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The Kenyon Collegian

Vol. LXXX No. 6

Gambier, Ohio, January 17, 1964

Thirty-five Cents

Ganter: \$750,000

Faculty Salaries, Library Book Budget Increased by Bequests

President Lund gave the following statement to the Collegian this week.

Ever since the death of Carl Ganter, class of '99 last November, there have been many rumors and speculations about a possible bequest to Kenyon. The College has received a copy of the will and we have been fortunate in receiving several grants.

Before outlining the terms of the bequests, let me caution you that final settlement probably won't come for about a year. It may drag on six months longer. Another piece missing is the total sum Mr. Ganter leaves, probably about \$500,000.

In any event, all full professors on the college faculty will receive semi-annual disbursements from the income of a sum that has been left in trust. The money will be distributed on a prorated basis according to the professor's salary. Mr. Ganter specifically set out that these payments "shall be in addition to and not part of the regular annual salaries." At this time it is impossible to know what the principal amounts to. It will be a large sum. Specifically, the will says, "I bequeath and devise to my trustees the remaining one-half of all the rest, residue and

President Lund announced January 16, 1964 the establishment of the William N. Wyant Library Fund. The fund will provide not less than \$5,000 annually for the purchase of library books which are not provided for in the regular college budget.

According to the terms of the will, Kenyon, with the passing of the late Mr. Wyant's wife, has become the recipient of the annual entire net income of the trust, and in any case at least five thousand dollars per year. All books purchased through this fund will be marked with a suitable label in remembrance of Mr. Wyant's generosity.

This rather unexpected grant brings the current undergraduate library book budget from the present \$9,000 to \$14,000 for the 1964-65 school year.

remainder of my estate . . ." His trustees will hold the principal for 10 years at which time it will be paid to the Kenyon Board of Trustees to be invested for the same purpose.

On the death of Mr. Ganter's sister-in-law, to whom he left a trust, another \$100,000 will come to the College for the increase and maintenance of the salaries of

Cont. on page 3, Col. 4

FATS Committee Meets, Presents Recommendations

The FATS (faculty, alumni, trustees, students) Committee met Saturday, January 11 for a discussion of the proposed upper class dormitory. The two-hour discussion covered placement, style of architecture, room and lounge lay-out, and, primarily, who would inhabit the new building.

Disagreement between the various groups was expected. Surprisingly, unanimity was reached soon after discussion began. Each member seemed to be in favor of an independent dorm. All felt that this was the most pressing need of the Kenyon dormitory system.

The first report given was that of the Alumni-IFC committee investigating the new dormitory. The report was directed to President Lund and the President of the AIFC. Their recommendations

Cont. on page 12, Col. 1

Heintz on Leave

Profs. Burnham, Nord Resign College Calendar is Revised

Major personnel changes and the revised college calendar were announced this week. W. Dean Burnham of the political science department is not returning from his leave of absence. Professor Samuel Nord of the psychology department will assume a new post at Lehigh University next fall. The Reverend Mr. Hettlinger is resigning his chaplaincy to accept full-time duties in the department of religion. Professors Harvey and Sutcliffe are considering sabbaticals for next year. And Edward Heintz, college librarian, will take a leave of absence January 31 through May 1 of second semester.

The fall session of the college year will begin one week earlier next year, and consequently the spring session will terminate one week earlier. The academic year will not be lengthened, but rather moved up one week. Assistant Registrar, John Kushan, explained that the action is intended "simply to start a week earlier." The entering freshmen class will arrive in Gambier on September 15. Commencement will be May 30.

Most all of the other dates on the college calendar will remain

the same. Vacations are scheduled for approximately the same time as this year. President Lund initially suggested the idea to the faculty council on a one year experimental basis. He commented that under the old schedule faculty members had to be back by Labor Day to enter their children in local schools and that "they just spinned their wheels" until the opening of the College.

To Burnham's resignation Dean Haywood explains, "We are very much surprised by that." Professor Burnham was interviewed by Haverford College last spring and informed President Lund that Haverford offered nothing that Kenyon could not offer him.

However he recently presented Professor Raymond English, chairman of the political science department, with the fait accompli of his decision to go to Haverford next year. This appears to be a breach of the academic gentlemen's agreement which binds a professor to return to the institution from which he is on leave of absence to teach for at least one year. Haywood has written to Burnham to find out the reasoning behind his decision, but he has not yet received an answer.

Leonard Miller, who is teaching constitutional law during Burnham's absence, has been offered

Cont. on page 12, Col. 5

New Grandstand Funds Donated by McBride

Pierre B. McBride, Kenyon trustee and 1918 graduate, has awarded the College a grant in excess of \$21,000 to be used for permanent grandstand facilities at McBride Field. The new grandstand will be constructed this summer and will be ready for the 1964 football season. Vice-President William Thomas revealed during a Collegian interview yesterday.

The sum, which involves an initial amount of \$21,000, will increase as the need demands, and will probably amount to nearly \$30,000 by the time the grandstand is completed. The George S. Rider Co., engineers, is designing the structure.

Apart from Kenyon, Mr. McBride is president of the Porcelain Metals Company of Louisville, Kentucky. His earlier contributions include a 2-1 challenge grant of \$100,000 and the first

Cont. on page 3, Col. 3

Hecht Presents Complete Case for Language Lab

by Edmund Hecht
Department of German

At the risk of flogging a dead horse, I propose to reopen the discussion of the total lack of

electronic language training facilities and teaching aids, commonly referred to as language laboratory facilities, at Kenyon College (cf., "Language Lab Cost Found Prohibitive", November 8, 1963, Kenyon Collegian).

According to the article, the writers would have us in the main believe:

- 1) that language laboratories are of doubtful usefulness because they "don't come equipped with built-in forced learning";
- 2) that Kenyon's first "lingo lab . . . was inefficiently used" and was dismantled for that reason;
- 3) that "most professors in the modern language departments feel the worth of a lab is not worth the cost";
- 4) that a language lab has no function in the foreign language program at Kenyon College since the latter "is designed for reading ability and knowledge of literature rather than for oral use";
- 5) that "students at colleges which do have labs did not show any particular improvement in written tests over students without lab";
- 6) that "most (foreign language teachers at Kenyon College) seem satisfied with the present situation";
- 7) that "language labs are very impressive looking" and that not having a language lab "is a disadvantage in status";
- 8) and that the "language lab cost (has actually been) found (to be) prohibitive."

As a teacher of a foreign language at Kenyon College, I am

Cont. on page 9, Col. 3



The Vlach Quartet: 1. to r. Viktor Moucka, cello; Josef Vlach, first violin; Václav Snitil, second violin; Josef Kodousek, viola.

Vlach Quartet Performs Monday

Making their first tour of the United States and Canada, the Vlach Quartet, hailed by critics in their native Czechoslovakia and throughout Europe, will present the second George Gund Concert of the 1963-64 season Monday night at 8 p.m. in Rose Hall.

The string quartet, consisting of Josef Vlach, first violin, Václav Snitil, second violin, Josef Kodousek, viola, and Viktor

Moucka, cello, will play Haydn's Quartet in D major, the Kabardin String Quartet No. II by Prokofiev and Smetana's First String Quartet in E minor.

Founded in 1950, the quartet made its first appearance outside of Czechoslovakia in 1955 when they entered competition at Liege, Belgium. So impressive was the playing of the Vlach ensemble, the jury unanimously

awarded first place to the group and eliminated second place to make the honor even more fitting.

Since that time their reception in the music centers of the world has been uniformly high. From Moscow, London, Vienna, Copenhagen, Dublin and Hamburg come such expressions as "technical perfection, magnificent, captivating, wonderful, fascinating, charming balance."

Again an Abdication

Once again, the cause of short-sighted, "let's-worry-about-today-and-the-hell-with-the-future" planning has been admirably served by a Kenyon planning committee. The Faculty-Administration-Trustee-Student Advisory Committee on the new upperclass dormitory has delivered its neatly packaged recommendation to President Lund.

The FATS Committee favored an independent dorm, so constructed that, when the independents wish to form new fraternities, the building may be easily converted to a fraternity dormitory. The independents then, it would seem, would again be left out in the cold.

The meeting took less than two hours, and the cogs of mediocrity, carefully oiled, ground smoothly. The three students on the FATS Committee had already made their positions clear. Both Fred Kluge and Bill Hamilton had been instrumental in bringing about the report favoring an independent dorm delivered by the Student Council Planning Committee. Bill Hylton was chairman of that Committee. The other members of the FATS group also seemed to favor an independent dorm. Other possibilities were only fleetingly mentioned, and the rubber stamp of here-and-now planning was neatly affixed to the Committee's report, and its meeting was adjourned.

We only wish that FATS had had more lean.

Abolition of Sinecures

The positions of class president and treasurer, it seems, are ineffectual, meaningless, and unnecessary. The only apparent virtue these offices have is that one may include in graduate school applications the important sounding statement, "I was class president." This possible benefit to one student is not enough to warrant the existence of these positions. If the function of the class officers is so minimal, only a massive reorganization, giving them power and importance, would dissuade our conviction that these offices should be abolished.

Concerning the Self-Study Report

In the October-December Alumni *Bulletin* the text of the Kenyon Self-Study Summary is printed, along with comments by two Kenyon undergraduates, Fred Kluge and Perry Lentz.

The Kenyon Self-Study has been one of the most important activities in American education, for measures discussed and adopted through Self-Study have already had effect on other campuses. Many colleges and universities are studying our new elementary foreign language requirement with an eye to possible implementation, and such institutions as Williams College are following our lead in abolishing the class attendance rule. Certainly the abolition of the accumulative average as the major yardstick in determining a student's achievement and intellectual worth will have far reaching implications in collegiate education. The College which was so progressive and active under Gordon Keith Chalmers, and which started the Advanced Placement Program, has again, under F. Edward Lund and Bruce Haywood, taken a position of leadership in matters academic.

It is distressing that the report to the alumni and the public of this momentous study be couched in trite, precious statements replete with ambiguity and neatly turned metaphor. "Curricula are not like automobiles," we read in the report, and "this little essay is beginning to look like something out of *Brave New World*."

If one has the strength and patience to wade through the mass of saccharine generality which clouds the report, one may indeed find within it a "kernel of truth" suggesting sweeping and necessary changes in all aspects of Kenyon life. Perhaps too few of us will have that strength.

A Change in Format

This issue of the Collegian marks an important change in our format. In switching from letterpress to offset printing, and in using a heavier, whiter stock, the appearance of the paper has been enhanced, and our ability to report rapidly Kenyon events has been greatly increased. While in the past we have had relatively inflexible deadlines, limiting us to coverage through Wednesday at the very latest, we are now able to extend this coverage to Thursday. In this issue, for example, you will find a story about the Oberlin Game, played last night, which Oberlin won, 66 to 61.

The flexibility of offset will enable us to expand our pictorial coverage, and will allow various typographical effects prohibitively expensive with letterpress.

The Kenyon Collegian



SINCE 1856
A BI-WEEKLY

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The only way that democracy can be made bearable is by developing and cherishing a class of men sufficiently honest and disinterested to challenge the prevailing quacks. No such class has ever appeared in strength in the United States. Thus, the business of harassing the quacks devolves upon the newspapers. When they fail in their duty, which is usually, we are at the quack's mercy.

H. L. Mencken, in *Minority Report*

Prof. Sutcliffe Discusses Role of Professionalism

We boast, properly, that more than sixty per cent of our graduates go on to professional and graduate schools. We were proud to be listed, a few years ago, among the principal sources of young scholars. Where are men to be recruited for the professions if not from the colleges? Like most early denominational colleges, we were founded to produce clergymen and teachers; the idea of liberal education in such colleges has always had a strong infusion of professionalism, and so long as it is not debased into illiberal vocationalism, the professional aspect is no cause for shame. Some of our most honored studies, particularly in the sciences, would seem to lead only toward professionalism, and if the social and humane studies lead often to scholarly careers, we can be glad of that, too.

But it is possible to over-do the professional aspect. Indeed, students not infrequently say that we do over-do it; that they start hearing about graduate school during the orientation period of the freshman year, before they have entered a Kenyon classroom. More than one undergraduate has said to me that because he did not want to go on to graduate school, he felt like a second-class citizen. Now if we really do create that feeling, we are slighting the liberal aspect of the College — our prime reason for existence.

These reflections are prompted by what I hear and see on the campus and also by judgments which I encounter more and more frequently on the lips of other teachers and educational officers. Jacques Barzun deplores the impatience of teachers and students in undergraduate colleges "with everything that is not directed at the development of talent into competence." He expresses his fear that liberal colleges are losing sight of their traditional function under the impact of "this professional invasion." (New York Times, Dec. 12, 1963.) Louis Benezet (President, Claremont Graduate School) asserts that for the beginning student or the amateur scholar less appears in the selective college curriculum. The professoriate, he says, act "as if each student in the class were preparing for a professional career in that subject." "Grind schools," he calls such places.

Advanced Placement courses in high schools, acceleration plans, and honors programs in colleges are suffering critical reaction for similar reason. Barzun thinks that honors programs may too often be defined as "premature research," while critics of Advanced Placement courses lament

the plight of the high school student "who finds he must forego a rational program in order to bask in the prestige of the special projects." (C. Robert Haywood, "Barnum-Bailey and the 'Other' Courses," *Liberal Education*, XLIX (Dec., 1963), 459 ff.) Have we, in the post-war emphasis on academic excellence, supposed it to be synonymous with specialization and professionalism. Is it true, what some educators say, that we are driving our young people into desperate states of anxiety by this push and pressure?

Concurrently there has come about an increased emphasis, among faculty members, upon research and publication. Some of that activity has been stimulated as well as supported by governmental agencies and by foundations. It has also been encouraged by the natural desire of colleges and universities to be distinguished by the names of their eminent scholars. As result, teachers in the better colleges have been able to demand reduced teaching duty, more liberal systems of leaves, and other assistance to their studies. The prestige of the teaching function has sometimes suffered in consequence. (Cf. Kenneth E. Eble, "Who'll Keep the Store?," *AAUP Bulletin*, XLVII (Sept., 1961), 230 ff.)

Nobody wants unlearned and unlearning teachers to confront half-ignorant and aimless students under the pretense that somebody gets educated in the process. Nobody wants special talents to wither for want of special attention any more than he wants to make a cult of mediocrity. But neither, I hope, do we want liberal education to be characterized by relentless and joyless pressure on student and teacher alike; we don't want it to lose its supposed humanizing effects by moving too soon and too fast toward professionalism.

The following editorial appeared in the January 3, 1964 issue of the New York Times. We reprint it in conjunction with Professor Sutcliffe's article.

A recent issue of *Science* presents disturbing evidence that the enormous extent of Government subsidies for scientific research may be seriously weakening the teaching of science in American universities and colleges, and thus in some ways damaging the nation's future scientific prospects.

The cleavage between science teachers and students is such, Harold Orlans of the Brookings Institution reports, Cont. on page 3, col. 5

Letters to Editor

The Collegian is pleased to print the following letter of clarification from Steve Weingrad '63 to his brother Ronald Weingrad '67.

Dear Ronnie,

Before saying anything with regard to your letter I should like to comment on Fishman's letter published in the Nov. 8 Collegian.

While my intent is not to criticize or apologize for Fishman's letter, I feel that his remarks, taken out of context, at best present only part of the picture.

The letter was written hardly a week after we arrived at our site, this preceded by an equally short orientation period in Bogota. Cultural differences notwithstanding, there is little that distinguishes Bogota from any large American city. Moreover, we were living in a fine hotel, eating well, sightseeing, etc.

In effect we were somewhat unprepared for the social-economic change we faced upon arrival in the "campo." Fishman's comments represent a hastily-formed first impression, valid only in the sense that they emphasize the change, the poverty, and sickness we now encountered.

Taken out of his element and observed, the campesino does appear sickly, ignorant and filthy. But I don't think you can look at him as one might look at a specimen under a microscope — solely as an observer. You have to live with him. This is not to say that all things are relative — live like a slob and after a while you don't see the filth — not at all.

My point is that comparing the campesino "only to the ugliest derelicts one sees in N.Y. walking the streets of the Bowery" is an invalid assumption. Because when you work and live with them you fast realize that they are not ignorant or lost, only very poor and without education. They are a backward and superstitious people, but hard-working and proud (as proud as one might be under such circumstances), and as Fishman said, friendly and warm.

I think there is a danger in feeling too much compassion for them because they don't need compassion. What they need is help.

Steve (Weingrad '63)

Religious Services

The Rev. Robert J. Nelson, Professor of Systematic Theology at Oberlin College, will preach in the chapel Sunday morning, January 19, at 10:30 A.M. The Rev. Roderic H. Pierce will preach in the chapel Sunday morning, January 26, at 10:30 A.M.

IRRESPONSIBILITY AND ERROR IN "ACTS AND LANGUAGE" CHARGED BY KENYON TRUSTEE

To the Editor:

I have read the article by James Morgan, A.I.A., which appeared in the Collegian issue of November 22, 1963. The reading of the article produced mixed emotions, not knowing whether I should be angry or should feel sorry for the author of the article. It appears that the author has been a reader of Time Magazine, as shown by his use of adjectives such as "myopic," "brutal," "stodgy." In any event, I believe that a statement is in order with the firm understanding that this is not the start of a series of articles and that no further statement will be made by me.

In order to supply information it is well to give some of the background of some of those persons whose prime interest has been in the building program at Kenyon. I believe that this is important in view of the statement made that persons concerned and responsible for Kenyon's building program have little appreciation of the background of the College. I graduated from Kenyon in 1926, have been doing legal work for the College for the past 17 years and have been chairman of the Buildings and Grounds Committee of the Board of Trustees for the past five years. The other members of the Building and Grounds Committee of the Board of Trustees are Pierre B. McBride, Class of 1918, Henry L. Curtis, Class of 1938, and R. Gale Evans, Class of 1925. The President of the George S. Rider Company is Allen H. Neff, Class of 1937. On the other hand, Mr. Morgan graduated in 1957 and, I believe, took some post-graduate work in architecture, a course not offered by Kenyon. He is described in the article as being a member of the American Institute of Architects. The latest roster of the A.I.A. (April 1963) fails to disclose his name as a member. As far as background is concerned, these facts speak for themselves. *Editor's Note: The Collegian erroneously stated that Mr. Morgan is a member of A.I.A. He subsequently corrected us.*

During the past five years approximately \$4,000,000 has been spent by Kenyon in building new buildings, remodeling old buildings, and doing work necessary to give Kenyon an adequate and complete physical plant. We believe that this expenditure exceeds the total amount of money spent for the physical assets of the College during its entire history up to 1958. In order to complete the rejuvenation of the physical plant and to provide accommodations for the size of the College as determined by the Board of Trustees, the future plans are to provide for a new upper class dormitory, the nature of which has not yet been decided, a new heating plant, a library for Bexley and the possible erection of a commercial building which might provide some living quarters for students. This is part of the background involved in the program for the physical well-being of the College.

During the past five years the major projects completed have been the complete remodeling of Leonard and Hanna Halls, the construction of Philip Mather

Chemistry Building, the construction of Chalmers Memorial Library, the remodeling of the old Library, the construction of McIlvaine Homes, the construction of Gund Hall, the construction of the addition to Peirce Hall and the construction of various faculty residences.

The architects for the Chalmers Library were O'Connor and Kilham of New York, a firm which has specialized in college libraries. The Austin Company of Cleveland designed and built Phillip Mather. The remainder of the construction was designed by George S. Rider Company, engineers and architects.

With this background it is well to consider the background of Mr. Morgan. He has approached me and, I believe, every other person connected with Kenyon's building program conveying to us his conclusion that he knew better than anyone else what was wrong with the program, what was wrong with the buildings and how he could do a much better job of designing the buildings. So far as any of us know, Mr. Morgan's experience has been limited to a comparatively short period of time working for other architects and small jobs remodeling residences and, as shown in the Collegian of November 22, the designing of a new chapel on the River Road. From all of the information I have been able to secure he has raised a critical voice at all times but without ever giving any positive suggestions of any kind. He has not been retained by anyone to do any work in connection with our building program.

The design of a building means much more than making a sketch of its exterior. For example, the basic contracts for Gund Hall amounted to approximately \$400,000. Of this amount the mechanical contract covering heating, plumbing, etc. and the electrical contract, amounted to \$105,000. In other words, approximately one-fourth of the cost of a building such as Gund Hall is represented by utilities and service matters. In addition to these factors, there must be considered financing, utility, relation to other buildings, and many other matters. Consequently, an architect has to be familiar not only with making drawings of the exterior of buildings but with the mechanical and electrical features which make them livable, and with all of the other factors which go into a building.

To go into specific problems, when Leonard and Hanna Halls were remodeled the physical condition of the buildings was such that serious consideration was given to the question of whether they should be torn down and new dormitories erected or whether we should retain the basic structures and remodel the interiors. The costs were greatly in favor of remodeling, which was done. It is apparent that we had to work within the limitation of the existing buildings. Both of them have been completely remodeled and at the present time are much better buildings than they were before the remodeling. One obvious thing is that Hanna is now fireproof, while prior to the remodeling all of us were very concerned about the fire

Cont. on page 5, Col. 1



"Thundering" John Coltrane Part Of Winter Dance Week End Fete

by Ed McCampbell

"The only thing to expect from John Coltrane is the unexpected." Zita Carno gave this opinion on one of the most controversial musicians on the jazz scene today. Kenyon students will have an opportunity of their own to pass judgment Friday, January 31, in Rosse Hall, when the man rated as the number one tenor saxophone player in America by virtually every jazz poll comes to Kenyon.

The usual reaction to a Coltrane performance, even among supposed jazz connoisseurs, is something like, "I dig Coltrane; I just don't understand him." It should prove interesting, then, when Kenyon and Coltrane meet. The only jazz concert to be given on campus in recent years was that by the Dave Brubeck Quartet in 1962. The leap from Brubeck to Coltrane is a large one.

He was born in Hamlet, North Carolina. He began his musical career at the age of fifteen when he took up playing the alto saxophone. He soon switched to tenor and, after playing with such groups as Dizzy Gillespie, Earl Bostic and Johnny Hodges, he joined the Miles Davis Quintet with which he remained (except for a brief stint with Thelonius Monk) until April of 1960. It was during this period that he acquired his present reputation and rose to the position as top tenor saxophonist.

Coltrane's playing has been aptly described as "exuberant, furious, impassioned, thundering." He seems to be engaged in a search for some ethereal per-

fection, and he carries his listeners along with him. He is never satisfied with a particular "sound" which he may have achieved, but is always striving for new and better approaches to jazz.

Coltrane's style has been linked to that of Johnny Hodges and Charlie Parker. By his own admission these men had a tremendous influence on him. But there is no doubt, that he has developed a new sound of his own, a sound which is already the subject of emulation by younger saxophonists.

Though best known as a tenor sax man, "Trane" has nevertheless experimented with other instruments. One of his most popular recordings, a jazz version of "My Favorite Things", features him on a soprano sax, an instrument he handles with considerable facility.

Coltrane is very ably assisted by one of the fastest rising pianists in jazz, McCoy Tyner, who, like Coltrane, is the possessor of a rather unique approach to jazz. Together these with the excellent backing provided by Elvin Jones on drums and Jimmy Garrison on bass, weave a sound that is new, exciting, and highly entertaining, and should provide a most enjoyable evening for the Kenyon student body.

The concert is sponsored by the Sound Committee.

Ganter . . .

Cont. from page 1

full professors of the college faculty. This money to be in memory of Richard Ganter, class of 1856, his father.

A \$75,000 trust will come to the College in memory of Mr. Ganter's brother Maxwell, class of '04, on the death of a niece. No specific purpose has been established from the income from this trust.

Another \$75,000 left in trust to his secretary, is bequeathed to the College on her death. The income from this is to be used each year in beautifying the grounds of both Kenyon and Bexley, the streets of the College, planning and maintaining trees, turf and shrubs. The money is not to be used in grading and other work usually done by local authorities.

The last item, a \$5,000 trust is left to Harcourt Parish, with the annual income to be used for maintenance and replacement of furnishings in the Parish House.

Council Concerned About Eating Habits

"Something should be done about the manners in Peirce Hall." We are going to "organize an investigation, but we must be very cautious." This action was announced Monday night at the Student Council meeting by Tom Collins, chairman of the Dining Hall Committee. No plans were revealed as to how this investigation would proceed or what general aim was in sight.

Discussion then centered on alleged obscenity in the current HIKA. Perry Lentz motioned to table the discussion with the understanding that Council members on the Publications Board would inquire about the topic at the next Publications Board meeting.

N. Y. TIMES . . .

Cont. from page 2

that over half of all university scientists know the names of few or no seniors majoring in their departments. A fifth do not even know the names of advanced graduate students. In the spring of 1961 science professors at twelve major universities taught an average of only six classroom hours weekly.

At some large schools the problem of graduating seniors who do not know faculty members well enough to get references has become so pressing that it has been necessary to appoint special counselors to meet this need. Some eminent professors spend so little time teaching that even their graduate students have trouble getting to them. In undergraduate laboratory sections the teaching tends to be done by the poorer rather than the better graduate students since the latter are too amply provided with fellowships and research assistantships to need bother with teaching.

Government research funds which make it so profitable for university students to spend little or no time in the classroom merely compound a general problem that deserves wide attention. In too many cases a university professor's promotion and salary bear no relationship to the quality of his teaching performance—if he teaches at all, that is.

Usually the way to get ahead in the academy is to publish often—almost regardless of the importance of what is published—and to get a reputation for entrepreneurial skill in snaring Government research contracts or foundation grants. Frequently there is no formal incentive to interest a professor in doing a superior classroom job, and on some campuses a teacher's status is inversely proportional to the time he teaches, or to the amount of time he spends on university grounds at all.

University administrators and Government officials alike have a responsibility for prompt action to correct this situation. A better balance between teaching and research would tend to improve both education and scholarship.

YALE'S ARCHITECTURAL RENAISSANCE IS CREDITED TO PRESIDENTIAL LEADERSHIP

Because of the recent interest in college architecture, the Collegian asked Warren Iwasa '65 to report on Yale's new buildings. Here is his report.

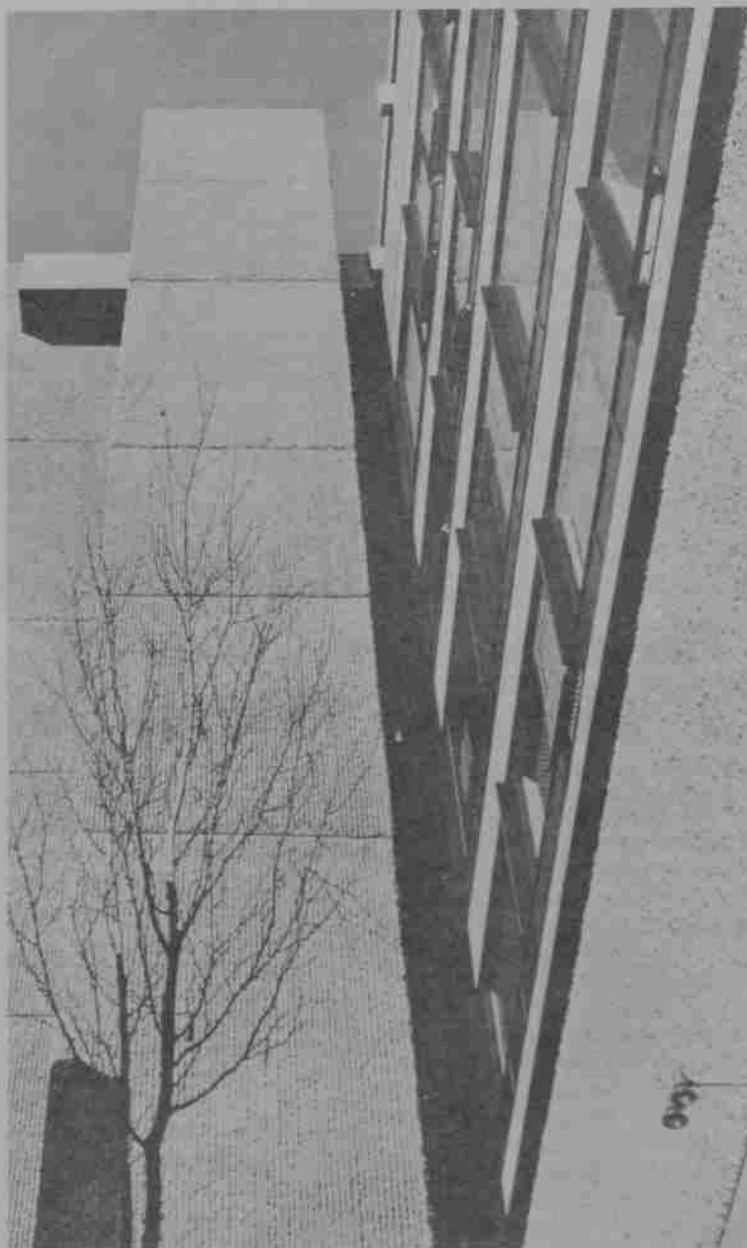
Even the architecturally unlearned visitor to New Haven cannot escape marvelling at the recently completed buildings on the Yale campus. With only the impression of Branford College in mind, I began an informal tour of the widely discussed additions. My companion, a resident of New Haven, was Richard Spinner, Kenyon '63. Together we casually inspected Morse and Ezra Stiles Colleges, the Ingalls Hockey Rink, the Art and Architecture Building, and the Rare Book Library.

