

The Catalyst

Volume IV, Number 19

Published by Students of New College, Sarasota, Florida

February 8, 1968

SDC Formed To Run Stocks

A Student Disciplinary Committee has been formed by the Student Executive Committee to purchase and maintain stocks, as well as supervise their use.

The Student Executive Committee at its meeting last night authorized the committee, and appointed Allan Jaworski chairman. Jaworski will be known as the "Stockman."

Appointed Jaworski's assistant was second-year representative Ivan Saxby. Saxby will be known as the "Whipping Boy." Saxby will wear a costume of black tights, boots, cape and hood when performing his office.

The SDC was formed because of a Student Court request, made last week, that the SEC handle the operation of the stocks, which both the SEC and SC approved as an alternate punishment to the present system of sanctions.

In other business, it was agreed the Student Financial Investigation Committee should investigate the possibility of students being employed as maids and maintenance workers.

Assistant Dean of Students Arthur Miller reported Dean of Students George Petrie was doubtful the SEC's recommendation that dormitory costs be pro-rated over the number of students would result in a saving for the college, but stated he would look into the matter.

The possibility of membership in the National Student Association was discussed, but no action was taken. It was reported that the regional charter of the NSA must be adopted by a school before it

becomes a member, and a copy of this charter would have to be obtained.

No conclusion was reached on the question of whether NSA membership would be put to a vote of the students.

Third-year student Jerry Neugarten reported the "Dialogues in the Humanities" seminars, which he is coordinating, are about two-thirds filled. The series of student-run seminars, in philosophy, religion and literature, will begin Monday for adults in the local community.

Neugarten also said he has received more negative responses to letters he sent to various prominent individuals asking them to speak at New College. Neugarten said he did not believe he would receive any positive responses to the letters, which were sent out in order to upgrade the Forum program.

SAILING FILM IS SET

A film depicting the story of America's first challenge racing yacht, "America," will be shown Monday in the teaching auditorium at 7:30 pm.

Planning Director Ralph E. Styles, a retired U.S. Navy captain is bringing the film to the college for the special showing which is open to the public as well as the college community. Attendance in the auditorium will be limited to 120, its capacity.

SC: Unusual Sanctions; Salisbury Is Expelled

Student Gets Restrictions Instead of Suspension

An unprecedented series of restrictions has been placed on a first-year student for a number of violations of the Student Code.

The Student Court after much debate voted to place the restrictions on the student in lieu of suspension. A total of four code violations, including two for defacement of college property, one for the breaking of intervisitation hours and one for public drunkenness were involved in the decision.

The Court voted the following restrictions, to apply until the beginning of the third term of the present academic year:

--The student is required to be in his room between 11 pm and 7 am every night. He shall entertain no visitors, male or female, between these hours.

--The privileges of open room and guest registration are not available.
--The student shall not possess or partake of alcoholic beverages

--The student shall grant permission to the proctor to enter his room after the proctor has knocked. The student shall also be obliged to give the proctor permission to enter his room in those instances when no reply has been made to the proctor's knock. In such instances the proctor may enter the room only to ascertain the student's presence.

The Court also voted that any infraction of the Student Code in the present academic year, or a violation of any of the restrictions would result in the student's suspension. The restrictions took effect Tuesday.

In other action, the Student Court issued a memorandum to the proctors, clarifying certain procedural questions. The memo stated:

--In every case, in serving a warrant the proctor must notify those being served before entering the room for which he has a warrant. This applies in cases in which the occupants of the room in question freely grant admittance.

--If, after knocking and notifying the occupants of the room that a warrant is in his possession, the proctor receives no reply to his knock and announcement, he is free to enter the room after a reasonable time.

--The personal name of the proctor authorized to use the warrant should be on the warrant.

--The space reading "Time during which warrant is valid" should have a specific period, for example "1:55-2:15," not just "2:15."

--The space allowed for "Purpose for which warrant is issued" should include action to be taken, for example "enter to ascertain alleged intervisitation violation."

Overstay Is Reason

Former third-year student Luke Salisbury, under suspension by the College Council, was expelled from New College last week by Dean of Students George Petrie.

Salisbury, suspended last term for an undetermined period of time for a number of Student Code violations, was expelled for overstaying a visit permit granted by the Dean of Students' office, and because of "anti-social behavior" during the visit.

Student authorities did not learn of Salisbury's expulsion until this week, and then only indirectly.

There was some speculation the expulsion may become a matter of concern for the College Council, which has authority in cases of suspension and expulsion.

The Constitution of the College Council terms expulsion and suspension "primary functions" of the Council, and defines primary functions as those for which the Council has responsibility for decisions.

All decisions of the Council, the Constitution states, are "implemented by the chief executive offices of the College, and are subject to the final decision making authority of that officer."

Salisbury's original suspension was the result of four convictions of violations of the intervisitation rule, one contempt of court conviction and a conviction for littering.

Himmelhoch To Go To U of Missouri

Professor of Sociology Dr. Jerome Himmelhoch has accepted a position as Professor of Sociology at the University of Missouri, St. Louis, beginning in the fall of 1968.

At Missouri, Himmelhoch will aid in the development of graduate and research programs in sociology.

In addition, he will have special opportunities to do work in the areas of poverty and racial discrimination.



Himmelhoch

tion in the central city. The University of Missouri has budgeted \$350,000 for use in urban research and problem-solving.

The appointment carries tenure, Himmelhoch said.

Himmelhoch, who was appointed Professor of Sociology at New College during the 1965-66 academic year, came to New College from Goddard College in Vermont.

"While I shall miss my New College students," Himmelhoch said, "I feel my new position will provide an opportunity to do some exciting things which will affect larger numbers of people than is possible in a small college in a small community."

TO APPEAR ON TV

Chaplain Horace Cooper and second-year student Don Aronoff will appear on the WFLA Channel 8 television program "Perspective" Sunday at 7:30 am.

They will discuss tutoring programs and the condition of migrant workers in the state of Florida.

Jewish Theologian, Author to Speak Friday

A rabbi who serves as chaplain to Jewish students at three universities and one college in Pittsburgh will lecture at New College on Friday at 8 pm in Hamilton Center.

The visiting lecturer is Dr. Richard Rubenstein. He serves as chaplain at the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie-Mellon University, Duquesne University and Chatham College. At the University of Pittsburgh he also serves as Charles E.

Merrill Lecturer in the Humanities.

In addition to his university duties, Dr. Rubenstein also serves as director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation. He is a prolific writer, and widely-known lecturer.

Educated at the University of Cincinnati, he holds advanced degrees from the Jewish Theological Seminary and Harvard University.

Dr. Rubenstein has travelled and taught extensively in Europe. He

became the first American Jewish theologian to lecture at an institution of higher learning behind the Iron Curtain when, in 1965, he accepted an invitation to offer a series of lectures at the Catholic University of Lublin, Poland. While there, he also lectured at other Catholic institutions in Warsaw and Krakow. Dr. Rubenstein has lectured to student and faculty groups in most of the major colleges and univer-

