

The Catalyst

Volume II, Number 35

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June 10, 1966

HURRICANE!!!

Damage Light In First Storm To Hit Campus

Alma, the season's first hurricane, passed within thirty miles of Sarasota Wednesday night and caused "light" damage to the New College campus.

According to Captain Ralph Styles, Development Officer, the only structural damage caused by the storm was the loss of "a few awnings on the administration building."

About ten palm and pine trees were lost, however, he told The Catalyst, and it would be "three to four days" before the grounds could be completely cleaned of moss, branches, and other debris.

Meanwhile, official campus activity slowed almost to a standstill yesterday as power failures affected both sides of the campus.

The west campus was the harder hit, as a total blackout made electric lights and typewriters inoperative. Because the college has its own water pump on the west campus, the blackout affected the water supply there, as well.

Buffet lunches of cold cuts were served on paper plates, because there was no electricity with which to cook and no water with which to wash dishes.

The college switchboard was also affected by the power failure, rendering most of the telephones on the west campus useless.

On the east campus, limited current was flowing yesterday after a total power failure had blacked it out from approximately 11 pm Wednesday night to 6:30 am Thursday morning. Enough power was available to service the dormitory rooms, but the swimming pool generator and the air conditioning system were out.

Captain Styles said yesterday he was in touch with Florida Power and Light, and repairs would "hopefully" be made by the end of this week.

Alma was the closest any hurricane had ever come to Sarasota since New College was built, according to Captain Styles, and the school was "fortunate" that damage was as slight as it was.

He attributed the good fortune to "the time and effort spent Wednesday by Mr. Minter and also the construction contractor in picking up and securing things."

Al Minter is head of the ground-keeping crew. His men spent the greater part of Wednesday securing loose and fragile items around campus.

Construction work on Hamilton Court was halted yesterday, as most of the workers stayed home to clean up their own yards, according to Styles. Work was continued today, however.

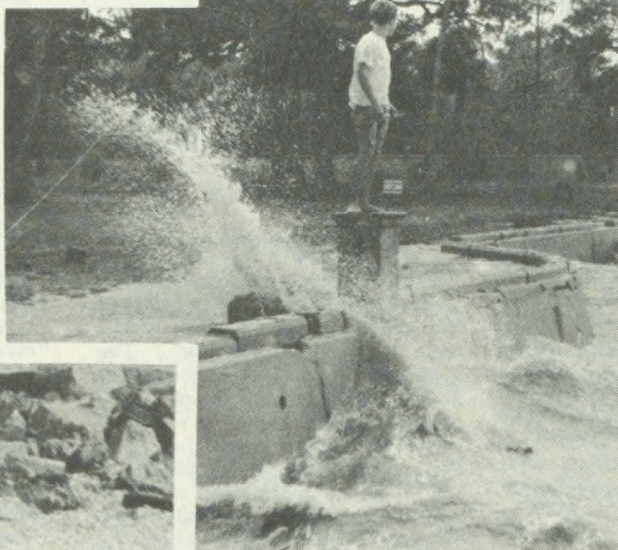
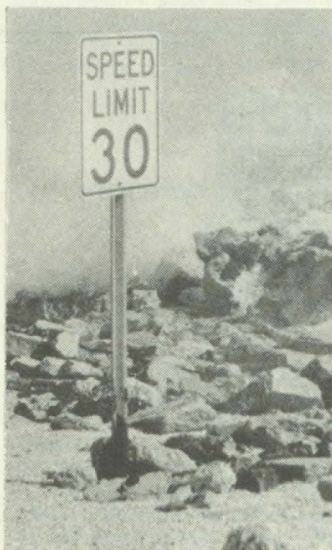
Although there were no broken windows or other major damages on the east campus, some student rooms suffered minor carpet damages when the force of the wind pushed rain underneath the door.

Meetings Postponed

Meetings of the College Council and the Student Executive Committee were postponed Wednesday due to Hurricane Alma.

The Council meeting has been re-scheduled for this afternoon at 3:30; no definite word was available at presstime as to whether the SEC meeting will be re-scheduled, as well.

Steve Hall, SEC chairman, did say, however, that a meeting would be held "sometime Saturday" or "we won't have one at all this week."



