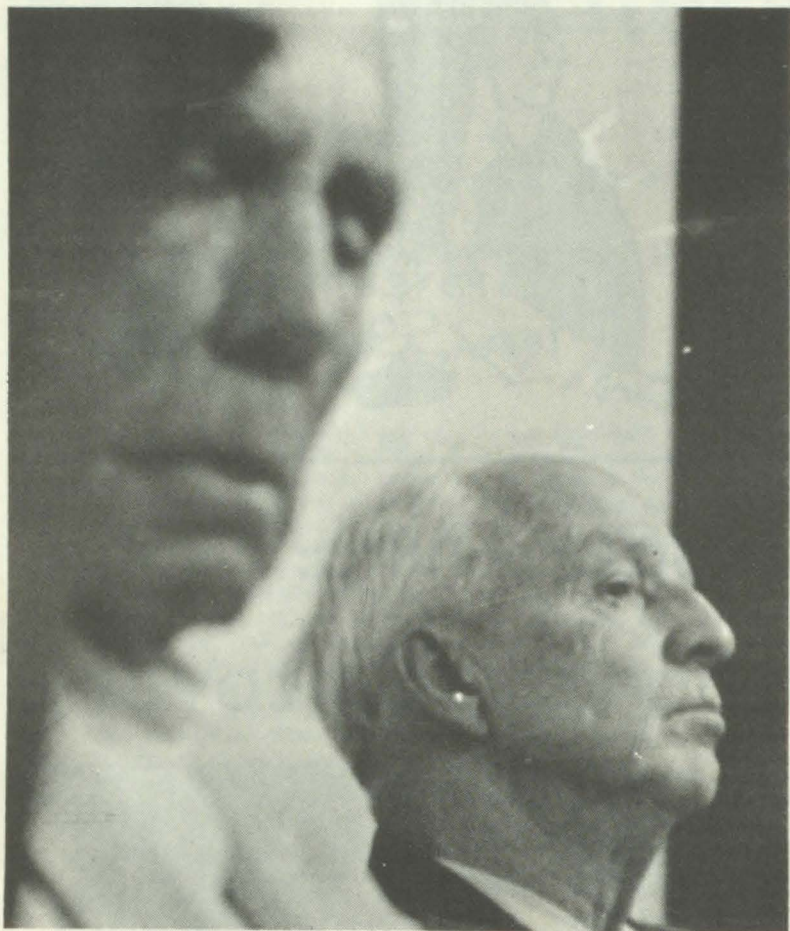




Allen, right, and VFW member

Comedy on Campus

VFW Enlivens Tatum Talk

They came; they saw; but they found it was the wrong battle.

Feelings ran high nonetheless when a carload of Manatee Veterans of Foreign Wars visited Wednesday's discussion of conscientious objection in the Barn.

As the first step in a not-too-funny comedy of errors, the VFW apparently was misled by an article in the local newspaper into thinking the meeting was a discussion of Vietnam policy.

Since the newspaper got the time of the meeting wrong, as well, the VFW swooped in after the meeting was well in progress.

When the discussion paused, the head of the VFW group, who was in a wheelchair, asked permission to speak: "We were told (by Leon Allen, a local citizen who helped organize the meeting) we would not be welcome, but we have some questions."

Adding what he could to the comedy, Allen began to push the speaker up the aisle, saying, "If you have something to say, you can get up on the platform."

A burly man chewing a fat cigar, who was not in uniform but was part of the VFW group, cut in: "He's going to stay right here and talk."

"And you're going to listen, or this meeting will be dismissed," he told the crowd.

While Allen and the cigar chewer engaged in a brief shoving match at the door, the VFW leader assured everyone, "We're not here for trouble," and then questioned the intent of guest speaker Arlo Tatum's remarks on conscientious objection:

"Do you think it's wrong that we have fought for our freedom? Don't you think it's wrong to tell people not to go into the Service?"

Tatum, who remained unruffled and diplomatic throughout the proceedings, denied that he had ever counseled young men to categorically resist the draft or military service.

"I advocate that each individual follow his conscience. If you did in entering the Service, you did the right thing... But sometimes (conscience) requires breaking the law."

The VFW quickly got the subject around to Vietnam, and at this point they were told the assembled group was present to discuss conscientious objection and not U.S. foreign policy.

First-year student Roland King volunteered the use of his dorm room for the continuation of the discussion, in an unsuited attempt to end the interruption.

King said he was the one who notified the newspaper, and he apologized for putting people "ill-at-ease" through the subsequent misunderstanding.

Others present quickly assured King and the VFW they were perfectly at ease, and Tatum invited the VFW to stay but to refrain from changing the subject until those who had questions about conscientious objection were satisfied.

"So you won't answer our questions, is that it?" the VFW leader asked.

Vice President Paul Davis then admonished the gentleman: "No, that's not it. This is all the result of a misunderstanding. This is not the meeting you thought it was."

SEC Seats First Alternates; Proxies Banned During ISP

Alternates were seated for the first time at a Student Executive Committee meeting Wednesday, but proxies will not be seated during the Independent Study Period.

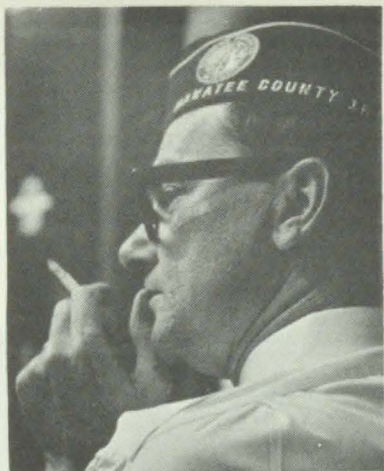
Third-year student Diana Shiphorst and second-year student Laurie Paulson, who received the fourth-highest total of votes in their classes, were seated according to a compromise by the SEC last week.

The first-year alternate, Jon Shaughnessy, is off campus for the study period.

The compromise plan, proposed by second-year representative Rick Stauffer, called for the seating of both alternates and proxies to take the place of absent SEC members. Alternates would be seated first, and proxies would be limited to one to a class, agreed upon by members who will be absent.

After the seating of the alternates, a signed statement by first-year representatives Lee Crawford and Eric Thurston naming Shaughnessy proxy as well as alternate was presented. This prevented a proxy from being seated from that class.

The VFW stayed for another half hour and then left, apparently bored.



Third-year representative Rachel Findley said Sarah Dean, another third-year representative, had left campus for the study period without indicating her choice for a proxy.

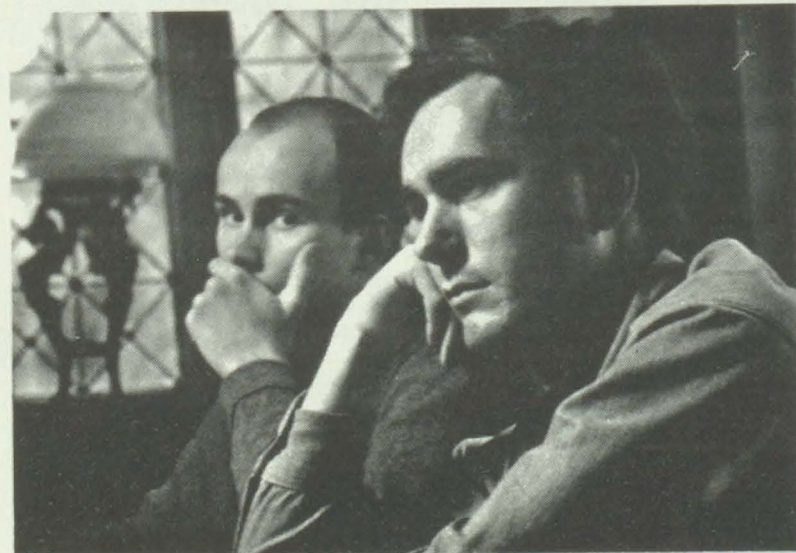
Conscientious objection in its broadest sense can take many forms, Tatum continued. Within the Selective Service system itself, of course, there are two c.o. classifications, 1A0 for non-combatant servicemen, and 10 for alternative service.

