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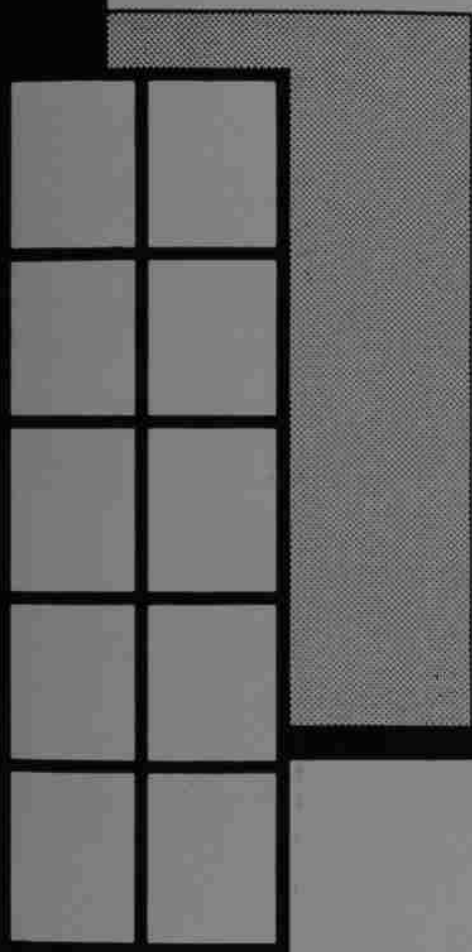
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the collegian



PUBLISHED AT KENYON COLLEGE.....NOVEMBER 1952

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KENYON COLLEGE

NOVEMBER 1952

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ditorial . . .

The reaction to the first issue was as expected. Some people read it and didn't like it; others liked a few things in it. For the most part, however, the whole matter disappeared in a mad rush for a table at dinner time. This, we repeat, is to be expected; it is a common fate for all *Collegians*. However, this action resulted in an interesting response.

Apparently, our front cover and masthead are vaguely reminiscent of *Hika*, a condition which becomes even more strikingly true upon running the thumb lightly over the surface. Couple this defect with a bad lunch, and bile is the inevitable outcome. Thus we stand accused of not mixing our prescribed fifty-fifty ingredients in the proper proportions.

To these plaintiffs we can only promise to do our best, yet we still affirm, with trepidation, that our earthly newsprint must remain wrapped in a glossy esoteric coating. In short, we like our cover.

Now, we think that the bold transgressor into our hermetically sealed pages is likely to find that, in one way or another, there is something to everyone's liking. Of course, this only refers to those who like something, but this world tends to be imperfect. Whoever does not like a literary critique may consider the issue that much shorter and turn to the other features; the same applies to those who have no desire to read about athletic events. In any case, we deem it our duty to reproduce herein the outstanding activities and accomplishments of the hard-working student, however exclusive his interests may appear to others. Such persons and activities must be of universal interest to the student. It is our sincere wish that more students take this to heart and give us the sort of material we need to make this magazine a success.

To those others who took the time to separate the good from the bad in the last issue, we give our heartfelt thanks, and hope that, in a few more words, we can make ourselves better known to you. Your criticism was mostly adverse, and rightly so. Our first issue was a bold thrust in the dark in an attempt to make, as you can see, something entirely new. There was an occasional touch of grace, but it was for the most part a child stumbling through its first solo walk. But if you bear with us, we aver that we have profited greatly by the experience.

For we have made some of the awful discoveries that the young

writer must make, and among them that most astounding of all, that writing is not at all like reading. We mean that when a man reads, he finds that he can assume a thousand roles, from Achilles to Alfred Prufrock, and can accept any of these diverse creations as equally effective expressions of his own thought. He participates in these roles, if he does not actually become the vicarious creator of them. But upon taking up the pen himself, he discovers that he must commit an act of violence to these countless possibilities and obliterate all but one. And he sees that for this distinctly individual role, he is the only person to answer for its shortcomings.

It is disconcerting, then, that after the young man has tried out all of the hypothetical positions with his

straight-edge razor on the invulnerable mirror, he should slit his throat on the first try anyway. It is at best anti-climactic—like an aerialist promising to drop a hundred feet into a five-foot tub, unscathed, and then missing the tub altogether. At worst our author has dreamed of being Achilles for the sake of marching home a hero, but he got killed on the battlefield instead.

But that which reigns over all, the idea, has been preserved and improved. Once more we march unto the breach. We hope that the *ba'* has fallen behind while the good continues to nourish itself with its own productivity.

Sincerely,

The Editors

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AROUND THE HILL

EVENTS

October saw a wealth of activity hit the autumn-hued campus, some of it leaving its markers streaming in the first gray light of November, yet other aspects of the month's happenings more intangible, more lasting.

Visiting at Kenyon College during the second weekend were the Misses Alice and Margaret Bodine, daughters of the Rev. William B. Bodine, president of the college and Dean of Bexley Hall from 1876 to 1890. The sisters were entertained by the Sunday noon singing in the Commons, left with the college newly-discovered letters between the Rev. Bodine, Rutherford B. Hayes and the two Shermans, William Tecumseh and John. . . . that weekend, meeting in the Alumni House biology and chemistry teachers from various secondary schools throughout the country conferred on the study of admission to college with advanced standing. . . . the initial college dance went revelling and reeling by. . . . "Tawny Pipit" was presented to Kenyon men in Rosse Hall on Sunday eve . . .

With the richly-colored foliage of autumn providing a fitting setting, Homecoming descended upon the Hill and the Lords descended upon Hobart in a rousing upset. The campus played host to Kenyon men from all over the East, particularly New York and Pennsylvania, as well as the midwest. . . . W. C. Fields added his little bit to the general proceedings with "My Little Chickadee" in Rosse Hall. . . . Two days later we had the eminent psychologist Prof. Wolfgang Kohler from Swarthmore by way of Tubingen, Bonn and Berlin Universities as well as others, speaking before an overflow audience in the Speech Building, overlooking the fecundity of recent local events for a more whole if not entirely elucidating picture of Gestalt psychology and the most recent developments in that field. . . .

Another week of time-killing routine interspersed with education heralded the third weekend of October. The "Well-Digger's Daughter" and a number of other, somewhat more collegiate femme fatales paid us a visit and were well-received by most. A square dance in Pierce Hall on Friday evening slipped by rather unobtrusively. As the Day of De-

cision drew nearer, Wall Street attorney Gilbert H. Montague, donator of the Emily Dickinson collection to Harvard's Houghton Library, was the guest of honor at a tea on Monday where he spoke on "The Fascination of Emily Dickinson" from a layman's point of view. Later that evening Mr. Montague turned to face a more foreboding though less genteel subject, "Big Business, Why It's Needed and Why It's Feared," at a dinner for Economic and Political Science majors. From Tuesday on, following the visit by the last of the four major candidates for political office in Ohio to be heard by a Kenyon audience, the Day of Decision was made more imminent in the eyes of Kenyon men. Thursday 369 of them went to the polls in a somewhat fateful mock election and of course, Halloween eve couldn't be allowed to slip by with the only activity being choir practice at 7 P.M. November dawned on a cold and white dormitory area as another weekend in another month came to the oldest men's college west of the Alleghennies.

MOCK ELECTION

As the national election approached this past November 4th, Kenyon proved itself to be a most energetic part of the universal throb. Fever ran high enough to make our mock election seem nothing less than a world-shaking event.

With a voting turnout of 80%, we proved ourselves better than the whole nation in that department. In the choice of the president we apparently predicted a national trend, although we gave Eisenhower an almost two-to-one victory. But beyond that, we did not throb so universally. In defiance of present reality, we gave the election to Disalle over Bricker by two votes, and to Taft over Lausche by about seventy. According to the reports of those who tabulated the votes, the students frequently crossed party lines in selecting the man of their choice.

The whole affair was administered by members of a Political Science



Kenyon Makes Predictions

class, one objective being to see how and where party lines were crossed. There was also a crew present who, for the sake of the advancement of learning, spent a good part of their afternoon crossing off names so that no one might vote twice.

NEW BOOKSTORE

The latest addition to the humming little town of Gambier, Ohio, has been the opening of Dr. Denham Sutcliffe's secondhand bookshop. Originally established in the College Bookshop in the fall of 1950, it has come into its own, occupying the space behind Wilson's Barber Shop. To own a secondhand bookstore has long been one of Dr. Sutcliffe's greatest desires. The bug bit about eleven years ago, but has only now been fulfilled.