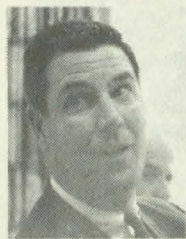
While Hurricane Alma receded from the Sarasota area, her effects lingered yesterday in testimony to her power. A lonely traffic sign stands among rocks washed onto a beach road by the force of Alma's winds and waves, left. At center, first-year student Dave Rogg stands on pier behind College Hall to catch the spray of the incoming waves. At right, students examine a forty-foot pine tree that was uprooted during the storm, fortunately missing the window to a student residence.

Fireworks Injuries Prompt Confiscation Of All Explosives

Injuries, reportedly due to cherry bomb explosions, to two students this week prompted Dean of Students Robert Norwine to demand all explosives be turned in by 8 pm today under penalty of "immediate expulsion."

In a note to students posted yesterday, Norwine originally said all explosives must be turned in at the student reception center by 8 last night. However, Bill Chadwick, chairman of the Student Disciplinary Committee, said Norwine had subsequently agreed to extend the deadline 24 hours.

First-year students Cheryl Hess and Edna Walker were treated at



Norwine

Sarasota Memorial Hospital for minor injuries from cherry bomb explosions in separate incidents during the week, according to college nurse Mrs. Fran LeMasters.

Edna was injured Sunday and Cheryl on Wednesday.

Possession of explosives or firearms of any kind is prohibited under room agreements signed by all students residing at the college.

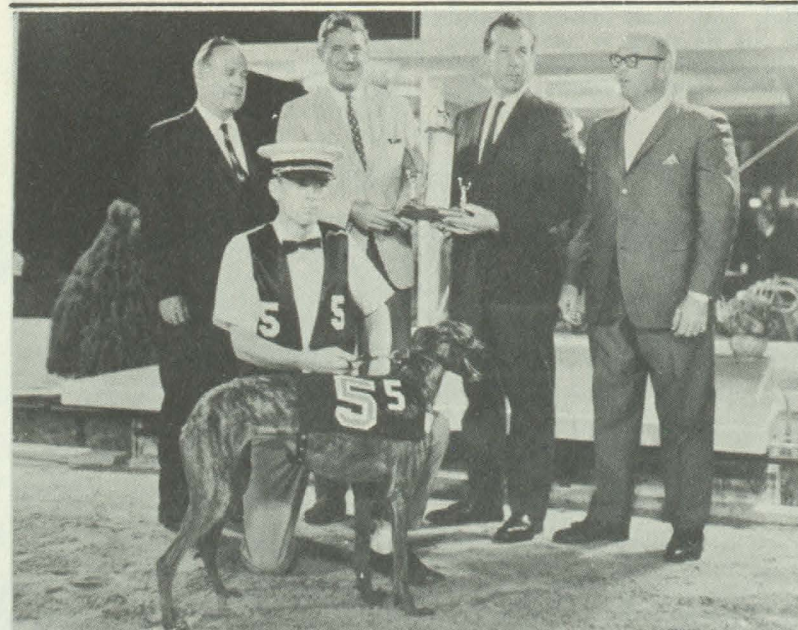
HEW Grants NC \$157,866

The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW) has given New College a grant of \$157,866 to help pay for the classroom building now under construction on the East Campus.

The funds were allocated as a Title One grant under the Higher Education Facilities Act of 1965.

Ring Orders Still Accepted

Students who did not order a class ring from the Herff-Jones representative Wednesday may still place an order. Karle Prendergast, chairman of the Ring Committee, will accept orders for several days. Interested students should see her immediately.



Winner of the New College feature race at the benefit night at the Sarasota Kennel Club was Janaam whose owner, Eddie Alderson, is shown receiving a trophy from President John Elmendorf. At left is Judge Bernie Collins and at right is track general manager Jack Collins. Proceeds of the race went to the New College scholarship fund.

Proctor Hired On Trial Basis

The Wackenhut Corp., a contract security service represented locally by C. W. Wierts, was chosen "on a trial basis" earlier this week to provide a combination proctor-security officer service.

Hours for the new proctor-security officer have been set at 9 pm to 3 am on weeknights and 9 pm to 4 pm on Friday and Saturday nights.

Viet Child Sends Thanks

New College's Vietnamese "foster child" thanked students and expressed an interest in marbles in his first letter to his "foster parents."