These official c.o.'s, he noted, are drafted. Others, however, choose to "dodge" the draft in various ways or simply refuse to cooperate with the Selective Service.

Tatum himself refused to register for the draft in 1940 and again in 1948. Both times he was imprisoned.

He is categorically opposed to conscription and has adopted a policy of "non-co-operation."

Tatum says his opposition to conscription stems from philosophical as well as pragmatic views. Involuntary servitude in any form is immoral in itself, for one thing.



Paulson, left, and SEC chairman Tom Jarrell

Tatum Says Best Defense Is A Passive Offense

The greatest safeguard of peace and security of the United States would be a "non-offensive" foreign policy, according to Arlo Tatum, executive secretary of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objection.

Saying, "I would like to see the principles of conscientious objection become the dominant theme in U. S. foreign policy," Tatum told a group of about thirty students, faculty and townspeople that "as soon as the world is assured the U. S. will not drop napalm on a single soul" the world will feel safe and a step will have been taken toward world peace.

Tatum professed his pacifistic philosophy during a free-wheeling discussion of conscientious objection and its implications Wednesday night in the Barn. The meeting was organized by the local affiliate of the American Friends Service Committee.

A number of guests questioned Tatum's thesis, asking what a pacifist state could do to avoid massacre at the hands of a Hitler.

Tatum replied some bloodshed in case of attack is inevitable, but a non-violent response would substantially reduce bloodshed. He cited Denmark's refusal to resist Hitler by force of arms and the subsequent relatively peaceful occupation of that state by the Nazis.

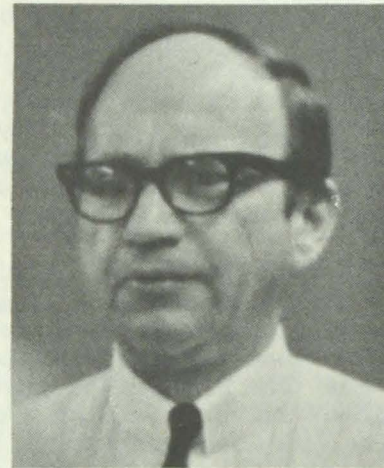
"It's true Denmark was liberated by force from outside," Tatum admitted. "But who can say whether Denmark wouldn't have been liberated otherwise?"

Tatum began the evening's discussion by telling the audience, "For the first time in our history conscientious objectors are in a position to be reckoned with politically."

He said conscientious objectors have increased rapidly in number in the last decade, and they are as a group more vocal, more politically conscious, and "more apt to be visible."

Tatum also contended that for the first time "something of a peace movement" exists within the Armed Forces. He cited cases of soldiers refusing orders, and drew a historical parallel with France's difficulties in maintaining troop loyalty in Algeria.

"Some people say we should give up our freedom to save it," he noted. "This has never made any sense to me."



Tatum

Also, he points out, the draft forces youths to make critical social, psychological and moral decisions before they are ready: "I think it's awful that young people have to crystallize things at the time they need greatest flexibility."

But Tatum recognizes little hope for abolishing the draft at least until the Vietnam War is over. In the meanwhile, he recommends abolishing all deferments except 4-F and extreme hardship cases.

As for draft dodging, Tatum made it clear he is opposed to "fraud" as it hurts others. He used the example of those who fake homosexuality to receive deferment. "So many men have pretended homosexuality that some homosexuals are now being inducted."

He also made it clear conscientious objection is a personal decision. He chided those who adopt a "my country, right or wrong" attitude, and said every young man "should be confronted" with the issue of to serve or not to serve.

Committee Will Ask Commencement Views

A questionnaire to determine student opinion on commencement will be circulated next week.

Commencement Committee Chairman Diana Shiphorst said the form will be submitted to first and second year students, while the questions will be asked orally of third-year students.

Students will be polled concerning the desired time and place of commencement, attire, whether there should be an outside speaker, the desirability of prayers and other questions.

Other members of the committee include Betsy Ash, Kenji Oda, and Mary Lamprecht.

Catalyst Wins Honor Rating

The Catalyst was awarded a First Class honor rating for the fall semester of 1966-1967 by the Associated College Press.

First Class is the second highest of five honor ratings.

The rating was based on an evaluation of the newspaper's coverage, content, and physical properties in relation to other weekly papers of schools with enrollment of 700 or fewer.

This is the second time The Catalyst was rated First Class in the semi-annual rating since the paper went from mimeograph to photo offset.

Editorial

Progressivism Lost

Washington will not be satisfied until it is assured the South Vietnamese are "free" to vote themselves a pro-West government; Ho Chi Minh will not rest until the South is "free" to attach itself to the North to form a united Communist Vietnam. More than ever it is clear now that neither side is interested in a negotiated settlement per se of the Vietnam crisis.

Both sides are apparently convinced it is the political freedom of South Vietnam they are fighting for, and they are willing to decimate the South Vietnamese to prove it. Until very recently, however, Ho had the moral as well as political upper hand, as truly free elections in the South would have resulted in a Communist South. Thus, in August of 1964 we ignored and even denied the existence of an offer from Hanoi for a mutual cease-fire. Recent improvements in our "pacification" programs, coupled with the decimation of the Viet Cong, may have turned the tide of South Vietnamese political opinion, however, and so now it is Washington that is the peace-seeker while Hanoi is on the political defensive.

The military war, therefore, tends to hide the true nature of the battle. It is ultimately a battle for the minds and political loyalties of the South Vietnamese peasants, for both sides have committed themselves to ultimate self-determination in the South.

But to the average peasant the freedom to starve may not in the end seem to have been worth spilling a lot of blood over. The reason he would have chosen Communism in the past is that the Communists represent change and improvement. The U. S., on the other hand, has come to be identified with vested interests and the bogeyman Imperialism. The Viet Cong are terrorists, it is true, but so in their own way were the American revolutionaries back in 1776 in the eyes of the Tories. Our institutional role in world politics has taken a 180-degree turn since those days.

All this is in way of saying that the American attempt to hold back the Communist tide by brute force often defeats its objectives in the long run. Though political ideology exerts a powerful romantic appeal, in the long run it is the economic and social manifestations of ideology that are going to count. As far as the South Vietnamese peasant is concerned, the question of Capitalism versus Communism is not one of the mind but one of the stomach and of the spirit.

"I dislike all nationalism," Arnold Toynbee told an interviewer, "(but) I dislike an aggressive nationalism more than I dislike a defensive nationalism." A united Communist Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh presents to threat to U. S. national interests; indeed, it is not unreasonable to think Ho's nationalism would make a united Vietnam effectively neutral, acting as a buffer between the West and China.

The sooner this nation overcomes its blind paranoia of a non-existent Communist monolith, the sooner we can return to our traditional role as a constructive, progressive voice in world affairs. For it seems in retrospect we may have extended our support to the wrong side in the Vietnamese Civil War.

Possony Will Speak At Revolutions Confab

Word has been received that Stefan T. Possony, author and lecturer on international affairs, will be a speaker at the New College Symposium on Popular Revolutions to be held April 27-29.



