

11-5-1965

Kenyon Collegian - November 5, 1965

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THE KENYON COLLEGIAN

A Journal of Student Opinion

Vol. XCII

Gambier, Ohio, November 5, 1965

No. 4

Is Council All Fun and No Function?

By John Smyth

In its last two meetings, Student Council discussed Student Council, and the possibilities of eliminating the offices of class Presidents and Secretary-Treasurers. The members of Council also envision an ice machine on campus, and better entertainment for concerts.

IN COUNCIL'S MEETING on Oct. 25, President Jarrett began a discussion of the function of Council, noting the lack of enthusiasm for Council among members of the student body. Mr. Mauro felt that no one pays attention to council because council has no real power. The real power on campus is held by the Campus Senate and the administration. Mike Dyslin noted that Council will never administer, and stated that, "We are beating a dead horse."

Bill Wright noted that Council organizes dances and supervises elections. Then Dean Edwards brought out several points. He called attention to the fact that through its committees, Council is legislative within student affairs, and that it should be an organ of expressing student opinion to the Senate or to the administration. However, he stressed that Council should have no pretense of real administrative power. After the Dean's statement, the Council members seem to lack interest in the question, and the discussion ended.

IN ANOTHER DISCUSSION, Bill Schnall suggested that the offices of Class President and Vice-President should either carry duties and responsibilities, or be abolished. The Senior Class President is often involved in alumni work and the Freshman representative serves as a representative on Council, but the Sophomore and Junior presidents serve absolutely no function. Dean Edwards emphasized that there were many areas in which a person genuinely interested in the college could function, and that the presidents should be introduced to these areas. However, the

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Lords Practice, Promote Sophistry

The Kenyon College Debate Society has done more than its share, it seems, in contributing to the recent period of dynamism enjoyed by the various campus organizations. Besides delivering a winning tongue-lashing to Princeton (humph!), the Lords' Lips have advanced the forensic art by sponsoring an inter-scholastic debate tournament, which was held at Kenyon on Saturday, October 23.

TWO TEAMS REPRESENTED Kenyon at the four-round University of Pittsburgh Tournament held on Saturday, October 9, in the University's Cathedral of Learning. The topic debated is that which is under consideration by all colleges who field debate teams: "Resolved: That law enforcement agencies should be given greater freedom in the in-



Robert Lowell: "To Choose Life and Die"

by Floyd Linton and Richard Freeman

Robert Lowell, Kenyon '40, sat in a tattered easy chair in the study of John Crowe Ransom's home last Sunday, and at the request of visitors, reminisced on his life and times at Kenyon.

WANTED: WRITER FOR A SMALL GOTHIC RETREAT

Sometime in the next two years, Kenyon will welcome a resident writer to its campus.

IN AN ANNOUNCEMENT circulated among the faculty, President Lund disclosed that, among many new projects that are emerging is "a visiting writer, poet or novelist to be in residence one semester each year."

Asked whether he has anyone specifically in mind, President Lund said, "While I can't reveal details, I'm prepared to announce in principle that all we have to do is find the poet or writer. I would like to say it would not be aiming too high to secure a man like Robert Lowell."

* * * *

IN THE SAME LETTER, the President enumerated several other projects that are on the boards. Among them are a fund for faculty research and publication, a Kenyon Press to publish literary and scientific works, and the Review and other significant "further development of the community, including a new building site for faculty homes."

investigation and prosecution of crime." Steven Landsmen, '69, and Al Volkowitz, '66 and President of the Society, were the affirmative team, while Howard Levy and Anthony Lo Bello defended the negative. Each team compiled a 2 - 2 record, placing Kenyon seventh out of twenty-one schools. The Kenyon debaters defeated teams from Princeton, Clarion College, and the University of Pittsburgh.

At the four-round Manchester College Invitational Tournament, held on October 16 at Manchester College, Manchester, Indiana, the Kenyon "negative novice" team of Stephen Landsmen and Anthony Lo Bello won first place in their division, out-shouting teams from Wisconsin State, Western Illinois, Miami of Ohio, and Indiana. The Kenyon "affirmative novice" (Continued on page 3)

LOWELL RETURNS TO LAUD JARRELL

Last Monday morning, Kenyon formally welcomed poet Robert Lowell, her most noted alumnus, as he addressed the annual Founder's Day assembly.

IT'S STILL FARR IN THE FUTURE

By June of next year, that muddy, pipe-strewn crater on the east side of Middle Path at the corner of Brooklyn Street will become the George Farr Building.

NAMED IN HONOR of George Farr, Jr. of Cleveland Heights - a Kenyon alumnus, trustee, and chairman of the building committee - the building will house a grocery store, laundry, barber-shop, beauty salon (Gambier gone Scarsdale? Monsieur André of Knox County?), and will have space for two specialty shops (Penny Arcade? Real Delicatessen?) or professional office (palm-reader? bookie-joint?).

In addition, the Kenyon College Bookshop will move from its present white frame digs to more spacious, tiled quarters in the George Farr Building.

ATOP THE WHOLE two-story complex (three stories on the backside—due to a natural slope) will be off-campus living facilities for 26 students and two faculty apartments. There will be large storage areas for the grocery and bookstores and a parking lot for twenty-five automobiles.

* * *

The man whose monicker will be tagged to the new commercial building has been what many feel we need more of — a lifelong friend of Kenyon College.

GEORGE FARR, a 1926 graduate and recipient of an honorary degree last May, is a partner in the Cleveland law firm of Spieth, Ball and McCurdy. In ad-

(Continued on page 3)

INSTEAD of a formal speech, Mr. Lowell read a tribute to the late Randall Jarrell—poet, critic, and friend. Like Lowell, Jarrell used to teach at Kenyon. He spoke of hearing Jarrell and John Crowe Ransom argue over Shakespeare's sonnets here during the summer of 1937, one a recent college graduate and the other a fifty-year old literary statesman, both "hearing the other with deaf ears." They use to sit at a Gambier bar, Lowell said, "sucking a 15c milkshake and talking things eternal."

Reading slowly and dispassionately from Jarrell's *The Lost World*, his most recent book of poems, Lowell demonstrated the poet's ability to capture the poignant, the wistful, the tragically humorous: "Now that I'm old, my wish / Is womanish / That the boy putting groceries in my car / See me." Lowell then read one of his own poems, "Waking Early Sunday Morning," explaining that it was "a good poem to read in an Episcopal college." It followed "that White House mess," and was the first poem he'd written in a year:

Oh Bible chopped and crucified
in hymns we hear but do not read,
none of the milder subtleties
of grace or art will sweeten these
stiff quatrains shovelled out four-
square
they sing of peace, and preach
despair;
yet they gave darkness their control,
and left a loophole for the soul.

FINISHING to thunderous applause he murmured, "I'm overwhelmed. God bless you."

KENDALL ACCEPTS TRUSTEESHIP

David W. Kendall, vice president for legal affairs of Chrysler Corporation, has accepted an invitation to serve as a member of the Kenyon College Board of Trustees. The new trustee will serve a term that runs to 1971.

Kendall served as special counsel to President Dwight D. Eisenhower from November 1958 to January 1961, and prior to that had been general counsel of the U. S. Treasury and assistant secretary. He was educated at Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass., Princeton University, and the University of Michigan law school where he received an LL.B. degree in 1931.

A World War II veteran, Kendall is a member of the Military Order of World Wars, the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. He is also a trustee of the Federal City Council of Washington, D. C., and a director of Acacia Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Carolyn Hester, folksongstress, will appear tonight in Rosse Hall, on the same stage where Bob Dylan stood.

The performance will begin at 8:30. Those who have not purchased tickets may do so at the door. Students and faculty are charged 1.50, whereas all aliens must pay 2.50 for the privilege of hearing Miss Hester.

Fellowship Candidates Chosen

To this moment, a total of fifteen seniors have been nominated for those choice academic plums — the Woodrow Wilson and Danforth Fellowships.

FROM SIX SENIORS nominated, the Committee on Prizes and Fellowships has selected Barry M. Bergh, of Madison, N. J., and Alan D. Hornstein of Far Rockaway, New York, as the College's candidates for the rich Danforth Fellowship. Mr. Bergh majors in history, and is a member of the Campus Senate and President of his fraternity. Mr. Hornstein, a classics major, is active in the Dean's office, where he assists Mrs. Givens.

Thirteen members of the senior class have been nominated for the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. They are: Richard Schmidt, from Shelbyville, Kentucky; Thomas

Carr, from Evanston, Illinois; David Gaunt, from Hackensack, New Jersey; Michael Abramson, from Plainfield, New Jersey; William Heinlen, from Berea, Ohio; William Konrad, from Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Stanley Kochman, from Flushing, New York; Carl Mankowitz, from Short Hills, New Jersey; Gerald Reynolds, from Birmingham, Michigan; John Shullenberger, from Indianapolis, Indiana; Alan Hornstein, and Peter White, from Cleveland, Ohio.

THE CONTESTANTS will be holding their breaths and remaining on their best marks, until the fellowship recipients are announced, sometime in the Spring.

Bexley Question, Continued

The mysterious future of Bexley Hall may be close to solution, with the establishment of a special committee to study the problem.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees on October 23, an ad hoc committee was appointed, to report not later than the Annual Meeting this May. Provision was made for consultation with the Committee of the Episcopal Church

studying Theological Education.

THE AD HOC COMMITTEE consists of Bishop Blanchard of Ohio, Chairman; Messrs. Pierre McBride, William G. Caples of Chicago, George Gund of Cleveland, and Hugh C. Laughlin of Toledo.

Shortly, Bishop Blanchard will address a communication to the alumni.



