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Catalyst

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SEC-SAC Plan Papers On Educational Policy

The Student Executive Committee will attempt to formulate a policy paper on the long-range educational goals of New College in a series of joint meetings with the Student Academic Committee.

The necessity for such a position paper became evident at a joint

Group Air Fares

May be Available

Special group air fares may be available for students wishing to do summer Independent Study Projects in Europe, according to French Tutor John Macbeth.

Macbeth said he is trying to arrange a group which will leave New York City around June 15 and return at the end of August. Macbeth noted the students would not have to stay together in Europe.

Only students seriously interested in study projects should apply for the trip, Macbeth said. Projects should be cleared with Independent Study Coordinator James Feeney.

Information on the approximate cost of the trip, as well as youth hostels, student housing, art seminars, and tours may be obtained from Macbeth, at extension 269, in the language lab office, or at home phone 388-2327 in the evenings.

College May Enter

Basketball League

Recreation Co-ordinator Frank Meyer would like to enter a New College team in the Sarasota City Basketball League if there is enough interest.

At least eight players are needed on a regular basis. Students, faculty and staff are welcome to participate.

New College teams have competed in the league the past two seasons, but at this point only three "veterans" are committed to play -- third-year students Larry Alexander and Craig Bowman, and admissions officer Pete Odell.

The team usually will play twice a week during the season, which begins soon.

Those interested in playing should contact Meyer or Alexander.

Jim Strickland, player-coach for the team last year, will probably not play in the league this year.

meeting of the two committees Sunday to discuss SAC recommendations for alternatives to the present language requirement.

Among the SAC alternatives was the substitution of four required courses for the language requirement. Several members of the SEC, and Assistant Dean of Students Arthur Miller, spoke in opposition to this alternative, stating the enumeration of required courses was a step toward "conventionalism."

Several SAC members then argued the alternative did not violate the educational goals of the college. It became evident after more discussion, however, that the goals would have to be defined before the language requirement recommendations could be voted on.

The joint SEC-SAC committee will meet Sundays at 2pm and Wednesdays at 6pm until the position paper is completed.

Several revisions in the SEC's new guest rule were approved in other business. They are:

---That the proctor shall, and any student may, interrogate any non-students on campus after 8pm.

---That the proctor should sign all guest forms.

---That off-campus guests must be in open rooms or on the public campus after the end of intervisitation. Off-campus guests can only stay until the end of open room hours unless they are signed in as overnight guests.

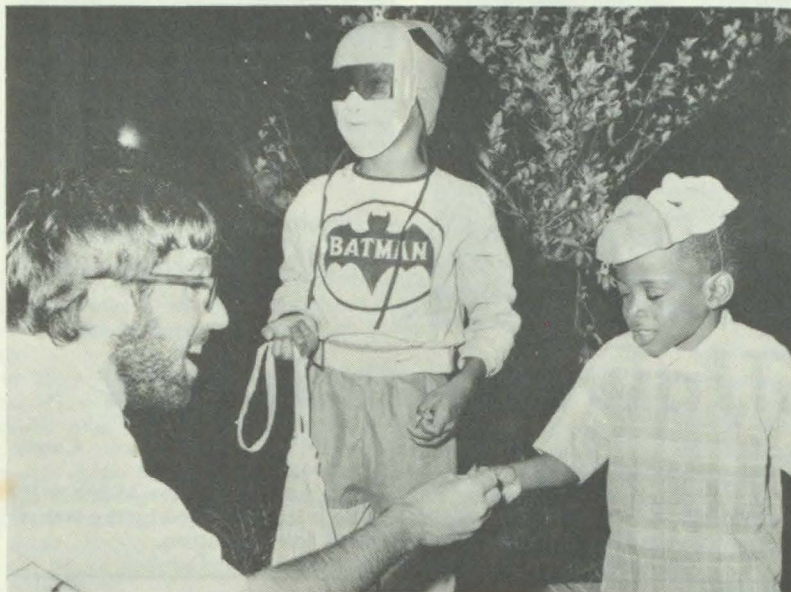
It was also pointed out that the new rule limits guests signed in to three per person.

The SEC responded to several complaints by Kitchen Manager Thomas Estep in regard to student conduct. To Estep's complaint that students are feeding guests who have not paid for meals, the SEC recommended Estep himself police the dining halls, consulting the Dean of Students if necessary.

This recommendation followed a comment by SEC Chairman Ted Shoemaker that Dean of Students George Petrie would prefer a "food proctor" to police the dining area.

In regard to the theft of kitchen equipment, the SEC recommended Estep compile statistics of the minimum number of each item needed. If at any time the number of these falls below the minimum, an announcement should be issued. If the items are then not returned, Estep should serve food at "minimum level" until the items are restored.

It was also agreed student representatives of faculty committees should serve one school term.



Third-year student Jerry Neugarten welcomes a couple of local youngsters to Tuesday night's Halloween Carnival with some candy. For story and more pictures, see page 2.

Dance Will Include Film, Light Show

Tomorrow night's Halloween dance will be more than a dance, according to social committee chairman Ruth Stange. A psychedelic light show and a horror movie will round out the program.

Admission of 50¢ will be charged, and the dance will be open only to members of the college community and their guests.

Those who wish are invited to wear costumes. The dance begins at 8pm in Hamilton Center.

Music will be provided by the Sole Survivors.

Stange said any "profit" made from admission charges will be returned to the Student Activity Fund, which financed the dance.

Science Building Seminar Set

The New College science faculty, second- and third-year science students, members of the administration, architects and planners will participate in a two-day seminar Tuesday and Wednesday on plans for new science facilities.

Seminar participants will discuss what facilities will be necessary in the proposed West Campus science building, which will be the first

academic building on the new campus.

The building will be designed to accommodate a student body of 800, of which 308 first-year students would spend four hours per week in the laboratory, and 148 second- and third-year students 12 hours per week.

The program for the science building developed by the faculty in-

dicates a need for specialized space of approximately 38,000 square feet, with 400 student laboratory positions. In addition, the building will provide interim space for other disciplines until more buildings are completed.

The seminar will begin at 9am Tuesday and continue to 4pm. It will begin at 9am and conclude about 2pm on Wednesday.

NC Accepted In College Union

New College has been accepted as a member college of the Union for Research and Experimentation in Higher Education, President John Elmendorf announced yesterday.

The Union, founded in 1965, is a grouping of 10 colleges that have joined to encourage research and experimentation in higher education.

Other members are Antioch College, Bard College, Goddard College, Hofstra University, Monteith College, Nasson College, Shimer College, Northeastern Illinois State College, Sarah Lawrence College and Stephens College.

One of the primary purposes of the Union is to foster cooperative efforts in experimentation and research among member colleges.

In its two-year existence, the Union has been awarded grants by the U.S. Office of Education, by the Kettering Foundation, and by the Esso Education Foundation for nearly \$370,000 to encourage and to explore innovation in higher education.

The Union has set forth a number of programs including the establishment of a Center for the Improvement of College Instruction; a publication of a major journal on educational innovation; a major

program of research on the innovative process; and a proposal to identify, select and train persons interested in innovation in higher education.