Possony

Born in 1913, Possony was educated in Austria, Germany, Italy, France and the United States. During the Second World War, he served as an advisor and psychological warfare officer for the French government, and later

worked as a foreign language broadcaster for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

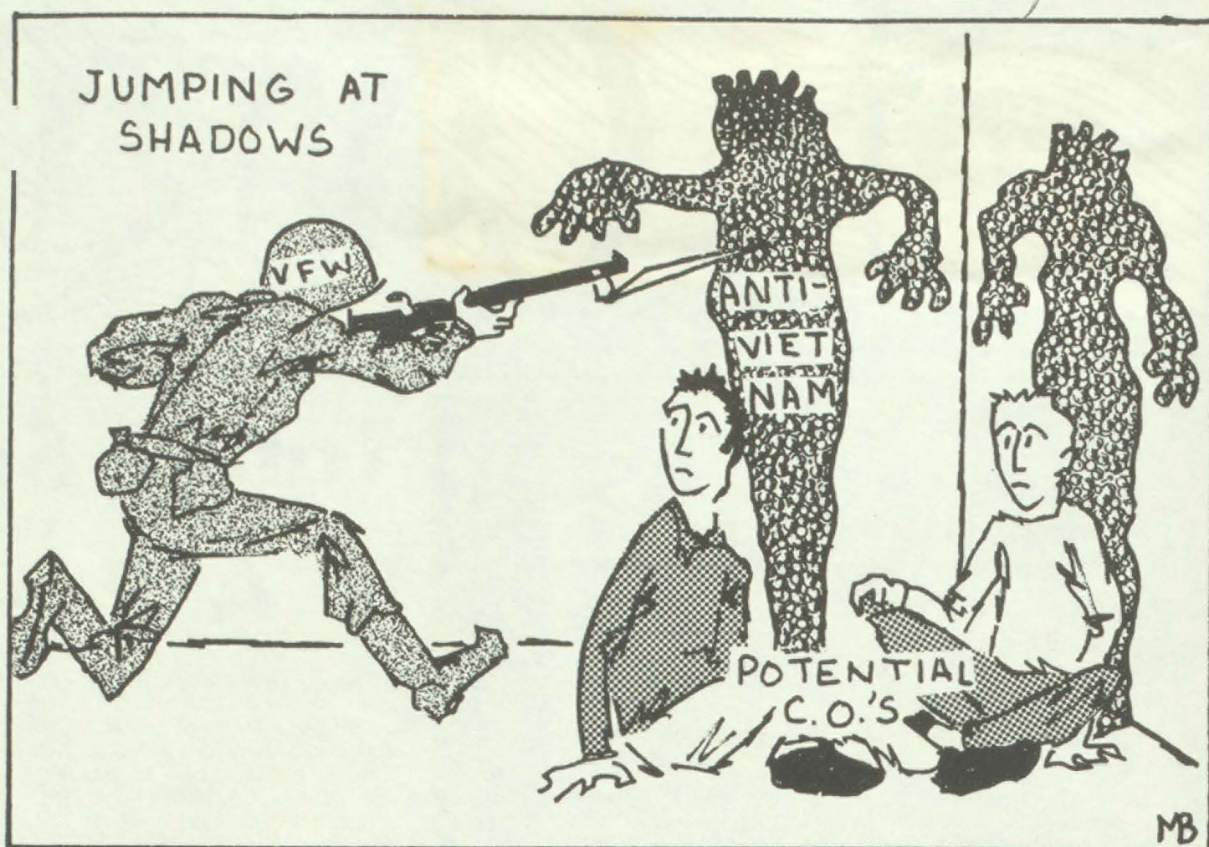
From 1946-1961, Possony was a professor of international politics at the graduate school of Georgetown University, and during the same period served as a special advisor to the U. S. Air Force.

In 1959, Possony was awarded the Exceptional Civilian Service Award of the Air Force, and since 1961 has been director of the international political studies program of the Hoover Institution of Stanford University. In 1965 he received an honorary doctorate from Lincoln University, San Francisco.

Possony has lectured in the United States, Canada, Austria and France. His most recent books include *The Geography of Intellect*, *Lenin, the Compulsive Revolutionary*, and *Lenin, A Reader*, which he edited.

The symposium, sponsored by the Selby Foundation and the Student Activities Fund Committee, will feature students, faculty and guest speakers participating in discussions on aspects of revolution.

Topical seminars will be held on Nationalism, the American Stance in Popular Revolutions, the Communist Stance and Internal Conditions, and are seminars on Africa, Latin America and the Far East.



It's What's Happening: The Great Banana Discovery

Bananas are bursting out all over, it appears.

Articles in two periodicals recently reveal the familiar yellow fruit we've all had at one time or another on our oatmeal may have other uses which never occurred to mother.

A letter to the Berkeley Barb, an underground newspaper published in California, reveals the peel of the banana, when properly prepared and smoked, produces an effect comparable to smoking marijuana.

Marvin Garson, writing in the Village Voice, describes his own experience with the fruity drug. "It was identical in its effects to about half a joint of second-rate pot, i. e. it got me just barely high enough to suspect I was high."

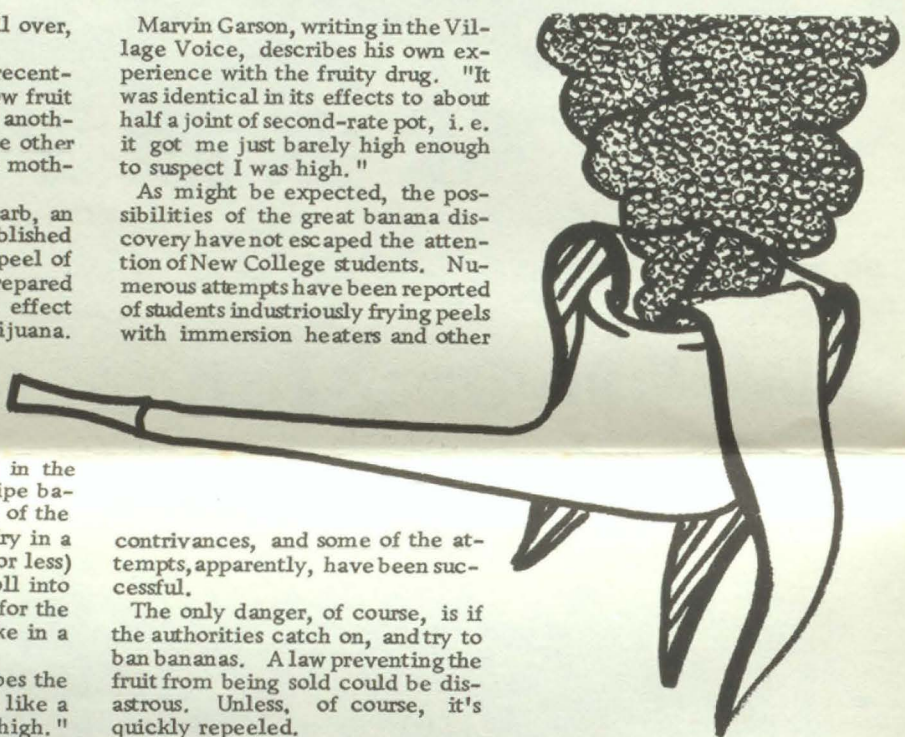
As might be expected, the possibilities of the great banana discovery have not escaped the attention of New College students. Numerous attempts have been reported of students industriously frying peels with immersion heaters and other

The procedure suggested in the letter is as follows: peel a ripe banana, scrape from the inside of the peel the white fiber, and dry in a slow (200 degree Fahrenheit or less) oven--then crumple and roll into a banana joint (cigarette, for the uninitiated) or better, smoke in a pipe.

The correspondent describes the "high" as "gentle... more like a psilocybin than a marijuana high."

contrivances, and some of the attempts, apparently, have been successful.

The only danger, of course, is if the authorities catch on, and try to ban bananas. A law preventing the fruit from being sold could be disastrous. Unless, of course, it's quickly repealed.



Gorfein

Gorfein Re-hiring Still Unconfirmed

President John Elmendorf refused to confirm or deny yesterday a report that Assistant Professor of Psychology David S. Gorfein has been offered a contract for the next academic year.

According to various student sources, who said they got their information from Gorfein, Elmendorf told Gorfein Saturday he could return next year with a promotion to associate professor.

There had been widespread reports Gorfein would not be asked to return.

Gorfein is out of town and The Catalyst was unable to reach him last night for comment.

State Teachers' Group Holds Meeting Here

About 75 members of the Florida College English Association will be on campus today and tomorrow as New College plays host to the Association's annual spring meeting.

Many association members, who are English teachers in the state of Florida, will arrive in time to attend a performance of "As You Like It" at the Asolo Theater, followed by a reception at the home of Humanities Department Head Dr. Arthur Ross Borden.

