Alo, Archon, Deke Top in Blood Drive

Two hundred and ten people volunteered to give blood for the twentieth annual visit of the Bloodmobile to Kenyon College on Tuesday, the seventeenth of November. From these 310 volunteers, the Bloodmobile received a total of 106 pints of blood. This figure is an average one for the annual blood drive, last year's figures, for example, being 194 volunteers and 170 pints. Mrs. H. L. Warner was in charge of the drive. Assisting her in administrative work were Mrs. Thomas Edwards, (who ran the center that was serving during the drive), and Mrs. Paul Tilton (who was at the registration desk). Those helping Mrs. Warner in soliciting for the drive were: Mrs. Robert Baker (for the Kenyon faculty and staff), Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Dech, and Mrs. Bellon (for Deke), Dixie Long, (undergraduate chairman), and a staff of students consisting of representatives from each fraternity, two independent representatives, and two representatives from each of the freshman dormitories. Also assisting in the drive were the Arnold Air Society and the Chase Society. The faculty were: Mrs. Frank Bailey, Mrs. James Michael, and Mrs. Thomas Ghentdale.

On the basis of a percentage compiled by giving full credit to donors and people injected as a result of the on-the-spot physical examination by Dr. and Mrs. Archer, 91% of the 310 Arches placed second among the fraternities, with a percentage of 34.5, followed by Delta Phi (39.8%), with a percentage of 39%. Archon placed second among the fraternities, with a percentage of 34.5, followed by Delta Phi (39.8%), and Delta Phi (39.8%).

Among the officers outside the Kenyon student body, were twenty-three undergraduate faculty and staff, eleven from Gambror, and four others from Gambor.

Ritcheson Resigns Will Go to S.M.U.

College News Bureau

Charles S. Ritcheson, chairman of the Kenyon College Department of History, has submitted his resignation. He will assume a similar position at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Tex. Effective Sept. 1, 1953, he will assume the responsibilities of developing a new graduate program leading to the doctor of philosophy degree.

President F. Edward Lund accepted the resignation, which is effective at the end of the spring semester. Describing Professor Ritcheson's service to Kenyon, President Lund referred particularly to his direction of the Symposium on Communication between the Arts and Sciences in 1962. At that time, such eminent authorities as President C. P. Edsall (Texas) and others were brought to Kenyon. He also praised Ritcheson for his leadership in developing a program in Non-Western Studies at the College.

In his letter to President Lund, Ritcheson said, "Grateful as I am by my new appointment, I shall always feel regret at missing the year immediately preceding my resignation for Kenyon. During the time I have been at Kenyon, the College has undertaken a number of projects which I hope to join the faculty of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

As the College went to press, we learned of the resignation of Professor A. Eldred Alden, head of Kenyon's Department of Philosophy, who is joining the faculty of Princeton University. At the present time, I believe it stands on the verge of the most

Kenyon Singers At Cleveland College News Bureau

The Kenyon College Singers presented a joint concert with the Westminster College Choir of Salt Lake City on Nov. 14 at 8:30 p.m. in Kulas Auditorium, Cleveland. The singers sang selections from Camille Saint-Saëns and arrangements by Robert Shaw, Roger Wagner and Zenon Heath, as well as with the Notre Dame choir they presented "Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee", by J. B. Bach, "O Sacred Head, Surrounded" by J. B. Bach and "Al

chaos by Randall Thompson. Soloists for the evening were Robert Tait of Lima, O.; William Bower of West Newton, Mass.; Thomas Lockard of West Lake, O.; and Lowell Garper of Fairview Park, O. Dean Merrill of Rockville, Md., was accompanied by Charles Spinx Verrill.

Cendor, Freedom Praised in New N. C, A. Evaluation

by Charles Spinx Verrill

In mid-April of last year, Kenyon was re-evaluated by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, an accrediting group of which Kenyon is a charter member. The evaluators were Dean Palmer C. Filcher of Wayne State University and Dr. Reuben Denny of Northwestern. Their report has just been made public.

In general, they were quite impressed with Kenyon. They commented favorably on the "canard and fortitude" of the recent self-study. They also praised "the atmosphere of full academic freedom," the caliber and achievements of both faculty and administration. College's relations with the Episcopal church, salaried and non-salaried, were commended. The examiners particularly praised for President Lund's "re-establishment of initiative of the faculty in matters of educational policy." Kenyon, they felt, has overcome most of the disadvantages of its isolated location, while capitalizing on its assets. They were impressed with the old and new buildings in a dignified and spacious campus which can provide a valuable "opportunity for quiet detachment.

On the critical side, the evaluators outlined four areas where they found areas of potential difficulties. The two major problems, they felt, are the unusually high attrition rate of students and faculty and the large debt which has been allowed to pile up since World War II.