The Kenyon Collegian

A fortnightly Journal of Student Opinion

Box 308 Gambier, Ohio 427-4911

Editor	R. G. Freeman	Faculty Advisor	William McCulloh
Associate Editor	Robert D. Lehmann		
Managing Editor	Richard Henry Lee	Advertising Director	Dennis O'Connell
Assistants	Charles Verral Richard Shapiro	Sports Editor	Warren Diven

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Floyd Linton, C. J. Taggart, Carl Mankowitz, David Hoster, Ashby Denoon, Steve Bowers, Barry Bergh, Edward Hallowell, Robert Sledd, John Cocks, Mark Savin, Dempster Dumpmaster.

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Thomas Au, Harold Basel, Anne Boleyn, Andy Crane, Jon Battle, Tony Lo Bello, John Tyler Thomas, Walker Church, John Smyth, Richard Schmidt, Carl Thayer.

Photography:
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Business Manager: Wayne Beveridge Circulation Chief: Alan Ryan

"A man who hates small dogs and little children can't be all bad."
—W. C. Fields

S. D. S. BECOMES STUDENTS' DEAD SOCIETY

By Charles Spain Verral

Kenyon's own chapter of the Students for a Democratic Society is either dead or dying. Founded last winter by a group of passionate liberals, it has succumbed to external disdain and internal dissension.

THE ORGANIZERS of the chapter realized that the potential for a liberal action group on an isolated midwestern campus was small, and they initially tried to gain a broad base of support by emphasizing their interest in civil rights.

Failing to convince more than a handful of students of the need for local action in a community with only three Negro residents, the group next adopted shock tactics in an attempt to force Ken-

yon students into thoughtful and decisive consideration of the crucial issues confronting society.

THESE TACTICS, (consisting primarily of a forcefully edited but short-lived sheet called Vanguard and a two-day protest fast over the war in Viet Nam) served mainly to disgust the student body and alienate the civil-rights element of the organization.

Terry Robbins, President of the local chapter is undismayed by the decline of the SDS at Kenyon. He admits that the techniques used last year were probably inappropriate to the Gambier community. He hopes that the newly-founded Student Forum will succeed in stimulating meaningful discussion where the SDS could only provoke meaningless controversy.

Baer Is Mayor; Yow Will Serve

by Richard Schmidt

Richard A. Baer, the adult, was elected mayor of Gambier Tuesday over incumbent Leo W. Wolfe, thus ending Wolfe's fourteen year administration. The mayor's election was the closest contest on the local ballot, and a recount was necessary before Baer was declared the winner at 1:15 a.m. Wednesday morning by a vote of 141 to 138. Baer's victory can be partly attributed to the fact that he campaigned actively while Wolfe ran on his record and did not campaign. Baer had made his name familiar to everyone in Gambier with highway posters and "Baer for Mayor" matchbooks which were distributed at the local grocery store.

"I HOPE TO BRING the local governing body and its policies to meet the present need and rapid growth of the Village," Baer stated. "As you look around the town and study the present laws and policies you will clearly understand the need for modernization."

In the Village council races, with seven candidates running for four seats, two incumbents were re-elected and two failed in their bids for re-election. Incumbents Thomas H. Strome and William F. Davidson led the field in the council race with Strome polling 225 votes and Davidson 188. Challenger Francis W. Yow led the remaining council candidates with a vote of 162; Carla S. Morgan won the fourth seat with 146. Charles C. Woolison and Donald E. Laymon failed in their bids for re-election, polling 120 and 141 votes respectively. Peter G. Edwards received 76 votes for council.

FRANK E. BAILEY and Harold J. Burch won election as township trustees. Bailey polled 242 votes to lead the field of five; Burch received 161 votes. Harvey C. Matthews received 148 votes; Carroll D. Dial, 104; and Grover H. Detmer, 78.

TABLES TURNED — HONORS PROGRAM TO BE EXAMINED

Currently underway is the diennial review of the College's Honors Program. In accordance with standing faculty policy, a committee chaired by Dean Haywood and including Mr. Kushan and representatives from each of the divisions of the faculty are now examining the present status of the Honors Program.

IN AN ATTEMPT to find out the precise nature of the Honors course in each of the College's departments, a rather extensive series of surveys was sent out to members of the various departments earlier in the year, and responses to these questionnaires are presently being examined by the Committee. It is apparent that there is considerable variation among the individual departments, particularly as to the nature of the program in the Junior year and the role of the outside examiner in administering the Senior comprehensive examinations. The Committee intends first off to catalogue these differences so as to determine the exact character of the Honors Program as it exists among the sixteen College departments that now have one. Any changes to be made in the Program will not be considered till later in the year following the completion of this report.

How Far Distant?

Recent developments at some of our richer sister schools have raised questions about that old saw—academic distance.

ACADEMIC DISTANCE is that separation, tacit and comfortable, maintained by the teacher and student who agree not to let their degree of contact deepen past the point of productive dialogue. In other words, each recognizes the right of the other to do his job to satisfaction, and yet not to violate the compatibility of the academic community. A visit to a Professor's house or familiarity with his dog, we feel, does not constitute a desecration of this contract. But it is blasphemy for a student to act as the official judge of the Professor's performance, or for the Professor to set bounds on the free social activity of the student.

The former case is true of Yale, where, two weeks ago, a special committee appointed by President Kingman Brewster (whose experience, it might be noted, is in law and administration, with only brief flights of pedagogy), permitted certain Yale students to offer their recommendations on the question of faculty careers. The action arose out of last Spring's controversy over the refusal of tenure to a very popular Philosophy Professor, one Richard Bernstein, on the grounds that he had not published material of sufficiently high quality to merit his continued receipt of paychecks from the Eli Philosophy Department. The decision, which was made by the Administration with the concurrence of the Department, received bad notices from the student body, who supported Mr. Bernstein in a series of strident demonstrations.

NOW, UNDER YALE'S new ruling, a faculty member's professional qualities will fall under the scrutiny of a few select Yalies, mostly graduate students and honor candidates.

Within the space of a week, a similar ruling was handed down at the City College of New York. Also, a committee at Queens College on Long Island provided for the establishment of a body of student jurors.

Well, now that these students have the axe, how are they to use it? What is the justice or wisdom of permitting the student to tamper, however wisely, with the welfare of his Professor? And inevitably, will Kenyon ultimately fall in league with Yale, CCNY and Queens?

IT IS REPORTED that the undergraduate body at Yale received the special committee's resolution with marked dispassion. In a display of maturity remarkable for tweedy sub-scholars, they felt that the administration's action amounted to an official passing of the buck. Apparently, the committee had misinterpreted their specific grievance, which was not with the administration's standards on the allotment of tenure, but with the handling of Mr. Bernstein's case. We imagine that the kindly committee members, after having promoted a representative portion of the students to administrative status, regretted their decision in the light of its reception. But the buck has been passed, and now the students are permitted to be either cutthroat or charitable at will.

It is our feeling that the committee members have created a monster. What they have failed to realize in their deliberations was the painful discrepancy between the idealism of the student and the professional objectivity of the Professor's position. A student, if given the chance to send a Professor on the skids, will predicate his actions on his own comfort

and forget the fact that the guy's gotta eat. Better that a Professor's future is determined by his own kind, those of his profession who fully understand the requirements of good teaching; otherwise, a professor would be perfectly justified in regarding the student who cashiered him as a self-important son-of-a-bitch.

CAN IT HAPPEN HERE? Will Kenyon give birth to an official community of ratfinks? Frankly, we believe not. In the past, the matter has been handled with a good deal of grace and understanding. And the faculty has listened to the students' counsel and has taken the students' word as it is proposed - unofficially.

The quasi-institution of gossip which we discussed fortnight ago has measured up quite well in this particular area; it is all very human, conforming to the close-knit design of this community.

But then it can happen that the situation inverts, so that it is the faculty member who tampers with the social activity of the student whom he has held at safe academic arm's reach. And unless some faculty members relax their anxieties, this may very well happen here.

IT IS OUR UNDERSTANDING that several Professors at Kenyon are vocally concerned about what the Campus Senate calls, "The Dimensions of Dance Weekend." Their interest arises from the sometimes overlapping effect that a Dance Weekend has the class schedule the following Monday. In their opinion, classes at that time are poorly attended and attention is difficult to exact from the depleted party veterans who do make it to class. Consequently, these worried lecturers feel that certain limits should be set on the duration of Dance Weekend, so that enough time is allowed Sunday for recuperation and, we guess, penitence. Furthermore, they feel that the Campus Senate is the body that should enact legislation that would establish a unified, organic Dance Weekend.

Luckily, the Senate differed with this minority opinion. When they considered the question of Dance Weekend, they concluded that it was not part of their function to ordain times for parties and declare on some of the more specific items on the social calendar. Instead, the solons recognized, rightfully, it is the duty of the Dean of Students to attend to matters of this type.

Nevertheless, this sentiment continues to be held by some faculty members: the overly recreant student stands to endanger the success of his scholastic performance. Despite the sometime truth of this observation, we feel that those faculty members who are constantly upset by the student's social freedom fail to recognize the unique potential of social life at Kenyon. While here, each student has the freedom to make it hell under his own steam. In practice, a party can take place at anytime, anywhere, and it is up to the individual student to decide whether or not he can afford joining the fun. To think or decree otherwise—to define a party, as some would have it—violates the spontaneity implicit in the student's social privileges. Any official interpretation of a party compromises the student's active position. And, as we are loath to act as an official critic of a man's Professional performance, the faculty should feel an equivalent obligation to respect the student's duties to himself in collegiate life.

-R.G.F.