Tomorrow morning the members will assemble in College Hall to hear a discussion of "Popular Fiction, Then and Now," moderated by the University of South Florida's Sarah Herndon, Executive Secretary of the Association. The discussion will feature John Gardner of Biscayne College speaking on "The Public Novels of Sir Walter Scott," William Scheurle of the University of South Florida speaking on "Henry Kingsley: The Prose-Laureate of Wasted Beauty," and Albert Howard Carter of Florida Presbyterian College speaking on "The New Yorker Writers."

After a coffee break, the members will reassemble to hear George Harper of the University of Florida speak on "We'd Rather Fight Than Switch: Some Observations on a 'Teaching' Degree."

The final session will be held during luncheon. A business meeting,

presided over by Edgar W. Hirshberg of the University of South Florida, the president of the association, will be followed by a talk by Sarasota novelist John D. MacDonald on "Compulsion and Butterflies."

The committee on arrangements for the meeting consisted of Borden and Associate Professor of Literature Dr. Robert Knox.

The Catalyst
Member Associated Collegiate Press

Vol. 3, Number 28 March 31, 1967

Published weekly by students at New College (except for three weeks from mid-December through the first week in January and six weeks in July and August). Subscriptions: \$5.00 per year (43 issues) 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. Application to mail at second-class postage rates pending at Sarasota, Florida. Tel. 355-5406.

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The Catalyst

Literary Supplement

Volume 1, Number 6

Edited By Laurie Paulson

March 31, 1967

The Rain

excerpt from a novel

He woke to the sound of laughter, knew it was God's, and could not answer it. While asleep his wife's face had taken on a pasty look. It looked like paper in the darkness. She did not seem to be as well-defined as the laughter. His mouth tasted like pine soot, something which meant he should go back to sleep. Not that it didn't taste the same way when it was time to get up. Inexplicably, the room was still dark as though thick curtains had been left over the windows half-way through the morning. It was either early or late. He looked at his wife's face again. Something was moving across her face, or rather, underneath it, a fluttering: it was as if the brain itself were making contractions in an effort to reach him with its message. Whatever it was, there was no reading it. He rose, putting on his bathrobe, and went to stand by the uncurtained window.

Outside was the blackness that always meant three or four in the morning to him, the close night sky not being so opaque. It was not worth looking at, and he moved away from the window.

In the bed his wife turned over, still asleep but noticing his absence. Then she raised up on one elbow, looking at him.

"George?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

Up until that moment he had not thought about going anywhere.

"Nowhere," he said. "I can't sleep."

"Well, let's just go on ahead and get up, then," his wife said, and rolled back into a deeper sleep.

He went over to the closet and stepped inside, closing the door behind him and turning on the light. He removed his bathrobe and nightshirt without deciding what to do, and then put on his clothes as if that was what he'd had in mind all along. He ran his shirt sleeve over the tops of his shoes, turned off the light, and left the closet with his coat over his arm.

His wife still slept, and he looked over at her to see if her forehead was about to speak. It seemed not to be, and he left the room.

At the head of the stairs he paused at the gumcase. An old twelve-gauge over-and-under sat within. Somehow it seemed improper and thoughtless to leave without the gun. If anything in the house was really his, this was it. He lifted it out of the case, feeling a pleasant shock at its weight. It had been long enough to come as a surprise, a familiar almost-forgotten thing.

Inside the garage he sat down on the front seat of his car to think for a minute. He put the gun on the floor in back, and then got into his coat to be warmed in his thinking. If he started the engine while the car was still in the garage, Doris might wake up. It followed that he had to get the car into the street and start it there. He noticed that the garage door was still up: he had forgotten to lower it after dinner, and it was a good thing. Lifting it would have made a bigger racket than starting the engine.

Possibly he could pull the car out and steer at the same time. He hooked his arm across the windshield and leaned back. The Rambler gave a single heave and rocked back into place. There had to be some way he could get his weight against the car and still hold the wheel, otherwise he'd be here all night, rocking the car back and forth without result. He turned and leaned himself against the centerpost, reaching back for the steering wheel. The car began to ease out into the street. Cleverly done, he thought. Like a boat on its maiden voyage.

He drove down the street between rows of pleasant houses in which no light was on, each of them pressed close to its neighbors and only minutely different from them, but looking even so as if cut off from the others by a full acre of sanctified grass.

At the highway he turned off, aware of making a decision, but not quite sure what it was.

In twenty minutes it was raining hard. It had begun almost without his noticing, so fine was the spray that had filmed his windshield; he had automatically turned on the wipers and continued into the darkness. Now the rain had increased so that the wipers strained to clear it.

He was heading south on his way to the turnpike, pressing on like a demon without purpose. Already the Rambler had flashed by two exits, the eastbound and northbound. Each time he had found himself unable to leave the road he was on, so he guessed he would keep going south. Every quarter mile or so a sign appeared ahead, bright green and shiny in the glare of his headlights, telling him that exit seventeen, southbound, was somewhere ahead. This one was the last to head out of the city instead of into it, and he didn't mean to let it get by him. When the last sign of the series appeared he slowed down, and shortly was on the exit, committed finally to the great highway beyond.

The car's headlights picked out a figure standing beside the road. It was a hitch-hiker, stuck in the rain. As he passed he saw that the figure was only a boy, fifteen or so, with his hand already falling back

to his side in resignation or maybe disgust. The other hand was clutched firmly to his neck, holding his jacket tight against the rain. Either he decided now to stop and pick the boy up, or he would be out on the highway and it would be too late. The yield sign was at hand.

He backed up to get the hitch-hiker.

The boy was all gratitude, like a puppy.

"Never mind," George said. "I couldn't see anyone standing out in this rain. My name's George Chervil." "Mine's Ryan Arthur. I guess I couldn't have picked a much worse night for it."

Chervil realized that it was in fact the rain that had made him stop. The last thing he wanted was a passenger, but still it was a good thing he'd picked the boy up, or he'd have felt guilty about it for the rest of the trip—at least as long as the rain kept up. After all, how many times had he been followed by bad weather in his travels? So often, it seemed, that rain meant travelling and travelling rain. At least it seemed so now. And when it stopped raining he would know he had gotten wherever he was going.

"Kind of late, too," he observed to the boy. The name Ryan, or Ryun as the boy pronounced it, sounded false.

"Yeah, I guess so. I've been standing there over two hours. I almost wish I was home."

"Where are you from?"

"Chamblee."

"Oh, from around here—I thought probably you'd been on your way for quite a while."

"I guess it looks like I have. Me being so wet and bedraggled, I mean." He gave a little squeak that might have been intended for a chuckle. Wet and bedraggled he certainly was, and his gleaming face had a puffed-out look. A pouter.

Now what was it, Chervil wondered, that was making this boy so uncomfortable? He turned on the radio to ease things, unable to think of a next word to say. All he got was static, and after punching several buttons and getting nothing better, he turned to the boy.

"Why don't you tune that and I'll drive?" The boy fiddled with the knobs and music came out, the early-morning country variety which, apparently, was what farmers like to eat breakfast to.

One bright morning

When the sun is shining

I'll fly away:

To that land

Where joys'll never end,

I'll fly away, fly away.

"Wouldn't you know," said the boy, "that that particular song would be on?" He seemed to understand that Chervil was taking flight. But how could he know this?

"I'll tell you what," he said to the boy. "You tell me what you're running away from, and I'll tell you what I'm running away from."

The boy blanched, clammed up. Bingo.

"Hold on now," Chervil said, "I didn't mean anything by it."

The boy stared straight ahead. It occurred to Chervil that he had forgotten the gun was in the back. Could the boy have noticed it and that be the reason for his discomfort? But it was too dark, the gun was on the floor. He tried again. "I just thought that as we are both adults and on our own we might as well be honest with each other." The only sound was the rain beating down. "You might," Chervil added, "tell me your real name, for instance."

"How did you know?" the boy blurted out.

"Which? That you're running away, or that Ryan whatever isn't your real name?"

"Either. Both."