Senate Takes Up Drinking Regulations to be Changed

by Brian Ferguson

For the past month and one-half the Campus Senate has been discussing the problems of beer and liquor consumption at Kenyon College. The problems center around the regulations. Section II D, concerning alcohol use, does not conform to existing state statutes. Rule II states "Prohibited. No Person shall introduce intoxicating liquor to person under the age of twenty-one years or sell beer to person under the age of eighteen, or buy intoxicating liquor for or furnish it to a minor, unless given by a physician in the regular line of practice, or by a parent or legal guardian. "Beer" is all malt beverages of less than 3.2%. Section 11 A states "The sale of beer, wine, etc., in any building where beer or intoxicating liquor is manufactured, sold, bartered or kept for the purpose of sale.

Turn to page 4, col. 3

English Professors to Hear Famous Speakers

College students interested in modern literature, literary criticism and the teaching of English are being invited to attend a "President's Roundtable" meeting at the Council of English Teachers Convention in Cleveland Thursday, Nov. 24, through Dr. Samuel Bellow, author; Malcolm Cowley, author-critic; Nancy Hale, author; Walter Havighurst, author and English professor at Miami University, and Robert Penn Warren, novelist, poet, critic, review editor and member of the fiction writers' group known as the "Gang of Four." The Grand Ballroom of the Sheraton Hotel, Cleveland will be the scene of the meeting.

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A Day With Bob Dylan

by John Cocks

Wearing high heel boots, a tailored jean jacket without lapels, pegged dungarees of a kind of buffed azure, large sunglasses with isolated edges, his dark, curly hair standing straight up on top and spilling over the upturned collar of his soiled white shirt, he caused a small stir when he got off the plane in Columbus. Businessmen nodded and smiled. The ground crew looked a little incredulous and a mother put a hand on her child's head and made him turn away. Bob Dylan came into the terminal taking long strides, walking hard on his heels and swaggering just a little. He saw us, smiled a nervous but friendly smile, and came over to introduce himself and his companions, a lanky, unshaven man named Victor who looked like a hip version of Abraham Lincoln. Dave Banks, who had organized the concert and who was Dylan's official reception committee, led Dylan and Victor to baggage claim. Along the way, Victor asked us how far we were from the school and where he and Dylan would be spending the night. Learning that Banks had reserved a room for them in a small motel seven miles from Kenyon, he smiled a little and said "Tryin' to keep us as far away from the town as possible".

The trip back from the airport was a quiet one. Both men seemed rather tired. Dylan especially. He was pale and nervous. He had just flown in from London, where he had played a big concert and had been full of football players—foot- ball players. Banks mentioned that Kenyon hadn't won a single football game all year, and both men seemed enthusiastic. "Yeah? No kidding!" Dylan said, and Victor reminded us all of the memorable engagement in Cam-}

Fieldingen Bob Dylan

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THE VISIT

REVIEWED

PAGE 5

Gardiner, Ohio 43027 — November 30, 1964

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE KENYON COLLEGIAN

A Day With Bob Dylan

by John Cocks

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"Okay?" Dylan said, and Victor reminded us all of the memorable engagement in Cambridge.
Indiscretion
A associate Professor Ronald Berman is one of Kenyon's better teachers. However, in three separate instances recently, he has acted in a manner detrimental, to the interests of the College, the English Department, and his effectiveness as a teacher in a community devoted to academic excellence.

In the first of these, Mr. Berman summarily dismissed a freshman, William Peden, from his Basic Course I section, for playing semester "Card Nine," without reference to the penalty, but we believe that the public accusation, in front of the class, and the issuing of the penalty at that time violated Mr. Peden's right to a hearing before the Chairman of the Department and the Dean of the College.

When a student is suspected of plagiarism, his instructor first should contact the head of the department, and then, after a conference between the student, the teacher, and the chairman, the matter may be brought to the Dean. The student is entitled to a fair hearing, and he should be considered innocent until his guilt is established. This procedure was not followed by Mr. Berman in this case.

In a second incident, Mr. Berman established a practice of assigning "punishments" for misspelled words in compositions. For each error, the student would be required to write the word correctly 1,000 times. Kyle St. Clair was assigned, because of errors in a theme, 32,000 words. After St. Clair wrote only 1,000 of the words, he asked his advisor to intercede, and the punishment was rescinded. Nevertheless, this sort of high school pettiness would seem grossly out of place at a college with the academic excellence of Kenyon.

In the third instance, Mr. Berman, during a meeting of the English Department faculty with students majoring in the department, made a series of remarks at the expense of Prof. Norman Feltes, which were supposed to be humorous. They were not, and only served to substantiate current student feeling that there is a serious schism within the department.

