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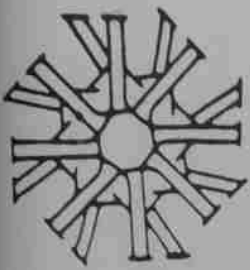
Kenyon Collegian - February 1, 1973

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the kenyon Collegian

Volume XCX

Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, February 1, 1973

No. 12

Delegation Reports

by Ann Weister

These two articles are the first in a series from the Student Council Delegation to the Provost, a barely representative group that agrees on little. The questions we hope to pose in these articles are topics currently under discussion in the Delegation, in Senate, or Curriculum Committee. At Kenyon, one runs an extraordinarily great risk of seeming shrill or of boring oneself into a coma when academic self-scrutiny is the concern. We submit these thoughts nevertheless, hoping them of some interest in the Real World beyond the meeting-chambers of these august bodies.

That the Faculty committee concerned with academic affairs is called the Curriculum Committee seems indicative of a lamentable narrowness in the College view of scholastic matters. I refer to the fact that the solution one continues to hear popularly proposed to the most widely varying kinds of academic problems is a modification of the curriculum. Among students and faculty alike, "curriculum" is used to indicate not only the content and range of the course offerings, but the work-load, calendar, size and type of class, faculty/student relations, and departments' philosophical sympathies as well. Some unfortunate lacunae gape in our daily vocabulary for--and consequently in our awareness of--any but the formal aspects of the academic problems that persist at Kenyon.

Two years ago, four demoralized students vented their exasperation about over-work and faculty non-communicativeness to the Provost. Today we have politely institutionalized to the Provost and a New curriculum offered as strides toward communication and flexibility.

For some Drudgery was (and remains to be) a grimacing but still only decorative gargoyle in the popular imagination. The consistent quality of the academic life at Kenyon is vindicated, they think, by the happy evidence that what slender changes the new curriculum has brought about have been in forms alone. Purported faculty reasonableness remains the rule; clearly, Drudgery was a straw-man invoked by the unwilling and self-deceiving student.

Really the curriculum change was not a half-bad thing. By changing nothing but distribution and credit statistics it proved that our attitudes, work-loads, syllabuses were fine all along. Not only has it reinforced our positions, but it has the advantage of supporting our departmental loyalties by requiring fewer tiresome sojourns in foreign disciplines. Drudgery was a non-issue, as this innovation has clearly shown; we tried to make things better, but nothing essential was changed.

And nothing essential has changed in the two years since "the Drudgery issue." Students are still asked to read Stendhal or Hegel in two classes, but of course they are too perceptive to have to reread them anyway. The ten-page term paper has, it is true, blossomed by ten pages more, but this indicates the comprehensiveness of our undertakings no doubt. That the library is opened--and peopled--until 2:00 a.m. during finals must be a sign of increased student devotion (as one may interpret the frequent sacrifices of concerts, lectures, or plays to the interest of "getting through" and assignment). That three out of four periods of a course may be

(Continued on pg. 4, col 4)

Acclaimed OSU Troupe, Workshop Here Monday

by John Graham

The dance is coming to Kenyon. Ohio State Professor Shirley Wynne and eighteen members of the

OSU Baroque Dance Ensemble will be here on Monday, February 5 to present a workshop and evening performance.

The workshop, to be held from

4-5:30 p.m., will entail a presentation by the dance ensemble of several representative Baroque dances, along with characteristic steps, phrases, and performance techniques of the period. Rosse Hall will house the workshop. A maximum of 30 members of the audience may dance with the company. However, only the capacity of Rosse Hall limits the size of the observing audience.

The Hill Theater will be the site of an evening multi-media performance entitled "Les Plaisirs Des Rois." Professor Wynne will begin the evening with a talk accompanied by slides.

The Ensemble will then perform several dances from Louis du Cahusac's allegorical ballet, "La Naisance d'Osiris," set to music by French Baroque composer Jean-Philippe Rameau. The piece was first performed at Fontainebleau in 1754 to celebrate the occasion of a new heir, the Duc de Berry, later to become Louis XVI. Professor Wynne served as choreographer for the presentation.

The Kenyon Baroque Ensemble, consisting of Lois Brehm, Janet Slack, Kenneth Taylor, and Clifford Weber will present the Rameau score.

Admission will be free, but by tickets. Tickets may be acquired at the Hill Theater box office between 2 and 4 p.m. Monday through Friday the week of the performance. Ticketholder's seats will be held until 7:55 p.m. the night of the performance.

The Kenyon Lectureships Committee, chaired by History Professor H. Landon Warner, is sponsoring both the workshop and the performance in conjunction with the Kenyon Drama and Music Departments.

The troupe has performed nationwide, presenting its ballet in New York, Washington D.C., San Francisco, Sacramento, Oakland, and other United States cities. Reviews have acclaimed the work as a charming masterpiece, often neglected in the scope of Rameau's repertoire.

Basically, the work attempts to portray what the composer hopes to be a glorious reign for the future king of France. The celebratory piece, however, came to be an ironic symbol as Louis XVI was executed 40 years later by his revolting subjects. The OSU troupe's performances of the work are the first since the original staging of 1754.

Reviewers have singled out Professor Wynne, praising her choreography of the dance. Ellen McGoldrick and Christine Taylor of the Daily Californian Arts Magazine wrote, "The difficulties which confront a choreographer in the re-creation of a dance for such an event are mostly caused by having to remain within the highly stylized dance framework which the era assumed, while remaining just as aware of the innumerable possibilities for decorative and interpretive variation which the style assumed." Shirley Wynne's approach has been to immerse herself so completely in the atmosphere of 17th century dance as to be able to speak like a native--not only having command of the grammar but able to create her own individualized sentences."



OSU DANCE ENSEMBLE will highlight its visit Monday night in the Hill Theatre.

Psychohistory

Dr. Bruce Mazlish

by Jeff Jurca

"We seek to conquer knowledge of ourselves that will illuminate other conquests, historical and psychological." Such is the nature and purpose of psychohistory, a new form of historical analysis that is the specialty of Dr. Bruce Mazlish, who lectured on the topic in the Biology Auditorium on January 29th.

Dr. Mazlish has taught history at M.I.T. since 1955, and this year

is a visiting member at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, researching material for two upcoming books. His other works include In Search of Nixon, The Riddle of History and Psychoanalysis.

The psychohistorical approach was first introduced by Erik Erikson, and involves a psychoanalytical study of a historical or political problem. The result is either a life history, a study of a group and its motives. These histories often give indication of the shaping of the society in which the events occurred.

Life histories attempt to reveal the manner in which great men, the personifications of Rousseau's God-like legislator are motivated, leading to an understanding of the men, their followers and the events of their time.

Whether or not the development of a life history will prove worthwhile is dependent on three factors: the individual must truly matter in history, sufficient materials must be available with which to formulate

of collaboration and resistance. THE SORROW AND THE PITY is both oral history and essay: People who lived through the German occupation tell us what they did during that catastrophic period, and we see and hear evidence that corroborates or corrects or sometimes flatly contradicts them. As the perspectives ramify - when we see the people as they are now and, in old snapshots and newsreel footage, as they were then--we begin to get a sense of living in history; A fuller sense of what it was like to participate in the moral drama of an occupied nation that we have ever before had. There's nothing comparable to THE SORROW AND THE PITY."--Pauline Kael, New Yorker

THE SORROW AND THE PITY is co-sponsored by the Kenyon Film Society and by a grant from the History department. It will be shown at 7:30, Saturday (note the time change) and 1:00, Sunday. It is very long and there will be only one intermission.

