaw in the movie was libelous. We were, quite simply, misrepresented: a McCullough Chain Saw would not, I repeat, *Would Not (No!)*, fail to penetrate the door of a car. Furthermore, a McCullough Chain Saw

would certainly cut through mere flesh and bone at a far faster speed than was represented in the film. Also, a McCullough Chain Saw would not emit the clouds of exhaust as was shown in the movie.

Although we were highly flattered that our product was chosen to appear in the leading role of *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, we feel that the film makers should have taken greater care to represent us correctly.

Sincerely,
McCullough Chain Saw Corporation

Still Dead

To the Editor:

Just a note to let you know that I'm still dead. I've just seen John Crowe Ransom, and he is too.

Signed,
Robert Lowell

To the Editor:

So you've rebuilt the SAC have you? And Sunset Cottage? And Storage? And there haven't been any fires for a while, have there? You think you're safe, do you? Don't be so sure.

The Arsonist



Political Forum

Inflation Problems

By BILL BIRCH

Inflation is a very serious problem in America today. Everything is getting inflated; tires, basket-balls, beach-balls, even the Goodyear blimp. Although John Anderson's idea of a ten percent tax on pressurized air and Ted Kennedy's proposal of mandatory pressure guidelines are both misguided, I would recommend such measures as the abolishment of the Boston Celtics and a return to wooden wheels. The day of such conspicuous consumption as inflatable love dolls is clearly over. President Carter's symbolic act of deflating Amy's bicycle tires on National television, although of little real value, was a stirring gesture, and one that I pray the rest of the country will follow.

Hostage Crisis

By JUSTIN ST. CLAIR

We've got hostages in Iran. And they're still there. This isn't good because they're *U.S. citizens!* Just like you and me. Why doesn't President Ford get them out? That would be good! I am writing this because I am well informed and I like to see my name in the newspaper and because I'm a DKE and I know they'll put this in.

Pee Wee Interview

Pee Wee Fernbuster died Monday from a tragic accident while leaving the Collegian office after an interview with the Political Forum. One cannot put into words the many services that he provided this community through his column. In tribute, we would like to print an unedited transcript of the interview

Inflation, Hostages, And Pee Wee Fernbuster

he had shortly before his death. Eds.

Collegian: There have been more political demonstrations this year than there has been during any other recent year at Kenyon. What do you consider to be the reason for this Mr. Fernbuster?

PWF: I've often thought this phenomenon as a sort of after-shock of the social turmoil of the late sixties. A real nostalgia for the days of action, movement, and the delusionary hope for change has been born out of the boredom with the "normality" of the late seventies. (Pause) That and Nuke beer. At a buck forty-nine, you're talking affordable consciousness.

Collegian: Do you think such protests will continue?

PWF: Yeah, especially when my column doesn't appear in the *Collegian* next year (heh, heh).

Collegian: Have you noticed any changes in student mood during your years at Kenyon?

PWF: In the early sixties, we took drinking more seriously. The students today are actually concerned about grades. Frankly, it makes my stomach turn to see alcohol treated so casually.

Collegian: Whom would you like to see elected to the presidency this year, Mr. Fernbuster?

PWF: Linda Ronstadt.

Collegian: Uh, why?

PWF: She reminds me of a beer bottle — clean, shapely, functional . . . a cute tush and with those rollerskates! My God, I'd love to . . .

Collegian: To get back to the subject Mr. Fernbuster . . .

PWF: . . . and she sings well too, I'm told.

Collegian: . . . what is your opinion on the draft?

PWF: I think every red-blooded American has the right if not moral duty to have bullets flying by his head, especially women and feminists. It builds character. My

father used to shoot bullets at my head, and no one accuses me of any lack of character.

Collegian: I've been meaning to ask, is that black arm band you're wearing for the hostages in Iran?

PWF: Nope, for the worms killed and injured in the recent aeration of the college lawns, but let's not dwell on morbid subjects, you got another question?

Collegian: One last question Mr. Fernbuster. What are you really going to be doing next year?

PWF: I am joining the Peace Corps to help starving Biafrans.

Collegian: No, seriously now.

PWF: May the Gods smote me assunder if anything other than the truth flows from my mouth.

