President-elect Mary names library after herself

By John C. Librume

A recent Collegian poll revealed that 97% of the student body thinks the library is their favorite campus building. The results were announced by President Jordan, who immediately started a search for an Ad Hoc Committee to the President on Why Students Think the Library is Their Favorite Building. Recommendations from the committee are expected in time to start a new committee for next year.

In a recent interview with the press, President Jordan said, "Frankly, I'm amazed. Yes, I get some complaints, and saddened that some students here are not more aware of that special place. It's the spirit of the college..." and so forth.

In another interview, the President explained that he had asked the librarians to look into the matter. "I don't want to be picky," he said in a round about way, "but it is important to me that the library be a place where people can feel at home."

Library din denouement by campus figures

By Sid Meepinson

Since this year, Sunday morning stops delaying the south end of campus and now instead of searching for the right books, students are winding through the library. "I never used to realize how much I relied on the library," said Michael Canzorito, who is a Prince Tower room face.

Greeks lovers lament展区; McCulloch in tears

By Phil Helfmax

Early Tuesday, officials confirmed the unseasonable vomiting of the legendary vandals which has occurred in Chalmers Library. According to a press release from the college, the entire library was covered with arabic writing during the day. When the original Greek or in translation—has been italized into a completely unrecognizable text...

"a truly terrible thing," a spokesman for Chalmers told the Collegian, "in that every case, the students, the first time they entered the library after the act, a kaleidoscope or some such instrument. It is a real tragedy for the students of the Classics," the added. "Some reports are that these books were rare and simply irresponsible.

Not only is it a tragedy for students, but one member of the Classics faculty is particularly distraught about the act. In an interview, the professor of the philosophy and professor of Greek literature, William E. Thomas, described the act as "an irreplaceable loss of periodicals lost."
The Kenyon Collegian is really getting tired of printing all these insipid letters. All sub-
scriptions must accompany the payment. The Editor reserves the right to edit and do their school.

To the Editor:
In case there’s anything in this issue that offends anyone (like to express out of official disapproval in our editorials when we don’t), we don’t have what everyone’s gone and we can’t tell anyone how terrible this review makes the Collegian look. Think what it would be like if people made fun of us all the time just because you looked like Loo Grant, or Alan Alda, in a shabby Billie Jean King, or a sophomore, or Elvis Costello. See, we wouldn’t want to do it. So why does everyone have to make fun of us?
Sincerely,
Dean Atkins
Ben Boston
Dean Edwards
Dean Reading
Dean Townsend

To the Editor:
I wish to protest unfair and preferential treatment. Everybody else has to wait until the humor issue to submit their joke letters to the Collegian but you the P Ops get in two in a row [before I could]. Please cancel my subscription.
Sirly,
Asistant Dean for Student Furniture

To the Editor:
Good job, all of you. We did the April Fools’ Newspee and we loved it.
Sincerely,
The Dean

To the Editor:
The thing is, they’re doing it all. We are the sole creators of the April Fools’ Newspee, and if you don’t stop trying, we’ll show you.
Sincerely,
The Provost and Company

To the Editor:
While all sorts of people complained about the April Fool’s Newspee, when we actually, honestly, made our stance known, we thought it was wiser to reflect such absurdity everywhere else that goes with it as the most important part of our society. We need more of this kind of thing.
Sincerely,
The Kenyon Collegian K us Klans
The Kenyon Artistic Appreciation Society

To the Editor:
I just received a copy of the April Fool’s Newspee, and frankly I’m appalled. This supposedly humorous publication is a bunch of garbage in every good taste. What especially frightened me was the way the statements, sexual degradation has no place in our society, and it is distressing to see such material, which goes well beyond such basic prejudice simply to evoke laughter. A publication like the April Fool’s Newspee can only serve to hurt our society since it is a paean of sexism, racism, and an utter disrespect for humanity. Maybe, through responses similar to mine, we can think about the injury this publication has caused and denounce a valuable lesson. Let’s give the people bringing the dignity they deserve and save degradation for thicker, homier, and other animals, like the kind I show in my magazine.
Respectfully,
Larry Finn

To the Editor:
I never believed any of these letters to the editor until my surprise one day when some amazing encounters had made it to me. I work for a large national advertising company in New York, which I won’t name for reasons that would become apparent. Until recently I thought all small private liberal arts colleges in the midwest were the same-conservative. Then I happened to be passing through this college town on the day the College committee for Sexual Harassment was meeting. So I figured being a big shot from New York I’d stop by and give them a few pointers. Boy was I wrong! They taught me a thing or two alright. I even heard that this anonymous college was going to offer Women’s Studies classes, for college credit. Just think, all these years I’ve been studying these courses and all the while I was doing them wrong. best, was I wrong in thinking that liberal arts colleges are conservative? They sure are liberal, at least in some ways.