Eight-year-old Nguyen Dinh Khuong wrote the students in a letter dated May 12.

One of seven children, Nguyen lives with his family in An Binh, about 34 miles from Saigon. Students here have been helping to support Nguyen with cash gifts and letters relayed through the Foster Parents Plan, Inc.

The text of his letter, translated by the Foster Parents organization, is as follows:

"My dear foster parents:
"I write this letter to respectfully inquire if you all are in good health. If so, I'm most happy. As for me over here, I'm as well as usual."

"Daddies and Mommies, I received for the first month a bar of soap, an amount of five hundred and eighty piastres (VN\$580), and VN\$300 (US\$4.13) rice money. My parents used your cash grant covering books, copybooks and school fees for my siblings and me."

"I'm attending the 1st grade by now and I've plenty of classmates. At recess, I like to shoot marbles best as I'm practicing how to become a good player."

"Well, that's all for this time, I beg to close and hope this finds you safe and well all the time. I'm deeply obliged to you for your kind assistance."

(signed) Nguyen Dinh Khuong

The Iceman Cometh

An ice machine was installed on the east campus this week.

A coin-operated, bag dispenser type machine has been placed outside the entrance of the laundry room in the old barracks.

"It's here on a trial basis," Captain Ralph Styles, Planning Officer, said. "We'll keep it if it's used enough."

Styles said fifty bags a week would have to be sold "for the machine to pay for itself." He added, however, he does not expect that many will be sold "at least until the new class comes in."

Robert Ritchie will continue to serve as security agent for the West Campus.

Wierts, area supervisor for Wackenhut, has been acting as proctor-security agent for the past week. "I like to start a new job and look it over," he told The Catalyst.

Wierts plans to use two men, probably splitting them up one five



Wierts

days, the other two. He indicated he might be one of the two men.

"My problem is finding someone right to work the job with me," he said. "Usually, a man in his 50's would be most stable for a job like this."

He said an older man would tend to be too inflexible for the job, while a younger man would tend to become too personally involved in student problems.

Dean of Students Robert Norwine made the decision to engage the Wackenhut Corp. after consultation with administration and student representatives.

Competing with Wackenhut for the school's contract was Officer Ritchie, who had been acting as campus proctor and security agent for the past two months.

Both Ritchie and Wierts presented proposals for a proctor last Thursday before representatives of the administration and the students.

Ritchie had suggested that the duties of proctor and security agent be separated. He said it defeats the purpose of a proctor to leave the residence hall area to patrol other parts of the campus.

In presenting his proposal last Thursday, Wierts told the group assembled to interview him he was looking forward to trying the job. He said, "This thing's going to be a challenge."

Editorial

A Better Draft

A great deal of intellectual and not-so-intellectual discussion has been devoted throughout the nation recently to the subject of how our draft system could be improved, if at all.

Ideally, of course, there would be no need for armies and the various paraphernalia of a national defense (and offense) system, but as long as we remain in the ranks of mankind, that "need" will continue to exist. Thus, caught on a sort of treadmill, the United States must continue using some sort of conscription system to supply the players in what its citizens recognize is an absurd game.

The problem, therefore, becomes one of making the draft system as equitable as possible. This problem, as we see it, can be broken down into two parts: (1) determining who is and who is not eligible for the draft; (2) determining the most equitable system of selecting draftees from among those eligible.

Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara caused a considerable stir when in an address before the American Society of Newspaper Editors on May 18 he suggested all young Americans "give one or two years of service to his country." He said such service could be in the armed forces, the Peace Corps, or other volunteer developmental work agencies at home or abroad.

We are firmly opposed to any form of universal conscription. Many of the grounds presently valid for deferment from service in the armed forces would be valid grounds for deferment from participation in any organized public service agency. Philosophical considerations aside, we shudder to think of the headaches involved in putting all of the 1,800,000 Americans who reach draft age each year into public service organizations.

Mr. McNamara made his suggestion in view of the apparent inequity in asking some Americans to fight and die on a battlefield while others are asked only to be day-to-day good citizens at home. We suggest, however, that universal conscript is not the best solution.

In any society at war there must be a division of labor: some must face the enemy, while others must "mind the store" back home. As important a job as our soldiers, our Peace Corps, and our VISTA volunteers are doing, others are serving the national interest just as well in less altruistic ways.