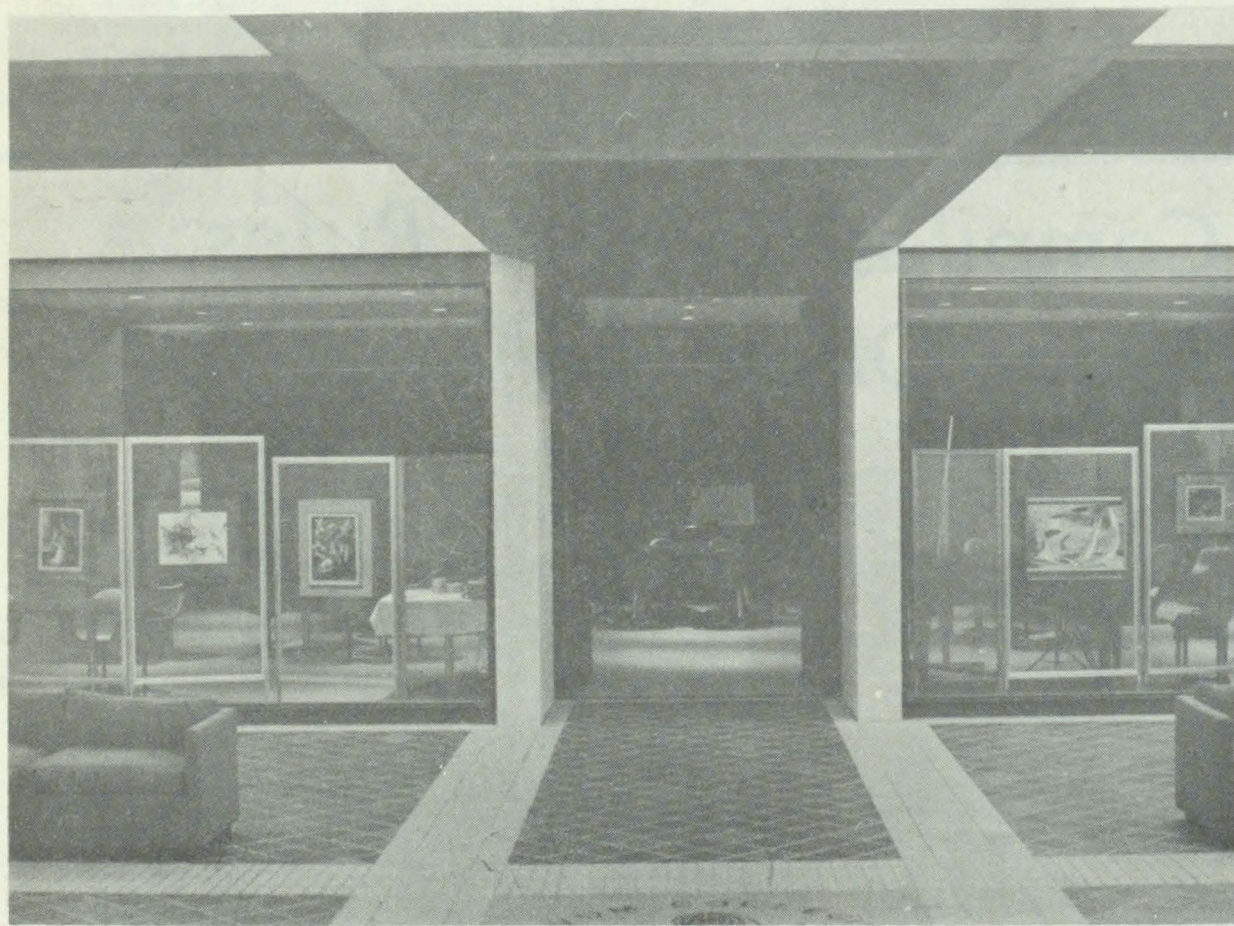
sities in the United States and Canada.

Dr. Rubenstein has written two books--After Auschwitz and The Religious Imagination. Periodicals for which he has written include The Christian Scholar, Commentary, Commonweal, Playboy, Conservative Judaism, Christian Century, the Psychoanalytic Review, and Jewish Frontier.

Dr. Rubenstein serves as a mem-

ber of the Board of Trustees at the Jewish Teachers' Seminary of New York and is a consulting editor of Pegasus Press. He also serves as an associate editor of a periodical, The Reconstructionist.

His appearance at New College is sponsored by the Humanities Division.



A number of paintings from the New College Permanent Collection were displayed in the Fishbowl this week. The paintings consisted of those done by Art Institute students and those donated to the college by individuals. Campus speculation has been that the paintings were installed, some of them in the windows of the meeting room, to insure more privacy during faculty meetings when crucial votes are to be taken.

Editorial

ENFORCED MATURITY

Why doesn't the Student Court admit that a certain maturity is required to function successfully as a student at New College?

New College's relatively liberal social situation and the exceptional amount of control given students over their own disciplinary affairs (for comparison, see the report on student rules at other colleges, below) make it absolutely necessary that the attitude of students be adult and responsible in areas of social control.

Once again, however, the SC has taken a patronizing and unsophisticated approach in dealing with a student who has proved himself unable to act responsibly in the New College society. In attempting to keep the student at school at all costs, it has made itself ridiculous by imposing a series of extraordinarily restrictive and humiliating sanctions against

If, in fact, the student in question is unable to conduct himself maturely enough to have the privilege of entertaining visitors after 11pm, leaving his room when he chooses after that hour, and maintaining a degree of personal privacy, then how can the SC maintain he is mature enough to remain at college at all? How far can the SC go in attempting to legislate a pro- rather than an anti-social attitude?

Of course, it is unfortunate if a student is required to leave the New College society. Some people have even likened such an enforced separation to death. But suspension for a term or two is far less serious than expulsion. The possibility of readmission of the student is not impaired, and the enforced absence could very possibly create the distance required for the student to reach some necessary conclusions about his responsibility to himself and other students.

The Student Court should act in loco parentis no more than should the administration. It cannot legislate or enforce maturity. It should stop trying.

Letter

WAR REPORT

To the Editor:

11:00 am, Monday, February 5, 1968
With the allied troops in the fields.

The following is my account of the recent vicious actions of this war:

It has been a rough week for those "never-say-die" forces of the allies, under the leadership of the Ultimate Student Adulthood (USA), as their archenemies, the Very Callow-Minds (VC) scored yet another major victory in a war that has dragged on now for almost four years. The implications of the defeat for the allies may be far-reaching. In the past, many VC victories have been moral ones, affecting the general populace with either an apathetic attitude toward the desperate financial instability of their government, or an intense hatred mixed perhaps with paranoia against what the natives feel are foreigners illegally implanted on their soil.

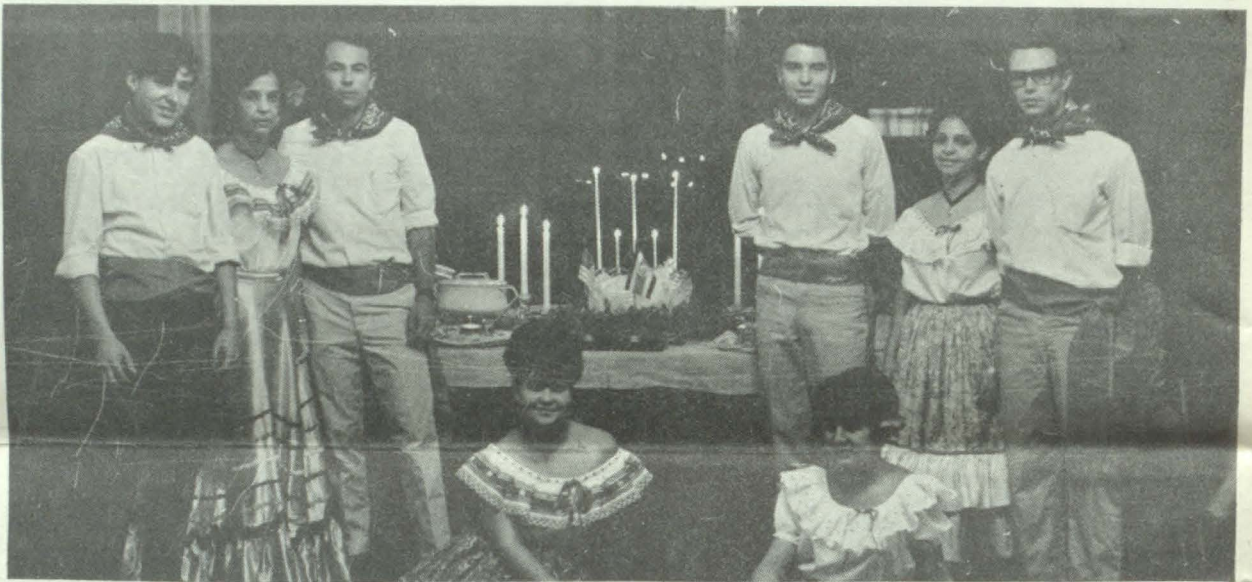
The site of the activities this week was the oft-fought over battleground stretched along both sides of "The Trail," that famous north-south supply route for the land around the Boozemumy River Delta. USA forces have been under heavy attack from this area, especially by ghost-like KOOS troops, since about 1964, when it was noticed by the natives that the allies had certain different physi-

cal characteristics, such as hair and thick, tough-soled feet, in addition to "modern" moral standards. The natives of the area had been isolated, clinging to ancient family customs, and were shocked to discover the outside world.

During the night on Sunday, as some allied troops slept in their bunkers, and others released their tensions at parties, the VC slipped out of the jagged, angular, white cliff-like formations along the Trail, through the dense jungle area known affectionately to the USA forces as the "Beautiful Court of Palms," right through the USA's own lines, into what has been used by the allies as a camping ground and headquarters. In what was later termed "a dastardly attack" on the allied implacements, the VC sprayed the installations with a foamy, white substance (strangely resembling a form of shaving cream). The main point of attack seemed to be the food storage and C-ration machines, otherwise known as "vending machines." The VC then made their get-away, gloating in their success, and leaving the ruins for USA support forces to discover.

The scene this morning (Monday) was pathetic. The allied commander, General What's-moribund, was overheard to say, as the bodies were being removed, "We lost only four troops, while enemy dead totaled 7,323.) There was some doubt, however, of the accuracy of these figures, and it is the opinion of this writer that the commander was suffering from temporary shock at the audacity and ingenuity of the Very Callow-Minds to carry out such a mission.