Naturally concerned about student housing, we first walked through the Saarinen designed colleges. Richard mentioned that the city was originally troubled by the unpainted, roughly textured walls of the \$7.5 million buildings. Now, in light of the urban renewal program and the more radically designed structures, New Haven has wholeheartedly approved of them. What immediately struck both of us was the seemingly complex layout. Proceeding from the Yale Co-op, which is integrated into Stiles College, we soon found ourselves in the Morse College courtyard. Irregularity, though initially troublesome, became the distinctive feature; new and unfamiliar geometric surfaces surprisingly confronted us as we rounded the different corners. Along with this, the original sculpture scattered throughout both colleges made our tour exciting — "crisp and energetic," to concur with Scott Fitzgerald's Monsignor Darcy.

Because we both knew a couple of undergraduates who had remained over the vacation, we were able to visit individual rooms. A section of Stiles that we entered housed five students in three single rooms and a double. The single, as large as the head proctor's room in Gund Hall, though not "luxurious," appeared eminently comfortable; our friend had no complaints. A junior, he'll be able to retain the same room for three years.

The next building scrutinized was the Art and Architecture Building. Designed as a pinwheel or a circular stairwell, Paul Rudolph, who heads the Yale Architecture Department, managed to fit thirty-six different levels in a six-story building. Beginning at the top, our descent was occupied with the various architectural surprises (the different views outside through the windows on the staircases of each level) and sundry *objets d'art* (an Albers metal sculpture hanging above an entrance, a Baroque mirror along a corridor, ancient statuary on a rooftop level). We also encountered an unattractively printed sign — PRIVATE KEEP OUT, THIS MEANS YOU. — which indicated that a considerable number of idle, curious folk also examined this building.

The Rare Book Library, located next to the pseudo-gothic (or neo-gothic) Berkeley College and the Law School, was given to Yale by the Beinecke family. Significantly, its cost has not been publicized. Richard noted that it was a masterpiece, and



Art and Architecture Building

New Haven knows it and is proud. The marble walls — translucent and glowing — compelled us to touch them; they, however, were cold. Like the other two buildings, this one enchanted us through its surprises; originality, moreover, never failed to be functional. Gordon Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill must certainly have been allowed to work freely.

About five blocks from the new library, the Ingalls Hockey Rink, "the dinosaur," stands defiantly. We later learned that it has also been nicknamed the "Napoleonic Hat" and the "Pregnant Whale." We did not even begin to compare it with the Polo Barn. The late Eero Saarinen, Yale '34, also designed this building.

Fascinated by the architectural prominence of the buildings and inquisitive of their cost, we asked for an interview with the Director of Information, Mr. Stoddard, a former Yale classmate of Mr. Norton, unhesitatingly named the late A. Whitney Griswold, the

former President of Yale University, as the inspiring element. His proposals to the Joint Faculty Committee for Buildings and Grounds and to the Yale Corporation (board of trustees) began what the Yale Undergraduate has called an "architectural renaissance." A man who had "philosophical reasons" to build, President Griswold appointed a distinguished committee of architects (Eero Saarinen, Paul Rudolph, Gordon Bunshaft, and Philip Johnson, a collaborator of Mies Van der Rohe) to plan new colleges, dormitories, classroom buildings, and laboratories. In the thirteen years of his presidency, Griswold, who was featured in the June, 1963 issue of *Architectural Forum*, managed to finance the construction of twenty-six buildings.

Working with Paul Mellon, who donated \$15 million to build and maintain Morse and Ezra Stiles Colleges, President Griswold realized the "philosophical needs" of Yale; the residential college

system had to sustain her academic excellence. Yet, the "self-evident needs" were not neglected. The necessity of housing women graduate students resulted in a proposal to build a functional and attractive dormitory; partially financed through government loans, Henlen Hadley Hall, a redbrick building, designed by Douglas Orr, contributes to the general distinctiveness of Yale architecture.

Recalling what we had seen and heard, and reflecting on the present condition of Kenyon architecture, Richard, having acquired an additional aesthetic reference base (the U.S. Army) said, "If functional necessity is to be the criterion (of future Kenyon architecture), the army has the answer — four wooden walls one flat wooden, tarpaper covered ceiling, a heater in the center, banks of septic fluorescent lights, and a door that normally closes." Speaking as an alumnus, Richard, the former station manager of WKCO, considered it imperative that Kenyon adopt a different attitude, one which wouldn't exclude artistic endeavor.

And although he feels that President Lund is presently over a barrel, he couldn't help but comment that Pittsburgh Plate Glass could use the science annex with greater efficacy.

The day after the new year began, after Private Spinner returned to Fort Dix, I was invited to come to Saybrook College by a member of Yale News Bureau, Mr. Richard Banks (a writer of storybooks and a fellow of Ezra Stiles College). The delightful hour long interview reasserted three things. 1) Former President Griswold, who was "receptive" to architectural advances, figured decisively in the erection of bold

buildings. 2) President Griswold's concern for the "intellectual climate" of Yale and the residential college system (fraternities are "quite weak" at Yale) initiated the planning of Morse and Ezra Stiles Colleges. 3) Private donors, with whom President Griswold worked closely, are invaluable. Furthermore, Mr. Banks felt that Yale architecture belonged to New Haven, which, he had heard, has been dubbed a "little Athens."

Leaving the News Bureau under the spell of Mr. Banks' charming discourse, I soon rejoined a Smith and a Goucher friend, and with them I once again walked through the Stiles College courtyard. The girl from Goucher, who wished to leave a *billet-doux* for a vacationing Morse resident, asked a member of the college maintenance crew for his address — which he knew. As she wrote, I, still curious and eager for another perspective, inquired of any constructional complaints. The cooperative fellow responded thus: trouble with the radiant heating system, trouble with cracking doors and shutters (he pointed to the "L" shaped reinforcements), trouble with acoustics, and trouble with the outside lighting fixtures which were placed too high for convenient replacement. He also mumbled something about the chandeliers in the dining hall which reminded me of similar distresses here.

Finally a parallel, though not a desirable one, had been established between Kenyon's and Yale's architecture. Otherwise, everything accomplished in New Haven seemed at antipodes to our necessities? — more modest achievements.

MARK HOUSER ANALYZES PANAMA CANAL ZONE CRISIS

by Mark Houser

"I took the Isthmus," exclaimed Theodore Roosevelt. However boastful and pompous it may seem now, it was said then with pride and sincerity. Unless you were one of the principals adversely affected, you received the statement with visions of Old Glory flying majestically sovereign over an outpost of American Civilization. Recent events in the Canal Zone indicate that many Panamanians still consider Old Glory neither majestic nor sovereign.

To one who knows only what he reads in the newspapers, the Panamanian demand for internationalization, backed by threats of seizure, is quite absurd. We wonder why an incident sparked by a silly high school prank should escalate into so severe a crisis. Noting the suddenness with which the Chiari government broke off diplomatic relations with the United States, adding this to the shock of the aforementioned demands, we begin to suspect a Castroite-plot or communist-inspired agitation.

The true agitator, wrote Ambrose Bierce, is one who shakes the fruit trees of his neighbors so as to dislodge the worms. In this instance, the "worms" are legitimate complaints against United States policy in the Canal Zone.

These grievances, expressed violently in the similar flag riots of 1959, find much support among the ruling class of a country on the edge of revolution. Given the legitimacy of their cause, the forty or so top families which run Pan-

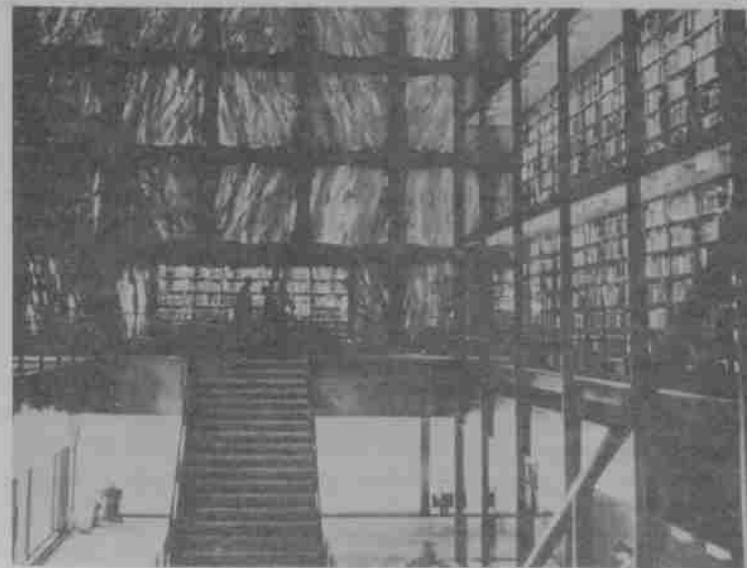
ama find it easy to apply that old maxim of successful ruling: when faced with dissent, utilize the presence of an external enemy to unify your people under you.

In saying that Panama is on the brink of an upheaval, we have the following facts to rely on: contrasted to the few wealthy families and the fifty thousand Americans who live in the Canal Zone and who are well-off, the population of Panama is four-fifths Negro or mulatto, one-third illiterate, and one-seventh unemployed. Wages in the agricultural sector are about \$1.60 a day.

So it is, then, that agitators find it easy to reach the people simply by pointing out the relevant facts: (1) the United States gets a gross income of \$100 million from the Canal, and from the \$5 million net profits gives Panama only \$1.9 million; (2) few Panamanians hold important jobs in the Canal operations, segregation is practiced, and the pay scales are uneven between Negroes and whites; (3) the United States uses over one trillion gallons of fresh water each year to operate the Canal, thus placing severe burdens on Panamanian agriculture; (4) the United States has been ambiguous over who really controls the Canal Zone.

No ambiguity was present in the 1903 Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty. America was given "... all the rights, power, and authority within the zone mentioned ... which the United States would possess and exercise as if it were the sovereign of the territory." These provisions were substan-

Cont. on page 12, Col. 3



Rare Book Library

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ONCE THERE WAS A SLEEPING COUNTRY THAT HAD SPENT EIGHT YEARS UNDER A SPELL. NOBODY TALKED. NOBODY ARGUED. EVERYBODY SLEPT.



THEN ONE DAY INTO THIS COUNTRY RODE A HANDSOME YOUNG PRINCE. "IT'S TIME TO GET MOVING AGAIN," THE PRINCE DECLARED. THE COUNTRY STIRRED IN ITS SLEEP.



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS PEOPLE ACTUALLY BEGAN TO TALK. THEY ARGUED. THEY TOOK SIDES. "STOP TALKING SO LOUD!" THE REST OF THE COUNTRY GRUMBLED IN ITS SLEEP. "HAVE SOME CONSIDERATION FOR THE REST OF US."



BUT THE TALKING ONLY BECAME LOUDER. MORE AND MORE PEOPLE AWOKE AND ANGRY THAT THEY HAD TO BE AWAKE, BEGAN TO TALK. BEGAN TO ARGUE. BEGAN TO TAKE SIDES.

THEN ONE DAY THE YOUNG PRINCE WAS KILLED. NO ONE COULD AGREE BY WHOM. EVERY SIDE ACCUSED EVERY OTHER SIDE. BUT CALMER HEADS PREVAILED.



"SEE WHAT WE HAVE COME TO WITH THIS WICKED DISSENSION," CALMER HEADS ARGUED. "LET US CLEANSE OUR SOCIETY OF THIS DIVISIVE DEBATE!"



AND THE COUNTRY, SUFFERING FROM WOUNDS AND GUILT, CHEERED. DEBATE HALTED. ARGUMENT DIED. AND THERE WAS NO MORE TALK IN THE LAND.



AND AS THE COUNTRY PREPARED FOR SLEEP IT HOPED NO ONE WOULD EVER ASK IT TO MOVE AGAIN—



FOR IT REALLY DID NOT WANT TO KILL ANY MORE PRINCES.

Morgan, Long Reply to Farr

Cont. from page 3

hazard in this building. In doing this work, the architects had to make their designs within the framework of the existing buildings. In our judgement, an excellent job was done. If these buildings had been razed, they would not have been built in the same style, but we cannot afford the luxury of spending money for unnecessary work.

The next building was Philip Mather, which presented a different problem. It had to be constructed in conjunction with Samuel Mather, in order to have a form of science center for Kenyon. As far as exterior design was concerned, the purpose was to design a modern building, but one which would harmonize with Samuel Mather. The results speak for themselves: we believe that a fine result was achieved and that Philip Mather is a distinct addition to Kenyon's physical plant.

Strange to say, Mr. Morgan has little to say about Chalmers Library. Perhaps this comes within his general category of "mediocre buildings." Mr. Morgan to the contrary notwithstanding, the Library is an outstanding building, whether appearance or utility is considered. It is in harmony with the rest of the campus, yet is a building of modern design. No apology need be made by anyone for this building.

Gund Hall is next to be considered. I can only be amused by Mr. Morgan's statement about "the secretive and hurried process" by which Gund and Peirce Halls were planned, financed and built. In all kindness, Mr. Morgan simply does not know what he is talking about. Perhaps his conclusion as to "secrecy" is that he was not consulted, which is true.

Again, the design of Gund Hall has certain restrictions. It had to be in harmony with existing Lewis and Norton Halls, yet was to be of better design and, particularly, of better utility. For example, studies were made of the defects of Lewis and Norton, with the aim of eliminating those defects in Gund. One of the most severe complaints was about noise. We believe that this has been solved in the design of Gund. It is very easy to write about "stodgy", "institutional" and other qualities. This is mere name calling. The result Kenyon has is a good building, of sound design, good looks and one

which can be pointed to with pride.

That "poor thing", the addition to Peirce Hall, again demonstrates Mr. Morgan's unsound thinking and lack of knowledge, and that he has no conception of detailed work involved in planning, financing and constructing buildings. The basic problem was that additional dining space was required. The first decision was whether to build an addition to Peirce, or to incorporate kitchen and dining facilities in Gund Hall. After exhaustive study the decision was made to add to Peirce Hall. This had immediate limitations, which involved design so as to harmonize with existing Peirce Hall, use of kitchen facilities. Here the factor of cost entered. The cost of reproducing the same design as Peirce Hall would be prohibitive; the instructions given to the architects were to design an addition which and which would be within our budget. This has been done and done satisfactorily. Obviously, some compromises had to be made in order to fit the new construction with the old. Peirce Hall looks the same from Middle Path: from the east the addition is in harmony with the older building, and already has proved to be a workable and aesthetically satisfactory building.

Several things puzzle me in Mr. Morgan's remarks about Peirce. Whatever "scandal" there might be about the cost of lighting fixtures has not come to my attention; perhaps it too exists only in Mr. Morgan's imagination. The snide remarks about the use of the basement level shows only lack of knowledge on Mr. Morgan's part.

In summary, the whole tenor of Mr. Morgan's article displays lack of knowledge and a sophomoric attack (with apologies to sophomores) on everyone except himself. Of course every person has a right to give his ideas, but this right should be used with restraint, and not colored by indiscriminately used adjectives, half truths and lack of maturity. Without going into further detail, he stated that the George S. Rider Company's experience "consists almost entirely of small factories around Cleveland." The Rider Company has been in existence over 60 years; some of their work may be seen around Cleveland in

St. Alexis Hospital, Sunny Acres Sanitarium, Parmadale, St. Edward's High School, just to name a few. This incorrect statement was made by Mr. Morgan who, as late as September 19, 1963, as well as on other occasions, tried to become associated with or employed by Rider Company.

As said at the start of this article, this does not signal the beginning of a continuous exchange of views. Differences of opinion in matters primarily concerned with aesthetics are not capable of being resolved by invective. I can only hope that Mr. Morgan, when maturity reaches him, will learn to temper his remarks and further, will learn that architecture claims to be a profession which carries with it the obligation of acting with professional dignity and in accordance with professional ethics, which do not condone irresponsible acts and language.

We of the Board of Trustees and the Administration are proud of our accomplishments for Kenyon and apologize to no one, including Mr. Morgan, for the College we love so well.

George Farr '26
Chairman, Building and Grounds Committee of the Board of Trustees

Mr. Morgan was asked by the editor to review Gund Hall and the Peirce Annex because he has a masters degree in architecture from M.I.T.; he is a registered architect of Ohio, which requires passing examinations in all technical aspects of construction. As a loyal Kenyon alumnus and as a practicing architect, he has shown a genuine interest in seeing collegiate architecture, including Kenyon's, improved. Additional comments by Mr. Morgan on the Chalmers Library are available in the Kenyon Alumni Bulletin, January-March 1963, pages 10-13. The "scandal" referred to concerns the cost of the Peirce Hall first floor lighting fixtures: \$5,000. Additional positive suggestions are offered below by Mr. Morgan, exercising his right, as reviewer, to answer correspondence.

The editors do not claim to have any understanding of the complexities involved in building. But speaking purely as the users, and inevitably as critics, of the finished product, we submit that the beauty of a college building is as much a part of its "utility" as its engineering. We, as users of the buildings designed for our benefit, must have final say as to its success. Mr. Morgan, a profes-

KENYON GRAD PUBLISHES PRES. JOHNSON BIOGRAPHY

JOHNSON:
Man and President

A new, complete and inspiring life story of the President of the United States of America and his family



By HENRY A. ZEIGER
Foreword by JAMES TRACY CROWN
Associate Professor of Political Science
New York University

sional architect and a recent user of college buildings ('57), has presented sound objections to Kenyon's current program, objections not answered by your ad hominem attack. Kenyon presumes not only to educate the mind to practical ends but to cultivate the aesthetic appreciation of its students as well, and its buildings serve their function — are 'utile' — only if they serve both ends.

In our zeal for Kenyon College, let us not be blinded by how much we've been able to spend. It would be better if we opened our eyes to see what we have bought.

DDL

To the Editor:

It is my conviction that the professional has an obligation to speak out when, in matters pertaining to his profession, a great gap exists between what is being done and the best practice of the time, and when no other concerned person can speak knowledgeably. On that basis I have always, except for a recent proposal whose motive was no secret in Gambier, urged, not my own employment on the College, but that of other architects, better-qualified than those retained. The truth is that so long as the choice of architects depends more on their connections than their merit, no change in the present course can be expected.

Therefore, at Mr. Farr's invitation, I wish to make this "positive suggestion": that the architects for future buildings here be chosen on the basis of competitions run according to procedures established by the American Institute of Architects. These may

Henry A. Zeiger, '52, has written the first comprehensive account of the new President: *Lyndon Johnson: Man and President*. Zeiger was contacted by the Popular Library, Inc. of New York while still watching televised accounts of the assassination of John F. Kennedy, and spent the major portion of his time on the book "poring through magazine stories and news clippings." He utilized the services of free-lance writer Alfred Connable for four days of intensive research, and put the book together in a scant thirteen days.

The book, reaching the newsstands December 15th, runs to 50,000 words and contains both biographical information on President Johnson and statistical information concerning presidential succession. The foreword is by James Tracy Crown, associate professor of political science at New York University.

Zeiger is not new to "hurry-up" jobs. In 1960 Signet published his book, *The Case Against Adolf Eichmann*, just two months after Eichmann's abduction from Argentina and imprisonment in Israel. He also did a rush article for Popular Library on the piracy of the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria*.

be either open to all registered architects or invitational. For Kenyon's needs the latter seems in better proportion. Each Trustee who wished might nominate an architect whom he felt was qualified to compete. Some of the Trustees not now involved in building and grounds matters have used distinguished architects for their own work and the field might be quite varied. All would compete on the same basis. The jury would be chosen of men expert in their several fields, yet sympathetic to the College and Gambier, to insure that the design selected was the optimum of appropriateness, functional excellence and economy. The jury's disinterest would insure selection on merit alone.

Of course the Trustees as a whole would have the privilege of rejecting the jury's choice, but if nothing else happened, the choice would have been infinitely widened and the possibility of excellence introduced.

Architect Jim Morgan '57

ROELOFS VOICES APPROVAL

CHANGES ARE EXPLAINED
IN THE ACADEMIC RULES

We recently discussed with English Professor Gerrit Roelofs the reasoning behind and problems of last fall's decisions by the College to do away with cumulative grading and much of the current class attendance requirements. While the PR man would proclaim in block letters that these are parts of Kenyon's "GREAT STRIDE FORWARD", Roelofs' simple statement that "they are damn good moves" suits the situation much better, as it is in tune with what seems to be the evermore realistic approach of the faculty to the purpose of a college and the aim of a college, i.e., learning, not a 3-point.

The cumulative average is an abstract, mean-nothing number which enables graduate schools to select their students quickly if unreasonably. Concentration on the all-holy average prevents a devotion of time to the students' prime interests because he must do fairly well in everything and usually is compelled to take sev-

eral courses which are not at all appealing to him. A student cannot recover from one or two bad final marks his first two years, though they have no relation whatsoever to his major field of study. Now, with no cumulative grading and also with the recent drastic revisions in the diversification requirements, a student may pursue that plan of study wherein he will desire to learn and achieve rather than spend each class period counting down the minutes til the final bell rings.

Three major points were outlined by Roelofs:

1) As far as Kenyon's estimates of a man's capacity is concerned, the faculty is primarily interested in his achievement rather than in whatever obscure average he may amass. "We are now concerned completely with his productivity in specific courses, with whether or not he has attained either a consistent or improving level of study in his major fields, and whether or not he has digressed. We will base our letters of recommendation to graduate schools on what a man is now rather than on the abstract of what he has been at various stages in the previous four years."

2) The new system contains an "element of forgiveness" for inadequate performance in the underclass years. The cumulative average "was established almost entirely at the end of the sophomore year; it failed entirely to

reflect either the case of the man who began horribly and ended brilliantly or of the man who came in excellently and departed unnoticed. Now, through graduate school recommendations letters, we may make the trend in the man's work explicitly obvious to admittance committees."

3) There is an element of judgment in the new system. If, at the end of his senior year, a man evidently has gone downhill, "we can make this evident to grad schools." A student may no longer

Cont. on page 12, Col. 1

India Appeal
Begins Today

In spite of the fact that Dr. K. Bhaskara Rao was unable to visit Kenyon this past week because of bad weather conditions in New York, the Appeal For India, a student-faculty sponsored campaign to raise \$750 for the construction of eating facilities at the University of Nagpur, India, will proceed as planned.

According to Mike Harrison, Appeal committee chairman, students will be contacted in their rooms and faculty in their homes sometime Friday, Saturday, or Sunday, January 17-19. For the campaign to be a success, everyone should give at least one dollar.

The money, badly needed by the university whose 15,000 students presently dine in public restaurants where food quality is low and prices high, will cover only 30% of the total buildings cost. The remainder will be raised by the Indian students and other local sources.

NOTES FROM NOWHERE

by Virgil C. Aldrich

The difference between a "game" and a "sport": we do not ask anyone, what sports do you play? We ask, rather, what sports do you engage in and what games do you play? One plays games and engages or participates in sports. What is this difference? Well, look at some clear-cut cases of sports on the one hand and games on the other, overlooking here the intermediate or overlapping cases. We play, by "sitting down to," a game of cards or chess. It is not the player's movements that count here. Rather, what counts is the moves that he makes with the pieces — cards, pawns, etc. — in accordance with the rules. In fact, such a game is defined by giving the rules that determine what moves can or cannot be made by what pieces in a given distribution. But look at the sport of skiing or hunting or mountain climbing. These are not games that we play. They are sports we engage in. We do not sit down to play a sport, because its defining essence is a certain skillful activity on the part of the sportsman. He participates in the activity. This keeps him on the move, in a performance under certain controls. "Controls" is better than "rules" here since a sport as such, is not defined by a set of rules as is a game. Skiing is a clear-cut example. There is a sort of regulation of the activity, to be sure, but these consist mainly of circumstances supplied by nature — the slope, the curves of the mountain's flank — and skills developed by the skier.

These outer and inner factors regulate the activity, none of them being a "rule" in the straightforward sense.

When a sport becomes competitive or "social", featuring the degree of difficulty of the performance and the corresponding prowess, rules in the conventional sense are introduced. Some sports, like tennis or football, are devised with this end in view from the beginning, and these are naturally thought of either as sports or games because they are rule-regulated. (We play football; we don't play swimming because, in its first intention, it is not a game.) So we have the Olympic "games" that sportsmen either participate in or play, as you like. Such are the intermediate cases.

These remarks have a philosophical implication for the inclusive activity called human life or "living like a man." Is this, in some generalized sense, a game or a sport? Well, one doesn't sit down to play the game of life, as one does to cards. That gives a wrong picture. One engages in the activity of living like a man, and this makes it look like a sport. But there are ethical restrictions or rules that increase the degree of difficulty of getting what one wants — reaching the "goals" of life — and these give life certain game-like characteristics. One "plays the game" if one proceeds ethically on the way to the desired ends. Some of these rules seem built in to any human situation. Don't slander, keep promises, don't cheat. Others

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MT. VERNON NEWS
RETRACTS KENYON
DEFAMATION NOTE

In its November 8 issue, the *Collegian* reprinted and critically commented on a letter which had appeared in the *Mt. Vernon News*. The *Collegian* hopes to settle the matter in reprinting a December 14 *News* article, this one a self-explanatory retraction signed by its editor. The item follows intact.

Some weeks ago the *News* printed a letter signed "B. A. Sapp, Howard" which inaccurately attacked Kenyon College and two young people who had been fined and imprisoned for trespassing in a Gambier cemetery. For two reasons the letter should not have been published: its misstatements of fact defamed the characters of those concerned, and the name signed to it was probably false, although there was cause to believe it authentic at the time. It is not the policy of the *News* to print anonymous or pseudonymous letters.

The letter said that last May some unnamed Kenyon student had committed an act of desecration in the Oak Grove Cemetery, in Gambier, and that the college had shielded him from detection. The evidence is that the college co-operated fully with the efforts of the police to discover the person guilty of this act, and that the police were unable to solve the case. The letter also stated that the young people who trespassed in the Quarry Chapel Cemetery four months later were "grave diggers" and that the sentence of the judge had been set aside. This also is false. They were fined and served jail sentences until Judge Puglisi released them. Finally, the letter alleged that to them and their parents the whole affair was a joke — in the face of the general opinion that the punishment was severe.

The *News* is making this statement in order to set the record straight. It does not propose to publish further correspondence about the matter.

THE EDITOR

Let's put the Michael back in Michaelmas

Above is a brief sample of the only extant work of Daniel Bergman, temporarily one of Kenyon's many poets-in-reticence. This *opus magnus* of Mr. Bergman's who has been down here doing a bit of business for the Baldrige Reading Service, was drafted during his term as reciter of beatnik poetry in coffee houses from Indiana to Greenwich Village.

