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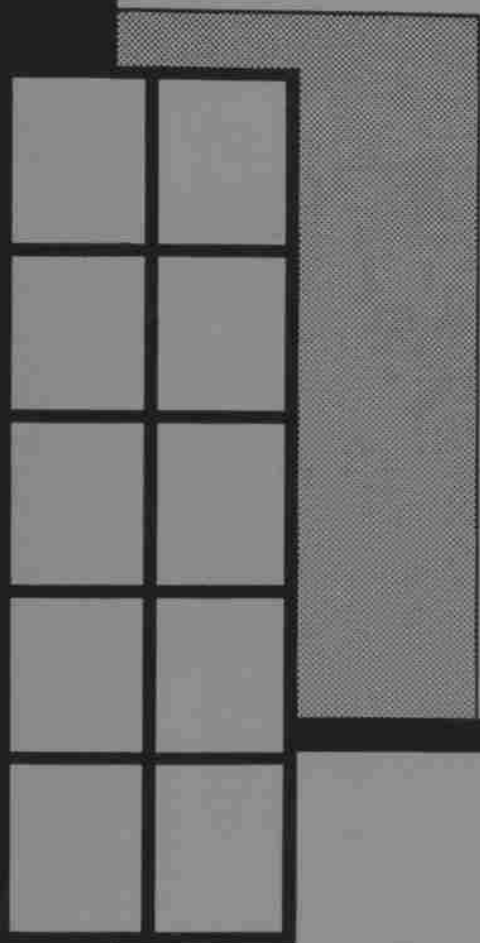
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the collegian



PUBLISHED AT KENYON COLLEGE.....JANUARY 1953

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EDITORIAL

This is, as you may note, our save-money issue. The calamity that makes this necessary is an old one, and we have plunged into it with fresh vigor. Our motto was the famous one, that the impossible takes a little longer, but we found that it also costs a little more money. More, at least, than the very small amount with which we are putting out this magazine.

But since January is the off-month around here anyway, we hope that you will not mind too much. With the new semester, the issues should start growing again, and perhaps we may be able to regain a size something like what was seen last November. With your patience, we shall keep producing month after month, and hope that you will continue to find on these pages some thinking and writing that is worthy of Kenyon College.

In this issue, we hope you take notice of the publishing debut of Mrs. Libuse Miller, wife of Dr. Franklin Miller of Kenyon. It is our opinion that she is rapidly becoming a poet of considerable powers, and it is a privilege for us to be the first to make her talents a little more widely known.

JUDGE LESTER

Mr. Creed Jopling Lester, former Prosecuting Attorney and son of our own Mrs. Anne Jopling Lester, Matron of the infirmary, was appointed Judge of Knox County last month. The appointment was made by Governor Lausche to replace the deceased Judge Charles L. Hayden.

Mr. Lester, a Kenyon alumnus, has been active in local affairs for many years. Starting his law practice in Mt. Vernon in 1940, he saw duty during the war as a lieutenant in the National Guard, and was the Knox County prosecuting attorney for the term that expired last year. He was one of two candidates for his present position suggested to Governor Lausche, and, upon his appointment, was given, according to the Governor, practically a unanimous endorsement by the Knox County Bar Association.

This sort of thing is very much in keeping with the family tradition, since no less than three generations of Lesters have been Judges. It was

natural then, upon his graduation from Kenyon College in 1931, for the most recent Judge Lester to do his graduate study in law, which he did for the next four years at George Washington University.

Mr. Lester took the oath of office on December 31, and held his first court on January 2. He immediately demonstrated a fair but firm policy, and, on January 5, made a detailed statement of his severe attitude towards traffic violations. A copy of this statement was sent to *The Collegian* with the following comment:

I felt that in all fairness to the student body at Kenyon they should be appraised of the future policy of this court in all serious traffic violations arising in Knox County.

The statement reads as follows: In view of the appalling increase of accidents resulting in painful injuries and loss of life on our streets and public highways, it is incumbent in the opinion of the Court to issue a statement at this time of the Court's attitude, thinking and reasoning on this subject.

The Court feels that in light of a report recently issued by the National Safety Council to the effect that throughout the nation fatalities on the highways averaged 102 every twenty-four hours during the first eleven months of 1952, and a statement made by our own Governor Frank J. Lausche as reported by the Associated Press on December 29th, 1952 to the effect that he blamed most of the traffic accidents on excessive speed, as well as the pledge made by Col. George Mingle, superintendent of the Ohio State Highway Patrol that "drastic action" would be forthcoming to stop what he termed "highway slaughter," it is in this Court's opinion the duty of every magistrate and judge charged by law with sitting in judgment upon those persons who have violated ordinances or statutes governing the operation of motor vehicles on our streets and public highways, to mete out such penalties, especially for those violation which seem to be the direct cause of our tragically large number of accidents, with such degree of severity as to discourage future violations as well as to tend to deter others from engaging in such practices.