(signed)
Deane Root



COSTA RICAN VISITORS

A group of Costa Rican high school seniors, guests in homes of Sarasota residents, were feted in the Music Room of College Hall last weekend. Some of the students pose here in traditional costumes.

Compiles Student Rules From Other Colleges

Second-year student Julie Giordano was appointed by the Student Executive Committee to investigate the rules and government structures at other colleges. The following is her report:

Government Structure

Two colleges seem to have innovative systems for their student governments. One is Radcliffe, which operates on what they call the "house system." The house is composed of three dorms, and is the real living unit for the school. It is headed by an administrative or faculty official, and has a board of associates which can include faculty, members of the community, alumnae, former faculty, etc. Most social activities are sponsored by the house. Government is stratified: Dorm Committee, House

Committee, Legislature (composed of one member from each dorm and one representative from each house, primarily), and Executive Committee.

Marlboro College in Vermont (177 students) operates a town meeting form of government composed of students, faculty and administration. The community meets in toto every other week for regular business. Although there has been some difficulty (conflicting parietal hours, for instance), the effort seems to be succeeding. Students have convinced the faculty to withdraw their ruling calling for suspension or dismissal in the case of pregnancy or the causing of a pregnancy. Most of the functions of the government are carried out by both students and faculty. Their community court

is composed of faculty and students.

Student Bill of Rights

The University of Chicago is the only college which replied which has a bill of rights. It enumerates the civil freedoms of the student (non-discrimination, freedom of speech, right to join off-campus activities), and the rights of the student within the governmental system of the college.

It was interesting to see that many of the colleges without bills of rights were subject to quite arbitrary disciplinary regulations. One of the Statutes of Columbia University states that a student may be dismissed at any time on any grounds which the administration deems sufficient. At Radcliffe

(Continued on page 4, column 2)

Minter Replaces De Hart As Grounds Chief

Albert Minter, formerly a supervisor in the Department of Buildings and Grounds, has been appointed Supervisor of the Physical Plant.

Minter will replace Gage DeHart, whose title was Director of the Physical Plant.

Controller Charles Harra said De Hart was replaced partly as an e-

conomy move and partly because of "problems" in allocating priorities to various jobs.

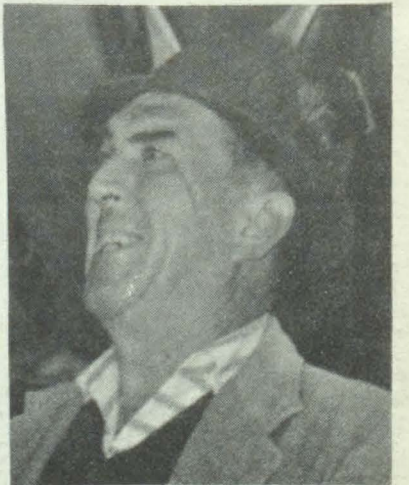
Specifically, Harra cited the long delay in obtaining lights for student dormitories.

Harra said a "director" of the physical plant is generally a graduate engineer, which Minter is not.

Thus, his title will be "supervisor."

Minter will continue in his present duties, Harra said, as well as assuming the additional responsibilities of processing work orders, scheduling crews to perform various

tasks and preparing requisitions according to department requirements.



Minter

The Catalyst

Member Associated Collegiate Press
Volume IV, Number 19 February 8, 1968
Published weekly 36 times per year by students at New College. Subscriptions: \$5 per year, or 15¢ per copy. Address subscription orders, change of address notices, and undeliverable copies to: The Catalyst/New College/Post Office Box 1898/Sarasota, Florida 33578. Telephone 355-5406.

Editor.....Laurie Paulson
Managing Editor.....Steve Orlofsky
Advertising.....George Kane
Circulation.....Katie Smith
Photography.....Miguel Tapia

Staff: Kit Arbuckle, Forrest Beyers, Mary Blakeley, Margaret Bryan, Richard de Koster, Jean Graham, Carola Heitmann, Jon Lundell, Abby Misemer, Stephen Olson, Mary Lou Phillips, Margaret Sedensky, Beverly Shoemaker, Edna Walker, Cheryl White, Gary Williams

The Catalyst

Literary Supplement

VOL. 2 NO. 2

Edited by William Hedrington

FEB. 8, 1968

Vacation for Three

Through the face mask he saw a different, exciting world. What fun it was to dart among the colonies of coral and sea urchins with their menacing spines. They lurked everywhere.

He surfaced. He floated on his back and let the sun and water play about his head. How beautiful, he thought. The sun was brilliant, the water translucent, the sky a rich blue. The hills of neighboring islands rose up from the water and above them billowed majestic clouds. It was just as he imagined in his winter daydreams and so much nicer than Puerto Rico. It had been flat and hot, except for the rain forest which was damp and insect infested, and the beach had been ugly. It was a strip of land studded with modern hotels. They were commercial and filled with herds of fat, foreign-looking Jews from New York. The smell of grease from the poolside snack bars and of sun tan lotion from their fat bodies pervaded the beach area. He had hated it.

When Roger Simson got tired of floating on his back, he decided to go exploring. He walked to the end of the beach and out onto a small promontory covered with cactus and buttressed on all sides by thousands of pieces of coral. It was a graveyard. He searched it carefully for interesting specimens, but there were so many. It seemed a junkyard.

He threw the pieces he had collected into the sea, walked briskly to the end of the promontory, and sat down on a corroded rock. He looked out over the water. He smiled at the sea spray and at the sun.

Mrs. Simson looked anxiously up into the sun, reapplied the sun cream recommended by the dermatologist, and readjusted her hat.

Lois Simson did not want to get too much sun. In fact, she wanted to get no sun at all. Elaborate precautions had been taken to insure that none of its harmful rays would penetrate her sensitive skin. On her head rested a wide straw hat, on her face and hands were several layers of sun cream, and around the rest of her body, a blue beach robe was draped.

She looked again up into the sun, then at her husband lying beside her in the sand. "Herbert," she called. "Let's go. We've been here long enough. I've been in the sun too long. You know what Dr. Waters told me. Please get Roger. He's over there somewhere." She pointed to the promontory.

A shrill whistle pierced the air. Roger Simson turned and saw his father waving at him from the beach. He knew that whistle. It meant "come." Well, he was not going to come when called. Let them whistle again and again until they bothered to call him by his name.

A second shrill whistle pierced the air. Roger stayed on his rock, pretending not to hear, and looked out over the water. A moment later his name pierced the air:

"Roger!"

"What!" he screamed, wrenching his head in fury toward the shore.

"We're leaving now."

"Why so soon?" he yelled back.

"Your mother doesn't want to get too much sun."

Roger Simson didn't feel like yelling back. It made his throat hurt. He wanted so to stay. He wanted to stay till the end of the day, but it would be futile to argue. It would only lead to unpleasantness.

The three vacationers gathered their things together, shook the sand from their towels, and installed themselves in the hotel's beach buggy. It bore them over the barren hills of the island back to the hill on which their hotel lay, sprawling in the sun.

It was a complex of buildings and recreation facilities. The guests were lodged in stucco cottages, most of them two stories high. A building designed to look like an island plantation house contained the public rooms and a nightclub. Adjoining it was a terrace restaurant.

The Simsons returned to their room. Mr. Simson got out his camera and had his wife and son stand together by a palm tree near the door. "Smile," he demanded. "Get closer together. There, now you've got it. This picture will be good enough for a travel poster."

The camera clicked. Mrs. Simson's smile lingered, her son's disappeared.

It was then decided that Roger should explore the hotel grounds, meet the other guests, and return to give his parents a report while they had cocktails, showered, and dressed for dinner. Roger Simson left the room but did not stay at the hotel.

Lois Simson asked her husband to make her a gin and tonic. While he made drinks for both of them, she examined her face in the bathroom mirror. It was only slightly pink. That was a relief. She removed her wet bathing suit, soaked it in the sink, ran the water for her shower, came back into the room, a white bath towel wrapped around her, and laid out on her bed the dress she planned to wear that evening. It was white and shiny.

She took a sip of the gin and tonic and gazed on the dress. Tonight they would go to a nightclub, she thought. They would dance and listen to calypso music. Tonight would be her night. It would be lively. It would sparkle. She would be so gay, so happy. They must all be gay and happy. She would have fun. Oh, she so wanted to have fun.

"Lois, the water," scolded her husband.

"Oh, yes," she replied absent-mindedly. She swallowed the remainder of her drink and withdrew to the bathroom. Before entering the shower she called out:

"Herbert, make me another."

He did and made another for himself. Then he sat on his bed and put new film in his camera.