Academic Freedom Code

A statement by the Board of Trustees defining academic freedom at New College does not apply to students, according to a vote of the faculty Wednesday.

The Trustees' statement, which sets forth liberal guidelines for persons acting as individuals and not representatives of the college, refers to the "college community." The faculty, by a majority vote, defined this as excluding students.

Later in the meeting, a statement granting academic freedom to stu-

dents acting "within the law" was passed with only token opposition.

In other business, a resolution requiring faculty members to indicate whether evaluations are satisfactory, unsatisfactory or incomplete either in the boxes at the top of the evaluation sheet or in the text of the evaluation was passed.

Assistant Professor of Literature Dr. Arthur Miller and Mathematics Tutor Roger Peters cast the only dissenting votes.

Paschal "Apologizes"

Local broadcaster Guy Paschal said on his radio program last night he apologizes if he has been mistaken in attacking New College for harboring "Marxists" who favor the forcible overthrow of the American government.

He reported to listeners of WSAF's "Public Opinion" show that "the

boy" he had thought was spouting subversive views denies such a position at Wednesday night's public discussion between Paschal and the college community in Hamilton Center.

Paschal apparently was referring to second-year student Jon Shaughnessy, whom he had previously identified as one of those who favored "the enemy's" form of government to ours.

Shaughnessy told Paschal Wednesday he does not prefer the Communist form of government-- as practiced by Russia, China, or North Vietnam--to ours. He said he does not feel, however, that our nation has any business trying to determine the form of government or society Vietnam will take.

Paschal told Shaughnessy he recognizes the latter's right to organize a protest march in Sarasota against the war. His objection, Paschal said many times during the evening, was the position he had understood a few students took that the American form of government is inferior to the Communists'.



Paschal

Paschal Talk Said Depressing : Confused and Misinformed

By heitmann

Guy Paschal produced a number of reaction here, from outright disgust, to laughter, to depression. It cannot be disputed that he is a very intelligent man (who would hassle with motorcycles and Airwick?), and it was very kind of him to say that long-haired boys aren't necessarily abnormal, but he still reminded me of the people who come to New College on Sundays to save us. They listen to us gravely, then leave, telling us that we're going to hell anyway.

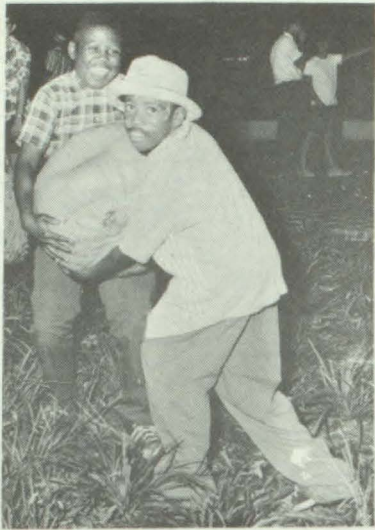
Mr. Paschal was obviously faced with a lot of unexpected questions and facts, and he resorted to repeating that the people that he would expel from New College are the ones who say that the government of North Vietnam is better than the United States'. The fact that there aren't any bothers him

not at all. Our country, says he, is a little bit at war, but not at war enough to give the government an excuse to quash dissent; therefore it is the function of the college to restrict its people in ways that would surely enrage a community of the outside world. According to Mr. Paschal, it is perfectly possible to advocate the violent overthrow of the government between wars.

Many of his arguments were based on the assumption that New College students would really like to see Uncle Sam fold and Uncle Ho take over. He seemed genuinely surprised to hear that there are quite a few students here that are trying to make their country "a better place for democracy." He even said that if Jon Shaughnessy was merely protesting U.S. commitments in Asia, they had no quarrel. A veteran of campaigns for

private ballots and against sweatshops, Mr. Paschal obviously appreciates the value of disagreement with the government for just causes. But he thinks that because this government grants more personal liberties than any other, it should protect those liberties by removing them from certain individuals.

Mr. Paschal is questioning after an order of radical not common to New College. His attitudes are a classic example of the ignorance fostered by willingness to take one's facts from the somewhat hostile sources in the outside world. Perhaps he changed his mind Wednesday night, but I doubt that he will ever trust Don Aronoff's tutoring program. Or perhaps he is, as Dr. Arthur Miller puts it, "...a very sincere man who, as Dr. Riley says, probably confuses change with subversion."



Photos by JIM TOWNSEND
courtesy of
the Sarasota Herald-Tribune

The Halloween Spirit

An estimated 300 children through junior high age were guests of New College students Tuesday night at a special student-run Halloween Carnival. A variety of amusements--including a horror-house, fortune-telling booth, closed-circuit television, and a host of

games--were prepared for the little visitors. Candy was distributed to all.
In pictures, left, some of the littlest kids bob (?) for apples; right, two boys seem awed by the size of one of the pumpkins used for decoration.

Letter

Candidate Gives Views

To the Editor:

It has been pointed out that many students are not familiar with the candidates running for the student member of the faculty Committee on Educational Policy. Perhaps I can remedy this to some extent by expressing some views on topics relevant to the election. Of primary importance, it would appear, are the candidate's concepts of the role of the student member.

His role, as I see it, is 1) to present to the Committee proposals of individual students or student committees, 2) only to a minor degree to present his own ideas to the Committee, and 3) to report in person to the SEC and SAC following each meeting of the faculty committee. In short, the role of the student member is to communicate ideas and opinions of students to the faculty committee and to report responses and questions from the committee back to the students. It might also be helpful to present some personal views on current educational policy.

Before discussing specific policies, I would like to say that if it is successful, the present attempt of the SEC and SAC to formulate a statement of student opinion about long-range educational goals of the college may be one of the most significant contributions the students will make to the college. As participants in the discussion have stated, much of the present educational policy is the result of "crisis" situations in which long-range goals may not always have been considered. The original question discussed by the SEC-SAC committee concerned "count-em" up" courses as an alternative to the present language requirement, but apparently the committee members have concluded that a decision on a matter of current concern should be made only after long term goals have been agreed upon. Thus,

hopefully, the present series of meetings will produce a statement summarizing the 'students' ideas of the long range educational goals of the college as well as a statement concerning the language requirement.

Personally, I recognize that the present language requirement is somewhat unfair. Students who by chance have strong backgrounds in a language are freed of what is a major work load for others less fortunate. The argument that certain major fields make little or no use of a modern foreign language really cannot be refuted. Nor can the argument that students could spend much additional time in areas of primary interest that is now spent learning a language that may never be used. Nevertheless, some faculty members apparently still feel very strongly that requirements for a Bachelor of Arts degree from New College should include mastery of a modern foreign language. Another solution, in addition to those recently discussed by the SEC and SAC, might be to offer a second degree as well as the B.A. Specifically, I believe students should be offered an alternative to the language requirement. I do not think this alternative should be satisfied by the successful completion of some number of courses. (Students without good backgrounds in a language are still penalized with a considerable work load). Another possible alternative might be to pass a second qualifying examination. But this still does not remove the unfairness. Of course the question remains, fair or not, is the language requirement necessary at all. The only clear thing is that the present requirement needs to be seriously reconsidered.