Although a vast amount of knowledge is required to run a bookstore, Dr. Sutcliffe regards it as only a hobby. In the small amount of leisure time available, he finds great pleasure in spending a few hours at the shop. "Some men collect baseball scores for a hobby," says he. "I run a second-hand bookstore."

When asked how one goes about getting into the book-selling business, Dr. Sutcliffe replied, "You go out and buy some books." Actually the process is much more complicated. At present Dr. Sutcliffe buys books at auctions, out of private homes, and by means of his own radio and newspaper advertising, to mention just a few methods. He estimates the potential retail value of his stock at two or three thousand dollars.

The new shop is a large single room with bookshelves built by the proprietor himself. At present the prices of books range between five cents and fifty dollars. In the fifty dollar class are those collector's items which he acquires from time to time.

COFFEE SHOP

After a year-long hiatus, the evening Coffee Shop go has once again become a Kenyon institution. Evidently most people are overjoyed at this, and it is to these people in particular that we send our plea to help make the institution last this time.

There are problems from the very outset. The economic difficulties, for example, are already threatening to be as imposing as the ones which caused it to close down at night last year. Labor is, by a universal standard, worth 20 to 25% of the total expenses. It now amounts to a cost of \$13 per night, which means that the gross income should be at least \$52 per night, a figure that has not been met. Instead, the cost of labor

has averaged 33.89% per night. This does not include the added expense of the extra hour of maintenance work in Pierce Hall at night, or the extra work required to organize the cash register the following morning.

Among the other problems is the recently noted trouble with the soda fountain. That is being handled at this writing, and the Shop will be in working order again at no extra expense for the new equipment. Fortunately, a special fund has taken care of that.

However, the problems that every young economist knows are entailed by a small business remain. Where there is no sort of large scale output, profit and loss must be considered virtually piece by piece. Hence, slow hours are harmful, and small sales do not cost proportionately less than larger ones.

But these are not the most important matters to us. Miss Kimball does not like to see an exodus from an unpopular lunch down to the Coffee Shop. Good morale is more important than an hour's good business down in the shop. But it is a matter of morale, morals and a lot of other things that everyone pay his check immediately upon leaving. With a little cooperation we can make one of Kenyon's most pleasant institutions go on for a long time.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING SILVERWARE

It was a cold, foggy night in the village of Gambier, and we huddled closely around the fire. The great man was in deep thought.

"Chilly," he said at last.

"Astounding!" said I. He had done it again!

There came a furious knocking at the door.

"By sifting and observing the facts at hand," the great man said, "one must conclude that our caller wants to come in."

My cry of admiration was drowned by the howling inrush of air as my phenomenal colleague threw open the door. A young man with crew haircut and white bucks stood there, screaming.

"Ha!" said my colleague.

"The silverware! The silverware!" gasped the young man. He fell dead, coughing up a little colored object which clattered horribly on the floor. It was a little plastic spoon!

"Follow me," said the great man, and we dashed out across the ghostly moor. The ancient towers of the Hall of Pierce loomed before us.

"But—how did you know?" I queried.

The corners of his mouth, my dear simple-minded colleague. There

were fragments of cheese souffle on them."

"Gad!" I exclaimed.

We were walking through the long musty corridors. Through the gloom one could hear the ghostly click of billiard balls.

"It's true!" my colleague exclaimed. "The silverware is gone."

"But . . ." I spluttered.

"No time to explain," he said. "Follow me."

We were out on the moor again, and the great chapel spire of Gambier rose up before our eyes. We made our solemn pilgrimage into that ancient landmark.

"Ha!" said the great man. "There!" There was a silvery gleam in the gloom. It was the missing treasure! "Humph!" he sniffed. "There's a note attached." He held out a withered yellow parchment, covered with characters obviously gathered from newspaper clippings. It read:

"Dear Girls,

Where prayers rise up and dreams abound,

That's where the silverware is found."

"Gad!" I said. "But, who . . . and how . . . ?"

"Empirically evident," he replied with that insouciance for which he is so esteemed. "I received my first clue in the dining hall. There were pigeon feathers on the high table."

"Pigeon feathers!" I gasped.

"Yes," he replied, taking out his new Hohner chromatic, "pigeon feathers. This immediately called to my mind the eight pigeons that were said to have been let loose in the hall centuries ago. Astonishing tale. Apparently there is a ghost of some frustrated student of bygone days who was unable to choose between Mather and Ascension. The spectre of his split personality stalks the moors to this day. It was this same phantom who, I am told, hung a mobile composed of tin cans and term papers, from the rafters of the Norton reading room some years ago. Some believe that he was originally imported from Oxford, where he performed similar feats. And, you see, it was this same phantom who once filled the pipes of the chapel organ with flour. Since the culprit always returns to the scene of the crime, I came hither."

"Amazing!" I said.

But he heeded not my compliment. He lifted his harmonica to his lips and began to play a superb arrangement of African chants.

HORSES

The scene is a wind-swept moor in Gambier, Ohio. The time is a pleasant autumn afternoon. A faint noise is brought to the listener's ear

by the rising wind, a sound impossible by nature, but nevertheless insinuating itself on the consciousness until one is sure one heard hoofbeats. Then with a rush and a roar they are upon us: "Yoicks, damn it, Yoicks!" and with sudden surprise we realize that the Calvary Regulars, Kenyon Division have arrived. But what strange uniforms! grey flannels, button-down shirts, foulards and tweedy coats! All this may seem strange to the casual bystander, but what he doesn't realize is that the horses have arrived from Granville (no offense intended). This, then, is the cause of all the above effects, and if one takes a really close look at the Cavalry Regulars, he discovers that they are composed predominately of members of Kenyon's exclusive "Riding Club." This organization, headed at present by John Lyons, is dedicated to the proposition that, why walk when you can ride? For a nominal fee, you, too, can join the Riding Club, and (for a nominal fee) you can



A SHORT HISTORY OF RUNYON COLLEGE

being, a spurious digression from the works of an otherwise respectable Greek historian, found in the obscure city of Oukonopolis.

Here begin the inquiries concerning Runyon.

But as the muse would have it, any history of Runyon must be prefaced by a short history of Oxford, a subject for which there is a wealth of source material and outside readings, although it is universally acknowledged that this is impossible without a somewhat lengthy account of that epitome of medieval life, I mean Paris, of course, which is simply non-existent without first you had the Greek Academie sitting on the side of a hill.

The Greeks then, to begin at the Alpha, were very esoteric people, because everything they did was a Freudian image. In fact, some scholars believe that the Dionysians invented sex, or that, at any rate, they were the first to dream about it.

Which brings us to the University of Paris, because, as everyone knows, Paris is a very naughty place, although there weren't so many Americans there in the Thirteenth Century. Some archaeologists suggest, however, that even at that early stage, a rose was a rose on the left bank. It is certain that Eloise and Abelard was first pro-

duced here with English sub-titles.

Then the age of exploration began, and Oxford became popular because so many Americans hit the Rhodes. It was in this crude, Anglo-Saxon hideaway that many savage delights were indulged in, such as carrying around boar's heads and putting chamber-pots on steeples, so that the more squeamish people either founded Cambridge or went to America and founded prep schools.

At this time, in the colonies, an eminent publisher with mutton-chops (not to be confused with boar's heads) was telling young men to go West because he didn't have enough jobs for them. If not for him, the gold probably would not have found its way to Sutter's Mill, Hollywood would have been an island off the coast of Maine, and Boonetown would only have been a housing project on Long Island. But as he stood pointing that way one day, saying, "Go," someone said, "Why don't you?" and, having the strength of his convictions, he did.

And so he made the perilous journey. One need not enumerate the many terrors, such as drive-in movies and malted milk stands which he encountered on the way, but suffice it to say that one day he found himself adrift on an oil tanker, in an obscure river called the Rip-roaring, which means in Indian, "screech of the parakeet." Then he saw a hill which looked like a fine place for a college, so he climbed it. Some say he said a prayer while he climbed that hill, but if not, it is certain that he swore

participate in their sole activity, riding. By following the road just below Dorothy's Lunch to its happy conclusion, one finds oneself at the doorstep of Kenyon's old stables now being used as working headquarters of the Riding Club.