In addition the Film Society is presenting: OUR MAN IN HAVANA a comedy-spy story starring Alec Guinness and Ernie Kovacs, McCABE AND MRS. MILLER with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie, plus 42nd STREET, the first of a series of Hollywood Movie Musicals, (Saturday at Midnight)

War Documentary Screened

The presentation of THE SORROW AND THE PITY is a coup for the Kenyon Film Society and a lucky break for the rest of the college community. We are one of the few college campuses receiving permission to show THE SORROW AND THE PITY. Originally made for French TV as a documentary about the German occupation of France, the film was too controversial to be shown in France and had to be exhibited elsewhere before it could be shown in French Movie houses.

The four and one half hours seem to fly by as we watch an entire nation react to war. We may put down the French for behaving the way they did. But now as we come to the end of our own war, think about how silent most of us were these past ten years. You will realize that this film is more than a documentary about France during WWII. It becomes a story about human beings and their responsibilities to each other.

"A magnificent epic on the themes



In addition to THE SORROW AND THE PITY this weekend is "McCabe And Mrs. Miller" starring Warren Beatty and Julie Christie. It is about a gambling man and a hustling woman in a grubby turn-of-the-century mining town.

Gambier Festival

The first annual Gambier Festival is going to be held this April. There will be planned activities (dance, theatre, music), but we want YOU to participate. If you can sing, juggle, bake a cake, play an instrument, write a poem, bounce a ball, dance, act or do anything and would like to perform informally (no stage, that is) in the biggest outdoor festival ever to hit Gambier (phew!) please drop us a note in the Spring Festival mailbox in the student Affairs Center.

EVERYONE is invited to participate: this includes students, faculty, Gambier and Mount Vernon residents, all clubs, societies, organizations, performance groups and so forth.



Comment

America is in need of a message; a message that will both alert its sensibilities and motivate its peoples to action. No new philosophies and ideals are here heralded. It is an old appeal that steadily resounds—the cry for “freedom, justice and equality.” Indeed the word has been delivered.

Blacks have screamed and pleaded, begged and fought to be granted that which should be theirs by virtue of birth; human rights. The long quest for this goal and the deafened ears upon which the sovereign requests so often fell, should be confined to history. They are not. This is what continues to outrage and disgust blacks. A general lack of interest or even passive concern permeates every strata of society. The stench of apathy sickens those who are diligently trying to effect an era of black self-determination.

Black people are grasping for their ultimate liberation and in the process many changes are occurring within the black community. Some of this restructuring is paralleled in the larger white society as well. However within this liberation struggle some very unique and exciting ideals and endeavors are being conceived and pursued. Whites in this country are not at present, nor will they ever be, physically untouched by the functionings of blacks, i.e. what happens to blacks affects society in general. This is especially true in the economic and political realm. However there is one problem, one pivot of crucial importance: will America's moral conscience, whose roots lie embedded in the very principles upon which this state was founded, be heeded or ignored?

If Kenyon is truly representative of society at large, as so often has been lauded by students, faculty and administrators, one can realistically see the problems that face blacks on a larger front. Sunday, January 14 and Monday, January 15, the Black Student Union presented to the collegium a commemoration program centered around Martin Luther King Jr. and other notable black leaders. A great deal of effort was put into this program and adequate publicity was given. Yet at the Sunday program only fifteen people showed up. Only fifteen students were motivated enough to attend the program (no faculty attended). It is hard to believe that only fifteen people on this entire campus had enough human instinct, intellectual curiosity or subtle respect for a man who advocated love—to attend that commemoration service. It is a brutal affront to the dignity and strivings of blacks on this campus and elsewhere that so little attention should be paid us. Dr. King urged that we “turn the other cheek” when abused by whites, but once slapped full in the face, it is hard to predict exactly what the reaction will be.

On Monday afternoon, we stood in the chilling cold to relay to you King's words of justice; and one by one, you passed (sometimes glancing, sometimes pausing) unconcerned and apathetic. The Black Student Union was asked at its formation to be an educational instrument to the college community. We were to present programs to round out the Euro-American orientation of the curriculum and of outside lecturers. And yet consistently from its initial efforts in the Spring of 1970 until the present we have endured indifference towards our programs and constant attacks on the validity of the Union's establishment from the collegium.

The Black Student Union hopes that this article will adequately express the problems that the attitudes pervading this campus present to the fulfillment of its goals and directives. We also hope that it will direct your actions to a greater support of programs that are designed to communicate to you the ambitions and problems of a struggling people in this white-dominated society. Your continued non-participation is inexcusable.

The Black Student Union

A Journal of Student Opinion

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Environmental Committee Urges Participation

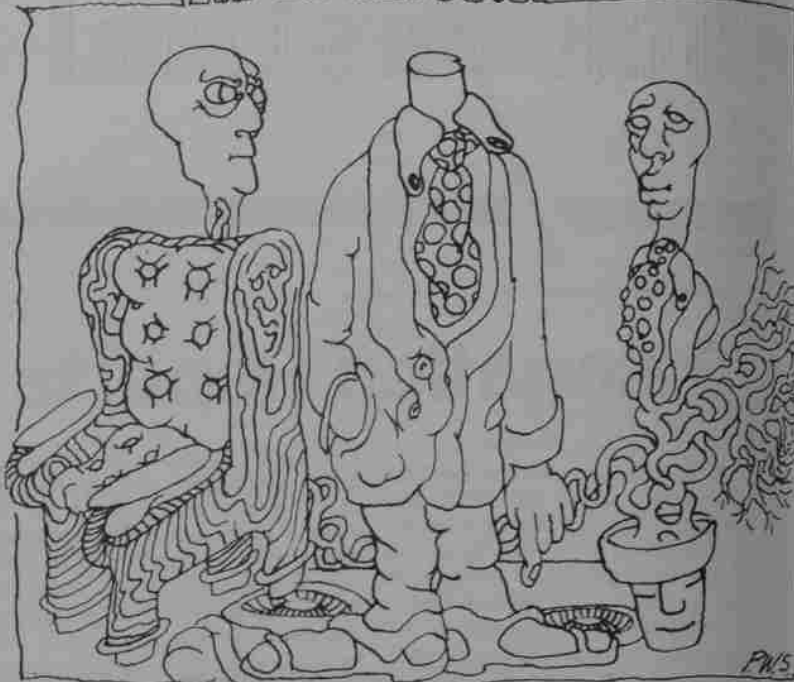
The new Kenyon Environmental Committee was organized in the fall of 1972 and subsequently started a recycling program with funds allocated by Freshman Council and Student Council.

With the help of a few students, bottles and papers are being recycled in Mt. Vernon--bottles at Chattanooga Glass Co. and papers at the Salvation Army. There are now approximately 15 cans around campus: 3 in Dorm #3, 1 in Dorm #2, 2 in McBride, 1 in Watson, 1 in Gund Hall, 1 in Lewis, 1 at the New apartments, 2 in Hanna Hall, 3 in Old Kenyon. These may not seem the most strategic, but are in easy walking distance from anywhere you may live.

The college maintenance department has been more than helpful. They provided us with as many garbage cans as they could spare, and Woody Hall drives his truck around every other Saturday to help us pick up the bottles and paper to take them to Mt. Vernon.

The Environmental Committee would like to do more around campus but we need your support. We hope to sponsor some movies and maybe a lecture concerning the environment if there is enough interest. Since earth does not seem to be of primary interest these days the Committee may simply die out. A few of us care and our meetings are always announced by signs and Newscope. We recycle bottles and paper every other Saturday and this is also always announced. If you cannot find the time to join us at least help in these ways: 1) save your papers to put in Dorm #2 breezeway, Gund (main hall of dorm) or in Bushnell Lounge, on the specified days of pick-up--or take them to Garage #1 in alley by P.O. We cannot arrange anything else because otherwise the papers constitute a fire hazard. 2) do not throw trash in cans or mutilate them in any way. Please try to cooperate because we need your help or the project won't be a success.

Find The Fasses



In Collegians Past

The following are excerpts exhumed from early February COLLEGIANS in years past.