The present policy on evaluations, although not perfect, seems to be generally satisfactory. However, it does appear that at times faculty members may need a brief reminder of what is expected on evaluation. The limited introduction of the honors evaluation, I believe, was advisable, but little could be gained by further attempting to indicate, with an arbitrary grading scale, the exact level of a student's progress.

Perhaps there would be some value in establishing a faculty committee to review all proposed inter-divisional and mixed majors. This might help to remove some of the confusion and unfairness that seems to exist in the present procedure for handling individually designed majors.

Other areas in which further discussion might be fruitful are the diversification requirement, the general studies major, the first year advisor program (including the role of student advisors), and the requirements for early graduation.

(signed)
Bob Baughman

Letter

Join Republicans?

To the Editor:

We have been told for some time that it is impossible to form a political organization on the New College campus due to student apathy or perhaps a-political interests. Yet this is difficult to believe from a campus that has achieved outstanding academic recognition in such a short period of time.

In the upcoming presidential convention year the future of the country will once again be in the hands of the voters and the politicians. How much better informed you would be as a potential voter if you take an active part in the selection of the parties' candidates.

Whether Democrat or Republican, the political club of your preference can keep you abreast of your local, state and national affairs in addition to providing the

opportunity for involving yourself with practical politics.

Be a part of approaching campaigns. The Republican Nominating Convention in Miami will add to Florida's role in the selection of its nominee. The time is now to form the organization of your choice, Young Democrats or Young Republicans. For information concerning the Florida College Republicans, please write to the address below.

We hope that New College will join the growing College Republican movement in Florida.

(Signed)
David W. Snyder, College Chrm.
Florida Federation of Young Republicans
3901 Oldeander Way
St. Petersburg Beach, Fla. 33706

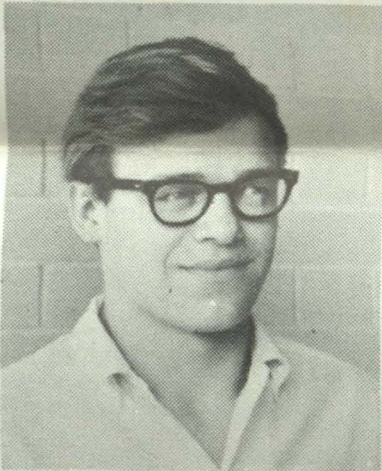
The Washington Rally

"The Riot Squad Is Restless..."

By DAVID PINI

(Second of a series)

As night approached and the troops closed in, the evening's first arrests were made--not among those sitting in, however, but from the thousands back in the dark on the lawn, from the people who were not in



Pini

groups or around the many fires but were wandering in and out with food and water for the rest of us, hauling it over the wall in back by ropes.

The intermittent "teach-in" that had been taking place with the troops had produced two converts and a great deal of cheering and chanting on our part. One "convert" escaped into the crowd but the other was apprehended and was last seen being "subdued" by the authorities. Sam Black, a former New College faculty member who is now in the army, called some students that night who were staying with the family of Sen. Hart and said he felt many of the younger troops could have been more effectively persuaded.

The dynamics of the confrontation and the ever-present officers made this possibility more remote, however, as the night wore on. The older marshals and MP's were responsible for most of the brutality and many observers commented that females were the most brutally treated. One leering thug stood for three hours with his rifle barrel inches from a young girl's face and his finger on the trigger. She, of course, would not move, and the troops fortunately were not given bullets.

Late at night some mass arrests were made, as the troops attempted to straighten their lines. The "permit" to sit had been extended but many of us were still in "forbidden areas."

"Late in the evening, the soldiers began a tactic of inching forward almost imperceptibly, to squeeze the sit-ins back. When the soldiers came in contact with the front rank, a white-helmeted US Marshall would accuse the demonstrators of crowding the soldiers. Eventually someone in the front line would make some movement, if only to give ground. He would

be clubbed by three or four soldiers with rifle butts, then dragged through the line to a paddy wagon. I saw this happen in more than a dozen instances, with two or three sit-ins beaten and dragged away in each instance.... Those who made any movement--and I don't mean violent movement--were struck with billy clubs and rifle butts.... Much of what I am reporting was left out of wire stories for the sake of brevity, or because few newsmen were there. I was though. It is painful to tell it, but that is my report."

--Chuck Crouse, WPOP radio, Stratford, Conn., as quoted in the Washington Free Press

Some would wander off at night. Every time the troops shuffled around we'd put our fires out so no would be dragged through the coals. By morning even the ropes had been burned. We sat huddled around

campfires on the Pentagon parking lot listening to stories of Detroit, of bigger fires, of butchery instead of just brutality, and the TV lights flashed on and off behind us as four rows of paratroops stood unmoving by the great, square, spotlight pillars. "And the riot squad is restless, they've got no place to go...." People quoted Dylan, but no one brought a guitar that night.

About 4 am we decided through various meetings and heated discussions on the bull horn (I think it's called "participatory democracy.") that the best thing to do was all march off together at dawn. So except for a few hundred, we did. The troops parted and several thousand of us, joined by those from the other side of the Pentagon, marched off singing those strange

(Continued on page 3, column 2)

UNITARIAN CHURCH

3975 Fruitville Road

Sunday service: 10:30 a.m.

Sermon topic for Sunday:
"THE LIVES WE TOUCH"

Nursery and Church School:
10:30 a.m.

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The Catalyst

Literary Supplement

Volume 2 Number 1

Edited By Laurie Paulson

November 3, 1967

Overlooking

Below me the mass of traffic had uncoiled itself onto the pavement until by nightfall it had choked the street with its bright tide. It passed through the beerbottle I'd balanced on the railing, elongated amber monsters in a narrow circus parade each crawling car or clot of people flashing a freak other self for a moment and moving along in the current. Motorcycles rioted by flashing painted helmets as they passed leaving with me the instantaneous profile of a girl eyes closed clinging to her loud centaur whose mechanical clamour punched into a semisilence I'd imposed on the pulsating voice of the crowd. The gaudy mass of pedestrians began to run over from the sidewalks into the streets weaving intricately through the cars as little knots of police at each corner tried to keep the disorder from blossoming into complete confusion, sorting out files of bizarre loiterers at the crossings and pushing noisy lines of customers backing up at the entrances to clubs, cafes, theatres and bars and shops all along the street.

All the refugees from the other lands come to the oasis of The City: from Westchester and Queens, from across the river and the vast stretches of Caldwell and Montclair and Paterson. Girls out of the suburban wastes in their casually expensive clothing decked out with the calculated insolence of buttons and status toys from headshops and paper boutiques, boys just escaping from the oppressive safety of home with their hair combed down to their eyes, hands in pockets of carefully faded levis holding a week's allowance watching girls from New Jersey the collegiate crowd the real hippies the travellers the carefully stylish loungers who might really be in a real band and maybe pretending they'd had something more than beer. Dodging into the muffled pandemonium of almost overexpensive clubs in the basements of hastily remodeled brownstones whose crumbling upper storeys opened windows on the summer night as in other tenements all over the city. But here those used-looking old women who seem to come with such buildings could look out at the lure of McDougal Street instead of the semihuman filth of Bedford-Stuyvesant or Harlem.