"Well, as for the first, you as much as told me yourself. Talking about that song. It gave me something of a shock at first: I thought you meant me. But obviously it couldn't have been me you meant, not knowing me, so you must have meant yourself. As for the name, that was easy, although I wasn't sure at first. But you didn't say it like it was your own, like you were familiar with it."

"Oh."

"Well?"

"You sure you want to hear about it?"

"I don't expect it will shock me particularly."

"Maybe you ought to tell me first what you're running away from."

Had he seen the gun after all? Decided he, Chervil, was some kind of mad outlaw? He was pretty sure not.

"No, I think the right order is for you to tell me. You're my guest, in a manner of speaking, and the guest always tells his story first."

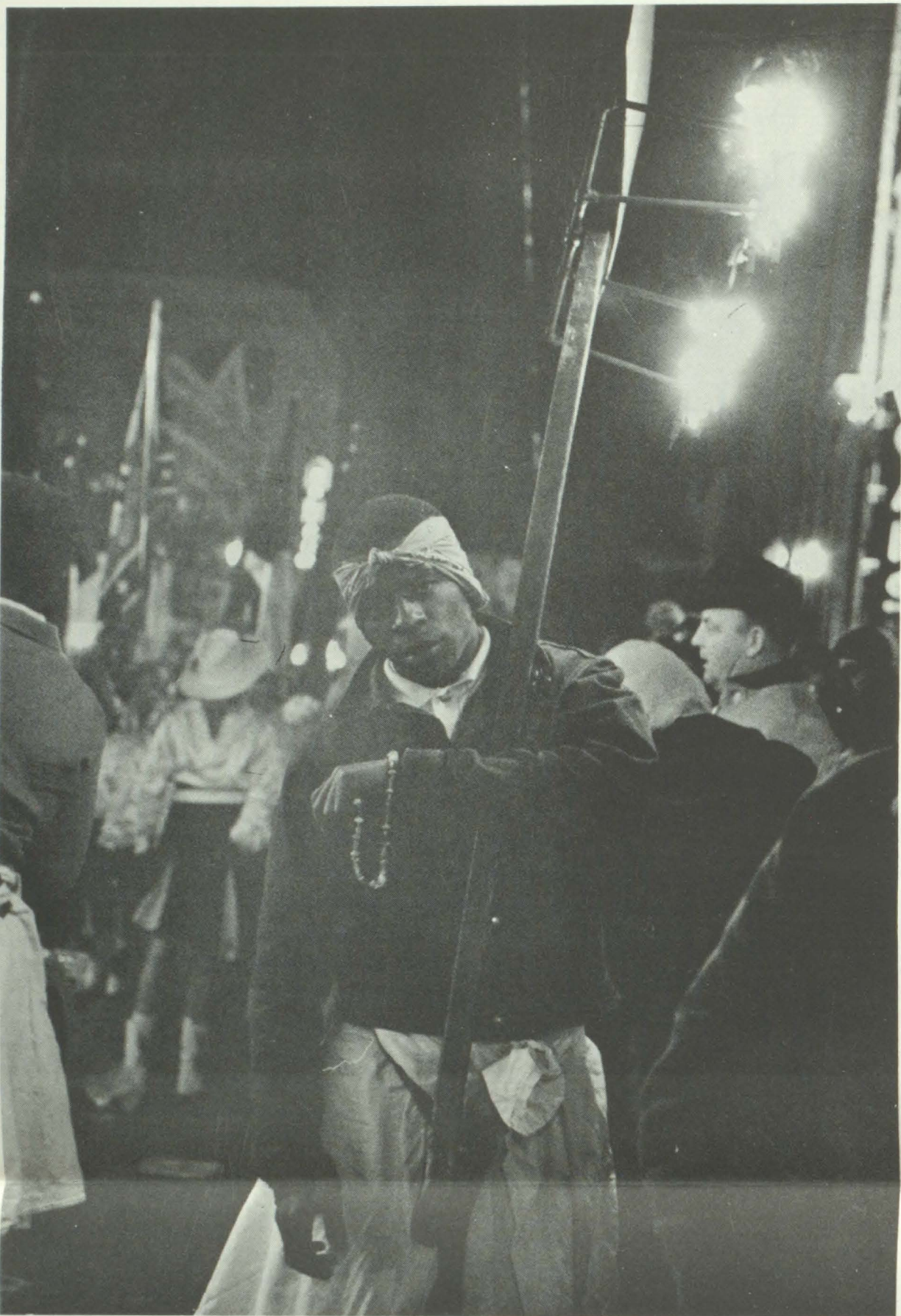
"All right," the boy said, but the effort to go any further was still a little beyond him.

"Oh, well, my name—it's Bruce Armitage, which you must admit isn't as good as the one I gave you, whatever it was—I've forgotten myself."

(continued on Page 4)

Photograph by Carol Patrick





Photograph by David Tekler

Chrysalis

As the moon-sail lifted clouds slip by
my form frail
silk-streams through the spring's hues
pale under the faded blues
and slides, trails
glides its way
among the purples of hyacinths--
seen by no man...
touched by no hand,
And the glancing colors only trace the fullness
of my chest
And the earth's chill waters never know
their caress
drains the only warmth from my thighs.

Yet my morning eyes
amber-shown
find themselves reflections
of the sunburst and moist breeze
as my star-crossed and windy soul
stirs to the fire-red rays of the sun
and sees a soulful brilliance
to couple with its own hot breath.

--ALLEN WHITT



Drawings by Mary Blakely

Of Archibald MacLeish

At last, growing brown into his end,
The straight man bends to the fire,
The good liar enters what he lies about
And finally lives out his poems about age
As its impersonal rage burns him down.

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

Ocean

The deep-blue expanse of
ocean
has no meaning
for me
and for my fellow friend
poets.
Nor for the
thousands of bristling nudes
Who rummage in its
salt cleanliness
every Sunday and holiday,
seen stepping briskly to dodge broken shells,
fearful of cut pink feet.
It had no meaning for the
sailors in their status ships
floating or chugging
maybe with 200-
horse power speed.
The fishermen, the only who touch
the sea's womb warmth,
laugh at its abundance,
like spoiled children.
The ocean has meaning, but
only for the pelicans
and brownandwhite sandpipers
who daily scourge
its waters, in search of
food fish,
larger stealing from smaller,
smallest running toward land,
screeching ravenously,
all hungry, all
tearing the sea and shore apart
for food.

--PAUL ADOMITES

First Poem

The poem that sings itself inside me for you
Does not come easily to sit still as words on the page.
For if I am poet of the words
You are poet of the song that sings alone into my dark-
ness
To no end.
Oh, myself is a crude being, to be able to know this
song
Wailing in some small place its huge inaudible joy
And live. Is it not a song too fine to be realized
By any existence though enough to hold life?

The singing of your poem surrounds me like the sky
Blue because it is without beginning or end.
As the sky alternatingly covers and reveals the world
It sometimes covers you and covers me apart
And far away I am afraid
That your face will not share again with mine its part
Of the light and darkness. In that place
The soggy warm sky blankets my eyes
So that I bleary-eyed struggle but do not find the way:
"Oh Mother I am lost" but there is no mother.

Then again the sun and rain and wind... all the sky's
faces
Will see our two faces together smiling with the song
The poem again singing wildly and without sound
Slipping out from its endless beginning.

--ANONYM FLAGG

Within

This arrow trapped
within this twisted shaft
is jagged and it chaffs
the blue-veined coughing
of my laugh.

Its winter tip obliterates
the meaning and the memory
of warm lips.
It snakes inside my lungs
and rips the breath from
hopeless sips of yellowed skies.

When cruel illusions let me
think that I could melt
the dagger with the drink
of some man's blood,
his power shrinks at single touch
and deeper sinks the
column of confusion.

Erect it stands within
my jaded skin, a drill
of nothingness, a parasite
of sin that lodges in
my shell, knowing well
I cannot eject it til
some bullet clears
the pistol of my being.