IN MEMORIAM

Phineas Werner Fernbuster ("Pee Wee"), struck by lightning Monday, May 5, 1980 while leaving the *Collegian* office after an interview. During his brief but illustrious career as a *Collegian* columnist, Mr. Fernbuster came to symbolize the high journalistic standards which that paper stands for. His writing, described as having "the subtlety of a flame-thrower and the impact of a Nerf ball" brought a momentary flicker of recognition to dozens of readers before his untimely death. He is survived by his father Bruno Pershing Fernbuster ('51), his brother Faubus Bilbo Fernbuster and by his numerous creditors.

His burning wit, his glowing eyes
Are dark and still forever.
His flashing mind, his fevered brows
Will shine upon us never.

His smoldering tongue, his smoking pen
Lie cold upon the bier.
Yet sure it is he'll burn anew
For he's gone to the fire.





Chamber Singers Go Modern



The Kenyon College Chamber Singers will perform a final spring concert this Sunday, at 9 p.m. The performance will consist solely of classic works re-written by Chamber Singers conductor Daniel Robinson. The major work of the performance will be an adaptation of Handel's famous oratorio, which Mr. Robinson has retitled "Disco Messiah." Also included will be a short cantata originally composed by J.S. Bach, now retitled "Get the Funk Outta My Face." The public is invited to boogie until they puke.

Social Board Concert Cancelled

Yet another Social Board sponsored concert has been cancelled. The highly-publicized Beatles concert of May 15th has been indefinitely postponed, because Social Board chairman Jon Cohen was unable to bring the Fab Four together. Cohen felt that his offer of \$4000 (\$1000 per Beatle) would be more than enough, but his efforts were severely hampered when Paul McCartney was arrested in Japan. In an attempt to make up for this loss, Cohen has scheduled a New Wave Country Disco group called *Dick Gregory and the Pure Prairie Persuasions*.

Kenyon has not had a concert since Jenny Lind's tour of 1903, having fallen victim to such tragedies as the death of scheduled performers Glen Miller, Jimi Hendrix, and Jim Croce. "It's as if there were a hex against Kenyon getting a concert," said another member of the board. "But don't blame me, my father produced *Animal House*." Jon Cohen claims that Kenyon will get a concert "even if it takes until 1990."

Higgins Speaks On Chromatology

Prof. Andrew Higgins, Associate Professor of Proctology at the University of Eastern West Virginia, will present a lecture entitled "Endomorphological Characteristics of Eschatological Chromatology" at 8 p.m. in the Biology Auditorium. MegaVitamins® will be served in a Peirce Hall reception following the lecture.

Service Groups To Merge

The Kenyon Simulated Games Society and the Harcourt Club announced yesterday that they have merged into a new group entitled "The Simulated Harcourt Club," and will hold a Peirce Hall reception for all interested in joining. The Simulated Harcourt Club will pretend to be a women's social and community service organization, dedicated to young women who want to be in a sorority, but are afraid to admit it.

'Hamlet' Proves To Be A Philosophical Debacle

By K. HEPBURN

"Modern Day theater," someone once said, "is anything that is not ancient day theater." Or in other words, the only good actor's a dead one.

Bill Shakespeare's latest debacle, "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark" is a clear example of this dark philosophy at its best, (or perhaps, its worst).

Unfortunately for Bill, we've simply seen it all before. The attempt to portray a character's tortured mind as he struggles with a tragically uncertain morality is no go, simply because it's old hat. From Hamlet's opening word, "A," to his last, "silence," the dialogue is pretentious, the plot is childlike, the characters are comicbook; the whole thing reeks of Grad school notes. In general, it really sucked.

Most reviewers would go on to ask why, but in this case the answer is painfully obvious. Why not? Shakespeare leaves everything up front. The only mystery surrounding the play was when the hell it was going to end. And when it did end, the play was soaked with blood, the actors soaked with sopiness, and the audience soaked with sleepiness. In

the first place, why have everyone die? Playwrights must continually keep their audiences in mind, and as Shakespeare wrote this it is embarrassingly clear that he had no concerns for a 1980 audience whatsoever.

Case in point, the play's language is archaic ("I have sworn't") and more often simply incomprehensible — "I am but mad north-northwest, when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw." Who the hell knows (or cares, for that matter) what that means? Such dull obscurities plague the play throughout.

Unlike some of our more successful playwrights today (such as Tom Stoppard with his brilliant *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*) Shakespeare falls flat on his bearded face when he tackles pure existentialism. Sartre said with knowledgeable intent, "To be is to do," but Shakespeare took the same notion and sent it through the meat grinder. "To be or not to be?" laments a patronizing Hamlet to a by now weary audience, anxious to reply "who gives a damn?"