Could Kenyon's conservative edifice be atrophying? we asked ourselves as we sat down with Mr. Bergman in remote, intimate corner of the Coffee Shop. Mr. Bergman's musical voice was almost inaudible under Nina Tempo's overdone rendition of "Deep Purple," so we had ample time to record his youngish features: bespectacled, black tie and suit to match his black, close-cropped wavy thatch and pallid, triangular face. As soon as Nina gave up, we discerned Mr. Bergman confessing.

"I was born in Chicago, but our family moved to Erie, Pa. when I was eight, back to Cleveland when I was ten. I studied at Ohio State, where I stayed for five years in the service of the Department of Military Science. You see, I had ignominiously flunked ROTC every semester of my stay there. I finally won a medical excuse from an old army doctor who concluded, at some length, that if I couldn't pass ROTC he wouldn't have wanted me in the trenches alongside him anyway."

We asked Mr. Bergman to return to his service of the beatnik poetry muse, which had been intriguing us. Last remembered he was arriving in New York after having interned in coffee dives from Indiana to Harrisburg, Pa.

"One of my last stands as 'house reader' was at a now fortunately defunct establishment called *Hassan's* where I read to the accompaniment of a jazz quartet. Unlike my colleague's, except for 'Let's put the Michael back in Michaelmas,' I did not write my material. Also, we had a special gimmick. One of us, usually myself, would be clad in an Ivy League suit to enable the audience to identify with him. The others would practice the insult customary in the coffee shops. By this method we could turn the intimidation back on the 'dirty' beatniks, and leave our audiences feeling pleasantly superior. We were very popular. I prided myself on not reading a straight program of beatnik poetry. Instead, I would interpose two real poems a night. They never knew the difference, but that left me feeling pleasantly superior."

Out of perhaps a sense of obligation, we sprang the common questions regarding his attitude towards Kenyon, emphasizing that he need feel under no obligation to spare our feelings. (which are notorious.)

"I've always had an affection for Kenyon. My advisor at OSU

THE GAMBIERER

was Peter Taylor, from Kenyon, a very marvelous teacher. As for deficiencies, no, I haven't noticed the intolerance for eccentricity that you mention." (We had.) "It must be recognized that certain reservoir of intolerance exists everywhere. It is only whether it is allowed to prevail that determines the ability of the individual to succeed in a place like this. At Kenyon it doesn't prevail."

We nodded, while noticing Mr. Bergman's considerably unmilitary bearing and entertaining a certain admiration for the army's selectivity. We suggested that the army might be in need of a beatnik poetry reader — Esoteric Third Class. We tried to visualize Mr. Bergman sporting a gold lapel pin proclaiming his Etc. rating and were gratified with the image.

"Now, let's not dwell on that. I've held other positions, too, during my half-decade at the Ohio State University. I was even a Fuller Brush man, though I didn't, as you say, seduce any housewives. I usually couldn't even seduce them into buying Fuller Brushes. Then I became a baby photographer, at which I displayed extreme heroism under fire and developed the fortitude which has stood me in such good stead since. Infants excreted on me, and one even pulled a seizure while I was trying to pose it. Usually, I just plopped them there and backed away fast. One day I backed right out the door, picked up the *New York Times*, and found the ad from the reading service. 'Yes, I did get my job through the *New York Times*.'"

Mr. Bergman indicated that he had been with Baldrige since 1960. "I've found it very stimulating," he said not looking very stimulated. "It's rare indeed to find employment that provides a sense of satisfaction at performing a useful function and at the same time fills one's personal needs at a certain age." We refused to speculate on what personal needs Mr. Bergman is filling here in Gambier, and pursued the subject of his work further. "Developmental reading is essentially comprehension improvement. We are interested in speed as well, but primarily for its salutary effects on comprehension. We feel that reading can be steadily improved simply by learning techniques to increase the level of conscious thought. The good reader thinks *furiously* while reading." He paused, eyes sparkling, no doubt contemplating the day when every man, woman and child in the country will think *furiously*, while reading.

As Mr. Bergman heads for greener pastures next Tuesday, we asked him if the reading program has been a success at Kenyon. In response, he drew himself up and announced officially, in a tone quite inconsistent with his previous conversational languor, "This is one of the most successful programs I've taught."

We thanked Mr. Bergman, wished him fortune and tenacity, and took our leave, promising him and ourselves that we would think all the time we read from now on.



George Vafiadis as Lincoln and Robert Snook as Douglas

Corwin's "The Rivalry" is Found to be Unsatisfactory

By Jeff Fisher

I was asked by the Collegian to concentrate on the production of "The Rivalry" and not the play itself. However, it is axiomatic that an actor seldom transcends his vehicle, and *The Rivalry* is as bad a vehicle as I have seen.

The playbill describes as "a powerful, two-act dramatization of the Lincoln-Douglas debates." Unquestionably, it is about the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Almost the entire first act and half of the second is taken up with the actual stenographic record of the debates. The issues at stake in these debates have, for the most part, disappeared from the American scene. We are no longer concerned about the addition of new territories, the extension of slavery, the Dred Scott decision, the Mexican War, or the campaign for the Illinois senatorship of 1858. Except as historians, we aren't even concerned about the outcome of the debates. What then is needed to bring these issues alive for an audience in 1964? As I see it, there are two possibilities: first, an account of the times preceeding the debates which would provide an historical and emotional context for them. This might not be drama, but at least it would be arousing documentary. Second, the establishment of a clear-cut personality conflict between Lincoln and Douglas, so that the issues of the debates would be more than local politics, but indicative of ways of thinking and living.

In either case, the debates would be subordinated to a broader context which might speak to us today. Of course, this could only be accomplished, if it were going to be a drama, to the detriment of historical fact. Norman Corwin preferred history to drama, leaving us to wonder for two hours: "What are they yelling about?"

To be fair, there is within the debates themselves a glimmer of drama. The questions of white supremacy, the constitutionality of slavery, and the criteria for interpreting the Constitution command our interest today and show us two men in bitter con-

flict. However, Corwin carefully minimizes these in the latter half of the second act, which is a maudlin appendage to the debates wherein he hastily describes the presidential campaign of 1860. Douglas, it is shown, recognizing the futility of his campaign due to a party schism, pledges himself to work for the preservation of the Union at the expense of his own candidacy. The two men are reconciled in a final scene after Lincoln's election, and we are reassured that, after all, whatever their petty differences may have been, they were always agreed in the all-important concern for the Union.

There is no action in the play, and it is therefore wholly dependent upon dialogue to move it along and retain the audience's attention. I hope I have shown that it fails to do so. Actually, there really is very little dialogue, as the participants in a debate seldom talk to each other (and seldom hear each other), but, rather, gear their talk to an audience.

All this places a tremendous burden upon the actor who must be remarkably dynamic in order to make the author's words exciting, or, in the case of "The Rivalry," resuscitate them. If it were possible to do so, the Cleveland Play House Touring Company failed in its task.

George Vafiadis, as Abe Lincoln, was embarrassing, combining occasional studied mid-westernisms with what sounded faintly like an Irish brogue. (This, I later discovered, was due to the fact that he was alternately playing in an O'Casey play.) His line readings were stale and often incorrect. He persisted in shouting his points, as if to bludgeon the audience, giving no emotional intensity or special distinction to his major premises. Furthermore, when he was led upon to render Lincoln's "celebrated wit", he was self-conscious and his timing was bad. Our overall impression of Lincoln was strangely disillusioning.

The part of Adele Douglas includes some of the play's best lines. At least, they are refresh-

Cont. on page 8, Col. 5

JOHN COCKS THE INVINCIBLE MAKES YEARLY FILM AWARDS

Since reaction to the best and worst lists of last year was generally unfavorable, I have decided to continue them, hoping that reactions will be just as violent this year. With those who consider the idea of any lists of this kind snobbish, negativistic and biased, I completely agree, and hope further, as a wish for the new movie year, that these positive-thinkers take themselves by their little hands, go to see *Cleopatra*, and then try discussing the whole movie situation in America with optimism and hope.

Of the seventeen movies on the "best list", only five are American; on the "worst list," all but three are American. This does not of course mean that to be good a film must have subtitles and be shown in a pillbox theatre with walls lined with abstract art and Juan Valdez Colombian Coffee and ladyfingers served in the lounge after six. It has been often pointed out, and bears constant prefatory repetition in cases like this, that in the United States we do not see about ninety percent of the world films output, which saves us to a great extent from a deluge of international mediocrity. Our home-grown variety is bad enough, thank you anyway. But on the other hand, the best of the foreign market is so much better than ours (compare *The Hunting*, a fine film, with *8 1/2*, a great one) that the outlook, brighter in most every other major country, remains for us still rather bleak.

A recent issue of the *Saturday Review* devoted about a dozen

pages to a survey of what they termed the "anti-formula" film in America. Excepting Arthur Knight and Carl Foreman, everyone sounded guardedly optimistic; could it be that the independent movement in America, the slow exodus from the big studios, will finally produce a "New American Cinema?" While theories were hopeful, products were not. After their mawkish and amateurish *David and Lisa*, Frank and Eleanor Perry degenerated even further, this time into the hysteria of *Ladybug, Ladybug*, certainly the most tendentious and ludicrous film of the year; *The Balcony*, made by Joseph Strick and Ben Maddow, was a muddled, nasty little abortion of Genet's play; Cassavetes directed *A Child is Waiting*, a film which made *Shadows* seem a long, long time ago indeed; and *Hallelujah the Hills* was a childish, obvious and pretentious attempt by Adol-fus and Jonas Mekas (of *Film Culture*) to duplicate, in style and theme, some of the success of the nouvelle vague.

The only salvation for the American film will and must come from the men of talent, not pretention, working either for their own companies or with a sympathetic producer: Stanley Kubrick, for example, whose *Doctor Strangelove* or *How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* looks like the strangest and most wonderful American movie since *Citizen Kane*, or Richard Leacock and Robert Drew, vanguards of *Cinema verite*, surely the most exciting movement in films today.

But it is painfully obvious from the *Saturday Review* articles that what is really needed is not an anti-formula but an antidote.

Best of 1963

1. *8 1/2* (Fellini)
2. *Billy Liar* (Schlesinger)
3. *This Sporting Life* (Anderson)
4. *High and Low* (Kurosawa)
5. *Le Caporal Epingle* (Renoir)
6. *Love at Twenty* (Truffaut episode)
7. *A Kind of Loving* (Schlesinger)
8. *Vivre Sa Vie* (Godard)
9. *The Haunting* (Wise)
10. *Crisis: The Story Behind a Presidential Decision* (Leacock and Drew)
11. *Hud* (Ritt)
12. *Horror Hotel* (Moxey)
13. *The Birds* (Hitchcock)
14. *Lola Montes* (Ophuls)
15. *The Exiles* (Mackenzie)
16. *Tom Jones* (Richardson)
17. *Mondo Cane* (Jacopetti)

Most of this list deserves an explanation, for which I lack space; but I should like to say something about the less obvious choices. *The Hunting* and *Horror Hotel* are both exceptional contributions to that most maligned and most difficult of all cinema genres, the horror film; both demonstrated, besides a carefully hidden attention to the nuances of psychological horror, a thorough and meticulous knowledge of the craft of the motion picture; Davis Bulton's vivid chiaroscuro photography in *The Haunting*, for example, and Robert Wise's mercilessly exacting directions, or the jump cut in *Horror Hotel* from the sacrificial

Cont. on page 8, Col. 1

Review of Great Lakes Art Exhibit

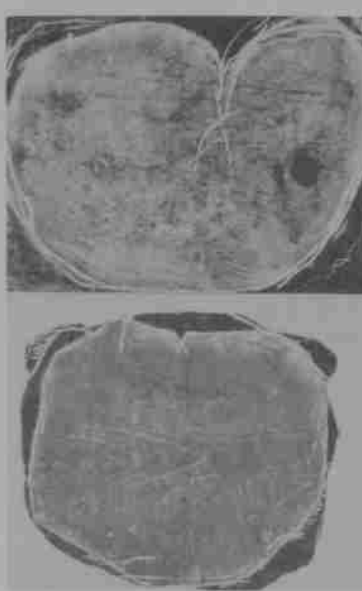
by Bill Wissman

The Great Lakes Colleges Association is currently exhibiting an art show in the Chalmers Library through tomorrow, composed of three drawings, watercolors or prints from each of nine colleges contributing to the exhibition. The exhibition has been traveling among member colleges of the Association since March of last year.

Unfortunately Kenyon submitted nothing to the exhibition; at the time works were being requested, our art department was in a transition period. Professor Slate, newly arrived, was still setting up courses etc. I assume the responsibility therefore when I criticize the show; I can't prove anyone here can do any better.

This is not the issue at hand, let us examine the show.

Peter Brown from Wesleyan has produced a most amazing woodcut, I assume of a human posterior, produced twice, in red and brown. Perhaps this observer fails to comprehend the intricacies of the color woodcut process, or fails to appreciate the value of grotesque forms; if so, my apologies, for indeed I fail to see its value. There is however one pleasing ambiguity — even as a posterior it looks strangely



Color Woodcut

By Peter Brown, Ohio Wesleyan

like an upside-down apple.

On the whole, if one can forget their dress pattern quality, the woodcuts are interesting. The cutting techniques lack any considerable manifestation of skill, although composition and color sense are in some cases outstanding. Phyllis Ward's woodcut is a very fine study in black and white and Marian Griswold has the best color composition.

The abstract watercolors are most embarrassing. Several

which are momentarily stimulating to one's color sense fade into a muddy uncertainty upon examination. There is a conspicuous lack of any single hard line, or area, of pure color to offset the muddy blending of the other colors. Gary Brown of DePauw (name proudly exhibited in bold letters) has probably the best abstract in the show. Rich and heavy blacks and purples, hard thin lines of solid black ink, all burdening the hint of wash underneath, combine to form a very striking image. Had his signature not been so bold and flowery (actually drawing one's attention immediately) a question of commercialism could have been avoided. One other very personalized presentation is worthy of note, that is John Hand's abstract watercolor; the blues and oranges of his composition work surprisingly well in the formation of a strange image.

Gayle Mitchell's portrait in pastels lacks the humor and the control of the recently departed Kenyon caricaturist, while retaining a sweet, almost maudlin picture of a cute girl — elegantly surrounded in color — whose face, to put it bluntly, is completely flat. There is no sense of the roundness or fullness of the

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"...eerie combination of Christianity and occultism in the climactic graveyard scene." a still from John Moxey's *Horror Hotel*.

CRITIC ANNOUNCES WAR ON MEDIOCRITY

Cont. from page 7

stabbing of the young girl on Witches' Sabbath to a close-up of a large knife cutting through her birthday cake and the eerie combination of Christianity and occultism in the climactic graveyard scene in the same film, are, with Clayton's *The Innocents*, the best work done in the genre since Val Lewton. Hitchcock's *The Birds*, masquerading as a case of Grade B technicolor horrors, was really a lethal little parody of thermonuclear destruction flung defiantly into the faces of an unsuspecting audience. *Lola Montes*, Max Ophüls' most gaudy and enjoyable film, was shown complete at last at the New York Film Festival; it's really not as good as some of the *Cahiers* group would have us think, but carries along with it such nostalgia for a style of filmmaking all too rare today that it is almost impossible to resist. The two documentaries on the list represent opposite extremes: *Crisis* (shown on ABC television this fall) is pure cinema verité, while *The Exiles*, with its filming on actual location and use of complete amateurs, is closer to the tradition of Italian neo-realism; both films, however, within their respective limits, are successful. John Schlesinger, director of two films on the list, is very much like Fellini in that he has managed, in both *A Kind of Loving* and *Billy Liar*, to impose a highly personalized interior on the unswerving pictorial honesty which is the hallmark of both Italian and English neo-realism. *Tom Jones*, made by Tony Richardson, another proponent of Free Cinema, is a funny film about which I have the greatest reservations, none of which, again for reasons of space, can be included now; but I do hope to have something a lot more definite about the film ready in the near future.

Worst of 1963

1. *Cleopatra* (Mankiewicz)
2. *Ladybug, Ladybug* (Perry)
3. *Spencer's Mountain* (Daves)
4. *The V.I.P.'s* (Asquith)
5. *How the West Was Won* (Hathaway, Marshall, Ford)
6. *Come Blow Your Horn* (Yorkin)
7. *PT 109* (Martinson)
8. *The Balcony* (Strick)
9. *Nine Hours to Rama* (Robson)
10. *To Kill a Mockingbird* (Mulligan)
11. *Take Her, She's Mine* (Koster)
12. *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* (Kramer)
13. *Hallelujah the Hills* (Mekas Brothers)

14. *The L- Shaped Room* (Forbes)
 15. *The Cardinal* (Preminger)
 16. *Lord of the Flies* (Brook)
 17. *The Victors* (Foreman)
- A few small tokens for individual achievement:

The Victor Mature Great Stone Face Award: to Tom Tryon in *The Cardinal*.

Best Justification for Atomic Warfare This Year: Doris Day (has retired trophy.)

The Stanley Kramer Citation for Shoddy Symbolism: to Carl Foreman for most every scene in *The Victors*, but especially the last: an American and a Russian in East Berlin argue about who will first cross a narrow wooden plank which spans a small puddle of mud; they take out switchblades; they stab each other; they both fall in the mud; the camera pulls up and we see that their corpses form the letter V; the first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth are heard on the soundtrack — twice.

The Bosley Crowther Award for Worst Film Critic of the Year: Andrew Sarris.

Two clay feet cast in bronze: presented to Dwight Macdonald, who resigned from *Film Quarterly* magazine because he was unwilling to appear "under the same rubric" with Andrew Sarris.

Most appropriate assignment of the year: Stanley Kramer will direct *Ships of Fools*.

The T.S. Eliot Sterling Silver Footnote Award: to Carl Foreman, who explained that the title of his film *The Victors* was ironic because "there are no victors in war."

Bring Your Lunch and a Change of Underwear Citation: to Dino de Laurentiis, who announced that his production of *The Bible* will be so long that it will have to be shown on two consecutive evenings.

The Sandra Dee Plaque: awarded to the least promising new actress of the year: Mimsy Farmer of *Spencer's Mountain*.

Most Pompous Title of the Year: *The Greatest Story Ever Told*.

The screaming Hiku Citation: Martin Ritt will make an occidental version of *Rashomon* entitled *Rape*.

The "Don't Miss Our Next Installment" Award: to Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who shot one hundred and thirty miles of film for *Cleopatra*, used only five miles for the finished product, and announced proudly that there was enough footage left over for thirty-eight other four-hour epics.

TRESCOTT ATTACKS "Rivalry" . . . "OLD TIME RELIGION"

by James Annable

A capacity audience sat in attendance December sixth at Philomathesian Hall to hear Professor Paul Trescott, with typical modesty, cast himself in the role of Clarence Darrow and assail the obscurantism of dogmatic dedication to the gold standard and the balanced budget. One of a series of faculty presentations, the lecture was appropriately entitled "That Old-Time Religion."

Developing his theme historically, Trescott traced the incipience of these doctrines to the seventeenth century. This period not only marked the establishment of an abstract monetary currency which needed the prop of gold convertibility, but also witnessed a growing public distaste for the creation of, or addition to, governmental debts. Such feelings emanated from the frequently irresponsible sway of royal absolutism, to say public borrowing was to mean another harmful military adventure or more lavish court expenditures. Thus, it is not difficult to understand the common consensus that the state could hardly be trusted with any discretionary authority over money and the resulting location of such power in the independent and mechanical functioning of precious metals.

It was not, however, until the twentieth century that the "old-time religion" of unqualified convertibility to gold and the necessity of balanced budgets became institutionalized and inflexible. Financial instability generated by the overworked printing presses and high government deficits of the first World War — exemplified in the extreme by Germany's trillion-fold increase in price levels — provoked great public desire to return to the "utopia" once afforded by the discipline of the gold standard and frugal state finance. With this haven in mind, the industrial countries of the mid-twenties straggled back to gold.

The goal was never to be reached; as it does so often, war and its ensuing events had altered the basic nature of the economic order. A highly productive, efficient economy was created which, because (1) there was not enough gold to adequately back the amount of transaction media necessary in this more advanced society and (2) any nation which wished a genuine currency-gold convertibility was forced to pursue drastic deflationary policies, was made extremely vulnerable to shock when placed on the gold standard. The adherence to this standard helped trigger the Great Depression, while the antipathy toward deficit spending helped to elongate it.

Ultimately the human discomfort produced by the depression disestablished the "old-time religion." The gold standard was the first to be discarded; in the United States, today, only a skeleton of the former oppressor remains to add financial stability to international trade. Pursuant was the more gradual public acceptance that, if monetary policy was to be directed toward the economically beneficial programs, government would have to be granted more liberal discretionary powers in this field.

The ensuing debate over how such powers were to be used inspired mainly by the writings of John Maynard Keynes. The Keynesian system, to which the balance of the lecture was almost wholly devoted, calls for a shift in emphasis in economic thinking; instead of deducing from a situation which assumes full employ-

ing after a dreary debate. Although she is the maudlin commentator in the last quarter of the play, she is also the sympathetic and practical wife in the first act. Unfortunately, Sally Noble, as Adele, the commentator, sounded like a contestant in a grammar school elocution contest, and as Adele, the wife, was often patronizing. Nevertheless, she was attractive, and we agree with Lincoln that she was Mr. Douglas' "better half".

Robert Snook, as Stephen Douglas, was wonderful. He was eloquent when he was supposed to be eloquent, pompous when he was supposed to be pompous, humble when he was supposed to be humble, and sick when he was supposed to be sick. The trouble is, we could see him being all the things the script said he should be. In short, we could see the machinery working; and this, contrary to popular opinion, is not what makes a good actor. A good actor is so natural and convincing that we hardly know he is acting. Rhoda Koret, as a Lady Douglasite, was the only one of the cast of five who did not suffer from "acting".

I will say no more, because I refused to be kept awake twice by *The Rivalry*.

SULLIVAN PREVIEW

Cornelius D. Sullivan, visiting Associate Professor of Political Science, will lecture on the nuclear test ban treaty for the International Relations Club on Monday, January 27, in Philomathesian Hall.

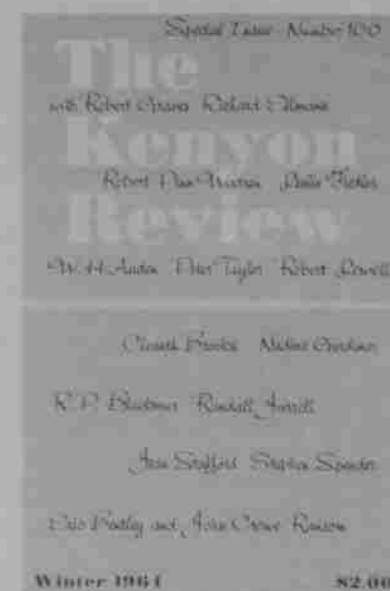
Professor Sullivan chose his topic, "The Nuclear Test Ban: Risks and Prospects," because of "its currency of debate in the administration and among scientists and political scientists" and because the treaty "marks a change in relations with the U.S.S.R." He will discuss how the treaty "relates to our military posture," and whether the diplomatic hazards outweigh the military risks.

We all laughed, but, then again, we wondered, why isn't he?

Myers Speaks

The Kenyon Symposium will host Professor Gerald E. Myers of the philosophy department at four o'clock in the afternoon on Sunday January 19, in the South Hanna lounge. His lecture, "Mental Moments", will concern the distinction between the mental and the physical and to what extent this distinction is metaphysical. Professor Myers will also attempt to answer, as a philosopher, questions about the relation of the conscious to the unconscious in 'mental moments'.

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Art Show



Pastel Drawing

By Gayle Mitchell, Kalamazoo

to do was fill in empty spaces. The conte drawing by Judith Hoehnle is an interesting and well executed study. Close observation reveals many ambiguities of form. One can see in the wheel the top of a bass fiddle, in the draped cloth a skull and so on. I object only to its composition on the page — everything off center and leaning.

One serigraph seemed above average, Joan Ten Cote's "Arms Upraised." The colors are somewhat amazing in this print, achieving a rich luminescent quality very seldom seen.

Molly Faries has produced a very good still life painting. The colors she uses are rich and hard; she gives evidence of that raw talent which handles color, not subtly, but with, to be pedantic, that strong, baroque sense of reality. Their painting has an overabundance of those strong lines of color we found lacking in the abstracts.

girl's cheeks, no feeling that her nose extends from her face. The colors Gayle uses are impressive. Unlike our capitalistic caricaturist, her attempt is honest — no jocks hanging on walls, no naked women hanging from biceps.

Of the pencil drawings, three are worth nothing. Sally Henry shows us she can draw; in her figure study she accomplishes the loose control so often pursued, and remains very observant. Diana Pagel's pencil drawing though intriguing at times, leaves you with a feeling that, in the end, all she could bring herself



Pencil Drawing

By Sally Henry, Denison



Watercolor By Lynne Bischof, Wooster

The prize painting is a watercolor landscape by Lynne Bischof of Wooster. The print provided here retains none of the

Events Elsewhere

The following events at nearby schools might be of interest to Kenyon students:

January 22
"The Hollow Crown"
Royal Shakespeare Theatre
Merston Auditorium, 8 p.m.
Ohio State University

January 27
Dave Brubeck Quartet
Ohio Wesleyan

January 28
"Renaissance Style and the Paintings of Massaccio" Creighton Gilbert, chr. of Dept. of Fine Arts at Brandeis
Antioch College, 1:30 p.m.

January 29
"Grounds for Moral Choice in a Pluralistic Society"
Paul Tillich
Merston Auditorium
Ohio State University, 8 p.m.

beauty of the original — everyone interested please go to the library and see it. The painting is done in light washes; there is a delicate oriental quality about it. There is a sense of mood and environment unequalled in the other paintings. All is done lightly, freely, yet with great care — in a word, magnificently simple.

Phoenix Exhibit

A pictorial exhibit, the Phoenix Theatre: The First Ten Years, will open in the Robert Bowen Brown Gallery in the Chalmers Library January 7. Made available to the Department of Theatre Arts of Denison, the exhibit presents through memorabilia some of the major accomplishments of the off-Broadway theatre, founded and directed by Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton since 1953.

interested in seeing the various misconceptions, inaccuracies and the attitude of the article in question corrected. I shall therefore comment on each point individually:

Point # 1 may be dismissed as irrelevant. Students may be expected to come to Kenyon College with a genuine desire to learn. Any undergraduate enrolled at Kenyon College who is under the impression that attending a college is an experience in forced learning, is badly missing the point of education.

Point # 2 is misleading. The fact is that the pilot lab at Kenyon College was an ill-advised, half-hearted attempt to try out a device which was relatively novel in 1956. The equipment, namely magnetic disc recorders, was lacking in fidelity and the open booth arrangement was at best amateurish. The facility was unusable and outmoded on the day of installation and must be considered a deplorable waste of money.

Judging by a poll I conducted myself, the claim under Point # 3, that the majority of foreign language teachers feel that the worth of a lab is not worth the cost, is not true. While I believe I am the only foreign language teacher who has actually had experience with language laboratory programs (at Columbia University), six of the eight foreign language teachers presently at Kenyon College seem to feel that electronic language training facilities and teaching aids would be highly desirable, provided that this would not add to the already heavy work load of the individual instructor. As is customary at other schools foreign language teachers administering departmental language laboratory programs should be compensated for this extra work by being relieved of teaching duties proportionate to their involvement in the program. Once we have a language laboratory at Kenyon, the College can also be expected to emulate another current practice at other schools (cf. Wooster College, Western College for Women etc.), namely of recruiting qualified foreign student-assistants for each language area. Such a policy would also help remedy the unfortunate absence of foreign students on our campus, while providing relatively inexpensive supervisory personnel for departmental language laboratory programs. However, all the foregoing seem to be mere details, which could be easily worked out once the decision has been made to establish electronic language training facilities at Kenyon.