AMERICA THE DUTIFUL

by Andy Crane

Spectators at last Saturday's Oberlin football contest received an unexpected treat during the half-time break. The Fredericktown Marching Band, under the direction of Mr. Ned Brooks and fortified with patriotic spirits, presented an unprecedented display. In an interview, Mr. Brooks, a trim, uniformed man whose military cap reads "Director," explained that the band wanted "to demonstrate our support of the President's policies." However, he warned, "it ought not to be termed a demonstration, rather a show."

THE DEMONSTRATION featured several patriotic old favorites from the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, World Wars I and II, and the state songs of Alaska and Hawaii. The flags of the two newest states were unfurled, among two dozen specimens of Old Glory and the Ohio State flag. A capsule history of the United States, read over the public address system, battled "Tenting Tonight" and "Dixie" for the attentions of the audience.

The show, designed, in Mr. Brooks' words, "to display our faith in our commitments in South Viet Nam," was prefaced

with a brief dedication to those men who have died in the conflict. Several striking *tableaux* of crucial battles in U.S. war history depicted various tactical strategies as interpreted by the Fredericktown Junior High School.

AT THE HEIGHT of the crowd's enthusiasm, Mr. Brooks' undaunted marchers unrolled a specimen of the Stars and Stripes that was of Brobdingnagian proportions, some 75 by 40 feet. As the band struck up the fourth reprise of "It's a Grand Old Flag," the bearers retreated in a scene reminiscent of Dunkirk.



WAR AND CHILD'S PLAY

It is somewhat ironic that, when Robert Lowell was in Gambier, there was a pro-Viet Nam demonstration going on at MacBride Field.

Oh, certainly, only the unkind would say that the theatrics of the Fredericktown Marching Band were outrageously jingoistic. For our part, we thought that the "Freddies" performed quite creditably, with a proficiency equal to that of the fine Mt. Vernon Marching One-Hundred. We enjoy marching bands. We think that cheerleaders and football Saturdays and formations and vigorous, discordant tunes all constitute a large hunk of Americana.

WE ALSO LIKE CHILDREN. One lingering memory of Saturday's experience was that of the gaily uniformed Freddy, perched in the bandstand, his tufted drum major's helmet balanced on his knee, his left hand firmly gripping the caressing digitals of his steady.

Nevertheless, we cannot help feeling that Saturday afternoon's action was a slaughter of the innocents. The children, we are sure, have very little idea of the "President's policy" which, according to their adult bandleader, they were marching in support of. Nor would they have any conception of what it is to die in Viet Nam. Yet the show was dedicated to the men who had given their lives for the President's policy.

CONSEQUENTLY, had they heard the few jeers that flew out of the stand, they might have been confused, but surely would have marched on.

It is our personal opinion that the war in Viet Nam is a matter of public disgrace and private resolution. In many ways the war could be called our Algeria: it is a struggle made necessary by nothing more than inevitable historical accident. Like the Frenchman, the American is hard put to adjust his conscience to the matter. He requires learning.

THE CHILDREN who closed ranks for Fredericktown and LBJ also require learning. That is why they attend Fredericktown High School — a fine cause.

After graduating from high school, the children, it is hoped, will have the equipment with which they can deal with complex public situations. After some experience in the world affairs, they may develop the full sensibility needed to conceive of resolutions of conscience. Only then will the Fredericktown Freddies and Robert Lowell meet on the same plane. For Mr. Lowell does not insist that others follow his example. He refuses to dramatize. But we feel that he expects others to express a purity of conscience similar to his own.

—R.G.F.

ROBERT LOWELL: EXILE'S RETURN

(Continued from page 1)

As for the rest of the students, Lowell said, "They belonged to fraternities and sang their songs. We literary students had our own sort of world."

SINCE HIS GRADUATION, Lowell has published several volumes of poetry, among them the Pulitzer - Prize winning *Lord Weary's Castle*, *Life Studies*, and *Limitations*, a collection of translations. His *Benito Cereno*, a dramatization of a short story by Herman Melville, was acclaimed as the best play of 1964. In short, Robert Lowell is at present one of the foremost men of American letters.

Yet Lowell returns to Kenyon with affectionate regularity. "It's part of my life, returning to Kenyon," he said. Most of his teachers are either gone or retired. "Mostly, I see the Ransoms, of course, and the Macauleys, and some widows."

The changes that have been wrought at Kenyon since Lowell's time and between his recurrent visits and those changes that loom in the future have not escaped the poet's notice. He expressed some surprise at the fact that Kenyon no longer grants Review Fellowships or similar support for writing students. He was somewhat surprised to learn that the concept of the writing student and its importance to the general purpose of Kenyon College has disappeared. "There's something beneficial about a men's college," he said when told of the planned woman's college, "but a woman's college...I suppose it's better. When I'm teaching, I like to speak to mixed classes."

Withal, the changes do not dampen Lowell's memories of Kenyon, or his affection for the setting, which he finds similar in many ways to that of New England, only, "The first thing you're astonished by is that farming is successful here."

RECENTLY, ROBERT LOWELL has been the center of much public controversy. His name became front-page news this summer when, in a written statement to the President, he refused to attend the much-vaunted White House "Festival of the Arts." He felt that because he takes exception to Mr. Johnson's policy on Viet Nam, he would serve his President best by not attending the Festival. Also in the statement—which was concise and self-effacing—he reflected: "We are in danger of imperceptibly becoming an explosive and suddenly chauvinistic nation." When, inevitably, he was asked for his opinion on Viet Nam and on the general matter of speaking-out, he replied: "I do think it (speaking-out) is a sort of individual vocation. Personally, I wouldn't report for the draft, but I wouldn't tell anyone else not to."

The lasting impression of Robert Lowell is one of nobility, quiet importance, and to a degree, exhaustion. Like the Colonel Shaw he speaks of in one of his major poems: "He is out of bounds now. He rejoices in man's lovely peculiar power to choose life and die—" He expressed all the above remarks in the form of a matter-of-fact statement of conscience. He refuses to dramatize. And yet, a whole nation responds when he speaks and writes.

Lowell is not an altogether warm or friendly man, yet there is something moving about him, perhaps his exhaustion. At 48, the poet is tall, willowy, and slightly bent; his eyes, a liquid blue, are flung open, the eyelids drawn back as if in constant fear. "I have nothing," he said, "I am afraid I haven't written anything. I'm drained."

John Cocks



HIGH SCHOOL DEBATER

Dickey Didn't Do Too Well

by Michael Berryhill

The reading given by poet James Dickey last Saturday night filled all the qualifications for good story-telling, but very few of those for good poetry. While Mr. Dickey certainly impressed me with his honesty and sincerity, I feel that the lack of ambiguous and cryptic meanings does not necessarily imply a straightforward poetic message. Dickey capitalizes on his experience, but rarely attempts to give that experience any extra meaning. When he does attempt to "philosophize," meanings and poetic dictions become very foggy.

DICKEY'S FIRST POEM, "Faces Seen Once," exemplifies his descriptive technique. In his long explanations before each poem, Dickey emphasized that this is a poem about all the possibilities of human life one feels when one momentarily glimpses a strange face. The faces are described and they are real faces from his past; and then there is a precious ending:

... Unity hears you —
A God-roar of hearing — say only
"You are an angel's too-realized
Unbearable memoryless face."

This last bit of thought is just too easy, as is much of Dickey's thought. "Cherry-Log Road," the story of seduction in a junkyard, is full of similar nostalgia, topped off with the neat symbolism of the author's Harley-Davidson as "the soul of the junk-yard." Not that I think we are intended to take this phrase too seriously, but I found it difficult to find any point at which I could take Dickey seriously.

A REALLY AMBITIOUS POEM, like the sixth one Dickey read, which proposed to explore some of the meanings of dust, seemed to fall apart into a vague, diffuse meaning. Indeed, for all his long prefaces, Dickey never seemed to distill any essence of his poem. He was always able to describe what his poems are about, but never what they are.

Dickey's personality comes across best when he is not serious. "The Shark's Parlor" seems to me exactly the sort of nostalgic, humorous type of poetry which most adequately conveys a sense of the perspective of time on violence. But when Dickey attempts to do more than describe, he more often than not fails. Most probably this is due to a confusion of description and meaning. His description sinks to prosaic, "Whitmanesque" effects, such as naming towns and people, without any consideration of poetic value.

THE READING ITSELF became rather tedious, for Dickey demonstrated no inflection of natural speech, but read rather in the bored monotone of a Methodist preacher reciting scripture. Some singularly melodic lines be-

And for the Prosecution...

(Continued from page 1)

team of Jeff Butz and Ken Moore tied for first place in their division, downing teams from Eastern Illinois, Amundsen, and Evangel. As a result of these two victories, Kenyon placed first out of twenty in his final tabulation.

PRESIDENT VOLKUWITZ, who waxes eloquent on the Society's many eloquent waxings, attributes the recent success to the large turnout of freshmen debaters. Volkwitz is optimistic about the Society's prospect for this year; he keeps the group in good voice with a series of weekly meetings and practice sessions.

On Saturday, October 23, the Debating Society held its annual Ohio High School Debate Tournament, in which thirty Ohio high schools participate. The topic debated during the three round tournament was: "Resolved: That the Federal Government should institute a program of compulsory arbitration in the basic industries."

When all the shouting was over, the Whitmer High School of Toledo and North High School of Akron emerged the winners with identical 6-0 records; Whitmer won the first place trophy on speakers' points.

A Farr-Gone Conclusion

(Continued from page 1)

In addition to his practice of law in Cleveland, he was assistant county prosecutor in Akron and served for a year in Washington as a special attorney for the Bureau of Internal Revenue. In 1952, Mr. Farr successfully defended five accused Communists in a public trial in Cleveland.

A member of Kenyon's Board of Trustees since 1958, Farr served as legal counsel for the College for twelve years previous to his appointment. His term on the board runs until 1971.

