

The Catalyst

Volume III, Number 34

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Members of the Board of Trustees talking with faculty members. See story, pages 1, 3, 4.

Married Students May Live In Dorms

Married students may live on campus subject to certain restrictions, the Board of Trustees voted at their meeting last week.

The Board also voted to rescind its previous policy prohibiting the admission of married students.

The Trustees set the following conditions for residence at the dormitories when both partners in the marriage are students:

--Written permission of the parents or guardians of both students must normally be submitted to the Dean of Students before the marriage. In every case, the parents must be informed before the marriage.

--The married couple may live on campus as long as they have no children, provided there is space available after the housing needs of all unmarried students have been met.

--Dorm selections will continue to operate by the established procedure. No rooms will be saved or set aside for married students.

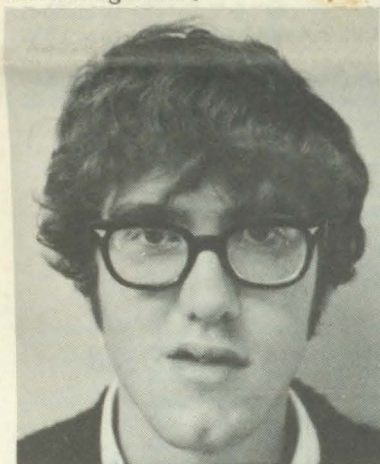
--Under the existing housing conditions, all married couples staying on campus must live in Court Three, unless the Dean of Students finds extenuating circumstances justify an exception.

--Married couples will not have privileges other students do not have, except the intervisitation rule obviously does not apply to the married couple while they are in their room. They must observe the intervisitation rule outside their room, and visitors and guests of a married couple must observe the rule anywhere on campus.

When only one partner in the marriage is a New College student, the student may not live in the dormitories unless the other partner is away in military service or is otherwise absent so the student is, in effect, a single person. Permission of the Dean of Students must be obtained in such instances, and the permission of parents or guardians will normally be required.

SEC Considers Implications Of Married Student Ruling

Members of the Student Executive Committee Wednesday raised a number of questions concerning the effects of the new policy on married students on student finances and college rules.



Shoemaker

Second-year representative Ted Shoemaker complained students planning marriage before the coming fall term have no way of planning finances, because it would not be known until then whether dormitory housing would be available to marrieds.

The policy statement approved last week by the Board of Trustees says, "No rooms will be saved or set aside for married students." Shoemaker asked if this means the Admissions staff will fill up the residences, or that if there happens to be an overload married students would be asked to take off-campus residence.

The situation is complicated, Shoemaker pointed out, because the policy statement also rules that students who move off campus for any reason must submit to reassessment of financial need, and "Any adjustments that may be made will be downward from the amount of

the original grant, and under no circumstances can he continue to receive financial aid for any purpose other than tuition."

When Miller said the Admissions staff would not consciously act to exclude all marrieds from campus, Shoemaker asked if through a mistaken estimate of attrition rates marrieds would be forced to live off campus and then give up financial aid except for tuition. He asked what would happen if single students found themselves in the same situation.

Miller said if there is an overload, married students would be "the first to go," but he assured the SEC the new policy is "aimed at discouraging student marriages, but we won't intentionally hurt anybody."

Shoemaker also questioned the trustees' reference to married students' observation of the intervisitation rule, and he asked if this implied trustees have some active jurisdiction in setting college rules. Miller replied such an interpretation would be "legalistic," and that college rules remain the business of students and administration.

In other business, the House Committee reported priority drawings for selection of single rooms in the third court will be held tomorrow and Sunday by committee members Lee Crawford and Bill Paterson. Miller said some ex-classrooms will be available for singles when the classrooms in Hamilton Center open Monday.

Miller suggested the formation of an "interior decorating committee" for Hamilton Center. He noted students have moved chairs and in other ways have expressed displeasure at the Center set-up.

SEC Chairman Tom Jarrell, second-year representative Rick Stauffer, and third-year representative

Bill Thurston were named to the new committee.

Miller reported Recreation Coordinator Frank Meyer has proposed the SEC and the administration split the cost of an extra outside line in the reception center, as the two college lines should not be held up on private business.

(Continued on page 2, column 1)

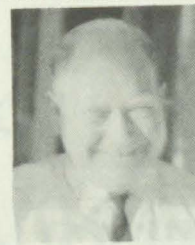
Hamilton Center Food Praised Despite Cancellation Talk

In the midst of rumors the college caterer would not have his contract renewed next year, the House Committee yesterday presented a resolution commending Servomation-Mathias and the kitchen staff "for the superb food we have been eating since we moved into Hamilton Court."

The resolution, which was put on the bulletin board in the student lounge more than a week ago, had been signed by 128 students.

Second-year student Dan Hagarty reported to the Student Executive Committee Wednesday he had been told by Thomas Estep, kitchen manager for Servomation-Mathias, that Estep was in danger

of losing his contract "unless the Business Office got a direct indication students still love him."



Estep

The Sec declined any immediate action, however. Second-year student Jerry Neugarten called any SEC commendation of Estep "premature," and he suggested the House Committee check with ad-

ministrators to find out if Hagarty's report were true, and what reasons there might be for dissatisfaction.

Personnel Director Walter Puette, when asked if the food service was unsatisfactory, told The Catalyst, "Quite the contrary." He said the Business Office was on good terms with Estep, and there is little indication Estep's contract will not be renewed when it expires at the end of the academic year.

Estep told The Catalyst last night college officials must "protect themselves," and in his opinion they "want students to assure them in some way you want us back."

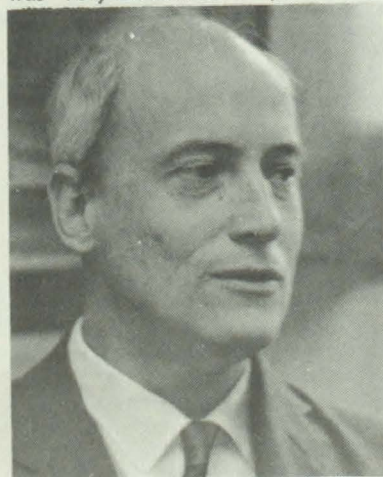
French Said Unchanged After Major Surgery

The "serious" condition of College Examiner Dr. John French remains unchanged after major surgery at Memorial Hospital in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

A hospital spokesman told The Catalyst early this morning French's exact condition could not be given out because his doctor was in emergency surgery, but little change had occurred after surgery.

French, who, with his son Arthur was injured in the crash of a small plane French was piloting, reportedly suffered a broken collarbone, fractured skull and facial injuries. Mrs. Arthur Miller, who spoke to French's wife by telephone, said Mrs. French had reported the condition as "serious." A report in today's Sarasota Herald-Tribune quoted Dr. Rollin Posey, Social Sciences Chairman, as reporting

Mrs. French has said her husband was "very much better" yesterday.



French

Arthur French apparently escaped with minor injuries.

French's plane, a single engine Cessna owned by the Sarasota Collegiate Flying Club, an organization formed by New College students and faculty members in 1965, crashed at Horace Williams Airport near Chapel Hill. The plane apparently stalled on take-off.

French flew to Chapel Hill to pick up his son, who is a student at the University of North Carolina there. He was flying on to Washington, D.C., where he would meet his wife and proceed next week to a meeting in West Berlin where he was to read two research papers in the field of educational testing.

French had gotten his pilot's license last spring.

\$300,000 Donor Revises Gift

A major donor to New College has revised the conditions of her gift to provide a science collection for the library and two scholarships.

Mrs. Burt J. Denman of Plymouth Harbor, Sarasota, has stipulated the \$300,000 she gave in 1962 for future support of the physical sciences be used to establish a \$30,000 Winchell Science Collection and two \$135,000 scholarships, the David Draper Dayton scholarship and the Louise Winchell Denman scholarship.

The science collection is named for Mrs. Denman's parents, and the Drapership for her late first husband.

Calling the gift "of tremendous value," President John Elmendorf said the college would award five Dayton and five Denman scholarships for the next ten years.