117 Years Ago

This year will be memorable in the annals of Gambier, for the bold and man--I should say, womanly manner, in which the privileges of the season were exercised, as hereinafter set forth.

It was rumored in a darkly mysterious manner, on the last day of the old year, that the Ladies on “the Hill” intended visiting the students “en masse.” This intelligence casually gleaned, and hardly credited, caused a hurrying to and fro on the part of sundry collegians who sounding the note of preparation, commenced making arrangements for the unusual visit.

61 Years Ago

Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 31, President Will Howard Taft passed through Gambier at 2:12, enroute to Akron.

By request, the President made a few remarks to Kenyon men, Harcourt maids and citizens of Gambier. He expressed gratification at seeing us all well and assured us that he enjoyed the demonstration.

35 Years Ago

Harvard Law School has a high opinion of the scholastic standing of Kenyon graduates according to a recent statement from the secretary of their Committee on Admissions, Harrison S. Dimmitt. In a recent communication he said in part: “Last year the Committee on Admissions set a tentative standard for graduates of Kenyon College at 2.4. The Committee has not met this year but I do not believe the standard for Kenyon College will be changed.”

The minimum grade requirement is a compliment to Kenyon in that it is based on the average of all the men who have entered Harvard Law School from Kenyon in the past ten years.

Bruce Mazlish Lecture

(Continued from page 1)

a psychoanalytical portrait of the individual, and the historian must set aside his personal prejudices (not so easy to do in the case of the Nixon book, quipped Mazlish).

Group history and the all-important phases of childhood and puberty add to deeper problems of interpretation. Comparing the “typical” German family with Hitler's family might be a useful parallel, but what factors influenced the formation of the “typical” German family unit? These questions will have to be answered for psychohistory to continue effectively.

Dr. Mazlish closed with an analysis of the recent surge of radicalism among young Americans. Fantasies of genocide, antipathy towards the older generation and the wish for a simpler world are, according to Mazlish, a delayed psychological effect on youth due to the constant threat of nuclear destruction since their childhood. Mazlish's arguments were convincing enough to indicate that psychohistory, or psychosocialhistory, as he prefers to call it, will play an important part in historical interpretation for years to come.



DR. BRUCE MAZLISH speaking in the Biology Auditorium.

Photo by Jamie Doucett

The Triumph Of "The Tempest"

(In the previous issue, we credited Prof. Benjamin Drake with untangling the complexities of Shakespearean dialogue. Prof. Frederick Turner, also of the English Dept. however, actually did this work.—Ed.)

by David Wickenden

Storms, magic, romance, comedy, enchantment, dance, mystery, excitement, music, spirits. . . all of these are a part of Shakespeare's "The Tempest."

James Warton wrote in 1853: "Of all the plays of Shakespeare, 'The Tempest' is the most striking instance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundless imagination, and has created the romantic, the wonderful and the wild, to the most pleasing extravagance." Hazlitt said that "The Tempest" is: "one of the most original and perfect of Shakespeare's productions, and he has shown in it all the variety of his powers. It is full of grace and grandeur."

The Kenyon production is directed by James Michael with style, grace and intelligence. From the eerie and ethereal opening melody to the moving final words of Prospero's epilogue, a spell is cast on the audience, one that does not lose its grip until hours after the performance is over.

There are many admirable things about the production. The set is simple, versatile and effective. The lighting for a show like this is necessarily complex, and Chris Townsend has done a fine job, with his use of the back wall and in accentuating the qualities and moods of the play with subtle use of shadow and color. A lot of credit should also be given Pegi Goodman and the whole costume crew who, when faced with a very difficult job of designing costumes for and outfitting thirty people in a wide range of styles, have come up with some very fine costumes that are beautiful and impressive as well as functional.

Then there are the performances. As Ariel, Prospero's flighty spirit, Anne Dougherty is a constant delight. She seems as light and graceful as the air itself, and at times we almost expect her to lift off the ground and fly. She combines a kind of ethereal exuberance with the mischievousness of Puck; moodiness, enchantment, delicacy and strength and delivers a marvelous performance. I was particularly struck with the relationship between Ariel and her master, Prospero. We see these two characters caught in the roles of master and servant, but underneath the stern commands in sulking responses lies a real tenderness and love; the relationship is finally very moving.

Caliban, Prospero's "savage and deformed slave," portrayed by Rob Jaffee, and in contrast to Ariel, seems to be a chunk of earth, almost rooted to the ground. This Caliban through the course of the play becomes a vitalizing force, he has stature, provides a balance for Prospero, and with the narrowed eyes, matted hair and beard, hands shaking, body twitching and hobbling, Jaffee has created a fine character. I thought the relationship between Miranda and Ferdinand (Lisa Meyers and Doug Lotspeich) was weak, but Shakespeare hasn't given them much to work with, and both characters worked in the production as a whole.

The comedy is provided by Richard Irving as Stephano, the drunken butler, and Bruce Guter as Trinculo the clown. They do a great job. Richard has to be careful of the audience, but his swaggering, his expressions and inflections make for one of the funniest and most thoroughly enjoyable performances I've seen in a long time. Bruce

Guter's high-strung Trinculo is very funny and very successful. Others who should be mentioned are John Gillis, who as the garrulous Gonzalo, does amazing things vocally and who has shaped a fine character; Francis Osborne as Sebastian who also creates a splendid and successful character; Peter Herzberg who, though lacking somewhat in the demonic side to Antonio, has caught the cynicism and shallow villainy of the character; and Steve Stettler as the bereft Alonso.

But ultimately, of course, much of the show rests on the shoulders of the man playing Prospero. This character is the focal point of the play—he dominates the action; he forges the actions of the other characters and controls them; he is in control of all things that happen on the island. He is an extremely complex man and poses a delicious challenge for any actor.

and Caliban says "the isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not." The music is so organic to the structure of the play, it calls for a sensitive and talented composer to catch and accentuate the mood, interweave his melodies and support the actions and words of the characters. Tom Allen, who wrote and conducted the music, has done a fine job. His melodies and harmonies are beautiful, haunting and lyrical; his sense of timing and mood is flawless.

In addition to the instrumental and sung music, is the song of the language itself. Mr. Michael has directed "The Tempest" in such a way as to create a feeling of openness, and with this we can really hear the verse in all of its richness and beauty. There is the music of the play itself—its structure, ideas, tone and attitudes; there is music in the characters, not only in what they

with Miranda who he mistakes for a goddess and his continuing amazement at their love; the wonder of the shipwrecked men at the magic of the island; and finally, our own sense of wonder is touched—we are drawn in and swept along with its spirit. If the relationship of Miranda and Ferdinand is weak, the production must look elsewhere to achieve the same effect and buoy up our sense of love and innocence; this is what the Kenyon production does and it works.

But there is another kind of Reconciliation going on in the play, a much more intimate and moving one—that of Prospero with his life and perception of the world. And I think finally that it is here where the real virtue and strength of the production and the performance of David Doepken lies.

There is an air of regret and melancholy about the play, as

by Benjamin Drake

The evening begins in the theater's aisles, for the program-notes for this production of *The Tempest* comprise a small work of art, an appropriate mixture of obscure allusion and simply lovely graphics.

Then, as the lights dim, we hear spooky music (fine throughout the play) and see Ariel's face flickering here and there on the darkened stage. Prospero appears, working his magic on a model ship. Then we are dumped into Shakespeare's stormy first scene, where the storm howls as it ought, the lights shimmer, and a well-coached crew of nobles and mariners begins stumbling across the deck of the stage, or begin individually hitting that deck like sides of beef. The storm is duly hysterical and convincing, and yet the actors are all given space around their lines—lines which make just enough literal and dramatic sense to leave us properly confused. We know only that people are drowning, and yet have time enough to scold one another. One of them kneels alone on a stage suddenly as empty as a bathtub and prays for a dry death. With a bang, we are under clear, sunny skies where Prospero and his gently distraught daughter begin to tell us what it's all about. It is a fine opening as Shakespeare conceived it, and it is finely done in this production.