President Lund said that the trustees were enthusiastic in their response to the resolution honoring Farr. "I'm pleased," Lund said, "that the College and the Trustees can show their appreciation in this way. However, it cannot begin to show the appreciation, nor pay the debt we have to George Farr for his leadership, vision, and service to Kenyon College."

The news of the President's bestowal comes at a propitious time, for Mr. Farr is presently convalescing from a broken hip that he suffered during his last visit to Kenyon, on Homecoming Day.

came unmelodic. Melodic, in fact, might be the best description of Dickey's verse — like a pop song of the fifties: graceful, pleasing to the ear, but not lasting art.

NOTICE

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Reluctant Politico

Ed Harvey, Former County Chairman Tells Truth About Gambier Politics

by Richard Henry Lee

Of course, everyone **knows** that Edward Harvey is chairman of Kenyon's French department, but somehow it seems that it is his position as principal politico of the community that always intrigues the locals. Perhaps this is because he stands in such strong contrast to the apolitical tendencies of the majority of the Kenyon faculty. Or, perhaps it is because Harvey, a spare, quiet man whose dignity and reserve envelop him like a cloak, appears so completely foreign to the image we have of the typical political leader. When a reporter recently talked with him, after he had divorced himself from Ohio Democratic politics preparatory to a sabbatical in France next year, he lamented that, as usual, it was his political life we wished to discuss. He sighed, "My wife would be so much happier if you would tell about my other interests." After the briefest of pauses, he went on to talk politics.

EDWARD HARVEY was born and raised in Lewiston, Maine, "in an atmosphere where most of the people I knew were Democrats. Three-quarters of the people were of French descent and half were French speaking. There was a French-speaking mayor. In Lewiston you couldn't even get elected if you didn't speak French. When I was a boy I associated being a Democrat with being French. The Republicans were Yankees."

This early Democratic tradition lay dormant during Harvey's years of schooling at Bates, Middlebury and Harvard, but was awakened, quite by accident, when he came to Gambier in 1948. It happened that he lived in one of the barracks that dotted the campus after the war, next door to the Town Hall. At that time the Village held caucuses, reminiscent of New England town meetings, to pick candidates for office. Harvey went over just to watch and found himself a candidate for the Gambier School Board. Later, he won the election. He recalls the now-defunct Board: "School board politics were non-partisan but rougher than regular politics. I served at the time of consolidation with Amity, Bladensburg, and Howard to form the Kokosing School District. We put a bond issue up twice for a centrally-located high school. Each time it was voted down. What followed was probably the first case of deconsolidation in Ohio school board history. It also marked the end of my school board career."

HARVEY'S NEXT MOVE in politics also occurred by chance, when Stu McGowan, the Democratic Precinct Committeeman at that time, put his name down "without asking me" for judge of election, which meant that he counted votes on Election Night. For years Harvey would forget to ask McGowan not to appoint him and every year Harvey was McGowan's choice.

What appeared to be a stagnating political career received a shot in the arm when Harvey payed another call on the Caucus. He emerged as a Democratic candidate for the two-year term on the Village Council, which was partisan at that time. In spite of his apprehensions that he would appear foreign to the native Ohioans he ran "quite well" in a field of six. "I took it as a lark, so neither my wife nor I voted for me. If we'd done so I would have gotten the highest number of votes and I would have become President of the Council. Next time I voted for myself, and came out first but Parker (then Council President) was so used to being first that he didn't bother to check the votes and just assumed the presidency. I've never told about it to this day." Harvey's last motion as Councilman was to

move to raise the salary from three to five dollars a month.

PROFESSOR CHARLES M. COFFIN had succeeded McGowan as Precinct Committeeman. When he died, "somebody" suggested Harvey be appointed Committeeman. At the first meeting of the Democratic Central Committee of Knox County he was elected vice-chairman. Although his involvement in politics was taking up increasing amounts of time, Harvey had few regrets.

"One of my reasons for becoming seriously concerned was my great admiration for Michael DiSalle. 'He's a very intelligent lawyer and a much more literate and articulate person than your run-of-the-mill politician. I also admired him for reasons that are not particularly objective or sound. He was of an Italian-Catholic background challenging the establishment. Also, under DiSalle there seemed to be hope that a responsible state-wide Democratic organization could come into existence."

"He had come to Kenyon to speak and there was a small luncheon at the Village Inn to which I was invited because I was the Precinct Committeeman. At this luncheon I got very well acquainted with Mr. DiSalle's chauffeur. Some weeks later, at the state convention, Mr. DiSalle was at the entrance to the hall, politicking, and I went up to him expecting to be remembered and was conceited enough to be bothered by the glazed look in his eye. I was determined that the next time he met me he'd know who I was."

DI SALLE WAS SEEKING the gubernatorial nomination at the time, and Harvey helped him by writing letters to the editors in various parts of the state. He corresponded with DiSalle and became active in the campaign that saw him elected governor. During the campaign he became acquainted with William Coleman, the state chairman, and served on the State Platform Committee. He supposes that Coleman and DiSalle decided that "if the national Democratic organization had its eggheads, Ohio should have them."

Later, he was urged to run for the state legislature by the late vice-president of the College, Robert Brown, and the then Dean Frank Bailey. Coleman also was enthusiastic but the scheduling of the school year conflicted with the session of the legislature. Also, Harvey says that he "suspected that my good friend Mr. Coleman was as interested in filling up the slate as in my own chances of winning." As things turned out, the Democrats ran strong that year (1958) and Harvey might have been elected had he entered the race.

IN 1964, when the Knox County chairman retired, he named Har-

vey to the post. But in early 1965, he decided "that the job took much more time, even outside the campaign period, than I could give it and since I expected to be in France in 1966—the gubernatorial year—I thought someone should be getting experience now as chairman." He points out that "I was fortunate enough to be chairman at a time when the Democrats won a tremendous victory but the work was done by others, particularly the former chairman, and I got credit for it. I felt bad."

However, Harvey hopes for a comeback on the Knox County political scene following his sabbatical. His feelings run deep concerning this. He expresses "serious concern with the importance of having a professional man assume these time-consuming and annoying political functions. There's a real vacuum—many opportunities for people to get into organizational politics that are no take."

BUT HE ALSO has a nostalgia for the game of politics. He smiles as he recalls, "A few years ago I was substituting for Congressman Levering at a political meeting in Delaware and somebody told me afterwards that he overheard one young lady say to another, 'That guy's a professor, but he looks like a riverboat gambler.' Sometimes when I go to a meeting I smoke cigars and I really dress, on occasion wearing my black homburg. . . . Ever since I was a young man I wanted a homburg. One time I saw one at a reduced price and after I bought it Eisenhower decided they would wear homburgs at the Inauguration. I couldn't wear mine for years."

Fitch Falls Flat

By Fred Waitzkin

THE DEATH AND LIFE OF SNEAKY FITCH is not an especially good play. It would seem that in these days of the poor man's Xerox duplicator and the Gemini space shots, by contrast guitar strumming, fast shooting cowboys would always be good for laughs. But James Rosenberg's play is not that funny. Maybe he did not mean it to be funny. After Samuel Becket's heavy reliance on skeletal settings to define the moods of protest and despair, one might expect that James Rosenberg had something similar in mind when he recommended that his western town "appear almost to be cut out of cardboard." And one certainly does have the feeling that *The Death of Life of Sneaky Fitch* is parodying something. But the course of his three acts does nothing to focus or elucidate its mocking air. And in the end, its audience is neither thoroughly amused nor seriously troubled. It has not been satisfactory as either a farce or a social criticism.

THE PLAY DEALS WITH a cowardly bum, Sneaky Fitch, who comes to believe that he has risen from the dead imbued with supernatural powers. The town coward suddenly becomes the top-gun tyrant, but soon regrets the constant pressures of his new role and yearns for the free wheeling existence of his past. In the end he is relieved to learn from Doc Burch that he was never dead and is "a plain mortal man, like everybody else." This is immediately proven as his girl friend Maroon shoots him dead.

Thursday's opening night performance did not achieve the full potential of Mr. Rosenberg's play. Timing of dialogue and action

THE FRATERNITY PHILOSOPHY

by Barry Bergh

Recent changes in the fraternity systems at Kenyon's peer institutions, Brown, Williams, and Amherst will soon force Kenyon to appraise her own fraternity system. The fraternity system here must be prepared to justify its role in campus life. It can only do this if there is a consensus of what the fraternities' role is at Kenyon. It is necessary that fraternities agree about what is their proper function.

THERE ARE TWO OPPOSING views about the nature of the fraternity. Some, whom I shall call activists, argue that the fraternity must be a socially constructive force in his community; they think that the fraternity should be conducive to the idea of liberal education. In contrast, there are those who view the fraternity's place as passive. They argue that the fraternity is merely a convenience, an informal organization designed to effect the social whims of its members.

The administration has directly endorsed the activist attitude. Although the college has not set forth functions which a fraternity must perform, by promulgating standards of fraternity responsibility it implicitly views the fraternity as more than a social union.

IF FRATERNITIES are tending towards assuming an activist role, we must ask what exactly is the activist viewpoint, and what are the implications of such an attitude. Primarily, the fraternity is viewed as a stimulus in the interaction of all the aspects of the undergraduate's life: intellectual, athletic, social and ethical. Its function is not to impose uniformity, but to encourage achievement. The fraternity must strive to have a positive effect on each of its members. It is merely a way of involving the undergraduate in society—at least in some form of society.

Basic to all of this is that Kenyon College is an adult experience. Kenyon is an exception to

the American tendency to prolong adolescence until 35. As such, nothing can be justified on the campus which either tacitly or openly sanctions immaturity. The fraternity, then must also be an adult experience. We are not little boys playing the game of being embers of some secret club. We are men, or nearly men, aspiring to something beyond the fraternity and the college.