The harbor of Charlotte Amalie was very picturesque. The boats were inviting. What fun, Roger Simson thought, it would be to have such boats, to sail among the islands. Several of his classmates at prep school did it every spring vacation. It would be so nice if he were invited to join them some time. Where would they sail? They would not stay in St. Thomas. There were too many tourists. They would sail among lesser known islands, moor in secluded coves and have delightful picnic lunches, swim and lie on the white decks in the sun, and when it was setting and the wind picking up, as it was doing now, they would set their sails and head further south to explore other islands. Oh, it would be wonderful, he thought.

Roger began to shiver. He looked at his watch. It was time to return and get dressed for dinner. He left the wharf, crossed over the coastal road, and found the path which led up to the hotel. It was a steep hill to climb, full of sharp stones.

Mrs. Simson sat on a chair in her shiny white dress, her lips painted a bright red, her fury mounting.

"Look at your father," she implored.

"Look at him!" she cried.

Mr. Simson was lying on his bed in his undershorts. He had been drinking. They had both been drinking. "Look at the lazy fool," she snarled. "Make him get ready for dinner, Roger. Tell him to get dressed. Come, Herbert!" she shouted. "Get dressed. It's getting late, and we want to get a good table!"

Roger Simson went over to his father. "Please get ready," he begged. He couldn't stand his mother in her ugly moods. "Please," he implored. The man paid no attention to him.

"Get up!" he cried. "We don't want to be late!"

"That's right," she echoed. "If you don't get ready, we'll go without you!"

Just as Mrs. Simson was on the verge of crying or screaming, it was hard to tell which, her husband got up and dressed for dinner.

A soft breeze blew down onto the terrace. It caressed the women and men in colorful clothes. Their red faces glowed as they spoke animatedly of the events of the

day and of the pleasant possibilities the night might hold.

The harsh look of annoyance disappeared from Lois Simson's face. She mellowed. How beautiful it was, she thought. It was just as the travel brochures said it would be. The stars glittered in the sky. The lights of the town below shone brightly. The dark water of the bay reflected them. It sparkled. It glimmered. The moon glowed above. Oh, it was a picture she would always remember. It would be photographed and impressed in her memory.

She looked up at the stars, then at her husband sitting beside her at the table. "Herbert," she cooed. "Please call the waiter. I'd like a drink before my dinner."

Roger Simson was furious. "You shouldn't drink so much!" he scolded. "You must stop. You've had too much already."

Mrs. Simson looked into her son's hostile face, shuddered, turned her head away, and broke out into loud artificial laughter. "Be quiet, you prude. You can't tell us what to do. Can he, Herbert? He can't tell us what to do. Tell him he can't."

Herbert Simson grinned at his son, told him to shut his mouth, and called the waiter over.

Roger knew that idiotic grin. It meant his father was getting drunk, very drunk, was mellowing and soon would sink into oblivion.

Lois Simson smiled approvingly on her husband. Herbert could deal with him, she thought. He would quiet his harsh voice. He would protect her. He would make her happy. He would make her evening beautiful.

Dinner was brought and taken away. They returned to the room. Herbert Simson loosened his belt and tie, took off his shoes, and stretched out on his bed.

"Now don't go to sleep, Herbert," his wife anxiously warned. "You promised to take me somewhere."

Herbert Simson grinned at her and told her to shut up. Then he closed his eyes.

She was furious. She was enraged. She wasn't going to let him spoil her evening. She would have her fun, she told herself. She would dance. She would sing. She would have her dream.

"Let's go," she called to her son.

He glanced at her coolly, hatefully. "I don't want to."

"Then to hell with you, you drip," she screamed and raced out of the room.

How terrible they were, he thought. How ugly. How he despised them for tormenting him so. How wonderful it would be if they were dead and out of his life. What a relief it would be.

He reproached himself. They were his parents. She his mother. He his father. She might hurt herself. She

(Continued on page 4)



Drawing by Susan Kuntz



Photograph by Michael von Guttenberg

Downtown Dealer

Resume
B.A.: 1959.
M.A.: 1961.
Married: 1960.
Taught three years: Philosophy
At a minor university.
1963: Wife died: suicide.
One day in 1964,
In a lecture on Reality,
To everything I said
There echoed refutations in my head.

But this New Job is Really Me
it's really fine it's mine
the chrome's so bright it's like clear
thought
the motors roar like chimera
it's just the thing
it's just the way it all should be
my salesman's tongue as slippery
as any salesman's tongue can be
from years of lectures on philosophy

and since it is so really good
I'm here to stay
I have to stay
I have to MAKE IT

Everyday

Sell it
Buy it
everyday

I do it any way I can
you see those flashing reds and greens?
A SALE A DAY A SALE A DAY
the neons really pull them in
A SALE A DAY
everyday some guy comes in
machinist's hands cut up like meat
I put him in the driver's seat
it costs him "seven dollars weekly"
it costs me what I have to pay
A SALE A DAY
a man who buys his time by sales
has to buy the only way
has to buy it everyday
or go under

So I will make a deal
any kind of deal
Hey mister see that two-tone Ford
gray and pink as dawn?
I will make a real deal
You know that dream you have of
dawn?
I can make it real
I can make it real real
if I can make it
I have to make it
A salesman's got to sell
A salesman's got to make it NOW
A no-sale day
Is a salesman's hell
while today's sale
is a reason why
not to die

---WILLIAM HEDRINGTON



Drawing by Mary Blakeley

Traveling

Do you think
You can question a feeling,
Ask for directions
As we asked the man
For the Post Road
In a Connecticut town?
How can you ever speak
That vaguest question,
Ever find an image
Definite as the bear
You swore you saw
Beside the road
Though none of us
Had seen it?
You understand;
We traveled East
Into the dawn -
You wouldn't close your eyes.

--LAWRENCE PAULSON

11:30

I

11:30. When she will come. Twenty minutes, dancing
Kore. I saw the greyness of the room and the blueness
of her leotard, grasping her body. Leaping smiles. And
three-knotted winds slashing at leaves. She said, Lit-
tle Alice Blue Leotard, skipping ballet jumps in the
studio on Saturday morning. At the pre-teen dance I
bought her ticket. Other boys laughing, and she laugh-
ing now. Muffled masculine coughing in the grey room.
She stepped outside to talk. Voices running past. And
then he ha ha. Kore dances for the cough and the roll-
ing of beer cans. My fingers are bloody from the wall.
Aeolus kisses the dew ground. My face is covered with
the dew of tears. The wind whispers secrets to the
leaves. She whispered she would come.

In youth the steps to the dancing studio, we sat. She
rose to go inside and I fell, laughing at my clumsiness.
She was afraid. Did you hurt yourself. Your hand,
bleeding. Kore's Alice has grown. I was not ready,
but I wait. Time again, walking away from the dancing
studio steps. I sat. I fell.

The leaping blue leotards. Grey promise. Staccato
walls, bloodied. Coughing room. Dancing, dancing.
School music, without words that lie. Alice's words,
saying no. Kore, yes to other eyes. Beer joy running
outside inside. Faces hello-ing. Good bye to all.
Little whirlwinds are kicked around the bushes. Un-
broken knots. Two pairs of arms, tangled hopelessly.
Dancing. Dancing of sex while we talk. And some-
where there is Alice, who knows. Kore somewhere,
falling through lust. As I fell and laughed, I fall and
cry. Alice's concern was for my clumsiness. My clum-
sy hands buying her ticket. Clumsy adolescent voices
laughing, and the little heart she wore in her pocket.
The emblem. She had paid. Leotards have no pockets.

Cigarettes burn (my hand burns) away and pile on the
ground, with the dying of the leaves. Leaves which
fell, dancing from farewell trees. I am still waiting,
longer than my heart can. For the lover, waiting is
(I call lover to a bloody wall) death. Waiting means
a fall from grace. Alice was grace. Kore is passion,
her maidenhead long lost with the leaf of some autumn
past, as Alice and I sat on studio steps, and laughed
at other dancers.

If I could have been sure, but Alice lied with her
eyes, Kore with her lips. If I had known, but the
coughing was not anger. The rolling of cans was sor-
row. And now it is I who wait alone, angry at myself,
sorry for Kore's dance. Her leaps were laughing, and
Alice laughed at the other dancers. She was the best
of all. Her blue leotard flashed taps as she laughed. I
sat on broken steps, and waited. Sitting in a crowded
restaurant, Alice blew smoke out of her nostrils as she
took her coffee break and laughed at her failure as a
professional dancer. She coughed a smoker's cough.
I told her she still moved like a dancer and she frowned
at my foolishness. She still smiled the smile she smiled
at the dance. Her heart in her pocket, which I had
bought. She walked, aloof, to another customer, and
carried a bottle of beer away. The cans of beer rat-
tled in Kore's room. And the cough was not hers. Kore
kissed me goodbye, the kiss meant for another's lips,
and promised she would come. I have waited, and
continue to wait. The knots of wind lash viciously at
my face. I struggle against their bindings. Aeolus
laughs at my futile efforts. I watch for her footstep on
the path. My Alice will dance to me. I'll come soon.
Kore smiles. She dances free of my embrace. I listen
for the taps of Alice's shoes to dance across the barren
dust and leap the aridity into cornucopia. Springing
fruits of plenty, fertilizing me. Kore. Alice.
Alice. Kore.