Mrs. Denman graduated from the University of Minnesota and was the daughter of Professor Newton H. Winchell, an eminent geologist at Minnesota for many years.

Students Defeat

SEC Prosecutor

Students voted 62-48 Monday to prohibit Student Executive Committee members from serving as prosecutor of the Judicial Committee.

After the vote tally was reported to the SEC at its meeting Wednesday, the SEC agreed without dissent not to appoint a prosecutor until a case requiring one comes up.

Second-year SEC representative Jerry Neugarten will be appointed prosecutor at that time, whereupon he would resign from the SEC.

Editorials

Politics and Dissent

Whether or not we are entering, as Hans Morgenthau warns, "a new and more virulent era of McCarthyism," it is clear positions on both sides of the Vietnam issue will harden as the war intensifies. The radicals will resort more and more to flag-burnings, the conservatives more and more to flag-deification, and the middle-of-the-roaders more and more to defending the "right to dissent" and the "right to answer dissent." Hopes for a reasoned reconciliation among the various factions seem at this point impossible.

If political debate on the subject of the war has been reduced to a mainly emotional and symbolic level, one man at least has gained from it. President Johnson should find it easier to pursue what he feels is the proper course in Vietnam, when critics of his policy on the one extreme are busily exchanging mud with critics on the other.

We are encouraged, therefore, by the Republican Policy Committee's recent report on Vietnam, which suggested, contrary to what many political pundits have been suggesting, that Vietnam can be an issue of the 1968 election. A political consensus in support of a war policy which faces dissent from a substantial minority of the populace would seem artificial and undemocratic.

If an anti-war movement is to succeed politically, it must as a matter of political reality operate through one of the two major parties. And since Johnson's party will probably renominate him and his general policy of cautious escalation, the Republican Party faces the responsibility of providing a responsible dissenting voice. We would hope critics of the war will maintain some degree of calm and will keep an eye on '68 while working vigorously in the present to correct what they feel is a disaster in U.S. foreign policy.

Save the ECO

The East Campus Other, it appears, is facing demise for lack of finances. No union problems, according to the management, but the high cost of paper and press time (\$2 per page) is a little stiff for a journal that is financed through private student contributions.

A petition is circulating now requesting the Student Activity Fund allocate \$50 to pay ECO's expenses for the year. Although ECO has been the target of considerable criticism lately, a small part of it deserved, we think it deserves the students' official support.

ECO caters to the activist-minded, and it provides a forum for polemicists much wider than that which can be provided by the more general interest, news-oriented Catalyst. The ECO is apparently widely read on campus, and it has caused its share of usually healthy campus controversy. We think \$50 is a small price to pay for one of New College's major intra-campus sources of intellectual and political stimulation.

Progress in Translanslation of Bible Seen as Product of This Century

By JET LOWE

It has not been until this century that a real effort has been made to translate the Bible, according to Dr. Harry M. Orlinsky.

One of the world's foremost Bible authorities and professor of Bible at the New York school of Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of

Religion, Orlinsky spoke to students, faculty, and guests last night in the first Ben G. Randolph lecture: "The New Age of Bible Translation: Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic."

Orlinsky told his audience we are at the end of the fourth epoch of Biblical translation.

The first epoch begins with the Hebrews in Alexandria of 250 B.C. Interestingly enough, these first efforts were not successful, in Orlinsky's view, because of the strong belief that they were translating the very word of God.

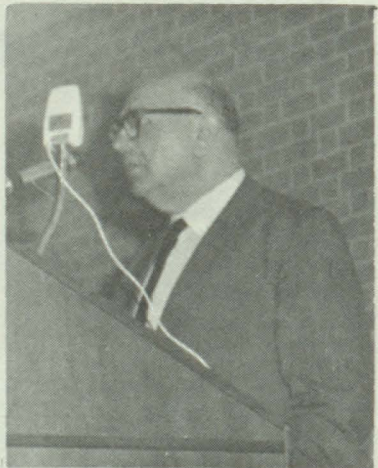
Thus, they were severely limited in changing word usage meaningfully in the new language.

Each succeeding epoch, according to Orlinsky, has been impaired by the continuing practice, set by the Alexandrians, of making direct, literal translations.

The skepticism concerning the King James version of the Bible in the 20th Century was traced by Orlinsky to the 16th Century, when the version was not accepted for its "inauthenticity" and "archaic" language.

In each age there has been some relation between the emergence of a new translation and the cultural upheaval of the time.

The Alexandrian Hebrews, having been out of Judea for so long, needed a Greek translation of the Books of Moses, for example. The Christians, similarly, needed some literature and scripture to back their word, while the need for the King James version arose with individualism, print culture, putting the priest intermediary out of business.



ness. The 20th Century children of the enlightenment no longer need the Bible as a means of comprehending their cultural position, and they now look upon it with scientific detachment emphasizing authenticity. Moreover, archaeological finds of the past hundred years flatly

invalidate the old works of translation.

"The King James version is so familiar that no one knows what it means," Orlinsky added.

So what is needed now and what has been demanded in the past decades is a blending of archaeological, historiographical, and philological findings.

Selective Service Discontinuing Tests

Director of the Draft Gen. Lewis B. Hershey reported Wednesday the Selective Service is discontinuing its college qualification tests.

According to an account in the St. Petersburg Times, Hershey decided to discontinue the tests because the "entire question of student draft deferments (is) in an open state."

The selective service exams were instituted a year ago to help local draft boards determine which students should be drafted, when it became apparent drafting of some students might be necessary.

Nearly a million students have taken the three-hour test, which some critics claimed discriminated against non-science students.

travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it--- for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him Who is the Source of Love, and Who is the everfaithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen."

I was also wondering if "War Prayer" couldn't be put to music. If it could, I think that the VFW Post should form a choir with MacKinlay Kantor as the conductor and cut a record. I'll bet it would sell more copies than Dirksen's!

Love,
(signed)
Thomas Lesure
Cuernavaca, Morelos
Mexico
May 1, 1967

Paintings Criticized

To the Editor:

The paintings now on the walls in Hamilton Court look as though the colors do not harmonize with the furniture, nor do they harmonize with each other. Taken in its entirety, the display ruins the effect of the whole complex.

There is much talk about appearance on this campus. Surely even the dullest visitor can see that the paintings are bad; and badly shown; and surely no student will suggest that the effect is of anything but awfulness. Since they belong to the college, must we show them? Surely there is no one who believes we should be proud that the school has a collection as fine as this. It is not fine. It is grotesque.