Prospero, the wizard of the magic island on which the ship must have foundered, has been conceived in many ways. He may be a great White Witch, a kind of Leonardo, or the Great Actor. David Doepken's Prospero is none of these. He is preoccupied, solicitous, somewhat fuddled. He is (if he is not brought back to himself) always looking slightly over, through, or beyond what is before him as he thinks of the beautiful scheme of his afternoon's play, the enormity of past wickedness, the difficulty of instructing others in the bookish meanings of things. He is closer to the unlikely professor behind the fiery mask in the Wizard of Oz than he is to Leonardo. That he is not to be trifled with is clear, I suppose, from the storm itself, but is mainly made to be felt by this Prospero's rapt inwardness and commanding physical presence on the stage. His voice is hesitant to the point of plaintiveness. (He is not at all sure he is being paid proper attention to: Will they never learn? Can none of them understand his explanations and instructions? Not Ariel? Not Miranda? Are they, too, Calibans?) His hands do not weave out magic spells, but rather are, for scene on end, lightly clasped in an almost grandmotherly solicitude. Has he forgotten to put the spell in the oven? Ah, but he has not forgotten. Indeed, it is all working, working though he must always keep checking his books, checking his actors, checking the clock that runs so fast through this afternoon's magic. So there is a kind of zany glitter behind those preoccupied eyes—perhaps something like the thrill of creation. It is a fine conception of Prospero's character. It has some drawbacks in lessening the sense of conflict in a play where there is hardly any to begin with, and in making the few thunderous moments seem more cantankerous than frightening, yet it has the overriding advantage of giving one kind of coherence to Shakespeare's off-hand mixing of stuff and styles.

This performance is a fine foil to Lisa Myers' Miranda, for instance. She is very much her father's daughter in her inwardness, and as she suddenly finds herself (by his design) head over heels in love with Ferdinand, she tries to be as much concerned with her father's

(Continued on pg. 4, col. 1)



TONIGHT AT 8:30 "The Tempest" will begin its second week of performances to full houses.

Photo by Tom Allen

I could say that David Doepken has met the challenge and graces the stage with a finely crafted, musical, subtle and fascinating performance: he does. We are not immediately overwhelmed, but gently and profoundly stirred almost unawares by the depth, strength and wisdom of this man; this magician and man of knowledge who has seen and knows so much. I could say that Doepken's Prospero burns with an inner life and fire that comes out not so much through the lines but through the eyes: he does. Whether he shows the compassion and gentleness of a loving father; the irascibility and anger of a wronged king; the sublime befuddlement of a scholar who is wrapt up in other things; or the playfulness of a man who greatly enjoys the games he is playing, we are held continually spellbound with the feeling that even in the moments of anger and intensity, there is much more to this man than is shown. I could say that it is a distinguished and extraordinary performance: it is. But I would be talking in generalities

critique

and would not be doing justice to the impact his performance had on me. Why did he move me the way he did? What was it? What was it about this production?

In trying to put my finger on it, I first thought of music as being some kind of key. Certainly on paper, of all the plays of Shakespeare, "The Tempest" has the most intimate connection with music—in addition to the masque, the play contains more songs than any of the plays and calls for a considerable amount of instrumental music. Gonzalo speaks of "the marvelous sweet music," Ferdinand describes a music that crept by him on the waters, "allaying both their fury and my passion with its sweet air,"

speak and how they speak, but how they move, how they react, and, most importantly, through simply being what they are.

The Kenyon "Tempest" is a melodious, almost symphonic production—one that flows gently, and for the most part smoothly, rising and falling, interweaving, all separate parts and characters working together to produce a unified, organic production. There were some inconsistencies, in acting as well as structure, some sections worked better than others, but the production as a whole is strong enough to absorb the weaknesses and not lose its balance.

That somehow doesn't seem to be enough. Where does Prospero fit in? The play had a very strong influence on me and I started to look elsewhere.

"The Tempest" is a play about so many things—forgiveness, reconciliation, art, freedom, innocence, knowledge, love, Nature, and learning and with each different production comes a different stress. Perhaps the choice of emphasis lies with the director, perhaps in something much more nebulous. But in any case, there seems to me to be two central, and almost opposing strands in the play, both of which are at work in this production. Perhaps the most immediate sense we have of the play is that of Reconciliation, Love and Forgiveness—of pardon and atonement for the sins or mistakes of one generation through the young love of the children. This feeling is accomplished in the Kenyon production largely, I think, through the sense of wonder. Miranda is in a constant state of wonder, from her opening speech after the storm to her meeting with Ferdinand to her seeing the shipwrecked men: "O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here! how beauteous mankind is! O brave new world that has such people in't!" there is Ferdinand's wonder in his first encounter

Shakespeare relinquishes the world, puts aside his magic staff of poetry and retires to a time "where every third thought shall be my grave." There is a lingering bitterness to the ending, as this magician, artist, and deeply human being wraps up the loose ends of his life and prepares for death. The play is about the perception of Prospero—as he looks, he sees. He is a man who finally comes to a quiet and profound awareness of the nature of life, illusion, art and the evanescence of all things. He has risen to the height of his powers, acquired knowledge and perception; with this perception he can look at life, its evil as well as beauty, see it: ("The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces/ The solemn temples, the great globe itself/ Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve/ and like this insubstantial pageant faded/ leave not a rack behind"); and in a long sigh, accept it: ("this thing of darkness I acknowledge mine") and, finally, forgive even the rankest faults.

As we leave the theatre we, too, sigh, and hear faintly the sound of poetry dying in the subsiding reverberations of echoes.

It is not the joy and redemption and spectacle of the play, but the sweet autumnal magic of the dying poet so delicately and beautifully transmitted by the Prospero of David Doepken that makes this production of "The Tempest" so deeply moving.

As Arthur Quiller-Couch has said: "In the surge of our emotion, as on the surges rounding Prospero's island, is blown a spray, a mist. Actually it dims our eyes; and as we brush it away, there rides on it a rainbow; and its colours are chastened wisdom, wistful charity; with forgiveness and tender ruth for all men and women growing old. . ."

See "The Tempest." You're in for something very, very special.

"The Tempest"

Continued from page 3)

precepts (Don't tell him your name yet!) as with this brave, new creature. As this Prospero looks on at the bedazzled lovers, we are aware that his surprise at seeing his scheme work is yet greater than ours. It may all slip away from him. In this performance, one believes Prospero's fretting lest there be hanky-panky before due wedding ceremony. If he doesn't keep a firm hand on everything, it may all get away from him. As it is, he has to interrupt the wedding masque he has summoned up out of air, out of thin air, to teach them a few things about fertility (and about his own wondrous skill!)

Miranda makes a lovely pair with Douglas Lotspeich's Ferdinand. It is hard to imagine him angry or distraught or even in a sweat--though we hear he has done some wonderful swimming. If he lifts his sword with little conviction (and much style), it is just as well, for we are after all on Prospero's Island, and though swords come out periodically, their points will always sleepily descend to the floor. If one plots an assassination, one will let the crucial moment slip while gathering up a handsome piece of cloth-of-gold, or while having a conspiratorial word or two about something-or-other. Evil out here is all ritual. So let us have a well-bred, sleekly well-fed, clear-spirited Ferdinand. Viet Nam is hundreds of years, light-years away. And Ferdinand certainly knows Miranda's class when he sees it. What more need he know?

The whole of this production, then, is somewhat understated and even somewhat off-hand. This Prospero radiates the concern that we all soon begin to share: that we have a well-timed and seemly performance. And that at least begins to be a perfectly adequate statement of Shakespeare's own intent in this very last of his complete plays. No expository technique is too crude, no stunt too merely theatrical, no fishy, low humor too low, no set-piece of poetry too merely melodious for Shakespeare to try it on here. Yes, and he'll make it work. Much of the inimitable joy of *The Tempest* comes from Shakespeare's rendering obvious contrivance into art by sheer brilliance of technique. You would hardly believe he could get away with it. So the vague addressedness of Doeppen's Prospero and the courteous reticence of the young lovers he has brought together, make a kind of wonderful sense. It is a benign play, benignly played by the whole cast. Everything is innocent, but razzle-dazzle art will give that innocence its own beauty.