We presume that a faculty member is obligated to act in a manner strengthening his department, the College, and his task of aiding students in their search for knowledge. Behavior involving neglect of the basic rights of the student; the infliction of meaningless, childish, and time-consuming assignments to the detriment of a student's course work; and irane remarks flippantly inconsistent of a colleague would seem to be in direct contradiction with the job of being a teacher.

If Mr. Berman is interested in continuing as an effective teacher, he might profitably reread the pattern of irresponsible sibility his actions have been taking of late, and work to regain the prestige and affection he once had within the College, and which many attributes indicate he deserves.
Victor flashed a gratified smile.

They asked a lot of questions about the college, the Frien-ewe, and girls. Victor was astonished to find the college was so small and that there was no women's dormitory.

"Outside Cleveland?", he com-mented, "man, that's a far away for go to a chick.

Dylan nodded sympathetically.

We talked a lot more then about what Victor had to wear to ties and stuff to the con-cer,t1 Dylan asked, "hey, is there a way I can take you guys around the campus?"

That's what I'm gonna do. - why I never lasted long in college. Too many rules.

He spoke quietly but he recognized even if it was unmistakably mid-western ac-cent.

Entering Mt. Vernon, Dylan asked if there was a liquor store around to get some beer. Victor said "no" and ran his sideburns and running his hand nervously over the top of his head.

As we came into Gambier, Dylan yawned and looked at the name on the car window. "Wow, great place for a school man, if I went here I might end up in the woods one day gettin' drunk. Get me a friend with a car, and nervous smile), "settle down, raise some kids."

Dylan drove the path to the college and pulled into the added facilities. Victor didn't like the amplifier system ("Man, it's too loud") and got out of the car. He leaned confidently on his ankles dangle, a cigarette, and poured himself some more of the rapidly wine. He was interested in the article written by Dylan earlier that day about his life.

"There's this one guy who writes for the Post, the Saturday Edition, I forget, you know, Al Aronowitz. He was going to do this story on me for a year and a half he couldn't do it. He's really a great guy. He know a lot about you and I would have talked to the Post and he wouldn't get to say what he'd want to be sayin', only the things I didn't want to talk about. And the guy really didn't want me to come in to the dorm on a Friday night do you dig? We tried to write it anyway, you know, together. I went up to his room one place out of line and began to write this story, about me meeting him in Central Park and we had to stop, because the thing was getting really weird, surrealistic, and the story never got written. The other only cat he didn't do a story on is Michael Gassner, because he don't want to ruin him by doing anything stupid.

While talking he constantly flexed his fingers and crossed and uncrossed his legs. Mentioning the Israelis on him on the subject of acting. "For me, you know, actor - students like the Marx Brothers, somethin' you can't learn. Like the Studio. In the last ten days or so he gave a good, before you know, but I went there and really got turned off. All these people - actors they're all themselves, really, tryin' too hard to be someone else. You can't learn to be someone else. It's just gotta be you. Dig what I'm tryin' to say?"

"Hey, Bob," Victor interrupted, switching off the TV, "we better cool it. We've been talking for forty-five minutes, and he had wanted to get out to the Col-lege Library for business to turn up. On the way, Dylan asked us to look the door to the classroom he had to go to with Mr. Buckman. He was worried about people com-ing, because it was a long and an un-enthusiastic group of fans. Dylan booked by driving his camera across the beanery and up to the side door of the theater where he had busted Dylan out of through the door past three or four gaping couples on the way to some early front row seats. We made sure the door was locked, and Victor was worried about guarding the exit until Victor decided it was time to start. We sat on the microphones they had brought along. He went to preform the letter "a slap at our face", ic. in effect, rejected the letter Mr. Burr asserted that he was against the decision of the Council. He then moved to have the resolution refer to the letter to the Planning Committee. Pres-ident Hamilton, a member of the Campus Senate, added that he would refer the letter to the Campu-s Senate.

Student Council Rejets Judicial Board Letter, Adopts Buildings Committee Report

by C. Johnson Topper

The Student Council, at its November 9 meeting, dealt again with the Judicial Board's letter on the secrecy of the Board's pro-ceddings. President William Hamil-ton read the letter, which had not been received in time to be read at the previous meeting.

The letter asserted that nobody has the right to reveal what goes on at meetings of the Judicial Board without the consent of the Board. It defined social probation as a prohibition against attend-ance at any function not of an aca-demic nature. The Council, the letter went on, is authorized to publish records of Judicial Board meetings in its minutes, but the Council will not feel able to remove that authorization. The letter concluded by asserting that the Board acts after deliberation, deciding each case on its merits, and appreciates criticism, and that it does not prefer to be forced into a con-structive nature.