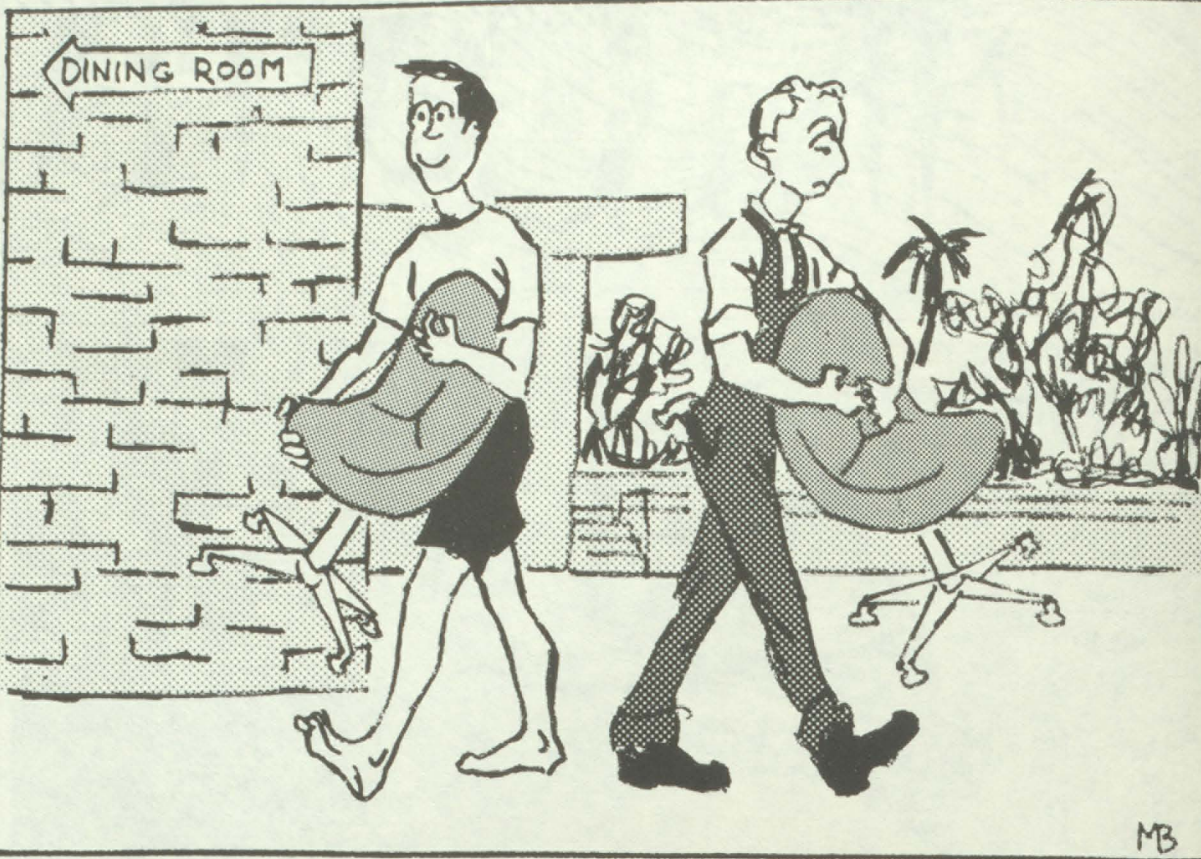
Sincerely,
David Rollow
George Monoson

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Letters Offers 'War Prayer'

To the Editor:

Although I am away from America in body, I am with her in spirit. I am writing this letter for several reasons. The first is to express my undying gratitude to the members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars Sunshine Post #3233 and other patriotic members of the Sarasota Community for their loud condemnation of that obscene letter printed in the Sarasota Herald-Tribune and written by Jon Shaughnessy. How dare he say things like that?

I've known for a long time that New College is only a "front" for a secret Communist espionage ring. As a matter of fact, from reliable sources, I have learned of an Invasion Plot! Have you noticed that New College is right on Sarasota Bay? You have? Good! Well, on July 4, when all Patriotic Americans are at the parade, Cuban Communists are going to land by boat right in front of New College! They're going to make New College their headquarters (the new dining hall) so if people work fast, they can wipe out both the Communists and New College with one fell swoop! If you don't stop the invasion, though, you know what's going to happen. Why, everybody

knows that those Communists only want to "diddle" with our women.

The most important reason for writing this letter is not to warn you of an invasion. The other day I came across a copy of a prayer which I just know should be the Official Prayer of the VFW. I wish I was a member of that Organization so that I could make a motion for this myself, but since I'm not, I'm sure that there are others who would be glad to do it for me.

The prayer is called "War Prayer", and it was written by Mark Twain:

"Oh Lord our God help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms on their patriotic dead; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames in summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with

The Catalyst

Literary Supplement

Volume 1, Number 7

Edited By Laurie Paulson

May 12, 1967

Virginity

"He fancied himself a homosexual and she believed she was frigid. They were the perfect couple. They had vanity which they had turned into love and they had turned into each other, which was perfect and very smooth and they were still somehow unwounded. They were walking down a fine, sandy beach at noon in September, thinking that their bodies were free and that their pasts were transparent. They were each quite casually sure that the body and selfish soul of one belonged to the other, though they both crossed in virginity."

I'm sitting listening to a winter wind, making fun of school by being quite obsessed with something else which is quite past. Winter always seems to bring a mild desperation which is summer's masculine counterpart and runs oppositely under another year of premature nostalgic glee which fades from one athletic season into another and leaves me debating the usual neurasthenic profundities of sanity and self-destruction. A marvelous time to create from the pleasant past forgotten, some tolerable meaning and benevolent memory by structuring crude events in affected language. There are times during a long winter's desperation of solitary imaginative confinement and freezing lust when one is forced to face his damn soul, or rather one's damn soul arises from the dead or wherever the Hell it comes from and being so called into the role of redeemer, one has no choice but to bravely face his soul and entertain it. So flashing past his eyes to a thin and perfect mirror of adolescent fear and approaching triumph:

"Jan Beckett felt her hand which was more his than hers as they walked south on Ontario's curving shore watching small waves lap nervously, not much stimulated by a warm and failing wind."

He was and maybe is an attempted combination of puzzling surface cleverness in league with archetypal vagueness with which he surmounted the problems of character in action, especially those particularly described by the stylistic term honesty, by fashioning his observable character after the form of poetry. A character claiming to be rich, full, contradictory and excusably pretentious is less difficultly recognized poetically than in direct, honest, linear prose. The whole, hoary, punning domain of poetry provides the tersest, fastest and safest release from the unrelenting grasp of that which keeps telling you it must be told by being able to state anything outright without much danger of being understood because of that terrific and civilized organization of opinions, bias and convention known as literature. Man's glory is his infinite prophylactic devices which include the impenetrable conceptions of content, meaning, and form which can obscure the most obvious and painful nakedness, with the finest and newest of the Emperor's clothes.

"Doggedly, staged and poetic, Jan Beckett had long thought of himself as a role looking for an actor and felt confidently ready to seize this sunny day as another and final audition. He was determined to be in love which meant he had arranged the private, afraid particulars of his most recent and successful roles into a functioning appropriate surface. Always love's greatest puzzle had been how to know when you are out of it." In short, he was afraid.

Wind and desperation are damnably conducive to forcing reductive definitions out of everything. Summer and breeze convert even the bravest fears to languid symbols letting something stand for everything. How can memory reconcile them. The only well covering and suitable definition for a story is that it is something which won't tell itself and makes something else be told instead. Whatever it is, it comes out from behind the smiling lies (of girls' faces) and that ferocious chastity of honesty which girls above all people use on their surfaces when prettiness fails to sustain the illusion of beauty, to insinuate you carefully out of their pants.

"Love was going to have a lovely chance to love love lovingly. So he was in love, a pretty thing in the beginning, more foolish than nasty. Rather like an extended fascination and substitution of one for each other. In love they lost their sexes and he dreamed of her every night in blue until just before her family left with summer dying, he was dreaming only colors; a deep, serene blue where the colors no longer formed the figures which had played sexually with fast and cinematic overtones. He felt the jagged pressure of a masculinity made or aborted out of dormitory lies and jokes too insanely and subtly funny, pass, and she stopped wearing make-up."

With winter and wind, while our hero tries to go one step farther, we remove ourselves, again, one step further back, in another attempt to be, editorially and royally: ourselves.

It seems to be the obvious, natural and dreadful course of growing up, older, out, that any abundance of intensity leads to developing a pretty and complicated surface, to be played on manfully, with devilish sophistication; that as one is forced into time, and other people become one's own people, that one's way of showing face or rather his (masculine, third person singular) face becomes a manifold feat of gamesmanship, showing face becomes throwing dice; any combination will do, though some win more often than others, and some are labeled undeniably lucky. We lose the thin razor's edge of honesty, or maybe we only demand more compensation for touching the surface with it. Honesty and humiliation become the poetic virtues.

It seems honesty only comes easily with tragedy, and only for a while, before the gashes have become

healed or made round and smooth and depthless by poetry. And tragedy only comes easily with comedy, with the funny comparison and the sane balance. We only come with ourselves, which is funny but perhaps loses balance, and only with dangerous phantasies. Tragedy, literature's fool, and the beckoning audience's darling, is impossible to face. But with eternal simplicity the awkward bow is a saving grace because we don't ever have to look in the face of tragedy with the upturned and dicing surfaces because it simply effaces us. Because tragedy is more than an ancient and pretty word for trauma. It breaks like day with the same unpeccable, hard regularity throwing us (who is us? which combination?) beyond fear itself into an excruciatingly masculine landscape where roles are sparse and rugged and survival for heroes is not allowed and fools aren't necessary; where the worst blossoms everywhere followed and incorporated into contemptible relief.