To sum up: Nice try, Bill, but maybe you should go back to acting.

This Week's Projections

● Candy Goes To College ●

Candy Goes to College. Directed by Bernie X. Starring Ernie Wadd and Candy. B & W, 1975. 20 mins. Rosse Hall, 8 p.m.

Candy Goes to College, a triple X-rated feature, banned in Alabama, Uganda and Taiwan, will be shown in Rosse Hall this weekend. The film features the explicit portrayal of every conceivable sex act possible between a young woman, a football team, a cheerleading squad, and an elephant, along with several acts previously thought impossible. Larry Heavens, head of the KFS, said that the film was ordered on the strength of a student questionnaire. "They said they wanted more art films, so I called an Art Theatre in Columbus to see what was their most popular film. Since *Candy* has a college setting I thought it was a natural for Kenyon." Student response has been fervent, a line beginning to form early Wednesday morning.

When *Candy Goes to College* opened at the Casino art theatre in 1975, the discerning viewers were stunned. A product of the Reno "Candy goes to . . ." school, it rises above the rest of its series by virtue of the brilliant direction of Bernie X and the complex script by Smith Jones. Superstar Ernie Wadd (*Gay Boys in Bondage*) gives a deep performance and Janet Smith-Jones internalizes beautifully. Although the production was handicapped by frequent police raids, its triumph is testament to the vitality of the motion picture industry in America. *The Best Movie ever made*. See it!

● Metaphysical Cabbage ●

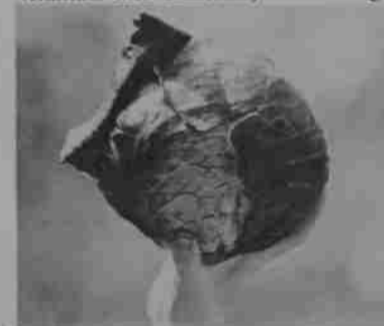
That Obscure, Metaphysical Cabbage. Directed by Jean-Luc Bouchard. With Antoine de Marchais and Sonia Braga. Color, 1977, 106 mins. Rosse Hall.

This is one of Jean-Luc Bouchard's greatest attempts to place vegetables within the larger framework of French existentialist neo-classicism. And this is vintage Bouchard; his plot is complex; his

characters, difficult; his brain, sedate.

Antoine de Marchais plays the hero, a metaphysical automaton trapped by the pseudo-Platonistic machinations of a cabbage. Marchais is, as it were, the French dressing which the viewer uses to make culinary sense out of this obscure vegetable. Director Bouchard, in the tradition of all the great post-Reformation Epicurean directors, takes his leading man through a combination of bizarre sexual adventures in some of the finest restaurants of Paris. Here is, indeed, the cabbage at its finest. This reviewer was particularly fond of the torrid scene underneath the salad bar at the *Pate du Fois Cabbage*, initiated by Marchais and his newly-found mistress, Madame Ovary, but soon accompanied by the head waiter, two turtle doves, various Basque nationalists, and of course, an electric cabbage. The viewer cannot be left untouched by the climax of the scene, in which Bouchard's mistress mistakes him for the head waiter, as the hero screams in delight: "*Madame Ovary, c'est moi!*"

Although Marchais is the human epitome of Aristotelian, prerogency metaphysics, his socio-theological implications for Darwinian nihilism do not allow him to have his cabbage and eat it too. Consumed by Marchais' hunger for the minimum daily adult requirement of four essential vitamins and minerals, the cabbage



becomes no more than a gastrointestinal metaphor for Marchais himself. For as the cabbage slowly makes its way down the intestinal track, towards its eventual place of

dispatch, so does Marchais slowly make his way toward Cleveland, Ohio, where he is eventually dumped into Lake Erie.

● An American In Idaho ●

An American In Idaho. Directed by Robert Lowell. A Cast of Thousands. Color, 1977, 90 mins. Rosse Hall, 8 p.m.

An American in Idaho is a film. Sublime in many ways, it features a number of actors. It is moving and very cinematographic, featuring many, many sprocket holes. Perhaps tragic and perhaps funny, or even merely interesting, it is not to be missed by anyone who wants to see it. To see it is really to see film. A director, producer, writer and actors were all involved in the production. This movie hasn't been shown on commercial television before four a.m. for several years, so here's your chance to see it at a decent hour. *The Best Movie ever made*. See it!