--MOLLY SANFORD

Future Memories of Existential Irrelevancies

I

Nights crowded close to the ground, purple and damp; and so heavy that the grass was always wet. I went for long walks at night, under the light of immense stars, and always seemed to encounter the waters of a garden-club fountain or the bay. The sliding of the black waters sounded smooth and eternal in the enormous closeness of those thick, tangible nights.

II

Mists, rising from the swimming pool, the ponds, and the bay, covered the mornings. Shards of multi-colored light glinted through the cloudiness as the sun began to strike the dew-encrusted grass. The calm, early waters of the bay were populated alike by rubber-booted fishermen and stick-legged herons--both of whom, in their search for fish, would raise the sudden, raucous cries.

III

Sometimes there would be lemon-colored afternoons when the sun came, not golden, but really yellow and drenched the day with its yellowness so that time and people just flowed through the yellow essence that surrounded and isolated every thing, person, plant, and place; they never touched, only saw each other suspended in silent yellow laughter, apart and slowly dancing.

IV

The smell of the hot pine needles was like wild strawberries in northern summer forests, rich and ripe and warm. Fallen needles massed on the sandy ground, providing crawlways for the incessant red ants and crowding the air with their odor.

V

We basked on the back terrace of the marble library building, and the marble always seemed as though it might be alive, veined and mottled as it was. Pied, I would think, and be reminded of Hopkins; but the marble was also always cool to touch, and implacable. The veining never changed, and even in the hottest sun, the marble felt absolute.

VI

The sun grew terribly hot near the water; the surface of the bay reflected the heat and light back into the air with double intensity, so that heat and glare became a presence that held people motionless. Only the soaring and diving birds defied the sun's stifling power.

VII

Sunset was a special time of day, a hiatus between daylight routines and the necessary night activities supporting them. Camus' "hand of evening," a rose-toned goldenness, insinuated itself among the pine trees and hung ripely in the Spanish moss until the sky turned purple and enveloped the last streamers of fading sunlight.



Drawing by Ivan

Lest You Believe Walt...

In the pregnant trees' hydraulic green,
Buds breeding-hard under the grown load,
When the earth's belly swells big to bleed,
And the gravid mud's seed' skins groan,
Even Bambi has humped, even the cute, white-tail
deer
Have taken their tails down off the dreamy knoll,
The does staggering heavy and sweating to kneel
And fall thickly in the bracken at Spring's door.

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

--P. H.

Photograph by David Tekler

Bird Watching

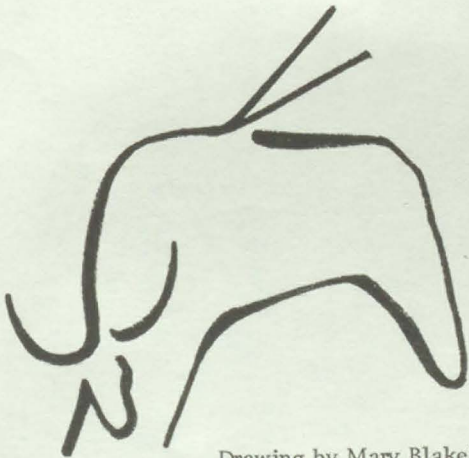
We had both imagined
cormorants

were white
and dove for waterbugs

So guessing this
sidestepping flaws
anticipating excesses

We left our misconceptions
dreams
and wait apart
for snow
to glance the water

--DAVID PINI

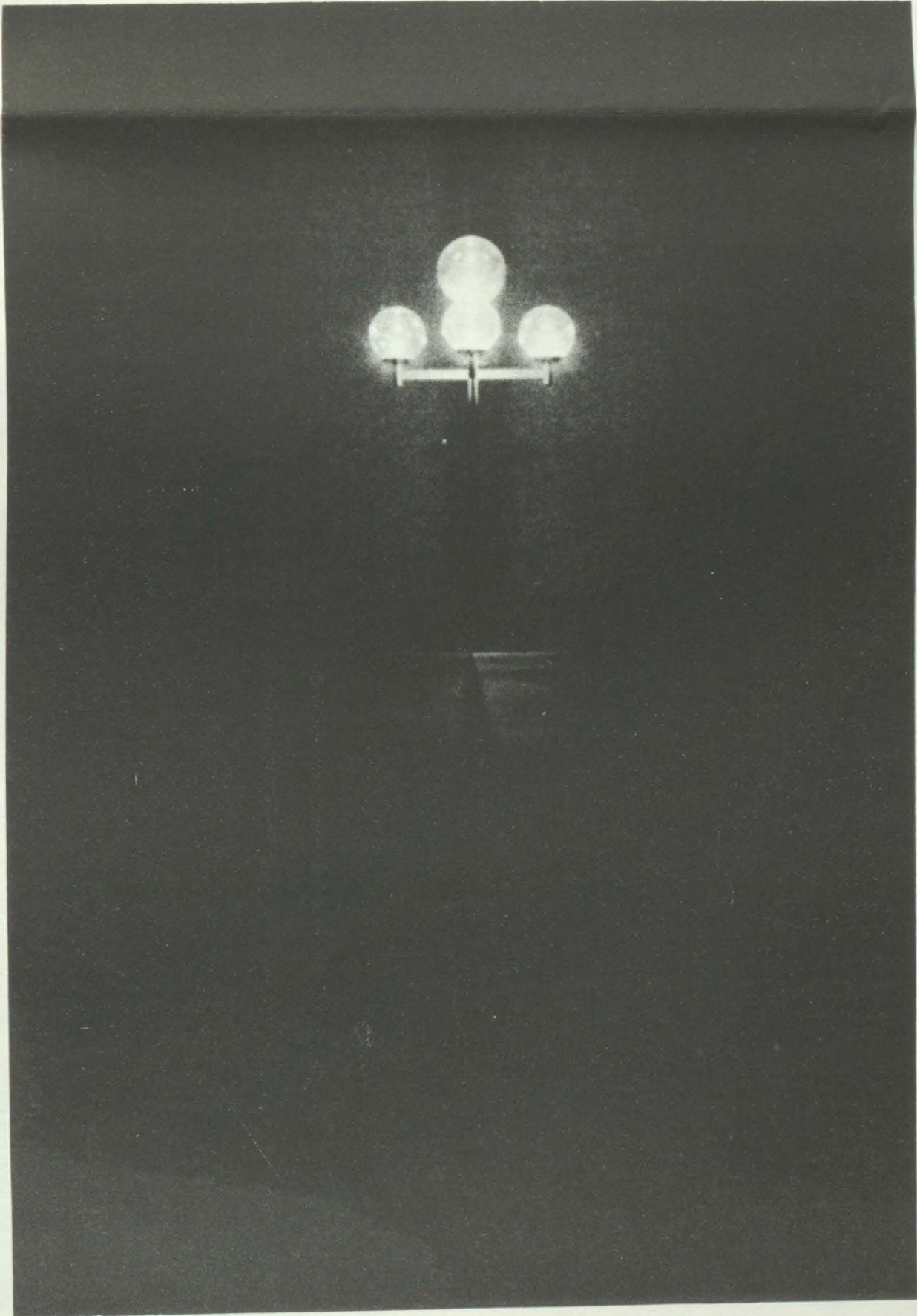


Drawing by Mary Blakely

Summer Visit

These are not my streets.
I don't belong
To any people here.
No one waits
Preparing coffee
Glancing through the door
To see if I am coming.
In October
Wind through the fallen leaves
Will speak
Sounding like thumbled pages.
People will clear
The walkways of their houses
And wonder about winter.
I will not be here.
I don't know
Why there can be
Only one place
Where I am at home.

--LAWRENCE PAULSON



The Rain

(continued from Page 1)

"I'm running away from home. I mean, I'm getting out on my own, as you say. Away from the family. They don't like me much anyhow. My father even said so--he did, just the other night, he said he's wanted to kill me ever since I was six years old. Also I have this older brother that they like, he's in the Navy and when he's home on leave they jump all over him like he was God's gift to Creation. I don't have to take crap like that. I'm smarter than he is. Only reason he's in the Navy is, he couldn't get into college and if you think the University of Georgia is tough to get into--well it's not as you probably know. You sure you want to hear all this?"