The opinion expressed under Point # 4, that a language laboratory has no place in the foreign language program at Kenyon College, is erroneous. While the teaching of active language skills is not necessarily the main concern of the foreign language departments at Kenyon, except for students majoring in foreign language and students enrolled in conversation courses, at least two of the larger foreign language departments employ the oral-aural (audio-lingual) method of instruction in basic languages courses. This means that the students hear and pronounce the foreign words and phrases before they see them in print. They are subsequently asked to commit these sound and intonation patterns to memory. This is gener-

ally felt to be the liveliest approach to foreign languages. In the average elementary class of 15 to 20 students, the individual student may have a chance to pronounce each phrase three or four times while the class as a group tries to imitate the sounds the teacher produces. The individual student may then hear the phrases pronounced a few more times by individual classmates. When the student is faced with the task of learning these phrases by heart the same afternoon or evening, he has to reconstruct from memory, without the help of any model, the foreign sound patterns which he has heard only an average of eight to ten times, hours earlier. This is expecting a lot of the average student. More often than not he will learn and commit to memory mispronunciations and false intonations, which are almost impossible to erase from his mind a day later. In the above described homework situation a pre-recorded model lesson on tape could work wonders. Instead of brooding over his book alone or trying to consult his roommate or proctor, the student could simply check out a copy of a tape for any particular lesson and learn or review the patterns at his own leisure in the language laboratory.

There are other ways in which the foreign language programs at Kenyon could be substantially enriched, even beyond the elementary levels, if we had electronic facilities at our disposal. Various recorded materials, opera performances, poets reading their own works, complete drama performances, recordings of languages not commonly taught at Kenyon, (in the case of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literature recordings of Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Icelandic, Dutch, as well as dialect recordings, could be utilized.) With the help of various German

agencies our department has built up a collection of some 500 pre-recorded tapes and more than 100 long-playing records over the past three years. But where is the equipment to make use of these resources? The foreign language departments at Kenyon possess neither a tape recorder nor a record player. Moreover, literally hundreds of foreign language films of linguistic and cultural interest are available from foreign consulates and embassies at no cost other than return shipping charges. But where are the sound projectors that we could use to show such films in our language classrooms? One could continue this list of practical uses of electronic language training facilities indefinitely, none of which, detract from our professed goal of teaching students a reasonable reading knowledge and passing on to them a knowledge of the respective literature and culture. On the contrary. The use of such related materials could only enhance of learning a foreign language.

Point # 5 seems to be a prime example of how not to construe statistical evidence. The question that should logically have been asked is: How did the students who did not have electronic language training facilities at their disposal compare in aural comprehension with students who regularly enjoyed the use of such facilities? The answer would no doubt be that the latter by far surpassed the former in aural comprehension.

It should be made clear in this connection that we do not slight the more active language skills by choice. We simply realize that it is practically impossible to teach all language skills within a period of two years.

As already stated in connection with Point # 3, I seriously doubt the sweeping assertion made un-

Cont. on page 10, Col. 1

Survey of Language Laboratory facilities at the twelve member colleges of The Great Lakes Colleges Association

Albion College Albion, Michigan	40 positions	Sept. '61	413 students
Antioch College Yellow Springs, Ohio	25 positions	1960	80 students
Denison University Granville, Ohio	30 positions	Sept. '62	not available
DePauw University Greencastle, Indiana	28 positions	1958	634 students
Earlham College Richmond, Indiana	58 positions	Sept. '63	not available
Hope College Holland, Michigan	71 positions	1962	583 students
Kalamazoo College Kalamazoo, Michigan	36 positions	1962	198 students
KENYON COLLEGE	NO FACILITIES AVAILABLE		*
Oberlin College Oberlin, Ohio	63 positions	1963	not available
Ohio Wesleyan University Delaware, Ohio	30 positions	not available	708 students
Wabash College Crawfordsville, Indiana	30 positions	1962	360 students
College of Wooster Wooster, Ohio	32 positions	Nov. '62	715 students

* During the 1962-63 academic year there were some 270 students enrolled in elementary and advanced language courses, who might have profited from a language laboratory program.

The institutions listed above maintain separate, professional recording facilities, thereby enabling the language departments to produce their own tapes. At Denison University a recording studio is planned, pending relocation of the present laboratory. Information concerning recording facilities at Ohio Wesleyan University and Earlham College was not available.

HECHT . . .

Cont. from page 9

der Point # 6. The German Department is not only dissatisfied with the lack of adequate electronic language teaching facilities, we even attempted to do our share in helping to rectify this situation. A major part of my so-called summer vacation in 1962 was spent plotting and executing a fund-raising campaign for the establishment of a center for audio-visual instruction at Kenyon College. In consultation with the Office of the Vice-President for Development, at the suggestion of the Department of State, Washington, and with the blessings of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Washington, we appealed by personal letter to 150 regional and out-of-state foundations who professed to have an interest in foreign language training or the improvement of higher education. If one could equip a center for audio-visual instruction on good wishes and the \$1000 generously pledged towards such a center by the Louis D. Beaumont Foundation of Cleveland alone, we would already have such a facility in operation.

While it seems to be a matter of personal taste as to what is "impressive looking" and what not, a language laboratory can hardly be considered a status symbol any longer, as implied under Point # 7. According to the latest figures released by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, there are now some 5000 language laboratories in operation at high schools, colleges and universities in this country. In fact it was recently reported in the Mount Vernon News that two regional township high schools dedicated their language laboratories! If we care to be status conscious, we merely have to hold out a little longer and we shall be the only college in the U.S. without any electronic language training facilities. I am inclined to doubt, though, that such a reputation will be conducive to attracting any gifted future language majors to Kenyon College.

The time has come to acknowledge publicly that we at Kenyon have achieved a rare virtuosity in rationalizing our way out of problems which could be corrected by financial means we do not have.

Curiously enough we usually manage to emerge looking down our noses at other "lesser" institutions, which for some reason or other are enjoying more gener-

ous financial support. I am afraid that this time-tested formula is as little effective when it comes to the lack of electronic language training facilities as it is with reference to our chronically inadequate library budgets.

I resented most the headlines of the article under discussion. By whose authority do the authors find the cost for a language laboratory "prohibitive" (cf. Point # 8). As far as is known the administration was not even consulted in this matter.

Let us assume that the estimated figure of \$30,000 was correct (\$1000 of which has already been pledged). As of September 1963 there were some 126 students in elementary and 28 students in conversation courses. Thus the initial cost per student would come to less than \$200. If, as is customary at most colleges and universities, the language laboratory program were also to include intermediate language courses, then the total number of students eligible to use the language laboratory would rise to 292 and the initial cost per student would drop to little more than \$100. If any judgement is to be made as to what expenditures are prohibitive and which not, it is only fair to ask what the initial cost per student was for other laboratory facilities on campus, e.g. in the departments of physics, zoology, and psychology.

And one may justly ask, why should the cost for electronic language training facilities be found prohibitive at Kenyon College, while, for instance, all the other schools belonging to the Great Lakes Colleges Association have such facilities. Our sister institutions are similarly endowed and charge approximately the same rates for tuition. The same question may be raised with reference to Episcopal sister colleges. To my knowledge, Bard College, Hobart College, Trinity College, and the University of the South have been operating language laboratories for some time.

Furthermore, are we to assume with reference to the basic question of whether electronic language training facilities increase the effectiveness of foreign language teaching and thus warrant the high initial cost, that the 5000 PTA councils, boards of regents, boards of trustees, and other administrative bodies were foolishly wasting funds entrusted to them when they voted to have language laboratories installed at their respective schools.

In the interest of more effective language instruction, I sincerely hope that the day will come soon on which the administration and

the trustees embrace the idea of establishing a center for audio-visual instruction at Kenyon College. Such a center should contain a language training room with 30 audio active student positions and a master console. Provisions should be made in such a center for Vue-graph, sound movie, and slide projection with synchronized tape reproduction. The component parts in such a language training room should all be audio matched, of superior quality and greatest simplicity. A professionally equipped sound and recording studio and tape duplicator should be housed in such a center, to permit the production and mass duplication of master tapes. Furthermore, this center should include an audio-visual equipment pool for campus-wide instructional and extra-curricular use. Among the equipment in such a pool should be portable and mobile tape recording units, portable transcription record players, short wave receivers for educational telecasts, Vue-graph processing equipment and even a Xerox copier. And last, but not least, such a center should be endowed with an adequate annual budget.

Only when such a center is established will language students have the educational opportunities that should be available to them at a college of Kenyon's caliber. Once such facilities are available, there is no reason why Kenyon should not become the principal Middle Western foreign language summer school. Quality summer schools are paying propositions. During the past summer approximately 1000 students were enrolled in the five foreign language schools at Middlebury College alone. Almost as many qualified students, mostly undergraduates, could not be accepted for lack of space, while our facilities lie idle for the most part of the summer. There can be no doubt that on the strength of our academic reputation and in view of our ideal location, Kenyon could successfully compete with Middlebury.

Finally, it should not be overlooked that at least three other departments would benefit greatly if we had a center for audio-visual instruction: the drama department, the art department, and most of all the music department.

It is for these reasons that I would have preferred a more substantial and better informed article on this subject with the following headline:

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Coaches' Corner

Art Lave

Coach Art Lave of the Kenyon wrestling team answers several questions concerning Kenyon's wrestling program.

Q—Do you feel that the wrestling facilities here at Kenyon are satisfactory?

No. We should have a completely matted floor and walled room with temperature control. We have an old fashioned kapok mat. The new mats being used are made of different types of foam rubber. Originally, there was supposed to be a second floor to the field house which was to have a wrestling room.

Q—What makes wrestling a sport of such little interest at Kenyon?

Outside of Hiram and Muskingum, the entire conference shares this lack of enthusiasm toward wrestling. It probably doesn't appeal to many people as a spectator sport. For those who are out for the team, however, it is greatly worth while. Other sports like golf and swimming also have little spectator appeal, at least to me personally. The only reason our swimming team draws crowds is because they are a winning team. Three years ago when the team wrestled at Rosse Hall, instead of the field house, we used to be able to draw crowds because students walking by Rosse Hall would come in just to see what was going on.

Q—With the little enthusiasm shown by the student body, do you think wrestling should continue as a varsity sport?

At the present I feel that wrestling should continue here at Kenyon. However, if we get a

few more freshman classes like this year's, we may have to drop it. Wrestling as an individual sport still has its value here. As a team sport, it is hard to defend, but individually there is a lot accomplished. Richard Ray had an 11-1 record last year and Rick Wortman was 9-3. These records were better than any on last year's golf or tennis teams.

Q—What can the school do to bolster the wrestling program?

They can give two scholarships a year to wrestlers. They (the admissions office) must go out and look for good wrestlers. To compete with schools in our conference we must go out and recruit.

Q—Do you foresee any improvement in the program in the near future?

Right now I see no chance of improvement.

Q—Are most members of the wrestling team experienced matmen before they come to Kenyon?

Only two of the nine men on the team never wrestled before they came to Kenyon. Freshman Mike Ulrey is from Mt. Vernon, where the high school has no wrestling team. Right now he is just gaining experience. Many boys quit because wrestling is one of the toughest sports there is. This year's freshman class included 16 high school wrestlers, but only one of these came out for the team. Eric Summerville is the other boy who had no experience before coming here. He has shown steady improvement each year.

BIG RED DOWNS LORDS; LIVINGSTON SCORES 19

Kenyon's varsity basketball team dropped their sixth contest of the season last Friday to visiting Denison University by a score of 65-50. The game, attended by an enthusiastic, if not always satisfied crowd of Lords' fans, was close, as the home team was not ruled out until the last five minutes. High scorer, Kenyon's center Randy Livingston, chalked up 19 points.

Denison's Big Red got off to a slow start, shooting poorly and making many mistakes, while the Lords jumped to an early 13-7 lead. The visitors then began to hit and took a 31-29 edge into the second half. After the opening tap of the second period, Denison scored four quick baskets to Kenyon's one, putting the Lords eight points down. The gap gradually widened, giving Denison a fifteen point spread at the final buzzer.

The Lords played well and hustled but could not compete with Denison's height. The Big Red, in this instance aptly named, had a starting average height of 6-5 compared to Kenyon's 6-1, and easily controlled the boards throughout the game. Neither team played an exceptional game, Denison shooting poorly and getting into foul trouble while Kenyon missed free throws and key shots. Kenyon mentor Harrison feels that his team might possibly have pulled off a victory if they had bettered their 10 for 24 record at the foul line; especially with many of the misses coming on one and one situations.

In 1964 action Kenyon stands 1-6 on the season, with a conference record. Denison was 5-5 before the Friday game. Kenyon's lone victory came against Kalamazoo on New Year's Day.

The Lords edged the Michigan quintet by a 77-75 margin. Ken Klug with 23 points and Brian Farney with 22 were the leading pointsmen for the victorious Lords. The following day the scales were tipped the other way as the Gambier hoopsters bowed to Hope 79-76. Ken Klug was again high scorer, this time netting 22 points. Klug, by the way, leads the Lords with a 17.7 point per game average, followed by Livingston with 11.7 and Farney with 11.3 average.

Coach Harrison had a few things to say about this year's team. On the credit side, he felt the squad has shown considerable improvement since the Fenn game. He also stated that no team would out hustle the Lords. However, the low average height of his players and their distressing habit of taking a bad shot at crucial moments do not help towards any improvement in the win column. According to Harrison, the young team—four freshmen have started at one time or another—lacks experience. John Lynn, one of last year's starters, played his first game of the season Friday night. The addition of Lynn, still recovering from a football thigh injury, should help the team. However, the loss of co-captain Dave Schmid, due to a knee injury, has

OBERLIN TOPPLES LORDS 66-61, TRIUMPH ON SECOND HALF RALLY

by Jay Levenson



In another game Lord Hoopsters mixed things up in an effort to take the ball away from Denison. The Big Red recovered and went on to hand Kenyon its sixth loss of the season, 65-50.

Kenyon's basketball team lost its seventh game of the season last night, bowing to Oberlin 66-61 before a very sparse home crowd. The Lords actually beat themselves by running into heavy foul trouble, committing a total of 26 personals. Although Kenyon outshot Oberlin from the floor 24-20, the Yeomen hit on 26 of 39 shots from the free throw line, while Kenyon connected on 13 of 20.

After the opening minute of play, the home team held the lead until 11:30 remained in the second half when Oberlin captured a 44-43 lead. For a few minutes the Lords stayed even with Oberlin and the score was tied at 51-all with seven minutes left in the game. At this point Oberlin scored six straight points and never again relinquished the lead. Coach Harrison's squad battled back to within two points, but with just under two minutes remaining, Oberlin's Willie Austin hit on two clutch free throws to turn aside all hopes of a Kenyon comeback.

The Lord attack was led by Brian Farney, who scored 20 points, 13 of them coming in the first half. He was supported by Ken Klug and Randy Livingston, who had 15 and 14 points respectively. Oberlin, who had four men in double figures, was led by Wendell Meeks' 16 points. Meeks sparked the Yeomen's come from behind drive, netting 12 of his markers in the final stanza.

GRAPPLERS MEET ASHLAND, ADRIAN

On December 13th, the Lords wrestling team traveled to Ashland College for their first meet of the season. At 123, freshman Dick Dye pinned his man in the second period. Following up at 130, Jim Kirk pulled a quick first period pin on his man, further raising the score. Bill Judson, wrestling 147, outpointed his opponent and added another 3 points to the total. Captain Rick Wortman pinned his man; and Dick Ray finished the Lord's scoring with another victory. The Ashland scores came on a pin at 137 and a win at 177, plus a forfeit (5 points) in the heavy-weight class. The final score was Kenyon-21 and Ashland-13.

After vacation, on January 11, the Lords clashed with Adrian College in Adrian, Michigan. Like the first meet, this too was non-conference. The first two matches were very close, with Norm Hartsel winning 2-1 at 123, and Jim Kirk tying his man 1-1. Adrian copped the next two matches: 137, with a pin, and 147, with their very strong man out-pointing Bill Judson. Rick Wortman pinned his man, and Dick Ray won 7-2 for the Lord matmen. Adrian won 17-7 and also took five more points for a forfeit at heavyweight. These last five forfeit points made the difference, as Adrian won 10-13.

This Saturday the grapplers face a strong Denison team in their first conference meet of the year.

Tankmen Drop First Two Meets Follow By Sinking Wooster, 65 - 28

Kenyon's swimming team got off to a disappointing start on December 7 at the Ohio Conference Relays which were hosted by Ohio Wesleyan. Wittenberg stole the show by piling up 89 points and breaking three relay records to land itself comfortably in first place. Thirty-three points down the line came second-place Kenyon, whose 56 points were just enough to edge powerful Baldwin-Wallace with 52. The aquatic Lords came home from Wesleyan less than encouraged by their performance.

Kenyon managed to place second in two events — the 400 yard Breast-Fly Relay and the 200 yard Medley Relay. In the other events the Lords finished between third and fifth except for the diving which they did not enter. Coach Edwards said that Wittenberg was more prepared for the relays than Kenyon was, and that the Lords did not swim as well as they could have.

After the relays, the swimmers began their regular season by taking on two large Mid America Conference universities — Western Michigan and Bowling Green. No one expected a small college like Kenyon to beat these teams, and Kenyon didn't. The contest with Western Michigan fell on December 12, and the swimmers were dunked 70-25. There were some performances, though. Tim Holder came up with a first place in the 100 yard free style (53.8) and it took Dave Gullion only 2:16.6 to win the 200 yard back stroke even. Holder also picked up a second in the 200 yard free style race in a 2 minute span of time. Ted Arnold placed second swimming 200 yards of butterfly in 2:30.2, and it took John Miller 2:33.0 to get the same results in the 200 yard breast stroke. Six Lords managed to earn third places. Coach Edwards felt that his team swam well against powerful Western Michigan.

But Kenyon did not swim well against its second oversized opponent, Bowling Green. The overall performance here should have been better, despite the deceiving fact that the score in this meet was not so unbalanced as in the previous one (63-32). Holder won the 200 yard freestyle, this time in 2:00.4. Nick Harris received first place honors in diving with Dave Gullion following in second. Ted Arnold brought his 200 yard butterfly time way down to 2:25.8 to walk off with that race.

Second placers were Captain Labaugh swimming 200 yards of Individual Medley (2:19.5), Dave Gullion back stroking the same distance (2:16.0), and John Miller breast stroking 200 in 2:32.6. As in the Western Michigan meet, Kenyon lost both relays — the 400 yard medley and the 400 yard free style.

These two opponents are very strong and our overall performance against them is not so significant as the relay results. Coach Edwards feels that the Lords have tremendous potential, but they are not swimming as well as they can. The main weakness continues to be the free style sprinting. The Lords must lower their times if Kenyon is going to be conference champion for the eleventh straight year.

Kenyon's tankmen then avenged their two earlier defeats, dunking Conference rival Wooster 65-28. The victory gave the Lords a 1-2 over-all record, with a 1-0 Conference mark.

Led by co-captains Mike Claggett and Tom Labaugh, the swimmers copped firsts in all events, although they had to share honors in the 400 yd. freestyle relay. Claggett won the 200 yd. freestyle in 2:00.3, missing the varsity record by .5 second. Labaugh topped the Scots in the 200 yd. individual medley.

Charlie Evans paced the squad with victories in the 50 and 100 yd. freestyle. Freshmen accounted for two of the teams wins, as Ted Arnold chipped in with a win the 200 yd. butterfly while Charlie Schwarzbek added five more points, taking the 200 yd. backstroke.

Also contributing to the Lord triumph were Ed Telling and John Miller, copping firsts in the 500 yd. freestyle and 200 yd. breaststroke, respectively.

Changes Explained . . .

Cont. from page 6

rely on top grades his first two years to bolster a dropping cumulative average and still impress the graduate schools. And, "more importantly, the man with genuine and large-scale improvement will not be punished by his poor beginning."

Collegiate honors will be determined by the "achieved degree of proficiency, intellectual versatility and integrity which the student has mastered by the end of his four years." Essentially, the new system brings in a smidgen of fairness not previously recognizable.

Roelofs is admittedly puzzled about how graduate schools will react when they have no access whatsoever to a cumulative grade, but he feels "this situation will do away with the obvious stupidity of equating a Kenyon 'A' with an 'A' from any other school in Ohio for example. Graduate schools will have to reckon with Kenyon's standards and not an abstract cumulative figure placed beside those from everywhere else. "This is the most important change since I've been here with regard to the practice of instruction and the value we put on the consequences of our instruction. By this change we will be able to present the Kenyon student to the public in a much more favorable light and take account for the College's stringent ways. This is a dramatic change of tone and emphasis."

He provided the Collegian with some figures concerning the Class of 1964:

Total number of members (June, 1963)	112
Number with 3.0 ave. or better	28

FATS . . .

Cont. from page 1

were:

First, the new dorm should be built for organized Community living. They felt that division oriented groupings would create a better atmosphere for academic and social purposes. Second and third, the new dorm should be situated and constructed in such a way that the advantages would not just be temporary but would fit well into a long-range facilities plan. They called for careful study of both points.

The fourth point was the most important. The committee heard arguments by students and administration members in November and used these in their discussions of the four possible ways to use the dorm, as a senior, honors, fraternity, or independent habitat. They listed the following recommendations and weaknesses for each:

1. Honors dorm. The advantages cited for honors were unanimity of purpose of residents, a quieter study area, and the creation of an "honors" atmosphere. The committee felt, however, that the College would benefit more if the honors students were living with their classmates. They felt that it would also be a disadvantage to the honors students themselves, if bunched together in a separate society.

2. Senior dorm. The advantages of a senior dorm would be bringing together of the class after three years for a final hard year of grind. Distractions from academics could be lessened. Sen-

Number with 3.5 ave. or better	6
Number with 2.5 ave. or less	69

As he read these figures, his reaction was ire. He went on to say "I don't think this is any kind of adequate or fair estimate of the intellectual worth and achievement of this class. Following the cumulative grade, to do well a man must do well in all the courses he takes. Only six men have done this; I know damn well that there are more than that. Once we establish the principle of estimating a person on what he now is, the emphasis both for teacher and student becomes concentrating on what he grows to learn and grows to be. I think we make a big burden off the backs of many students unfairly forced to spend much of their time a desperate attempt to raise a shaky average."

As for the attendance requirements changes, no great reasoning exists behind them except a dogged belief that the man is here to study and learn something and consequently will attend class of his own volition. Those on probation will be required to attend class, and a new process will be instituted: all students, except those doing honors work, will be required to sign out of College after their final class before vacations and sign back in before their first class upon return. Failure to do this, i.e., beginning a vacation early or extending it, will result in a \$25 fine for each offense. The fine is admittedly so large in order to render the disparity between the rich and the poor somewhat less a determining factor in whether or not one takes off early or returns late.

For leadership on campus was the main objection to this proposal. The committee felt that the seniors were needed in their divisions as academic and social leaders.

3. Fraternity dorm. The committee felt that fraternities were essential at Kenyon and should definitely continue. Perhaps the time could come when the new dorm would be used for fraternity housing, but it was not necessary now. They did feel that the grouping of independents might lead to new fraternal type organizations. This possibility should be considered in the design of the dorm.

4. Independent dorm. The committee expressed concern with the situation of the independent at Kenyon. The independent rooming situation is a definite problem and one that will continue to grow. The committee felt the independent should at least have something to look forward to in his junior and senior years and, therefore, recommended that the dorm be used for independent housing.

In answer to the placement question, Mr. George Farr, trustee and chairman of FATS, stated that the tentative position is at a 45° angle behind Old Kenyon and Leonard. This would permit a similar dorm of similar construction behind Old Kenyon and Hanna. In this way the establishment of the Hill would be kept intact. Various comments on the future size of the College followed, including the possibility of a cognate college such as a women's college or a graduate school in some field. No actual

Panama . . .

Cont. from page 4

tially upheld in the Eisenhower-Ramón Treaty of 1955.

After the riots of 1959, however, we admitted that Panama had titular sovereignty over the Canal Zone. Obviously, there is a very great difference between titular sovereignty and jurisdictional sovereignty, the latter being still claimed by the United States.

Nationalization of the Canal is totally infeasible. No one nation, especially in the era of Fidelism, should be allowed to control a waterway used by so many other nations. Furthermore, U.S. investments in the Canal, administered by a pay-as-you-go government agency, the Panama Canal Company, are around \$325 million. What guarantee would we have of free access or compensation?

As a number of distinguished political scientists have suggested, the Panama Canal ought to be operated by an international authority. This solution was first proposed by President Truman in 1951. All nations would have access, and the Panamanians would have a redress of their grievances. Furthermore, the age of mass transportation, of a two-ocean fleet, and of nuclear war, greatly reduce the Canal's economic and military importance to the United States. The Canal connects no major ports except those of North America, and it is used by only 4 to 5% of the world's ocean-going traffic.

Neither President Johnson nor Ambassador Mann are likely to agree to this best of solutions. To insure peace and maintain the jurisdictional status quo, the United States could easily give the Panamanians a greater share in gross profits. Perhaps, as *The New Republic* has suggested, a tax could be levied on the fresh water used in Canal operation. Unequal employment, unequal pay, and segregation must be eliminated. If any or a number of these steps are accomplished, then we may have at least a temporary guarantee of peace in the Caribbean.

plans were outlined. Bill Hylton, reporting for the Student Council Planning Committee, gave the statistics of the poll of the student body. These results showed support for an independent dorm with either single rooms or distribution similar to that in other dorms. The only other significant information was that only 5% of the students were influenced by rooms when considering whether to attend Kenyon.

The administration, represented by President Lund and Dean Haywood, voiced its support for an independent dorm. Both stated that they had originally been in favor of an honors dorm, had switched to favoring a senior dorm, and had finally decided that an independent dorm was the most necessary.

The meeting concluded with informal discussion of room distribution (a set-up similar to that in Gund Hall is possible), lounge lay-out, and the economics of construction. Mr. Farr pointed out that single rooms could only be built if there was the demand for them (at higher prices). No definite plans were made, however, and many of the points reached a disagreement. One thing developed for certain—everyone favored an independent dorm.

ALDRICH . . .

Cont. from page 6

are more conventional in the sense of differing from culture to culture. These define the local "niceties" of human conduct, stylizing it in special ways.

This suggests the conclusion that living like a man is comparable to the intermediate cases mentioned above. It is a sport to be engaged in and a game to be played. So we say to the faltering person in a difficult situation either "Be a sport!" or "Play the game!" Of course, the sport or game of life is the most serious and dangerous of all. This is why it offers the greatest challenge to the true sportsman, like Everest to the mountain climber. No one responds to such a challenge just for fun but, rather, to realize himself as a man.

The cooperation of all seniors is requested in completing the personal information questionnaires and returning them to the REVEILLE 64 office on the second floor of Peirce Hall by Monday, January 20.

The Collegian regrets the absence in this issue of the usual book review, record review, and Mr. Leonard Miller's commissioned article on the historical implications of the Lincoln Douglas debates. We hope to print Mr. Miller's article in a forthcoming issue. Financial limitations, of course, prevented their inclusion.

FACULTY . . .

Cont. from page 1

a contract to replace Burnham and has accepted. Philip Church, a member of the English department, has also accepted a contract for the new academic year. It is planned that he will teach the novel course next year along with his freshmen classes.

Professor Samuel Nord of the psychology department is leaving to go into what Dean Haywood calls, "a rather heavily research-oriented job at Lehigh." Professor Nord, preferring to teach in a small college and hating in some ways to leave the small college community "leaves with some ambivalence in feelings. The Lehigh position was sufficiently attractive in so many respects." Reduced teaching and administrative loads and excellent research facilities helped to lure Professor Nord there.

Though Professors Harvey and Sutcliffe are scheduled for sabbaticals next year, and Professor Warner is contemplating a leave of absence, none of these professors have any definite plans as yet.

Heintz will be on loan to Harvard University Medical School. Serving in an advisory capacity, he will blueprint the plans for the move of the medical school library to its new facilities.

An additional man for the Art Department will be hired. Prospects are being interviewed now.