With a little surgery the narrow mansion above me had been changed into a restaurant from whose porch I was watching the kaleidoscope street, and a pit of flashing light and thrashing sound installed beneath to siphon some money from the waves of hyperthyroid migrants that surged through the street like this at nightfall every weekend. And the crowd curdled and milled and a few came up the steps and some of them were at my table.

I was neither anxious to greet or avoid them, sometime friends from odd corners of the city. Drumlin, whose phony erudition was legend in night classes at City College; Buick, a member of the Old Left who was born fifty years too late to carry a fat black bomb and hurl it with a defiant cry beneath the wheels of an aristocrat's carriage; Winnerall, who sold his body in California for six hundred dollars which he invested in a shifty character who must be having a wonderful time in Acapulco; and Ramon Magee, who compensated for the frenzied bursts of energy that won him various academic honours at NYU by remaining as nearly torpid as possible on weekends. Friends all, renowned for appearing whenever you had money or food, gathered around me (proud possessor of a genuine five dollar bill), drinking my beer and making conversation that I only drifted round to hear when the show in my beerbottle was boring.

"We wouldn't have any of this hassle if everything was free." (Of course it was Buick talking about money.) "I mean, I don't think any of us really cares about money as a thing, you know..."

"If we weren't uptight about money we'd get excited about something else. This way I know what's wrong with everything: I don't have enough money. If things changed I'd probably just get confused," Winnerall mumbling in his glass.

"They're going to legalize almost everything anyhow. By then if there's anything left you can't get you won't care."

"Buick," Ramon cut in, "I really wish you would stop talking about things you haven't got. Somebody always has a few pence, we get by."

"You're rich, you should talk," Buick retorted.

"My father."

"No difference."

"His mother wouldn't agree," Winnerall added with an elaborate scanning of the black sky.

Ramon sat up. "I really don't want to hear about it. As a matter of fact, if it can't get us money or food, let's forget it."

"Well, my plan is that we all dress plainly and wear black masks and carve guns out of soap and come back here at about three am and stick the place up," conspiratorially leaning forward Winnerall whispered, "and make the cooks get us a really huge dinner, and then we tie them up while we eat it and creep off into the night."

"That's just insane..."

"Buick, you toad..." began Winnerall and soon everybody at the table was involved in a rapid exchange of imaginative but friendly insults that I can't even begin to remember until Drumlin quieted everyone down and got Winnerall's attention and began to speak with a little grin in his eyes.

"Now, John Winnerall, I am going to pick up this napkin and you can see it because here it is right in front of you, ok? Look at it. This is a little exercise in imagination and sensitivity: you are becoming this napkin. Thin, you crinkle, you whisper when I rub you against yourself. Dry. Look at the little flower

pattern on you. Nice, eh? Now, you are this napkin."

"Yeah, wha..."

"Sssh!"

"You're playing along? Good." Drumlin held the napkin close to John's face and he was just drunk enough to go on with the game and just when Drumlin saw him concentrate on it he crumbled it savagely and threw it down to the street under the boots of the multitude.

"Clever boy. What was your childhood like, eh?" grumbled Winnerall while everybody got more beer and glanced edgily at me to make sure I was really paying.

Ramon slid down into his chair again. "I wonder, if you just started going around asking people, how many of them would give you how much money. You always hear about people giving the stuff away, there's got to be people everywhere who have more than they need."

"Yeah," Winnerall taking it up, "if they just gave a little, like a dollar or even a quarter, I wouldn't mind. I wouldn't even try to figure up what it would come to, but if we could get everybody in America to send us a quarter we'd have it made."

"We could incorporate ourselves, make it tax deductible and maybe people would give us more than a quarter," Buick said and faded out into a little fantasy where people would send him envelopes stuffed

with money and jewels which could be used in lavish support of his favourite causes, himself among them. Winnerall suggested that we leave but Ramon was still caught in the last idea, and was still talking.

"...there's a lot of older, prosperous people even around here. This isn't a cheap place. You wouldn't expect so many straight people around here, but there's a lot inside. Like that one by the door."

"Who?" John turned around and we listened.

"Oh," Magee was perplexed, the person he mentioned had just vanished, "just some really straight-looking person over there, who really looked out of place. Which is strange because he would look ordinary and you wouldn't notice that kind of man anywhere else but here."

"What did he look like?"

"Really looked ordinary, narrow brim hat, raincoat, dark clothes, I don't even remember." Ramon stopped and Buick added that it was unimportant and we should leave but Drumlin stayed seated toying with his empty glass and began speaking when it was quiet around us.

"Imagine a person so conventionally inconspicuous as to go unnoticed everywhere, the kind of person no bartender or cabdriver or cop would remember. Not passive either--he would do things, go through life, be a part of changes, encounter other ordinary people

(continued on page 4)



Linoleum print by Hilary Blocksom



Photograph by Sven Donaldson

Poet's Room

In the room
Filled with my flowers
You tear at new scars
To make your lines.
If you heard
Footsteps of the landlord's son,
A television played too loud,
You wouldn't really hear
But use them all--
Make them your poem, too.

When we walked
From Liberty to Gloucester
Through the draining streets
After the morning's rain
You were silent
Like a strange room.
At Harrington's
You ignored me
To wander to the lake
Across the dark lawn
And stay until morning.

If I would say
I love you--
Just at that moment
You'd find the couplet,
Rush to write it down.
I'd go in the kitchen
And make coffee.

Don't you think
I understand the agony
Of every word,
Comprehend the pain
Of straining at the bars
Of form and surface?

My tender flowers
Decorate your bedroom.
I wish to God
I were a poem,
That you would listen.

--LAWRENCE PAULSON

Poem Number One

silas broken hill
died today but no flowers please
unless perhaps--a zinnia
or two
his mother frazzled creature
carried the body of her second son
silas
broken silas a child of no more than
two months' days
down supermarket aisles
bemoaning vaguely the loss
wandering on afternoon sidewalks
where tulip trees cast doubtless shadows
ah mother hill I am wondering
why did you call that child broken?

--SUSAN DEBORAH KUNTZ

Sea-Maid Wishes

To be small in the morning
with weak woman's wrists
aching taut as my fishline,
and my hair shining kelp-brown.
To hold the sides
of my mother-life
boat swaying with her pregnant burden
as she walks
through the sea.
And laugh--
with salt and
gay blood breath,
my joy like a sparkling fish.

Yes, even to wake from
my bright-light prison
and return to the sea.

--MICHELLE CLAYTON

Student Fare

Contact jumps.
Hopscotch to Wheres.
The friction of which turns on
Care

Whose object did
not choose and maybe was
not chosen but was
touched.

--JUDY SEGAL

Glass

The glass tension releasing he knelt down
on pain to free himself among the bits,
and crooning at the smoothness of the glass,
caressed his wrist to calm himself, and rest.

But bandages and tape bound back the blood,
and the tile was cleansed, and nothing was left
to tell the sometime deep demand for glass
to break the frail containment of the skin.