THE FRATERNITY has an obligation to this college and to each of its members. It is obliged to complement the liberal education espoused here; and simultaneously, it is obliged to each of its members to encourage vigorous participation in the idea of liberal education. How can this be done?

The place to start is with the pledge class. What today's pledge class is introduced to in the course of their pledging is what they shall tend to perpetrate as members of a fraternity. Those pledge activities which are essentially irresponsible and immature do not belong in the pledging program. In fact, it appears that the entire pledging program on this campus is of questionable value. Very little, if anything, is accomplished by our pledging practices. Incidents in recent years prove that by their pledging practices fraternities encourage irresponsibility and immaturity. This serves only to alienate the fraternity from this community and the pledge and prospective pledges from the fraternity.

THOMAS JEFFERSON cautioned man that, "Institutions must keep pace with the times. This we are increasingly failing to do. We are romantically holding on—some fraternities more tenaciously than others—to vestiges of an era past. We value the wrong things. It is far more important that the fraternity concern itself with the immediate wellbeing of its pledges than with the ability of the pledge to rattle off meaningless names and insignificant facts, or to serve as lackeys for the active members of the fraternity."

The essence of the brotherhood fraternities are trying to achieve is more the result of treating pledges as people than treating them as pledges. The pledge is on the uninitiated. The only reasonable argument why he should remain uninitiated for several months is so that he can judge for himself if his choice of fraternity was a good one. Our pledging practices do not reasonably reinforce that decision. If we do not abolish those pledging practices which tend to hinder rather than expedite the absorption of the freshman fully into the fraternity, then we shall soon be driving freshmen from our doors. As it stands, freshmen are no longer beating down our doors to gain admittance.

The passive conception of fraternity has far different implications. These implications will be discussed in the next issue.

(This is the first of two articles. The second and last installment will appear in the issue of 19 November, at which time the Collegian will comment on Mr. Bergh's views.)

cowboys in a westernized version of "Beckett land" but rather, place them in a realistic western setting or even on Fifth Avenue, the humor might have been more consistent.

Springing the Victory Trap

LORDS WIN FIRST - ROUT WILMINGTON 37-22

by Stewart Revo

The finest day in recent Kenyon football history began in an unlikely, unpromising manner. October 23rd was bitter cold in Wilmington, Ohio. A sharp fall wind knifed across the football field, which lay in the center of a large, rolling plain. Heavy rain clouds had parted to reveal a patch of blue which hung directly over the field.

THE LORDS APPEARANCE

was delayed briefly because they had to make shift in a visitor's locker room that looked like a trap and seemed an afterthought. But, when they left the field, they deserved nothing less than the swankiest surroundings.

Kenyon quickly drowned the exuberance of a Wilmington Homecoming crowd when Sophomore Quarterback Jeff Jones hit Conference ace John Rutter with a 58-yard down-and-out touchdown pass. With uncharacteristic optimism, the Lords tried for the two-point conversion, successfully, with John Rutter passing to freshman fullback Steve Ryan for the tally. With only two minutes of action elapsed, the Lords led 8-0. Though many further opportunities arose, Kenyon closed the quarter with that score, handsomely preserved by an energetic defensive squad.

IN THE SECOND QUARTER, the Lords had lost their momentum and allowed the Quakers offense to regain their composure. Wilmington drove for a touchdown early in the quarter and added a conversion to tie the score. The opponents threatened twice more, but a series of penalties and fumbles aided the Lords. With the half nearly over, Kenyon added two more touchdowns. The first score came when Jones hit Rutter with another bomb for a touchdown on a play

covering 45 yards. The two-point conversion attempt failed, but Kenyon quickly regained possession on a dramatic interception by alert linebacker Gary Pendergraph.

On the ensuing series of downs, Jones passed frenetically only to have one of his projectiles intercepted by a Wilmington safety. But Kenyon's defense responded to the call and threw the Quakers back to their own two yard line. In desperation, Wilmington's quarterback Mike Schneider faded deep into his own endzone; rather than "eating the ball," Schneider elected to pass over the heads of the Kenyon defensive swarm. The pass landed smoothly into the hands of Lord tackle Dick Zagol, who had perceptibly stationed himself in the Wilmington end zone apart from his fellow defenders. The touchdown, only the second in Zagol's gridiron career, gave Kenyon an exhilarating 20-8 lead at halftime.

GIVEN PAST PERFORMANCES, one would expect retiring play from the Lords in the second half. But they came on like gangbusters. Early in the third quarter, the hapless Schneider was dumped for a safety by the fire-breathing freshman tackle, Charlie Mills. The Lords then drove for another score, with a 24-yard pass to Rutter and a 14-yard pass to freshman Dale Pro-fusek standing out as the key plays. Finally, Jones hit Rutter with a 4-yard heave for paydirt.

In the final quarter, the home team introduced a new QB, Bill Lewis, who produced a frightening burst of offensive power to tighten the score at 30-22. The Lords, in bad field position the greater part of the quarter, stalled again and were forced to punt. Wilmington needed only a touchdown and two-point conversion to tie the game. The Homecoming

crowd encouraged their team with shirt-tearing exuberance, and the Quakers looked about ready to swipe the Lord's victory cake. But Lady Luck finally decided one in Kenyon's favor, as an errant snap from the Wilmington center cost the opponents 22 yards and tossed them into an impossible fourth down situation.

THE LORDS CAPITALIZED on

the break to slip the game into the sack. Led by an apparently overjoyed Jeff Jones, they drove 81 yards, with the clincher going to Rutter from 20 yards out to make the final score 37-22.

It was a remarkable day for the Lords, but especially for veteran end and rookie quarterback John Rutter who grabbed 11 passes in all for 239 yards. His perform-

ance tied an Ohio Conference record for play at end.

QUARTERBACK JONES had his best day in college play, completing 16 passes for 290 yards.

Among the back - slapping throng that crowded the Kenyon visitors at games end were Deans Bruce Haywood and Thomas Edwards, both, perhaps, dreaming of winning streaks, top ranking, and bowl games.

Dad's Day Disaster

OBERLIN OVERRUNS JONES & CO.

by Warren Diven

Combining an apathetic offense and a similar type of defense, the Kenyon Lords fell back into the loser's bracket, being trounced by previously winless Oberlin College, 41-14. From the opening minutes of play, the high spirited Yoemen dominated the play as the Lords and their fans appeared to be completely "dekeyed" for the whole affair.

FROM THE OPENING KICK-off, the Lords committed numerous mental and physical errors which eventually led to their downfall. Quarterback Jeff Jones, who really never got going throughout the entire game, completed only two passes of the six he threw during the first period action and had one pass intercepted. Kenyon's only real offensive threat of the period, started when Sophomore halfback Sandy Neiman recovered a John Rutter punt, which had rebounded off the chest of an Oberlin player following a weird bounce, Jones fumbled twice in the ensuing five plays, and ended the drive when his pass was intercepted.

The Kenyon defense, which had frequently kept the Lords in their previous ballgames, showed none of the spirit which had been characteristic of its fine play before. Oberlin, working out of an un-

balanced line and a tight T formation in the backfield, rambled over, around, and through the Kenyon line at will. Early in the first quarter, Oberlin's fullback, Mike McGlauffin, broke loose on a 53 yard romp for Oberlin's first touchdown, and his first of four TD runs for the afternoon. The fleet fullback led the Oberlin rushers, all of whom showed great speed, power, and broken field running ability, with 17 yards in 14 carries.

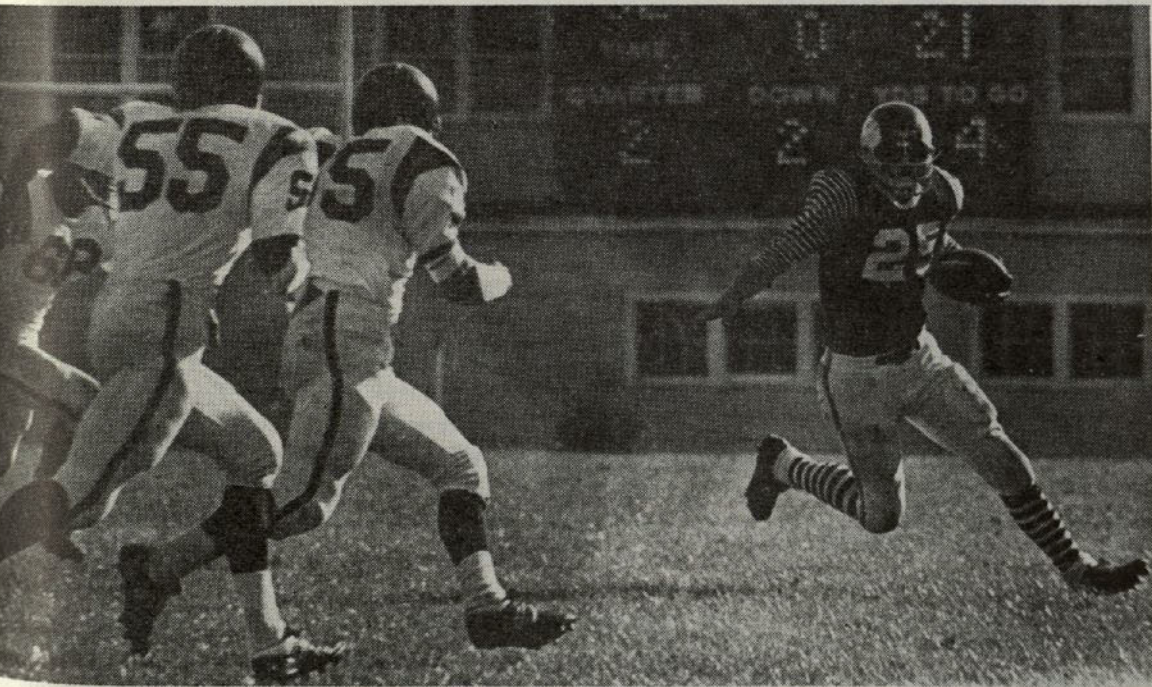
ALTHOUGH OBERLIN scored three touchdowns early in the game, the loss of two key defensive players may have hurt Kenyon even more. Freshman linebacker, Bob Falkenstine, who has been outstanding in Kenyon's previous encounters this season, was injured on Oberlin's second touchdown drive of the afternoon and sat out the remainder of the game. Defensive halfback, Jeff Kelly, who had just recovered from an ankle injury, reinjured the same ankle in the second quarter and he, too, missed the rest of the game.

