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Runyon Revue Smash Hit of Season?

Show Begins Tonight; Features Student Cast

By Doug Downey

Tonight and tomorrow, at approximately 8:30 p.m. there will hit the Kenyon stage the first all-student production in ten or seventeen years. This unquestionable work of art was conceived and executed by Messrs. Paul Newman, Doug Downey and Ray Smith. It is called the **Runyon Revue**. The **Kenyon Revue** or the **Kenyon Review** depending upon whose feelings one wishes least to hurt. Various planted sources report that the show is funny. ("Funny" sometimes being used as a synonym for "peculiar.")

Original Idea

The original idea for the **Revue** was first conceived, as noted in a previous **Collegian** article, when Paul Newman, embittered by an uncommonly-uneatable dish of Welsh Rarebit decided to publicize this condition, along with any other conditions which seemed to need publicity. At the same time, a few weeks later the aid of Bill Cheney and Doug Downey was enlisted to write the dialogue. Downey and Cheney knocked themselves out over their own jokes. The script was hilarious. Then both Cheney and script disappeared, never to be heard of again. (Newman, Downey and Smith intend to disappear just as mysteriously — the day after the performance.)

Undaunted

Undaunted by Cheney's exit, Newman decided that the show must go on. No reason given. P.

L. cleverly got Downey maggotty one night (on two glasses of KNO₃) and elicited from said maggot a promise to remain in Gambier over Spring Vacation to polish off some thirty pages of dialogue. While other students enjoyed themselves in Florida and Mansfield, Downey and Newman locked themselves in the T-Barracks with several fifths of Old Forrester and a typewriter. With the aid of said aforementioned Forrester and the T-Barracks men's room they had something. What that something was, the **Collegian** hesitates to say.

Painful Three Weeks

Once the show was written, a painful three weeks were spent in trying to get a production date and to assemble a cast. The **Revue** was cancelled and un-cancelled every day. There were immense problems. Unfortunately these problems were solved and rehearsals began. And so we have the finished product: a **Revue** conceived in bitterness, soaked in Old Forrester, written in sixty hours, re-written in two, and rehearsed for twelve days.

Mythical College

The scene is a mythical college, somewhere in the mid-west. We confess, somewhat gleefully that there is a marked resemblance between this mythical college and a well known men's institution located in pebbled Gambier. The plot, if one may call a No. 4 thread a plot, is, like the actors, very simple. The Admissions Office of this mythical college (let us call it "Kenyon" since no other name can be readily thought of) is interested in securing and/or shanghaiing a young gentleman named Dilly Stern, who placed with honors from The Higleah Preparatory School for Men. THE AFOREMENTIONED INTEREST IS PURELY ON A PERSONALITY AND ACADEMIC BASIS. THERE IS NO OTHER REASON!

The potential freshman arrives, is fully and duly processed by the Dean's Office and immediately taken on a tour of the college. At this stage of the game, the plot dwindles and the production becomes a vehicle for some "playfully" malicious comments about any and all of this mythical college's institutions.

Act II is a vehicle for college talent, and winds up the show as sportively as any Kentucky Derby, which, incidentally, is running the same week. Both events may hope for a photo finish.

Stern and Newman

The show stars Dilly Stern playing the inimitable Dilly Stern and Paul "Revenge is Sweet" Newman who will cavort as a Dean. In addition the cast includes such campus characters as Joe Organ, Forbes Barton, Maurice "Suitcase Simpson" Adelman, Frank Uhlig, Bobbie Dellheim, Jerri "I jush pleshed T.N.E." Reilly, Ben Stevenson, George Porterfield, Jack Greeley, Dick Takas, Ed Van Buren, Ray Smith, Bill Chadeayne, Doug Downey, Bob Cohn, Bob Davis, and Bill Seiberling. Art Gray and Mike Shiffer will alternate on the piano.

John Schmidt holds the impossible job of Stage Manager, Forbes Barton, an experienced noise-maker, handles sound, and Bruce Willits, who doesn't weigh much, is the light man. Bouquets to Betty Kuhn and Jimmie Wy-song for costumes. The director, incidentally, is this Joker Newman who is all thumbs and no pie. Ray Smith is assistant director and choreographer.

Two-bits Admission

So, come one, come all. A nominal admission of two-bits will be charged. Time: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 4th and 5th, at 8:30 p.m. Seats will not be reserved even though people have been invited. "First come, first served," is the cry. Dates may be checked back-stage. Direction of this checking facility will be capably handled by Charlie Dolan. No returns and no tipping.



Girlie and men's chorus for the forthcoming KENYON REVUE. Front Row, left to right—Bob McCulloch, Jack Carter, John Humphries, Phil Tedesco, Jim Rice, Lee Schermerhorn, Tom Carruth. Back Row—Bob Emerson, Don Walston, Charlie Dolan, George Porterfield, Jim House, George Pollard, Russ Dunham, George Hull.

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CONSTANT IMPROVEMENT MARKS KENYON THEATRE SEASON

By Robert Dellheim

The various dramatic endeavors on the Hill of the past year have, in one way or the other, caused so considerable comment that the editor of the **Collegian** deemed it appropriate to devote a special issue to local dramatics. He asked me to do a piece on the official dramatic organization on the Hill, the Dramatic Club, thinking this would naturally cover the subject of dramatics.

But I find that such an approach would not tell the story. The recently revived Dramatic Club is an organization ostensibly composed of students interested in dramatics. A few of the members are consistently active; most of them get no closer to a script, to a flat or a paint brush than the next fellow who occasionally attends a performance. No — we must consider specific individuals when we speak of Kenyon dramatics.