Additional notices: the Dean has asked equestrians to kindly (1) stay off middle path for reasons best left unsaid. Also, John Lyons asked the members of the Riding Club to "get out there and ride," so as to insure to the people furnishing the horses enough income to make it a profitable proposition, and hence to preserve this enviable situation for all.

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something when he stubbed his toe on a stone marked "Class of '98."

When he reached the top, he saw a young man sitting in a tree with a beer-keg on his lap and white bucks on his feet, reciting some of the purple passages from John Donne. He accompanied these verses with a ukelele. Thus did that eminent mutton-chopped gentleman decide to start a school of agriculture.

Ivy was planted and dormitories soon began to grow. The gentleman with mutton-chops kept himself busy, teaching the classes and ringing the bell at the same time, which shows that not only was he versatile, but he was two people.

The study of agriculture began to decline when the cider-press broke down. But at this time a bunch of subversive thugs from the south side of an Indian village called "Chicago," smuggled in something Liberal, which they called "arts."

Then a women's college was founded, and male students began studying Shakespeare intensively, like how Romeo climbed walls by tying bedsheets together. However, the constant presence of women took away the sweet surprise of dance weekends, so they (the women) were banished.

And now, the cultural atmosphere remains unbroken, save by an occasional vision of splashing water or unravelled tissue paper. Students are pleased by their newly opened coffee-shop, although they know through their vast learning, that man does not live by cheeseburgers alone.

ON THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTION

by J. A. Roloto

The results of the past election have been sufficiently—if not excessively—analyzed, appraised, praised, and refuted. This feeble voice from the Gambier wilderness comes not so much to cast aspersions or register satisfaction, but to declare its own interpretation of results and to prophesy (The consolation of the defeated) future trends. Lacking the scientific precision of Univac and the allegedly perfected methods of Masra, Gallup, Roper, and Crosley, I rely on a combination of evidence taken from their polls and personal evaluation based on the evidence. The only certainty that accompanies my predictions is that they will be refuted by some, questioned by some, and accepted by some. (The last category will assuredly be the smallest, though the more enlightened).

Those in sympathy with the Cleveland Plain Dealer and its Washington correspondent Walker S. Buel will accept the thesis that "Eisenhower's overwhelming victory at the polls dramatically marked the passing of the 'New Deal-Fair Deal' era and the dawn of a new political day in the United States." To these the millennium has arrived. To those who pledged allegiance to Mr. Stevenson and the Democratic principles, the millennium is now ending. It seems, however, that both of these statements are the usual emotional declarations of the victor and vanquished after battle. They contain excessive portions of elation and bitterness and not enough realistic analysis. At the time of this writing, the most intelligent commentary has come from Democratic Governor Shivers of Texas who supported Eisenhower and helped carry that state for the General. Shivers himself was re-elected with the blessings of both parties and contends the Eisenhower victory was certainly not a rebuff to the New Deal principles.

nor a rebuff of the Democratic party. It was, he says, a reaction of the people against the Truman type of politics and deportment. (Not necessarily against his decisions of policy). This appears to be the truth of the situation and I believe my evidence supports this argument. The Chicago Daily News (pro-Eisenhower) declared: "It was Trumanism that lost, and not Stevenson." It goes on to indicate General Eisenhower's personality made his victory assured from the moment of his nomination. As early as the New Hampshire primaries the personal popularity (as against other Republicans) was indicated, and the inroads into the solidarity of the Democratic party were shown by the victories of Kefauver over Truman. Here was a clear decision of personalities which was to be repeated throughout the land, primary after primary. The London Daily Telegraph writes: "In American federal politics, personalities play a larger part than ideas." It appears that the personality of Stevenson, though described by pro-Ike Philadelphia Evening Bulletin as "a man of high principle, great ability, and sound patriotism," was too closely associated with that of Mr. Truman despite the great difference in their personal traits.

Eisenhower's victory bandwagon carried the Republicans into Congressional control, though these victories did not match his own landslide. It was assuredly a personal rather than a party victory. McCarthy's margin was substantially less than Ike's, Bricker's less, Sen. Ken was defeated, Sen. Lodge (Ike's earliest champion) defeated, Sen. Cain of Washington defeated. I must agree with syndicated writer Philip Porter who states that "Bob Taft, Warren, Dewey, Stassen—none of them could have done it." It was

Eisenhower who won—not the Republican party. It was the personality of Harry Truman and those with whom he surrounded himself that lost—not the New Deal as a principle. Why else would Gov. Shivers, Sen. Byrd, Gov. Kennon, Gov. Byrnes abandon the national ticket so closely identified with Truman, and yet not desert the party or their local Democratic candidates?

In support of this last statement I present the statistics of the pre-election polls. I think it is generally admitted that they were conservative in their estimates and narrowed the gap between the candidates although their figures did not warrant it. They assigned the undecided vote from 2 to 1 to 3 to 1 Democratic. Their latest figures indicated an Eisenhower victory (Nov. 2, 1952): Eisenhower—47%; Stevenson—40%; Undecided—13%. Only a 3 to 1 Democratic distribution of the undecided could result in a 50-50 figure. Here lay the fault. However, to the question "Which party would you say is best for the people like yourself?" the latest answers were: Democrats—50%; Republican's 30%; Non-committal—20%. From these figures of the same organization can be drawn evidence that even though in sympathy with the Democratic principles, the many voters "crossed lines" and voted for the figure of Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The next statement will probably raise many a questioning eyebrow, and well it might for it is based partly on supposition. The unprecedented total vote cast in the past election certainly indicates that great numbers of those groups which had previously been most negligent were attracted to the polls. Past statistics show that the American housewife and the elderly female group have been among the most neglectful of their franchise. I will not (though a good case might be made for it) rely on the argument that Eisenhower's personal charm and the political exploitation of Mamie had great bearing on this group, but I will insist that this group is most susceptible to the charges of "high prices," "blood money," "sons drafted and dying in Korea." Nixon's many T.V. appearances were aimed at the housewife who views the nation's economy largely in the light of her grocery bill while ignoring the many other complexities of price indexes, relative wage increases etc. Furthermore he exploited parental emotions by using Roosevelt's figure of the "forgotten man" and applied it to our soldiers in Korea. With or without challenging the validity of his charges, one must admit they were

Continued on page 19

Election day came and even peaceful Gambier was not unmoved. The eternal and lasting things, literature, philosophy, theology, were set aside for a moment, letting all passion for learning be poured instead into the proceedings of the world's most important event. And, quickly enough, it ended, leaving behind the varied reactions in close enough quarters for the somber ones to be able to hear the rejoicing out on the path. One member of the Republican club peered into a room and announced: "As Kenyon goes, so goes the nation." A Kenyon professor was seen in tattered garb shortly afterwards, selling apples from door to door. In short, he who would affirm that our cloistered academy is not at all interested in mere temporal affairs simply has not been around this Fall.

That Kenyon was feeling its oats in this election became most evident in the succession of lively, if not downright bombastic, election assemblies which were held in Rosse Hall this year. The cries resounded increasingly from week to week until peaceful Kenyon suddenly became aware that it held its own rightfully obtrusive place in history, that we are students after all, and it has long been the place of students to raise a hue and cry whenever they realize that something is being put over on both themselves and their more docile elders. I refer to any

CAMPAIGN ASSEMBLIES

by

Ronald

Sanders

faint realization that this is, after all, the nation of Daniel Webster, John Calhoun and, God save us! Patrick Henry.

Of course, other elements went into our baptism, among which the most predominant was, I think, the worldly influence of nearby cities. Some few of us got to Columbus and farther to hear the leading candidates. But it was Mt. Vernon that a good many more of us got to. There we heard at different times Senator's Sparkman and Bricker and a good time was had by all.

It was on the day of Senator Sparkman's speech that the young Republicans took Kenyon's first step into the world and hearkened back to their highly touted but rarely emulated forefathers. By sheer go-gettiveness they were able to capture a strategically located hill across the street from the speaker, and wreaked restrained havoc on the proceedings with a Republican campaign poster and a succession of orderly but well-placed boos. Mr. DiSalle, who was with Senator Sparkman, acknowledged their presence, and Kenyon knew that it had sprawled headlong into the political arena.

These events, merely seeds, blossomed on the day that Mr. Fred Milligan of Columbus delivered a speech. On this day there could be no doubt that we had left the cloister, as evidenced immediately by the glittering spray of campaign posters which decorated the otherwise venerable and properly brown Rosse Hall. Water seeks its own level, so they say, and so Mr. Milligan got splashed with his own sort of questionable rhetoric. Mr. Milligan was admirably good-humored, so that the whole thing, both inside

and outside of Rosse Hall, turned into a rousing political stump-session.