We wonder, as our hero, qualified by a strong sense of personal nobleness, characterized by his friends as a fool with latent tragic tendencies and delusions of inferiority, always having perhaps a little too much sustained irony, too many romantic secrets (already alluded to as pretensions) is trying to shuffle with apparent aimless content, accompanied up his damned doomed dune; just what purging and rectifying value this gentleman shall be rewarded with for his trouble. Tragedy, the aesthetic emetic.

"For a while the sexual pressure got dimmer, Beckett was a virgin to humanity too and never suspected it could be found in women as they wouldn't have to paint themselves into attractiveness or cling to each other with such triumphant, distrustful, and smooth social success. So he gazed at her eyes, patted her ass, questioningly touched her breasts, and talked and had dreams in blue. The talking was dimple and direct; of the common and seemingly profound stuff lovers find to symbolize for each other what they love in themselves and then exchange, admire, and barter. Honesty, with the razor's sharp edge, was all important and easy. Everything and too much was admitted, dramatized, and blended by quick and honest love. Honesty was in perfect compensation with skin:

smooth, surface, dominated and established by face, round and seemingly endless."

Later, better reserved, when honest honesty had become a matter of taste, our hero claimed to have said "I never told a lie until I was 18 and never told the truth after." Whether or not he was older or younger than 18 at the time of the declaration has never been decided. But later, much more reserved, when any kind of contradiction between surface and what lay underneath had to become bad taste rather than impotent failure, when the ever open and palpitating sensibilities had been so exquisitely disciplined by more and different girls and lots of repetitious skin, he really did wonder where cutting and monotonous libido had been then. For later there was no longer any quested, thrilling honesty chased beneath any surface, and beauty became a fading public concern like prices in the supermarket.

"Beckett posed a painful, pretty and impotent pose of vast, almost feminine sensitivity which he released unchecked verbally over his past, which gave it all the reality of a toy.

"Then the hard drive came back, slowly at first, like something from the depths.

"May I touch you?" he said.

"Can you?" she said.

"Not seriously," he answered and laughed. She didn't seem to care, not about that anyway, because of all encompassing love, and being a very clinically perceptive boy, Beckett had determined scientifically as well as logically, confirming a strong intuitive notion, that she was a virgin.

"So am I," he said.

"That figures," she said, it being her turn to laugh. From the depths of their originality they hit upon a common solution.

During their common, mutual, mirror-like self-excavations Beckett had amusingly parodied his fears declaiming what he had been taught masculinity effectively was. He said it was hollow and that it had

(continued on page 4)

Photograph by Frank Lary





Photograph by David Tekler

Maybe a Lesson

Something must happen
When a college girl sheds her dress in moonlight
That seems almost to rise from the unaccustomed
Grass, where her feet are losing their shoes to April:

When she follows him, in spring, from the known
Bed of a friend's apartment, or even a city motel,
Comes well-made in her sandals to be made well:
To be healed to be wounded again in the moon's age.

Something must happen
Because the night is for the first time wide open
And the field full of brickbats is suddenly
Rising to meet them like the moon, she seeing
His face below her in the weeds as she bends--

Her clothing hanging itself on low limbs--
Stoops conquered to find what is no longer tenderly
Familiar, to lie in moonlust beside one whose face
Goes palely afraid in occasional headlights.

It is here that the college girl, outdoors,
Must learn of the heavy beast waiting for April
In her lover to bring it alive, in thickets
Where he spreads his shirt for her against the vines:

Must learn what it is to be taken quickly,
Too quickly, by one beloved gone mad in the moon,
Must feel her guts weep in a silent high scream
As he rolls off her, as her dress and slip
Button magically and they walk from the field.

It is probably only in April, only out here,
That she can know such pain and return her
Desperate gentleness, afterwards, the moon holding
itself
Stock still in the rising trees, cars gunning their mo-
tors,

He, already forgetting the whole thing, and she:
She, beginning to be race-old.

--HELEN HICKEY

Near-Accident

The wheels spun like seconds,
but the whole car was hours
in the arriving, arriving, arriving,
its massive, death-granting power
awesome in its actual density,
the important, indifferent driver
fascinated out his left window by flowers,
but I jumped back, alive!
I haven't had another chance since.