This Court believes that our ever increasing number of accidents and fatalities on our streets and public highways are the direct result of persons driving motor vehicles while under the influence of alcohol, reck-

lessly operating the same and operating motor vehicles at ever increasing excessive speeds. Therefore, in the future it will be the practice of this Court to deal severely with persons found guilty of driving while under the influence of alcohol, recklessly operating their motor vehicles or driving at dangerous and excessive rates of speed. Driver's licenses will be revoked or suspended and jail sentences invoked in ALL cases involving driving while under the influence of alcohol.

SHOW-OFF

Morton Segal has received the rare honor this year of the position of director for a forthcoming Hill Players production. This job, usually handled solely by Professor of Dramatics James Michael, is one that requires a great amount of discretion and technical accomplishment, and was awarded to Mr. Segal for his outstanding display of ability during four years of Kenyon Dramatics.

The play is *The Show-Off*, a comedy by George Kelly which the author describes as "a transcript of life in three acts." It takes place in the 1920's, and contains, according to the director, several characters of the flapper variety, particularly Aubrey, the show-off himself. The characterization of Aubrey is a very penetrating one, according to the Mr. Segal, emerging as a very clear and cogent "statement about a man who under no circumstances will change his ways, because he is what he is." Mr. Segal goes on to point out the special merits of the playwright, who is the author of *Craig's Wife*; "Kelly has been sorely overlooked by those who have spent any time examining American playwrights—particularly in the matter of his comedies."

The cast of the current production will include William Goldhurst in the title role, Tony Tuttle as Joe, Frank LeFever as Mr. Gill, Dag Lynch as Mr. Fisher, Bill Lee as an insurance salesman, and John Seamon as Mr. Hyland. The women who have been gathered from various parts of the outside world are: Mrs. Helen Alcorn of Danville as Mrs. Fisher, Miss Carmen Crooks of Mt. Vernon as Amy, and Mrs. Barbara Greaves, wife of William Greaves of Kenyon, as Clara. The producer of the play

is Robert Miller. Performances are planned for February 19, 20, 21, and 23.

While we are on the subject of Kenyon productions, it has been observed that student attendance at these affairs has been unusually poor this year. It was first noticed in the case of the Barter Theater production of *The Merchant of Venice*, presented at the Speech Building last October. One of the two scheduled performances had to be cancelled, because Shakespeare and a group of very capable professional actors were not able to fill a 195-seat house twice in one day. Perhaps a case can be made there for the negligent student in that the tickets were \$1.80 each (far less than the usual top price for any professional production), but the Kenyon man has been known to pay far more exorbitant prices for other luxuries, such as overcutting around vacations.

But there is not even that much of an excuse in the case of *St. Joan* which was one of the most important events in the career of the Hill Players. The price for that had already been taken out of the students' fees, and all that remained was the simple matter of going down to the Speech Building and picking up a ticket. Yet the attendance was once again below par, and the actors found themselves applauded by echoes in certain corners of the house.

It is impossible to force a thing down a person's throat, even if it is sweet-tasting and that person does not know it. One can only advise. After all, we trade in a great deal for our quiet and concentrated atmosphere for study, and one of the most noticeable sacrifices is the loss of the rich and diverse array, of, shall we say, "cultural" activities, that go on in a large university, or a

big-city college. Good lectures, such as the poorly attended talks of the eminent Professor Panofsky, or a good concert, such as the sparsely attended performance of tenor William McGrath, are few and far between. We should take advantage of these things when they come.

DR. PANOFSKY

Last December 11 and 12 Kenyon students and teachers had the good fortune of hearing two lectures from Dr. Erwin Panofsky of Princeton, one of the world's leading Renaissance scholars, entitled "Traffic Accidents on the Highways of History" and "Renaissance — *Dammerung*." The lectures were delivered with the use of slides and they took place in Philomathesian Hall.

The first lecture was a particular surprise and delight to most listeners, being less of the scholarly and profound sort of analysis that the second lecture was, and more a light-hearted intellectual caper through history, demonstrating to everyone's joy the workings of the sort of mind that went into the making of the Renaissance as we see it today. It was concerned with some of the grand misinterpretations that men have made in the past, and how such things grow. Dr. Panofsky showed some of the outlandish results that painters of classical subjects have produced from misreading ancient texts. The talk was so enjoyable that Professor English tells us it caused his young son to exclaim afterwards, "Daddy, you didn't tell me it would be funny."