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John Crowe Ransom

**Gentleman, Teacher, Poet, Editor
Founder of The Kenyon Review**

**A Tribute from the
Community of Letters**

2nd printing

John Crowe Ransom
A Tribute from the
Community of Letters

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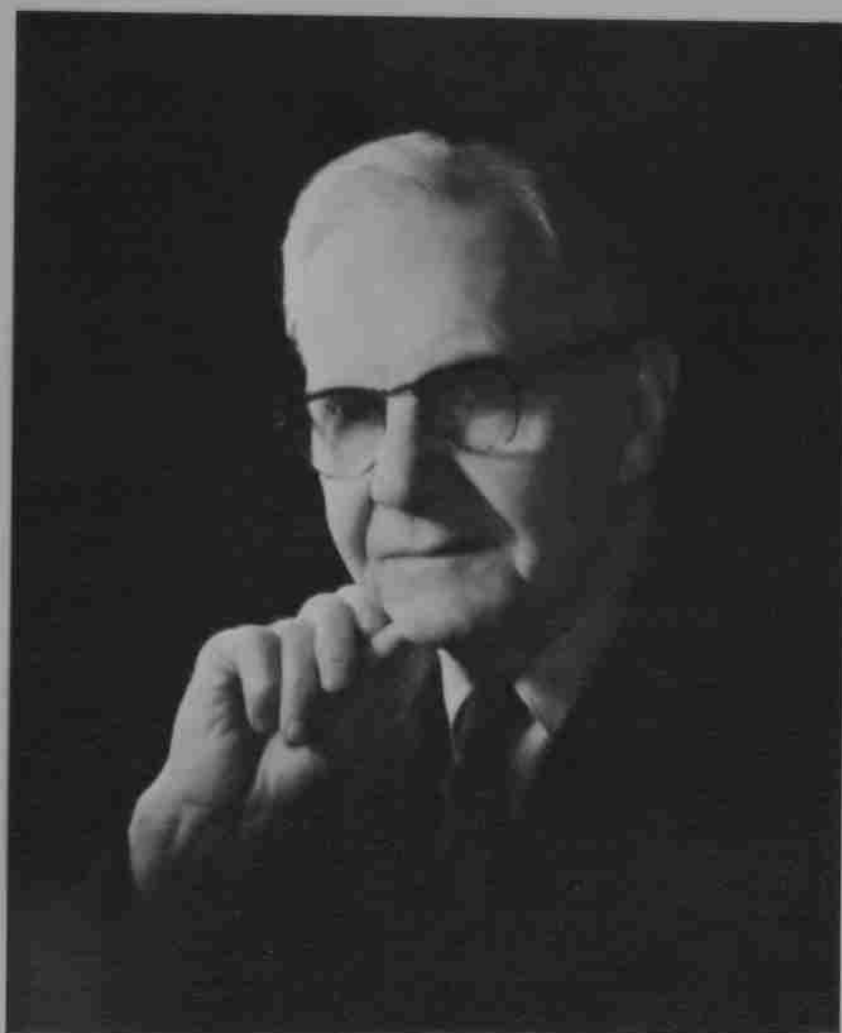
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Edited by
D. David Long and Michael R. Burr

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John Crowe Ransom

On the Occasion of his Seventy-fifth Year
And the Twenty-fifth Anniversary
of The Kenyon Review

The President of Kenyon College

Few colleges in the nation sustain a literary quarterly possessing the eminence of *The Kenyon Review*. As we pause appropriately to observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of our *Review*, recognition, of course, must be given to its founder, Gordon Chalmers, and to the Board of Trustees who, recognizing a public duty, have wisely yet happily absorbed perennial deficits, but principal credit is due to John Crowe Ransom—for his unfailing vision, exacting taste, and gentle genius.

John Ransom as a poet, teacher and editor has contributed more to the reputation of Kenyon College than any living man. Our indebtedness to him is rivaled only by that to our founder, the fabled Philander Chase. But the difficult task of continuing *The Kenyon Review*, of initiating new editorial policy, and of sustaining its reputation while enlarging its circle of influence, is being accomplished by Robie Macauley, one of John Ransom's former students.

Consequently, this twenty-fifth anniversary of the *Review*, falling as it does within Mr. Ransom's seventy-fifth year, affords a joyous occasion to say, simply, "thank you" and to declare our unified confidence in Mr. Macauley.

F. Edward Lund



John Crowe Ransom with Robie Macauley, the present Editor of *The Kenyon Review*.



Ronald Berman, Editorial Associate, and George Lanning, Assistant Editor of *The Kenyon Review*.

Interview with John Crowe Ransom

We arrived at the home of John Crowe Ransom slightly after one-thirty, the time of our appointment. As we got out of the car and surveyed the modest white cottage, it was difficult to escape the impression that, for the residence of one of America's most famous and distinguished men of letters, it was most unassuming. We walked to the door; Mr. Ransom met us on the porch with all the hospitality of the Old South where he was born, and, after welcoming us, he graciously conducted us to his study in the basement. We followed him into the book-lined room where he now spends much of his time and seated ourselves for the photographer's convenience. Mr. Ransom quickly put us at ease with his soft-spoken informality, and we explained the reason for our visit.



Ed Edahl, David Long and Michael Burr interview Mr. Ransom.

Mr. Ransom seemed very surprised at the attention of which he was the focal point, and said that he would be glad to answer our questions. We began by asking about the circumstances surrounding his coming to Kenyon. He explained that he had been teaching at Vanderbilt University when the late Gordon Keith Chalmers, who had been Kenyon's President for just a year, came down to persuade him to accept an appointment at Kenyon. This was instigated by Robert Frost, a personal friend of the President, who had suggested to him that he get Mr. Ransom to come to Kenyon "to write poetry and teach philosophy." Mr. Ransom smiled. "I told him that I couldn't come on those terms. I couldn't make a contract and deliver the goods in either respect, but I could teach some English, if he liked, and see what I might do on the side. And so, he took me on." And in retrospect, what Mr. Ransom did "on the side" has become Kenyon's most prized possession; for shortly after his appointment Ransom and Chalmers founded *The Kenyon Review*.

Mr. Ransom attributed the idea of a review at Kenyon to "the president's lady", Mrs. Roberta Chalmers. As he found out many years later, Mrs. Chalmers had taken a course in eighteenth century English literature from a professor who indicated to her the lack of a really good review in modern America. Mrs. Chalmers remembered this idea, and years later she conveyed it to her husband. At the spring meeting of the Board of Trustees in 1938 President Chalmers announced his hope for a review at Kenyon, and received its eager approval. Mr. Phillip Rice, from Cincinnati, was interviewed for an appointment to the Kenyon philosophy department, and President Chalmers asked Mr. Ransom for his approval of Mr. Rice to assist on the review, because that was to be half of his job. Mr. Ran-

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som thought highly of Mr. Rice, and readily approved; by autumn, copy was being assembled for the first issue, which appeared in January 1939.

Since Mrs. Chalmers expressed her interest in the new review, she was made a member of the editorial board. "She was very eager to read proof and help in any way," Mr. Ransom added, "except she didn't make suggestions; and nowadays I marvel at her magnanimity, being really the founder of the project." He looked thoughtful, then laughed and said, "Just a year ago, I expressed this to her: 'You must excuse us if we didn't come up to your standards, because you were so good as not to tell us what you had in mind.'"

Our interest now shifted to Mr. Ransom as a poet, and because of the confidence he inspires in anyone speaking with him, we ventured to ask a question not only difficult to answer, but which might transgress the sacred right of any artist: how does a poet write a poem? Mr. Ransom considered this, then answered quite seriously and specifically: "Poetry comes in waves; that is, you have to work up to a very high tension before the stuff that comes out's any good. When you first begin, you have some themes in mind, you know the thing you want to write a poem about very well, but you're rusty; and it's entirely a matter of speeding up—quicken— and giving a shock to your verbal talent so it'll be quick, decisive, and bold. And the first day or two that you write, it just streams off, and you think, 'My, this is wonderful.' You look at it the next morning, early, and it's pretty bad. You throw it away, right quickly, and try again; and day after day that happens. But finally you see that there's something here; 'I won't throw that away; that's got the makings of something.' It's entirely the amount of language you're using. It has to be absolutely new and fresh and in your own idiom and not a recollection of some other person's idiom; and not stilted, and not sentimental, and with words used as much for their absolute values as possible. And it has to be rich. You cannot forecast what the poem is going to turn out to be. It always surprises you. And it takes sometimes two or three weeks to work up to the point of tension that's necessary. And this poem comes off and it doesn't — it's not what you intended — but it's infinitely better than what you intended. And you have some other subjects, or maybe this one leaves a little corner that's to be explored in another poem. And you'll start on that. And it'll come off more easily, because you've already worked up that tension." This answer explained an earlier comment of Mr. Ransom's, that he much preferred selected poems to collected poems: "Everyone has bad days."

We noted that Mr. Ransom had now firmly established his name at Kenyon in solid stone, and asked his feelings about the naming of the Administration Building *Ransom Hall*. "Well," he said, "I hardly dared to look at it as I went into the campus, but I glanced over my spectacles and I read it way up at the top there. It looked very holy and scared me a little bit, but . . . there it is." Having assured Mr. Ransom that his poetry would out-live Ransom Hall, he said, "Well, I cross my fingers when anything like that is said. I don't allow myself to believe those statements."

When asked what he planned to do with his papers, Mr. Ransom replied, "I do mean to turn over something to the library here. I feel a great indebtedness to that library. I do mean to turn over something, something that might be worth a researcher's attention, a reader's attention, without having seen publication." This came as good news to all of us, as it undoubtedly will to the rest of the Kenyon community.

As we left the house and crossed in front of Bexley Hall to Middle Path, our thoughts were still on John Crowe Ransom, scholar, critic, and poet. We had not been awed by his majesty, as we might well have expected, but humbled by the modesty and gentleness of a truly great man.

A Little Higher in Spirit

In the fall of 1937, just a few weeks after he came to Kenyon, John Crowe Ransom wrote to Allen Tate that President Chalmers wanted him to start a new review. Even the trustees were for it. "I've never heard of such trustees!" Ransom exulted, and well he might for they were rare indeed in those lean years. They had judgment and courage to back two men of vision and to stay with them in the still leaner years to come. As a consequence, our arts and above all our poetry have greater force and value in the community of men. Through his new review Ransom worked a revolution he and Tate had long desired.

It is not easy to say how it happened. There had been other great reviews such as *Hound and Horn* and the *Southern Review* and important books by Richards, Blackmur, Empson and others that pointed the way toward the study of literature as such. But it was *The Kenyon Review* that made the difference. To many of us its members made up our bible, and Ransom was sometimes Jeremiah, sometimes Ecclesiastes, sometimes even the second Isaiah, but mostly he was Moses leading us through the deserts to the promised land of poetry. As nearly as I can guess it was partly a matter of timing and partly a matter of style.

A generation that had gone to school during the Depression and now prepared to go off to war was impatient with the seeming triviality of the prevailing literary studies. They appeared to be remote from life and literature. They weren't, but many scholars had a way of endlessly deferring the poem for the sake of its history. Ransom put us right up against the poem and insisted that our first business was with it, which was just what we wanted to hear. And he said it so well! There was in his essays and editorials a geniality and sportiveness that could make a reader laugh with sheer delight.

Yet the going was hard, and the war nearly put an end to the review in 1942. Each issue carried an important piece such as Ransom's "An Address to Kenneth Burke," and each might be the last. Somehow President Chalmers found the money to keep going. Later, when the revolution, manned by disgruntled veterans, really got under way, "Kenyon Review" and "Ransom" were rallying cries that could send us into the streets. After that it was easy.

I write this in a great new center for all the arts. There are others going up on campuses across the country. For the revolution spread. Moreover, it was of the rarest kind, a successful one. Now it is acquiring its monuments. But they are not glorified play-pens; they are instruments for learning how poetry, sculpture, and string quartets help us to fulfill ourselves as men. We are told that improved living conditions have made us several inches taller than our ancestors. Perhaps we stand a little higher in spirit, too. If we do, much of the credit goes to Mr. Ransom and his insistence that without the arts man can neither know nor be himself.

John L. Stewart

For J. C. Ransom and All Good Poets

The wintering of spirit cannot shake
The brown edged leaf nor break a flower here
That cherishes a brief distilling drop
Of life-remembering balsam. Not a tear
Pressed from the inward weathers when they wake
Tumultuous thunder drains away to naught
As rain in furrows. You cannot put by
The goods of hopefulness your pain has bought
Nor waste the dividends of agony.

You will not die. That evil still must hide
To feed like trumpet-flower amid the stones,
Weaving a causal net of scarlet wire
For lamb and cony and for hapless ones
That tremble into death. You shall abide
Not sepulchered in amber as the bee
Nor like the bones of eagles white and long
Washed in the sedges; they who try shall see
Your hearts are stronger than their strength is strong.

Don Cameron Allen

On His Retirement

Delivered at Kenyon in 1958, when John Crowe Ransom retired, this tribute expresses the esteem in which Kenyon holds him.

John Crowe Ransom: poet, critic, editor, father and friend of the new poets and professors who now, in your seventieth year, abide by your standard of poetic achievement recognized by the whole world of letters. Your Kenyon community is happy and proud, on this occasion, simply to hold the mirror up to you and let the world see the undistorted image. You have taught us that the artist does not simply hold the mirror up to nature, but the mirror image of you, sir, is sufficient. We love to see you as you are.

Looking at you thus, we remember your poems that make a miracle of language. We are glad with a healthy provincial bias that the language you have honored is English, and American, and Kenyonese. We remember the no less sensitive critical insights you have given us into this wonderful language of poetry, in volumes of philosophical appraisal. We remember the rare courtesy with which you have talked to us about these things, and to the world at so many other places where you were invited to speak. We remember that people everywhere see our community in the best light, through the lens of your *Review* which you have been editing for decades here on this Hill, making our home a Mecca of the literary imagination.

Finally, looking at you thus, we remember with pleasure that your Olympian preoccupation does not prevent you from loving a ball game, a horse race, a political campaign, a televised Western, and tomatoes in your garden. We are happy that you plan to continue living here on the Hill, in a new house right beside the old one.

Virgil C. Aldrich

The Kenyon Review has a unique place in the literary world. It is known wherever people are interested in literature written in English; I have often heard its articles discussed in Moscow. Under Mr. Ransom's editorship it was the organ of the "New Criticism" at its best. Under Mr. Macauley it has taken — as it had to take — a new direction, which is important to all of us. Throughout its history its moral influence has been as valuable as its literary one. Literary criticism in our time has been disfigured, and to some extent invalidated, by the meaner vices. *The Kenyon Review*, under both Ransom and Macauley, has shown that it is possible to be both clever and good.

C. P. Snow

On the Croquet Court

I may be the only one of John's well-wishers in this volume to emphasize the fact that he was not only editor of our *Review* but a classroom teacher as well. He regularly taught a course in modern poetry and when the department was hard-pressed he would take on a section of freshmen. Those young men must have had the most distinguished freshmen instructor in the country. He often moved over into the department of philosophy to teach aesthetics, which he did under strong influence from Kant and from Bernard Bosanquet. He did another kind of teaching, too, which I suspect few know about but its beneficiaries. Students were forever taking him their early attempts at imaginative writing and begging criticism. The commonest and sternest of criticisms seems to have been the remark that the manuscript was "Mighty fine, mighty fine." (The remark of course made in Tennesseean, which I don't know how to spell.) The remark and the attention were enough in many cases to encourage the man to go on and earn his own share of fame. The results of that kind of teaching earned Kenyon a high reputation as a producer of writers, and I have met many people who thought it was done in "writing courses." Well it wasn't; it was done by courtesy and kindness and by that greatest of pedagogical methods, the power of example.

In 1940 John was given the title Carnegie Professor of Poetry because the Carnegie Corporation began putting up some or all of his salary. I think he never stopped being embarrassed because he was paid more than others. I remember telling him more than once that everybody in the faculty knew he deserved higher pay and that far from envying or begrudging, everybody was glad. When, after a good many years, the Carnegie grant ran out and the College had to assume the whole cost of his salary, John had to be argued out of his sense of guilt.

I may also be the only one to report that John wasn't always a gentleman. I don't speak now of his writing or teaching; I have in mind his conduct on the croquet court. Ordinary mankind, having struck an opponent's ball, puts a foot on his own ball and knocks the opponent's ball a few yards off. Not John. He would knock the opponent in front of the next wicket; take his own ball through; hit the opponent again; proceed to the next wicket; repeat. He would carry the opponent all the way to the stake, never, of course, taking him through a wicket. And then, having securely won the game, he would knock the opponent's ball into Licking County. I have seen the tea-and-toast variety of croquet players reduced nearly to tears.

Denham Sutcliffe

I have sometimes disagreed drastically with John Crowe Ransom, and I still do not see eye to eye with him, but I have always been aware of him as a force in American literature, and today more than ever I admire his achievement, both as poet and as critic. I am glad to join in paying homage to him and to *The Kenyon Review*.

Granville Hicks

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It is hard for me to say precisely what I feel about John Crowe Ransom. Grateful I guess is the word. At any rate, at a point in my life when I was convinced that disagreements over ideas provided occasions only for churlishness and excommunication, he managed to suggest that they might rather offer opportunities for courtesy and dialogue. I encountered him first in the pages of *The Kenyon Review* and in the loveliest letters of rejection I have ever had. I have continued to meet him since with a growing sense of wonder at how little our views of the world ever coincide and how little this fact finally matters. It occurs to me that I have never said thanks.

Leslie A. Fiedler

Except when someone has made off with it for overnight reading, *The Kenyon Review* can always be found on the table in the Bollingen Foundation library. It has been there regularly since 1947, when Bollingen was only a year old.

The other day at home I was looking through some of the earlier numbers of the *Kenyon*, in search of some old impressions. I was surprised to find two early poems by "R. T. S. Lowell, of Boston, a student at Kenyon College." I hadn't remembered the name in just that way.

It was stirring too to come on the first "big review" Theodore Roethke ever got. That was Yvor Winters's review of *Open House* in the Autumn of 1941. Ten years later in Seattle, Ted was still bragging about it. He would clap his big side and chuckle as if he had brought it off all by himself.

But what I found most telling of all was a quiet remark of Mr. Ransom's in the very first issue of the Review. "Now it is the Age of Criticism," he said. And of course it was largely *The Kenyon Review* under his guidance that made his remark come true.

Now it is another kind of age, and Robie Macauley is showing us other possibilities in fiction and criticism, and proving the *Kenyon's* powers both of renewal and continuity. I think *The Kenyon Review* is again clearly headed into productive country.

Jackson Mathews

When South met North in 1861 it meant Civil War. But when John Crowe Ransom crossed Mason and Dixon's line in 1939 and went to Gambier, Ohio, it meant Union — the harmonious fusion (*Concordia discors*) of two distinct orders of American civilization.

When a poet becomes a critic, with equal talents in both fields, that's news. When all this comes to focus in a "little" magazine which revolutionizes literary studies in America — that's headlines.

A seventy-fifth anniversary for Ransom plus a twenty-fifth one for *The Kenyon Review* adds up to a centenary celebration.

Cheers!

Charles R. Anderson

Ransom as Editor

It would be fine to see justice done John Crowe Ransom as an editor. Mr. Ransom's distinction as a poet is widely recognized but not, it seems to me, his greatness as an editor. Even more than *The Southern Review* under Brooks and Warren or *The Sewanee Review* under Allen Tate — both relatively short-lived — *The Kenyon Review* under Mr. Ransom was the focus of the literary energy of its time; and *The Kenyon Review* was John Crowe Ransom. He not only invented the magazine; he practically invented many of its writers, giving them a conception of their function they would not otherwise have had and providing an imaginative sympathy that could make you feel you simply had to do your best because here was an editor who would understand your best and appreciate what it cost you.

It was a very personal thing, this effect, as no doubt all great editing is — and a mysterious one. John Crowe Ransom has always been a very great gentleman, and that means he has been, among other things, a reserved man; he has never been personal in any ordinary social way. I have never been able to explain to myself how he produced the effect he did on those who worked for him, yet I am sure I'm not alone in having felt it. You have only to remember important writers — writers of the order of Robert Lowell — to whom he has meant much to imagine what effect he had on us journeyman contributors to the *Review*.

Reserved as Mr. Ransom has always been, the effect he produced on us was nonetheless always to a considerable extent a result of direct personal contact. I met Mr. Ransom at a Modern Language Association meeting in New Orleans in the thirties, and my first sustained contact with him was at a luncheon there. It was a small luncheon that included Cleanth Brooks and Delmore Schwartz and our wives. We were, God knows, very young and I suppose — though none of us can have thought of it at the time — that Mr. Ransom must have been well aware of having been through it all before, with a previous generation.

In any event, I remember that we were very eager to advise him about the running of the *Review*. In fact, we made a head-on attack on him for having published a long poem by a writer we thought commonplace, and what I remember most is the sudden shame I felt when he told us — very gently, almost apologetically — that it was not easy to find competent poetry for the *Review*, that we must not expect great poetry in every issue. It must have reminded Cleanth, as it did me, that neither of us could have written a poem at all, certainly not a poem as competent as the one we were so glibly criticizing; and though Delmore could have written a much better poem, perhaps even he had to remember that he had not done so for that *Kenyon Review*. I cannot imagine Mr. Ransom's having planned to produce this effect; but he did.

He left you convinced that the *Review* was the best actual review — as distinguished from the one we were so uselessly day-dreaming about — there could be, and that it became you, if you had it in you, to help Mr. Ransom make it better — as you were quite, quite sure he

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would if he were given the material with which to do so. This, in my experience, is the effect Mr. Ransom had on his contributors. It was how he got from them the best they had to give, made them better writers than they would otherwise have been, so that some of us will always have to remember that we owe him not only *The Kenyon Review* but that part of ourselves we have the least need to be embarrassed by.

Arthur Mizener

It is hard to believe that Mr. Ransom is 75 and that *The Kenyon Review* is 25 years old. Congratulations are in order for the initiative, energy and labor which started the *Review* and kept it going for so many years. Mr. Ransom and *The Kenyon Review* are usually associated with the "New Criticism," as Mr. Ransom wrote a book with that title. But the book was concerned with I. A. Richards, T. S. Eliot and Yvor Winters and not with the critics who are today labeled "New Critics." Unhappily labels stick and the term used by him for very different men has stuck to him and his immediate disciples: Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren and Cleanth Brooks. Mr. Ransom, however, has gone his own way as a critic. He has nothing of the leader or head of a school (even a singing school) about him. He changes his mind quickly, he experiments with theories, he invents new terms and discovers new problems with the fire of youth. He grows and refuses to be pinned down, least of all by a self-invented label and not even by his own pupils. Though a speculative mind, he is always concerned with the concrete. He cares for things, for what he called the "thinginess" of things, as he is essentially a poet in love with the world's body.

We must not think of him as a patriarch or the founder of a school of criticism. He is a model only in the sense in which he defined art as "the freest and fullest and most sympathetic image of the human experience." I for one wish that he remain with us for a long time to come.

René Wellek

I am very pleased to have an opportunity of extending congratulations and tribute to Mr. John Crowe Ransom. There can hardly be many living Americans who have done more for American life and letters, in making life lively and letters literary. He is a most original and distinguished poet — something of a victim of anthologies, it is true, which keep reprinting the same three or four poems and do not give their readers much sense of the variety of his work, but a poet whose best work is unforgettable. As a critic, he has added a whole new dimension to the appreciation of literature and to the techniques of reading it with understanding. It is possible to be a fine poet and still be a perverse crank, but Mr. Ransom's teaching and personal influence have always been completely healthy, an influence which makes the subject primary and the personality secondary. A character in Bernard Shaw remarks how disastrous it is when a man of genius is not also a man of honour; a student of Mr. Ransom's, in any capacity, is impelled to reflect how fortunate it is when a man of genius is also a man of dedication.

C. Northrop Frye

My greetings to John Crowe Ransom who has for so long given us the example of excellence.

Karl Shapiro

A Subject and a Voice

A note of this kind, devoted to John Crowe Ransom, probably is more valuable if stated in personal rather than in impersonal terms. Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Ransom, I feel I know him. Robert Penn Warren, Allen Tate, Leonard Unger and others who were students and friends of Mr. Ransom had many stories to tell and comments to make about him. Invariably they developed an image of the man as a kind human being, teacher, and a dependable friend. Over the years, while he was editor of *The Kenyon Review*, I had occasion to correspond with him. He accepted one of the first articles I published, on Karl Shapiro's *Essay on Rime*. Mr. Ransom was no respecter of names in the literary business. A young writer had as much chance to get into *Kenyon* as a well-established writer. If Mr. Ransom accepted a piece, or if he rejected it, he invariably sent a hand-written note, explaining what he liked or did not like about it. Once I remember getting a poem back from him, with, for Mr. Ransom, a rather strongly worded commentary on the inexcusable limpness of the rhythms of several lines. I put the poem away—for good. Mr. Ransom also accepted the first story I published, and a number of articles and reviews. *The Kenyon Review*, I think, dominated modern letters in America in the years after the War. The "New Criticism" certainly would not have existed in the forms it finally took if Mr. Ransom had not been writing editorials, re-examining his own tenets, and engaging in arguments with I. A. Richards, William Empson, Yvor Winters, Cleanth Brooks and others. *The Kenyon Review* was never a closed corporation. Mr. Ransom was quite capable of asking his good friends to measure up, and of returning their articles or poems or stories, if they did not measure up.

Another image I have of Mr. Ransom is from a reading he gave, one cold and snowy night, at the YMHA, in New York City. This was either in late 1957 or early 1958. The reading was well-attended. Mr. Ransom, slightly stooped, gray, but somehow still youthful in manner, or rather, a strange intermingling of youth and age, read his poems in soft, partly twangy voice. Always there was a gentle mockery which leads me to a point about Mr. Ransom as a Southern poet.

We all know about the Southern myth, from Faulkner and others. Almost invariably the myth generated great intensity, and often an irrational violence and hatred. I emphasize this because the usual emphasis is on dashing gallantry, headlong heroics, and pride. Headlong heroics look rather silly when examined against "Captain Carpenter." And those who employ forced rhetoric, Southern or other, are likely to come up short when they read about the young American poet in Oxford:

Up from the darkest wood where Philomela sat,
Her fairy numbers issued. What then ailed me?
My ears are called capacious but they failed me,
Her classics registered a little flat!
I rose, and venomously spat.

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Mr. Ransom, smiling, gazes mockingly and ironically at the agents of excess and at exaggerated situations. It is hard to predict what history will have to say about Mr. Ransom's contribution to criticism, whether it will stand out as representative of its period, or whether it helped others to formulate what subsequently will be seen to have been representative. There is less doubt about the poetry. He has a subject, and a voice, and the voice is memorable.

William Van O'Connor

Let me speak of John Ransom not as the distinguished poet, not as a critic whose influence is on a deeper level than that of the men who advance opinions about current books, but chiefly as a fruitful and reassuring *presence*. Has anyone else been the teacher, friend, guide of so many talented writers? Has anyone else done so much to establish a sound literary culture away from and without reference to what happens in the busy New York world of publishing and reviewing? For his integrity, his perspicuity, and his kindness over the years, the republic of letters owes him a lasting debt.

Malcolm Cowley

On reflection I don't see any point in making a sentence or two of general tribute. I think Ransom knows how well I think of him and for how long a time, and he certainly needs no reassurance of my affection, respect and admiration. I would like to think that he and I were going out for a lobster dinner after a half bottle of Old Crow. Besides the lobster and the Old Crow I suppose it ought to be more important that there never was a better editor to work for.

R. P. Blackmur

American literary life for the past twenty-five years would have been a vastly different, and vastly poorer, thing without *The Kenyon Review*. I myself have never been in total sympathy with *Kenyon's* characteristic approach to the study of literature, or with the assumptions behind that approach, and yet the magazine has certainly been a shaping influence in my life. As for Mr. Ransom himself, he is one of the noblest figures on the American literary scene, and I personally am grateful to him for all the pleasure his poetry has given me and all the illumination I have derived from his criticism and his editorial labors.

Norman Podhoretz

It is my privilege to join in your salute to Mr. John Crowe Ransom upon the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth. How many ways one might greet this man: poet, critic, teacher, editor, fellow-gardener, and friend.