If we pay rapt attention to how the trick-table works that gobbles up a mirage-banquet in a puff of smoke, that is all to the good. Contrivance is the order of the day. Whatever works is wonderful. (And we are as worried as Prospero--that is, just a little--that things may not work.)

The character of Prospero's Island will be defined by the spirit of magic and air, Ariel, and by that cannibal-like Caliban, the gross little monster who (as he repeatedly tells us) was the Island's sole inhabitant before our exiled Prospero landed there. Both are wonderfully cast and performed. Anne Dougherty's Ariel is almost languid compared to interpretations I've seen (and imagined) of that spirit who runs like lightning through the off-stage world. Ariel must be a triple-threat: dancing, singing, playing. Ms. Dougherty does all three deliberately, quietly, elegantly. Here, too, is an under-stated performance. The initial disappointment wanes, and one is slowly captivated by an Ariel who will keep her quiet dignity and yet not lose her pertness as she seeks to please her boss without letting him forget that she's almost a free spirit. Her red curls look

edible, and one feels as protective about her as Prospero seems to. Robert Jaffe's Caliban is craven without being odious. He roars out his lines, whether cursing, cajoling, or remembering (as Prospero himself is busy remembering) past wrongs. Yet he never drops a line, and hardly drops a word. His body is a marvelous thing on stage. His legs look like they're carved out of knotty oak, and his arms (held in a high curve), the branches. The slug-trails across his wild hair are altogether convincing. And though he squeezes out of his cave, tumbles drunkenly down the stairs like a bucket of nails, and is on all fours as often as on those stout two legs, he (as much as Ariel) seems always perfectly balanced and perfectly self-contained. He respects the space around the other actors, and

proves only moderately successful, for all his potent art and fretting. Alonso repents with a tremor. As played by Steve Stettler, he is the one main character from the mainland (save Hero Ferdinand) who is what he seems. He suffers the let's-pretend death of his son as if it were real, and (it is Shakespeare's very favorite theme) asks the children's forgiveness at last, a triumph of Prosperoian pedagogy. But that dreary twosome, Sebastian and Antonio, can do nothing more than offer smart-ass critiques of Gonzalo's innocence as they try to squeeze some dry life out of their barren and boring shrewdness. Francis Osborne's Sebastian is duly sulky and grudging; Evil as conceived by the Village Atheist: Winnie-the-Pooh being a tough guy. And Peter Herzberg's Antonio is ap-



DAVID DOEPPIN, the focal point of "The Tempest" graces the stage with a finely crafted musical, facinating and subtle performance. Photo by Tom Allen

helps as much as any one actor does to keep this play alive as a kind of cross between dance and pantomime. Space is what characterizes the production: there is time to see and hear and even contemplate what goes on. In an amateur production given on a tiny proscenium stage, that effect seems to me an admirable achievement. (Dann Parr's heavily vertical set--giving actors a chance to enter, as it were, in mid-air--helps a lot. The sky is very big, though the stage is small.)

Caliban is plotting Prospero's death (and Miranda's rape) with the first other humans he has seen: the drunken butler Stephano (played by Richard Irving) and the tipsy clown Trinculo (Bruce Guter). Stephano enjoys taking on the sovereignty of the island, like a banker who has just had his first joint. He booms out his lines with bottomless, drunken complacency while the reedy Trinculo tries to get with it. Trinculo is Harlequin, tiny and seedy; his very pants are a triumph of ineptitude. The two baffle Caliban who is trying, like us in the audience, to figure out who these people are. The laughs are easy and full.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand's father, the King of Naples, wanders the island with other culprits from Prospero's past. Three noble villains; one hapless, aged Counselor Gonzalo whose own optimistic innocence about human motives has its close parallel in Miranda's; a pair of innocuous good-guys: these must make the rest of the thin plot. The bad nobles try to re-enact the sins of the past on this magical island, but of course fail. The charade of murder and usurpation they act out (in counterpoint to Caliban) is merely the chance Prospero has given them to repent and reform. Here, too, as with his plan for educating Caliban, Prospero

appropriately thinly evil. He flashes his teeth like an Iago, but he's just another bum. The actors do what they can with the often wretched stuff Shakespeare has given them. Neither he, nor we, nor they themselves, nor, finally, Prospero much care what happens to them. They stand about the stage being winsomely smart-ass to the end, and are the seed of evil that will have to be confronted again when Miranda and Ferdinand return to begin their rule on the mainland. That civil evil in *The Tempest* should be a patch of barren repartee, makes good sense and is a kind of wisdom. But nothing palls like last year's repartee.

Prospero has little to do now but make up magic rituals to celebrate and frame his daughter's entrance into the world. The spectacle in *The Tempest* is, then, crucial. The summoned-up Wedding Masque and wedding dances are his harmless, life-affirming art. The demands on the dancers and on the masquers (Belinda Rankins, Melody Edwardsen, and Judith Rebenstein) is a shade more than they can match, for they have nothing more nor less for their job than to spell-bind an audience--by sheer force of their art. It is a scene rarely fully successful in Tempest productions. What is best here is that the thing is done straight and smooth, dead-out to the audience. And, especially in the dance and in the duet-passage of Ceres' and Juno's song, there are the moments of transport and magic which are what the masque is about. It aims at being spectacular in the spirit of the play, and that is not spectacular as in TV "Spectaculars." There is some real elegance.

It is possible that the understatement which characterizes this pro-

Delegations

devoted to testing raises not a murmur in this stalwart breed--in these students who increasingly expect to devote their vacations to catching up on course-work.

Were the faculty--collectively and individually--more willing to consider the effective use of the student's time, we might anticipate progress in a number of areas that concern us all. Might not students be better prepared for discussion or seminar if they had the time to not only "get through" a book, but to reread it? Might we not have more independent thinkers if the demands of simply reading a syllabus weren't so great that they precluded one's having the leisure in which to form a thoughtful opinion--other than that suggested by the professor? Mightn't students seem less intellectually lethargic if their time were not almost wholly obligated to assignments--if they had more opportunity to determine themselves how the sum of their time will be most profitably spent? And students might become an intellectually and healthier lot were there more time for such luxuries as sleeping, or being occasionally outside.

The faculty in far too many cases seem quite unaware of the pressure students generally feel themselves under. I am convinced that at Kenyon--as compared to similar colleges--it is unusual and unnecessary pressure. Were individual professors to devote more thought to the preparation of their syllabuses, to examine more closely the demands of the work they assign, and above all to inquire into the conditions their students are working under, the relief and encouragement for the student body would be vast. With a more generous atmosphere, Kenyon might devote itself to the rigorous thought an education demands, not to the formal rigors merely.

by Liz Forman

During this semester, there will be in *The Collegian* (hopefully) several articles about the curriculum or what we may too hastily label as curricular problems.

It seems appropriate now to examine the preamble to the "new" curriculum--a document which was supposed to solve many of the problems that were beginning to be expressed last spring. This preamble has never appeared in totality for student perusal. In order not to rehash problems that may have been solved, we should consider where we are now by looking at the philosophy of Kenyon's current curriculum and decide where we need to go.

The Curriculum Preamble

No college can provide a liberal education ready made. A liberal education is achieved only in a lifetime of endeavor and reflection; the liberal arts college serves to launch and orient that continuing pursuit.