The next night's talk was infused with a subtler kind of joy. Dr. Panofsky set out to challenge the recent *dammerung*, or twilight, of the Renaissance among scholars, particularly the medievalists, who claim that nothing happened in Italy in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries that merits any special distinction from what had happened be-

fore. By showing us comparative samples of art and architecture, he showed us that something new assuredly did take place, and went on to explain what it was by emphasizing the world of science. The unification of arts and sciences, he concludes, is that momentous event, and the elevation of the techniques of both to the speculative and theoretical level of man's activity. He proves his case with the example of Leonardo da Vinci, probably the supreme manifestation of the Renaissance man, in whom all of the technical and theoretical aspects of the arts and sciences unified in this great new drive to know nature and use it to better man's lot.

The lecture was followed by a vigorous question and answer period in which all was concluded with the sincere hope that men will once again begin to see and understand the world in its entirety, as Leonardo did.

HARK THE HERALD

The Christmas spirit really smote Kenyon with vigor this year, as the voices rose in harmony above our stately spires, lending something of the atmosphere of bonny old Oxford with its ancient Yuletide traditions. For two nights in a row, the 15th and the 16th, the scene was blessed with no less than two distinct groups of rosy-cheeked carollers. Undeterred by the cold weather, a small group from Middle Kenyon set out on the first night to carry on the tradition that it started the year before. On the next night, the Kenyon Singers set out, though the number was not as large as was hoped for. However, they had already compensated for any minor setbacks by a stirring Christmas program in the Church of the Holy Spirit on the previous Sunday, consisting of carols both old and new, and ending with the Best Christmas Cantata.

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THE FALL

BY LIBUSE MILLER

I

There's not much more than can be said
about the seasons
Except that each generation something
must be said,
Else with arrogant, we-got-here-first
anticipation
The parents have disinherited
the waiting children
Of their just turn of speech on the
familiar tongue.

Here Soren Kierkegaard can help the young,
who discovered repetition
While taking the wind out of the sails
of recollection.
Eternity is not looking back on memory,
scanning the dead
Nor down your nose, down the side of a mountain
over the longest view
But the re-wording and re-doing
of the word-deed:
Eternity is the true repetition of what must
be done and said.

So disarmed I moved to defend the definition
within reason.
(It is hoped that this late essay will
provoke
Fruitful critical discussion and stimulating
debate
On the neglected merits of favorite times
of the year)
That the Fall is of all the most nearly
human season.

II

Winter is for coziness and courage, rising
in a cold dark house,
Challenge of snow and response of democracy
by the storm-bound,
An excuse for enjoying the place where you
live too much
Or frost-burning and rubbing together the hands
that love touch.

Spring is a gardner's meditation on the law
of the lord-high-green-thumb-Exercizer:
Friendly rivalry of planters and lovers to see
who can show
The earliest greenings, and always the
honors go
To a blue-ribbon blend of mystery and
fertilizer
And summer is a taste of satiation—we of the
temperate zones
Campaign against the thought of any changeless
seasons, but especially summer
Without the term engenders a colonial stagnation
in the veins
And a feeling like vanilla pudding in the
bones.

But the Fall is what is human, infinitely
vulnerable, important, dear,
Death-smelling and hopeful beyond the end
most evidently near;
Whether in its theatrical display of costume
jewelry,
Giving itself away in each glass-beaded
cascade-color-fall,

(Like a splendid old whore, putting on
her best show
For her last customer: she learned long ago
how to be happy though beautiful—
Give it away in armfuls to the poor
—which caused a fall
In property values in these arts that
the proprietary
Couldn't endure, nor forgive her; but she
improbably outlasted them all.)

Or in its smoky-gradual disbodiment,
as against a darker wood
A single sycamore trembles in one spotted
limb after another,
That leaf by gold departing leaf lays bare,
Like a soul, slowly undressing before God.

The Fall must be believed because it is absurd
That the approach of death could be so royal,
a medieval sovereign spectacle.
And because it seems a last reproach to him
that nature in the crisis of her autumn
Could so well "wear tribulation like a rose"
(see the collected works of Auden)

While dying the master complains bitterly
argues every inch, shakes the bed,
Turns pasty green in his pinched face and with
his last breath bellyaches.
But the Fall is even like the season of his shame,
too burning
To be lasting, too true to be dead.

—Libuse Miller

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