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

Photograph by David Tekler

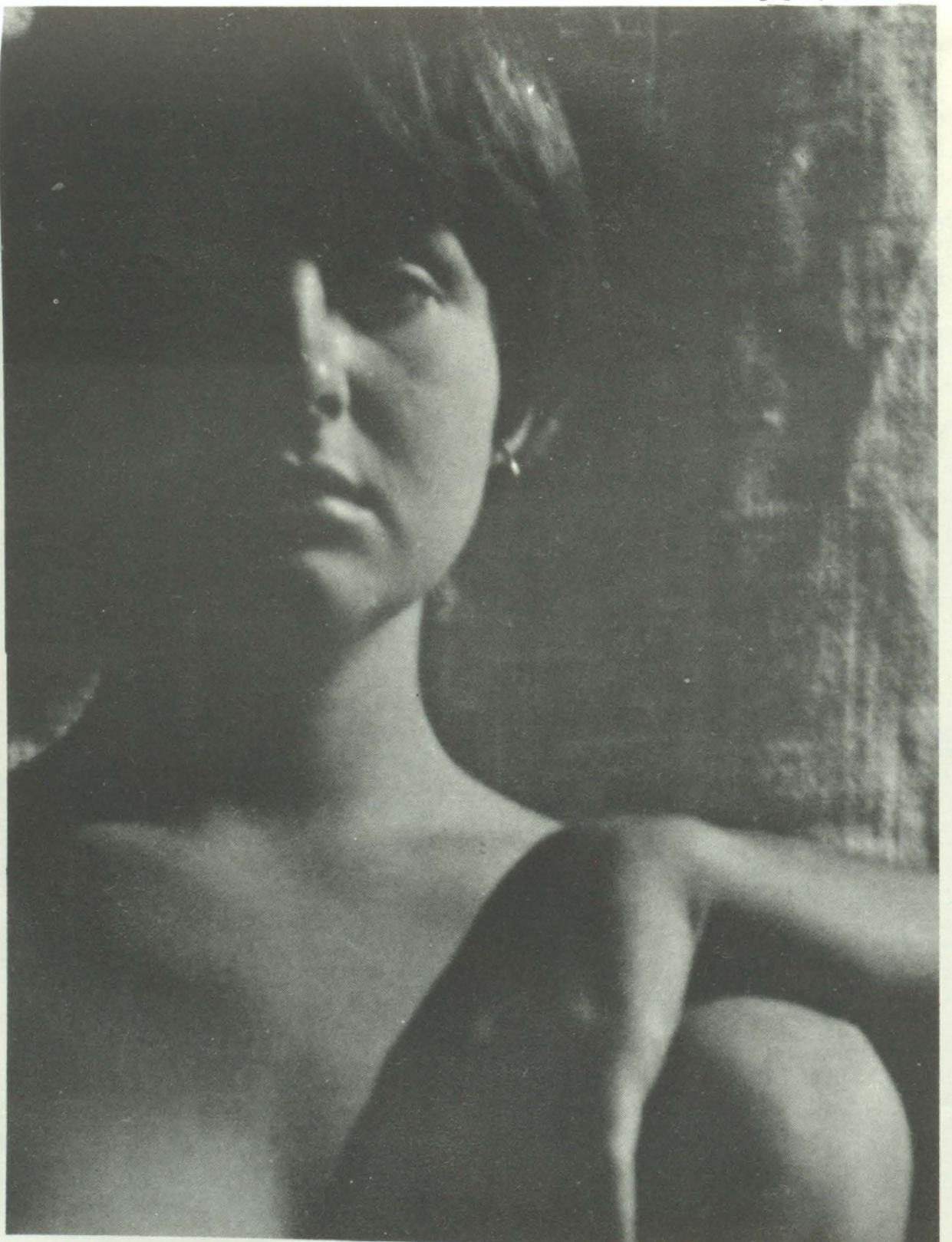
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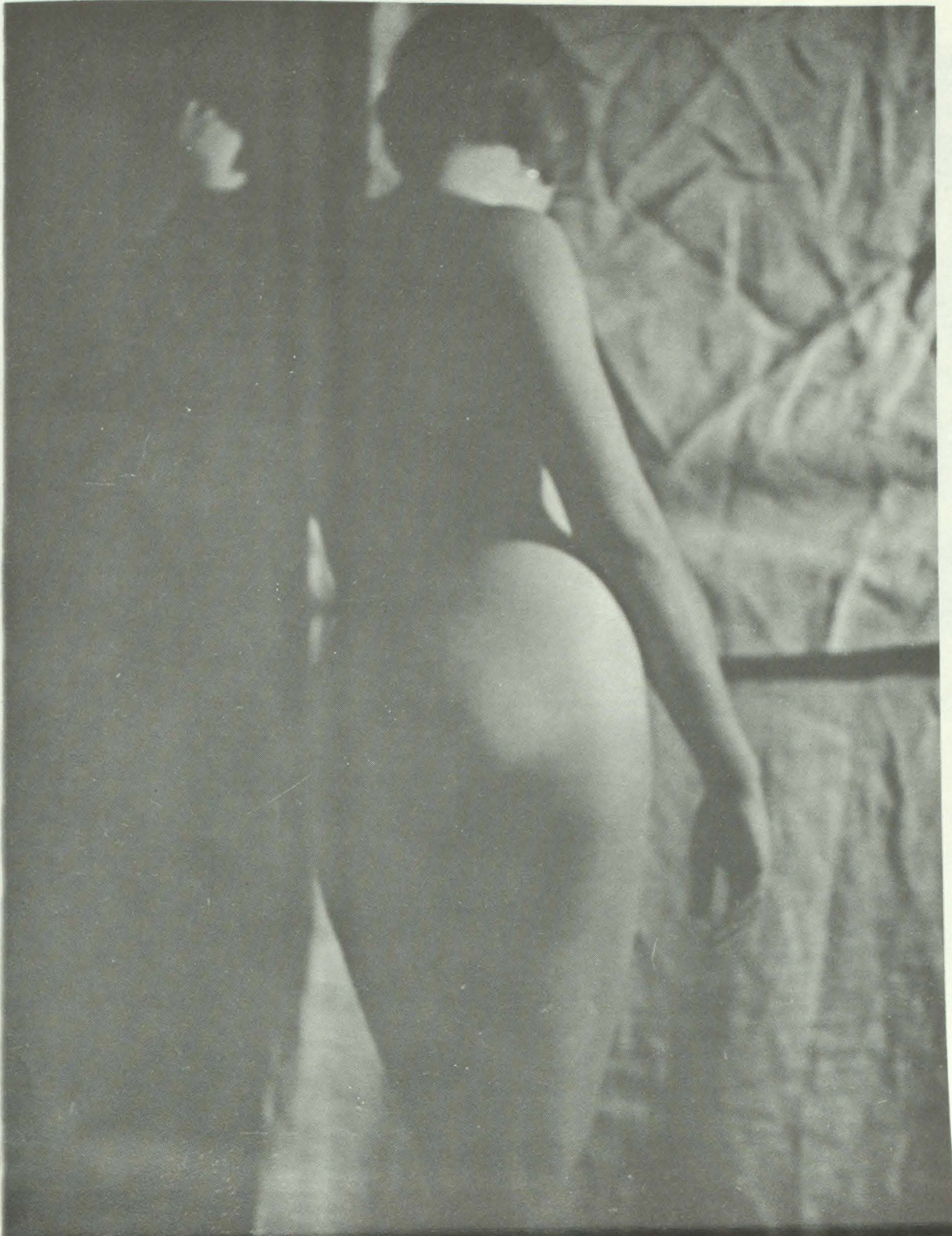
He stood, no longer a man,
Among the Chocolate Easter Bunnies,
Watching, as they watched, with golden eyes.
He could feel his flesh melting,
The chocolate glinting yellow and gold
As it dropped, dissolving into ecstatic pools
And merging totally with alien chocolates.
His form, briefly regained, was lost again
As he melted endlessly in the heat of the Sun,
Undergoing rapid evolutions at its height,
The cycle slowing as it dropped and disappeared,
Ceasing under the purple chill of the Moon.
Beneath its sterile glow he felt the chocolate wither;
Brittle and frozen, it shrank tight to the protruding
bone.
He saw those around him, grown hard and angular,
Their dark flesh stretched thin
Like the membrane over a bat's wing,
Their eyes cold, shining cold electric
With green neon glare.
Brown and gold no longer mattered:
Green neon illuminated bone.

--SCOTT BAKER



Drawing by Mary Blakeley



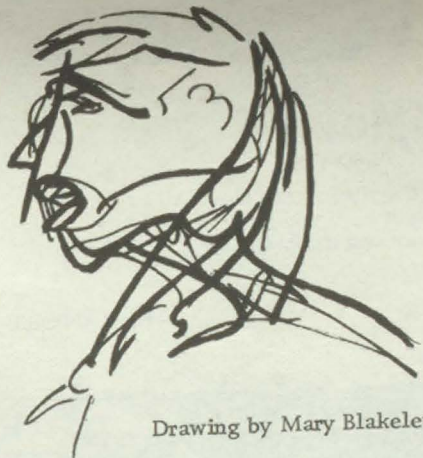


Photograph by David Tekler

Swing

The boy swings backward up,
The world is ordered when he stops,
Holds home solid at the top--
But it dissolves when he dives down,
Drives insanely at the ground,
Gathers all the speed he gains,
And smashes law and gravity
To see the sorcery of sky,
The alchemy of anarchy.

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON



Drawing by Mary Blakeley

Child of Cali

Smooth and unmarked is the child's thin face,
But his eyes reflect an old man's blunted sight.
Already they have known the bitter rind
Of hollow days. They ask, but do not hope,
And thus belie the small, expectant hand,
Held out open to the sidewalk stranger,
Whose eyes are sternly focused far ahead.
At night, when darker streets grow strangely still,
And busy strangers are asleep in bed,
The man's eyes close in the tired young face,
And it is the child who sleeps alone,
A hungry sleep in the huddled doorway.

--GLENDA CIMINO

No. 20

Where the pleasant seas
the silent peasants by their fields
the minstrels singing softly
and through the night
The amber color of somber sphere
as silent moon arises over darkened hill
and midnight sounds of hay and silk
spread about the milk time heath
and walking dusty brown roads
ragged workers and lazy mules

--R. RAPPORT

The Seduction

You startle from your deep yet dream-filled sleep with the words echoing in your ears: "Who the hell do you think you are anyway?" You try to think of that last strange dream and relate it to the words which remain all too clear in your mind. It is impossible, so you shake your head and, convinced that you hear no rattle, smile uncertainly and try again to sleep. You listen to the river under your window as it rushes along yet never moves, and you drift with it. "Whooooo Are Youuuu?" the hidden caterpillar drawls. You open your eyes but twitch not a muscle, although suddenly they all ache to be moved. The voice is familiar, perhaps this is what frightens you. Abruptly you reach out for your bedside lamp and flick the switch--the light flashes, and all is dark again: it has burned itself out. Yet somehow in that millisecond you do manage to clearly perceive a form directly opposite your bed: a reflection in a large mirror has revealed yourself.

Now convinced that rest is impossible, you sit up, fumble in the dark for your clothes, and struggle into them. They seem quite cold, especially in such a stuffy room--or is it just you? Finally fully prepared, you grope your way through the hall and, stumbling over the garbage pail near the kitchen door, excrete yourself into the moonless night. You almost fall over a tree root in the path to the river, but somehow catch yourself and finally manage to mount the bridge. Still unable to see, you grasp the protective handrail and almost pull yourself up the incline. Suddenly a rare night-traveling automobile appears before you, seemingly out of nowhere. The burst of light overcomes you, unexpectedly your hand detects a gap in the railing and you plummet downwards.