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

A Sigh on Renais

(night and fog a film on concentration camps).

having left
no more perspective
no more wall to your emotion
no more sense or ratio
of shame
no fear of god
or place for condemnation

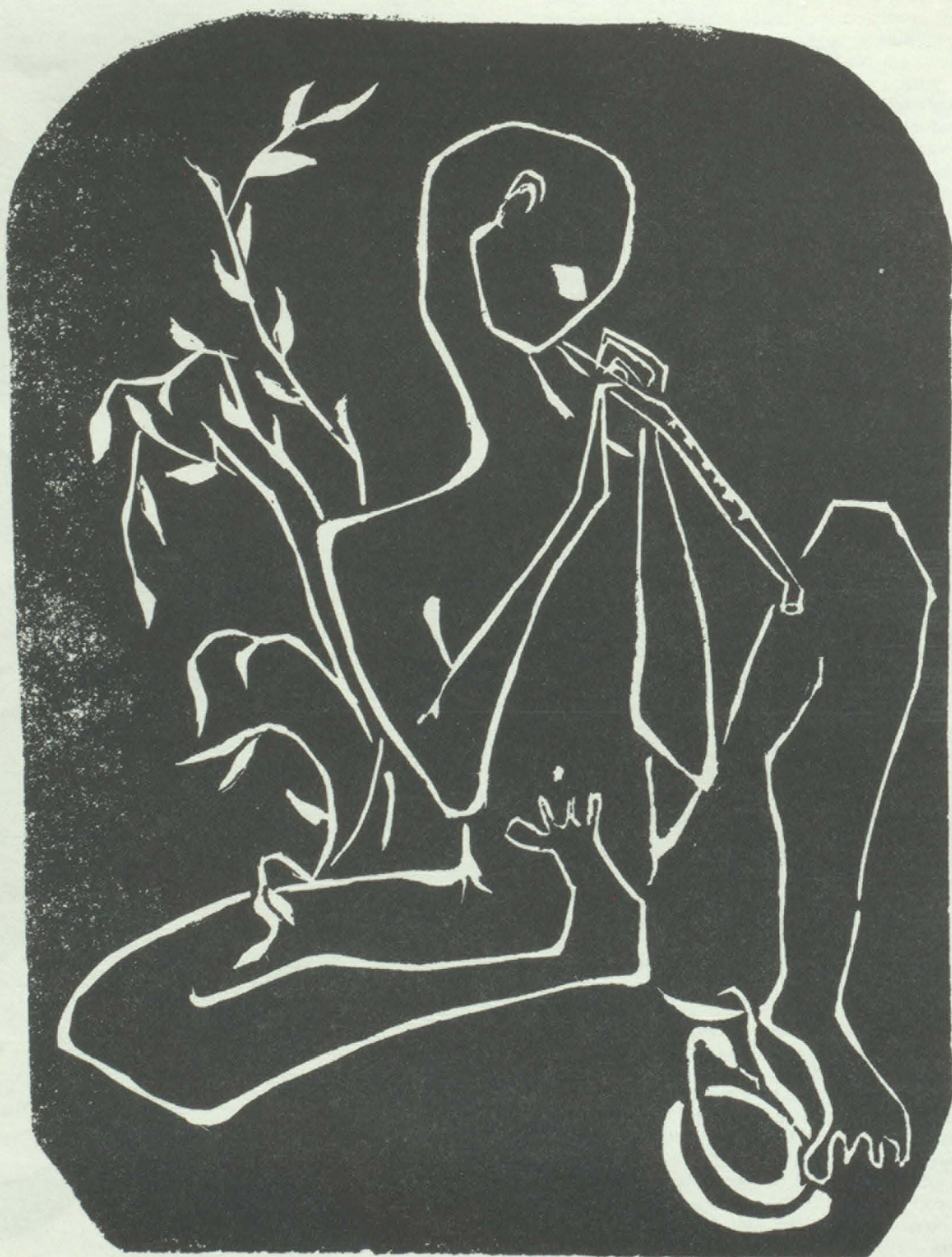
Alain Renais did a very strange thing

he took a book
with all those
never-heard-from-again names
marked off
from those who'd lived
and turned each page
quite slowly
till you saw instead
the yellow pages
pointing out
that every victim
now was dead

the soft soft border time had laid
could save you
from so much as one lost night

a wonder of the cinema's inflection
that lets us slip from even self contempt

--DAVID PINI



Linoleum print by Hilary Blocksom

Oscar

It was at The Savoy that I met Oscar.

Delancey had assured us that it would be all right, and sure enough we were served, no questions asked, and we had a good time. It made no difference that they were out of Buds and we had to settle for Millers, or that 12 ounces of the stuff cost half a dollar. The music was groovy, and most everybody was down loose, one way or another.

The music was the kind you just had to move to. Dancing wasn't allowed, though (They needed a license to allow that sort of thing, and licenses do cost money), and a couple of us were politely shooed off the floor. But that was all right. Guys who knew how to be a part of the happy music danced that way, individually, and no bartender's going to stop that.

I was 18 at the time, and the law says you have to be 21 to have a good time in public, but then The Savoy wasn't exactly public. Can't judge a book by looking at the cover, and all that.

Anyway, it was at The Savoy that I met Oscar. Funniest thing, but Oscar and I must have talked for an hour and a half that night, and I didn't understand a goddam thing he said, or hardly anything anyway. He was old. Oscar was very old, as far as I could tell. He probably wouldn't have made any sense even if I could have understood him, but that's another story. We both were mildly drunk, and the music was very loud. On top of that, he was hard of hearing, and his accent was too black for me to decipher.

Somehow we talked for an hour and a half. We had an earnest talk about really important things, I think. Our conversation began innocently enough. "Hi," he said as he slid next to me. A couple of seconds later he had launched into a lengthy monologue on the story of his life, philosophizing intently all the while. Occasionally, he would stop and hold out his right hand and with a smile ask me "ain't that right?" and of course I would grasp his hand firmly and smile right back. At first I would interrupt him whenever I failed to catch what he had said, but Oscar would just smile at me, and after a brief pause go right on with his story, so I gave up. When appropriate moments came, however, I would flash an encouraging smile, or an equally encouraging look of puzzlement. Sometimes I even mumbled a few non-committal responses. These responses always made me feel foolish, but only because I kept thinking of this spade friend of my roommate's who would drawl "yeah, I knooooow what you mean," and I supposed my interjections of "yeah, I guess that's right" seemed equally foolish.

As it turned out, I shouldn't have gotten up tight at all, thanks to Oscar. Sometimes I would catch a few words here and there and launch into monologues of my own, though certainly much briefer than Oscar's. No matter what I said and how irrelevant it was to the questions Oscar had been talking about, he would listen politely and when I was through would break into a big, sincere smile and start into his thing again. Once in a great while, though, he would extend his hand after I said something, and that made me feel real good.

Near as I could make out, Oscar was retired. He had worked hard at some small business he set up, and now his grandchildren were working it. He was financially secure, though by no means affluent. He was, considering his age, in very good health, and two even rows of glistening white teeth flashed easily between his lips. For a Southern black man Oscar was extremely well off. But Oscar was also very old. Very old and very alone. And Oscar had learned to talk without being heard, and, perhaps, to listen without hearing, as well.