After hearing the letter, Coun-cil took up a motion from the last meeting to reject the letter. Mark House called a vote on page 8 of the letter to the Council. The letter was adopted by a vote of 13 to 3, with 3 abstentions.

Gassner Lectures on Avant-Garde Theatre

by C. Johnson Topper

The avant-garde in theatre is not one movement but many, each thinking that the others are vulgar, but all sharing one element - revolt against the comfortable realistic school of drama which has the continued support of the middle-aged, middle-class population - a school which is "dead, but still kicking." This was the conclusion of John Gassner, Sterling Professor of Playwriting at Yale University and counselor to many contemporary and recent playwrights, in his speech at Kenyon November 15.

Realism, Professor Gassner said, is "a simplistic thing for average American actors and players", a "representation of ordinary life and ordinary int-eractions." The various avant-garde movements thrive in "299-99" and off-Broadway theatres, "theatres that never pro-ject revolts against it, is still the most financially successful form of theatre and the most appealing to "philistine" theatre managers. This is not to deny that realism, in itself, lacks quality, but its appeal is general to those who prade really good theatre.

Gassner traced avant-garde theatre from the realistic beginnings in the critical realism of Shaw and Ibsen and the naturalism of Zola and Strindberg, through Brecht's re-creating power of the epic theatre, such as the epic theatre of Brecht, to the modern theatre of the ab-sent, an attempt to create an atmosphere where a human existence in all of its actual reality, past and future, is not possible in our century, he said, because society is so un-reasonable; our art represents a search for absolute stand-ards which we can not find.

Epic theatre, an attempt to pro-duce new standards, as the Marxian Brecht tried to do; thea-tre of the absurd is based on the belief that such standards are not to be found. The two schools opposite each other, bitter, but neither realizing that the other is more or less right, but that there are similarities between the two. Brecht was admired not as a Communist yet, but as a demoralizer of the more xenial standards of both ge-neral society, and anti-Climax- emics can watch his plays and en-joy seeing some absurdities or be-pressed without being annoyed by his attacks on the revolu-tionary Marxism aspects of the plot. On the other hand, theatre of the absurd has a horrific quality to it. The characters' constant search for an escape from absurdity gen-erally produces a great empathy in the minds of the audience.

Gassner concluded that avant-garde theatre springs from a lack of vitality because it
Cocks Spends Day with Folksinger

upstairs carrying a suitcase full of tights and wire, while Dylan, standing in the next room, tuned up for three minutes by pounding out a wild rok and roll song on a grand piano and singing some gibberish lyrics. Dave Dave knocked on the door and told Dylan that two people who said they were friends of his were upstairs. They had took thirty-five minutes to get given their names as Bob and John. "Fantastic," said Dylan. "Hey Victor, go up and bring 'em down quick. Fantastic." I went back to join Dylan, who was pac ing around in a circle. All of a sudden the door crashed open and a soft-faced young man in black boots, trous ers, coat and gloves came running into the room screaming 'Hey Bobby — hiya, baby. His long hair flapping like banners behind him. "Wow, fantastic," Dylan rilled, rolling backwards on the room across the room, laughing and attempting to climb the wall, what 'ayin' doin' here, Bob?"

"Driving out to the coast," said the newcomer, pumping Dylan's hand. "Hey, you think I'm comin' in through the grave yard."

We walked out and around the side of the auditorium, in front of the college cemetery and up some wobble iron stairs to a first exit. Several of the people standing near the door gave a glimpse of Dylan and began to nudge one another; one said a pudgy girl wearing an army surplus pair of tennis shoes even began plying her hair. Dylan put his arm on Dy ken's shoulder. Dylan nodded straightened his shoulders, and walked into the hall to enthusiastic applause. He made no introduc tions, starting immediately to play his first song. But something was wrong with the ampli fier system, and the music sound ed like the muffled roar of a car in a net of Saran Wrap. Dylan finished the number and made a few comments while Victor replaced the microphone and some from the crowd played with the amplifier system, seemingly unfazed. Dylan proceeded, with better results, and turned it over now completely with him. A predominantly conservative student audience listened with par ticular interest; and the entertainment mention of prejudices interspersed with comments on Philippine warfare, Dylan, who had intended to sing only six songs for the night, moved to correct this defi ciency and added two more to the set. At intermission, he got a good laugh and a few

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Drink Discusses (Continued)
in violation of the law, may be brought to enjoin such a nuisance and cause of damage."

President Lund told the Senate at its first meeting, October 1, that, "When the college is in session, no alcoholic beverages will be served on the premises (Peace and Dempsey Hall) or on the Coffee Shop when, by arrangement with the Dean of Students, beer may be served in the basement during dances."