Kenyon managed to mount a major offensive drive late in the first half on the running of Sophomore fullback Steve Watts and a twenty yard pass from Jones to John Rutter. This drive, however, was cut off when Oberlin picked off another pass from Jones. On the following play, defensive tackle Pat Reid alertly pounced on an Oberlin fumble on the Kenyon 25 yard line. Jones, clicking for the first time in the whole game, ran twice and completed three passes while moving the ball in from the 25. Jones' last pass was an eight yard touchdown pass to freshman Dale Pro-fusek, who had replaced Rutter.

OBERLIN OPENED the second half explosively with a 45 yard kickoff return to the 50 and soon scored with the help of a 15 yard penalty and a 36 yard sweep by McGlauffin for the TD. Kenyon immediately mounted a drive sparked by a fantastic pass reception by John Rutter, who grabbed the ball in the midst of three Oberlin defenders and carried the ball for 36 yards to the Oberlin 36. Kenyon got to the 25 but was unable to move any further and lost the ball on downs.

Two major factors in the inability of the Kenyon offense to mount any really substantial momentum were Jones' passing slump and the double teaming of right end John Rutter. Jones' passing and Rutter's catching had highlighted Kenyon's victory over Wilmington but both phases of the offense were ineffective for most of the game. Jones was unable to find the range on most of his passes and they were wobbly and hurriedly thrown. Rutter was double teamed throughout the whole game while he was at end with one Oberlin lineman hitting him as soon as he left the line of scrimmage and a defensive halfback picking him up after he broke loose.

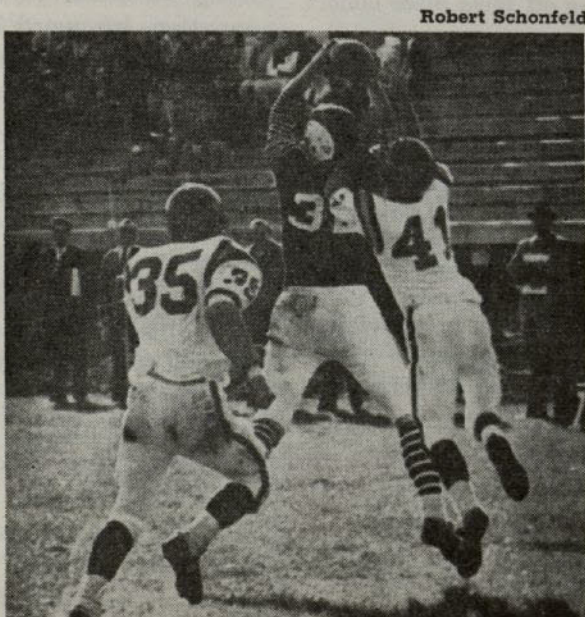
KENYON MOUNTED its best drive of the afternoon late in the fourth quarter when Rutter took over at the quarterback spot. Kenyon's fleet halfback, freshman Dave Ulery, opened the drive with a 17 yard pickup on an end sweep. From there on the Lords relied on the powerful running of 220 pound freshman fullback Stee Ryan (27 yards in 4 carries) and Rutter who carried the ball in the last seven yards for the final score of the game.



Robert Schonfeld



John Cocks



Robert Schonfeld



Robert Schonfeld

Cinema:

THE
LONG, SHOT
SUMMER

by John Cocks

Most of the films discussed here have been given unnecessarily extensive treatment over the past three months or so, either because they were released during the summer, a bad time for films when everyone is a little desperate anyway, or because they have managed to impress certain gurus of the daily and weekly press. Like an overbearing, faintly embarrassing guest at a party, the best thing to do is acknowledge them and leave them, with as little fanfare as possible, standing off in a dim corner.

THE PAWNBROKER, which is already being talked about as the best film of the year, is a sack-cloth-and-ashes soap opera about the passion of a misanthropic Jew in Harlem. Sidney Lumet directed with an even heavier hand than usual, saturating an already top-heavy film with strident, monotonous, unrelenting self-pity. Some few parts of it are impressive; Boris Kaufman's magnificent camera work, especially his shots of Harlem streets, and Rod Steiger's performance, thoughtful, admirable, but still too studied and mechanical to be truly compelling. The main trouble, I think, is that Lumet, Steiger and Co. having set out to make a Serious, Important film, decided that Depth can somehow be equated with perspiration stains under the antagonist's armpits. Sol Nazerman, the pawnbroker, does sweat a lot, but not nearly as much as he talks, grumbles, curses, weeps and complains in this kind of intellectual masturbation, tragedy is mostly talk and some sweat on Mr. Steiger's brow.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES, on the other hand, takes itself not at all seriously, which is by no means its smallest virtue. A number of famous international comics — Alberto Sordi, Jean-Pierre Casselle, Terry-Thomas, Red Skelton, Gert Frobe and Eric Sykes among them — obviously had the time of their lives making this gentle, affectionate and often very funny tribute to aviation in its infancy. There's the traditional sort of sub-plot about who'll win the race from London to Paris and who'll get the girl, but no one should pay attention to that; Terry-Thomas by himself is sufficient to render most of the story line meaningless, which is probably just as well. This airborne *Genevive* is easily the best three ring circus since *Around the World In 80 Days*, full of lackadaisical, spontaneous good humor and the irresistible charm of those truly magnificent old flying machines.

DARLING, the new film by John (Billy Liar) Schlesinger, is filled with a lot of good, cruel social observation and some of the nastiest dialogue since Bracket and Wilder broke up.irate girl to her lover: "I'm fed up! I've stuck it out just about as long as I can!"; lover to girl, sneering: "Yes—and just as often as you can, too." There are also some rather obvious bits involving the decay of international cafe society (homosexual nobles, fat countesses, even a rather tame orgy) which don't come off nearly so well, and which, I'm afraid, keep the film from being the kind of scathing social indictment it apparently set out to be. Nevertheless, Dirk Bogarde gives a very fine performance indeed, and Julie Christie, who portrays the irresistible doxy to whom the title refers, establishes herself as a film actress of the first rank. She's

PEEPS MASH PHI KAPS
FOR FOOTBALL TROPHY

It was a cool, windy day when the "Peeps" and the Phi Kapps took to the field to battle it out for the 1965 Intramural Football championship. Both teams had come into the Championship undefeated and untied, and both teams had displayed explosive offenses during the regular season and a similar type of ball game had been expected. Such, however, was not to be the case as the Peeps rolled over the Phi Kapps for a 27-0 victory and their second championship in three years.

THE PHI KAPPS, led by Yale transfer Paul Burkhardt who engineered their upset victory over the defending Champion Betas, took the opening kickoff and marched inside the Peep 20 but were finally forced to give up the ball on downs. On their first play from scrimmage, Sigma Pi's senior quarterback Bill Diehl swept left end, picked up some key blocks and raced 62 yards for the first touchdown of the afternoon.

During the rest of the first half, the defenses dominated the game enough to justify the admission price — two or three of them, come to think about it.

HELP! and **THE KNACK** are two precocious, very boring films by Richard Lester, who has become the idol of the conservative avant garde. Well, with all those trick camera things he must be good. The first film stars the Beatles, and is boring for just that reason; the second is merely boring. With all his ersatz New Cinema technique, Lester is unable to hide the fact that he is a comic director with a startling lack of originality (*viz.* the opening scenes in *The Knack* of Rita Tushingham in London); one wonders what he might do with some really good material like *Ship of Fools*.

SHIP OF FOOLS, or *The Nazis are Still Among Us*, is a complete waste of time, which is as much as one can expect from Stanley Kramer and an Abby Mann screenplay. Miraculously, Oscar Werner and Simone Signoret, as a pair of doomed middle-aged lovers, manage to take those scenes in which they appear into one of the most moving anecdotes of love I can recall. As Jules in *Jules and Jim*, Werner showed promise of becoming one of the finest screen actors of our time; *Ship of Fools*, of all things, confirms that promise.

REPULSION is virtually the only film of the summer worth talking about; with luck, I'll be able to next issue.

which had been predicted to be a close but high scoring tilt. Half time entertainment was provided by the Phi Kapp pledges who did a can-can for the utterly flabbergasted Peeps.

THE THIRD QUARTER was played almost entirely inside the Sigma Pi twenty yard line as every time the Peeps would run a play the officials would call a penalty (much similar to last year's fine officiating). Only within the last few minutes were the Peeps able to get out of the hole and drove the length of the field and finally scored on a pass from Diehl to blocking back Brian Derry.

As tempers and blocking backs flared, defensive linemen cracked heads, and the spectators hurled charges back and forth at each other the play became more wide open as Diehl threw for his second touchdown of the afternoon to lanky end Chuck Crabtree who made an over the head catch and outlegged Bill Brogan sixty yards for the TD. The Peeps added insult to injury when Crabtree intercepted a Burkhardt pass in the end zone and raced 80 yards for the final touchdown.