●●● My Word ●●●

My Word, the World, and an Apple. Directed by Paul Newman. Starring Ben Vereen and Kiki Dee. Color, 1979, 120 mins. Rosse Hall: 10 p.m.

This film is a pre-existential post-modernist nouvelle vague product of the emerging Norwegian cinema of the treacherous. A somewhat vapid movie, at once serendipitous and human, it fulfills the requirements so boldly thrust upon cinema by such modern thinkers as Schopenhauer and Howard Cosell. Concerning the sudden crystal revelation of the meaning of a tree root (the marvelously lethargic Ben Vereen) to a sixteen year old stewardess nun (the movingly hideous Kiki Dee), previously thought dead for over six years by most proponents of the California "play it as it lays" philosophy. However the new, psuedualist movement, characterized in this movie by mirror image subtleties and a preponderance of the color puce, refer us nowhere but to the tenets of Moon-boom. *The Best Movie ever made*. See it!

Seniors - Twenty Years Hence

A Few Predictions of What Some Seniors Will Be Doing 20 Years Hence

Chin Beng Ho: Overthrown President-General for life of Malaysia, executed before cheering throng of over one million people.

Larry Evans: Ticket clerk at small movie house near Times Square.

Robert Rubin: Editor-in-chief, *Gasm* magazine.

Michael Bald: Electrolux salesman.

Rob Gunther-Mohr: Vice-President of Whammo

Walter Cabot: Nightshift Cook, White Tower Restaurants

Roger Fillion: Editor, *New Republic*

Elen Wenderoth: Illustrator for Domino Sugar packets

Wilhelm Merk: Editor, *National Review*

Herb Karpatkin: Radio Rabbi

Eric Jensen: Bear Wrestler

John MacNeil: Alligator Wrestler

John McGarry: Welfare cheat

Paul Cummins: Nestle formula salesman, Dominican Republic

Rob Roche: Househusband

Mark Dunbar: Lobbyist, Consolidated Edison Inc.

Steve Sexsmith: Lightbulb Installer, Kenyon Maintenance Department

Stan Merrell: Ed McMahon's replacement

Jean Liggett: Weathergirl in Topeka

Rob Thomas: Avon Man

John Palffy: Associate Editor, *Gasm* Magazine

Frederick Townsend: Deputy Director, Central Intelligence Agency

James Agnew: Preacher ("Brother Jamie's Radio Gospel Hour")

Josh Parker: Forty-third from the left in new Coca-Cola ad

Tom Chesnutt: Emperor of Mars

Lynn Stofan: Rotor Rooter Lady

Earl McGann: Chief Buyer, Frederick's of Hollywood

John Weir: Taste BUD

Mona Koh: New President of Malaysia

Garry Bender: Door-to-door Denture Salesman

Bret Cohen: Triple Axe Murderer

Kramer Upchurch: President, Bongs 'n Tongs Inc.

Rebecca Thoman: Housewife

Tim Hayes: Deputy Associate Editor, *Gasm* Magazine

Nancy Anfanger: Cocktail Waitress

Toby Burwell: Scriptwriter (Specializes in Saturday Morning Cartoons)

Todd Holzman: Mail Clerk, *Gasm* Magazine

Rich Hebert: Founder of Hooterbar franchise chain

Eric Gaskins: Fashion Designer, K-Mart Inc.

Joan Friedman: Salesclerk, Radio Shack

Pedro Frau: Killed in FALN

bombing

Valerie Merkel: USDA butterfly inspector

Doug Braddock: Photography Editor, *Gasm* Magazine

Hugh Scott: Grape in Fruit-of-the-Loom Ads

Chris Gould: U.S. Ambassador to Malaysia; withdrawn following allegations of involvement in Coup

Pee Wee Fernbuster: Author, Winner of Nobel and Pulitzer Prizes, denies allegations of plagiarism

Debbie Walters: Recording Artist, Muzak Corporation

Jerry King: Snoopy Dancer, Ice Follies

Ethan Powsner: Drummer, *Lawrence Welk Show*

Ken Patsey: Chin's Accountant, executed after revolution, left ten billion dollar fortune