This mounting spirit suffered a temporary setback, however, when Mr. Michael DiSalle appeared and struck a blow under the belt, or above the neck, so to speak, and appealed to no other faculty but intelligence. It was indeed the best showing we had all year, although no one's hair bristled, no pores exuded sweat, and no hearts pulsated in presto, which probably explains why Mr. DiSalle lost the election.

But this momentary check upon the outpouring of our wild oats only served to enrich our abilities for the main event. Upon hearing that Senator John W. Bricker was coming to speak at Kenyon, a group of scholars who were well-versed in the Declaration of Independence and other documents of American history decided that it would not only be prudent, but frankly constitutional, to hold a small demonstration. The thing was done with dispatch and decorum, and apparently the Senator noticed it. Some people did not like it, but that, presumably, is because they did not know that when Shakespeare had written the first line of *Hamlet*, the writing paper wasn't clean any more.

Thus did Kenyon live one of the most ancient dramas in the world this Fall. Like Telemachus, we went out into the world politic and



history book, and point out that textbooks must be lived in order to make reading of them worth while.

Presumably we ate of the forbidden tree way back when Governor Lausche first appeared here and gave to us, not the sedate and scholarly sort of analysis that we have come to expect, but a genuine, two-fisted stump oration. It was no doubt then that some of us were touched with a

felt its blows. To many students it was as good an experience as going to college. And the result was that on election night, though there were still a few who thought, when they saw the beer-kegs about, that it was simply another excuse to get drunk, there were those who actually lived victory or defeat, and a few, perhaps, who even emitted a non-academic cry of joy or despair.

Sports

Kenyon has had few all-around athletes to compare with Senior Ron Fraley. Whatever the season, this young powerhouse can be seen hustling out on the playing field or on the courts.

The story was no different at Steubenville High School, where Ron also played the three major sports, winning a total of nine letters. He now reminisces about the days at dear old Steubenville, ranking as high as fifth place in his Junior year. That was the year that he contributed five touchdowns to the cause. He recalls in particular the big games against Massillon and McKinley that season. Massillon was their hated rival, and the victor in many of their previous contests. Steubenville was leading 13-0 at the half, so that the Steubenville Herald Star was confident enough to publish a special edition announcing Steubenville's first victory over Massillon in seven years. But it turned out to be something like the (1948) presidential election. Steubenville lost, 20-13, and all was silent. The McKinley game was a happier time, in which Steubenville held the favorite to a scoreless tie. Even at this time, incidentally, Ron was showing his special talents as a defensive line-backer.

He showed his abilities in high school basketball also, averaging thirteen points a game in his Junior year to help the team to a 16-5 record. As captain of the team in his Senior year, he was high scorer with an average of better than fifteen points a game. That year he reached a high of 27 points in one game, against Martin's Ferry.

In baseball he played center field, second base, and when the pitcher was tired he took that job also. Ron will never forget his big hit against Weirton High when he was a sophomore. There were two men on base, and that was how many runs Steubenville needed to tie the game. Ron leaned back and swung with everything he had and the best thing that could have happened did happen. The ball went a mile, and after a moment of astonishment Ron took off, not stopping until he had reached third base. But at the end of the inning the coach's only comment was an angered observation that Ron could have made it a home run if he hadn't stopped to gaze at the ball. Ironically enough, Ron suffered his most disheartening baseball experience against the very same team the following year. He was pitching and had a 3-1 lead going into the last half of the final inning. With two men on, Patrick, Weirton's star hit-

ter, stepped up to the plate. He had already slammed two hits that game, and was a formidable opponent. Ron got three balls on him, and with the way Patrick was going it might have been a good idea to throw another one wide. But Ron couldn't bear the thought of walking such a good opponent, so he delivered a "fat" pitch which Patrick promptly sent over the fence, to win the ball game. Ron's batting average these years was always over 300. His best pitching record was the one for his Senior year, in which he won seven games, including two one-hitters, and lost only two.

When the time came to think of going to college, Kenyon was just one of many possibilities, but it won out because of its high academic



standing. Both Ron and Kenyon have been happy with the choice. Despite his being on the playing field all year long, he has maintained a better than 3.00 average here.

At Kenyon, Ron added a cross to his list of accomplishments, winning a letter in that as well as the to-be-expected football, basketball, and baseball.

In basketball he has averaged 12 points per game for the two seasons he has played thus far, with a high in one game of 26 points against Denison in his Sophomore year. He expects a good season this year if the new prospects shine as anticipated.

He has been playing center and left field in college baseball, but is unable to pitch because of bone chips in his right elbow that is the result of a freshman football injury. Once last year, on the team trip to Florida, he tried pitching, but his sore arm prevented him from even finishing the game. One of his most memorable college baseball experiences took place against Denison, when with one out in the last half of the seventh, he hit a two-run triple, to give the Lords a 4-3 victory.

But football is of course the glorious story. That was always Ron's first love, and it was his first sport at Kenyon. When he entered, freshmen were unfortunately not allowed to compete in varsity games. But he was able to show his abilities on the freshman team, scoring one of the touchdowns in the 20-19 upset over Wittenberg that year.

In his Sophomore year, Ron was a vital part of that undefeated season. At that time he was a part-time offensive halfback and a regular defensive line-backer. He scored two touchdowns that year.

The story has gotten better ever since, so that this year Ron has given us one of the most impressive performances Kenyon has seen. As co-captain, he has been one of the team's iron men, playing sixty minutes a game and driving all the while. Primarily a runner, he has driven for four touchdowns in the first five games, but has thrown passes as well, most notably a titanic 65 yard heave against Hobart to help us beat them 14-13. Defensively he has been a rock, and there is rarely a tackle that Ron is not taking part in.

Ron hopes to go to law school next year. There can be no doubt that he will be a standout there and that will be to Kenyon's credit as well as to his own. Yet we still must feel a little reluctant to let him go.

The Kenyon football team, downed in its first two games this year, has surged back to win three straight at this writing. The play of Dom Gabriele, Ron Fraley, Don Marsh and Bill Lowry has been outstanding all year, and particularly so in the victories over Hobart (14-13), Capital (28-27), and Ashland (46-14).

The win over the heavily favored Hobart eleven was achieved in particular by two touchdown passes to Don Marsh, one thrown by Dom Gabriele and the other by Ron Fraley. In the Capital and Ashland games Gabriele threw a total of six touchdowns passes, showing himself to be one of the finest quarterbacks in the conference. The running, passing and all-around defensive play of Ron Fraley has been a memorable farewell to Kenyon in this, his final season. Also, the playing of Freshmen Bill Lowry, Bob Rowe and Batch Ollinger on the offensive shows much promise for the future. On the defense the work of Bob McAllister, Dick Jankowski and Jack Harrison has been especially noteworthy. Continued on page 19

THE SOUND OF THE HORN

by R. O. Forsyth

He turned slowly, his hands in the pockets of his pants, and looked back at the fossils of his footsteps in the sand along the water's edge. The wind whipped against his back now, whipped at the tears in his brown leather jacket and at his neck. He thought of the thousands of imprints which had been there in the sand in the hot summers before. He thought of the people running and kicking the loose sand high in the air . . . and the sand and their laughter. Now in the cold there were only his feet to mar the smooth beach. He was there and the wind was there, blowing raw gusts out of the East . . . and the sky was there, funereally shrouded. The stillness was broken only by the intermittent caws of a hungry gull as he dove and bit at the water and by the waves slapping incessantly, patiently at the sand. He wondered if he could bear the sting cold if he stood still and the water reached his feet, if it climbed to his thighs, if at last it played in his hair. He laughed then, out loud because he knew no one was there to hear him, but when a gull seemed to answer his laugh with a sudden close shriek, he started back fearfully. His head snapped in every direction but there was nothing, and the gull had passed on. He climbed the gentle slope of the beach and settled in a clump of coarse grass one top of a sand-dune. The wind scooped at the base of the dune and threw the sting in his face. He just looked.