II

The building of silent architectures of memory leaves
me standing baffled in the meaningless footprints of the
past. The slow movement of the present finds me hid-
ing from its force. The passion of the future lurks in
grey, laughing tunnels, frowning at the labyrinths which
will unwind themselves. I fall. I sit in this maze and
cry; Kore's future will never be, and Alice's past is
now her present. I dreamed of walking hand in hand
with Kore and Alice, each wearing her blue leotard,
and each dancing joyous answers to my smiles. We
would be wedded in our walks. The wind would blow
no more, and no coughs would break the fragile web
of silence, hung by the dawn on our shoulders. I dreamed
these dreams long after I sat and waited, at 11:30, for
Kore to join Alice to visit.

The winds tie themselves into desperate tangles. The
leaves dance into patterns which will be read from a
hill someday. Kore. Alice. Korealice.

--HARDIN FRAZER

A Myth

In the neo-Fastian Germany of the last century there lived a mathematician named Dmitri. Dmitri was born in Russia, the only son of a town clerk and his wife, both of whom were devotedly religious. Dmitri's talent for figures was noticed shortly after he entered school. Dmitri studied hard, at fifteen entering the University at St. Petersburg. When he was twenty Dmitri had exhausted the mathematical resources of Russia and so moved to Germany for better instruction. By the age of thirty Dmitri had mastered all the mathematics then known and considered himself ready to begin his researches into new mathematics. He cloistered himself in a high, white tower in Konigsburg and began his thought. For ten years Dmitri toiled, but to no avail. Although he could learn the works of other men from textbooks, he could produce nothing himself.

Then, as was his manner, Mephistopheles appeared. "Dmitri," intoned the tempter, "you have abandoned the traditions of your people, and the faith of your parents, to place your faith in mathematical reason. Your new faith has not failed you, but neither has it been tested, since you are an uncreative man, unable to do more than follow the works of others, which is the sorrow of your life. I offer you a choice and a wager. You may either continue as you have, with unshaking and untested faith, and save your unproductive soul, or take my wager. It is: you will be supplied with an endless series of textbooks containing mathematics as yet undeveloped on Earth. You will spend your life working through the textbooks, solving each problem set, and you may publish the work as your own. The problems are difficult since they involve the principles developed in the text, but are in no way copies of the examples in the text."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Dmitri. "My years of study will not be for naught."

"You have not heard all," said Mephistopheles. "You must complete seventy per cent of the problems correctly in order to save your soul."

"I've never approached doing that badly," said Dmitri indignantly.

"Wait! You have not heard the final condition," Mephistopheles replied. "There are no answers in the back of the book. Thus, you can never know from problem to problem whether you are applying the principles correctly, and, although you might find out in later problems or text that you have made an error, you may never rework a problem once completed, nor may you look ahead for clues. I will give you a week to decide." With that, Mephistopheles dissolved.

Dmitri spent a sleepless week considering the wager, but when Mephistopheles returned he said simply, "I accept." For thirty years Dmitri continuously published new work, some bad, most good, to the acclaim of other mathematicians of the age. For thirty years he produced, that is, he worked on the textbooks of Mephistopheles, scarce stopping to talk, eat, or glance through the small window of his tower at the flowing world below. For thirty years he toiled, and at seventy, an old man bent over the book on his desk, he died.

--TED SHOEMAKER

For Suzanne

Playing the Guitar

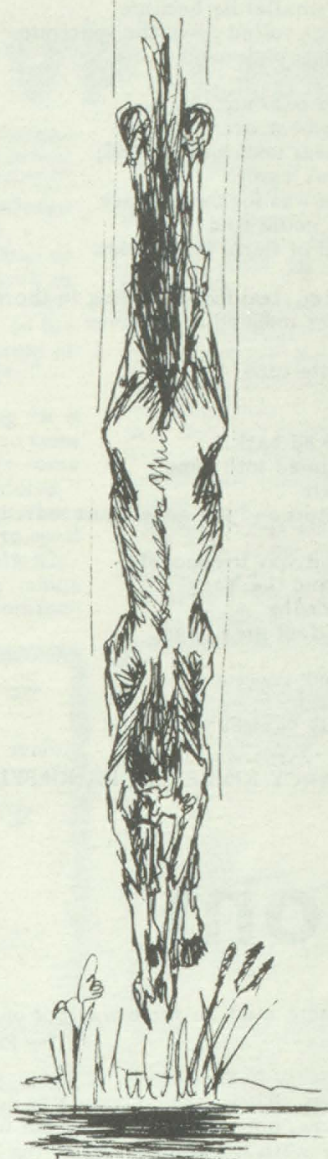
At two o'clock I watch her in a trance,
Wondering which one of the old ones
Now leaps hostile through her skillful mimicry.

Of course she should be faithful to them all.
Leadbelly worked on a chain gang, having murdered
Three men and raped four women, two at a time,
And she knows nothing of these things;
But she must roll his gravel through her voice
Like dice on a boxcar floor;
Otherwise, she says, the feeling's lost.

In a minute I shall be telling her, with a sigh,
To shake myself out from under her spell,
That it was Lomaxed, if not lost completely,
Long ago, in another's coon's age.

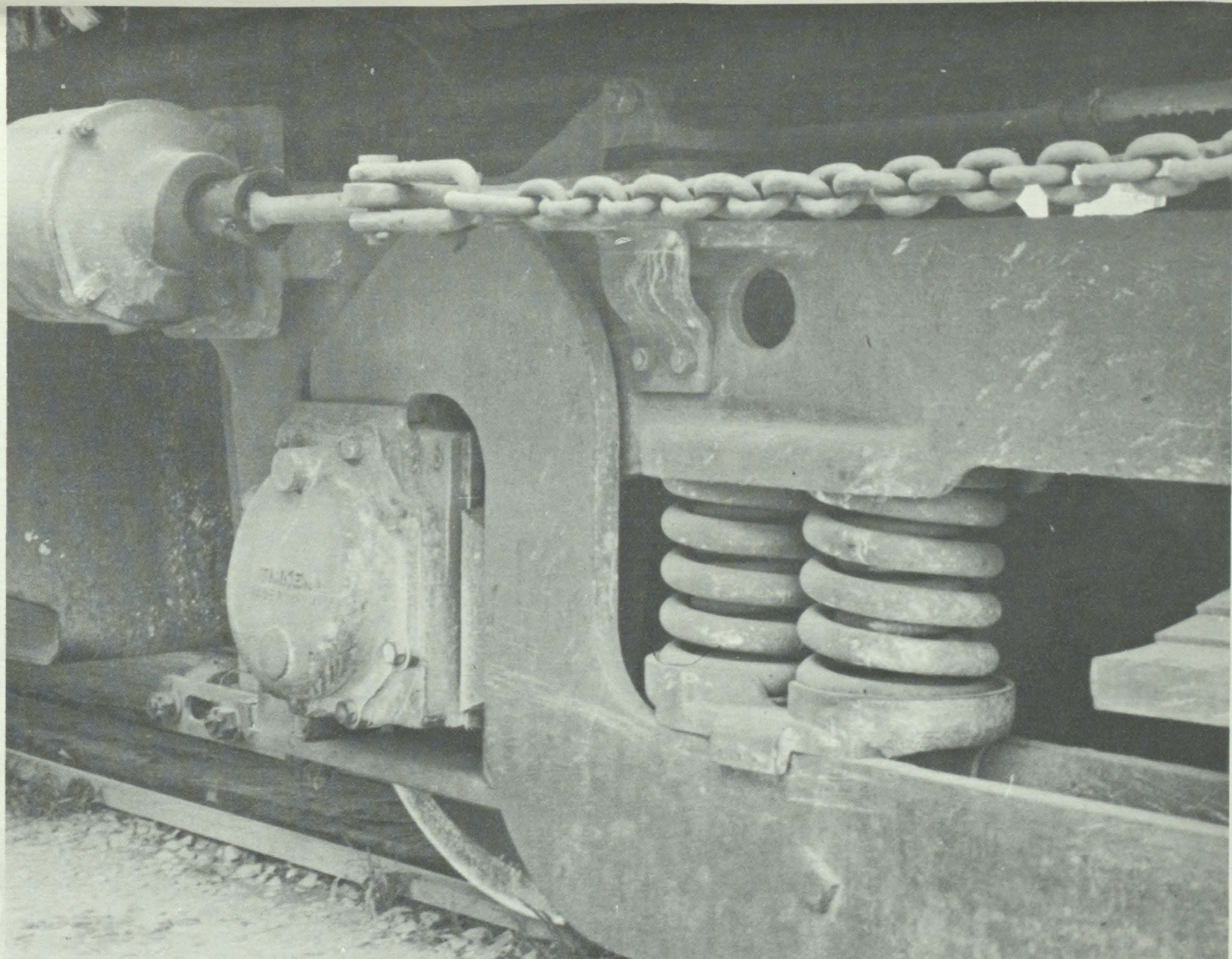
Still,
Something about the way it is all her own
When her fingers, cold as a num's, suddenly
Melt across the strings, makes me want instead
Simply to tear that memorized smile
From her face and set the fireworks off,
Let her own voice whirl through the chords
To spangle the haunted air until even
Hunted Leadbelly rolls from his grave
To kneel in his hobo rags before her,
Listening,
Rapt as I.