There is one deferment classification, however, which The Catalyst must question--2S. To say that one youth is exempt from being shot at because he attends college while another is not because he chooses a career is morally reprehensible. One cannot measure potential value of youths to a society on the basis of whether or not they go to college, and then assume those who don't are the less valuable and hence can be expended.

We suggest the 2S classification be eliminated, and college students take their chances with the rest of America's youth.

Of course, we have now raised the moral question of whether any priority can be applied at all in a draft. We suggest one can--age.

As things are now, young men are drafted at a most inopportune time. They are just leaving college, careers and marriage ahead of them. However, the draft looms over them, making long-term plans impossible.

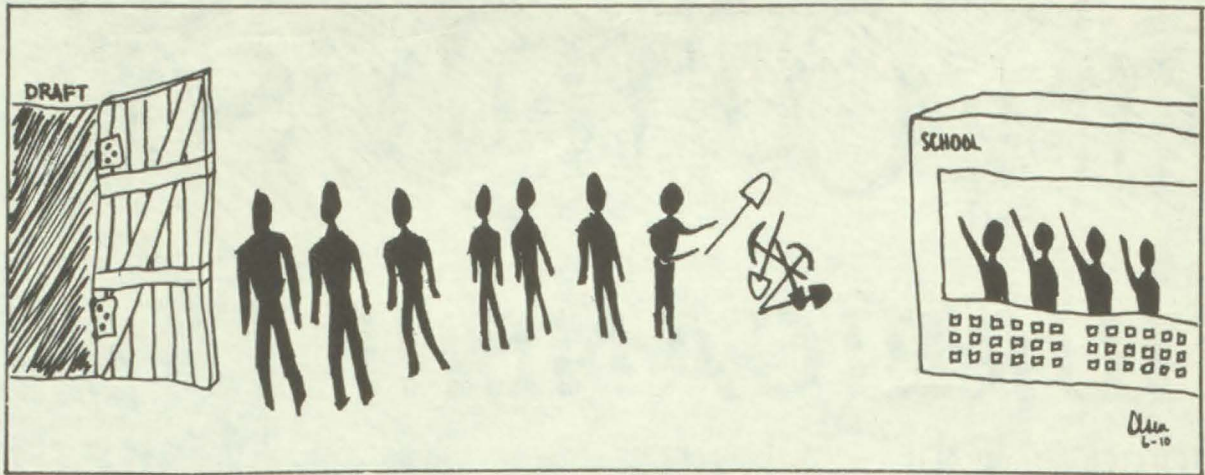
The Catalyst therefore advocates two further changes in the draft system: (1) that draft boards begin drafting with young men 19 years old and then move up; (2) that draft quotas be filled at the national level.

If the selective service would draft men before they have made their life's plans, all would benefit. Right after high school is the ideal time for men to be inducted into the armed forces; the army would give many the time they need to think and mature before choosing a career, and those who are already well along in their plans would not have their lives needlessly disrupted. Such a program would also better the armed forces' chances of attracting capable career men.

Our second proposal arises from inequities in the quota system. Under the present system, one board may easily fill its quota from among the 1A's in its district, while another may be required to call up married men. With the advent of the computer, we think a single, national quota filled at random from among eligible men across the nation can and should come into use. Local draft boards would continue to operate, of course, to hear appeals of individual cases and determine deferments.

Both proposals, if accepted, would help make the draft system more equitable. The first allows those who have already made a greater investment in themselves through college or career experience less liable for combat duty than those who haven't. The second insures that one's place of residence would have no bearing on how soon he is drafted.

Conscription is a bitter pill to swallow. But as long as we must take it, we might as well make it as sweet as possible.



Letters

Rules Gotta Be

To the Catalyst:

Say there John, in Watts this summer, some happy carefree people like you discovered that they didn't have to obey rules. "Gosh! The government's useless," they said. So they relieved themselves. Well that was a great scene, everyone a pillar of freedom being shot at by those ridiculous law enforcers.