Richard Elsin sat on a dune and stared at the water. A woman sat in a little saltbox house about three miles from the beach, up on the hill, and thumbed lazily through a magazine, not attempting to read in the dull, gray light of the afternoon, which coming through the small squares of window behind her head, only half lit the room. Occasionally she would bend to straighten the

housecoat over her knees or to push a sprig of the ivy by the window from the back of her graying head. A lamp stood fruitlessly next to the arm of the couch. She would look now and then at the lamp and back at the open page. She would look and turn the page, and the backs of her hands stood out in blue ridges. She was waiting for the banging at the door, but she set the magazine down only when the brass knocker seemed about to be spent against the panels.

The man stood stiff in his trench coat, his face grim and cold like the afternoon. He moved to better set his heels on the uneven flagstone steps.

"Is he here?" He spoke quickly, passively.

The woman stared without answering.

"He really isn't here?"

The woman gestured as if to open the house to him.

"Good afternoon then."

The woman closed the heavy door gently leaning against it for a moment and then wandered back towards the angular living room. She tripped awkwardly over a sill which rose about an inch from floor separating the front hall from the living room. It angered her momentarily. She knew she had never tripped over that sill in twenty-five years. She remembered how the children used to run through the house and trip over the sill and how she had wanted to scream at them. She could not remember ever actually screaming at them. As she passed in front of the mirror which rested on the mantle over the fireplace she fluffed her hair almost without looking. She sat down again heavily and plopped the magazine open in her lap.

"Is he here?" she mimicked out loud looking up.

"No he isn't here," she answered herself. "But he will be."

Her eyes stared blurring the page before her and she smiled.

"He will come to his mother."

And then minutes later there was the overcoat and the brief case bending over her and brushing her forehead. She did not tell her husband then, or ever, about the man who had stood and shifted his heels on the flagstone steps.

They chatted about it every once in awhile down in the village . . . the men sitting at the bar in Gaenki's Restaurant . . . the women down at Miss Bishop's salon. No one really knew much about what had happened but the tale sometimes took more than an hour to tell. And it developed more violently and more romantically each time it was told. The whispers grew louder and the heads would shake more. The men sitting on the stools would cross their knees uncomfortably and would try to make each other understand how it was when it happened to your head. And they would forget about him and it would become a story about heads and about the kind of people who were walking around loose these days. Joe Olson, the drug store clerk, said one day he couldn't see how it could happen to his kind on account of his mother never let him out of her sight or let him mix with a wild bunch except when he snuck off. No matter who chose to tell the story, to a stranger or just to tell it over again, he would always begin and end the same way, and always the head shaking.

"Now of course none of us ever really knew the boy well, but he never seemed that way."

Gaenki, behind the bar, looked out over the neon sign at the gray afternoon and tongued his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other, neatly dodging the hazard where one of his teeth was missing.

"Funny about some people, eh?" he said.

"I never seen his old man in here for a drink," one of the men at the bar piped suddenly.

"His old man wouldn't want to drink in here," Gaenki returned, "but the kid did." Everyone laughed at this.

"And plenty!" Gaenki continued and everyone laughed again.

"Fell off that stool once." And they laughed again.

"Came in here one morning I just opened," continued Gaenki, enjoying having his humor appreciated, "and broke a god-damn glass in his hand!"

Some of the men looked at each other with hesitant half-smiles, but nobody laughed. Gaenki bent quickly behind the bar and began filling the sink with hot water.

The ever darkening afternoon succumbed quickly without a twilight to a black evening. The wind was gone and the little puffs of mist around the streetlights promised that the fog would roll in. Already the horn in the light-house far out on the reef had begun its ritual of moans, and the moans swelled up the streets from the beach, and the villagers scurried a little faster to get home out of the heavy cold. The lighthouse sat on a mound of rocks at the very end of a sandbar which stretched about two miles out from the beach. If you walked rapidly, you could go out to the light and back at dead low tide without ever getting your feet wet. Some people in the village called it Wake-land Reef because old Mister Wake-land had been keeper of the light for about sixty years, ever since he was a boy. He could always be heard to boast at least once when he was in town that he had never had to use the boat getting to and from the light to shore, and that he had never gotten his feet wet in sixty years. "I know the tides," he would say. "It's just knowin' tides . . . even at night!"

Richard Elsin knew the tides. He got up stiff and shivering from the sand and looked about him at the nothingness which was the night and the beach, the bare lightness of the sand at his feet and the black and even splash. The tide had started out about an hour previous, for faintly distinguishable was the ribbon of dark wet sand showing how far the water had receded. The gusts which had threatened an Easterly storm during the afternoon had died to nothing. It was the fog now which hung threatening, hung just off shore poised like a great wave. Richard Elsin started down the beach and around the little bay towards Wakeland Reef. This was the time to start, he thought to himself, when the water's gone an hour and starts out fast. He could remember playing pirates halfway out on the reef when he was a child and he could remember his mother running after him and promising him he would drown someday. He remembered that he had always loved the beach and he thought it must have been because he could run swift on the hard sand near the water and it took longer for someone to catch him back. He could remember being threatened that he could not go to the beach if he ran away. He remembered his mother as an arm, as nails which dug into his thin, brown shoulder and turned his body into a writhing and screaming thing trying to catch its toes in the soft sand. Now as he walked, counting the steps he took between the intermittent moans from the end

of the reef, he thought of his mother as an arm which had handed him to the tensed and alien circle of another arm which had taken him away from his beach in the day and the night, taken him from the loving sound of the horn.

He was on the reef now. He looked for the light although he knew he would not be able to see disappearing and reappearing as his eyes were able to penetrate about his feet. He walked with his feet farther apart than usual so that he could feel the hump back of the reef it until he got closer. Not many big boats ever passed this close to the bay anymore so they had never got a stronger light. There was just the horn and the echo of the horn. The reef stretched out in front of him in the filmy gray and the black, and know he was walking straight. He thought of himself how easily a person could become bewildered and panicked on the reef in the dark and, not knowing whether he was running in shore or out to sea, would run crazily from side to side into the water until at last there would be no sides and no middle and only the water rising. He saw himself running crazily in circles on the reef and screaming at the water to stay back, but he laughed and he had no fear, and the horn sounded immediately ahead. And he thought, the horn is the sound of my mother's voice when sometimes she would say goodnight to me in the dark. He was sorry immediately that he had thought of that, she was not like the sound of the horn. The sound of the horn did not whisper in the dark that he was not like the others . . . you are not like the others . . . you are not like the others.

Old Mr. Wakeland stood next to the light as silently it completed its circuit and started around again. It never bothered Mr. Wakeland to have the light bathe him in blinding light momentarily as it caught him in its path. He always would look upward when the brilliant swath would silhouette his figure as if in vague communication. His timeless reverie was suddenly shocked by the slaps of footsteps which resounded quivering up the long steep spiral stairs. He turned and squinted down into the blackness of the stair well, but all he could distinguish was the white back of a hand advancing in jerks up the length of the iron railing . . . until at last there was a face, and a body, and the feet stopping, and then the voice which said, "It's only me," as if it could have been no other.

"You come here."

"Where else . . . ?"

"You could not go to them that hates the water."

"No."

The old man strangely kept his place hovering at the top of the stairs looking down into the face of Richard Elsin who stood several steps below. He started to speak again to the face below but the horn was suddenly deafening and when the noise had trailed off into the fog, he said nothing. The old man thought of the times he had looked down the spiral stairs to see the boy coming up to him. He had not really been a boy, the old man remembered, but a man. He had seemed like just a boy because he would come and sit on the floor and he would play as if he lived there, and he would stay until the very last minute before the tide would start covering the reef, and then he would run back on the hard sand with his chest thumping wildly. The old man remembered how once he had not come to light for five or six weeks and when he had come there was a haunted look in his eyes and his face and his skin were pale and the old man could not understand how he could be so pale in the summertime. And then he had come once and said that his mother was sick . . . and then he had never come back again . . . until now, here in the fog. The old man had found out why he didn't come on one of his trips to town, and he had heard that some of the people in the village were saying that he, Old Wakeland, had been trying something funny out on the reef and had been trying to keep the boy from his mother by telling him crazy stories. The old man had wanted to say that it was the boy that had told the crazy stories, but he couldn't say that because somehow he had never been able to dis-believe them. He could never think crazy of the boy because the boy loved the water, and the fog, and the wind, and the sting of the dry sand, and running on the beach . . . and this was the old man's life, this was his faith. He had wondered about the boy because they had taken him, away, he wondered if he had missed something.

He was wondering now when Richard Elsin looked up at him and spoke.