---HELEN HICKEY



Drawings by Mary Blakeley

Photograph by Michael von Guttenberg



Pearl

smaller and smaller he became
and the orange rolled down the spectrum
looking for a complement

smaller, he would not return.
and the trees bent over
to see what was underneath it all;
the closer they came
the less there was for them to see
until all you could find
were a bunch of flatly lying trees.

small, smaller, leaving us calling in the wind;
and harmonics reduced themselves
one by one
to a cool white tone

smaller.
he never looked back.
and donuts turned into cups
and back again
and the counters and the adders just roared.

smaller yet, it was irrevocable.
and the Yin and the Yang
entropy increasing
became a perfect grey pearl.

he disappeared
it has been said.
I think he only vanished.

--DELANCY KIMBERLEY DANGERFIELD

Room

"There must be some way out of here."
--The Joker

I am in a room. There are no doors, of course, but there is a window, not a large window, but big enough so that I could, were it possible, crawl out and walk away. Unfortunately however the window is hopelessly jammed, it will not open, I know, I have tried many times and it resists my mightiest efforts as if I were indeed as insignificant and weak as I seem to be.

Resigned (almost resolved) to the room for the time being, I look about me. The bare walls are coated in an eerie dark red, with a texture like thick flannel. The room is chronically dark, yet strangely enough remains warm most of the time. I may seem in fact quite contented at times in this womb-like atmosphere.

This contentment however is always short-lived, a self-deception, it never progresses into anything related to happiness, nor is it allowed to digress into any kind of genuine apathetic acceptance. The window is

the problem, for while (as I said) there is no lighting as such in the room, the filth of the window occasionally permits a ray of perverted, mad light to diffuse into the room and seek out my eyes. The initial feeling which results from this sudden illumination is one of pain, yet I find myself becoming more and more addicted to watching this window, waiting for the next insane beam to flash in the eye of my mind. Moreover, the window is in actuality partially open, at least there is a crack at the bottom which, although not such that light can enter, does permit air to flow in and out (when, of course, the outer world is windier than usual). This rare ventilation awakens me, revitalizes me, by the simple process of replacing the warmth with coldness; I become once more agonizingly aware of the window, I struggle once more with its hopelessly hopeful impossibilities. Failing for the thousandth time, I fall to the floor in frustration and exhaustion; I gasp for breath and notice that the room is once more warm, the wind has ceased; I fall asleep---or awaken.

--MAD JOHN

Elegy for Hix Morton

(caretaker, who died of cancer, 1967)

I have finally given up
Six years at the prep school.
Still, it was easy to find out
From a sentence or two in the graduate news
That he died quietly in his place,
Quite sober for once, and alone,
In the middle of an unusually good Friday.

It surprises me, though,
That I can remember even now
The daisies, craning their necks,
Who watched his guillotine come down;
And the night the headmistress thought
As the moon tilted in a cold fall sky
That he might take care of the coy cheerleader.

Yes, let him lie under the football field
In the peace that would,
No doubt, pass his understanding;
Let the living still go uniformed,
Shocked by bells, in the long halls
Where he worked and smiled, Cracker-like,
At the girls who skirted him.

For what is there to say now
Except that always when--
Pensive, restless, bored with it--
We glanced out of his washed windows
From whatever class, he would be
Riding past, plaid-capped on his tractor,
And that, thank god, he tried to teach us nothing?

---HELEN HICKEY

Improvisation

Time to take stock
Wind the clock
Turn the page (beep)
Sweep out the room
(And not under the rug)
Judgment must be made
For the sake of us all.
But on what stand?
(Get down offa that soapbox.)
Refusal to lean forward
On the podium
And give a bit of knowing
Advice to my listeners.
(Listeners?)
I cannot hear myself
(Turn up the volume.)
Enough of this misassorted
Self-contorted and aborted
Child of frustration.
If there is hope for solution
Of the genetic code,
What of the frenetic code.
Of those already
Very much alive?
Perhaps there is no code, only
Widespread improvisation.

--BETSY BROOKS

Vacation

(Continued from page 1)

might do something ugly, something horrible in the state she was in. He must find her. He must bring her back. It was his duty.

Roger Simson searched the grounds. He looked in the lobby and in the nightclub. He checked the swimming pool, the tennis courts. He asked the groups of people strolling about if they had seen her. He asked the clerk in the lobby, the hostess in the nightclub, the woman in the gift shop. No one had seen her. She was nowhere to be found.

He was desperate. Where could she be? Could she have walked down the hill into Charlotte Amalie? No. That was impossible. Could she be back in the room? Yes! She must be!

He ran back to the room. She was not there. He tried to rouse his father.

"Get up!" he screamed into his face. "Get up and help me find mother!"

There was no response.

"Get up!" he screamed again. There was no response. The man was insensible. Roger shook him. There was no response. In fury and despair he slapped him hard across the face. There was no response.

Roger sank to the floor, wrapped his arms tightly about his legs, put his head on his knees, and rocked back and forth, crying, "Help me somebody," he moaned. "Somebody help me. Please somebody help me!" No one could hear him. There was no one.

Roger stopped crying. He rested his head on his shoulder. If only he could find her, he thought. If he could bring her back, calm her down, and get her into bed, He was sure she was so drunk she would fall asleep. She must. Look at his father. But where was she? He had looked everywhere, everywhere but the dining room. The terrace dining room! Maybe she had gone there!

Roger Simson raced out of the room, walked quickly down the path, through the lobby, up a flight of stairs, and out onto the dark, deserted terrace. He searched it with his eyes. Over by the railing there sat a white form. It was she.

"Mother," he called. There was no answer.

He moved closer.

"Mother," he called again.

She turned her head towards him. "Dance with me," she said.

"No, please come back to the room and go to sleep," he begged.

"Dance with me," she demanded, raising her voice.

He implored again. "Please come back to the room."

"No one will dance with me," she said. "There is no one who will dance with me. Why won't you?"

"I don't want to," he replied, exasperated. "Please come back to the room."

He touched her shoulder.

"Leave me alone," she warned.

He touched her again.

She wrenched her body from the chair and slapped him hard across the face. "Don't touch me!" she screamed. "If you won't dance with me, get out of here and leave me alone! Get out of my sight, you drip!"

She fell back into her chair and covered her face with her hands. "You won't dance with me," she sobbed. "I have no one to dance with."

"Stop, mother," he yelled. "Please stop!"

"Will you dance with me?"

"No!"

"Well," she announced, "then I will dance with myself!"

Mrs. Lois Simson began to dance around the floor to the lively rhythm of the calypso music that flowed up from the nightclub. She was very drunk.