All rules are ineffectual when put upon an unwilling population. So you can't stand any rules which the college has given you. May I remind you that these are the most liberal school rules I've ever seen? Sure they're ridiculous as long as people don't want them. So, we eliminate the drinking rule. "Yea!" everyone says, but the cops now have to come in and haul you off to jail. Mr. Miller can't defend us any more because he hasn't any disciplinary power. You want to be heterosexual? Buy a car, but Man, rules gotta be, and be enforced as long as we're in the U. S. Ever considered the Virgin Isles? China? Perhaps anywhere but here. If you want to break rules, be humble. Remember you're doing the theoretically impossible. If you're not caught, that's great, but part of growing up is learning that "You pays your money, and you takes your chance."

Thweetly,
Bill Ralphs

No Protection

To the Editor

It has come to my attention in an indirect manner that some students feel that Dean Norwine and the College have condoned student drinking to one extent or another. This is an absolutely false impression. Although it has not been made a matter of disciplinary concern to the students, private drinking is still against the state laws for anyone under 21 and I firmly believe that the College will make no attempt to prevent the enforcement of these laws by whatever authorities should attempt to enforce them. Our proctor, whoever he may be, will almost certainly be a deputized person and as such bound to enforce the laws of the state. If such a person chooses not to report a violation to the authorities, it is his prerogative and not a right or privilege of sanctuary given the student by the College. Also public drinking is both a matter of disciplinary concern and against the state laws for anyone under 21. So if the students want to drink, they must understand that no one is going to prevent the state authorities, or even the proctor from enforcing the state liquor laws.

(signed) Bill Chadwick
Chairman SDC

To The Lone Haranguer

To the Editor:

This letter is addressed to "The Lone Haranguer" and others of his class. Albeit that their antics are "cute," "amusing" and "devilously clever," they are disgusting. What few people seem to realize is that their actions, insofar as they affect my reputation and that of the remainder of this happy community, are not their own business. Admittedly, freedom of expression is a wonderful thing, especially in college when the "adults" expect us to make fools of ourselves anyway. It's all part of growing up--isn't it? It was interesting to watch the group of architects who came to observe the splendor of I. M. Pei's architecture. They spent an inordinate amount of time and showed a great deal of interest in the "decorations" which "adorned" the girl's court. The stream of consciousness? Writing on the wall in charcoal outside my door was interesting. And I really think it's lovely for people to throw their garbage (old watermelon rinds and anything else they have no use for) off of their balconies. Oranges and coconuts give off a lovely odour when smashed on the tiles. Blue ink stains add a lovely effect to the white bricks. Now, if these "rebels" in our midst don't care a whit for what the outsiders think of them, why do they take such great pains to insure their rebellious expressions are where they will be seen? I do happen to care what sort of an "image" New College casts in town, for insofar as I am a member of this "corporate body" it is my image. While I'm at it, let me say that obscenities and symbols deliberately designed to offend should not be practiced in the Reception Center. Two months ago, I was notified that there was a long distance phone call for me, and that they were holding the line. When I got there, the line was dead. One of our poker faced heroes glibly informed me that he had lost a hand and that "there was some rough talk--the operator probably hung up." Fine--I still don't know who that was who called me. But I do know what he thinks of "my" school. Please, other people, don't support these pornographers and vandals. Care enough not to tell them they're "cute"--tell them what they really are--weak, simpering slob who need to grow up.

(signed) Dennis Kezar

P.S. Anyone disagreeing with the sentiments in this letter, please have the decency to talk to me about it. Don't be afraid.

P.P.S. I don't bite.

Congratulations

Dear Mr. Editor:

I wanted to express my deep appreciation to all the students of New College for their thoughtful, mature and cooperative behavior during the recent hurricane.

Particularly noteworthy was the manner in which they responded to the crisis by staying up all or most of the night to make sure the campus was safe. Their dedication was clearly evident in their efforts to track as much water as possible into their rooms in order to keep the courts from flooding. Almost as fine were their efforts to preserve calm by supplying comic relief in the form of firecrackers and assorted pranks, so well conceived that only one student required emergency hospital treatment.

Finally I would commend them all for the heart-warming way in which they volunteered to clean up the campus on Thursday morning. It was indeed gratifying to see them all pitch in and help Al and Henry and the rest of the crew--who had only been up 30 hours or so--in order to make it clear to all that they were responsible, mature, young people, well deserving of the opportunity they have to attend this college.