"I wouldn't go back to her, and they wanted me too."

"That hates the water don't love us . . ."

"I told them I lived here."

"In the water . . ."

"Yes, I told them in the 'water'."

Mr. Wakeland turned and walked back toward the great circling beam and thought how the light should be pure white and not yellowy like it was. The horn crashed bomb-like on the silence, and when the old man turned around, he saw that Richard Elsin had come up the remaining steps and now stood staring

out at the black and the winding stripe of gray. Patches of wet sand clung to his shoes and the cuffs of his pants. He had lain in fields and had brushed off the grass and the dirt. . . he had lain by the roadside and had rubbed at the tar stains and the sticky pebbles . . . he had lain in the sand and there was sand in his shoes and sand in his pockets and sand that was scratchy at his neck, and there was sand in his hair.

"You told them you lived here . . ." Mr. Wakeland's voice was dim.

"The arm took me away."

"And they will come for you here?"

"In the morning, not in the fog?"

Mr. Wakeland paused for a moment. He knew that he did not mean the words that he was about to speak. He knew that he did not have any faith in these words, but that he had to say them because he was only the keeper of the light

. . . he could be only the keeper of the light . . . this was all he had ever known and he could not be something else now . . . he could not be something else to Richard Elsin . . . mother, father, or God. He said what he had to without looking at him.

"You could go back to her Richard Elsin, and pretend . . . and then you wouldn't have to go away."

Richard Elsin spun around toward the old man and stared at him as if he saw a bag of silver in the first of his hand. And then, as suddenly, he calmed. Perhaps he understood. He smiled as he thought he would smile if he were pretending. He imagined the warmth of her arm about his neck as she would tell them to go away, that he would be all right now . . . and her closing the door on them, and her arm about his neck. He would pretend to smile, he would pretend that in the morning the arm would free him to go down to the water and to run on the hard sand . . . and he would run

more nimbly than ever, and his legs would get round and firm again . . . and he would dash across the beach sidestepping the hard little muscles and broken glass and leap over the rotted stumps and the other drift. He could always pretend that the arm was not there . . . there isn't an arm really . . . no arm.

"And maybe I can come out here sometimes."

"Yes."

Mr. Wakeland let him get halfway down the concrete steps before he called.

"The tides come in three hours, you can't make it now."

Richard Elsin looked back for a moment at the old man standing tensed at the top of the stairs, the keeper of the light.

"No, I can't make it now . . ."

Mr. Wakeland heard the heels clack finally on the bottom step, and the echo, and then everything was obliterated by the blaring sound of the horn.

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THE VILLAGE INN

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a study of e. e. cummings'
methods of presentation

BY WILLIAM GOLDHURST

Time magazine recently carried a profile on E. E. Cummings in which he was referred to as "probably America's most respected lyric poet." Whether or not modern critics would agree is open to doubt—some have been negatively impressed by the "strangeness" of his syntax, punctuation, and typography, seriously questioning whether such devices are justified. It has been suggested that he has substituted cross-word games for poetic intensity in an attempt to compensate for an obvious lack of talent. That this is true in some of his poems I will not attempt to deny—there is sufficient grounds for expressing regret at the squandering, at times, of an authentic lyric gift on what amounts to no more than irrelevant, if not "arty," devices.

A poet should, however, be judged and evaluated in terms of his best performance. I should like, therefore, to examine some of Cummings's more notable achievements, for which purpose I have selected three of the better lyrics.

They all strangely present the same exigent difficulties, which, when clarified, might explain the impression one receives of an immediate appeal inherent in the verse. Let me begin with sonnet number 35:

"goodby Betty, don't remember me
pencil your eyes dear and have a
good time
with the tall tight boys at Tabari'
s. keep your teeth snowy, stick
to beer and lime,
wear dark, and where your meet-
ings breasts are round.
have roses, darling, it's all I ask
of you—
but that when light falls and this
sweet profound
Paris moves with lovers, two and
two
bound for themselves, when pas-
sionately dusk
brings softly down the perfume
of the world
(and just as smaller stars begin
to husk
heaven) you, you exactly paled
and curled

with mystic lips take twilight
where I know:
proving to Death that Love is so
and so."

The poem presents a dramatic situation in which the poet is saying goodbye to his sweetheart, telling her to forget him and enjoy herself with the "tall tight boys" at a bar which is probably familiar to both of them. His imperatives take the casual form of advising her to maintain her appearance, and to exercise some restraint in her drinking. Line 8, however, begins with a change of tone; in this section, I think, are the best lines of the poem. We might paraphrase it in prose thus: when evening comes, and the Parisian lovers begin to fill the streets, drink the twilight with your "mystic lips," "where I know" (i.e., he has witnessed this experience before), and, by so doing, demonstrate to death that love exists. This is perhaps all that Betty can do, and all that the poet wants her to do; to prove to death (which would deny love) that love exists—not necessarily that love is happiness or sublimity, or life-producing—this might or might not be the case; but proving, specifically, that love is. Now two difficulties immediately present themselves—first, the lack of a "basis of verisimilitude" in two of the major tropes ("and just as smaller stars begin to husk heaven" and "with mystic lips take twilight where I know"), and second, the lack of the objective correlative in the last line. To husk is to remove the external covering of certain fruits or seeds, especially, of an ear of corn. If the "husking" refers to the process of the stars' removing night's cover of darkness, it is inaccurate. The sun, rising, might perform this action, but the relative degree of darkness increases from daylight to night—the sky darkens. There is no period, within my experience, between twilight and midnight during which the sky undergoes a gradual lightening, except when the rising moon is the agent. Why didn't the poet use "moon?" I can answer this only by saying that I am concerned, not with

what the poet didn't use, but with what he did use. Why did he use the word "husk?" Perhaps he needed a rhyme for "dusk" in line eight. And how can a girl imbibe the twilight? Well, she has "mystic lips." But that is begging the question. I seek, in poetry, not to be told something I cannot controvert because it is mystic and therefore beyond my understanding; but to be shown an experience that I can apprehend and in which I can participate. Furthermore, assuming that the girl can perform this magical business, in what way does it prove love's existence to death? The "objective correlative," we are told, is a means whereby emotion is communicated:

The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art (for example the art of poetry) is by finding an "objective correlative"; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion; such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked.

Not only do the external facts given in this poem not terminate in any sensory experience I can share, but if I could share in that experience, it would not evoke an emotion which corresponds to the experience described, namely, that such a fact demonstrates to death that love exists.

But let us consider it this way: the poet's love for the girl is not composed of facts which can be objectively recorded—it is an experience which cannot be conveyed in terms of concrete objects—the poet may find that a quantity of his love for the girl consists in his admiration of her lips; but there is a mystical quality inherent in these lips which he cannot objectify—just as he cannot objectify the experience of the coming of evening to Paris—he can only communicate his impressions of that experience; he can only say that "passionately dusk brings softly down the perfume of the world," concepts which we cannot visualize nor experience sensuously, yet which we can vaguely understand. And that is all the poet asks . . . that we do not seek to find a correspondence in the world of fact to "passionate dusk" or perfume of the world" or the experience of imbibing the twilight. We are not asked to formulate a sharp focus on the comparisons made, as in John Donne's:

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two:
Here, our sensory experience of a compass is imaginatively juxtaposed to our experience of the lover's re-

relationship. But this is seventeenth century wit — the reconciliation, in the imagination, of objects apparently dissimilar. Cummings does not employ this mode of communicating the emotion—he asks us to accept his incapacity to communicate the experience except in terms of his impression of its totality. Thus, that indefinable quality which he cannot objectify nevertheless communicates directly with us; his "Betty" has proved love's existence by that very performance which he cannot apprehend sensuously or objectify in his verse; by virtue of the fact that those mystical elements cannot be conveyed in terms of clearly defined concretions, love's existence is confirmed in his imagination, and it is this impression which he records.

I should like to consider number 43, in which the poet foresees the possibility of a future separation from his lady:

"it may not always be so; and i say
that if your lips, which i have
loved, should touch
another's; and your dear strong
fingers clutch
his heart, as mine in time not
far away;
if on another's face your sweet
hair lay
in such a silence as i know, or
such
great writhing words, as, utter-
ing overmuch,
stand helplessly before the spirit
at bay;

if this should be, i say if this
should be—
you of my heart, send me a little
word;
that i may go unto him, and take
his hands,
saying, Accept all happiness from
me
Then shall i turn my face, and
hear one bird
sing terribly afar in the lost lands.