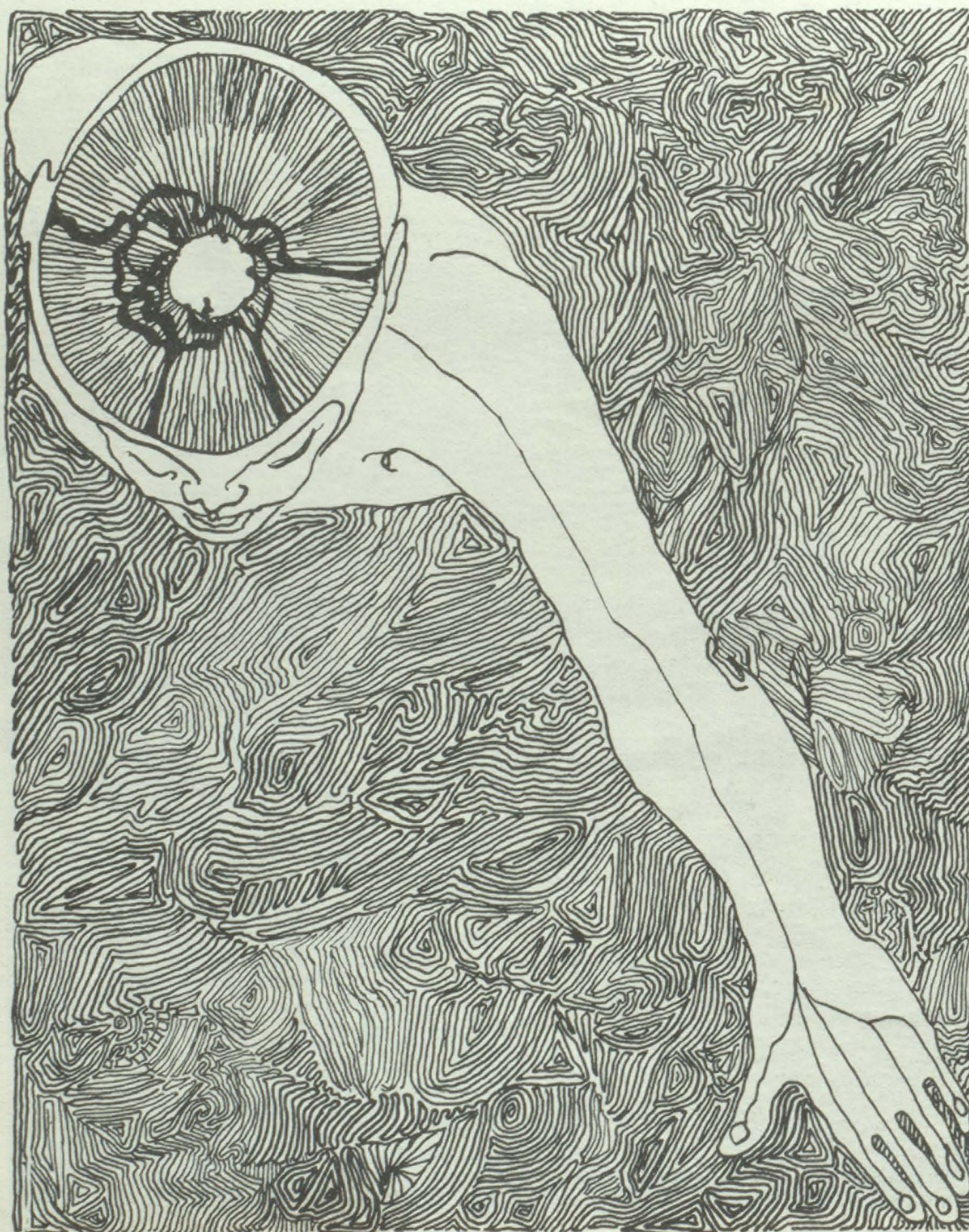
Her son laughed bitterly at her. What a hideous thing she was, he thought. How pathetic she looked, staggering back and forth, holding up her hands in the dancing position, pretending to have a partner. She was a wreck. She had always been. Should he leave her like this? There was nothing he could do. To stay and watch was too painful, too revolting.

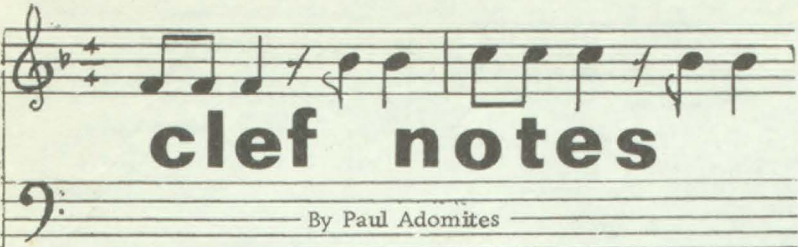
Roger Simson told his mother that he would be waiting in the lobby and left.

The drunken woman stopped dancing. She walked over to the edge of the terrace and gazed up at the stars. She stretched out her hands toward them. "Dance with me," she whimpered. They glimmered quietly and did not answer.

--TOM LUHRMAN

Drawing by Susan Kuntz





By Paul Adomites

DISAPPOINTMENT

The new Hendrix album, "Axis: Bold As Love," is disappointing, to understate the point. Perhaps the stellar advances made for rock by the "format" album, that is, an album which is to be considered a total work instead of a number of tunes put together, did more harm than good, for many groups are trying to imitate the form of such masterpieces as "Sgt. Pepper's."

Quite a bit of the music on this album is good, although Hendrix's



Adomites

solo work here is very weak in spots. The real star of this record is the drummer, Mitch Mitchell, who drills his way through many jazz-like breaks and is even given several solos, all of which he pulls off very well. It is interesting that Mitchell and Ginger Baker are the only rock drummers who are doing really creative solo and backup work. Rock has been centered on the pound of the drum for so long, but no really exceptional stick-work soloing has been done, with the exception of the two gentlemen mentioned above.

The biggest problem with "Axis: Bold As Love" is the song lyrics, which range from inbearably complex (well nigh unsingable) to unbearably trite. A corollary of this is Hendrix's singing. I was impressed with Hendrix's vocal work on "Are You Experienced?", but here the impossible lyrics, coupled

with Jimi's desire to shout "Yeah," "girl," and "babe," result in a good deal of sloppiness. It seems that Hendrix's first album, being more in the hard-rock school (at least as

far as the tunes and lyrics went) as opposed to the "experimental" nature of this work, was a good deal more honest. Hendrix has really bitten off more than he (or any other singer I know of) can handle. The lyrics of "Axis" are full of the nouveau cliches and double entendres of acid rock.

This album has some good ideas on it, but Hendrix seems unwilling to follow them through. His attitude is not surprising, though, for the good ideas he has fall flat. A case in point is the song called "Ain't No Telling," which has a chorus made up of four bars of four, followed by two bars of three, and then back to two of four. This is the kind of time experimentation the Doors, Cream, and others have done, and done well. "Ain't No Telling" doesn't make it. Mitch Mitchell here is wailing an imaginative backup, but he is forced to drop the creativity in favor of a "ONE-two-three, ONE-two-three." He could keep going in four or continue to improvise, in three, if the tune and lyrics were obviously three. But they aren't, so Mitchell has to drop all excitement in favor of two bars of waltz tempo.

The final cut on the album, "Bold As Love," is very good. It seems to come to a finish and start again, just as "I Need Your Lovin'" did, a long time ago. But it "finishes" with a superb Mitchel solo, and then Hendrix returns to play pedal for a few bars, and almost completely destroy the excellent finishing effect of Mitchell's work.

The one cut not written by Hendrix, but instead by Noel Redding, "She's So Fine," is just as bad as the others. Jimi Hendrix can knock you dead just with volume, and he did it in "Are You Experienced?" But whereas the first was a great dancing album, fine for loud parties (making Hendrix's occasional solo weaknesses less evident) "Axis" is made to be a listening record. And only average is disappointing after "Are You Experienced?"

SEC Passes Resolution After Hearing VP Letter

The Student Executive Committee last night heard a letter from Vice President Paul Davis explaining the college policy on overdue bills, then voted to recommend an alteration in that policy.

Davis's letter, in response to an SEC inquiry into college policy in the area of payment of student fees, stated: "All fees are payable on or before the due date specified on the invoice prepared in the office of the Business Manager. These invoices are normally sent to parents. In any instance where timely payment is not made, notification is sent to the student himself."

Davis's letter continued: "It then becomes the responsibility of the student to see that payment is made within the period specified in his notice, or that an arrangement for future payment is made that is satisfactory to the Business Manager. If the student fails to respond in any way to his notice from the Business Manager within the time specified, the Business Manager has no choice but to notify him that his privileges as a student at New College will be suspended on a specified date."

"This suspension order is automatically revoked if the student proceeds, before the effective date of the order, to pay his bill or to make satisfactory arrangement with the Business Manager for its payment."

Davis's letter said the Business Manager "is not assuming the power of suspension on his own authority," but is operating with the knowledge and consent of the President.

According to Davis, the Dean of Students' office is not involved in the matter of bill payment except, "as in any suspension case," to facilitate "the orderly departure of the student from the College."

Davis concluded by stating "it is quite possible" the change to term billing this year "has led to some confusion on billing procedures," and suggested the college "was perhaps remiss in failing to spell out these procedures explicitly, instead of assuming that, since they are consistent with common

practice, they would be generally understood," (sic)

In response to Davis's letter, the SEC voted to recommend the Business Office send copies of all correspondence with students regarding their financial situation to parents.

The request for the position on billing was made last week, after eight students received notices of suspension for non-payment of bills. At that time, it was brought out that only the original invoice and a copy of the suspension notice, not intervening notices, were sent to parents.

Business Manager Charles Harra told The Catalyst this week all students sent letters had made satisfactory financial arrangements with his office.