"Yes, go on," said Dr. George.

"Well, I've already lied again--I said the other night we all had this big fight--mother was in on it too--actually it was last night, just after dinner. You know what it was about? It was because I hadn't finished mowing the lawn in the afternoon. It was so hot I was breaking out in a rash, plus I have hay fever. What could be more ridiculous? It's always something like that. They don't like my friends. The girls I take out. Can you imagine what it's going to be like when I try to get married. Well, anyway, my father shouted and stormed around the house and I finally told him to shut up, which made him all the angrier. He was going to hit me--came at me in a crouch, and God, his face was shaking--I mean it!--so I said I dare you and turned my back on him and went to leave the room. He started to follow me, so I turned my back on him and went to leave the room. He started to follow me, so I turned around again and said, Hit me, come on, why don't you? Because--I realised this on the spot: he was afraid. He knew I would hit him back and he wasn't sure I couldn't take him. So I went to my room and sat down and decided to get out. So as soon as they were all asleep, I did."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Um."

"You don't believe me?"

"I was just wondering if it would be legal for you to go across the state line. Or that is, legal for me."

"I'm eighteen."

"I'll take your word for it."

They drove on, not saying anything. Chervil wasn't quite sure the boy was through and could think of no proper response. A pinched expression had come into the boy's face, as if the telling had exhausted him. Perhaps after all he was through.

"You know what really gets me about this whole business?" the boy said finally.

"No."

"Well, this isn't the only time something like this has happened. In fact it happens all the time. And they are all alike in one way--the fights are, I mean--which is: my family wants me to be something different from what I am, and they can't get it through their heads that I'll always be me."

"I used to feel that way myself," George said. "Not so much concerning my parents, but about being somebody in particular, and never anyone else."

"And now you aren't the same as you always were?" the boy asked.

"Well now I wouldn't know. But I sometimes do have the feeling that somewhere I've let go my hold on something important--something exceedingly important, which, if I could only recall what it was, would explain most of the things I wonder about. Have you ever lost something--a book, maybe, or even just a sock--and forgotten about losing it? Only to come looking--at your bookshelf, say, and you can see or rather sense that a book is missing but you cannot remember where it belonged or what its title was? Only to have it turn up in the end when you didn't need it, and with no explanation for where it had been?"

"I used to have a set of soldiers," the boy said. Chervil saw that he had run on too long.

"In fact," the boy added, "things like that don't even get lost until you need them, and they don't ever turn up until you don't need them anymore. It's almost as if losing them meant needing to find them and finding them not needing them. Or I mean... I don't know."

"It is a little complicated," Chervil agreed.

Thus we are speeding down the highway, he thought, speaking gracelessly of the most significant things. Except we can't make it clear to ourselves what their significance is. Significant laughter and significant rain, and significant signs on Doris's face. Impossible handwriting. Her backwards-leaning illegible script.

"You haven't told me your story," the boy said.

"I was going to tell you a story?" Chervil asked in surprise, not having told a story in years.

"Yes: what you're running away from."

"That's no story. If it's a story you're after, it'll only disappoint you." Maybe, he thought, this kid does think I'm some sort of crook, without even having seen the gun.

"The point is it will make you feel better to tell it," the boy said. "It made me feel better to tell mine, anyway. Like you said, since we're travelling together."

"Chervil had said nothing of the sort, but it was a good reason all the same."

"Well, as a matter of fact--" he stopped short. In the fourth grade he had had a teacher who would often spend the better part of an afternoon trying to make the class stop beginning everything with, 'Well, it was this way.' 'Well what?' she'd say. 'You've mentioned a well. Is there a well anywhere?' or sometimes, 'You've dug your well, now draw some water up out of it.' Here he was nearly forty, still breaking that sovereign rule.

"I'm running away from home myself," he said simply. "Nothing dramatic about it. If anything, the opposite of dramatic. I just woke up an hour or so ago and decided to leave home."

"Will you go back?" asked the boy.

"Oh, I imagine so."

"I'm not going to, ever."

"When you get to be my age it takes a lot less to make you leave home. It also takes less to make you go back."

"Then why leave in the first place?"

"I've been asking myself that same question for years. The answer was always that there was no reason to

leave, so why not stay? This time it was changed around: there's no reason to stay, so why not leave?"

"You're married?"

"I am. I also have a daughter a little younger than you."

"And they're not reasons for staying?"

"You don't think your family is a reason for you to stay at home."

"That's not the same."

"Why not?--but never mind, you're right, because it isn't the same. I haven't had any fights. But even so I don't think there was any reason to stay, and I felt like going someplace."

"It doesn't sound to me like you're running away from anything."

"I guess it doesn't. But I am. I told you I'd lost something, and now I'm going to look for it."

"You aren't running away. You're running to."

The boy had evidently done some thinking out there in the rain. What he said was partly true, but then again it wasn't true at all. He hadn't meant literally that he'd lost anything that could be found--unless his imagination. So it had to be that he was running away, not to.

But what he said was, "I don't know." He thought he could just as accurately tell the boy that he, Bruce, wasn't running away from anything either. It seemed even that he might be running to something in a more exact sense than he was himself. This leaving home of childhood or youth, it was always leaving something behind, but was it not more going after something else? You ran away, yes, but it was to sea, or to the big city, or up the beanstalk.

"Do you have any place in mind? Where you're going, I mean?"

"I haven't got that far," the boy said.

Just going, then, for the going's sake, with nothing more in mind. There was something absurd in that, and perhaps in his own case as well, for who was to say he had anything in mind? He thought he did and just wasn't sure what it was. Yet it was troublesome to think that he had to go away to find out. The idea was distasteful. There he was, in the middle of the night, the only car on a slick super highway, the weather only getting worse. Perhaps the whole thing was ill-considered.

He looked over at his passenger, who returned his gaze with a questioning look. Chervil moved his eyes in the direction of the other side of the highway, across the median. For a moment the boy's face was expressionless, fixed noncommittally on him, just fixed: then he nodded once.

Chervil turned to the left and directed the car over the median. A small sign flashed as the car wheeled over the ground, and Chervil knew without looking what it said, and he felt a sense of great well-being at making a U-turn at a point when doing so was expressly forbidden. Beside him the boy looked straight ahead. After awhile they both looked at one another and broke out laughing.

Finally Chervil said, "I'm glad we ran into each other, boy, or else we'd never have had anyone to tell about what fools we were on this particular occasion."

The boy just laughed again and shrugged.

He lived in a subdivision about a mile from Chervil's, in a comfortable squarish house, painted white, its architecture Georgian in intent, its pillars false. Chervil turned the lights out and stopped in front of it, letting the boy out.

"So long," he said.

"Yes. And thanks," said the boy.

At his own house Chervil coasted up the driveway, a feat almost as delicate as getting the car out had been, since the slope was up from the street. He reached in back for the shotgun and stepped out of the car. Beside the door the garbage pails, full to brimming, reminded him that he had meant to take them out long ago. They could just as easily go out now: the truck was still hours off. He leaned the gun against the wall and picked up one of the pails. After putting it and its mate at the property line he stopped to look out over the field beyond his yard. Through the streaming rain the darkness was no longer opaque, but was now gathering light for morning. The trees could be distinguished from the sky above them. There was a brief flicker of movement in the corner of his eye but when he looked again to follow it there was nothing to see. It was gone, if it had ever been anywhere but in his eye to begin with. The figures on his wife's face--it was the same thing.

He was not yet ready to go back inside the house, but he had stood long enough in the rain. He returned to the garage and sat down once more in his car.

There was, he saw, a problem about coming home in this particular way. Though there was no reason for leaving home, now there was no reason for coming back. But it was more than that--and he couldn't help the feeling, however little he wanted to admit to having it, that it was really a great deal more than that. Something aside from his trivial reasons or non-reasons (unimaginative and feeble excuses that they were) was involved. Death in life, the hideous visage of. The laughter of his waking. Worse, more significant: he still felt drawn to leave. Almost physically. He remembered the rain.