A striking image occurs in the two closing lines of the octave—"such great writhing words as, uttering overmuch/ stand helplessly before the spirit at bay;" I assume two possibilities: first, that the spirit is at bay before the overwhelming significance of the words, and second, that the words are at bay before the power of the spirit to apprehend the words' significance in totality. The latter would seem more likely—"at bay" is an expression we associate with a hunted animal, having been coined by his pursuers. The "helplessly" would modify the hunted rather than the pursuer. Such a statement points directly to a definition of Cummings' verse. I make an attempt to apprehend the words in terms of

sensuous associations, but they, "uttering overmuch," elude any kind of pin-pointed focus. They utter overmuch in so far as I can never imaginatively experience the "set of objects, situation, or chain of events" which they denote. Nevertheless, they communicate directly with me; let me turn now to a consideration of the last poem, number 189, a kind of *piece de resistance*:

"if i have made, my lady, intricate
imperfect various things chiefly
which wrong
your eyes (frailer than most
deep dreams are frail)
songs less firm than your body's
whitest song
upon my mind—if i have failed
to snare
the glance too shy—if through my
singing slips
the very skillful strangeness of
your smile
the keen primeval silence of your
hair

—let the world say "his most wise
stole
nothing from death"—
you only will create
(who are so perfectly alive) my
shame:
lady through whose profound and
fragile lips
the sweet small clumsy feet of
April came

into the ragged meadow of my
soul."

Here, again, we encounter the same difficulty, especially at the conclusion. Whereas in number 43 I can understand the reference to some extent, i.e., the lover, having lost his lady, will find a communion with the "one bird/ sing(ing) terribly afar in the lost lands"—a symbol here for utter desolation which corresponds to the desolation he will find in his own spirit, in 189 I must attempt to understand how the "feet of April" can come through the lady's lips.

Let me try to set down my understanding of what has gone before in the sonnet. The poet is addressing his sweetheart, telling her that if he has failed, in his verses, to communicate her beauty, or, to be more precise, the image of her beauty in his mind, i.e., his impression of the totality of the lady—if he has failed to convey, in his poetry, the indefinable essence of her (as he conceives it), then, he continues, "let the world say 'his most wise and music stole/ nothing from death'"—to paraphrase this statement, "it is irrelevant to me if people find nothing deathless in my poetry;" and, to go on, "you only will create/ (who are so perfectly alive) my shame," i.e., he is reminded of the inadequacies of his

verse only by the lady whose beauty has stolen something from death; he feels, in other words, that his obligation to his readers has been fulfilled by his attempt to communicate her beauty in the only terms he knows; only to the original object itself does he feel that he has failed to pay his debt—for her beauty cannot be communicated in terms which we can understand concretely; he can not denote it, only connote it. This, in painting, is called *expressionism*.

It practices the representation, not of the original object, but of the emotions evoked in the artist by the object. Thus, clarity is sacrificed to certain inexplicit modes of representation which concern themselves less with realistic portrayal than with the communication of the essence. Formal elements are dispensed with; we do not seek to find line in Roualt's painting which corresponds, in any definite way, to the real object. Nor need we demand a basis of verisimilitude in Cummings' lyrics. The important thing is that he communicates directly with us. The "great writhing words, uttering overmuch" reach us by providing us a glimpse into the poet's imaginative conception of the object; we discover no coordinates, no slick parallels in his tropes, only expressions which approximate probability in their fusion. This is not poetry to be dissected and analyzed microscopically. We realize, after we read enough of it, that the demand made on us is not a sharp focus on the comparison, but for an apprehension of the mystery of the totality of the object portrayed.

Thus, if we seek to apprehend, through associations of our sensory experience, expressions like: "the keen primeval silence of your hair," "the coming of my love emits a wonderful smell in my mind," the "mudlucious world," etc., we will miss, if not deny, the general intent of the expression.

The danger, of course, involved in defending this mode of communication rests in its possible application to justify any and all bad metaphors. I can only point out that Cummings utilizes the method consistently in his better poetry, and that his poetry is the better for it—it succeeds in terms of our aesthetic response to it.

There are many of us, I am certain, who, in:

"lady through whose profound and
fragile lips
the sweet small clumsy feet of
April came
into the ragged meadow of my
soul."

will forcibly discover the sentiment we wished to express but could not find the words.

ST. JOAN: in Defense of Burning

by Robert Mersy

I

G. B. Shaw called *Saint Joan* "a chronicle play in six scenes and an epilogue," and the student of drama (I do not mean necessarily the student by vocation) would do well to mark the word "chronicle." The actual facts of St. Joan's life and career afford so intense and wide a drama that in considering the records of it, or a dramatic poem dealing with it, the vicarious spectator inclines to partisanship. I should imagine that a seminarian for whom the Church is the be-all and the end-all is likely to feel that it is comedy, and a young collegian, daringly atheist or aspiringly agnostic, is likely to insist that Joan got a raw deal and the church that burned her (as well as the descendant of that church) is a diabolical and corrupt power. I have no complaint against the fashionable prejudices of either the debunkers or the devout, but let us call a history a history.

Now no piece of art can be purely historical; history is not one of the arts.

Immediately these partisans, the collegian and the seminarian, will leap up and cry, Ah well, which of us is right? The answer is: neither. If a label be demanded, we should I think, call *Saint Joan* a 'tragic history'; but like most labels, it does not name the thing or solve the problem.

It should be explained here to anyone who thinks that the Catholic Church Militant is the villain of the play that Shaw has gone to great

pains, both in the Preface and the text, to demonstrate the sincerity and integrity and justice of the court that sent Joan to the fire. (This is only in a manner of speaking; it was the sullen and vanquished English who executed her as they would execute any captured enemy general.) It can be easily proved that few heretics ever got so fair and patient a trial. And Joan was a heretic.

Certainly she was an honest girl. Certainly she was pious and chaste and humble and a combatant genius whose coups broke England's power in France. But her honesty was insulting, her piety unorthodox, her chastity irregular, her humility proud, and her internecine and victorious battles bitterly humiliating to her foes. Moreover, she was one of the first great protestants and an exponent of Catholicism's most dangerous enemy, nationalism. And though today we abhor the excesses and brutalities of the Holy Inquisition, we must realize the necessity of the office. In one of the great speeches of the play, Shaw's Inquisitor says, "Heresy at first seems innocent and even laudable; but it ends in such a monstrous horror of unnatural wickedness that the most tender-hearted among you, if you saw it at work as I have seen it, would clamor against the mercy of the Church in dealing with it." I remember also that no court of law can be so cruel as the common people are to those whom they suspect of heresy. The heretic in the hands of the Holy Office is safe from violence, is assured of a fair

trial, and cannot suffer death, even when guilty, if repentance follows sin."

As a matter of fact, the proceedings in 1456 which rehabilitated Joan and declared her judges to be corrupt and fraudulent were themselves lies and slanders. In the epilogue of *Saint Joan*, Ladven announces to the Dauphin: "At this inquiry from which I have just come, there was shameless perjury, courtly corruption, calumny of the dead who did their duty according to their lights, cowardly evasion of the issue, testimony made of idle tales that could not impose on a ploughboy." This inquiry was the pro-Joan hearing of 1456.

II

In seeking a rich and definitive understanding of *Saint Joan*, we must turn to the epilogue. I have heard it said by various people of generally good taste and excellent judgement that the epilogue spoils the play and would have been better omitted. This is not true at all. It is necessary to Shaw's purpose that both Joan and the Church be seen in a clear historical light, and perhaps most important, that we, the readers and the spectators, perceive fully the inevitability of Joan's end, not only in its mediaeval context, but in the whole area of human life. It is implied again and again that Joan, because of her Socratically tactless insistence and her interference, officious in spite of its brilliant consequences, must perish, must burn—"it is expedient that one woman die for the people." Anyone, articulately a woman, who must by his genius render even dimmer the faint enough light of lesser minds or nettle by the nature of its action powers and institutions whose very existences depend on acceptance and obedience (e.g., feudalism and the Roman Church), is doomed to the consequences of the frustration and rage he evokes. Shaw, in his Preface, compares Joan to Socrates, and considers this phenomenon the fatal disadvantages of wit more perceptively than I can:

Now it is always hard for superior wits to understand the fury roused by their exposures of the stupidities of comparative dullards. Even Socrates, for all his age and experience, did not defend himself at his trial like a man who understood the long accumulated fury that had burst on him, and was clamoring for his death. His accuser, if born 2300 years later, might have been picked out of any first class carriage on a suburban railway during the evening or

morning rush from or to the City; for he had really nothing to say except that he and his like could not endure being shown up as idiots every time Socrates opened his mouth.