He also stated that in the near future, this service will stop selling beers of beer to fraternities because the sale puts the college in a vulnerable legal situation. President Lund sent a letter to Mr. Robert Ste nson of Saga ordering this action three weeks ago.

At the meeting of the Senate on November 5, President Lund again stated his intention to pro hibit the purchase of beer in excess of 3.2% alcohol or other alcoholic beverages and to have them obtained from the Student Activity Fund. The Campus Senate voted to concur in this request. There was a considerable amount of discussion around the table on the liquor and beer problem, and at that time decided that the matter will be facilitated by the formation of a subcommittee to prepare specific motions or recommendations.

Kenyon Alumni In Print (Continued)

Since the academic success of alumni Robert Lowell, Kenyon men have acquired a wide read ership through newspapers, jour nals and periodicals. The past month has brought two more into the company of students and under graduates who have published P. Frederick Kluge, former editor of the campus paper, contributed an article on an October 2nd edition of LIFE magazine. The article has to do with Rock n' Roll in America, and Mr. Kluge submitted it while working this summer in the entertainment area to be paid for his articles. The magazine is available at the library desk.

If you encounter him on Middie Path, all you need extend a congratula tion hand to John Cocks, a junior and President of the Kenyon Film Society, for the reception of his latest literary effort, a review of Federico Fellini's Il Bidone, carried in the Fall edition of Films Quarterly. The note in the catalog clerk's desk was a message to Cocks as "a New Yorker who studies at Kenyon College."
The Visit is Qualified Success

The Kenyon Drama Society was proper to a program by the late director between Carl Thayer's居品 and the ordinary freshman digs. For example, not every member of the Norton-Lewis irregulars can point to two original students the last time they were on their walls. Nor can they savour coffee boiled on a stove in a modest kitchen, but they can although that the "Elephant's"-a topological mimic: It is actually more of a cave than a hill. It has been the work for the last ten years of the Thayer private order, mostly owing to it, and without assistance, a dramatic superiority of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's "The Visit." I'm not about to dump the entire production a monument to amazement, nor yet to make the performances of the principles weep. However, I did applaud all parties concerned for making theirs an independent enterprise. This amiable was the tedious familiar- ity of "The Baux Strategem", a play that makes the Playe themselves. The cast of "The Visit" performed as if immersed in the vanishing of their individual roles.

This is not to say, though, that the silly wine vices. Though Mr. Birthishawi's was an admirable effort, he failed, lamentably, in his attempt to make his character a convincing performing out of his lead man and lady. Ladies first, of course, so the role of Claire Zachanassian, the salesgirl provincial whom she was delivering a shot, steady reprisal. It seems that Mr. Birthishawi was not so much a problem for her hispanic powers as for her stature, which well befits the role as a matter of fact. The latter role demands a swift and silver tongue, a snatching demeanor- said, though, that latter wrong. Instead of this, we witnessed the terms of the Chinese lady with a breast before our eyes, simply reciting with an effort to parody the essential emotional of the part. The touching and wistful forest scene, in which Claire and Alfred in their new romance, is completely written, is never carried off. Mrs. Henshaw and Mr. Webster to play the ironic shadings of their love affair, always playing opposite Mrs. Henshaw as the man who done her wrong, at least to me, was achieved by maintaining a tone of naive sur- prise, annihilates others.

The barest glimpses of a success, I suppose, was the supporting cast, who managed themselves re- markably well, aided by the orchestral perfection of Mr. Birth- wihi's staging. I should like to single out of the crowd, an in- ordinate large number of persons who appeared on stage for many scenes of Duerrenmatt's-play. The crews were particularly well handled, Eric Linder in his vocal and Burt Dibble in his stage, crisp and important as the teacher; Chris Cossell, also a non- professional, as the priest; Edward Heminger, the lawyer; and the other three of the four sympathy- men; Floyd Linton, lumpish and useful; and the "histor- ic" Mr. Henshaw, William Peter and Alan Russell as the two mutinous women, also much admired as the mayor. I sincerely hope that Mr. Hallowell will make his presence even more significantly felt in future productions at the Hill Theatre. It is an actor of consum- mate finesse.