Name and address withheld

The Editors Write

They said it, not us

Well, to be perfectly frank with you we just couldn’t get it together this week. None of it. Not at all. Much on this stuff instead. Our pride couldn’t be resisted.

Here’s a clue to what kind of person mas the helm of Kenyon’s finest newspaper: “Editor: a person employed, or not employed, as in the case at small liberal arts colleges that don’t pay for editorial quality) on a newspaper, whose business is selling the wheat from the chaff, and to see that the chaff is printed.”—Elher Hubbard

Sometmes we in the Collegian’s inner circle have trouble making the lightbulbs turn on in our heads. The following is one of several maxims that we have found to be particularly effective in getting the wheels turning.

The art of writing is the art of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair."—H. M. Virgil

Remember that on Monday or Tuesday, this one has kept our literary vein open and alive with sardonic jealousy.

“Those careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholastic do in their senior literature.”—F. H. Sandborn

But sometimes we despair when our doubting professors quote this axia,

“The man who reads nothing at all is better educated than the man who reads nothing but newspapers.”—J. T. Jefferson

Occasionally Collegian staffers have trouble explaining why their paper was late again, or why editors think they are transferring when they actually show their face in class. At such times we try to remember this maxim:

“I never let my schooling interfere with my education.”—Mark Twain

Working for a newspaper can give even the most modest reporter dilusions of grandeur. Finding out stuff people are fun.

“Knowledge is power. if you know it about the right per-
son.”—E.W. Mannurnd

Yet we always stick to the truth, no matter how ugly, because

“Truth gets well if she is run over by a locomotive, while error dans de jure dans the wrath of an angry Bryan.”

Interviewing members of the faculty and administration can be quite the illusion in pulling teeth. Let’s face it, some of those people have been interviewed thousands of times over the years. How many times have Collegian reporters come away musing something like this?

“he can’t even give me the smallest tip on his new novel. I mean, any of you ever?”—A. Lincoln

Still, through it all, we’ve managed to pull ourselves through. At the end of the week, we may look like walking death, but that’s okay, because

“Journalism will kill you, but it will keep you alive while you’re at it.”—Norme Greely

Notable Kenyon quotes of the year:

“Now telling me, why the do the do this?”—Dean Kathy Adams

“Allegiance, for example, has a very fine swimming program, and the women’s team is good, too.”—Dean Jeff Vollmer

“I really don’t think we should dwell on the past.”—Jeff Vollmer

Hereby submitted my candidacy for re-election as Student Council President.—Paul McCreary

“I mean, that just doesn’t make any sense.”—Senior Chair Alan Farmer

“Actually, I think it was a proposed judicial Board referen-

“Now, does the president know about this?”—Dean Thomas Edwards’ comment in the SAC meeting this morning.

“I love the smell of napalm in the morning.”—Security Director Arnie Hooker

“T’ll do it in the morning.”—Michael Canselar,Managing Editor Collegian

“And you expect me to PRINT this!”—Chris Romer, Collegian editor.

The Kenyon Collegian

Dissatisfied
1983

Bedsteed-in-Chief
Beaver Tooth

Mirthful Editor
Marty Lorna

Out in a Bold Editors
Cyrin Blayney, Rendica Stougers

Prospective Editors
Mike Kildiitmnorow

Forty Editor
Bicek Peacebrun

Smartr

Deaf and Dumb, Doug the Dowd,
Hatred Stryy

Haman Shalpmoner

Pervisions
Obagday McKinner, Noction Whollie

Photography Coordinator
Hraun Hays

Business Blaster
Steep’n on the Jobb, III

Pulmonary Manager
Billiitmnorow

Editorial Director
Mike Kildiitmnorow, Aply Named Mo, Disch,
Marty Lornna, Of Beaver Tooth,
T. Hooker, Beth Rollie, J. Socksie, W. Jack