We at Kenyon seek through liberal education to enhance our understanding of man, society, art, and nature. We expect to develop our awareness of our private capacities and creative talents, even as we seek to improve our ability to form-

duction and makes for such an intelligent use of Kenyon's and Shakespeare's resources, must be in part paid for at the climactic moments of the play: the masque and, most particularly, Miranda's introduction to the world of real men other than her Ferdinand. Her sight of this brave, new world is heart-warming, but it will not make you weep as you yourself recapture that innocent vision of a world freshly seen, seen without suspicion or shrewdness. No, this Miranda and her Magician Father are altogether more credible. And so is the quavering Gonzalo ("an honest old Counselor") who at last gets to call down a benediction while the shrewd ones are silenced. There is still something of the fuddy-duddy in him at

ulate our ideas rigorously and communicate them effectively to others. And, while we strive to further our intellectual independence so as to be free of dogmatic thinking, we seek to find a basis for moral judgments in a thorough understanding of both our environment and our cultural heritage.

At the heart of an undergraduate program of liberal education is the student's major academic study. This study demands a significant concentration of the student's energies in a comprehensive and disciplined investigation, challenging his capacities in a way that limited acquaintance with a broad array of topics cannot do. No man can claim command over his thoughts or presume to soundness of judgment unless he understands one field thoroughly. Indeed, without a mastery of one subject the student will never perceive the structural integrity of other disciplines. The coherence of undergraduate study, then, depends upon the focus and organization provided by the major.

Complementary to the values achieved through concentration is the richness that comes from significant encounters with a variety of disciplines. Both early and late in his undergraduate years the student must feel himself obliged to diversify his studies. At the outset he will find opportunity for new enthusiasms and challenges. Later on he will find that the scope, vision, and limitations of his major study are best comprehended out of the perspectives afforded by alternative fields. Equally, he will find that his powers of synthesis and discrimination are best cultivated through reasoning out the confrontations among disciplines. Finally, the sense of academic and social community which has been Kenyon's strength and pride depends in large measure on our willingness to be responsibly engaged with one another's studies.

The requirements for Kenyon's Bachelor of Arts degree specify what we believe essential to every student's pursuit of liberal education. While these requirements provide great freedom for every student to design a course of study suiting his interests and aspirations, they provide at the same time a common structure to promote the balance and coherence necessary to truly liberal study. Thus, every student is called upon to organize his courses in such a way that the study of one subject illuminates and is illuminated by work in another. Every student is drawn to consider seriously the special contribution of the work of at least three of the four academic divisions in the College. He may thus come to know how the image of man proposed by the sciences, say, differs from that celebrated by the humanities; he may come to see that the vision of the social scientist adds important dimensions to the world revealed by the artist. In fulfilling these requirements, every student will find a road to the freedom enjoyed by the liberally educated; freedom from the tyrannies of narrow specialization and of superficial generalization.

the end as John Gilliss competently performs it. We are encouraged to keep our affectionate, somewhat superior distance from him, though he can be played as a Teresias at this moment. Though the change from Thursday's opening night to Saturday's very fine performance was toward a more fulsome celebration, of the big scenes, the characters are not so conceived as to allow for out-and-out magic and for full-organ theater. The play is given as genuine comedy, with all that that implies about daughters understanding their fathers and fathers knowing the sore limitations of their magic. There is quiet affection. There is intelligence and tolerance. It is a good evening.

Flick Festival

by Michael O'Brien

A five-part series devoted to the American Movie Musical will begin Tuesday, February 6, 1973 with a screening of "42nd Street" made in 1933 and directed by Lloyd Bacon. The film stars Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers. Margaret La Marr, June Glory and Geraine Grear head up the chorus line which swells from 40 to 140 at will.

It's Warner Brothers with all the choreography and camera angles arranged by Busby Berkeley, the man who revolutionized (and mechanized) the Movie Musical.

"With '42nd Street' Berkeley's wizardry with the camera created some of the screen's most imaginative musical numbers to date, and ushered in a new era. The outrageous extravaganzas he whipped up could never have originated on

a theatre stage. But they were glorious fun and the public loved them. There couldn't have been a better tonic for those depressing times." (John Kobal, Gotta Sing; Gotta Dance).

The remaining films will be shown on four successive Tuesdays. They are: "Footlight Parade," another Berkeley bonanza with Jimmy Cagney; "Cobacabana" with Groucho Marx and Carmen Miranda; "Top Hat" with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers and, finally; "An American in Paris" with Leslie Caron and Gene Kelly.

"42nd Street" will be shown in the art gallery (Colburn Hall) behind Bexley Hall at 7:30 followed by an informal discussion of the film and the genre. The film will have a prior showing at Midnight, Saturday, February 3, in Rosse Hall, after the regular Film Society presentation, for those who want an advance viewing.

The Perennial "Tommy"

by Mark Speiser

Tommy, the London Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Choir with Guest Soloists, Ode SP 99001 (Track Records).

The symphonic version of Tommy is worth getting for two reasons: if you like symphonic music, and the guest soloists. There are two reasons for not getting it: the drive that the Who put into the original rock opera has been lost, and some of the guest soloists are overdone (or underdone). The tiebreaker is the marvelous packaging; a fantastic cover, lyrics sheet, and some fine graphics of the characters/artists. However, that may be checked by the high price of this two album boxed set.

Enough ambivalence for now: forward!

The Overture is well done; with the majesty of a symphony yet still powerful as in the original. Amazing Journey/Sparks comes off poorly; Reizner, the producer, has too many effects (an ill-placed Moog and a terrible guitar) for the music's own good. In short, it reeks. Townshend's high voice detracts from the music and lessens the over-all effect of the album.

It is not all bleakness; Merrie Clayton and Richie Havens do excellent work as the Acid Queen and the Hawker. Daltrey (Who singer) is Tommy again, and does a great job. Far above average are Steve Winwood (Father) and Maggie Bell (Mother). Cute are Ringo Starr, who does a great characterization of Uncle Ernie, and Richard Harris, the doctor (from Camelot?). Sounding as though they were strangling were John Entwistle as Cousin Kevin and Rod Stewart as the singer of Pinball Wizard.

Reizner has undertaken a truly ambitious project with Tommy, and he is almost good enough to do it. The main trouble with the album is that he wavers between the original rock and the symphonic; if he could somehow exclude one from the other it would be a flawless album. Caught between heaven and hell, the album suffers. It has its strong moments, particularly near the end as Tommy sings Welcome through the end, and for these occasionally bursts of majesty the album is worth buying. Give him "A" for effort.

Whistle Rymes, John Entwistle, Track Records (Decca DL 7-9190)

We have seen pervert-rock, bisexual rock, degenerate-rock, destruction - and -pyrotechnic - rock, and finally a breath of daylight! Pure, unadulterated, honest-as-the-

day-is-long neurotic rock! Yessir, boys and girls, John Entwistle, hero of Boris the Spider and other classics, is a sick man. He is a good musician, a first-rate bassist; but without the cohesive band of the Who he begins to disintegrate. His second solo album, Whistle Rymes, proves this without a doubt.

Entwistle is novel enough in his subject matter: peeping toms, family men propositioning strange girls, nightmares--but he is not worthy of them. His lyrics fail when they are needed. Worse luck, his lyrics over-run themselves, so he rushes them into the music and sounds lousy. However much you may dislike this album, it will grow on you, somewhat akin to a cancer. You will have to be an Entwistle fan to enjoy this, but even then you will have a hard time at it.

Some songs have traces of brilliance to them. I Feel Better has the charming touches of My Wife, as "When I'm feeling blue/I stick a pin in a picture of you/beside my bed/and I feel better." I Found Out is another touching song about being royally had by seemingly close people. Nightmare has ghoulish music. Past that, forget it. Keep your money.

The music is dominated by bass guitar. Occasionally some poor piano work creeps in, with a fair-to-middling synthesizer. Peter Frampton plays lead and does well. Musically the album is not bad; in places even good. But the music is still too sophisticated in content; Entwistle should master his instruments before putting out a record. He is still weak on synthesizer, but his brass is usually worse.