It is episodes like this which make a president happy to be at New College rather than in some "stuffy" institution where the students do not feel any sense of responsibility or pride in their alma mater.

Very insincerely yours,
(signed) John Elmendorf



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Silhouetted against an afternoon sky are members of The Catalyst staff on a tiny island in Sarasota Bay. The staff spent Saturday afternoon and evening picnicking and taking in the sun.

Charles Harra, college controller, was host and provided transportation on his boat.

(Staff Photo by Jim Bowen)

on campus

with Laurie Paulson

Far Off Campus

At three o'clock in the morning, you have a consciousness of the light more than anything else, and it's the quality of the light rather than the mere brightness that's disturbing in this place. It's a harsh white light and tries to be honest and tries to tell no lies as it pours itself over the Formica counter and the stools and the worn waitress and the shining chrome of the stove, and over me, top, as I sit and wait for my order. The light tries to be honest and bathes everything in such brutal clarity that it lies in the other direction, and fails.

The two men at the other end of the counter are kidding the waitress, drawling, asking Doris what she did last night. "Did you have a real time, Doris?" Doris answers in a good-natured but noncommittal way, and it's probable that she's used to being kidded, is kidded every night in the same way by these same men, and it's become a ritual for her she even enjoys. "Did you come home drunk again, Doris?" asks one of the men, feigning seriousness.

"Now, you know I never drink, Charlie," says Doris, and they all laugh, and Doris is still chuckling as she sets the hamburger in front of me next to the spoon resting on the square of paper napkin and the coffee cup. I start to apply catsup to the hamburger in a vain effort to save it. The men tire of kidding Doris and attack their hamburgers and start talking about a movie they'd both seen. I wonder what kind of a job they must have, to be regulars at this place at this hour, when the night's given up all but its very last efforts, and those tired and sad.

The coffee is good, if not the hamburger and so there's some comfort. The men have paid no attention to me, are getting up to leave now, saying a final word to Doris, cautioning her against her habitual excesses, and Doris says "Get out of here," but doesn't mean it.

We're alone in the place now, and I hope Doris won't say anything to me. I'm obscurely afraid she'll ask me to explain my presence here, and that I'll have no answer for her. I feel it's an absurdity, my being here, for surely Doris is absurd, the hour ridiculous, the place strange, the journey pointless. Doris wanders somewhere around the corner, as if to give herself something to do. I wonder if she is thinking about me at all, wondering what I'm doing here, where I come from. Would she understand if I told her that I'm here because in a few weeks, in a town named Sarasota at a place called New College I'll have these Comprehensive Examinations? Would she know what I meant if I told her I'll have these examinations and they're crucial and they'll mean whether I can stay in a place I really want to stay in, that I really like, despite its faults or maybe even because of them, and despite the exams' importance I can't feel their reality or their imminence? That I'm sitting here at the counter in this strange place (I can't even remember the name of the town) because I think this will bring the reality of these examinations closer? Would she understand that? Probably not. I don't even understand it myself, really.

I finish my hamburger and coffee and Doris magically appears (perhaps she has a mirror back there) and takes my money and I leave her a tip and go out the door where the night is debating whether to give up now or present some kind of challenge to the dawn. Outside, old papers of an unfamiliar city sit in racks and the parking lot is dark

and I see my motorbike and I'm once again astonished that no one's stolen it. And then the highway, with more cars than you'd expect at this time little compartments of life with a destination.

Somewhere on this highway, miles away, is the place I left which will be quiet now, and there really is a rooster somewhere beyond the barracks and the fields who will be making his premature



Paulson

announcements. I walk to the motorbike (the night is cool and I have a jacket) and know all this, and could prove it if I had a map. But it's more unreal now than before. It was foolish, I think as I start the motor. I've told myself I've come all this way to find the reality of the tests and study I must face, and it seems more fantastic than ever. I've run from it, instead of come closer. Or run from something else I don't really know of. Perhaps it's all a great joke, I think as I join the traffic myself in my more basic compartment, and head up the road. But if it's a joke, it's a sad one. And it will be sadder still when it's dawn and you can't hide yourself in the shadows.

Those are the thoughts you have far away from home. At three o'clock in the morning.

Asolo Will Take Student Help

Students who would like to assist the Asolo Summer Festival to be held at the Asolo Theater from July 7 to the end of August are asked to contact Ezra Regen at 958-4435.