The Kenyon Collegian is the product of our sweat and blood every damn Thursday. We are the only college newspaper that can be found in the local libraries (as long as the college is in session). The views expressed are too sensitive and deep to possibly reflect the actual opinions of the editors. Advertising is subsidized by the Kenyon Subscriptions & Advertising Bureau, a para-
department of those last, lovely Welles wishee reasons with a petty profit. Yearly ads are $300 ($10 for postage, $80.00 for the staff) and will not wait on them, so hurry up.
Art Scene Like Totally Tuned-In

By Smokey Roll

The theatre scene this year has been much more diverse than ever before. There are groups from almost zero-level and essentially creating their own brand of round table. People. What's so great about that is, that all of the plays were totally free to the spiritual brothers and sisters of our community who chose to participate in the theater. There were so many creative people express themselves in the theater. Those people that plays at a whole is going to endure like a golden sieve, a sieve that underlies all of the crap we see on the surface. The whole, taken to see. In this stage debut, anyway, there were here, and it just happened.

"Scapino" was like a lot of fun, playing on surface culture of the large society. I thought it was kind of amusing. The play provoked a discussion afterwards which was of some relevance to the society now. I felt the time at that, so I felt free to say what I wanted about without getting hung-up and defensive. What "Scapino" meant to me was that people are given total freedom, sánging, and, as a result, the competition will separate from the group in spontaneous, tribal fashion. If people are given the freedom to do their own thing will they be happy and satisfied? Or will they get the heavy rope behind bars. "Scapino" was a trip, a heavy rope trip to my head, but it was good. 

Art was all a part of the package deal in a face fitting dress. Her hair was long and stringy. She was referred to by tribal member as "ungodly beautiful" and aware of her cosmic beauty and potential to be free if she burned out in black plastic society. I really think she should just go on and get an X-ray and pillow down.

The California trip because the people were really refugees from the scene of other worldly conformity. While some of the people were weak on "Getting Out," they were totally "Getting Even." There was a one hippy guy named Christians who had these beautiful eyes and he like stung to me. It instilled my love experience. The whole scene was about "Back to nature communities" where brown rice and other natural foods were consumed, and they would starve on status hang-ups all the way. It was a major counter-culture experience, and we were trying to settle for what people call primitive circumstances. The cosmic laughter was made to my ears and with the others, I found some very groovy, trippy feelings.

During "Two For The Seaview," this guy gave me said, "They're up there, they're taking acid, but they're going to be safe..." Oh, it was that thing was their meeting in the beginning.

"In the Killing of Sister George," the reenactment of the situation was overwhelming me in my unique ownership to my own values and lifestyle. The overiding consideration, I decided, was that I was going to research the scene of a lesbian love group in a valid way, I had to join in on much of the acts.

After the play, we put on a beer inside mic head with some sleeping bags, blew some beautiful world and headed north. After that I was paranoid about being around my parents, I'm used to my own values, and we put all out에서 love others.

"The White Suit" was the ultimate experience, as we are a society of oppression in order to create some people who play. It was a little concerned with searches for a Utopian society or the Brotherhood of Man. It was freedom to express themselves, creatively or, if the right, if they can, to sit in the fetal position and take their clothes off. The articulate high-prion of this community wanted to move forward into what may have appeared on the surface to be a more passive society where everyone's beards, hair, and pipe pouches, bolts on their trees. The people also wore clothes, strange, bright, and of obvious rage style shop stripe; it masked them as sophisticated, classic spiritual leader known to the hippie tribe as White Saint. In reference to her psychological guide, the one woman said, "Yeah, this is a drop out hippy tribe, and eventually we will all be out partners, every hippy in the city. After the play there was an all night vigil of our love and beating and chapel. It all started out as a self-justifying creative community, and everyone realized they took on more than they can ever handle with Strawberries Fuddles.

Bob Horwitz's A Clockwork Greek

Being the ad

It was a hit

As a surprise entrance in the Hoboken

And Then There Were None

No more

Jeff Vennell

with

Vernell

Thomas

Burke

McHugh


One of the finest draughts of its time, this masterful cinematic score of "And Then There Were None" reveals the title characters of Artistic Film. Seldom, if ever, has a movie run so long and yet said so many words on so little space. Director Vernell's up to become a leader in endless monologues that lead to no clear conclusion. As he leads his characters to the诊疗 locker noon scene, where weeping aethetics are lived, and in the darkness, and the empty, the cynical illusion replaces three bewildered coaches with three imported turkeys.