I won't in these pages entertain an exegesis of this complex, ex- pressionally a wrong. For the pus- ther, I recommend Mr. Welts- man's comprehensive essay pub- lished in the latest HIKA. Briefly, "The Visit" has to do with the return of a female mogul and her retinue (actually none of a me- nagerie: the two blind castrates; a former magician serving as butler; two amnestied murderers serving as dams chair-bearers; sundry husbands, past and pres- ent) to the town of her birth. She has one mission in mind: to exact retribution for the ill treatment she received at the hands of one Henshaw, who, in his career youth, imprecated her and ma- nipulated the subsequent patern- suit in her favor. By offering the indifferent townspeople one hundred million dollars, Claire promises to get them into debt. Ill, now the town's prized elder, his just duties. Her plot is im- mediately and outwardly rejected, but inwardly accepted by the citi- zens, who sense the need and per- form their grimm task in a chilling finale.

Duerrenmatt ties his work to- gether with myriad ironic threads and leaves it to the director to play the fabric attractively on Mr. Birthishawi, no doubt, would please the bizarre Succi with a thoroughgoing competence that delighted successive audi- ences in the Hill Theatre. Indeed, even the lighting, normally a second thought in amateur produc- tion, was professionally done, to aid in Burt Dibble, Bill Cumm- ings, and Gary Seid, who card- ed out Mr. Birthishawi's direc- tives satisfactorily. A masterful application of soft yellows con- fegured with dark areas mitigated the usual harsh appearance of the Hill stage.

This department takes great pleasure in awarding Michael Birthishawi the bronze star with a flag leaf and every other top rank of Field Marshal, a distinc- tion which we reserve only for first class stage craftsmen.
Big Red Whitewashes Kenyon

Established Collegian policy dictates fair and equal representation for "both sides of the coin." To comply with this journalistic "rule of thumb" and to fill up space, the River Staff presents the following two accounts of the Denison vs. Kenyon football game.

by Warren Down

The Big Red of Denison University added insult to injury to the Kenyon Lords last Saturday, when they not only handed the Lords the final defeat in a winless season for Kenyon, but completely demolished the Lords 60-0.

Early in the first quarter, the Lords opened on Kenyon's 14. However, a failed punt resulted in a loss of four yards. The Big Red moved to Kenyon's 18, and after two plays scored a touchdown, which Mike Dailey converted for the extra point.

In the last four minutes of the first quarter Denison scored two more times. After scoring their second touchdown of the period, Denison recovered a fumble by freshman Dave Diehl and raced a Terrier halfback thirty yards for the touchdown.

The Kenyon offense was completely ineffective the entire afternoon, forcing John Rut- ter to punt ten times, with blocks that averaged 453 yards on his 11 punts to set a new Ohio Conference record for most punting yards in one game.

Following a kick off, freshman John Wright fumbled and Denison again turned it into a scoring play with four seconds gone in the final period. Denison capped the game when a team composed generally of freshmen marched 82 yards for their final score giving the Big Red a 60-0 lead and the Lords a winless season.

The Saturday before the Denison game, the Lords dropped a 24-6 decision to Hiram which saw Linebacker Bob Siedd score Kenyon's only six points when he blocked a Hiram punt and raced a Terrier halfback thirty yards for the touchdown.

Freshman Dave Hirstum is expected by Denison backers after running back one of the numerous Denison kickoff. The Lords score of 0 is the greatest since 1959.

Booters Bow to Denison

Kenyon's soccer team ended its 1964 season Tuesday, November 3rd, by bowing to Denison 6-0. The Big Red scored easily early and broke away from the Lords who allowed their opponents to roll to an easy victory. The game did provide some excellent sparring action (Center of the game where a few players brought the Kenyon-Denison rivalry down to a personal level.)

BOBBY HARRISON, Kenyon's captain, did not want to speak about his team's performance, noting that they didn't play as well as they should have in their performances. He was quick to point out, however, that Deni- son had won in the count of ten, when a few players brought the Kenyon-Denison rivalry down to a personal level.

Commenting on the past season, Harrison was "disappointed that we didn't win more games." While emphasizing that he wasn't making excuses for his squad's play, Harrison did point out a few factors which hurt Kenyon this year.

FIRST AND FOREMOST was the lack of enthusiasm among the school's several football players. Dovitz, Boynton, Patrick, Hintz, and Howells, all of whom, for various reasons, didn't play at Kenyon this year. Also, the team lacked practice time, and the fact that fifty boys, too many to coordinate easily, turned out, deflated the Lords out a few factors which hurt Kenyon this year.

In addition, the Kenyon team lost some of its best players to graduation, and the "best freshman class in five years, since the days of Dave Dennis," graduated. The Kenyon- Denison game has been canceled due to the fact that the game is not

Betas Squelch Peeps for Title

Betas quarterback Perry Hudson left as blockers Larry Schmidlipon (horizontal) engage Peep linemen John Hackworth (beard) and Doug Behrns (no socks).