Perhaps an automobile had crashed through the protective barrier the night before, perhaps the bridge was being repaired. Regardless, the motorist who saw you continues to maintain that you jumped.

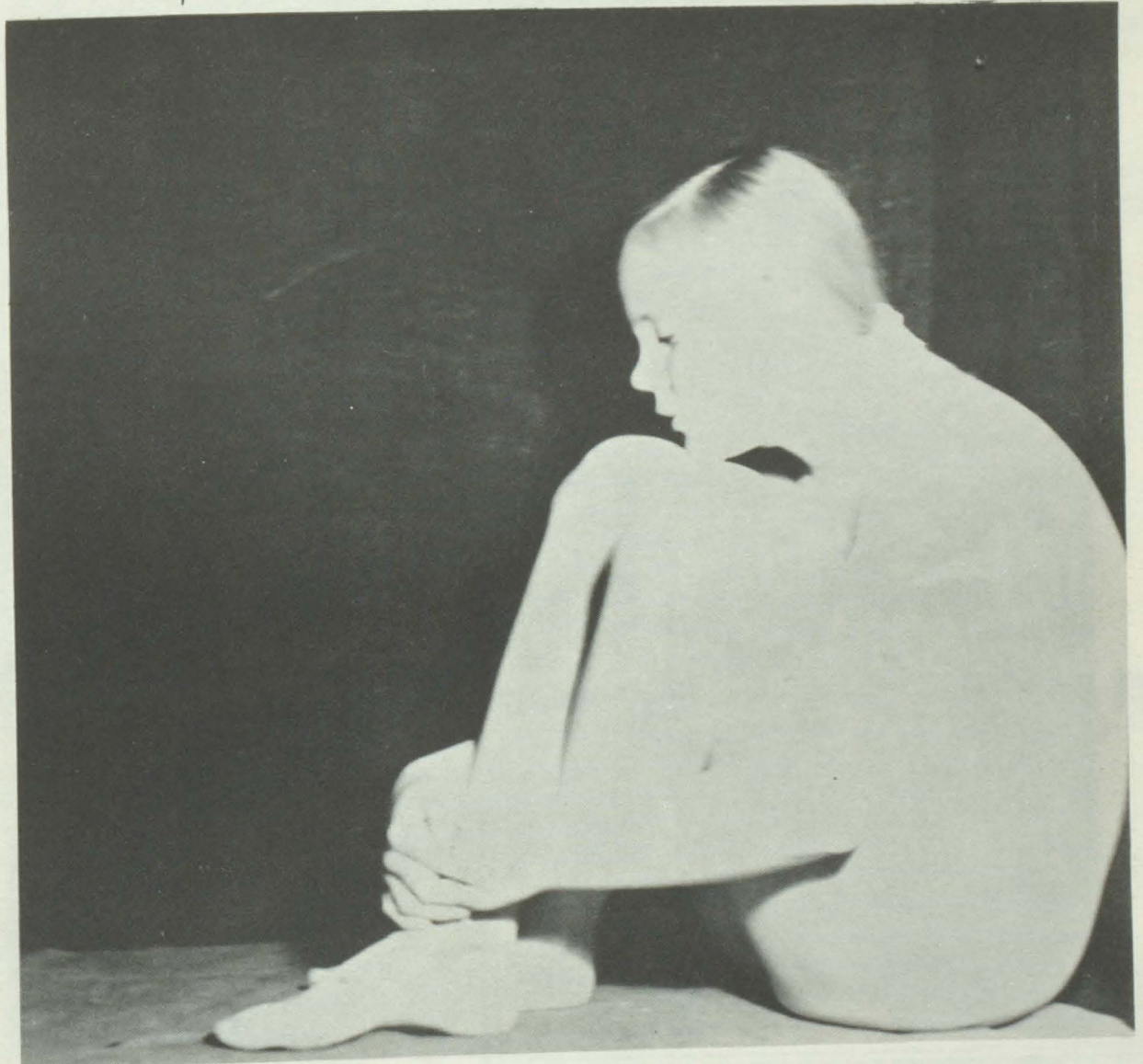
--JOHN HART

In a Gift Shop

If Jim were here, he'd say
She'll probably grow up
Resembling her mother:
"She's chewing gum--look--
That is never a good sign.
I've never known gumchewers
To be very pleasant company."
But her eyes tear your soul
As, handling a china dog,
She sees you watching her.
Pretending interest in a clock
That tells the weather and the hour
You wish she'd turn her head
So the lights, high in the ceiling
Can catch her shining hair.
And you hide her face
Deep inside your mind
Until the time you need
Some example of perfection.
Jim would see this too.
He would only be trying
To save us from the anguish
Of pure, unfrightened beauty
That is impossible to hold.

--LAWRENCE PAULSON

Photograph by David Tekler



Virginity

(continued from page 1)

all been an excuse for fear. He had said he didn't believe and loathed it, it was just the young males' (everybody's) substitute for the irrelevant God, just as ridiculous and more universally worshipped, jealous and all powerful, but he respected its force. She had responded, at first almost as embarrassed as proud, that she had always lied to herself about how little she felt when the pestering subterranean drives had been awakened and she had always been ready with a variety of lines and poses of coldness, all allegedly directly springing from her vast, uncharted depths. Beckett had kidded and called her the stormy sea that fooled everyone with a constant, deceptive social calm. She admitted, probably somewhat indiscreetly, that most of her show and circumstantial frozen protection was a bubble waiting to be pricked."

Virginity is just another part of style, I suppose, a rather uncharming part; a name given to the natural symbol of everyone's incompleteness, and some kind of metaphor for the pain involved in approaching another person, which didn't much help Beckett, except to possibly cast him into the role of a student.

"So he had found the Eden with what came to seem an amusing easiness and he knew that once having found it he would start immediately looking for the fastest and most desperate exit. Beckett had been described by his friends as being one of those people who economically saves most of their sensitivity for themselves, and he had, probably from this same, fine piece of self-realization, developed a series of associations for the most imminent and permanent traumas. For some reason, reason not being the right word, not reflecting the right pressures, Beckett associated virginity with faces and its loss with drowning."

We must retreat again, this time into metaphor and matters of nominal importance. Beckett is too ingenious a name for our hero, we shall change it to something more literary: J. Swiftly West and we should speak of direct assaults and battles, but a battle metaphor for a past, unforgiven hesitation is inappropriate for Swiftly because he didn't have an aggressive enemy, there was certainly division, but no one conquered, there was a regrouping, but only unrequired defeat. So we find our hero:

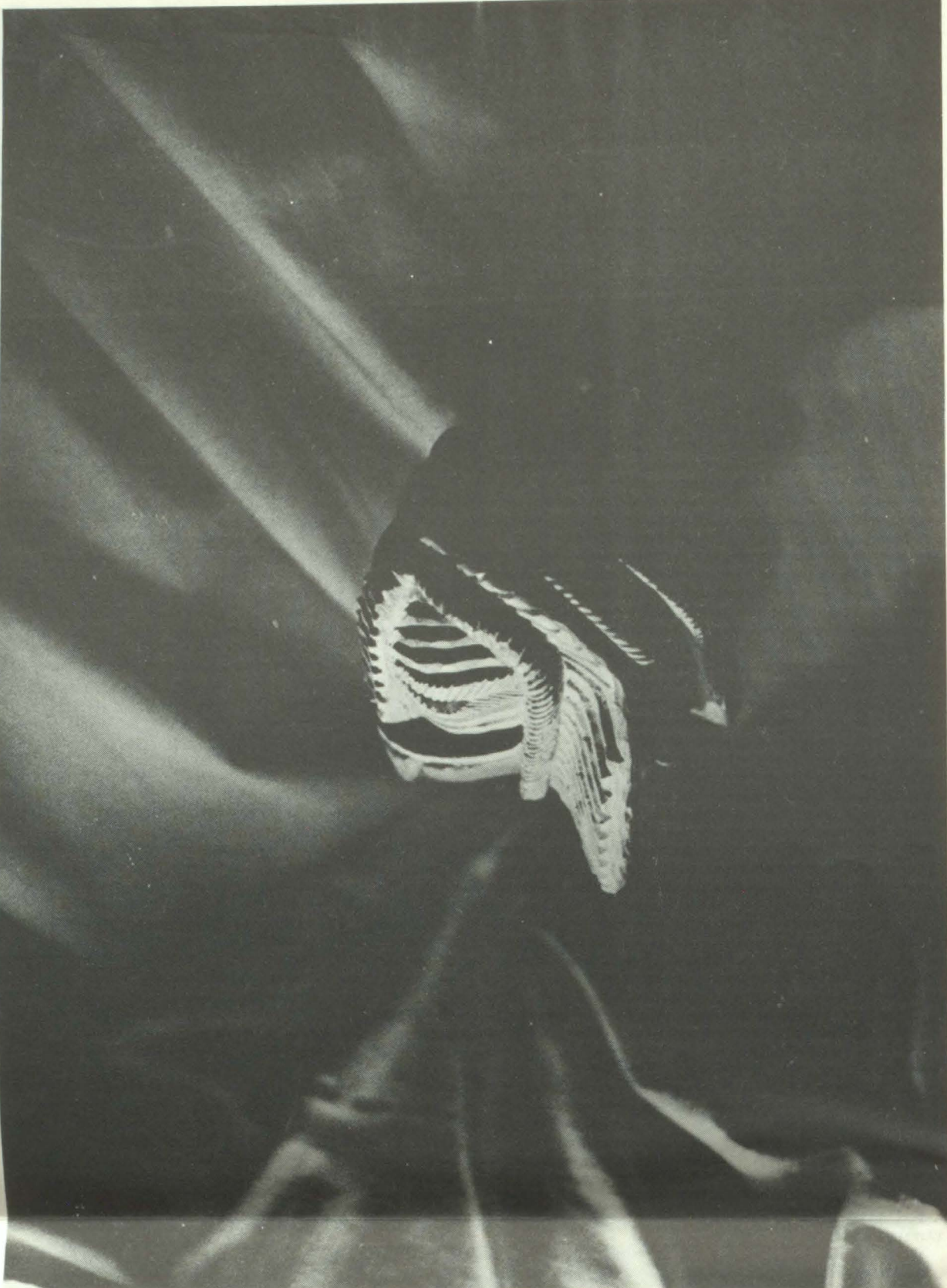
"Standing on the down side of his damned, doomed dune with a blank face and tragic eyes trying to decide if the vagina was essentially tragic or comic. Presented with such a fine, luscious, rich and natural image, he could only clearly, coldly and very intellectually picture his mother. Having expected to surmount the tangled, contradictory aspects of his character in a single bound, he found himself left helpless, simple and clean. He was only shocked by nakedness and expected at least some sort of unearthly compensatory vision, perhaps the Virgin Mary, we aren't sure, but nothing came. We leave him momentarily broken, his stature vacillating somewhere between anti-hero and fool, lustless, and escapingly thirsting after a metaphysical jugular."

They came back over the dune, sweaty, trying to hold on to each other's hands, not really caring to, attempting to be deferentially happy with each other's company, making little conversation, but some seemed necessary in the afternoon sun, last in slightly more than thought, all nervousness gone, not puzzled, left and filled with too much feeling for questions, doubts or anything but a sensational vacuum. Knowing nothing not known before and only having expended a beautiful ignorance on a gamble for fine freedom. Swiftly emptied the sand from his pants legs and rolled them up and they left. The girl finished all conversation by saying "I feel lonely."

"Later a friend of West's while describing that same luscious and staggering imagery of the female said 'It's not beautiful, only interesting.' It must be tragic."

--J. T. BECKETT

Photograph by Carol Patrick

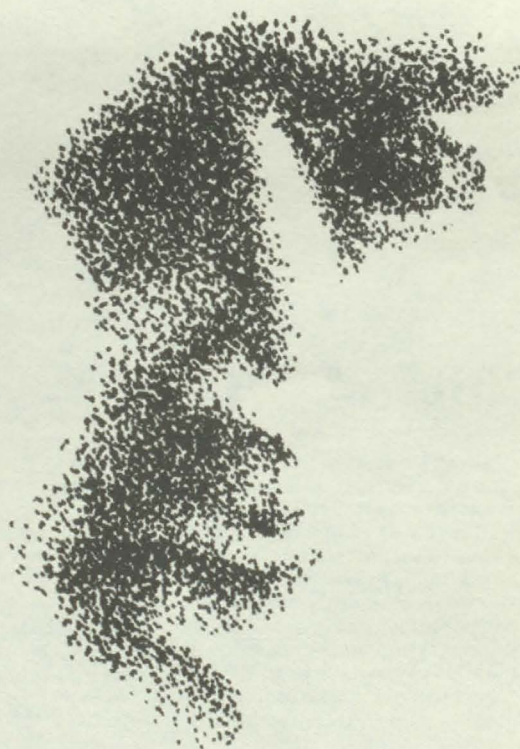


Photograph by Judi Diamondstone

Moon

the ducks have flown away
yet here you float
among the branches

--R. RAPPORT



Drawing by Mary Blakeley

Recovery

The narrow vision of my pain obscured
The ice-white sheets, the ceiling's print demand,
The desperate gripping of your frightened hand,
The medical faces: efficient, pain-inured,

Such time-suspended glimpses were not much,
But they've remained; while I've learned how
The far recall of pain grows numb, and now
These memories are all my mind can touch.

I seek to understand, but watch unmoved,
As through translucent curtains, I can trace
The sufferings of a stranger with my face,
My voice. My sight has changed, but not improved.

--GLENDA CIMINO

Estep Ordered Chairs Removed

The swivel-type dining room chairs were removed and replaced with stacking chairs at the order of kitchen manager Thomas Estep, The Catalyst learned yesterday.

Jarrell Presses For Ban on Shoes

The conflict over shoes in Hamilton Center took a new twist this week with reports shoes may be prohibited from the dining room. Student Executive Committee Chairman Tom Jarrell told The Catalyst he is negotiating with the administration to ban shoes during meals. This prohibition would extend to faculty, administration and guests, Jarrell said. Jarrell emphasized the ban is not as yet definite, but said he is serious in his intention to obtain the ban. The move is apparently in response to student complaints against the requirement they wear shoes in Hamilton Center between 9 am and 9 pm.

Vice President Paul Davis said the chairs were removed because they are difficult to clean under. Davis said Estep was short of help and money, and felt the removal of the chairs would help him maintain the dining room. Davis emphasized Estep was responsible for both the dining room and the kitchen. Davis also said he thought the swivel chairs would receive "less wear and tear" in the classroom than in the dining room. The chairs were removed earlier this week and stored in a classroom, but a group of students reportedly picked the lock and moved the chairs back into the dining room. They were removed by the maintenance staff again yesterday. In response to student feeling that the stacking chairs are much inferior to the swivel chairs, third-year student Tom Todd, Food Committee chairman, said he would speak with Estep about the possibility of retaining the swivel chairs. Todd said he had talked to Davis concerning the chairs, and Davis had suggested Estep might agree to the use of the swivel chairs if students clean the floor themselves each night.



Singers Greeted Skeptically

A 100-member traveling company of the musical group, "Up with People," made a brief and apparently disenchanting visit to campus yesterday as part of a three-day stay in the Sarasota-Bradenton area. The troupe, mostly college-age students who are giving a year of their time to traveling around the

world as singing ambassadors of America and American youth, gave a 20-minute performance and joined students, faculty, and staff for lunch. Their message was a happy one, but it was also what one New College student called a "bourgeois" one, and students in general reacted cordially but relatively coolly.

"You have to see the whole two-hour show to get the real picture," another of the singers explained to a skeptical student. The latter didn't appear convinced. But the coolness apparently was mutual: "Do we really have to eat in the same cafeteria with those beatniks?" one singer asked.