Chuck Konigsberg: Editor, Rip-Off Press

Andy Hess: Free-Lance Greeting Card Writer

A.J. House: Tenant Sharecropper

Beth Seils: Belly Dancer

John Feely: Bartender, Kneecapped by Irish Republican Army

Dave Pugh: Punk Cellist

Johnathon Weinstein: President, United States of America

Rob Fahs: Stock Analyst, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, and Smith

Jeremy Bromberg: Attempted to organize Constitutional Bicentennial. Cancelled due to lack of interest.

continued on page four

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Gus Gill makes rare tag on opponent

Wilson Fellow Gill To Be At Kenyon

By TOM MCVOLUME

Gus Gill, former third baseman for the Cleveland Indians will be at Kenyon from May 12-16 as the third in a series of Woodrow Wilson Fellows to visit this year.

According to Assistant Dean of Students Karen Williamson, "liberal arts have proven worthless in landing jobs in business, . . . maybe baseball is the suitable career alternative." Besides, she adds, "The Indians could use a new third baseman."

While on campus, Mr. Gill will take part in a panel discussion with members of the Political Science and History departments on such contemporary affairs as the Afghan crisis, the takeover of American embassies abroad, and whether the National League should adopt the designated hitter. Gill will hold office hours in Nu Pi Kappa and Alumni House to meet with students and offer advice on any career aims, fielding, and bunting.

Gill began his career in 1964 with Dubuque of the Midwest Class C League and led the in sacrifice bunts in his rookies year. By 1967, he was playing regularly for the Indians on a team which finished in seventh place, twenty eight games behind the leader. In total, Mr. Gill played for five miserable years with the Indians, compiling an unmentionable batting average. He rates as his proudest accomplishment a successful sacrifice bunt against the Tigers in 1969 which won the game and broke a thirteen game losing streak for the Indians. Unlike other Wilson Fellows, Mr. Gill has published no books nor written any books.

Dean Williamson notes that Gus still has time on an otherwise hectic schedule to visit classes or play a quick game of catch with any interested students.

Knowlton and Track Team Advance To Championships

By TOM MCLIIQUID

As the steeplechase is a fairly new event to college track meets, the progress of Kenyon steeplechaser Oliver Knowlton has been nothing short of spectacular. Despite a poor performance in last Tuesday's meet against Denison when he fell going over the water jump and disappeared into the murky waters for fifteen minutes, he ran well enough on Saturday to represent Kenyon at the O.A.C. Championships this weekend.

Sadly, this is the same fate which claimed the life of another Kenyon steeplechase runner. At an invitational meet last month, Andrew Huggins handled the water jump cleanly but stumbled on impact — his young life (freshman) and promising career as well ended when he fell into the turbulent waters but was never found. "Yea, I suppose it's too bad," said Coach Tom Mulligan, "but he was only a freshman so big deal."

For Knowlton however, things were different. Supplementing his steady afternoon workouts of intervals and distance, Knowlton also keeps in practice for jumping the hurdles by leaping on to tables in Peirce Dining Hall. Although widespread complaints have been voiced by those diners whose sandwiches and salads he has periodically trampled, Knowlton himself is pleased with his progress. "By working out in Peirce," he says, "I not only keep in shape but can reach down to eat table scraps therefore giving myself a steady diet of vital carbohydrates."

Knowlton's qualifying run came in the Wooster Invitational after team members decided not to run last Thursday's meet because it was too hot and they would rather sit around and sunbathe rather than run.

Knowlton's began the race slowly, keeping well behind the leaders until with two laps to go when he went into his finishing spurt, otherwise known as a "kick" in track circles.

First he kicked a runner from Oberlin and followed with a left hook to the abdomen of a Wittenberg runner. With a half lap to go, with only one person in front he didn't actually kick his opponent but sort of gave him a little shove such that he too fell off the pace. Knowlton came home the winner in 9:37 — well under conference qualifying standards.

Kenyon therefore looks forward to a strong team performance at conference — that is without the services of two other athletes, high-

jumper Dave Graham and sprinter Eddie Gregory. Graham was informed by doctors last Tuesday that he had a week to live but by late Wednesday, he still wasn't dead so the doctors went out and shot him. Gregory's situation is a bit different, but ever since enrolling in the "Philosophy of Existentialism" class, he has developed a phobic fear of death and freezes whenever he hears the starting gun go off — thinking that Russians have come to cart him away.

Coach Mulligan looks nonetheless for a good performance from those silly enough to still be playing sports when everyone has exams to study for.