One of the film's more confusing moments occurs when Philip Jordan's character is knocked down twice during a running and slacks every one of his hands, smiling. The film leaves unclear his purpose and role in the events of a stirring year in Kenyon history. Not to be owned, unless you've heared it all before.

The Hoboken

Sam the Hog

By Mr. Manns

Great readers of the Kenyon community. Mr. Manns would like to address you on the subject of style. Mr. Manns has been gravely impressed by the lack of style on campus this year. It has been a year ameliorate. Mr. Manns realizes that academic pressure and the strains of day to day existence in the Buckeye state are not conducive to the development of style. Nevertheless, one should be able to rise above these limitations and greet the mid eighties in style. Although this year has been a complete washout for most of you, do not despair. Mr. Manns will offer a guide to the white that you can start out next year in.

What you ask is style? Is not to be confused with either fashion or appearance although both of these factors play a major role in one's becoming stylist. Rather, style is a certain je ne sais quoi, an air, an attitude. Style is a carrying out to the profession, whose class you have just in, the post office remarking on what a beautiful day it is, and asking for your extension on your next pay. Style is wearing your Frobiscus black feather Johns and unfairly ripped tee-shirt to your right o'clock perspex Lentz class, and sitting in the front row.

Style transcends sex, creed, race and even space of the BAPPS. It is a style that style although they have a certain bulbs attached in to it. Mr. Manns is not sure why, the thinks that it may have something to do with all the white bread they were fed when they were young. Style also transcends economic and geographic considerations. Style can be equally be spread by the buckeye as well as the New Yorker. This is not of course to suggest that style is democratic. Far from it! Style is the very antithesis of that. It is a "the masses" mentality approach. Style has as many members of the Kenyon granula crunchy community of course.

Style is individual. No one who seriously participates in a group can be a stylist. Fraternity destroys style. The individual character of the artist, the artist hero look complete with sunglasses in the smoky lounge, he has been displaced by 17 other DKEs piley into Your. Fraternity also tend toassociate with the great violence is not stylish, with the great man. Mr. Manns does not wish to single out fraternity boys as perpetrators of bad style on this campus. (The poem boys here received so much flak this year) the gentler sex has also been equally guilty of a lack of style. They seem to have compensated for a lack of Socialism by saturating themselves into the "alone syndrome." This directed disease strikes all groups from the mid-western pastel-peek traditionalists to the "LH, I just got back from a year ahead" renchies, to the inside-out shirt wearers! The participants of this malaise are not all exhibit a certain lack of imagination, a certain sloppy-knee quality that sets Mr. Manns' tenderly on edge. Of course, Mr. Manns, in turn, never lose her temper, but she sees one more pair of Leg Warmers on a non-dancer she will resort to violence, which since it will be individual will be stylish.

Mr. Manns can hear you asking in despair, how can we go about becoming stylish? Accordingly, she has drawn up a few guidelines for entering the mid-eighties at Kenyon in style.

1. First of all, it is the 80's. Is it not the 70's (For which Mr. Manns definitely shucks God, since the 70's "style" created such an accomplishment as the brassiere sidle, and hot tubs.) It has been the 80's for some time now. We are learning, all you Dead Heads! Good, then cut off your shoe! How many of the 80's style adopters know you up to, you but, Mr. Manns would like to make one thing clear, no shoe seem to best capture this decade's essence. Call it miniskirt abandon and go from there-in your own way.

2. Which brings Mr. Manns to her second point—going your own way. Replegie or at least learn to make fun of your flat-Faced noo of crystal group friendships. Immediately cancel your subscription to Frousee, you can't afford the clothes anyway. Forget fashions (list of the pyretical catalogues. No style in use anywhere, since some spring catalogue except to sneer at.

3. Have Fun. Dance. Stylish people seem to spend a lot of time dancing. He never thought of how the parts the pants, it is everyone on this campus got over the experience of reading See's Naurum. No polyester. Polyestereven a cotton blanket can run an outrageously stylish individual. We could not even imagine wearing anything ranging from a mud sack to a farm of the hair's color. Fun and fashionable is the way around bowling alley and chewing gum.

Okay, get it? Good. Now go out and make Mr. Manns proud.
Matthews offers opinion on several relevant topics

Not a mere sportswriter, Tom Matthews...