"The trouble with the world..." Oscar would begin, and the next string of words would be unintelligible. "What's that?" I would ask, leaning very close to him. Oscar would look at me and maybe offer a sip of his beer. After I'd declined, he would clear his throat, lean close, and start telling me about his grandchildren. And so it went.

"We need to love each other," I understood him tell me at one point, and he said it very intensely. Caught by surprise, I could only mumble weakly, "Damn right," or something silly like that. "We need to love each other," he repeated. "Do you understand



Drawing by Mary Blakeley

me? People got to stop fighting. All these other problems aren't important. People have to learn to love."

The band had just begun "Mercy, Mercy." And here was Oscar waiting for me to tell him he was right. Damn him, I thought. The responsibility of my task was overbearing, if only because it was so simple. I smiled, nodded vigorously, and this time I extended my hand. Oscar slowly took it in his and shook it firmly. In a flash he was rambling on about his grandchildren again.

Let me tell you, for a local group these guys were fantastic. It was a boogaloo beat, but they were playing real jazz over it. It was the standard instrumenta-

tion: sax, trumpet, organ, bass, and drums. Two of them were white, and they were good, especially the organist. But the guy who really knocked everybody out was this spade tenor sax man who sat in for a couple of numbers right near closing time. Real New York sound. Ideas, too.

Oscar listened to the music with a big grin on his face, his right foot tapping a hole through the floor, just like everybody else. I was elected to buy another round for the gang, and the bartender dutifully took my order. I couldn't help but think to myself I wish I were stoned instead of drunk, but I was too drunk to really worry about that, and besides, another thought had lit up Oscar's lit-up brain. We agreed whatever he said was just too damn much, and I threw in the flatterer's remark that for an old man Oscar could sure hold his liquor. Oscar laughed, and I was feeling good.

Anyway, things had started getting just a bit ugly by then, as the place was about to close, and the guys who didn't make it that night were looking for other things to do. Some newly-made friends warned us it was time to leave, so we did. I'm telling you, The Savoy was a wild scene, though. I'm going back next weekend. Maybe I'll see Oscar. I still remember him sitting with his feet propped up on the table, as we walked out. He had a big smile on his face, a can of beer in his hand, and, yes, he was talking to himself. "It's been a real pleasure talking to somebody who thinks," Oscar told me when I got up to go. "Same here," I said. I broke into a big smile, pumped his hand, winked, and staggered out to the car.

--KENJI ODA



Drawing by Mary Blakeley

Summer Girl

into every flower we will dance
with your hands for the winter
your eyes for the spring.

but now we must wait
for the torn pieces of day
to build a morning,
for the blush-pink sunset
to teach our dreams.

but wait lonely
for soon i'll catch the silly
of your smile
and be wind-touching rain-kissing you.
but wait lonely--
for i can look into the heavens
and find a star that's almost you

--DON GERVICH

On My Father Awakening Shouting

But can I shoot away that doubt,
Demobilize the enemy distending lead
To prove the punch behind my hollow point,
Confirming with the bang the wavering good.
But can I escape, can I escape
The very palpable recoil of such a hit,
The question magnified behind the scope
As I dismantle my own man. The hurt
That heals in daylight gaps in dreams.
No gun kills as surely as it seems.

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

Poem Number Two

here
where the river is only a remembering
the snow unfallen months miles from me
I have no name
that last cold morning when I walked on the levee
along the high river wall in the morning
westwind blew clouds upriver off the sun
until it shined through lace steel bridges
blew my name into the blackbirds' song
and I could not snatch it back.

--SUSAN DEBORAH KUNTZ

Man of the Seasons of the Soil

a country hand
turns a letter turns
and turns it
touches the address with a forefinger
a thumb runs
around the corner edges
and does not need to open it

it is for this the sorted hills
blur evening's blue all the way...
to the sloped front yard
and black trees filigree the sky.

--DELANCEY KIMBERLEY DANGERFIELD

Overlooking

(continued from page 1)

in a variety of ordinary situations and act in ordinary ways and none of it would have any effect because it would all be utterly commonplace among the common events of the world. If you met him you would forget him. If he did anything it could be, and probably would be, done alike by many others. He would like, but not really, because what effect could an utterly ordinary man have? What would be important about an utterly ordinary person?"

"He'd be one of a kind," murmured Magee.

"But how would you know, how would you find him and why would you care?" Drumlin went on. "It's as though he were a sin in himself against life, because he would negate himself. His action would equal inaction. Active anonymity, his life denying itself."

"But he would be alive and conscious," objected Ramon.

"I doubt if he would think of that or give a damn."

"And if he were married, do you think his family would notice him?" asked Winnerall.

"I hear," Drumlin said, "that it happens often in families."

"All of this nonsense out of somebody Ramon probably didn't really see. What does any of it mean, eh? Or can we leave?" Buick asked as he stood up.

"Well, I saw him..."

"Who?"

"The man," Magee answered testily and started down the stairs to the street.

"What man," Winnerall asked. "The one Drumlin was talking about?"

"I don't know or really care. That was just trivial speculation, better forgotten." Drumlin answered as he left.

"Probably wasn't real at all. Another of Drumlin's fantasy people."

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"Forget it," said Winnerall as they reached the street leaving me with the amber beerbottle circus and the memory of Drumlin's idea of a man one would never notice.

--CRAIG SCHENCK

Letter

Washing on

Sad Forum

(Continued from page 2)

To the Editor:

Wednesday night's forum with Guy Paschal was a sad demonstration of the New College community's inability to come to grips with the outside world. If it were not for the comments of the faculty, the discussion would have continued in its contemptuous manner, achieving only frustration and bitterness. Mr. Joy and Mr. Paschal, although not New College ideal types, are fairly accurate representatives of the Sarasota viewpoint. The New College students failed to meet the challenge of the misinformed public by breaking into discussions and by attempts to humiliate the speaker by laughing in his face. We ourselves refuse to be intimidated by the public, we therefore cannot expect the public to be intimidated by New College students.

(signed)
Daniel R. Boehmer

songs again ("The Star Spangled Banner" et al.).

Back by the memorials, several thousand grubby people spread across the lawns still filled with yesterday's debris, flashing in and out of the street lights glowing through the mist, Rome seemed already ruined, evening's empire returned into sand. We hadn't finished. Lyndon, we imagined, was still abed, so we were off to sing him our "Good Mornings".

The local cops are a bit gentler and our unscheduled appearance seemed to have terrorized them at first. There were only 30 of them to greet the 300 of us who made it to Lafayette Square, across from the White House. Our chant "We want the Bird" even had some of them smiling. But the rumor that two demonstrators had died in the night from beatings (one a girl who'd had a club broken across her nose) made everyone a bit hostile. Someone started throwing flowers in an underhanded and admittedly provocative manner. This could not

pass unanswered. As we stood unflinching, as much from exhaustion as anything else, the officers charged across the street, clubs swinging, and half of them laughing (POLICE! someone shouted). It was like try-outs for a Cracker Jack commercial (Some people never grow up). Much to their credit only two officers lost sight of the preemptive nature of the attack and actually struck people. The rest just left a ten man guard on the zinnias and quickly withdrew, taking their unruly compatriots into custody. By this time we were quite outnumbered and withdrew ourselves for coffee.