South Lebanon won this year's intramural football championship by beating Eastern 15-14. The latest contest marked the third straight year the two intra-muralies powered locked horns in the final game, with the Betas victorious in two out of three. As usual, the contest was spectacular by a large gathering of cheering fans, most of whom wouldn't be caught dead watching a Kenyon game.

Sigma Psi, last year's champs, easily won their league title, winning all six of their games, allowing only twelve points to their opponents. The Betas also were undefeated, only a tie with the A's marred their record.

The Betas' score first with quarterback Perry Hudson connecting on a long pass to Dave Carter. The extra point was missed, allowing the Peeps to grab a 7-0 lead after Chuck Crabtree grabbed a Bill Diehl aerial and scooped it for the T.D. Jim Jarrett took a pass from Diehl for the successful conversion. The American League champs regained the lead while still in the first quarter on a pass to Lee Martinson, but again missed the extra point and led 12-7 at the end of the period.

Hudson and his receivers continued to befuddle the Peep secondary, as the Betas scored two more tallies in the second quarter on passes to Howard Spencer (Carter receiving for the point after) and Jim Kaplan. Crabtree scored again with Diehl running in the extra point for the Peeps, who look to complete their season by scoring 25-14 at the end of the period.

The half-time show featured a half-time display of football players by those who didn't get into the game, and after a few heated argu- ments with referees, the com- test reconvened.

The Betas continued to roll, in- creasing their lead on completed touchdown to Marten (his sec- ond) and to Malachy (the other). The losers final T.D., however, as quarterback Dennis Terhune blocked the end-zone. Kooistra earned a spot in the Colle- gian by kicking the remaining extra point. Final score: Beta Theta Pi-38, Sigma Pi-21.

In other end of the year ac- tion, East Wing chalked up an easy victory for third place honors over Middle Leeds Cemetery, also getting 25-14 in the end.
Our Man in the Water

by Rick Freeman

Our athletic teams lead a generally insular existence. We witness and captiously judge the performances of our footballers, trackmen, swimmers. Somewhere granted the right by our sedentary position, we either applaud or condemn their efforts and pridefully bow our heads to receive the laurels that they earn. Yet how many of us can fully appreciate the agonizing physical output that our athletic minions produce in response to the firm mandate of the faceless crowd?

In answer to this delicate question and in an effort to provide that vital link twixt spectator and participant, this correspondent undertook a bit of webbed-footwork some weeks ago. We had delineated our problem to Tom Sant, co-captain of the Swimming Team. Tom suggested that we come down to the pool and see for ourselves, take a workout with the team. With sophomoric visions of George Plimpton, the athletically-inclined avant-gardian, we accepted with alacrity.

The following week, our pencil and freestyle sharpened, we appeared at the Shaffer natatorium. Tom, wearing a rod tank suit that contrasted conspicuously with our mournful black, apprised us of the order of the day. After running two miles (what?) we would hoist some weights, then plunge into the pool and stroke four-hundred yards. Before we could protest, we were out on Route 229 holding the rearguard of a troop of earnest hardheads. Our corduroys didn't aid us appreciably, and we breathed a sigh of relief when Ed Telling signalled the train to a halt. But, as we discovered, we had breathed too soon, for just as we eased our rockered cains down on the ground at Camp Kokosing, someone began sounding out a rhythm cadence. A swimmer advised us that we must assume the push-up attitude. Not having pushed-up since we left the matress that morning, we thought of pleading lack of other exit, but somehow were "penny" in the eyes of our sometime benefactor, we adapted quick-like. Other brutal maneuvers followed. Then as sharply as it had begun, the cadence stopped. Engaged in our second sit-up, we sank to the ground feeling lower than crabgrass. Respite at last, we thought, but thought too soon again as the next thing we knew we were paddling along 229 away from camp Kokosing and past the football field. A sharp turn at the field house took us up an impossible, almost perpendicular grade (visions of Edmund Hillary by now) to the comfortable Victorian facade of the natatorium.

Without allowing even time to collapse, we were hustled through the shower room and into the pool area where we were given our choice of weightlifting apparatus. We elected to try out a harmless looking barbell. We brought the thing down against the concrete floor with an embarrassing thud and newly-earned anatomical awareness. A cooling swim would stand us in good part, we thought as we briskly challenged Tom Sant to a fifty-yard sprint. Tom protested, citing an injured ankle, but demurred on our insistence.

We were ahead by dint of long toenails until we hit the water, whereupon Tom, obviously nursing his injury, chugged some forty loaves ahead of us. The ankle trouble must have been infectious, for at the end of fifty yards we pulled in lame. Nevertheless, Tom demanded that we join one of the "beats" that were about to set off on the four-hundred yard swim. Numb after pushing the right way, we consented. We swam in a lane next to Jerry Reynolds, a powerful freestyler. We drew even with him at the two-hundred mark—questioned that we swab out our two-hundred mark, that is. At that point, however, we detected murmurings of gastric distress and bailed ourselves out of the drink.