THE HIGHLY RATED PHI KAP quarterback, plagued with hard charging linemen and blitzing halfbacks was completely ineffective and the Phi Kapp offense ground to a halt. The Peeps on the other hand, successfully keeping Furball and company Diehl, were able to control the ball and ground out a great deal of their yardage on the ground.

In the consolation game, Delta Phi upset pre-game favorite Beta Theta Pi by a 14-7 score, thus grabbing off third place honors.

It is untrue, as stated in the Collegian of 22 October, that Mr. Hettlinger's lecture at the Kenyon Symposium will be "a summation of . . . very popular lectures given last year in Basic Course II." Actually, the topic, which is "The Playboy Philosophy," was never broached in the basic course, and one is mistaken to expect that it ever will be.

CURTIS HOTEL
BARBER SHOPBud - Hank - Charlie
On the Square, Mt. Vernon

Gridders Top Conference

by Floyd S. Linton

The Ohio Conference is a madcap conference and, boy, do the statistics ever bear it out. Kenyon's Lords are a case in point. Currently the Lords are sharing a berth in the cellar of the Ohio Conference with a 1-6 record. But all is not lost. The Lords have the unique distinction of being among the top three scoring teams in the 15-team conference and then at the same time they are the most scored-upon team in the conference.

THE LORDS are the most productive passing outfit around, too. In seven games the Lords have run up 1118 yards through the air, for an average of 159.6 yds. per game. But that's not the half of it. One would think that in order to be *numero uno* in the conference in passing, we must have our own Joe Namath hanging around. But actually, we have **two** quarterbacks in the list of the top ten passers in the conference — Jeff Jones, who is third, and John Rutter, who is eighth. Jones has completed 58 of 144 aerials for 778 yards and 10 TD's, while Rutter has made good on 33 of 70 tries for 340 yds. and 4 TD's. The Lord QB's are interception prone, however, as they have given up 18 interceptions between them.

Rutter is also among the top ten pass receivers in the conference,

and that is a bit unique. Rutter, when Jones plays quarterback, trots out to the split end, where he has snagged 18 passes for 404 yds. and 5 touchdowns and a tie for sixth in the conference. Jim Rattray, the other end, leads the conference in pass receiving, with 31 receptions for 352 yards and 5 touchdowns. Kenyon has another leader in the conference in Steve Watts, who leads Kick-Off returners with 305 yds. in 17 tries.

WHY, ONE MIGHT ASK, is Kenyon a 1-6 team? The answer would have to be Defense. The Lords are last in the conference in rushing defense, passing defense and total defense, having given up 2469 yads. in seven games, for an average of 52.7 yards a game, and a total of 228 points. At least they're an interesting team to watch.

OHIOANA:

The Business of Blood

All Types Blood Urgently
Needed

Cash Fees

9 - 5 Daily and Saturday

11 - 3 Sunday

Ads like this can be found in the classified section of most big city newspapers. Large metropolitan hospitals chronically suffer from a shortage of blood—there're never enough volunteer donors to meet their demands. They are forced to purchase blood from "Biological Institutes" or "Donor Clinics," companies whose ostensible function is to collect blood for laboratory experiments, but whose main business is selling their blood to hospitals' emergency stores.

IN CLEVELAND, one of these is located on near West Side among the several blocks fronting on Lake Erie which comprise Cleveland's garment district. Most of the buildings are lofty structures, built in the late nineteenth century. The Cleveland Scientific Center (a pseudonym for the firm's title but similar in spirit to its real name) occupies the first floor of one of these. There is a large waiting room, a partitioned section in which the blood is given, and a large room at the rear in which the blood is typed and stored.

If a man is lucky enough to have blood with a negative Rh factor, especially O - negative, "the universal donor," he can get fifteen dollars a pint. But more ordinary types only get five or ten. The Center allows one to give blood every eight weeks, up to five times a year. A reference file is kept of veteran donors, and those who have permanent addresses are mailed cards every two months inviting them to return. Most of them do. They need the money. It would be a good guess that nine-tenths of the money received by the donor goes into wine and liquor. For the Center's regular clientele are the park bench crowd, the white sock set, and the flamboyant individuals who sport blue pants and brown jacket ensembles. Although each donor signs an oath swearing that he has nothing alcoholic to drink for twenty-four hours before his donation, his word has generally proved unreliable. A student who has interned at a New York Hospital states that patients who receive this blood are routinely given preventive shots for hepatitis; about half of them develop mild cases of the disease nevertheless.

THERE HAS RECENTLY been an infusion of fresh young blood in the Center's staff of regular donors. The youth of Cleveland's Puerto Rican colony have begun coming in droves to the warehouse. Many of them have forged consent notices from their parents, for they are obviously under age. When a reporter visited the center, one of the Puerto Ricans was just emerging from the donation section. Three other young men, too young to give themselves, were waiting for him. Evidently, they headed directly for the beverage store across the street, for when the reporter emerged from the Center, he saw them seated under the elevated Memorial Shore Way with four gallons of wine. The lucky youth's blood had been worth at least ten dollars.

-R.D.L.

FREE SPEECH AND FREE DRINKS

Campus Revolt At Berkeley and Gambier

by Floyd Linton

THE BERKELEY STUDENT REVOLT: FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS, ed. by Seymour Martin Lipset and Sheldon S. Wolin, Doubleday, New York 1965.

"THE TROUBLED CAMPUS" — Atlantic Monthly supplement, November 1965.

One can hardly pick up a magazine or newspaper today without coming across an article on The Troubled Campus, or Students in Turmoil, or Berkeley or the "New Left." The attitudes expressed in these articles run from contempt, fear, sympathy, and even encouragement for Free Speech Movements and the like at various campuses throughout the country, with last fall's riots over Free Speech at Berkeley the most prominent point of departure. Regardless of the dismissal — often true — that the riots at Berkeley and elsewhere were incited and implemented by a small and noisy minority, the feelings transmitted by the riots are provocative and portentous, and not out of context even at Kenyon.

THE BERKELEY STUDENT REVOLT: FACTS AND INTER-

PRETATIONS is an authoritative and thorough, although sometimes unwieldy chronicle of what exactly happened, and what was said, major and minor, at Berkeley last year. The editors went out of their way to present all sides: there are the humorous statements of Clark Kerr, the railing and rabble-rousing speeches of Mario Savio and kind, and the inevitable commentaries — by Sidney Hook, Harold Taylor, Paul Goodman et al. It is a necessary book, a good reference in the face of the many magazine articles on the subject.

One such magazine article, "What's Bugging the Students," by Irving Kristol in the current copy of *The Atlantic Monthly* handles the topic quite well. "Clues to the meaning of this rebellion," he writes, "may be found in two phrases that now appear ever more commonly in the left-wing capus vocabulary. The first is 'organized America.' the second is 'participatory democracy.'"

AT FIRST GLANCE, one might expect "organized America" to stand for all those horrible bureaucratic institutions that exist in America today. For example, everyone knows what a "Multi-versity" is: a big, bad, insensitive institution that forgets the individual, much like the "welfare state." We are aghast, especially those of us here at Kenyon, at big different institutions; the American mind craves the small community. But "organized America" is something else — it represents the barren, middle-agedness of the American middle class life itself. It is significant that the demonstrators at the University of California at Berkeley were not really demanding legislation of freedom, for they were already legally free, but rather, the freedom to act as individuals in a conformist society. As Kristol points out, the riots at Berkeley were perhaps the last twitch of a dying American individualism. As Mario Savio so stridently berated his colleagues at California to participate in this qualitative revolution: it is a bleak scene, but it is all a lot of us have to look forward to. Society provides no challenge. This chrome-plated consumer's paradise would have us grow up to be well-behaved children. But an important minority of men and women coming to the fore today have shown that they will be rather than be standardized, replaceable and irrelevant."

Along with this theme of boredom and anxiety for "organized America," running through student radicalism, there is the concept of "participatory democracy." Participatory democracy is real—"direct" or "open" democracy, and it is certainly not at all new to the American scene — the New

England Town Meeting was an early precursor of participatory democracy. The interest of the New Left in participatory democracy comes as a result of contempt for the manipulative aspects of American representative democracy. American democracy, to the New Left, is corrupt and impersonal; society is bilked and tricked by power-hungry politicians. The problems in a participatory democracy are easy to discern. First, it is far too unwieldy a system to be effective, and second, a participatory system grants that its citizens be equal in ability. But by the same token, is also easy for us to realize why participatory democracy would be appealing to students of the New Left. A university is one small community in which there is a respectable amount of intellectual equality; a basic equality of ability that would allow the existence of a direct democratic system.

IT IS HARD to gauge in advance what the effect of the New Left will be. No doubt, this generation of students, like others before it, will become disillusioned, and as Kristol suggests, "they are going to discover one day that their revolution, too, has been betrayed, that 'organized society' is what revolutions establish as well as destroy." But also like other young-intellectual revolutions before, the New Left is bound to have an effect on American society at large. It is reasonable to expect that as a result of liberal education, middle-class life will become somewhat less "organized," and that as a result of mass demonstrations and civil disobedience government will become a good deal more "participatory."

Consider the whole problem of student unrest within the context of Kenyon College. In a very different way the students of Kenyon College have manifested similar attitudes toward society and government, and have almost provided us with a capuslized history of the current student rebellion. At first this may seem difficult to realize. Kenyon certainly is no multiversity, there are no IBM machines here, or anything they symbolize, and finally those students who may be politically close to members of the New Left at Berkeley and elsewhere, civil rights demonstrators and anti-Vietnam people, have a rough time of it here. I can remember rather vividly a group of a half-a-dozen or so members of the Students for a Democratic Society pulling off a three-day fast in the rain on Middle Path last spring, and above all, I remember the matter-of-fact treatment they received from their fellow students. No, Kenyon has a basically politically conservative student body.