1967-1968 Calendar Approved by Faculty

The faculty adopted Wednesday a calendar for the 1967-1968 academic year which allows for a fourth-year option. The action followed the Board of Trustees' approval of the fourth-year option plan proposed by the faculty. The trustees made two recommendations to the faculty in approving the option system, which would allow students to spread nine terms of residence across three years or four. *The college must make definite plans for the supervision and review of independent study projects that

will be done during the summer term. *The college must schedule "appropriate academic activities," beyond classwork, for the summer term. According to Vice President Paul Davis, "appropriate activities" might include such things as Peace Corps training sessions, music festivals, and other activities which would make it financially feasible to open the college through the summer. Davis said the question of whether the Class of '68 would be extended the fourth-year option as adopted has not been resolved.

September 4-8	Orientation
September 11-November 24 November 27-December 20	First Term (11 weeks) Independent Study Period (3-1/2 weeks)
December 21-January 2	Christmas Vacation
January 3-March 15	Second Term (10-2/5 weeks)
March 16-March 24	Spring Vacation
March 25-June 7	Third Term (11 weeks)
June 10-June 14	Examination Week-- Final review and approval of Summer Independent Study Projects

Norwine Denies Charge Of SCSW Discrimination

First-year student Jon Shaughnessy's charge that members of the administration discriminated against the Sarasota Committee to Stop the War in Vietnam is untrue, according to Dean of Students Robert Norwine. Norwine said he did not ask SCSW to remove anti-Vietnam literature from the Hamilton Center dining hall, as Shaughnessy charged, but that he asked SCSW to take down a large poster the committee had put up in the hall. Norwine added he didn't know what was on the sign when he ordered it taken down, and that he acted after receiving a telephone call informing him a poster was up.

"It's not what the sign said I was concerned about," Norwine told The Catalyst. He said he wants to avoid having signs and posters all over the new building. Norwine said the more basic issue of whether literature of a political nature will be allowed in the dining hall has not been "finalized," and he plans to discuss

the question with other administrators and students. He told The Catalyst some students have complained they would like "to be able to eat in peace," and for this reason, among others, political literature may be banned from the dining hall.



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Flute Recital By McWhorter

Second-year student Cheryl McWhorter will offer a flute and piccolo recital tonight in the Music Room of College Hall at 8 pm. On the program will be Handel's Sonata Number V, Baston's Concertino in D, Poulenc's Sonata, three of Ibert's L'Histoires, and Burton's Sonata. Miss McWhorter will be accompanied in her recital by Mrs. Jerome Meachen.

Scholarship Offer Still Open for WSC

There is still time for interested students to apply for Florida West Coast Symphony scholarships for private instruction on orchestral instruments. Adjunct Professor of Music Paul Wolfe has scheduled auditions tomorrow, and students may still register for a try-out at the Humanities office.

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on campus

with Laurie Paulson

Guest Column

The New System

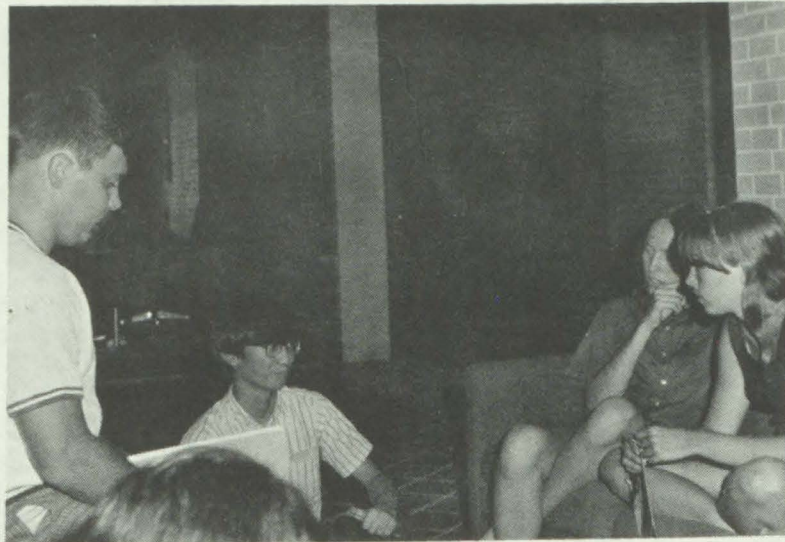
By BILL PATTERSON

The day finally arrived. On my calendar, many dates had once been marked as the day, and all of them up to today had been cancelled for various reasons--rain, hail, sleet, gloom of night...



Patterson

Walking out of the room, we noticed that the recent cold spell was still with us. "Bardslee, young lad," I asked, "do you know why it's been so cold like this?"



SAFC Meets

The Student Activities Fund Committee (SAFC) met yesterday to hear a request from Catalyst editor Kenji Oda, center, for a loan of \$200 from the student fund.

'Hard Day's Night' To Be Sunday Film

Sunday's movie will be "A Hard Day's Night," a film directed by Richard Lester starring the Beatles.

Tickets Available For Piano Recital

A limited number of tickets to a piano recital Sunday by David Gibson are available free to students and may be picked up at the reception center.

No Decision Yet

On Palmer Campus

The Board of Trustees reached no decision on authorization of the site plan for development of the Palmer Campus at its meeting last week, but it authorized the college to begin tentative planning for a capital fund campaign some time in the future.

According to Vice President Paul Davis, the board has asked its Architectural Subcommittee to continue studying "the whole physical situation" in consultation with faculty and students.

Davis indicated the trustees could not reach agreement on various aspects of the plan submitted by Pancoast, Ferendino & Grafton, site planner for the bay campus.

Co-operation Asked For Safe Fountains

Planning Officer Ralph Styles has asked for students' co-operation in keeping the small fountains in the residence courts safe.

Styles said students have broken the cover glass over the bulbs in the past, and that the resulting flooding of electrical wires "probably" caused the electrical shorts of the type that injured a student who fell into the fountain first term.

Styles told The Catalyst electricians have redesigned the submerged lights to minimize the danger of electric shock, and that college officials will check the fountains frequently for danger.

Students' co-operation is necessary, however, Styles continued. "If they want to swim, they should use the pool."

He added students should not cover the lights with rocks from the fountain beds.

July 24 Is Date

To Vacate Rooms

All students must be out of residence court rooms by Monday, noon, July 24, for summer break, according to Dean of Students Robert Norwine.

The date in September when students will be allowed to resume residence on the East Campus depends on the Orientation program, still to be decided, Norwine said, and therefore will be announced later.

upcoming adventure. "Protective clothing is oftentimes extremely beneficial," he started, "and a helmet is required by law. Most people wear boots, too, if not any other protective clothes. Since you're new to this thing, I've brought you a leather jacket--it's a good windbreaker against chilly blasts, and its real benefit happens if you should ever happen to meet the pavement. The leather slides, saving the wearer large amounts of epidermis and dermis which he might find more useful on his body. It won't be too bad today, so you probably won't need leather pants, but keep them in mind if you ever think of doing this a lot." His lecture finished, we donned this apparel suitable for our upcoming challenge.

Prize To Be Given Personal Library

A competition for the best personal library owned by a senior will be held at 4pm on Friday, May 19. The competition was made possible by a gift to the college for that purpose two years ago. The libraries will be judged on the basis of permanent use to the student and the displaying of a "love of books."

Judges will be Jon Culbertson, William Furlong and Keith Armes, all of whom are members of the Library Advisory Committee.

A prize of \$100 will be awarded the best library. Seniors interested in entering should notify Culbertson.

Student and Tutor

Enter Photographs

Three photographs entered by members of the New College community will be exhibited at the Sarasota Art Association Gallery next week as part of the All-Florida Photographic Exhibition.

Pictures by first-year student David Tekler and German tutor Michael von Guttenberg will join some 60 other photos, many of them the work of leading professionals in the state.

The public is invited to view the exhibit free.

The photos on exhibit were selected from among 115 entered. New College Adjunct Professor of Art Herb Stoddard was one of three judges.

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