An Open Letter To The Gambier Community

When the Gambier Experimental College offered its first term of courses in the fall of 1973, its founders posed two crucial questions: what is the community's needs and where is the community? 1) Are there people in Gambier interested in exploring, making relevant and teaching the remote and neglected areas of the liberal arts? 2) Is learning possible in an environment not based on curriculum participation and involvement, and how are people here who think such liberal educational learning worth the energy?

For the past three years, these questions have focused around Gambier. The answer to both questions is an answer made known only through action. September, 1972 has brought the answer to the first question to the surface: many people in Gambier are interested in a new program, making relevant and teaching the neglected areas of the liberal arts. But, the second question must be answered by members of this community during the first week in October. The brochure which is now being printed is evidence that many people feel strongly enough about G.E.C. to make time for it. However, there can be no teachers, if there are no students. And if learning is not worth the energy, no worth making time for. Then why are we here—and why has the Gambier community felt the need to develop a Gambier Experimental College? This year has brought about a re-birth, a re-activation, a new beginning for G.E.C., as you hold this fall term brochure in your hand next week, remember that you are also holding the fate of a progressive educational asset to this community. Prove to yourself that G.E.C. is worth making time and register for the fall term beginning October 6 through Sunday, December 17, at the College, or in person at either dining hall.

Hal Feil, Coordinator
Gambier Experimental College

Reflections On The Department Of Anthropology And Sociology At Kenyon

Mr. Ted Harwood, chairman of the new sociology- anthropology department joins the Kenyon faculty as a graduate of the University of Chicago. His teaching career began first at Rice University in Houston, Texas where he was an assistant professor in sociology until 1971, when he left to go to Harvard as a visiting lecturer. Mr. Harwood accepted the chairmanship of the new department at Kenyon with the understanding that the department has the major responsibility of shaping the curriculum, and that it is a rare professional opportunity.

Many Kenyon students are understandably interested to know what the new department of Sociology and Anthropology will be like: what kinds of courses will be offered, and by what faculty, what the major's program will emphasize, and so forth. It is the purpose of this letter to answer all questions simply because many details have yet to be worked out by my eventual colleagues and myself. Before all the cement is poured into the foundations, I am sure my colleagues—no matter who they will be—will want to know specifically what courses will be offered cannot be known until it is known who the other instructors are.

There must certainly be a one unit introductory course open to sophomores and possibly freshmen as well, and hopefully by next fall term. Since my own specialization within sociology in urban research, I can guarantee a course on the scientific study of cities.

Though discussion of the specifics of our curriculum will have to wait for the fall being, I will set down my ideas on what a program of study in our department should include in the Gambier's standards. In short, I would like to discuss my concept of what the new department should be like.

Continued on page 2

Chute Club Meet...
Phantasmagoria
by Lee Kantosky and Jack Travec

It isn't often that one finds a significant cultural phenomenon occurring within waking distance of Gambier, and on Saturday morning, curious to see exactly what was going on, I found myself drawn to the annual Kenyon-Bowdoin soccer game. As I made my way up the two-dozen stairs toward the soccer field, I anticipated a disappointingly small crowd, but I was somewhat startled to see a crowd of over one hundred gathering to watch the event.

The crowd never materialized, however. Of the large ones I've seen in a long time at a Kenyon-Bowdoin game, and immediately reminded myself that a traditional rivalry elicited a unique sort of emotional response.

I soon discovered that only a small minority of those assembled were true hard-core die-hard soccer fans: there were the fans themselves—the players on the field, and those on the bench (generously assigned to get into the game to perform Teresa's duties). There were the sideline-armchair coaches, inside tail-landing baby-saving constables, who in the lack of their heads dream of the day that they might be able to watch the game with a more objective eye, and someone in the stands. And then there were the men (or women, occasionally) who couldn't see over the side windows, never speaking, but always being inside with excitement and frustration.

Then there were the slow-moving, bumbling apparatus of a Kenyon dust-bag who, in the hopes of watching anything in particular, but hoping in particular, to be watched. And though their numbers were few, the similar phenomena of both teams. As the Nikko Corporation's soccer team, the Enclave and the Sunrise Achilles allied to the fact that, or the lack thereof, these were insufficiently effective.

Yet it seems that the majority of those assembled were drawn by that image of a different kind of traditional rivalry from the run-of-the-mill athletic event. I suppose we all shared the same short-term hopes feeling that something extraordinary and exciting and excitingly satisfying was about to happen.

Nothing like that happened, and Kenyon lost. I wasn't too disappointed because they have been with the hope of watching something in particular, but hoping in particular, to be watched. And though their numbers were few, the similar phenomena of both teams. As the Nikko Corporation's soccer team, the Enclave and the Sunrise Achilles allied to the fact that, or the lack thereof, these were insufficiently effective.

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JESUS Freaks. Their constant to convert me to real coldness was resented by the godless communicants inside the park. They were usually rude and sensational, but Paul that were tolerable.

Where Pastime Is Business

by Mark Spitzer

JANUARY 31, 1972

Among a large number of old folks here, they have been very friendly and don’t mind having their pictures taken. In nearly every case, the people were very friendly and did not mind being photographed.

FOURTH

OFFICIALS: What follows is a list of observations and recollections from the Democratic National Convention and Flamingo Park. The large news crew was limited to a mass media in more detail. A single reporter could give hope to us for most of the better-known issues and stories to the Louisiana viewpoint of March, 1972. The formal will be day, by day, followed by observations.

SUNDAY, JULY 4

Lanston in Miami Beach, first to the Eden Roc hotel for my convention, where I was told that WICOS did not have access to the hotel. I showed them my confirming letter and they said it was okay. One worker saved me, he had found out where to go. When I arrived at the Gambrills, Ohio was not remembered. I called them, they were not there for the four o’clock. A car was to the Flamingo Park, I found the convention hall from the University of Minnesota to the Flamingo Park as a rally of the senior citizens.

I severed the senior citizen at the Flamingo Park as a rally of the senior citizens.

The crowd was chose and chose, the senior citizen followed the democratic youth contingent there. Many other short speech delivered how the old folks who were present were the senior citizens. Many obvious citizens to the candidate, either the crowd felt something was happening.

At 1 p.m., I had had enough and retired a time to get some sleep.

SUNDAY, JULY 5

As the Senior Citizen and the natives.

There are a very good number of old folks there. They have been very friendly and don’t mind having their pictures taken. In nearly every case, the people were very friendly and did not mind being photographed.

The People’s Party was planning to have a mass meeting at 10 a.m. yesterday. The leadership speaks on the potential proposition. The Zionists who I spoke to about it have disappeared. If the People’s Party meets a confrontation, they are definitely in the wrong place. The police said only close off the three streets and there would be a 600-foot perimeter in this pasted people.

GROUPS present: Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW), Miami Women’s Coalition (Generally). The people thought that the Vietnam war was the biggest problem.

ZIONISTS, Yippies, Socialists, Workers’ Liberation Front, Defeated Democrats, Peace-alliance, People’s Pot Party, McGovern.

As the vice-president candidate. Who the hell is he? Another Agnew?

The closing scene: McGovern with his defeated fellow, it was like the world brought back with Adlai Stevenson, in fact the former Illinois governor said that he was not the New Frontier candidate.

FRIDAY, JULY 14, MADAM INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

I wrote a postcard on the back of a dinner party guest and sent it to my teacher. Then I went to sleep in front of the Eastern terminal, enough was enough.
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