It was a good many years ago now — 1939 and the first year of his *Kenyon Review*, as I recall — in an essay on Yeats' poetry that he himself wrote a line that has meant much to me and with which I would honor him on this occasion: "His gods are true gods rather than easy ones."

Because those words have been operative throughout a long scholarly life, all of us in letters are the beneficiaries of his worship. We have been guided by his practice and gentled by his wisdom, and what we say ineptly upon this occasion is already written — precisely and well — in the literature of our age. That literature — and his contributions to it — will endure.

Paul Bennett

Teacher and Friend

When John Ransom left Vanderbilt in 1937 we could not know that an obtuse academic administration had committed a *felix culpa* or *felix crimen*; for we considered it then nothing less than an unhappy crime. But all's well that ends well. Less than a year and a half later John founded *The Kenyon Review*, with the enthusiastic support of Gordon Chalmers, the Kenyon trustees, and the Carnegie Corporation. That miraculous triad of support remains unparalleled in academic-literary history. But to John Ransom goes four-fifths of the credit. I surmise now as I did then that it was not what John said to these people that persuaded them, but rather their sense of *what* he was (and still is). But beyond what he was they could not know, for they did not know what he could do. His experience as an editor had been limited to our amateur venture, *The Fugitive*, in Tennessee, some fifteen years earlier.

What I owe to John Crowe Ransom as teacher, and later as a beloved friend, I have said elsewhere. What I stole from his criticism is on every page of my essays. This debt I have not fully acknowledged. I still regret the grudging dedication of my first book of essays: *To J.C.R., for Sufficient Reason*. I long ago gave up trying to understand human motives, including my own. I cannot even now tell whether I understated my debt in deference to his own habit of understatement, or whether I wanted to acknowledge the debt *a little, but not too much!*

Well, not even his old friends were sure that he would become one of the great modern editors. He had not been very eager to know contemporary literature; so I for one supposed that he might well get out a quarterly in which his own fastidious taste was illustrated, and in which he might occasionally issue gentle fulminations against modern error. (I was doubtless projecting myself, for the latter is what I did as editor of *The Sewanee Review* a few years later.) It seems that I didn't know my old friend well enough. He refused to follow a "line" and was the most hospitable editor of his time to new talent. I can't imagine that he liked everything he published—but who does? He gave it all a chance; his record as a discoverer is probably better than that of the editors of the "really" little magazines. But we are now in a new era in which uninformed egotism has replaced critical standards. The upstarts who have brought about this obscurantism do not know that without *The Kenyon Review*, and John Ransom's own criticism, literary criticism would not have been a central force in the United States.

Allen Tate

Ever since Ezra Pound spied the Tate-worm eating away at American letters, I have been wary of other poets feeding in the same academic intestine and have never given Mr. Ransom's poetry a full, fair reading, so that I am not at all qualified to praise him on his birthday. Still I salute him as a fellow phallus-bearer.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

May Evening

Long after our departure
Someone in a moment of significant rapture,
Seeing a boy beside a fountain,
Watched by an elder in a garden,
Will think that the past is the future
And the present is both.

We live in the imagination of the moment
When in a harmonious instant of apprehension
Subtle dreams are reality.
A boy playing by a fountain, unselfconscious,
A man watching him, studious in a garden,
Partake of immortality.

I am my father's father, or farther back,
Some enchanted man of the twelfth century;
I am Socrates' questioner in the agora,
I am a child dancing on the green seen by Blake,
I am all those to whom a moment has meant
A spell of rapture and a gift of grace.

The boy deploys from the playing water,
The man with his visions goes to get some coffee,
The incredible elan of the springtide evening
Lingers but departs; the graceful salute of the static
Moment of happiness and concord is given.
Fate outlasts the flash. Recognition was on us.

Richard Eberhart

A Tribute in New York

A tribute to John Crowe Ransom, on the occasion of his appearance at the Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, under the auspices of the Academy of American Poets, on December 19, 1963. Read by the author at the Guggenheim Museum, this is its first publication.

This is a very happy occasion for all of us. But I want to insist on my own pleasure in being able to say now how much I owe to John Ransom, and to say how grateful I am for this long friendship. Allen Tate has expressed his own attachment and admiration — as Cal Lowell, another old student and friend would have had he been present. But I am sure that we speak for many other people — even for many others who never had that opportunity of sitting in John Ransom's classroom.

We are here to honor as best we can a man and a poet of rare quality and distinction. In a special sense, the man and the poet are scarcely to be separated. The two exist for us in an almost unique, mutually fulfilling harmony — in a peculiar blend of strength and gentleness, of wit and sympathy, of tough integrity and invincible gaiety of spirit. His special tone of being is the most significant thing he has given his friends. In the poems it is what he has given the world.

In the long period since *Chills and Fever* and *Two Gentlemen in Bonds* were published, we have heard many new voices, some of them strong and beautiful. But over and over again, in moments of silence, there is that voice speaking off the page, in its unique accent, to give us again "Vision by Sweetwater," "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter," "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," or "The Equilibrists." Will there ever come a time when the mind will not be delighted by the wit and precision, the wisdom and control we find in "Tom, Tom" or "The Equilibrists"? Will the time ever come when "Vision by Sweetwater" will not touch the heart?

I had forgotten "Philomela." I shall quote the last stanza:

Philomela, Philomela, lover of song,
I am in despair if we may make us worthy,
A bantering breed sophisticated and swarthy;
Unto more beautiful, persistently more young,
Thy fabulous provinces belong.

Perhaps none of our time is worthy of the fabulous provinces of Philomela. But if ever so small a remnant of the worthy be found, we can be sure that the poet whom we rejoice to honor tonight will be found standing calmly among them.

Robert Penn Warren

I have great respect for *The Kenyon Review* and its editor, and would like to help in your celebration.

Reed Whittemore

A Voice from the Cellar

Symposium at the Inn tonight, a grave Gambier
drinking for John Ransom! All
hands on hand to manhandle
the couches down from the attic,
the silk throws, the gilded small
tables, and the wreaths, the wreaths —
laurel, parsley, myrtle, sweet pine,
a shrub for the hair ('holy is the hair')
of each renowned head.

Here at the Nine
Sisters, we of the kitchen force
gape at the gathering guests: Ion,
Cleanthés, fugitive Scleropheme, Tatius
Chestus, Calamy, Chrysophalés, in what
decorum of accubation! Hylas pours
the ritual drops, course upon course
will fugue, and toasts, and scolia, and
at last the flute girls and the waiters.
It will be late then.

And I,
mechanic, metrist, scraper
of feet, pan-handler at the Sign
of the Nine, what service of mine
fits here? a twist
of verse for John Ransom's poetry? a Greek
metaphrase or two?

Manês, Manês, these airs
invite the thunder. Below stairs
drink love to him, and let the gentry speak.

Dudley Fitts

Prophet, Priest, and King

In 1938, the year of the Munich crisis, John Crowe Ransom published *The World's Body*. The disgrace of Munich shattered our sentimental notions about national and international politics, but *The World's Body*, an honest triumph if there ever was one, ultimately transformed literary scholarship and the teaching of poetry not only in undergraduate classrooms but also in graduate seminars. My own education, political and literary, which began in 1938 when I was an innocent freshman at Amherst College, testifies to the significance of the events of that year. The Nazis are done for, I trust, but Mr. Ransom's criticism remains a power and continues to transform men's lives.

When I try to remember what I read or learned in Freshman English at Amherst, I remember nothing except struggling to write a few scruffy essays. I can't remember reading a single book. Even if we did read poetry, I am sure I did not truly read a single poem. I couldn't. I didn't know how. I remember other courses: Shakespeare and Chaucer. Shakespeare was taught in the Kittredge fashion. I knew six plays by heart at the end of the year and could identify spot passages by the gross. I also had a vague acquaintance with twenty other plays. I am grateful that I was made to master the words, the literal text of those six plays: Shakespeare's language and habit of transforming experience into metaphor became thoroughly familiar, but I don't think it ever occurred to me to consider the plays I read so carefully either as drama or as poetry. I also read Chaucer with care — for vocabulary, facts of action, and a few sources. Chaucer's rhythm and the sweetness of his English ravished me, but I never thought of the *Canterbury Tales* as a poem. I read bags of Pope, but remembered nothing except a chilly classicism. Wit? It was a dull job, I tell you. The study of literature was the study of words, sources, biography and history. When I tried my hand at criticism, I floundered badly in impressionism. What real literature I did learn was all possessed intuitively and accidentally. I am certain that today nobody has this experience at Amherst.

After the war, in 1946, I went to The Johns Hopkins University, the supposed stronghold of Bright's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, Lovejoy's *The Great Chain of Being*, and the old line Germanic pedagogy. It was here of all places that I began to realize — and this under the ghastly portrait of Greenlaw in the English seminar room — that there was something else besides words, sources, biography, and historical ideas. That year also I met Mr. Ransom for the first time, not at Hopkins, but at a Rhodes Scholarship interview where I lost and was mercifully sent back to the JHU stacks. His courteous surprise at my strangled responses, my own dreadful embarrassment, as well as torpedoing questions by my graduate instructors as I pawed at a few poems, woke me up. It is devilishly easy to be satisfied with information "about . . ." cultural and historical ideas, the dull *et cetera* which protect you from the poem if you are terrified or embarrassed in its presence. Mr. Ransom, without my knowing it was he, took the curse off graduate studies in that old stronghold of *Primitivism and Related Ideas in Antiquity*, philological lore, and the learned note, without denying the possibility of the fruitfulness of such la-

A Tribute from the Community of Letters

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bors if rightly applied. When I came to write my thesis on Spenser and natural law, Professor Don Cameron Allen, who Northrop Frye once told me is the "most formidably learned scholar" he has ever known, repeatedly cautioned me against drowning *The Faerie Queene* in a stew of sweaty proof-text quotations. The tradition of natural law is useful only if it helps explicate the poem. *The Faerie Queene* is what counts, not the tradition. To hear D. C. Allen renounce learning for poetry destroyed forever whatever faith I had in the religion of Greenlaw and Havens, the latter a grand but pathetic man who responded magnificently but only accidentally to poetry. He never knew what hit him. For Raymond Havens, Mr. Ransom's roses bloomed too late. If John Crowe Ransom could harrow the Hopkins stacks, freeing poetry from the rigors of scientific scholarship, giving hope to anxious graduate students, what did he do elsewhere?

Since the courses I teach celebrate the older poetry, *Beowulf* to *Paradise Lost*, I point with delight to scholarly books which reveal the splendor and extent of the revolution Mr. Ransom helped to begin. I would be impertinent to claim on behalf of these distinguished critics Mr. Ransom's exclusive and undivided influence and inspiration, yet the existence of these books so different from those written thirty years ago, suggests an overwhelming shift of critical focus and emphasis, a shift to which Mr. Ransom undoubtedly contributed a healthy push. And what is more remarkable is that all these books reveal the fruitfulness of wedding the concerns of the New Critics, their heightened sensibility, with the learning and patient textual and philological researches of the older historical critics. Arthur Brodeur in his *The Art of Beowulf*, making rich use of the legendary heroes of Old English scholarship, Chambers, Lawrence, Klaeber, Hoops, and Kemp Malone, writes with accuracy and authority of forty years of loving study on the genuine artistic integrity and originality of a poem which never fails to impress Kenyon undergraduates profoundly as a real poem, even in translation. Charles Muscatine in his *Chaucer and the French Tradition* departs sharply from traditional scholarship. It is the best book on Chaucer's poetry I have read, and absolutely the most useful one for the classroom. Not a word on sources, analogues, and personal portraits of the sort that fatten the notes of Robinson's edition of "the well of English undefiled." George K. Anderson's snorting review of Professor Muscatine's book — meaning in style? Ha! — shows how hard the old habits die. A. C. Hamilton in his *The Structure of Allegory in The Faerie Queene* makes a "radical re-orientation" in Spenserian scholarship. He declares that he will "focus on the image itself, rather than seek the idea behind the image," which is to say: *The Faerie Queene* is a poem. I sing a *Te Deum*. Who bemoans the departure of the bewitched *Nicomachean Ethics*, alexandrines and all? The curse of Milton scholarship has been that every scholar who writes wants to insist that he is equally as learned as Milton. But Milton was first a poet, although it seems it was for his learning that we have not willingly let his poetry die. Rosemond Tuve in her *Images and Themes in Five Poems by Milton* shows with feeling, perception, and distinguished learning what a consummate artist the young Milton was. (Miss Tuve worries about her book because there is "too much feeling in it." I do not think that anybody would fault her for that!) My last book is Reuben Brower's *Alexander Pope / The Poetry of Allusion*. His course, if I had taken it at Amherst College, would have made me change the tune I sang of my undergraduate years. In his book the formal knowledge of the historical critic enters actively into the perception of the new critic so that we experience fully the "poetic character and design" of the poems. Finally I point to the articles which appear in *ELH*. Under the editorship of D. C. Allen, *ELH* is concerned exclusively with the kind of criticism which I have been referring to: learned, historical, but criticism which has as its primary object the poem and the totality of its artistry. Now even *PMLA* is weakening.

A Tribute from the Community of Letters

I began my account with a reference to politics, to the Nazi barbarism and our cowardice. Such a remark perhaps seems out of place in a tribute to Mr. Ransom. However, if a man reads poetry as Mr. Ransom has taught us, he enters into a truly civilizing experience. Sir Philip Sidney argues that poetry, like divine grace, is an enabling power "to draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls . . . can be capable of." Only if we truly read a poem, only if we enter into the new realm of being and architectonic knowledge to which the poem invites us, and makes for us, can we be so enabled. Mr. Ransom, as classroom teacher, poet, critic, as our neighbor here in Gambier and in the republic of letters, has done more than most to make poetry a power, a civilizing and inspiriting power, in the lives of men. If poetry has no place in politics, in our political sensibility, then we are lost souls, solitary in a wilderness of brutality and of the shards of the past.

John Crowe Ransom did not, as Melville said of himself, come "late to his roses." I do not refer exclusively to his poetry. Everywhere he has lived in Gambier, Mr. Ransom has planted a rose garden. They have neither been blasted nor have they faded untimely. Long after Mr. Ransom left the first house he lived in here on the College Park, his roses still bloomed. For all whom he has taught, they will continue to bloom.

Gerrit H. Roelofs

From the first of my wish to write, my interest in writing, *The Kenyon Review* was there — so solidly there, in fact, that when I turned up at Harvard College I easily assumed it had been publishing since at least the Civil War; it was maybe twenty years before I learned the *Review* began only the year before I saw my first copy.

It was also the first magazine to print a poem of mine, during senior year that was. And though Mr. Ransom had to reject some other of my undergraduate performances both in verse and in prose, the detailed critical attention and the kindness of his doing so remain in my memory as an example of how things might be always, in some considerably better world than this one. The combination, in one man, of a fine poetical gift (more fully realized than most), an undeceived intelligence, and a great generosity, is the fortunate circumstance that made *The Kenyon Review* such a challenging paper to write for, and so stimulating a one to read. Even when writing at Mr. Ransom's request, a review, say, that he would perhaps feel compelled to print if it were not abysmally illiterate or ill-mannered, the writer was always impelled to try to do especially well, just by the thought that what he wrote must first be read by one for whom he felt so much affection and so much respect.

Howard Nemerov

The Kenyon Review has taken a new and vigorous turn. During the reign of John Crowe Ransom it established its influence by representing the best in contemporary criticism and many of our finest poets when they were relatively unknown. *The Kenyon Review* of recent years, under Robie Macauley, has brilliance and imagination and is deeply representative of its time. Fiction, and the editorial generosity to the publishing of fiction, has made the difference. No current quarterly devotes as much space or is more selective in its offering of new voices in fiction than *Kenyon* is today. I salute its 25 years of vitality.

Seymour Lawrence

Dawn in Autumn in Vermont

About the new sewage-disposal plant,
I had asked what allowance was made
for increase of population; and the
old-timer answered: "Vermont is shrinking."

Dawn clear above bare^{*} trees—
Night lights of distant village linger
Belatedly towards day.

Cock crows much as of yore.

(That's where I'm now at,
at this early hour.
I'd rather be asleep yet,
But you can't have everything.)

O cleanly sparse Vermont
In leaf-down autumn.

Some places are so up and coming
It's like the end of the world.
But in Vermont
The falls splash by weedy factories
Run once by water
Then by steam
Then by electricity
And now, praise God, often not run at all

The towns dwindle,
And reborn nature
Grows rank in sloping cemeteries.
Industry dies
That once again
The streams may quicken
With the strike of decent trout.

Life graveyard-lovely
In Greenmount

(Of memories
Of schools
Of granite
Of sources returning)

"Vermont is shrinking"—
The God-damned industries
Thrive better elsewhere.

All shrewd wisemen
Should buy into Vermont.

Kenneth Burke

* should be "bare"

See Third Printing

Some Notes from Memory

My student days at Sewanee coincided with the twilight of that ambiguous association of the Nashville critics and *The Sewanee Review*, and so it was that my friends and I became aware of the writings of John Crowe Ransom and the forces that he led. We knew him first as a contributor to the *Review* of "The South—Old or New?" and "Flux and Blur in Contemporary Art" and other provocatively titled literary and Agrarian essays—as well as of a piece called "Shall We Complete the Trade?" which by several years anticipated the Fulbright Act. We knew him also as the object of some curiously bitter attacks on the editor's part. All this furor whetted our curiosity, of course, and when we could we visited Nashville and persuaded our friends at Vanderbilt to introduce us. Mr. Ransom's gentleness of manner surprised us considerably: imagining him as dwelling ever in the eye of the hurricane, we had anticipated not an embodiment of courtesy and humor, but—well, something nearer belligerence. His writings should have led us to expect an irony, but we had not followed the lesson attentively.

Embattled he was, however, and my next memory of him dates from a lecture he delivered in Chattanooga, when he was taking his principles of criticism to a larger circle of listeners than that of the classroom. The enterprise meant not only commending those poets who deserved to be admired but also, in the name of reason, protesting against the popularity of certain pseudo-poets. It was this lecture that included the well-known analysis of "Trees," by Joyce Kilmer—the method of which, more sedately presented, figures in Brooks and Warren's *Understanding Poetry*. (Mr. Ransom's hypothesis was that "Trees" was written to illustrate its own next-to-last line.) Cries of pain filled the correspondence columns of the Chattanooga newspaper, among them a letter from one of my professors at Sewanee, whose strategy it was to defend "Trees" by attacking Mr. Ransom's poem "Dog." I foolishly undertook to reply. I did not then appreciate the consistency of both parties to the debate, i.e., that my professor's cherished conceptions of poetry made it inevitable for him to delight in "Trees" and to be baffled by the playful urbanity of such poems as "Dog."

It seems to me now that the consistency of Mr. Ransom's poetry with his general principles is greater than that of the other outstanding poet-critics of our time. Indeed, it approaches perfection, and from it his work derives a peculiar interest. Never was a book more significantly named than *The World's Body*, for a single theme unites its contents: the apprehension of concrete experience. And so does it inform all his writings, whether critical or Agrarian or theological, and of course his poetry at its best. Sentimental poems, he showed us, are bad because in them the emotion is abstracted from its object. Irony, in the extended sense he gave the word in critical discourse, is a crowning grace because it protects the created experience from fragmentation. Agrarianism, which I take to be not a political-economic platform but rather, like *Walden*, an ironic metaphor designed to test the myth of Progress, warns us of how gravely that myth threatens the wholeness of our experience. These are lessons that, thanks to Mr. Ransom's proximity, I learned some while ago; without it, I should have been slower to learn them than I was.

Robert W. Daniel

A Tribute from the Community of Letters

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I am a great admirer of the *Review* and the high standards it has always maintained. Let me congratulate *The Kenyon Collegian* on its enterprise in planning this special issue.

Willard Thorp

Congratulations to John Crowe Ransom on his seventy-sixth birthday. One of the foremost interpreters of literature while still young, he has constantly broadened the critic's function both in his own writing and as the teacher of writers and critics.

Walter Jackson Bate

I have followed *The Kenyon Review* closely since its very first issue and regard it as an indispensable part of my reading. Its contribution to the literary culture of the United States has been very real and, under its new editors, while its character has changed somewhat, it seems to me to continue to be of first-rate importance and certainly of no less interest. Mr. Ransom should receive some lavish award for his long and devoted stewardship. Through his efforts on *The Kenyon Review*, he brought to American letters a new kind of dignity, seriousness and style.

Mark Schorer

In his recently published book, *Passion and Social Constraint*, Ernest van den Haag cites *The Kenyon Review* among publications "that appeal only to a few, because they are original in topic and treatment." That is certainly what Gordon Chalmers had in mind when the *Review* was launched and I think most of its readers would agree with van den Haag's description, and its implication of excellence.

C. P. Ives

When I came to Vanderbilt University in the fall of 1924, I soon heard of John Crowe Ransom and he became very quickly a decisive force in my college career. It was not that I was fortunate enough to have much class work with him, or that I, as a very shy young man, dared to cultivate an acquaintance with him. (Looking back, I can see how foolish I was not to try to get to know him — the kindest of men — but I did not, and my awe of him, if unnecessary, was very genuine — and paralyzing.)

The fact that he unwittingly changed the course of my college career, and with it the direction of my later life, thus rested upon no personal contact but upon something else. For me, Mr. Ransom (along with the other members of the group that he led) embodied the literary life. One felt the authority of its presence all the more just because there was no Bohemian swagger, nothing of the romantic glamour which I knew at second and third hand through books, no literary airs and posturing.

I had found a new hero and I became a hero-worshipper — though it was a long time before I was willing to admit it to myself — but my worship was based upon the most solid evidence possible: upon the fact of an accomplishment that shone with a quiet radiance, a radiance that could live with quotidian affairs and undimmed by the little traffickings of humdrum life in a provincial city. John Crowe Ransom is, and was, much too modest ever to realize how powerful was the influence that he quietly exerted. But I felt it, decisively, and I suspect that in the Vanderbilt of the 'twenties I was only one of many who did.

Cleanth Brooks

A Tribute from the Community of Letters

Painted Head

By dark severance the apparition head
Smiles from the air a capital on no
Column or a Platonic perhaps head
On a canvas say depending from nothing;

Stirs up an old illusion of grandeur
By tickling the instinct of heads to be
Absolute and to try decapitation
And to flay toward from the Golly Gush;

But too happy and beautiful for those sorts
Of head (chomping heads are happiest)
Discover maybe thirty unnumbered years
Of not dishonoring the faithful steem;

Is nameless and has authored for the evil
Historian featherers neither book
Nor state and is therefore distinct from tart
Heads with crowns and guilty gallery heads;

So that the extravagant device of art
Unhensing by abstraction this once head
Was capital wrong by a loving hand
That knew the no treason of a head like this;

Makes repentance in an unlovely head
For having vinegarly traduced the flesh
Till the trust flesh recusing, the hard egg
Is shrunken to its own deathlike surface;

Cells up this image: The body bears the head
(So hardly one they terribly are two)
Feeds and obeys and ~~into~~ pleases what and?
Not to the glory of tyrant head but to

The estate of body; beauty is of body;
The flesh contending shallowly on a head
Is a rock-garden needing body's love
And best bodiness to colority

The big blue birds sitting and sea-shell flats
And axes, and on the iron acropolis
To spread the tyasinthine hairs and rear
The olive garden for the nightingales,

John Crowe Ransom

Painted Head

By dark severance the apparition head
Smiles from the air a capital on no
Column or a Platonic perhaps head
On a canvas sky depending from nothing;
Stirs up an old illusion of grandeur
By tickling the instinct of heads to be
Absolute and to try decapitation
And to play truant from the body bush;
But too happy and beautiful for those sorts
Of head (homekeeping heads are happiest)
Discovers maybe thirty unwidowed years
Of not dishonoring the faithful stem;
Is nameless and has authored for the evil
Historian headhunters neither book
Nor state and is therefore distinct from tart
Heads with crowns and guilty gallery heads;
So that the extravagant device of art
Unhousing by abstraction this once head
Was capital irony by a loving hand
That knew the no treason of a head like this;
Makes repentance in an unlovely head
For having vinegarly traduced the flesh
Till, the hurt flesh recusing, the hard egg
Is shrunken to its own deathlike surface;
Calls up this image: The body bears the head
(So hardly one they terribly are two)
Feeds and obeys and unto please what end?
Not to the glory of tyrant head but to
The estate of body; beauty is of body;
The flesh contouring shallowly on a head
Is a rock-garden needing body's love
And best bodiness to colorify
The big blue birds sitting and sea-shell flats
And caves, and on the iron acropolis
To spread the hyacinthine hair and rear
The olive garden for the nightingales.

The Values We Have in Common

In my thoughts about Mr. Ransom I cherish with special pleasure a small episode which he has doubtless forgotten but which I should like to recall now as a testimony to both his largeness of mind and his everyday practical humanity. It happened in the middle fifties, following a decade or more of public controversy in which we had both aimed many shots at one another's positions in the civil war between the "New Critics" and the "Chicagoans." I think it was I who fired first, and I should therefore have been the one to propose an armistice once it had become clear to me, as it finally did, that this was not a war in which victory by one side or the other was either to be expected or, in the general interest of literary study, to be wished for. But the ironic initiative was Mr. Ransom's, in a letter (from which I hope he will not mind if I quote part of one sentence) inviting me on behalf of the Kenyon chapter to come to Gambier for a Phi Beta Kappa speech, and then adding this from himself: "One waggish member said he understood that I had always been fighting with you, but I said that was within the family of the defenders of literature, and I had much more in common with you than with anybody outside that family, and furthermore would like to strike a truce. . . ." After what I had said of him in print, I thought these quite gratuitously generous words. I went of course, and was rewarded by discovering, in long talks with him about literature, philosophy, Oxford, and *The Kenyon Review*, that the values we had in common were indeed more numerous and far more important than our still unresolved differences on questions of critical method. And the truce was sealed for me, completely and for ever, by a little thing that happened on the morning after my arrival. I had come over to Gambier from Bloomington unprepared for any change from the warm and brilliantly clear March weather we had been having there for the past few weeks. But then a deep wet snow fell all that night, and I awoke next morning to gloomy forebodings of the bad cold I was sure to catch as I walked across the campus in my unprotected thin soles to keep my engagement at Mr. Ransom's office. I was feeling almost sorry that I had come, when I heard a knock at my door, and there was Mr. Ransom himself, holding out to me, with a smile, a pair of slightly but not embarrassingly over-size rubbers! Just as I would agree with him that literature is more important than criticism, so I hope he will agree with me that human kindness such as he showed me that March morning is more important than either.

R. S. Crane

John Crowe Ransom is one of the most elegant and individual war correspondents who ever existed of our world's old war between power and love . . . Generations of the future will be reading his poems page by page with Wyatt, Campion, Marvell and Mother Goose.

Randall Jarrell

The Tenth Muse

Tenth Muse, Oh my heartfelt Sloth,
how often now you come to my bed,
thin as a canvas in your white and red
check dresses like a tablecloth,
my Dearest, settling like my shroud!

Yes, yes, I ought to remember Moses
jogging down on his mule from the Mount
with the old law, the old mistake,
safe in his saddlebags, and chiseled
on the stones we cannot bear or break.

Here stalling, here waiting for an answer
from this malignant surf of unopened letters,
always reaching land too late,
as fact and abstraction accumulate,
and the signature fades from the paper—

I like to imagine it must have been simpler
in the days of Lot,
or when Greek and Roman picturebook
gods sat combing their golden beards,
each on his private hill or mountain.

But I suppose even God was born
too late to trust the old religion—
all those settings out
that never left the ground,
beginning in wisdom, dying in doubt.