Details of student participation are not in final form, but Regen indicated that students might take part in entertainments, speaking engagements, and perhaps actual production work.

He said that any students who express an interest would be invited to a meeting with Asolo Festival Director Dick Fallon shortly before the opening of the Festival.

Library To Sell Surplus Volumes For Third Time

The college library will conduct a sale of "who knows how many" surplus volumes at a special sale tomorrow 9:30 am to 1 pm.

Books will be stacked in the arcade between College Hall and the Sanford residence, according to Dr. Corinne Wilson, librarian, and they will sell for ten cents each.

There will be no limit on the number of books any student may buy.

The books are duplicates or volumes "not needed in our particular library collection" according to Dr. Wilson. They have been accumulating for a little over a year, she said, and they have been stored in library closets and the college warehouse.

The sale is being co-sponsored by the library and the Women's Library Association for New College. Proceeds will go into the library's book budget.

This will be the third time the library has conducted a sale or give-away of surplus volumes.

Ph.D. Questioned

Educators in many of the nation's major universities have lately been re-examining the Ph.D. with an eye toward some significant revisions in the traditional degree structure.

According to a report in the current Time magazine, these revisions include a telescoping of the doctoral requirements and the institution of a degree somewhere between the master's and the doctorate.

Movestoward reform are prompted, according to Time, by "the growing feeling among many educators that the Ph.D., at least for teachers, may not be worth the time and expense that must be expended now to get one."

A survey of Ph.D. holders in Indiana colleges, for example, showed that an average of eleven years of graduate study was spent in working for the doctorates. Also, the report said, getting the Ph.D. cost the professors about \$34,000 each, counting lost income while studying, and 20% developed ulcers or nervous disorders.

Students To Get Extra Towels

Students and faculty residents on the east campus will receive three bath towels instead of two beginning next week, according to Al Minter, head of the maintenance crew.

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Book Review

A Clockwork Orange

By LEE WALLINGFORD

A Clockwork Orange by Anthony Burgess is described on the cover blurb as a philosophical novel, which it may be. The setting is a vague future in a completely socialized England, and the hero is Alex, an adsat or a teenage terrorizer, who roams the deserted street during the night with his droogies (gang members). Alex is eventually captured by the millicents (police) and placed in prison, where he undergoes the Ludovico technique and is then released into society.

The Ludovico technique is reminiscent of Pavlov's conditioning process: Alex is given drugs which make him nauseously ill whenever his emotions are aroused. He is then shown movies of the violent acts he used to commit: beatings, rapes, and robberies. After two weeks he has come to associate the horrible illness he feels with the scenes of violence, even without the drugs. The only way he can avert these feelings is to act in a completely opposite manner, that is, to act as a good person. The philosophical theme of the novel is expressed by the prison chaplain: "He ceases to be a wrongdoer, he ceases also to be a creature capable of moral choice." Alex has become, in effect, a clockwork orange, organic on the outside, but inside nothing more than a piece of machinery.

Much of the attractiveness of the book lies in its language. In fact, one can become completely involved in translating the nadsat's vocabulary into everyday American. One of the characters describes it as odd bits of rhyming slang, a bit of gypsy talk, but mostly Slavic, the subliminal penetration of propaganda. The slang would be things like "appy polly loggy" for apology and "pretty

polly" for money. The Slavic roots are evident in such words as "guliver" (Russian golova--head), "millicents" (Russian militsia--police), and "oddy knocky" (Russian odinock--lonesome). Faced with page one, the reader might give up in dismay, but the meanings soon become clear from the context. Some English slang is translated directly into Russian, for instance, koshka (cat) and ptitsa (bird) become the hip "cat" and "chick." Some of the language is very descriptive: "tolchok" has a better ring to it than "punch," and "grahny bratchnies" is somehow more effective than "dirty bastards."

And somehow, through the language and the plot, the little satire comes off very well. Some of the scenes are ridiculously funny, as when Alex is looting a mansion full of screaming and ferocious cats, egged on by one little old lady; and some are brutal, as the description of Alex's rape of two ten year-old girls. And some are very poetic, especially the descriptions of classical music: "And then, a bird of like rarest spun heavenmetal, or like silvery wine glowing in a spaceship, gravity all nonsense now, came the violin solo above all the strings, and those strings were like a cage of silk round by bed. Then flute and oboe bored, like worms of like platinum, into the thick thick toffee gold and silver."