For the latest in men's and women's dress and casual shoes

Cinderella Bootery

1425 MAIN STREET
958-1213

CORTEZ PLAZA
746-5977

SOUTH GATE PLAZA
955-5440

DIPPER DAN
Ice Cream **SHOPPE**
and
Cards 'n' Things

SIXTY FLAVORS,
NO WAITING

Ellie's Books & Stationery, Inc.
Complete Office Supplies
1350 Main St. 955-3515

MAU MAU DOES HIS WASH AT SURF COIN LAUNDRY



Interiors designed to meet the most exacting requirements . . . any of our four interior designers will be happy to assist you.

Rosemary Borden
ST. ARMANDS CIRCLE
Open 9:30-5:30



YOU'RE SURE TO BE SOMEBODY'S VALENTINE

IN THIS PANTS-DRESS FROM

Maas
BROTHERS

Elmendorf At Conference

President John Elmendorf is in Freeport, Grand Bahama Island, this week to attend a meeting of the presidents of the 12 member institutions of the Union for Research and Experimentation in Higher Education.

Dr. Elmendorf said the presidents of the Union, which New College was invited to join last year, meet annually to discuss matters of mutual concern. A chief topic at this year's meeting will be the problems of implementing experimentation and innovation in higher education, with particular emphasis on funding.

SAC NEED

New members, especially first-year students, are needed by the Student Academic Committee. Those interested should attend a meeting at 6:30pm Tuesday in the Fishbowl.

Draper's
WESTERN STORE
Moccasins
Male & Levi dress-
jeans & casuals
1525 State Street

Student Rules

(Continued from page 2)

any student who violates any rule of the College may be required to withdraw.

Rights of Privacy

There was nowhere explicitly stated the rights of the student in his room. No rules of privacy or insurance against invasion were provided for students.

Honor Code

Three colleges have established honor codes with judicial courts to enforce them. Oberlin has a student court which can assign penalties of the addition of a number of hours to the violator's graduation requirements. Punishment for a second offense is ordinarily suspension.

At Middlebury, any infraction of the code is punishable by dismissal. Cases are handled by a student court.

At Barnard the regulations are enforced by an Honor Board of students, advised by a Faculty Advisory Board, to which a student may appeal his conviction.

Disciplinary Structure

At Columbia and at Radcliffe, discipline is handled by the administration. At Middlebury, the men's Judicial Council judges violations of the firearm and motor vehicle codes, and the women's Judiciary Council has the power (with the approval of the Dean of Students) to suspend or expel in cases of serious misdemeanors. Their government seems basically ineffectual.

The University of Chicago Court is composed of six student members, two faculty members, and one member of the administration.

At Marlboro, after a jury trial (at

which five out of seven students must vote for conviction), the defendant goes before a College Court composed of three faculty and two students. Decisions of the Court are final, and subject to review only in cases of emergency.

Types of Punishment

At Marlboro fines of not more than \$15 may be imposed, and for serious infractions (theft, extra-marital relations on- or off-campus) expulsion can be chosen. At Barnard "any infringement may subject the student to suspension or expulsion from the college." At Radcliffe students are given "pr's," which mean that a girl must remain in her room for one weekend night.

UNITARIAN CHURCH

3975 Fruitville Road

Sunday service: 10:30 a.m.

SPECIAL SERVICE:
INSTALLATION FOR THE
MINISTER

Nursery and Church School
10:30 a.m.

The Place
Where The
Hardware,
Housewares
& Assorted
Goodies Are
Nearby!

**ADAMS and
AHOUSER**
Hardware & Supply, Inc.
PHONE
355-2388

North Trail Shopping Center

TIME

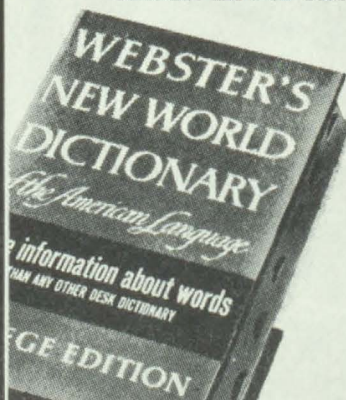
The longest word
in the language?

By letter count, the longest word may be *pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis*, a rare lung disease. You won't find it in *Webster's New World Dictionary, College Edition*. But you will find more useful information about words than in any other desk dictionary.

Take the word *time*. In addition to its derivation and an illustration showing U.S. time zones, you'll find 48 clear definitions of the different meanings of *time* and 27 idiomatic uses, such as *time of one's life*. In sum, everything you want to know about *time*.

This dictionary is approved and used by more than 1000 colleges and universities. Isn't it time you owned one? Only \$5.95 for 1760 pages; \$6.95 thumb-indexed.

At Your Bookstore
THE WORLD PUBLISHING CO.
Cleveland and New York



Put a Little Bike
Into Your Life
From

NORTHSIDE BIKES

1130 27th Street



Patronize Our Advertisers

BAY VIEW

Cleaners and Laundry

**Complete Laundry
and Dry Cleaning**

Drive-In Store: 1530 1st St.
955-0937

SARASOTA

Flower Shop

Make it a habit — not an occasion
1219 1st Street 955-4287

NOW AVAILABLE AT

THE CAMPUS BOOK STORE

Richard L. Rubenstein's:
*THE RELIGIOUS
IMAGINATION
AFTER AUSCHWITZ*

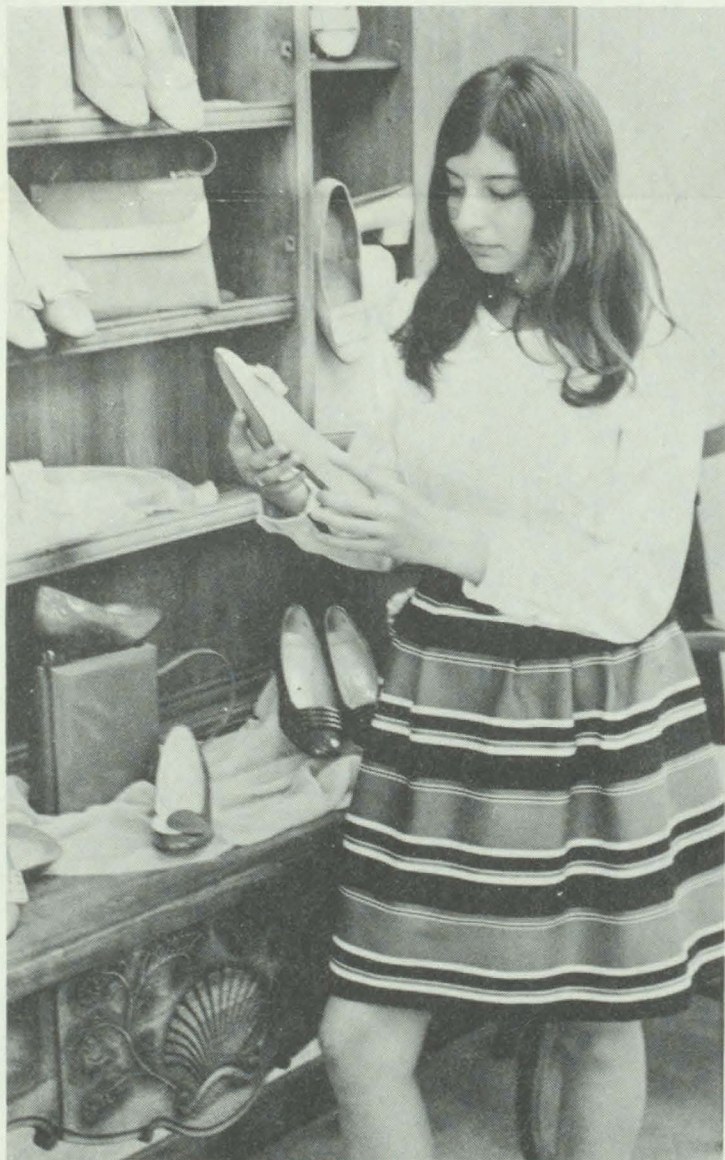
— also —

*REPORT FROM
IRON MOUNTAIN*

New in Paperback:

Ardrey's:
*TERRITORIAL
IMPERATIVE*

and many more titles.



SOMETHING TO
SING ABOUT FROM

MONTGOMERY - ROBERTS

MONTGOMERY - ROBERTS

SARASOTA downtown BRADENTON
ST. ARMANDS KEY

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET
at

Webb's

Webb's

University Shop
46 South Palm Ave.

COCKTAILS AT THE COPPER BAR

3428 No. Trail
355-3446

FINE DOMESTIC AND

1570 No.
Lockwood Ridge Rd.
955-3446

IMPORTED LIQUORS