"There was an unplanned demonstration against the War this morning outside the White House by about 200 people, and a group of about 20 of them became involved in a tussle with the police. Three were arrested."

--The Manchester Guardian

Newspapers are funny things.

on campus

with Laurie Paulson

Funeral in Sarasota: III

Looking at the assembled meeting and its leader, I could hardly believe my eyes. Was ARB, my chief, the man I had so much respect for, the man who had led me on numerous dangerous missions in the past to save New College, was this highly-regarded faculty member really the head of a nefarious band that had stolen the college's gold bouillon, its cash reserve, and now was attempting to overthrow the college itself? And had I been led into a perilous trap by ARB, who had instructed me to investigate the theft? Was my life in danger? Were these faculty members plotting my own downfall, as well as the college's? With these questions racing through my head, I viewed the proceedings of the meeting through the hole I had drilled in the President's liquor cabinet, where I had hidden myself.

ARB was speaking: "Well, gentlemen, the first part of our plan has been accomplished. We have stolen the college's gold bouillon, and have hidden it in what you must agree is an exceedingly safe place. The school is now at our economic mercy. We can make any demand we want. And, of course, you know what the demands will be."

Another faculty member, with the characteristic black spot under his left eye, spoke up. "Yeah, we know what the demands will be. Complete control for us. And, when we take over, the administration and students will be systematically exterminated. And, with our friends at KOOS, we'll make this the greatest tourist attraction in Florida--Ghost College. The deserted academic community where three hundred first-class minds perished almost overnight under strange circumstances. It's a perfect scheme. The Chamber of Commerce has promised complete cooperation."

I understood the plan perfectly now, and I shuddered at the horror. KOOS--the terror organization Keep Out Of Sarasota--was involved after all, and was aiding the insurgent faculty members to take over the college, kill every member of the New College community, and set up a tourist attraction that would do the community far more economic good than the college ever had. It was a bizarre, maniacal scheme, but it would succeed as long as the group was in possession of the gold bouillon.

ARB spoke again: "Are we agreed, then, gentlemen, that we will give the administration exactly 48 hours to agree to our demands and give us control of the college?" There were murmurs of agreement, and the meeting broke up. All the faculty members did not leave then, however, but began several tables of bridge. If I left now, I'd surely be done for. I was trapped in the President's liquor cabinet! Then, I remembered the secret door in the rear of the cabinet, leading to ARB's office. Of course, it was possible ARB was in his office, but I thought it was worth taking the chance. Walking out into the dining room would mean certain death.

I pushed open the door in the rear of the cabinet and went hurtling down the chute. I landed in ARB's office, and my heart fell. ARB was there. I thought the only thing to do was to seize the offensive immediately. "Why do you have a black mark just below your left eye?" I asked him as I stood up.

"You've sort of got me on the spot," ARB said, "but since you're going to die in about three minutes anyhow, I might as well tell you the whole story. I'm not actually ARB."

My mouth fell open. "Who are you then?" I asked.

"I'm Shy Haschal," he said. I was flabbergasted. What did Shy Haschal, the famous Sarasota writer-journalist-educator-broadcaster-scientist-inventor have to do with all of this?

"What do you have to do with all of this?" I asked him.

"One day," he replied, "as I was working in my home laboratory, I discovered the formula to chemically change the body of a human to another human. I thought about the way I could put this to the greatest advantage, and of course hit immediately upon the idea of turning New College, which is a Marxist school anyway, into Ghost College and giving Sarasota a really first-rate tourist attraction. I knew that if I captured ARB, and impersonated him, my plan would attract a lot of faculty support, since ARB is so well-respected. So I got together with my friends at KOOS, and we planned the whole thing. The black mark, by the way, is to identify the conspirators to one another, since by no means are all the faculty members involved. And now, we're only 48 hours from success."

"There's one thing I don't understand," I said. "Why did you call me into the case?"

"KOOS wanted it that way," he said. "They wanted me to trick you, so they'd have revenge for the times you'd foiled their plans to destroy the college. You'll have a long, painful death. The others will die quickly and mercifully."

I knew I'd have to move, and move fast. I lurched toward him, across the desk, behind which he was standing. He reached for a gun kept in the desk drawer, but I hit him across the face before he had a chance to bring it out. Then I brought the gun barrel down on his head, and he was out cold.

I stood on the desk and pushed open the trap door, and once again I was on the outside. Although Haschal was temporarily disabled, he wouldn't be for long, and I realized the 48-hour ultimatum was in all probability already before the administration. I knew that all I could do was try to find where the gold bouillon was hidden. That was the only way to save the college.

All that night, and most of the next day, I searched the campus for the gold. I looked in the utility tunnels, the men's rest room, inside the candy machine, even behind the reception center desk, so anxious was I to take any risk to save the college. But the gold was not to be found.

I had about given up by dinner that day. Sitting in the dining room, looking listlessly at my plate, I could almost visualize New College sinking into the vanilla pudding. Dejectedly, I took a bite of the meat, which was covered by a vaguely grey sauce, full of lumps. It wasn't meat! "This isn't meat," I said out loud.

"So what else is new?" said someone at my table. "Have some ground peanuts."

That, however, wasn't what I meant. It wasn't meat. It wasn't even edible. It was the gold bouillon! It must have been hidden in the food storage locker, and brought out, uninspected, to be served for dinner. And each student in the dining room had the cold cash on his plate!

I rushed to the phone and called the President, telling him I'd found the gold, and knew the identities of the plotters. I also told him where the real ARB was hidden. Once again, the college was saved!

When ARB returned to school, hardly the worse for his ordeal, he congratulated me profusely on my handling of the case. But I wanted no thanks. All I wanted was a satisfactory evaluation in his course. I put it to him directly. "Will I pass in your course?" I asked.

"You haven't the ghost of a chance," he said.

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south of the college on the Trail.)

Faculty Opinion

Miller Discovers Conservative Plot

Discovery of an astounding document sheds new light upon recent academic policy, according to Dr. A. M. Miller. The following plan, entitled "Text for Takeover," was deciphered from an ancient Gestetner mimeograph stencil unearthed beneath the carpet of a former Dean of the Faculty. Nicotine-14 dating as well as the geological strata analysis establish that the stencil was typed not more than four years ago, according to Miller. "Text for Takeover" is said to be published by an organization entitled "Faithful Enforcers of Credits Everywhere," (FECES) although Miller concedes that "Faithful" could be interpreted as "Faculty" due to the extreme deterioration of the text.

Commenting on his discovery, Dr. Miller admits, "Mr. Paschal showed me the way. By discovering the 'marxist march' and the 'barefoot backlash,' Mr. Paschal alerted me to the powers of dramatic overstatement."