Our swimming career ended in a flash, wet and objected, we dashed for the locker room. There we met team co-captain John Miller and sophomore Butterfly who invited us to participate in the forthcoming intrasquad meet. We feebly declined, gargling something about our next assignment which would be a history of droughts in Knox County.

Collegian
Photos By
Howard Price

Our Man reviewing the swim team's credo.

Our man in action...abrein with a competitive spirit.

Our man looses up a bit.

Sequential photos of our man in action...doing his specialty stroke— the freestyle.
Jay Cocks Spends a Day with Folksingers

(Continued)

sition, Dylan talked a lot, and drank more wine. He only half-jokingly spoke about the speaker system in the hall, about the songs, and about the movement. There were a lot of people waiting to see him outside, but he was almost too wound up even to cope with friends who were already in the room with him. Victor said that except for the speaker system he thought it was going pretty well, although he was still a little worried about the crowds that would gather after the show. "You'll see man," he said, "you'll see."

For the second half of the concert, almost seventy-five people had left their seats and were sitting on the floor close to the stage. A path had to be cleared before Dylan could get on, but passing by one girl, he reached out and said "Hi," and touched her hair with his hand, which caused the people around her to laugh and appluod, while the girl herself simply said "audibly" - sighted. For the rest of the concert she stared straight at Dylan, who by now was a little drunk, although he was performing as well as in the first half of the show. After his last song Victor and I met him just as he got off the stage, and led him to the exit. He had gotten a standing ovation, and while we were persuading him to do one more song or two, he was replying "They don't have to do that," nodding at the audience. He had unfastened the least shoulder strap of his guitar, and while the equipment was taking the raucous rush up to him, asking for "All! I Really Want To Do," fumbled he exhale and was attempting to help him refasten it. He grinned at her, and went back on stage for the encore. Victor sent Bob and John downstairs to the dressing room, he posted himself outside by the exit to block the possibly overenthusiastic crowd, and tailed me to get Dylan off the stage and lead him out to the audience in the front row. Dylan finished up and, smiling, walked down into the audience and through the exit. Victor and I on either side.

Dylan was happy about the way the concert had gone, polished off several congratulatory cups of wine and began to wonder about getting out of the building through the crowd, and into the car which was waiting outside. I decided finally wait twenty minutes or so, then make a break for it. At the outside, Dylan was stopped by a dark leather gloves which he was holding down his thumbs, was talking to a tall blonde man who kept repeating "Listen good, Bob, I invite you to..." He bent down and whispered in Bob's ear. Dylan listened and stopped the man back.

"Listen, man, I don't want to hear about it. Go away." "But, Bob, just go away, man. I don't want to talk about it. I don't want to hear about it. Just go away," Dylan turned his attention to the crowd which now must have been a hundred strong. Victor meantime was packing the remainder of Dylan's clothes on a table, picking the one surviving bottle of wine into his pocket. He looked tired; Dylan looked tired and drunk. "O.K." Dylan almost sighed, "lead the way." We walked out of the classroom and towards the main door. When the crowd outside got to their feet, they came forward to press their faces against the glass. As soon as Dylan turned, they pressed out and they all pressed forward. "To "Bobby."

"Hey Bobby,"

"Hey, Dylan,"

"Hey, Mr. Dylan."

"Hello, kid," Dylan said to a girl he was squaring against the door, "long time no see." In reply, she giggled and coughed. Walking through the crowd Dylan waved and shook a few hands. Another girl following him all the way to the car. "Tell Dylan's blessings, and point at us, Dylan looked over his shoulder and waved. "It's all right, man," he said, "I make more money than you do."

Dylan thanked them both, and apologized for any embarrassing incidents that might have happened the previous evening. "That's the O.K. man," Dylan replied, "wasn't nothing."

"Look," Victor said, "we'll see you again, huh? If there's a concert somewhere, come back and see us."

We said we would if we could get past the crowds we hadn't thought would be there.

"Well, so long," Dylan said, "I'm glad you made it, man."

Banks and I watched them get on the plane. On their way they saw Banks and me wearing coveralls and white trashcan handles which turned to stare. One of them came up to me, "Hey, wasn't that the folk singer?"

"What did you mean?"

"Which one? The short one!"

Banks nodded to the girl, "That's his name!"

"That's his name," he asked. "Bob Dylan." "I said.

"Hey, he said, turning to his friend. "That was Bob Dylan."

Gassner

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(Continued)

Gassner (Continued)

Gassner (Continued)

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