The season of '48-'49 seemed to start off rather poorly with the presentation of Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist" and Karel Capek's "R.U.R.". There has been expressed much dismay over the selection of these two plays. It should be noted that the Dramatic Club was not responsible for choosing them, but Messrs. Michael and Black who do not choose the plays as much on the grounds of audience appeal as on a kind of appeal to professionals. As a result, the "Alchemist" was poorly received although it could have been highly successful. I think it was a case of a small college theatrical department trying to shoot too high.

Less can be said for the choice of "R. U. R.". The play itself is hopelessly dated, and the dialogue, either through a poor translation, or simply bad writing, is stilted. Some positive results were, however, achieved. Mr. Amo showed what he could do with a leading role after only ten days of rehearsal. Mrs. English suffered nobly with a poorly written and generally thankless part.

The productions presented during the second semester were infinitely more rewarding. The perennial favorite, "Charlie's Aunt," presented at what seemed at first an inopportune time, ran, though unofficially, for a full week. It

FLASH

"The greatest performance of KING LEAR would fall flat on a night of deep worldly concern, but a show in which forty beautiful hussies kicked up their trim heels and in which a couple of comedians dejected themselves emphatically on their nether-cheeks would stand a pretty good chance."—George Jean Nathan.

was literally a howling success. Many students, in fact, saw the show more than once. The proverbial orchids should rightly go to Paul Newman whose hilariously broad interpretation of Lord Fancourt Babberley will long be remembered. But in most good shows there is usually some person "behind the scenes" who somehow makes the thing click. That person was Ray Smith, who managed everything from the designing and building of the set, to his own stylized interpretation of Brassett, the Oxford scout.

"Charlie's Aunt" was followed after a remarkably short interlude by Mr. Michael's comedy, "Rude Awakening." The performance of an original play at Kenyon is in itself commendable, and the near-professional standard of this particular production afforded it much praise. It is to be hoped that Mr. Michael has initiated a policy of presenting at least one original production a year. The Speech Department has let it be known, incidentally, that any manuscripts of students will be given careful consideration.

Editor's Excuse

The **Collegian** has made many drastic mistakes in the past, none of which were probably half as bad as promoting such an uncertainty as the forthcoming **Kenyon Revue**. Why? Well, for one thing, we feel it a fitting tribute to a man that has made us all laugh at least once — one of the greatest kindnesses any man can do. So good luck, P. L., on your last Kenyon performance, and laurels to your cast for showing us that Kenyon is really living. A.W.S. Special Ed. A. Wright

"Good Night, Sweet Prince"; A Brief Autobiographical Encomium

By Paul Newman

Checking through **Life** magazine a few weeks ago, I was not surprised to find myself listed as an unmistakable highbrow. This discovery, however was noted without the aid of **Life** as early as 1946 and was basically responsible for my enrollment at Kenyon. After three hell-raising years in the Navy I was ready to forsake previous attachments to coeds, frat clubs, and beer mugs in order to pursue the contents of the **Encyclopedia Britannica** and a Phi Beta Kappa Key. (How else but to isolate oneself at Kenyon.) With this intent I packed a four-year over-night bag in a trunk and shipped myself first-class to Gambier. As Hamlet said, "Alas" (Act VII, Scene 1). In one way or another my lofty intellectual goal was thwarted. My first contact was not with Aristotle's *Poetics* or even with a reasonable facsimile, but with a roommate who was cleverly disguised by the Dean's Office as a cocktail shaker. Introducing myself as an Old Fashioned glass we poured through many interesting things together, none of which I presently recall. And so it continued, nip and nip. I quickly made friends on the campus by spilling and otherwise violating a full bowl of French 75's all over the Alpha Delta Bullseye. As a result people thronged to my door, sometimes so often and so heartily that I found doors hard to keep on hinges. To further my social ambitions I enlisted in the football team: made a great hit too, until Pat Pasini found three bottles of beer attached to one of my groin pads.

Suddenly I found myself a Junior, much to the surprise of my father whose only report of me in two years had been when a Cleveland **Plain Dealer** reporter called up home to tell him that I was in jail with five other Gambierians, one of whom had kicked five teeth loose from the face of a local constable. The people at home began to wonder what kind of company I was keeping. And people who were keeping company with me began to wonder what kind of company they were keeping, with.

No longer able to show my face

(or what have you) in Ascension Hall, I found refuge beneath the skirt of one Dona Lucia D'Alvadoz, where the nuts come from. (It was here that I departed entirely from the pursuit of Phi Beta Kappa by developing the unique philosophy that I would not let my studies interfere with extra-curricular activities.) I modestly nick-named myself "Barrymore." The directors modestly recognized my talents and set me to work—painting flats. I may say without fear of contradiction that painting flats is a filthy job. The result was obvious. I attached myself to a laundry business. Every Monday night I would trudge around the barracks



Beware Maurice Evans

area collecting shirts with dirty collars. Every Friday afternoon I would trudge back through the barracks area returning shirts without any collars. Sometimes not even returning the shirts. The business grew and grew until now the laundry is, as one Gambier citizen put it, "Yep; only student entrapize on main-street."

Then there were Dance week ends.

Finally in my senior year I became adjusted mentally. Professors tore out mit der hair and trousers. Why? "Barrymore" made the "Merit List" — right between Moorman and Nugent.

"Merit List!" My dream come true.