Running through the whole book is the question of the clockwork orange, and even the ending offers no solution. When Alex has been released from the effects of the Ludovico technique, we find that he has become a pawn of the socialist government which is up for reelection.

Frank's Barber Shop

4 Barbers

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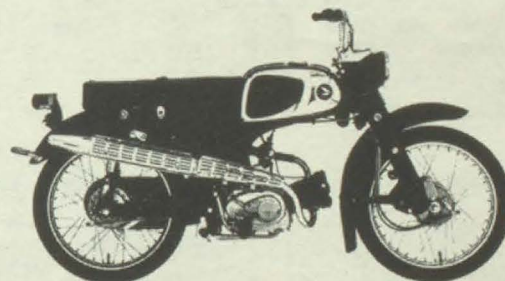
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Miller Earns Doctorate

Arthur M. Miller, tutor in literature and French, has been awarded a doctorate in literature by Duke University's graduate school of arts and sciences.

The degree will be formally conferred upon him September 1.

Miller took a leave of absence last week to present his thesis, concerning the theme of the end of the world in British poetry and fiction from 1806 to 1839.

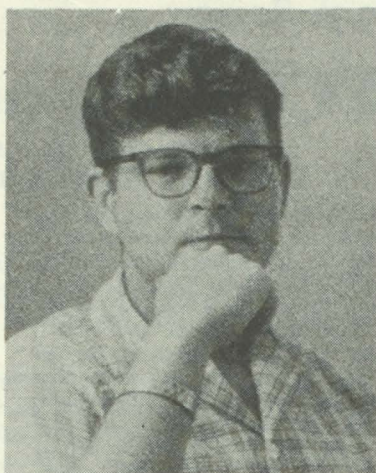
He had completed course work requirements and passed preliminary exams in 1961-1962.

The idea of his thesis, according to Miller, is to trace the end of the world plot or situation from author to author, examining how the form was affected by the works of previous authors, the personal background of each author, and the contemporary social, moral, and religious values.

The dates were not chosen ahead of time, Miller explained, but they were "simply how the thing defined itself."

"The prototypical work," he explained, I found to be an anonymous work published in 1806." He said 1839 was chosen as an end point because that was the year two works were published which he felt marked the degeneration of the particular theme in that particular period.

"One was a burlesque play," he said. "The other was a long, virtually unreadable poem." Both



Dr. Miller

were about the last man on earth, he said.

Miller holds a B. A. (summa cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa) from Princeton in English and French. He received his M. A. from Duke in English and Comparative Literature in 1960.

He remained at Duke for two years after that, doing course work for his doctorate. In 1962 he was called into military service for two years. He has been with New College since its inception in 1964.

Miller lives with his wife and two children in the student residence halls. He acts as advisor to the Student Executive Committee.

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Research Scientist To Teach Psychology

A former research scientist with Canada's Department of National Defense has been named professor of psychology here beginning in September.

Dr. Brian R. Kay will come here from the University of New Hampshire, where he has been professor of psychology since 1964.

A native of New Zealand, Dr. Kay received his B. A. and his M. A. from the University of British Columbia, and his doctorate from the University of London in 1951.

It was for several years after he received his Ph. D. that he worked for the Canadian government.

He then came to the United States where he held a research appointment in psychology at Yale University. In 1956, he joined the faculty of the University of New Hampshire as assistant professor of psychology.

Dr. Kay is director of New Hampshire's Comprehensive Mental Health Planning project.

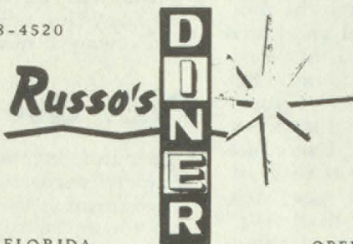
Dr. Kay is a member of both the British Psychological Society and the American Psychological Association. He is a member of two honor societies--Phi Kappa Phi and Sigma Xi.

He has received research grants from the University of London, the state of New Hampshire, and the office of naval research for the U. S. Department of Defense.

Dr. Kay became a U. S. citizen in 1960.



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