III

I intend now to embark on a most perilous venture, which, if it appears to you as little more than absurd, has nothing to recommend it but originality.

Nonetheless, I think it is worth trying, for it is important to me that you see the epilogue for what it really is: enlarging, tightening, ennobling, and organic. This venture of which I speak is a possible, if slightly forced, interpretation of Saint Joan minus epilogue.

The Catholic Church is, as Shaw depicts it in the calculated utterances of Cauchon and the Inquisitor, an enormous, resourceful, and profound force. It is shrewd, it is honest, it possesses the great heroic qualities. But in the case of Joan of Arc is laid bare its one heroic flaw. It is wrong. If in some way the Church had found a way to demolish the catastrophic power of the Maid, a way to smother this new

spirit of which she was the living symbol, a way merciful, cunning, and just, it would have known a success as dazzling as its error was lethal. But it could not. It did not. And the most pathetic detail of the picture is the inexorable course the Church ran to its own destruction. If it had been twice as cunning and twice as colossal, it could not have stamped out the fire that crept from Joan's stake to set ablaze all of Christendom into a holocaust that left feudalism a memory and the Church Militant a subdued and sometimes feeble thing. It is the very inevitability of Joan's triumphant doom and the ensuing schism that enables one to see the character of Shaw's Church as grand . . . and the Church a tragic hero.

But it is not Shaw's intention that it should be so. Hence, the epilogue. Namely because no denouement is necessary, it does not fulfill the function of most final acts. Those affairs which should otherwise have been left unfinished or unsolved the audience already knows the answer to. Most of the spectators are generally aware of the concatenation of events from 1429 to 1431. But the epilogue does remind us that although the Church may capitulate

and amend its inquisition by canonization, those poor creatures, men, for whose terrestrial guidance and souls' salvation the Church exists, still will not accept the ungovernable and single-minded genius, whom nothing guides but protest and no one saves but Time. The final speeches of the play pound home with intense dramatic force the fate of heightened sensibility in a plodding and stupid world. And as Cauchon leaves the stage, saying

The heretic is always better dead. And mortal eyes cannot distinguish the saint from the heretic.

and the Archbishop follows, saying The utmost I can say is that though I dare not bless you, I hope I may one day enter into your blessedness.

and the Inquisitor, saying

I who am of the dead, testified that day that you were innocent. But I do not see dispensed with under existing circumstances.

The Church is reduced to its fallible and somewhat stubborn imperatives, and Joan, Saint Joan, stands in ineffable radiance and glory, and most of all in loneliness, the genius who fails to save as Christ failed to save.

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The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord
of sweet sounds,
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and spoils.

William Shakespeare

It is with a humility born of a sense of inadequacy in matters musical that I undertake to comment in this column upon Kenyon's musical tastes. There are certain glaring examples the citing of which I believe will demonstrate the limited scope which is the object of my criticism. We need look no further than to the record section of the bookshop for our first example. I do not wish to be understood as criticising the management of the bookshop. It is obvious that the law of supply and demand is beyond the control of any person on the staff of the store. One buys only what one expects to be able to sell. This is a basic determinant of resource allocation in a free-enterprise economy. A recent shipment of records to the bookshop was composed of the following selections: Tchaikovsky's overplayed Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, Toscanini Conducts: The Moldau, Danse Macabre, and The Sorcerer's Apprentice; Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, Romeo and Juliet by Tchaikovsky, and one selection each by Sibelius and Prokofiev. Here again I feel myself in

danger of being misunderstood. I enjoy these works very much and certainly would not dispute their value. I simply maintain that one should not limit his musical interest only to composers up to and including Tchaikovsky, and neglect as a consequence such important contemporary composers as Barber, Schuman, and Bloch. The nature of the records ordered by the bookshop indicates then, the limited scope of Kenyon's musical tastes.

Several weeks ago there was in evidence another indication of Kenyon's musical naivete. In the assembly which allocates money to finance the cultural pursuits of the student body, albeit in a begrudging manner, the term "modernistic" was applied disdainfully to the new records that have been purchased to augment the Carnegie Record Record Library in Pierce Hall. Admittedly the new records are largely dedicated to the more modern composers while at the same time including Mahler's song cycle, "Youth's Magic Horn," and "Satie's Parade Ballet Suite." It is fairly obvious, notwithstanding some individuals' opinions, that this buying of records of contemporary music does not represent a personal bias on the part of the purchaser but rather a conscious effort to correct a deficiency in the library which arises from the age of the library itself. The new records include Bartok's six string quartets, and much music by Schonberg and his pupil Alban Berg, the latter records

being the cause of much dissatisfaction among frequenters of the music room.

The music written by modern composers is usually a far cry from the beautiful, melodious outpouring of Tchaikovsky but we must not dismiss them as valueless on such grounds. This music represents a serious effort on the part of many extremely well trained musicians to find their individual methods and techniques of musical expression. This should be sufficient justification for a claim to some attention from music lovers. When we reject works for sounding unusual to our ears we are only imitating the audiences of Beethoven's and Ravel's time. This is the manner in which works by these composers were received when first performed—works whose greatness no one disputes now.

This neglect of contemporary music cannot be excused by stating that it is all a matter of taste. This neglect due to dislike is subject to attack on the grounds that it is a result of an inadequate knowledge of music. It is possible that the listener is not capable of understanding what a composer is trying to accomplish. In other words ignorance cannot hide behind the theory of relativity of good and bad. We as music lovers have a responsibility to approach all music with an open mind. We have an obligation to take an interest in music that is being written in our time. When we shirk this duty we find that a composer of the stature of Bela Bartok,

"one of the most uniquely endowed and imaginative composers of today, and one of the most alive and vital forces in twentieth-century music—has never been accorded a fame commensurate with his genius and his significance." (1)

One of the factors that limited the amount of creative activity that Bartok could engage in was the poverty stricken life that was forced upon him and which led finally to his death. This poverty was in large measure due to neglect of his music by the public.

(1) Twentieth Century Composers—David Ewen.

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ELECTION

from page 8

successful when combined with the lure of Eisenhower—the knight in shining armor.

The high command of the party seemed to have abandoned the heavy emphasis upon charges of "Socialism." They seemed rather (with the exceptions of Bricker, Jenner, Taft, and McCarthy) to use corruption and Korea as main weapons. Thus they abandoned to that degree the ideological opposition to New Deal social policies and turned to the theme: "Throw the rascals out—we can do the same things better!" Even their former cries of "Bureaucracy" seemed to have been watered down to: "Our bureaus won't have 5 percenters and mink coats." These incidents of the abandonment of ethics in government were used to indicate corruption and inefficiency of the "ins" without necessarily refuting their principles.

For the future? I cannot help but feel that 1952 was a repetition (although certainly more dramatic and convincing) of 1946 when the situation on the consumer's market swept the Republicans to a Congressional victory in those disputed seats. The 1948 election reversed this and saw a Democratic victory again. 1952 was a psychological release bound to come when one group is in power any length of time and the immediate problems make the electorate vote for the "outs." It was a psychological release of a people who were tired of wars (while not necessarily blaming the "ins" for them), tired of the great debate over foreign responsibility (while not denying these responsibilities), tired of the often shoddy personal actions of the President who was to be their leader and inspiration. I am firmly convinced that their great desire for a change was not one of conviction for that party which they put into power nor an acceptance of its philosophy. The American people saw a man completely divorced from all former political connections and conflicts. On him (not the Republican party) they placed their hopes for a solution to their problems. Will the old political alignments take place and re-establish themselves in substantially the same manner now that the "pressure valve" has been turned on and the steam has escaped? I believe so. It may be as soon as the elections of 1954. It may be 1956.

SPORTS

Continued from page 10

The play of Joe Pavlovitch aided the Lords soccer team in gaining three straight victories, against Case (5-0), Denison (3-2), and Western Reserve (3-0). In these games, Captain Joe scored a total of seven goals. The soccer squad is now undefeated in four straight games, as of this writing, after tying Ohio State (3-3).

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