Women's Hockey Team Announces Signing



By TOM MCHUGE

Citing "our lackluster defense," women's hockey coach Karen Burke, the *Collegian* learned late yesterday, has recruited and signed a 6 ft. high brick wall to play in goal for the Ladies next season.

The brick wall, older than most students, was built in 1935 by a pig farmer in Centerburg, Ohio. Although it has never before played hockey, it has done a good job all these years guarding the pigs, and should then, "play a mean defense," Ms. Burke commented.

As Division III rules do not allow for the recruitment of athletes, N.C.A.A. President Walter Byers agreed to a Kenyon appeal that the law pertains only to people and not to brick walls. Commenting on the decision, President Philip Jordan said "This is a marvelous breakthrough not only for the team but for our attempts to sign more minority students at the college."

Nobody in the athletic department could quite decide what kind of academic course load the brick wall will be taking here next year but Athletic Director Jeffrey Vennell said "not to mind because our standards are not very high anyhow."

The brick wall was unavailable for comment but will start in goal in the Ladies' first game at Wooster.

LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS

Ask The Editor

To the Editor:

I am a young freshman girl with a problem. You see, I really like this one guy that lives down the hall. But he doesn't even know I'm alive! Worse, I've heard that he really wants to go out with my best friend! Now I can't even talk to her anymore. Meanwhile, my face keeps breaking out before my English class every morning, and this same adorable guy sits right next to me. Sometimes I'm so embarrassed that I skip class and go back to my room and lie in bed with all the curtains closed. Also, my roommate is always getting on my back to clean up and straighten by bed and not to leave everything such a mess. I just can't

stand her any more! So I'm thinking of asking her to leave school, but I just don't know how to tell her in the right way. Also, there's this guy that I've heard really likes me but I have to admit I think he's pretty scuzzy. But how do I tell him that without hurting his feelings?!! Also, I think I'm failing all my courses. What should I do?

Signed,
Muddled in Mather

Dear Mud:

The answer is simpler than you think. Unfortunately, it's a lot more difficult than that for me. Good luck. And write back. I care.

Bon Voyage

To the Editor:

Since this is your last issue, I just want to say that I'm glad you long-

haired drug addicts are gone for another year. It provides more space for honest, hard-working, whiskey-drinking Americans.

Sincerely,
Mayor Baer

Sick And Tired

To the Editor:

I just want to say that I think all right-thinking people at this College are sick and tired of being told that good and decent people are fed up at this College of being sick and tired. I'm certainly not, and I'm sick and tired of being told that I am.

Sincerely,
J. Stephen Bolhafner

To the Editor:

I hate you.

Herbert Sinton, M.D.



Senior Predictions . . . Kenyon Graduation Plus Twenty Equals:

- continued from page three*
- Panayotis Christos Christu Constantatos: Serf
 - Duncan Holcomb: Pastor, People's Temple of Alabama
 - Jim Reisler: Assistant Curator, Dead Stock Inc.
 - Peter Kay: Extortionist
 - Robert Standard: Professor of Metaphysics, Ball State University
 - Steve Bolhafner: Student, Kenyon College
 - Kyle Henderson: Chairman of the Board, Exxon Corporation
 - Larry O'Connell: United States Senator, Massachusetts
 - Len Weinberg: Firefighter, the City of Cleveland
 - Cheryl Ririe: Mayor of Chicago
 - Robert Pianka: Dishwasher, Nairobi, Kenya
 - Helen Oh Ho: Widow of Chin Ho
 - Andy May: Thirteenth Disciple
 - Mark Hallinan: Presidential candidate, Socialist Workers' Party
 - Tim Glasser: Coach, 48 + 21
 - Miltos Gikas: Emperor, Holy Turkish Empire
 - Jim Freedman: Socialite
 - Rob McGhee: Short Person
 - Robbin Lockett: Amazon Tribal Chieftain
 - Janet Chaffin: Guide, Disneyworld
 - Carlos Dague: Bodyguard
 - Ken Rice: Batboy, Fewway Park
 - Bill Watterson: Graphics Editor, *Gasm* Magazine
 - Bill Lipscomb: Mediator, House Ethics Committee
 - Eric Stahfeld: Campaign Director for Ronald Reagan
 - Bob Tenney: Alcoholic's Anonymous Poster Drunk
 - John Kilyk: Renounces all material possessions, gives stereo to poor and joins a vegetarian monastery

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