WHAT FINALLY GOT the Kenyon student body to rise up in open revolt was not free speech or civil rights but the morally less laudable right to drink. I refer to the "Liquor Crisis" of last year. In this "Crisis" we had all the effects of the demonstrations at Berkeley: the impersonal government (the Campus Senate), disobedience (only verbal, not civil, as manifested for example in the Ad Hoc Committee), and the final, and I think efficacious, solution, arrived at after much haggling and debate, the current regulations concerning alcoholic beverages.

What was important, of course, was not necessarily that students can still drink with the stipulation that they are responsible for their actions, but that for a time last year the students here at Kenyon, like those at Berkeley, led by a few articulate and energetic young men, outrightly participated in the process of government, and did not leave the responsibility of governing to just a handful of representatives. And for a time students reflected on the quality of their lives here and the relative importance that social life has at Kenyon.

AND NOW WE HAVE the last chapter — the betrayal, as suggested earlier by Kristol. No longer is democracy here participatory; it is once again tight-fistedly representative: the students have indifferently turned over the responsibility of governing to a small and perhaps well-qualified few, perhaps because significantly, some of the young turks of the Liquor Crisis are now sitting on the Campus Senate and Judicial Board. And the community is "organized" again — for example, there is discussion that fraternities should consider their role in the community, they should become interested in public service — I suppose as a preparatory to philanthropy and PTA's in Scarsdale or Shaker Heights. The final act, the disillusionment, I guess, is committed over a glass of that hard-won beer.

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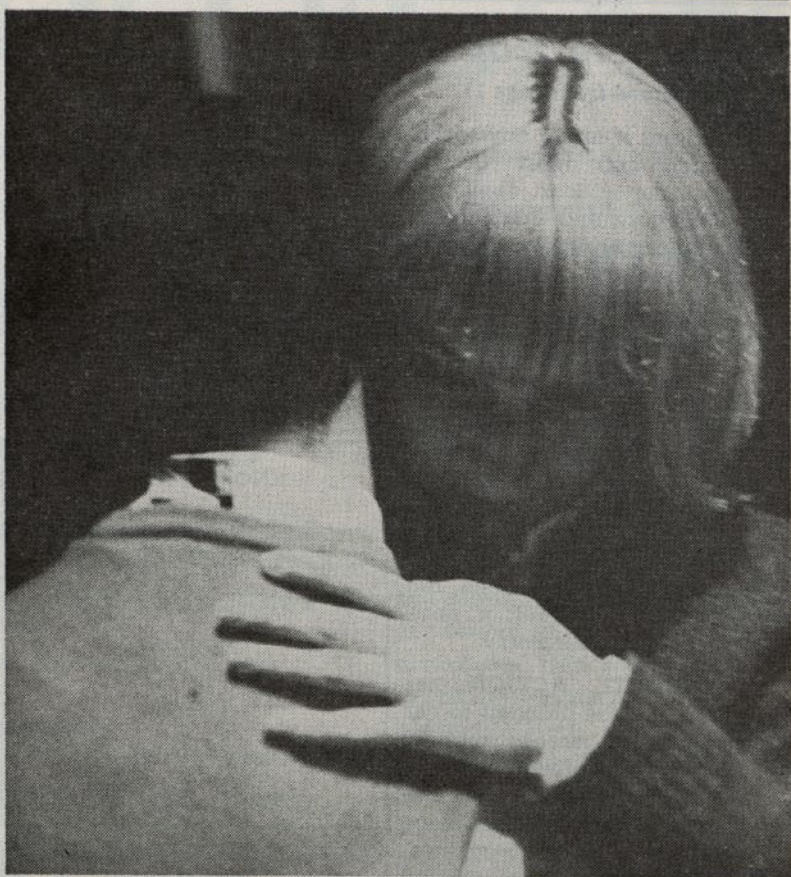
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This fond moment of moments occurred at the last inter-collegiate mixer—a quickie pitting our freshmen against Denison—which took place two weeks ago. The Social Committee promises more of these, as long as the feminine emporiums in the nearby radius hold out. The Denison mixer took place in the lounge of Gund Hall, where many freshmen were afforded the opportunity of testing George Jean Nathan's aspiration: "I want to meet a girl who believes the lyrics of the popular songs."

BONJOUR, TRIESTE

by C. Johnson Taggart

In the summer of 1966, one, or possibly two, Kenyon students will have the opportunity to spend a month in Yugoslavia, travelling throughout the country, listening to lectures (in English) by distinguished Yugoslav scholars, and discussing these lectures with English-speaking Yugoslav students. They will have this opportunity through the Great Lakes College Association's Non-Western Studies Program, which began sponsoring the Yugoslav-American Seminar last year, jointly with the University of Ljubljana. The Seminar is free; transportation costs are paid by the Johnson Foundation of Racine, Wisconsin, and the costs of running the Seminar itself are paid for by the State Department with counterpart funds.

AS KENYON'S SEMINAR member of last year, I can not recommend too strongly that all who are interested should apply. This program gave me tremendous insight into the culture, the ideas, and the problems of this fascinating country.

The tour of the country, concentrated mainly in the first week, revealed graphically the country's severest and most interesting problem — its diversity. In this Middle Ages a center of missionary competition between Roman and Greek Christianity, in later times a battle ground between Turkey and Austria, Yugoslavia has developed many different cultures. Belgrade is the most modern city in the world, the overwhelming majority of its major buildings were built since World War II. Yet among these buildings are rows of hovels which greatly resemble the peasant villages of the countryside. Sarajevo is Moslem-dominated; its mosques and market-places look like something out of the Arabian Nights. Zagreb and Lublana are essentially old European towns, retaining some of the charm that Western European towns seem to lost.

ONE'S ATTITUDE toward the lectures would depend on one's interests, for they covered widely divergent topics. I was especially interested in those on Yugoslavia's unique system of workers' self-management, which, in many respects could be said to represent a more pure form of free enterprise than exists in many capitalist countries. But economics was by no means our only interest. There were lectures on literature, music, art, philosophy, and many other topics.

The dialogue with the Yugoslav students was not as lively as might have been hoped for. In a

sense, however, that was probably better. If we did not discuss Vietnam or segregation at great length, we probably learned a good deal more about each other than if we had. Indeed, one of my most amazing lessons was the degree to which Communists, at least in Yugoslavia, have come to a willingness to learn from the West and not to take the Gospel according to St. Marx as the final authority on all things. Our discussions were unfettered; foreigners in Yugoslavia are subject to none of the censorship which sometimes hits citizens very hard.

PERSONS INTERESTED in the program should see Professor Baly, who is Chairman of the Faculty Committee on Non-Western Studies.



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Council Considers Fall Dance

Continued from page 1)

Dean did not mention any specific function, and most Council members favor at least abolishing the Sophomore and Junior class officers unless a function is found for them soon.

In addition to holding discussions likely to affect the student body directly, albeit not profoundly. Council quickly voted to raise the admission fees at concerts in order to secure better artists. The members agreed that the average student would much rather pay an extra three dollars to witness a star perform than to spend \$1.50 seeing entertainment which impresses neither himself, a date, nor the people back home.

NO DEFINITE ACTION has been taken on the proposal to get an ice machine because none of the members have found out how a machine might be acquired. The Kenyon Klan, operator of all Kenyon's coke and candy machines, was interested if the ice vendor would be sure to make a profit. But whether the Klan buys the machine or not, the enthusiasm of the Council members for the idea indicated that students will soon be able to buy ice without having to drive into Mount Vernon.

In other business, Council voted 8-2-1 to keep the Dance Weekend Friday night dance formal for those who want it so. In a discussion before the vote, several members maintained that the majority of the students would prefer a dance that was not formal.

IN A RELATED DISCUSSION, all fraternity representatives were opposed to the Dance Weekend Saturday afternoon party in Dempsey because the fraternities

all have their own parties scheduled for the same time. In addition, the independent representatives stated that independents should be treated as a special group, and also noted that the independents don't generally have many dates. But the dance will be held in spite of good reasons against it because the final plans have already been set into action, and a band has been hired.

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Outside the Microcosm

By Ashby Denoon

THE UNIVERSITY OF TOLEDO prides itself not only on its good football teams but also on its outstanding half-time shows. Ace baton twirler Barbara Kimble has headed TU's half-time shows for the past two years and accumulated 180 medals, trophies, and titles. She took first in the State of Ohio School of Military Strutting and was fourth runner-up for the title of "Miss Major-ette of Ohio." This year she shares the limelight with Steve Warrington, a transfer student from the University of Michigan Band, who studied three years at the Smith Walbridge Camp for Drum Majors and Twirlers. The duet twirl to the tunes of "Mary Poppins."

KENT STATE allows ten minutes between classes. In the past this time has been sufficient, but this year the malsyncrization of clocks in various buildings has made punctuality impossible. The variation in time created virtual time zones. If the president's office clock is standard Kent State time, the treasurer's office (only a few steps away) is two minutes slow, the speech building four minutes fast, the athletic office two minutes slow, the campus newspaper office one hour fast, and the alumni office five hours fast. Only five out of the sixteen clocks checked by their newspaper agreed with the president's office. The paper editorialized that eradication of time zones would not solve, but would definitely help the problem of student tardiness.

TO WHIP UP school spirit Otterbein goes through an annual ritual called Freshman Bonfire, in which sophomores corral pajama-attired freshmen around a huge pyre to do a snake dance. After the coronation of Beanie King and Beanie Queen, the beleaguered frosh are whisked off to serenade the president's house with the "Otterbein Love Song." But the freshmen were unimpressed when the sophomores screamed, "Yell, frosh, yell." Come on, uphold the Otterbein tradition.

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