Robert Lowell

Reprinted from The Kenyon Review

A Tribute from the Community of Letters

A relationship with John Crowe Ransom is an especially treasured part of one's life, and not like anything else. There is no one else even a little bit like him. I welcomed the way in which he differed from all I expected him to be when I had not yet met him but knew he was a "Southern gentleman" and even a "Southern Agrarian." For the agrarianism had worn off by that time, and his gentlemanliness was republican and his own, not snobbish or out of *Gone with the Wind*. That he is a real gentleman, by the way, is one of the big things about him. He is a very strong man — with a will of iron indeed — but he is also a truly gentle man — and what a rare combination this is! His classes were pure pleasure to attend. His expositions of poems were sometimes better than the poems. I wish he hadn't been too proud to write out in his books some of the not-really-simple exegeses he would present in classes: people would get a different idea of his "new criticism" if he did . . . Well, this is just a jotting from one of the many toward whom Mr. Ransom came to assume a fatherly relation (but dignified, not patronizing). What we feel on this occasion is filial piety and affection.

Eric Bentley

The hundredth issue is a landmark for any review, but I find it particularly exciting when a "little" review which is also a literary review attains it. The temptation — at least here in England — is to make literature appear significant by linking it to sociology. It is widely thought, and obviously successfully, as with *Encounter*, that a long study of John Cowper Powys is only acceptable if it is put next to a documentary article on the nature of the prostitute. Put poetry and the street-walker side by side and you have life and letters. That is the new idea. The idea of writing being anything more than social reporting is fading from the minds of many editors of what were once literary journals. *The Kenyon Review* has long been an exception. Long may it continue to be one.

I am personally grateful for the essays the *Review* has published by John Crowe Ransom and for the long stories it has printed by new and established authors. John Stewart Carter's *To a Tenor Dying Old* was one of the most memorable pieces of fiction that I have read in years. Carter's story appeared in the 99th issue, an issue illustrated by Betty Fraser, "a young New York artist," as the note on the Contributors' Page says.

When the time comes to celebrate the 200th issue of *The Kenyon Review* I wonder what she and Carter will have achieved? Will the 99th number, like many before it, and like many which will follow it, be a collectors' item? I will take a chance on it, and in grateful anticipation say "yes."

Neville Braybrooke

I wish you well with your celebration of the anniversary of *The Kenyon Review*, a magazine of distinction.

Theodore Peterson

Memories of the School of English

It would be improper for me to talk formally about the School of English; Mr. Ransom was an organizer and senior fellow and can tell the story as no one else can, especially now that Charles Coffin and Philip Blair Rice are both dead. But the *Collegian* editors, who have already got Mr. Ransom for another job, tell me that I am the only one "left" who knows anything about the subject. I visited briefly at the 1948 session, and I was a student in 1950, so I suppose I can offer the informal observations of someone in those two capacities. The idea of being a kind of sole survivor gives me a feeling of great frailty and age, and I will plead my condition for the gaps and inaccuracies in my recollections.



Fellows of the Kenyon School of English 1948: Austin Warren, Eric Bentley, Allen Tate, Richard Chase, William Empson, Cleanth Brooks, John Crowe Ransom, F. O. Matthiessen.



Fellows of the Kenyon School of English 1949: Philip Rahv, René Wellek, Allen Tate, Mark Schorer, Eric Bentley, John Crowe Ransom, Herbert Read, Yvor Winters.

That was very much the time of the "New Criticism," and many of the students at the School were still in college and newly critical. We came to the summer's enterprise with a zest that I suppose few of us had ever brought to our regular studies. We felt not quite like pioneers — the pioneers were on the faculty — but certainly like early settlers: we had come to help make order in the wilderness of literary criticism. Perhaps we were like the early Beats — as improbable as that yoking may at first appear. But I mean that we possessed the kind of exhilaration that they had to start with. And we knew, too, that on every side, even in our midst, was the Enemy, the woolly headed Beast of primitive criticism in whose territory we proposed to settle. He was fighting back hard — very hard, just then. Vigorously, we "explicated," in and out of class; we got so we could spot a Precious Object at a thousand yards; and where we couldn't find an ambiguity we made one. It was all tremendous fun, and if we were often foolish our elders let us take our heads. And we learned a great deal — as much, of course, from informal association as from the lectures. Those lectures, I'm afraid, were sometimes too much of a challenge. This was the year when William Empson was working on complex words and Kenneth Burke was lecturing on poetry as symbolic action. Though I didn't have a class

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with either man, I gathered that some of their students were following them imperfectly — though with all their hearts.

There were a number of books that all of us owned — or immediately purchased on getting here (some people arrived in a state of pitiable innocence). The ones that come to my mind were *Seven Types of Ambiguity* (if you also had a copy of *Some Versions of Pastoral* you were definitely a superior person), *Explorations* by L. C. Knights, Kenneth Burke's *Philosophy of Literary Form* or else his *Grammar of Motives*, and the Wellek and Warren *Theory of Literature*. We would all have owned *The World's Body* and *The New Criticism* too, but these were out of print even then and very difficult to find.

My recollections of the 1948 session are sketchy. I remember a lecture by F. O. Matthiessen in the lounge of Peirce Hall, a class of Allen Tate's in Ascension, and a women student — a publisher poet of some reputation — whose husband called her ship-to-shore every night from his yacht in Long Island Sound. And I recall seeing the teaching fellows seated afternoon or evenings around the center table at Dorothy's. That was their table every year of the School, and sometimes I've thought it was a pity no one ever put a plaque on it when memories were fresher. That table probably has association with more men eminent in poetry, fiction, and criticism than anything we have in the College — and I restrict my comment only so that I won't appear guilty of parochialism. I also remember a long, long bus ride from Gambier to Mount Vernon, which seemed to the students (if one of them had a yacht, few had cars) a place almost impossibly distant. The bus was labelled "Servais Transit," a name that somehow made one feel one was embarking on a pleasant foreign journey. It seemed to me to meander along innumerable country roads, through a landscape empty of potential customers. Its springs were gone and the windows wouldn't open — or perhaps you couldn't get them closed against the dust. But I look back and see the passengers bathed in a glow of sunlight, blissfully bounced, content to ride on forever.

In fact, I think of both of those summers as green and gold and blue, absolutely perfect. And so, I suppose, they were to me, since weather is so much a state of mind. I do recall that L. C. Knights suffered miserably from the heat, and was almost never seen without a big white handkerchief either just going up to his forehead or just coming down.

I took Professor Knights's course in Shakespearean criticism, and a course in the short story from Delmore Schwartz. Other faculty that summer, in addition to William Empson and Kenneth Burke, were Philip Rice, Arthur Mizener, Austin Warren, and Robert Lowell. We got to know all of them as friends — though it was to Charles Coffin, the dean of the School, that most of us turned when any kind of personal problem came along. He was always the busiest man at these sessions, and yet no one who dealt with him ever felt that he was cut short, or attended to with anything less than complete attention.



Fellows of the Kenyon School of English 1950: Arthur Mizener, Robert Lowell, Kenneth Burke, Delmore Schwartz, P. B. Rice, Wm. Empson, John Crowe Ransom, L. C. Knights, C. M. Coffin.

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There were many parties, in the dormitory parlors sometimes and sometimes in faculty houses. The song of the summer, composed by a student, went:

One two three four five six *seven* types of am-bi-gu-i-tee.

One two three four five six *seven* types of am-bi-gu-i-tee.

And that's not all:

We've got some *versions* of the *pas-torale* . . .

Empson was charmed by the composition, and when — as regularly at a certain point in the evening — it was sung, he would respond with imitations of English music hall singers. He became an enthusiastic member of the baseball team, and I still have a beautiful photograph of him running for base, beard blowing over one shoulder, and daisies in the long grass under his feet. My most striking recollection of him, though, is of a conversation we had one afternoon at the Rices'. We were both readers of murder mysteries, but where my motive was the simple one of pleasure, his had a finer, a truly Empsonian quality about it: he read them, he told me, to see if he could guess the copyright date from internal evidence.

Empson's song was not our only music. A student from Carleton, a bellringer of considerable proficiency, was fond of playing "A Man without a Woman" on the chapel bells. Eventually, the tower door was locked, and something went out of our summer. And then, toward the end of it, the Korean War broke out. No one knew then whether this — so soon — was the start of a third world war, and of course we were all braced for the worst. The summer behind us seemed already a time we would never know again, a brief period when we'd consciously enjoyed something very like perfect happiness.

George Lanning

It is of the nature of contemporary work in any art to offer us a nourishment that we need if we are to go on living as sentient and thinking beings. This means that much which is original and fine is greedily absorbed, assimilated almost as soon as we know it to be good. One or two decades later it is still fine but no longer needed, and the artist must wait for his permanent public until posterity recalls his indispensable role in the history of spirit.

In contrast with this, some artists fulfill at once the contemporary and the permanent desire. John Crowe Ransom is such an artist. Of all the poets of our time, he seems to me to be the one who steadily delights: I have not ceased re-reading him from the moment I first encountered him. This characteristic need not imply superiority; it does imply power, the power that Yeats and Hardy also exerted as contemporaries before they were classics. And what matters in all this to a devouring age is quite simple: steady power, an unbroken hold on us, means a longer pleasure, deepened by each return to its source.

Jacques Barzun

A Theoretical Point

It was in 1948 that I first met John Crowe Ransom, being kindly allowed to flip over from Peking to the Gambier Summer School, and I was especially keen just then on a program for explaining all the sources of the beauty of a poem, finding a reason for everything. I was thus disconcerted by his distinction, which kept coming back into the debates, between the "structure" of a poem and its "texture," described as logically unrelated to the structure. In fact I suspected that he didn't fully realise what our literary sect was aiming at. One can be more contentedly sectarian while abroad, and it was not till I got back to England that I became struck by the good sense of his position.

I think indeed that some elements may change from structure to texture, or the other way round, according as one realises or ignores "how they work," though perhaps some are permanently out of reach. But the author while composing needs to feel that he is allowed to be irrelevant, so long as his details are "in keeping," or the basic reason is that his unconscious mind needs enough freedom to come into play. The critic also must at least be free to say: "I feel that is good, or in keeping, though I can't see why." Both must seem to themselves to be choosing without cause, however determinate their world may actually be. A logically unrelated texture is thus always present, and needs recognising, though it may vary on different occasions.

A tone of pawky but fundamental permissiveness underlay, I came to think, the placid firmness with which John Crowe Ransom would regularly come back to this conception; it is a vote for freedom which perhaps derives from Emerson. I was ready to suspect at first that it was too smooth or accepting, but in coming to know him better I had sometimes occasion to observe under his own texture the iron of his structure.

Not a lively present perhaps, but one should make the most of an agreement on these questions, where it does not come very often. I salute the seventh-fifth birthday.

William Empson

IMPOSSIBLE TO PRAISE SUITABLY A GENUINE MASTER LIKE JOHN CROWE RANSOM IN TELEGRAPHES.

IRVING FELDMAN

I AM MOST HAPPY TO JOIN THE KENYON COLLEGIAN IN HONORING JOHN CROWE RANSOM ON HIS 76th BIRTHDAY, BOTH FOR THOSE ENDURING DISTINCTIONS THAT KENYON AND ALL THE WORLD RECOGNIZE AND FOR REASONS OF PERSONAL AFFECTION THAT GO BACK FOR FIFTY YEARS AND THAT WARMLY AS EVER ENDURES.

DONALD DAVIDSON

When All the Visitors Are Gone

When all the visitors are gone
The glass shall fall from the window frame
With the reflection of the fire
And brass and damask thereupon,
Also the face of which I tire,
And I shall go as once I came
Out through the ringing threadless dark
Moving aloft, and let my feet
Drift through the tips of poplar trees.
Sightless I'll see the quiet park
Divested of its finities,
Without the change, the cold or heat.
The smallest squill that decks the root,
The grub beneath the matted stone
I shall bear with me as they are,
The flower one thing, one thing the fruit;
Even the rolling shimmering star
Most I shall know when most alone,
Most I shall love you then, old friends,
Simply within the verb to be,
Without the wish for interchange
Or the remembrance of our ends,
And toward the God shall slowly range
Uncaring if He cares for me.

Roberta Teale Swartz
(Mrs. Gordon K. Chalmers)

Reprinted from The Kenyon Review

Two Poems

Down There

A cellar underneath the house, though not lived in,
Reminds our warm and windowed quarters upstairs that
Caves water-scooped from limestone were our first dwellings,
A providential shelter when the Great Cold came,
Which woke our feel for somewhere fixed to come back to,
A hole by occupation made to smell human.

Self-walled, we sleep aloft, but still, at safe anchor,
Ride there on caves; lamp-lit, we dine at street level:
But, deep in Mother Earth, beneath her key-cold cloak,
Where light and heat can never spoil what sun ripened,
In barrels, bottles, jars, we mew her kind commons,
Wine, beer, conserves and pickles, good at all seasons.

Encrust with years of clammy grime, the home, maybe,
Of creepy-crawlies or a ghost, its flag-stoned vault
Is not for girls; sometimes, to test their male courage,
A father sends the younger boys to fetch something
For Mother from down there; ashamed to whimper, hearts pounding,
They dare the dank steps, re-emerge with proud faces.

The rooms we talk and work in always look injured
When trunks are being packed, and when, without warning,
We drive up in the dark, unlock and switch lights on,
They seem put out: a cellar never takes umbrage;
It takes us as we are, explorers, homebodies,
Who seldom visit others when we don't need them.

Up There

Men would never have come to need an attic:
Keen collectors of glass or Roman coins build
Special cabinets for them, dote on, index
Each new specimen; only women cling to
Items out of their past they have no use for,
Can't name now what they couldn't bear to part with.

Up there, under the eaves, in bulging boxes,
Hats, veils, ribbons, goloshes, programmes, letters,
Wait unworshipped; a starving spider spins for
The occasional fly: no clock recalls it
Once an hour to the household it's a part of,
No Saint's Day is devoted to its function.

All it knows of a changing world it has to
Guess from children who conjure in its plenum,
Now an eyrie for two excited sisters
Where, when Mother is bad, her rage can't reach them,
Now a schooner on which a lonely only
Boy sails North or approaches coral islands.

W. H. Auden

For the Poet Is Immortal

Those who celebrate John Crowe Ransom have the pleasant problem of deciding which Ransom is to be celebrated; for there are many, and all deserve celebration. Shall it be the editor? The critic? The teacher? Or the gentleman of whom all these are so many graces? I would gladly honor them all, given world enough and time; but here, perhaps, the whole appears in any part, and so I may be allowed to choose the part for which I have a special weakness: the poet.

In the last analysis I suppose we judge a poet by the experiences which he offers; experiences which, but for him, we should not have had; by the quality and depth and range of these; and by estimating how much poorer we should be if he had never written. Range I will not claim for Ransom's poetry, at any rate in the sense in which we say that Chaucer and Shakespeare and Browning have it; but on all other points he comes out very well indeed. There is no doubt that we should have been sensibly poorer if he had never written, for the world he creates is a valuable one, and I can think of no one else who could have created it. It is hard to define that world; it is one in which the country of reality borders on the countries of nursery rhymes and fairy tales, for the people of the one can easily enter the other. At the very moment when we recognize it as the world we know, it will turn into one we do not; but at the moment when it seems strangest we recognize it as our own. We cannot be certain, either, in what period of time it exists, for a quaint phrase or an archaism transforms the present into a faded tapestry, while a modern phrase will convert the past into the present. Besides, we are only given glimpses of it; for the poet gives us merely sparse, if pregnant, hints as to what it might be like. We cannot say precisely whether it is innocent or ominous, pretty or monstrous, for in this world one can become the other in a moment. It is a world, too, in which the comic can be recalled in anguish, and the tragic may eventuate in something very like its opposite.

It is, in brief, a baffling but wonderful world; but I shall not try to define it further, for the poems do that as nothing else can. I shall simply say Happy Birthday to John Ransom, and Happy Birthday to all of us, for the birthday of genius is in some sense a birthday for everyone. And long live the man! For the poet is doubtless immortal.

Elder Olson

His poems have remained important in the one truly indubitable way that poetry can remain important: namely, they have been read again and again by other poets.

Delmore Schwartz

John Crowe Ransom and Chicago

In his essay entitled "Old Age of an Eagle," published in 1952, John Crowe Ransom devoted himself to some remarks on the poetry of Thomas Hardy, his "eagle." Prefatory to the discussion itself, he offered a distinction of what he called the "three dimensions of a poem":

First the plot, or argument, a human representation struck off smartly, developed clearly and rounded off to a nicety. Then the meters, which this poet loved with a passion and managed with conscience and ingenuity. And finally, the poetic language, the flowering habit of a thing that is alive, displaying its grace generally and coming into intermittent focus in special configurations of leaf or blossom.

His particular point of attention in the Hardy essay was meters; but he did not fail to consider the diction and there was occasional mention of "argument" or theme.

Of the three dimensions, it is language that predominates in Mr. Ransom's essay "On Shakespeare's Language," read at Kenyon College in 1946. Mr. Ransom's problem here was to inquire into "Shakespeare's way of compounding Latinical elements with his native English," as a means to distinguishing the peculiar excellence of Shakespeare's diction and to accounting for some of his influence on the future development of the English language. Yet even here the first member of the trinity is not forgotten; commenting, near the end, on a line from *The Tempest*, he noted that the line expresses Prospero's theological views and that these "are in character, and dramatically adequate." That is, Mr. Ransom related once again language to the matter that it expresses. Similarly, when he was discussing Cleanth Brooks' preoccupation with metaphors, in his essay "Why Critics Don't Go Mad" (also of 1952, I believe), Mr. Ransom found it useful to object that "the poem has to be defended in the wholeness of its being," and he defined that wholeness:

Thus it has a beginning, middle, and end, if the argument is sizeable enough to bother about such things; and otherwise there is the "point" of the poem, the act of predication, or the sheer core-object, with such qualifications as may appear; and everywhere that minute kind of order which we call syntax, not fatally overlaid or concealed.

I suppose that it was a kind of converse objection that motivated Mr. Ransom's initial resistance to the teachings of the "Chicago School." For if he blamed Cleanth Brooks for an excessive attention to what he called (in another context) the "texture" of the poem, he blamed the Chicago Critics for their predominant concern with what he called (in the same context) the "structure" of the poem. He stated his reservations in a review of the Chicago volume, *Critics and Criticism: Ancient and Modern*; volume and review both appeared in 1952. He found that at Chicago there was an overemphasis on "action" (i.e., structure) and an underemphasis on "diction" (i.e., texture). To omit an adequate consideration of poetic language, he thought, was to fail to consider the "poetry" itself; for the argument or the plot, he argued, was merely a prose statement which the poet later made into poetry by enveloping it in diction and meter.

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The differences were perhaps not as great as Mr. Ransom at that time declared. For he was moved to see a radical difference between himself and the Chicago Critics by two major objections: an objection to what seemed to him, at Chicago, to be an authoritarian point of view, and an objection to the fact that Aristotle was the authority. He saw Aristotle as a maker of rules about poetry — rules that belonged essentially to the poetry of Aristotle's time — and the Chicagoans as critics who sought a rigid application of those same rules to poetry of all times. Since he did not approve of what Aristotle himself had to say about poetry, he could not approve of what we University of Chicago professors were allowing Aristotle to do to poetry.

Yet, in a certain sense, we were trying to do to poetry some of the same things that John Crowe Ransom was trying to do. I admit that we were not all of us primarily concerned with meter (although as far back as 1937 Elder Olson had completed a massive dissertation on "The Principles of Prosody"). But we were very much concerned with the other two "dimensions," with the plot or argument and with the poetic language. We did not use plot or argument in exactly the same sense; but we used the broader term of "action" as equivalent to Mr. Ransom's "human representation" and we included in it — since we regarded it as the organizing principle of the individual poem — those other parts of the human object represented that Aristotle and we called "character" and "thought." For us this "action" was — and is — as much a part of the poetry as the diction, perhaps even more so. For we were — and are — better able to characterize the specific qualities of a poetic "structure" than to single out the peculiar essence of a poetic "texture."

Since those early years at Chicago, we have moved closer to Mr. Ransom. As we have passed, in our continuing study, from the major dramatic and narrative forms to the shorter lyric forms, we have necessarily concerned ourselves with the lyric equivalent of "action" and, more and more specifically, with questions of diction. We hear that Mr. Ransom has moved, through these same years, somewhat closer to us; he has come to look more favorably on the analysis of poetic form — in the broadest sense. This rapprochement is useful and natural. For what distinguishes at once the Chicago School and the New Critics and Mr. Ransom is the preoccupation with literary texts, with reading the texts themselves in an effort to understand and evaluate and appreciate them. We have all tried, in different ways and from different vantage points, to achieve the return to the text; and we have undoubtedly come closer to one another as we have come closer to the poem.

Bernard Weinberg

The Kenyon Review Fellowships

Already we realize, not uncertainly, that *The Kenyon Review* Fellows have distinguished themselves as poets, writers of fiction, and critics. The benefits of *The Kenyon Review* Fellowships have served not only the world of contemporary letters but also the writers themselves. The stipends, in a real sense, have been vital votes of confidence, significant both meritoriously and financially.

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When it was first announced in the Autumn 1952 issue of *The Kenyon Review*, the fellowship program, sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation, offered three awards. Designation of fellows would be made in the fields of poetry, fiction, and literary criticism. At that time the *Review*, while not neglecting the newer creative talents in literature, maintained a format consisting principally of book reviews and critical essays. And its editor, John Crowe Ransom, had continually reminded us that the twentieth century was an "age of criticism," a period of development no less distinguished than the other ages of literary activity.

In February 1956 it was announced that *The Kenyon Review* (along with the *Hudson*, *Partisan*, and *Sewanee Reviews*) would administer a three-year fellowship program. The new stipends were raised to \$2,700 for an unmarried fellow and \$4,000 for a married fellow. This would secure for the appointees at least partial freedom from professional duties (usually teaching) and from "the burden of working for a livelihood." The criteria for selections were "solid evidence" of literary, creative, or critical competence, the indication of an applicant's entrance into a "new phase," and financial need. No requirements of residence or publication were set.

The effectiveness of these fellowships was dependent in a large part on the appointive means; the editorial staff of each review. Unlike an awards committee, these men had professional and year-round acquaintances with American writers. *The Kenyon Review*, then in its eighteenth volume, possessed a remarkable breadth of both critical and creative abilities in its editors, John Crowe Ransom, Philip Blair Rice, Eric Bentley, Cleanth Brooks, Peter Taylor, Lionel Trilling, and Robert Penn Warren.

Recently many of the fellows have achieved national acclaim. Last year the 1957 fellow in fiction, James F. Powers, won the National Book Award for *Morte D'Urban*; in 1960 Richard Ellmann, the 1955 fellow in criticism, won the same award for his critical study of James Joyce. *The Moving Target*, a volume of poetry by William S. Merwin, a 1954 fellow, has been reviewed favorably. Also, as collaborators, two former fellows in fiction, Robie Macauley and George Lanning, wrote *Technique in Fiction*, soon to be published. Thus, the fellowships have not only helped writers and poets to produce what is the distinctive literary work of our decade, but, furthermore, they have enabled us, through their willingness to encourage critical study, to determine what portion of this will become permanent.

1953

Poetry — Edwin Watkins
Fiction — Flannery O'Connor
Criticism — Irving Howe

1955

Poetry — Edgar Collins Bogardus
Douglas Nichols
Fiction — Howard Nemerov
Criticism — Richard David Ellmann

1957

Poetry — Delmore Schwartz
Fiction — James F. Powers
Elizabeth Spencer
Criticism — Francis Fergusson

1954

Poetry — William S. Merwin
Fiction — George S. Lanning
Flannery O'Connor
Criticism — R. W. B. Lewis

1956

Poetry — Ruth Stone
Fiction — Andrew Lytle
Theodore Hoffman
Criticism — Leslie Fiedler

1958

Poetry — Theodore Henry Holmes
James Arlington Wright
Fiction — Robie Macauley
Criticism — Thomas Henry Carter

Explication of a Ransom Poem

The following essay is part of a symposium discussing Ransom's "Master's in the Garden Again." The whole symposium will appear later this month in New World Writing 22, Copyright © 1964 by J. B. Lippincott Co.

Our poets have a way of blooming late, often after a long sterile period. We have exciting enough early works, splendid last works, but little work of maturity — precisely that period when we might have expected the greatest work. In their middle years our poets often cannot write at all, or, as a substitute for some wisdom we cannot find, will flee to theorizing, philosophy and literary dogmatism. Often, only the approach of death can shock us from the trance of our life; we come to terms with it more courageously. The artistic problems stem from the problem with love and passion.

The problem is a problem: only a fool would think he knew an answer. How could one be a first-rate artist without offending, deeply, those he most loves? First, by the mere offense of being first-rate. That, with the envy it arouses quite commonly costs one those dearest to him. All differences, inequalities, seem unjust and odious. We have been encouraged to be feminine or childish, while our women have been encouraged to compete and to dominate. But like most executives, they dominate not through ability but through will — a quality often rising from envy at what one takes for a *lack* of ability in one's self. Every sign of ability in others will be a very real injury. And that injury is likely to be all the greater coming from an artist, since his life involves keeping open the passions, which may be neither humane nor loyal. Meantime, the violence and faithlessness of our passions are only likely to be increased by our desire to be dominated and diminished, our childishness, which resents any loved one and will use its own faithlessness as a subtle and civilized weapon.

Not that many of us would care to reinstate the *droit du seigneur*, or to go back to an old age when the male was valued for a brute physical force which we abhor. Yet it certainly seems that we have carried horrid democracy a bit far. Since the great revolutions of the nineteenth century — the Industrial Revolution and the artistic and intellectual revolutions which accompanied it — there has been no masculine, ordering force worth fighting against. In the arts, as in society, we see aimless revolt followed by aimless revolt. After the women went, then the children; the dogs appear to have their revolt fairly well under way; the vegetables are likely next. Nothing is really produced, since these rebellions are directed against powers which do not exist, and carried out by those who are lacking in either ability or purpose. We have half-men, half-women, half-adults, half-children, and nothing first-rate anywhere. It is not to be expected that poets, any more than the rest of us, could escape the problem.

Cruel as this sounds, Hardy was probably the luckiest — his wife died while he had many years to lament, to record the fierce subtleties of their marital techniques, to learn how much

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she *had* meant, yet marry his secretary and go on with his poems. Tactless and proud as she was, his first wife had perhaps found a way to sacrifice herself into those poems so far greater (as she must really have known) than any she could herself write — a way to escape from, yet aid, a work too great to live with. This suggests both a nobility and a despair quite beyond anything Hardy credited her with, and quite beyond any reasonable demand.

Frost outlived his wife, yet for all his brilliance, was never able to make the reappraisal. Perhaps the struggle had gone too far, left too much wreckage and guilt. His earlier poems are the glory of our period — yet he never fulfilled their promise. If Cummings's feelings had reached their fullest at twenty-five, Frost's had reached theirs at forty. When he said "How awful, yet I must . . ." he was a poet; when he says "I must, since it's right . . ." he is only a danger.

Williams truly loved his wife yet spent years trying to injure her. Then, however, he could come back to her. Few have his magnanimity, which could forgive even someone he had so deeply wounded. After years of sterile literary dogmatism, it is to his wife that he comes back in his last great poem, "Of Asphodel" — the flower that tells of his enduring love.

To Stevens, love must have been only another expensive ornament, like philosophy or aesthetic theory, to decorate an essentially meaningless world, another wreath for the abyss. In his old age, after his years of literary philosophizing, he comes back to no particular woman, but only to a "heavenly desired . . . sleek among the tintinnabula" who alone could offset the grayness of age and the shadow of trees like wrecked umbrellas. He returns to no garden, but to a greenhouse — now battered and in need of paint.

Thomas was perhaps the unluckiest, or the weakest. He had no middle age, much less whatever wisdom it might offer. He died recording the loveless lusts we associate with adolescence, the pure-sex-in-the-pants which appeals so to those with pure-sex-in-the-head. He does not lament his own age and loss, but his father's; he leaves his wife as ruined victor, to write what she can.

In Ransom we see something different from any of these — a man, who has made a deep commitment and firmly stood by it, at whatever price. Whether we can be glad is beside the point. We must hold our peace before great dedication and the great loss that always means. There are gains, too — we have, now, a new poem just when we had given up hope for it. And it is a thoroughly remarkable poem — one that not only records this problem of love and creativity, but, in that very act, partially transcends it.