"Text for Takeover" is reproduced below without comment. The reader should note that the document gives three justifications for each of the 17 phases of subversion. The first reason is the "Idealistic," designed to be acceptable to those interested in undergraduate education. The second reason, the "Practical," is to be offered to faculty members primarily interested in efficiency. The third reason, the "Ultimate," expresses the goal of FECES. Dr. Miller notes that, to date, FECES has spread only through Phase 11 or 12.

SUBVERSIVE PLAN FOR ACADEMIC YEAR 1964-65

1. Persuade faculty to vote that Independent Study Projects be required, not voluntary.

A. Idealistic: Students came to NC for independent study, so they will welcome being required to do it.

B. Practical: We need records of what they've done, and besides, they aren't doing enough work.

C. Ultimate: Get something non-comprehensive down in the record so that we can begin counting up something.

2. Encourage the College Examiner's Office (CEO) to draw up informal grades (pass-fail) by reading each sheet of evaluation.

A. Idealistic: We need to study our finest students' patterns of success in this free environment.

B. Practical: Advisers need to know more about what their advisees have done.

C. Ultimate: An informal pass-fail is an indispensable first step toward the goal of instituting formal grades.

SUBVERSIVE PLAN FOR ACADEMIC YEAR 1965-66

3. Hold formal "academic reviews" for first-year students; determine who needs review simply by counting up each student's number of informal satisfactory evaluations (henceforth called "sats").

A. Idealistic: New students need guiding in the unstructured world of New College studies; besides, we must be fair to the parents.

B. Practical: The kids aren't working hard enough; let's scare them by predicting they'll fail the comprehensive exams.

C. Ultimate: Formal enforcement is needed to back up the informal "grades" before we can persuade the faculty to grade the evaluations all by themselves.

4. Create a standard form for evaluations, called the "Evaluation Form."

A. Idealistic: Each student should have an equal opportunity to know--informally and not as a part of permanent record--how he has been doing in college.

B. Practical: Evaluations now come in on all sizes of paper, and irregular sizes of paper are permanently hard to file as part of the record.

C. Ultimate: A standard form is necessary before we can standardize the categories of faculty evaluation. This is but a first step to #5.

SUBVERSIVE PLAN FOR ACADEMIC YEAR 1966-67

5. Persuade the faculty to head each form with easy little boxes; simply check "satisfactory," "unsatisfactory," or "incomplete."

A. Idealistic: Faculty comments are often cryptic, and the student should know easily and exactly how he is doing.

B. Practical: It's very difficult for the CEO to read each evaluation and make its own informal decision as to "sat" or "unsat." Furthermore, the faculty member is hereby defended from having his comments misinterpreted by CEO.

C. Ultimate: Now the faculty will be conscious of doing its own grading.

6. Formalize a New College Transcript, make certain it lists courses.

A. Idealistic: The student deserves to have graduate schools informed about his good work.

B. Practical: Our kids may not get into grad school if we don't allow this.

C. Ultimate: The transcript is the real key to counting courses! This will let the faculty threaten students into study, by reminding them how empty their transcripts might look.

7. Create a diversification requirement, as a "liberalization" of the required Senior Seminar.

A. Idealistic: Students should have freedom to choose other than the Senior Seminar in their third year.

B. Practical: The kids won't go to Senior Seminar unless it's a requirement, and the seminar will be too large if they all attend!

C. Ultimate: We are nearing the goal. Now we are counting satisfactory grades! Note well that only two "sats" are counted during three academic years. The

goal of FECES is to expand this number.

8. Decrease the first-year "core" programs by 1/3, from three terms to two.

A. Idealistic: Students should not move "lock-step" through their first academic year. They should have enough free time to choose other areas of study.

B. Practical: Too many people are wasting time studying things they already know.

C. Ultimate: This is the key to subversion step #9.

9. Establish a new course-counting diversification requirement covering all undergraduate years, not just the last.

A. Idealistic: Students are free to tailor their academic programs so that they may diversify at any time before graduation.

B. Practical: We can't decrease the work-load by one-third without requiring the kids to do something to make up for it.

C. Ultimate: The "count-em-up" system is now established! Now FECES spreads graded areas of study throughout all the student's years. We have now succeeded in raising the number of counted "sats" from two to five. The ultimate goal is now in sight.

SUBVERSIVE PLAN FOR ACADEMIC YEAR 1967-68

10. Call the long-standing language requirement into question.

A. Idealistic: Other capabilities than languages may better fit an individual student's educational goals.

B. Practical: Some of our most highly pre-professional potential graduate students have neglected language. Let's get them a degree in any case.

C. Ultimate: Follow the successful model of diversification, and hope that student and faculty groups will recommend counting still more satisfactory grades, adding up maybe to nine rather than five.

11. Lead the faculty to vote that each sheet of evaluation must be checked with the grade of "sat," "unsat," or "incomplete."

A. Idealistic: Each student should know, etc., etc.

B. Practical: It really makes it easier to know what to put on transcripts. Besides, there's a rumor that one faculty member has actually thought of not grading his seminars!

C. Ultimate: Now the faculty has agreed that grades must be listed, it's a small step to really use the grades.

12. Leave college-wide academic policy so loose that any department may require "continuous and effective participation" in its courses.

A. Idealistic: The faculty, too, should be free to require what it wants. Besides, one simply can't learn enough from a Qualifying Exam to tell if a student is qualified.

B. Practical: We simply have not enough time to do anything other than require attendance and participation.

C. Ultimate: Now we can count up courses, and refuse to administer the Qualifying Exams to students who don't have enough credit for past study.

13. Make a predetermined number of "sats" a pre-requisite for entering Baccalaureate Exams.

A. Idealistic: The student should be well prepared to pass an exam before he is put to the strain of taking it.

B. Practical: It's dam hard to write make-up exams.

C. Ultimate: See subversion step #14.

14. Re-evaluate academic policies and find it inconsistent that students are graded by "sats" in seminars for their final two years, but not for their first. Dispense with all comprehensive exams.

A. Idealistic: Academic policy should be consistent in order to be understood easily by students, and implemented precisely by faculty advisers.

B. Practical: The first-year students aren't getting enough "sats."

C. Ultimate: The day of total quantitative evaluation is coming!

15. Evaluate the amount of student work ideally needed for each course, then quantify each in terms of "term units," or "major minutes," or anything but "credit hours."

A. Idealistic: It's unfair to give the same credit for a 9-hour lab as for a 1-hour tutorial.

B. Practical: Now we can know exactly, and so can the student.

C. Ultimate: See step #16.

16. Specify that a student must accrue a certain number of credit units in order to progress from academic year to year. Allow each Academic Division, if it chooses, to dispense with Qualifying Exams, and the Baccalaureate.

A. Idealistic: This is the ultimate in studious flexibility!

B. Practical: No more difficult comprehensive exams to write.

C. Ultimate: The complete course-grade-credit system has returned in triumph!

TERMINAL PLAN FOR ACADEMIC YEAR 1968-69

17. Merge the New College academic administration with Manatee Junior College.

A. Idealistic: An intellectual and social stimulation.

B. Practical: Decrease administrative overhead, and centralize book-keeping of counted courses.

C. Ultimate: A true conservative community college will have risen from the debris created by a lot of impractical idealistic academic people.

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