The real tragedy of this album is that it shows great potential. Under a better hand, Entwistle could easily put out a first-rate rock album. He certainly has the know-how. His over-repeated choruses and ill-made music damn him, which is a shame for a bassist like him.

Be wary of this album before you buy it. The record-jacket is funny--but beware of albums bearing reekers.

Who Came First, Peter Townshend, Track Records (Decca DL 7-9189).

A solo album from the Head Who himself!

Who Came First is Townshend's first solo, featuring Townshend playing everything, and doing a fine job of it. Unlike the Who's powerful and almost destructive rhythm, Townshend plays a good deal of acoustic guitar and synthesizer. His lyrics are good, on a par and sometimes better than his Who

OVER THE HILL

by Jim Lucas and Carl Mueller

Last fall Dr. Archibald M. Woodruff, the president of the University of Hartford, had said how nice it was that students were behaving themselves. Eric Litsky, the chairman of the student association, agreed but he also stated in a school weekly that "frustration must be released every so often," and he challenged Dr. Woodruff to a duel. The result was a duel with custard pies at high noon with both parties wearing top hats and opera capes.

Because of the rise in the number of hijacked planes in California, Governor Ronald Reagan's aids have insisted that he no longer fly on commercial flights. Since last April, the Governor has rented airplanes and recently he purchased a \$750,000 executive jet. Edwin Meese III, a top aid of Governor Reagan said: "We felt it was foolhardy for the state of California to take a chance of the Governor being on a plane that was hijacked. He could be a contributing factor to the danger of other passengers."

Patrolman Thomas Glavin, a Chicago policeman, has been charged with bribery because he held a woman's French poodle until she paid him \$25.00. Mrs. Alecia Gulczunski, who was involved in a traffic accident, reported that Glavin said he would charge her with drunken driving unless she paid him \$50.00. Mrs. Gulczunski did not have the cash with her and, while she went to get the money, Glavin kept the poodle as ransom. When she returned, Glavin only insisted on \$25.00 and she gave him the money in marked bills. Her poodle was later found at the home of a relative of Glavin and Glavin, a fifteen year veteran, was excused from the department on a charge of misconduct.

material. His guitar work now includes lead; he is good and fast. Before I go any further--Townshend is a follower of the Meher Baba, and it is in his honor that the album appears. There are several devotional songs on the album, some written by other people.

The first song, Pure and Easy, is a continuation of The Song Is Over off of Who's Next. The lyrics are gentle and the song itself is very catchy. The drumming is also Townshend's; he has a long way to go yet but for the album he does a competent job. The three-second drum solo near the end of the song can be forgiven with that in mind.

Evolution, written by Ronnie Lane and sung same is almost fit for AM. Very good listening again. Nothing is Everything (Let's See Action) sounds like early Who, but unlike My Generation it is not bitter nor violent. It shows a more construc-

tive, thoughtful Townshend than the guitar-smashing Birdman of years past. Sheraton Gibson has some good acoustic on it; Paul Simon he's not, but still a very good song.

Parvardigar is a prayer song and along with Pure and Easy the top song on the album. Lyrics, music, and voice combine to create one of the strongest songs of devotion that I have ever heard. Here is the Metamorphosis between the young crazy and the more mature Townshend.

This album will have its appeal for everyone; the acoustic guitar work is very finely done, the synthesizer is welded well, the mixing is impeccable, and most of all there is a line of development that continues unbroken in this album; one of Townshend's changes from his first smashed guitar through Who's Next. It is an excellent album. Definitely a 10.0.



SECOND GUND CONCERT

The Lectureships Committee has announced the program to be performed by the French String Trio Tuesday night at 8:00 in Rosse: Beethoven, Opus 9, No. 3 in C Minor; Arnold Schrenberg, Opus 45 (1946); Mozart, Divertimento in E Flat Major, KV 563. It will not be necessary to obtain tickets prior to the concert; admission is free.

The Trio, founded in 1960, has been reviewed enthusiastically from Norway to Morocco. This is their first American tour.

Sopo Says:

The Senate Committee on Representation, chaired by Professor Batt and charged this fall to examine and initiate proposals to replace the current Student Council representation scheme (an at-large plan, composed by three constituencies: women, Fraternity men and independent men) has formulated several alternative schemes and will be holding open meetings next week throughout the campus in order that students may hear more about these plans and offer their criticism. The proposals that the committee is presently considering are designed to increase communication and responsibility between a representative and his or her constituency. Three of these proposals appear below, as well as meeting times and places. The current representation scheme must be replaced this year in order to comply with the new Campus Government constitution, and the committee hopes many will attend these meetings and help devise the best plan for coming years.

- PLAN I: This plan is based on the concept of a "Student Section" or "Interest Group." Any group of eligible students could petition Senate for a charter as a Student Section. Each Section would elect a president and a representative to Council. These charters would be issued subject to the following provisions:
- 1) No student may simultaneously be a member of more than one Section.
 - 2) Each Section shall have at least (45) members.
 - 3) Charters approved by Senate become valid three (two?) weeks prior to the date set for Council elections and are valid for one calendar year.
 - 4) Senate may revoke a charter at any time for due cause.
- Those eligible students not affiliated with a Section, would elect, at large, a number of representatives from among this group of unaffiliated students, that number determined by the ratio of the number of eligible unaffiliated students to the average size of the chartered Sections. In addition, the Freshman class would elect, at large, four (five?) representatives.
- PLAN II: This plan proposes that any student of the College, who has obtained the consent and signatures of (thirty) other students, represent that Constituency on Council. No student could simultaneously be a member of more than one Constituency, nor change Constituency affiliation until the date of the annual dissolution of Council. Recall would be accomplished when a majority of a Constituency withdraw their consent from the representative.
- PLAN III: This plan would divide the upperclass living units on the basis of floors, wings, Divisions, etc., into "Areas" of roughly equal populations. Each Area would be entitled to one representative, elected from among the residents of that Area at a time and in a manner specified by Council. The Freshman class would elect, at large, four (five?) representatives.

Monday, Feb. 5: 7:00 p.m. - Freshman Council, Gund Hall Lounge, 8:00 p.m. - Open meeting, McBride Lounge.

Tuesday, Feb 6: 7:00 p.m. - Bushnell Lounge, 7:30 p.m. - West Division Lounge, 8:00 p.m. - Archon Lounge, 8:30 p.m. - Psi Upsilon Lounge.

Wednesday, Feb. 7: 7:30 p.m. - Mather Lounge, 8:00 p.m. - Dorm III Lounge, 8:30 p.m. - Bexley 104.

Denison & Oberlin Wrestlers' Worthy Wins

by George Ewing

This past weekend, Kenyon's wrestling team evened its dual meet record at 2-2 with victories over Denison 39-12 and Oberlin 21-19.

Saturday afternoon's match was not really a team meet as there was a total of six forfeited matches. Denison forfeited 5 matches to Kenyon, while Kenyon forfeited once.

Winning for the Lords were co-captain Dave Utlak and Mike Duffy. Utlak dominated throughout his match, winning 3-0. It was a valiant effort by opponent Phil McCurrea to avoid being pinned in the third period. On the other hand, Duffy wasted practically no time in pinning Hank Wilson. After a minute and a half of a combination of cross-body rides, drags and a guillotine, Wilson succumbed at 1:58 of the first period.

Denison also had two victories. At 134 Gus Guthrie defeated freshman Dan Weinberg 9-4. This was a close match until the last period when Weinberg did a good job of avoiding being pinned. At 158 Nick Prasket provided Denison's other victory as he defeated Skip Meikeljohn 10-0. As the score indicates, Prasket was in complete control throughout the match. He is definitely one of the best in the OAC.