Herman Broch (in his introduction to Rachel Bepaloff's book *On the Iliad*) defines the style of old-age as an *abstractism* which impoverishes its vocabulary in order to enrich its syntactical relationships. It no longer collects the brilliant *atoms* of "world content," but rather expresses its relationships, its structure. Thus, though it tends to share the scientist's concern for abstract universal structure, its productions come closer to the abstractism of myth.

This seems apt, and a proper distinction between this and Ransom's earlier poems. This is a poem of relationships; it, as a result, invites commentary as the earlier poems never did. Those first poems quite defeat criticism — one can only point to them, with perhaps a few sentences of explication, and say, "See? He's done it again!"

Even this poem's initial technical problem is one of relationships — how to use a passage from the earlier "Conrad in Twilight," now that that poem's situation has come to have more meaning with the passage of time:

A Tribute from the Community of Letters

Autumn days in our section
 Are the most used-up thing on earth
 (Or in the waters under the earth)
 Having no more color nor predilection
 Than cornstalks too wet for the fire,
 A ribbon rotting on the byre,
 A man's face as weathered as straw
 By the summer's flare and winter's flaw.

This, the ending of the original poem, was never quite satisfactory. In itself it is remarkable — few poets could have handled dactyls (or anapests) so fluently, placing extra accents so skillfully to avoid the deadly dactylic bounce. But coming at the end of "Conrad in Twilight," a light and breezy poem, and sinking it into a kind of depression and flat despair, the passage was shocking and never quite right.

Ransom's answer now is not to lessen the contrasts, but rather to make them more extreme. He surrounds his original death-dull passages of the gayest and brightest sights and sounds. He even marks the sections off with numbers so that we cannot miss the contrast. It is a little like the classical sonata form: the first section is a light and high-comical scolding match between husband and wife; the second, the more serious passage already quoted, which raises the spectre of death impinging on Conrad; the last section, tonally like the first, but with an underlying grimness, a dramatization of that "show" which "is of death." The last section is a little like the one of those Mahler scherzi where everything is so splendidly gay but for that *memento mori*, that one sour clarinet; or like children in their Halloween costumes — gay and even death-haunted, sacrificial.

Not that there is no attention to vocabulary and detail in the poem. Who else could have written that third line? After two regular dactylic lines to set the scene and tone, enter the wife:

"Conrad! Dear man, surprised! aren't you bold . . ."

So metrically canny, yet so humanly alive! There is so much wife in that line, one can hardly stand it. It is as if a whole flock of bright birds had burst into the room, quarreling for territories. Fluttering and fluting, affectionate and affected, maddeningly charming, the pitches rise, fall, slide, state incredible themes.

And once begun, this jocular brilliance never leaves the poem. Again, the husband's half-joking gruffness:

"Woman! Intrusion! Does this promise well?"

Or the continual play of echoes and sound effects: "sodden . . . garden . . . pardon . . . burden . . . guard of my house." Or the constant hovering on the brink of absurd and delicious puns: "asthma . . . miasma."

Yet these local pleasures are not like the brilliance of vocabulary in Ransom's earlier poems. They are not meant to define this atom of experience, but to conflict with it. They must provide a gaiety to balance the tragic grimness of the poem's situation and theme, yet must never become too attractive in themselves.

The only thing in the poem much reminiscent of the earlier vocabulary is in the Latinism

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of "conjugate lovers," and I'm not sure but that it is a mistake. For me, at least, "eldering lovers," which one of the intermediate versions had in that place, is better. Most of Ransom's other revisions have tended to cut down the brilliance of the individual line so that the archetypal structure of the whole poem could more fully be realized. Consider these lines with their counterparts in the printed poem:

Women! intrusion! is this done well?

Conrad your feet are dipping in muck,

Come in to your ever and loving pipe

So, my loony and only, my wanton and wife,
You may take yourself off, a while, my dear.

It must not have been easy to give those up. Yet, here again the gains are clear.

Consider the title: "Master's in the Garden Again." Master? What does that mean? Of course, it's something a servant might say about the head of the household as she runs to report to her real master — that is, her mistress. Therein, one of the ironies. The master himself recognizes that he is scarcely master of the house:

You're lonely my loony? Your house is up there.

Again, by a fine ambiguity, "Master" is just the term we might apply to a child in the family. "The Master, Conrad" is someone very different from "Master Conrad." In his rage, the old man is less like Oedipus or Lear than like a wilful child intent on his play, refusing his mother's demands that he wear rubbers, that he keep warm and dry, that he eat his meals. Just as a child may feel that the only way to preserve its identity against a devouring mother is to refuse to eat. "No! — that proves I'm alive! I'll finish my game." And typically, in his helplessness his only weapon against the woman is to damage himself: to stay out in the cold longer, or finally to throw himself in the lake.

Then, she'll be sorry. No question but that she would; or that *he* would be sorry if she didn't come down and ask him to come in. For she must be like the constantly importunate, constantly rejected mother — which is both a cause and an effect of his helpless rage. True, in one sense, Conrad is like an Old Testament prophet, a Lear, an Oedipus, raging against those forces which he has come to resemble and which will destroy him. In this sense, too, he is the Master. But we must first see him as an old man who plays the role of a child, who, in turn, plays the role of Lear or Oedipus.

The Game in which he plays that role, of course, is Art. For he must also be seen as the master artist, the Maestro. If his "show is of death" yet the management of that show is "reason's burden." Conrad is "the thinker" on guard against "miasma" and his own "loony." And it is precisely in this area that his lady attacks him — suggesting that he hasn't sense enough to come in out of the damp.

Yet, for all its concern with reason, the poem is very much more about passion. In the first version of the poem, the garden was described as "the ghost of a Forest of Arden." Good enough: not only the place of nature and exile from human unkindness,

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Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference; as, the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind

but also the place where the young lovers meet and kiss and make love. In the new poem, however, such predilections have been transformed almost entirely into something less threatening — rage. For the poem could scarcely have been written until that transformation was possible. Rage is more easily turned back against the self, or turned against those one sees as all-powerful or impregnable. Neither could the poem be written until the two antagonistic forces, death and woman, could be identified. One of these forces is introduced in each of the first two sections; in the last section, Conrad moves to action, but only because he can identify these two forces. This is clearest in

By the bob of the Power the dark skies lower,
 By the bite of Its frost the children were lost,

As a Limiting Power upon Life, woman and death are one. Just as it bobs, so she bobs down from her house, lowering, and calling her children home. Naughty, they will play out their games — fierce and grotesque games — the games of Art and Prophecy — games which demonstrate the blankness of the world which has formed and controlled them. "The accusing eye? that's a fierce round O." And that eye, that rage, looks high — to her house or to the skies, to the Power which dwells there and has defeated the old man, laid his arm low, and now scolding affectionately, calls him home to a final surrender. This is only an inversion of our common tendency to see death as a mother, the grave as a womb.

Just as Oedipus's ultimate identity with his Fate is never seen in any surrender on his part, but rather in an implacable rage which shows him to be essentially like that implacable Fate and basically part of it, so here Conrad's refusal to enter the house, his insistence on acting out his self-directed rage and accusation, proclaim his essential oneness with the Powers. His temple and brow frown like the law; it is clear that his laws are woman and death. In that sense, there is no defection, all appearances to the contrary. If he, momentarily, refuses to come in, he will eventually go and be glad enough for the messenger's visit. It shows a constant, almost divine concern for his well-being. And his rage shows, finally, his lack of freedom from her.

Stanley Kunitz recently reminded us of Goethe's dictum that all Art lies in Limit, reminding us himself, however, that the artist must always try those limits to the utmost. No doubt most of us accept too readily limits which comfort us emotionally, a world conformable to a childish demand for a universe much concerned with our welfare. Still, who would accept a world of open rage, of unlimited passion? If we are too childish to be Oedipus, we are also too compassionate. Though this dilemma has itself limited the size and scope of this poem, yet the poem has defined, at the same time, that dilemma — the gain and loss, the passion and compassion, those stools between which life occurs. This seems to me a triumph.

So, in the Garden of his Art, the Master plays out a late performance; one equally composed of protest and reconciliation. For if House and Garden are separated, both still stand. If Master and Woman will never be closer, they will never be farther. If the Gardens have been long shut, we villagers must know there have been sufficient reasons. Today, Master's in his verse patch again and his formal gardens are open to the public; who can be less than grateful?

W. D. Snodgrass

A good literary magazine represents as well as it can the best and most advanced writing of its time. And it takes on the coloration of its time. Such magazines as *The Dial* and *Hound & Horn* came out of one of our good creative periods, while *Scrutiny*, *The Criterion*, and the Ransom-edited *Kenyon Review* came in a time when critics were doing newer and more brilliant work than the poets or fiction writers.

The *Review's* great virtue was its aptitude for taking a fresh critical look at anything or anybody in our literature. Journalists who aren't capable of reading very carefully have sometimes dismissed the *Review* as an "academic journal." They could not conceive that a magazine written largely by people who teach literature could be anything but a series of classroom lectures in print. But this, of course, was not true. The best work of the Ransom *Review* was anti-academic: that is, anti-textbook and anti-pedant. I think that it has contributed considerably toward the disappearance of the kind of teacher whose mind is a fungus of foot-notes growing on the underside of a text.

The new volume of the *Review* inherits Mr. Ransom's good principles and the tradition of printing good criticism. Yet George Lanning and I hope that, in the 60s, we are coming into a somewhat different literary era that calls for a somewhat different kind of magazine. It may well be the time for a new show of talent in poetry, drama, and fiction: a new creative burst like that of the 20s. It seems to me that some signs point that way. A lot of unfamiliar names have come along in the *Review* during the past four years—such names as Thomas Pynchon, Turner Cassity, John Stewart Carter, James McCormick—and most of them are signed to poems or stories. We hope that many of them will be the great names on the cover of the fiftieth anniversary issue of *The Kenyon Review*.

Robie Macauley



Antique Harvester, Lovely Ritualist

In 1950, when he was awarded the Bollingen Prize in poetry, John Crowe Ransom was asked for comment by a *Times* reporter. "I am surprised," he said. "There is nothing recent of mine for the committee to have considered, and my old work is small in volume when the inferior things are screened out. I know now that when I was writing it I had no sound education in poetry, and was in torture trying to escape from the stilted and sentimental verbal habits which conditioned me. My stuff came out of the academy, I am sure that is apparent."

Now, in honor of Ransom's 75th birthday, Knopf has published a revised and enlarged edition of *Selected Poems* (111 pp., \$4.00). It enables us to refute in detail Ransom's fantastic self-estimate. His poetry is quite the reverse of unsound, tortured, stilted, sentimental or academic. With the possible exception of 76-year-old Marianne Moore, Ransom is the finest poet in the United States today. His mastery is unmistakable from the first stanza of the first poem in the book, "Winter Remembered," the earliest work included:

*Two evils, monstrous either one apart,
Possessed me, and were long and loath at going;
A cry of Absence, Absence, in the heart,
And in the wood the furious winter blowing.*

The reasons for Ransom's comparative lack of fame as a poet are many. Ironically, his great prestige as a teacher, critic, and founding editor of *The Kenyon Review* has helped to obscure his stature as a poet. Other factors are his extraordinary modesty, typified by his reaction to the Bollingen Prize, and his fastidious refusal to engage in any form of self-promotion.

More important, perhaps, has been Ransom's limited and brief output. "The total volume of my verse is not very large," he observes ruefully in the preface to *Selected Poems*. The book includes 53 poems, averaging one a year for Ransom's adult life. All but five were published many years ago, in *Chills and Fever* (1924) and *Two Gentlemen in Bonds* (1927); the five later ones were published before 1945. For the new volume Ransom has extensively rewritten two of the earlier poems, one with a commentary explaining and justifying the revisions. Thus the bulk of his work was written in a single marvelous decade from 1916 to 1926.

Ransom judges himself by the highest standard conceivable. The 1945 *Selected Poems* includes only 42 poems, less than half of those in the two volumes drawn on. In *Poems and Essays* in 1955, Ransom weakened to the extent of including two more from the earlier volumes; now there are nine more plus the two revisions. These nine poems are not as good as Ransom's best, but anyone else would be proud of them. They include "Vision by Sweetwater," a magnificent creation and destruction of the innocence of childhood, and "Hilda," in which the bereft poet would follow Hilda's ghost: "But what I wear is flesh; it weighs like

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stone." Ransom still has not relented to the point of including such fine poems as "Miss Euphemia," "In Mr. Minnit's House," "Inland City," or anything at all from his first book, *Poems About God* (1919).

Other factors that have kept Ransom's poetry from the widest recognition are intrinsic to the verse itself. It seems old-fashioned in its tone of ironic detachment, so much so that a reviewer welcomed Ransom in 1920 as "an American Georgian." A stanza from "Necrological," a poem about a medieval friar's visit to a battlefield, provides an example:

*Close by the sable stream that purged the plain
Lay the white stallion and his rider thrown,
The great beast had spilled there his little brain,
And the little groin of the knight was spilled by a stone.*

The "little" for the knight's groin, associating it with the horse's brain, at first seems cold; actually it is deeply compassionate in its irony. Together with "spilled" and "stone," it pleads the terrible precariousness and vulnerability of human life.

A second quality that has limited Ransom's audience, but that like his tone of ironic detachment is an important factor in his excellence, is the quality that F. R. Higgins called, in reference to W. B. Yeats, verse "tuned, as it were, slightly off the note." A good example here, in its off-rhyme and eccentric-cammetrics, is a stanza from the beautiful "Janet Waking":

*One kiss she gave her mother.
Only a small one gave she to her daddy
Who would have kissed each curl of his shining baby;
No kiss at all for her brother.*

"Probably the most of my poems are about familiar and familial situations; domestic and homely things," Ransom writes in the commentary on his revision in *Selected Poems*. This is as misleading as the Bollingen statement. "Janet Waking" is ostensibly domestic and homely, about the death of a child's pet hen. But its true subject is mortality, and the tragic discovery of mortality. Beneath his familiar and familial subjects, Ransom's themes are the great themes of poetry: love and death.

Many of Ransom's best poems are written at the point of tension between life and death: "Dead Boy," a lament for "the old tree's late branch wrenched away"; "Necrological"; "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter," in its poignant understatement seeing the dead child as wrapped in a "brown study"; "Blue Girls," which threatens the young and beautiful with a terrible vision of old age and "Blear eyes fallen from blue"; "Hilda"; and "Janet Waking," with its magnificent conclusion:

*And weeping fast as she had breath
Janet implored us, "Wake her from her sleep!"
And would not be instructed in how deep
Was the forgetful kingdom of death.*

Ransom finds the vanity of human aspiration neatly symbolized in the alternation of chills and fever, the title of his second book of verse. "Here Lies a Lady" is about a highborn lady's death "After six little spaces of chill, and six of burning." "Judith of Bethulia" ends with Judith triumphant after she has killed Holofernes, as a result of which "a madness fever our young men," and the poet asks, "Inflamed by the thought of her naked beauty with desire? Yes,

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and chilled with fear and despair." "Parting without a Sequel" shows us a girl who has permanently dismissed her lover: "And all the time she stood there hot as fever/And cold as any icicle."

Ransom's other great theme is the tension of ungratified sexuality. This is the subject of "Spectral Lovers," where the girl's unexpressed willingness and the man's scruples turn them into spectral lovers, their unconsummated love "a bird/Whose songs shall never be heard." The finest of all of Ransom's poems, "The Equilibrists," treats the same subject with even greater richness, seeing unconsummating lovers as orbiting in an equilibrium, held in orbit by the equal pulls of honor and lust. The poem is too long to quote entire, but I must quote the stanzas in which honor and lust are translated into otherwordly alternatives:

*In heaven you have heard no marriage is,
No white flesh tinder to your lecheries
Your male and female tissue sweetly shaped
Sublimed away, and furious blood escaped.
Great lovers lie in Hell, the stubborn ones
Infatuate of the flesh upon the bones;
Stuprate, they rend each other when they kiss,
The pieces kiss again, no end to this.*

(Note the pun of "tinder" and "tender", the double meanings of "sublimed" and "infatuate," the powerful internal rhyme of "rend" and "end.")

A number of Ransom's poems concern themselves with knightly combat, an amusing metaphor for the intellectual jousting of literary life. He makes mocking use of such archaic and scholarly words as "ogive" (pointed arch), "thole" (endure), "pernoctated" (passed the night), and "diuturnity" (something lasting). Other poems are as far from the domestic and the homely as one can get. "Armageddon" is an amazing account of the final battle Christ and Antichrist, seen as an odd kind of chivalric ballet. "Antique Harvesters" harvests history in what appears to be a corner of Kentucky, with everything so numinous that even the fox pursued by spectral hunters becomes a "lovely ritualist." "Painted Head" starts as a description of a portrait and in the course of nine quatrains manages to create an esthetics, a metaphysics, and an ethics.

The two revised poems in the book, "Master's in the Garden Again" and "Prelude to an Evening," show that after more than 20 years of poetic inactivity, Ransom has lost little of his mastery; and the modest and engaging commentary on the latter poem shows how effectively his fine critical intelligence serves his creative imagination.

As a poet, Ransom remains an original. One can see the faint influence of John Skelton in such a poem as "Somewhere Is Such a Kingdom," of John Donne in "The Equilibrists," of Thomas Hardy in "Puncture" and "Master's in the Garden Again" (the latter dedicated to him), of Wallace Stevens in "Prometheus in Straits" and "Prelude to an Evening." One can see other poems from which Robert Graves has learned, or Robert Lowell, or Howard Nemerov. But in a deeper sense John Crowe Ransom's poetry seems to be without ancestry and descendants, to spring up timeless and beautiful like Indian pipes in deep woods, to delight our minds and refresh our hearts.

Stanley Edgar Hyman

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My New Year's vow was that I would write nothing foolish in 1964. Now I have to break this, because I am invited to pay my tribute to a poet and critic whom I greatly respect, but concerning whom, if there were not this "occasion", I would feel too ignorant to write.

I have only met John Crowe Ransom on a fairly public occasion, a symposium of poets giving their opinions about the condition of poetry for more money than any one of them would be likely to receive for a whole volume of poems. At Harvard some years ago there was one such symposium on *Poetry and Science*, I think.

John Crowe Ransom, who was a legend to me, I eyed with awe. He looked a bit like a gentleman farmer, but also like an "agrarian"—which I take to be something different. He began talking in what at first seemed to be a somewhat bumbling manner, but soon went on to be far cleverer than anything I could understand. I had the impression of someone deceptively simple, under the simpleness sly, but under the slyness good.

His poems I first heard of because they were praised by Robert Graves. The poem Graves cited was, I think, "Captain Carpenter" which gives a somewhat Dickensian impression of vigour and puppetry—like Mr. Boffin in *Our Mutual Friend*. Rereading "Captain Carpenter" now I find it not only as strong as I had always thought, but with added to it a dimension of terror.

Mr. Ransom's courage—his cheerfulness, humour, courtesy even—seem based on an acceptance of total loss as a condition of work accomplished, affirmations made.

In his poems about personal relationships—men and women—under the bland surface, there is always the gleam of the knife that kills, the horror read between the lines.

I think that Ransom's work—like the early Robert Frost—is curiously close to certain English poetry of the early part of the century—Edward Thomas, Walter de la Mare. But it is more deeply realistic than theirs. With Ransom the poetry leads back into a tragic sense of personal life; with theirs the life leads into consoling poetry. Ransom's polite but demonically possessed women are close to the dark side of Graves's White Goddesses. I can write nothing adequate, but I salute John Crowe Ransom.

Stephen Spender

John Crowe Ransom is unquestionably one of the most original of present day poets. He owes nothing to anyone; his low-pitched and unique utterance has no counterpart. Wit, whimsicality, tartness masking tenderness, an unaffected and sidelong grace suffuse everything he touches. It is a touch, a charm, which I recognized even in his early and somewhat raw *Poems About God*, a first book which his followers have forgotten and which Ransom is determined to forget.

I may cavil at some of Ransom's critical and sometimes *ex cathedra* conclusions in prose, but I respect, admire, re-read and never tire of Ransom the poet in all his guises and disguises.

Louis Untermeyer

Ransom the Ransomer

In what my countryman Thoreau calls "an old book," I read of a high and holy one who came "to give his life a ransom for many." And our less ancient, 17th century, Bay Colony Puritans, — whether writers of verse elegies or the Baroque prose of the *Magnalia* — delighted to find in a name some aspect, at least, of its nature.

John Ransom has ransomed many of us. We cannot imitate his poetic style nor his prose; and, to my perception, no one has really tried to. I have known competent little Frosts but no little Ransom: he keeps the patent. Nor can his character and deportment be transmitted. His ironic chivalry and chivalrous irony, the indissoluble compound in him of flexibility and firmness, of flow and stay, seem irretrievable. Tate once said to me that his friend must have been born at the last possible moment at which one could look at chaos without torment, — something indeed possible if, as with our friend and mentor, there is no chaos within. Those of us who love and venerate and envy — or half-envy — him cannot reproduce the happy stance.

It were but madness now t' impart
The skill of specular stone
When he which can have learned the art
To cut it can find none.

That disciplined, gracious, and even seemingly easy acceptance of 'permanence and change', concerned (if that isn't too grave a word) for some unlegislated balance between them, which of his juniors dare claim it for himself?

Related to this balance, I think, is Ransom's lifelong power of self-renewal. He is a son of the Resurrection. When young scholastics have codified and methodized his "New Criticism", their teacher has no interest in perpetuating that moment, that honest moment, in his thinking which produced his book of 1941. Nothing our friend writes is alien to him; but I much prefer his earlier *The World's Body* and his later copious, uncollected criticism published in the celebrated *Review* which he founded. The methodized 'close reading' has proved an eminently teachable discipline,—highly useful but capable of being practiced, at a moderate level, by the sons and grandsons of the old 'historical scholars'. It has made its entrance into *PMLA*; and —particularly if written about an opus, or part of an opus, by Yeats, Pound, or Joyce—seems by its young scholastics to be viewed as criticism.

Our friend Ransom is not given to public retraction or rebuke: doubtless he is incapable of taking himself or his views so solemnly. When his inventions become academically commercialized, or when a statement meant to be a counter-statement, useful at a particular time, is taken to be the law, Ransom quietly escapes to some new—often some more speculative—doctrine, intended to counteract the undue influence of his former self and to restore the flexible balance necessary. Balance directly aimed at is tiresome and stultifying: Ransom's

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'strategy'—to use perhaps the most famous of his military metaphors—is to promote balance by stating boldly one truth and then, with equal boldness, stating its counter-truth. In the long run, Hegel has, I judge, had more effect on him than Aristotle; so our friend urges attentive perusal at one period (thesis) and then turns to theory of poetry (antithesis). The postulated synthesis he believes in, doubtless; but the attempt to produce it or the belief that he has produced it is alien to his mind, modest and ironic about himself as well as about all other contestants—and alien to any kind of dogmatism, even the right kind. Implicit in his criticism is what I might call a speculative orthodoxy; the two adjectives are, however, almost—I mean the adverb literally—as important as the noun.

This hesitation of Ransom's to utter a system, even his long announced *Poetics*, is to me beautiful. I knew his early essays and his poems long before I knew the quiet, urbane gentleman who seems so guileless, so almost rustic, — a *country* gentleman. All his parts for me now blend—approximately—into one,—a man so sure of himself that he need never assert himself, still less have to *prove* himself, to shine effulgently whatever the occasion. He likes games; is, I am told, an excellent poker player; has founded a review of international distinction and a school unique in kind; has been all the while a professor, the "husband of one wife" (as St. Paul says a Bishop should be), a biological and familial—as well as an intellectual—father. And five years ago he retired as professor and editor and director without feeling diminished, shrunken.

I have just been reading Ransom's "Master's in the Garden", written in 1962 to the memory of Thomas Hardy, but even more expressive of its author:

Let's raise a red row! let's strike a great blow!
A pantomime blow (but the deed it would do!)
And a yell, mumming too. It's a gay garden now.
There is Honor. Make way. What was dark shall be gay.

There was once something called the 'Gay Science'. I thought when I began this tribute to speak more overtly of the things from—and the ways by which—Ransom had ransomed many. But I prefer to end: the ransom was paid with delight; the ransom was gay.

Austin Warren

I am proud of Kenyon College, Mr. Ransom, and each of you.

Marianne Moore



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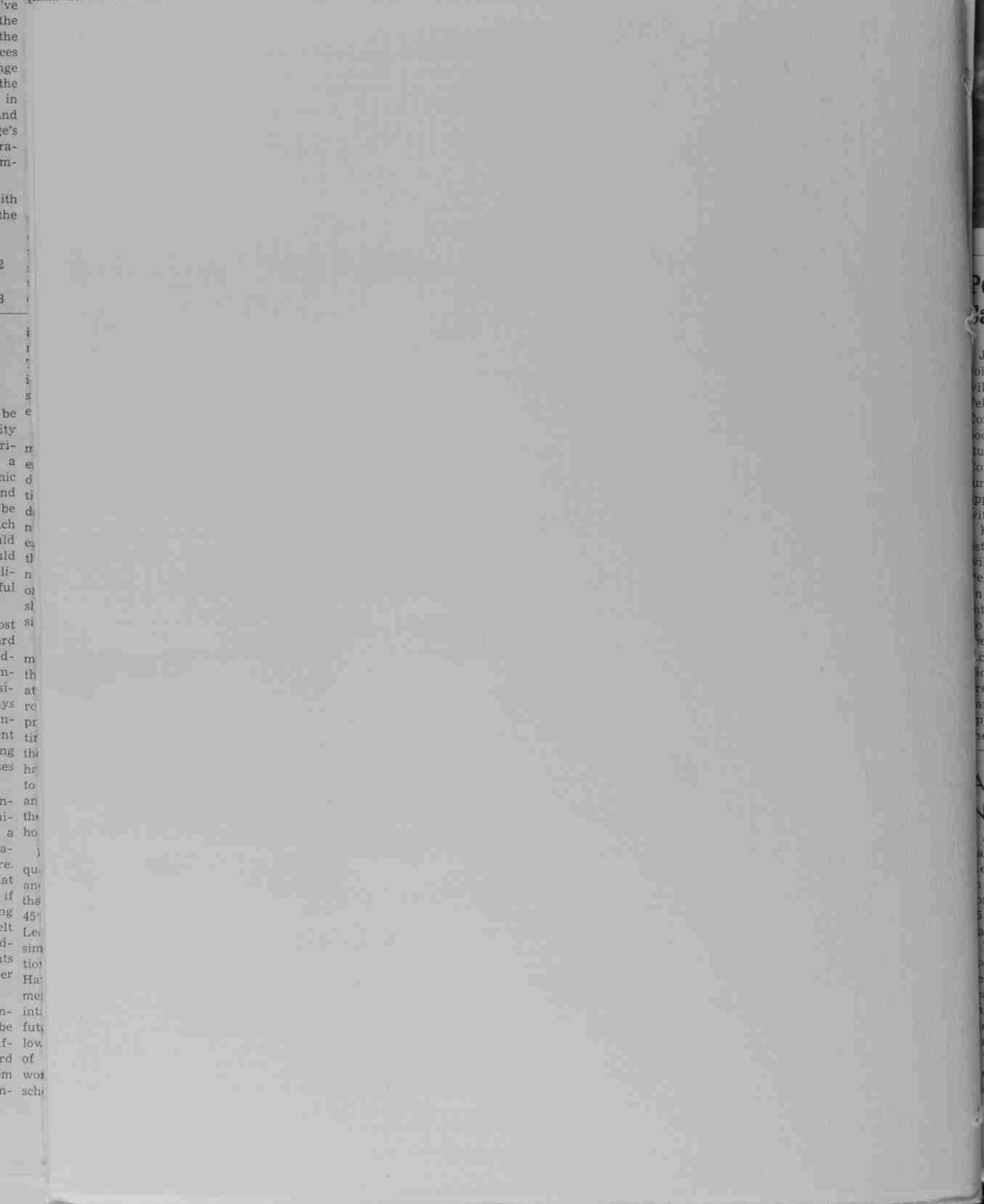
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