This Tuesday Oberlin came to face Kenyon's grapplers and the hosts squeaked out a 21-19 victory. Leading the way for the Lords were co-captain Rick Szilagyi and Utlak. For Szilagyi it was his 22 consecutive dual meet victory. Szilagyi



CO-CAPTAIN RICK SZILAGI brings Kenyon a victory with his 22nd consecutive undefeated match. He wrestled a smart match winning 5-2.

had control of Les Glauner despite the seemingly close score of 4-2. Utlak won his match with a strong third period. The score was 5-2.

Also winning for Kenyon was Meikeljohn 8-0 over Bill Ellis. Ellis was physically the stronger of the two, but Meikeljohn showed that his superior wrestling techniques could overcome strength. Meikeljohn frequently came close to pinning Ellis, but could not quite finish him off.

Oberlin had victories at 134 as Bill Korth defeated Weinberg 6-0. Weinberg did fairly well despite the score. Korth was last year's OAC champion at 126. Other Oberlin

victories were provided by Les Saniuk as he defeated Duffy 6-0, Paul Bigeleisen defeated Doug Fine at 177; and Daryl Smith laid down George Gusauskas at 190.

The remaining Oberlin victory was a forfeit at 150. It should be noted that Oberlin had a point deducted from their final score because one of their wrestlers actually took his shirt off while sitting on the bench!

Kenyon won two matches by forfeit at the 118 and 126 classes.

This Saturday the Lords are off to a triangular meet at Marietta with Bethany.



SKIP MEIKELJOHN deftly controlling a bigger, stronger Oberlin opponent, 8-0.

Swimmers On Trail To National Record

by Kevin McDonald

Last weekend, the Kenyon Swim Team split meets on Friday and Saturday to maintain an even dual meet record of 3-3. The Lords lost on Friday afternoon to the powerful Miami University Redskins by a score of 65-43, and then came back to defeat Wittenberg University on Saturday, 68-55.

On Friday, after a long and perilous journey, the Kenyon team arrived in Oxford, Ohio, "the 3,2 capital of the world," to face coach Ray Ray and the Miami team team. It was no surprise that the Lords lost, since Miami is a University Division team and part of the strong Mid-American Conference, but many of the Kenyon swimmers did manage to improve on their best times. The Lords managed five first places, including two by Charlie Jones who gave an outstanding diving performance in both the required and optional diving. Charlie Welker, swimming in his first meet since Christmas because of a bout with the flu, won the 50 yard freestyle in 23.0 seconds, which is the fastest Ohio Conference time in that event thus far this year. Rich James posted an impressive 2:06.0 in winning the 200 yard backstroke, and continues to lead the Ohio Conference in that event and the 200 yard individual medley. Other outstanding performances were by Dave Plunkett, who lowered his best times

in the 1,000 yard freestyle and the 200 yard butterfly, and Dave Cannon who did the same in the 200 yard I.M. and the 200 yard breaststroke. The fifth Kenyon first place was taken by the 400 yard freestyle relay team of Charlie Welker, Jim Kuhn, Bill Monte, and tri-captain Jack Kirkpatrick.

On Saturday, the team put it all together beating Wittenberg in an Ohio Conference meet here. Coach Sloan swam a number of swimmers exhibition in order to keep the score as close as it was. Both the 400 medley relay team of Rich James, Jim Kuhn, tri-captain Jim Loomis, and Charlie Welker, and the 400 freestyle relay of Bill Monte, Rich James, Charlie Welker, and Jack Kirkpatrick recorded the best OAC times to date, 3:51.4 and 3:23.6 respectively. On that freestyle relay, Jack Kirkpatrick posted the best OAC time leading off in the 100 freestyle. Jim Loomis swam an impressive 2:09.1 in the 200 yard backstroke, and Rich James went a quick 51.5 to win the 100 yard freestyle. Freshman Bruce Morton showed improvement by winning the 500 yard freestyle, and diver Phil Porter had his best day of the year, taking first in the required diving. Jed Davis, Bill Cassidy, and Jack Kirkpatrick all looked good winning the 200 free, the 1,000 free, and the 200 I.M.

This week the Lords face Wooster

on Tuesday and then travel to Cincinnati to face the University of Cincinnati, another tough University Division team. These meets will be in preparation for the meet with Oberlin a week from Saturday, probably the most important dual meet of the season.

Track Team Victorious

by Kerry Pechter

Kenyon trackmen surprised a talented but shallow Marietta team in the Fieldhouse last Saturday and won, as the sun set approvingly over a final, emphatic mile relay victory, going away, 70 1/2 to 56 1/2.

Marietta's greatest threat was a distance runner named Tim Barnum who won the mile, the 1000, and the two mile. But Barnum's victories were balanced by those of Kenyon's George Letts, whose 300 yard dash, 440 yard dash, and long jump wins, plus a tie for first in the 55 yard dash led the team. Letts overcame leg ailments to take part in five events.

Other Kenyon victors were Jeff Walker, who won a fast 600 yard dash in spite of a sore Achilles tendon, freshman Jamie Doucet in a crowded 880, and Mario Orlandi in the shot put. Kenyon also won both the 880 and the mile relays.

A Vicious Circle

by Sandy Podmaniczky

The game against Denison on Tuesday night pretty much epitomized the whole season. The Lords could not play well for more than five or ten minutes at a time, brilliance followed by ineptitude. After trailing most of the game, the Lords fought back to take a two point lead midway through the second half, only to quickly squander it away. Denison went into a stall with four minutes to go to secure the 62-58 victory.

The defeat in Granville followed home game losses to Ohio Wesleyan, 73-56, and Wooster, 66-62. The Lords looked bad in losing to a mediocre Wesleyan team and looked better against a good Wooster team. Ted Dwyer played well in both games, totaling 32 points and shooting 54% from the field.

Both the Wooster and Denison games could have gone either way. The same is true for a few other

games this season. Why have the victories consistently gone to the wrong team? Inexperience, undeniably, is responsible for part of the problem, but only a part. There is something missing from this team. Losing the number of games the Lords have would test any team's spirit and confidence, and the Lords are no exception. In a close game, a team needs players who have confidence in themselves and their teammates, something that losing destroys quite easily. A vicious circle is formed with losing eroding confidence, and a lack of confidence leading to more defeats.

Escaping from the circle is a difficult task. In lieu of victories, which are hard to come by these days, Coach Zak is going to be the prime factor in improving team morale. He must find a way to instill confidence in his players, not only for the remainder of this season, but also if there is to be any success next year.

Kent Buffets Baffled Blades

When a team, such as Kenyon has, plays a team who practices several times a week and are able to trade players with a genuine varsity team, the puck often bounces to the advantage of the well polished team. So was the case last Sunday night when the Kenyon Blades dropped their second loss of the season to the Kent State "B" team. Such things as the London Flu and the absence of first line center, Steve Cannon, may have also helped the Kenyon Blades to lose it, 10-6.

Much of the game was spent racing from one end of the ice to the other; usually from the Kent State end to the Kenyon end, then back to the center circle for a face off following the numerous KS goals. It should not be taken that Kenyon has no goalie but rather that when

a goalie has fifty to sixty shots taken on him he can't keep all of them out. Much credit should be given to goalie Paul Abby for the outstanding game that he did play. Three on one breaks became a very familiar sight to Paul as the defense was frequently caught looking around at the other end of the rink.

There is not too much question about the potency of the Kenyon offense. A team that scores no fewer than six goals in most of their games is a team not to go unnoticed. In the first period veteran George Ewing and Mark "Taco" Robinson were able to get one apiece by the Kent State goal keeper. Beav Overlock scored the lone Kenyon goal in the second period while captain Tony Smith, Mark Robinson, and new comer Chris Powers finished the scoring for the night.



USUALLY A DEPENDABLE combination, brothers Brad (left) and Ed Meyer (right), streak off in an attempt to shake the hockey club out of its lacadissical attitude. Defenseman Doug Bean in the background.

Photos this page by Bob Gibson

The
Village Inn