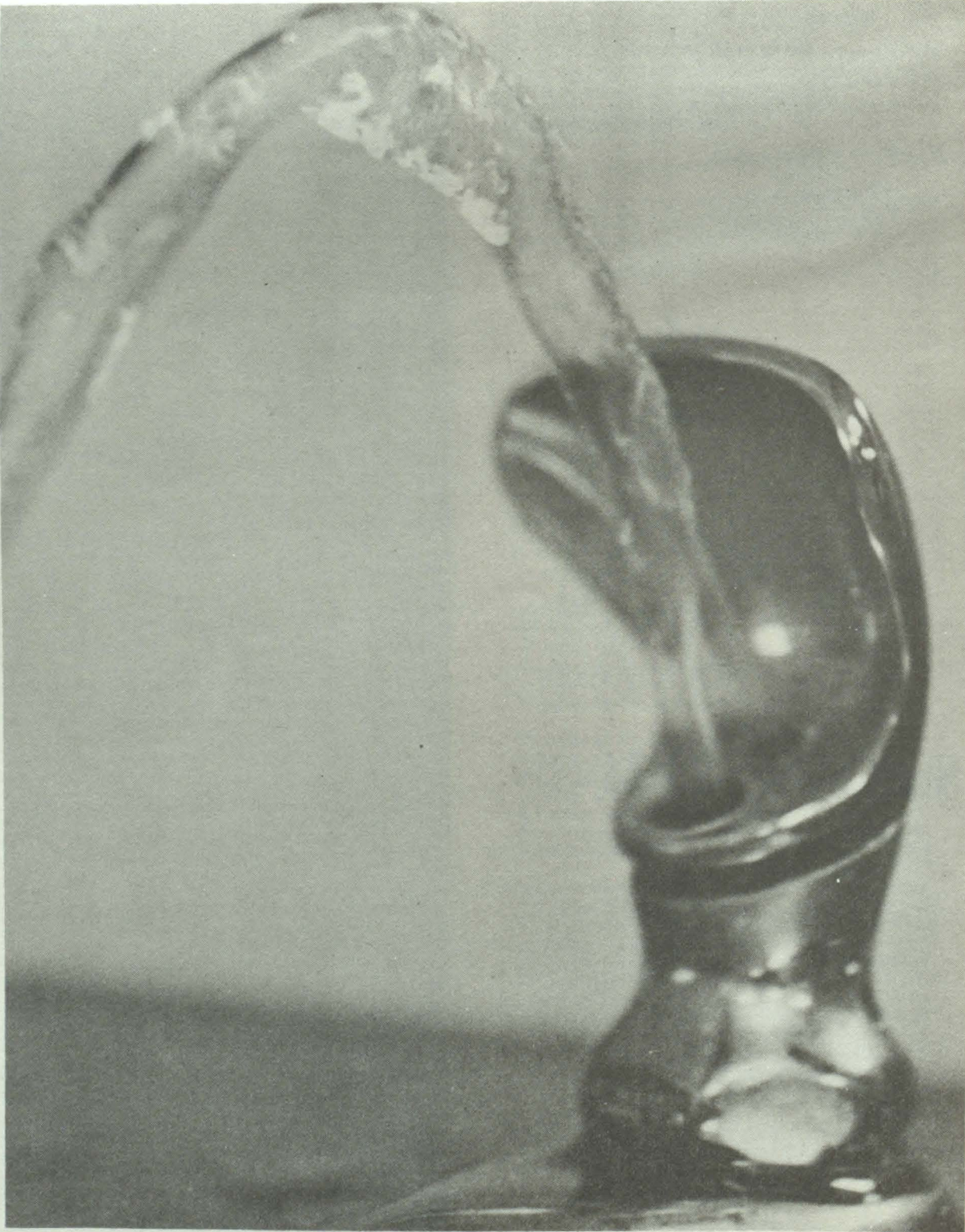
The rain! He was to follow it; this was something he had meant to bear in mind, and had forgotten while talking to the boy. Now he realised what his decision had been, when he had first turned on the highway on his way to the turnpike: it was to go till he got there, wherever it was. And the rain, his old familiar travelling-companion, had soon appeared, confirming his decision like a witty omen. If omens were that. But he was going.

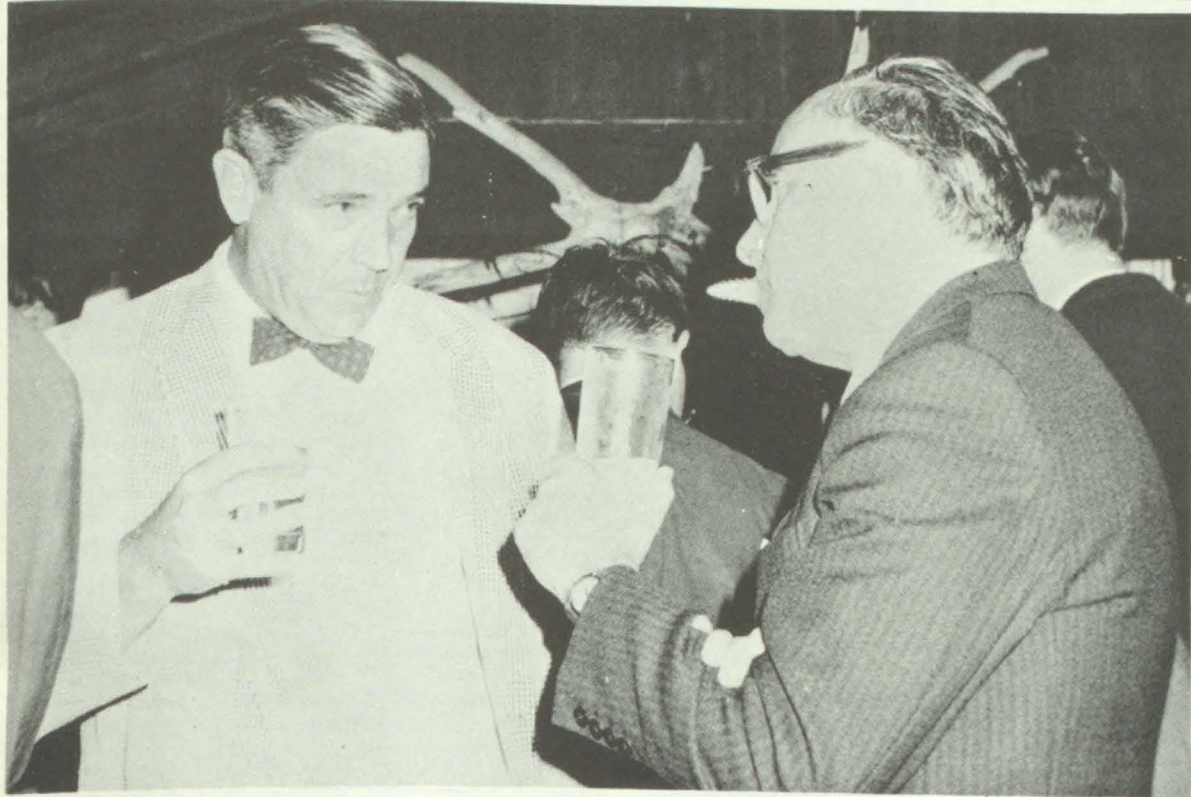
Once more he pushed the car out of the garage, and stated off down the street. But this time before he got to the highway he turned and drove around the block to pass his house again. It was there. But he would follow the rain.

He took the first exit this time, the one going north.

--DAVID ROLLOW

Photograph by David Tekler





Riesman To Visit Campus

Dr. David Riesman, professor of social sciences at Harvard University and an Honorary Fellow of New College, will visit this campus briefly next week. Riesman and his wife are expected to arrive Saturday and stay with President and Mrs. John Elmendorf through Tuesday.

Elmendorf told The Catalyst last night Riesman is coming mainly for "rest," but a discussion session might be set up Tuesday afternoon.

Members of the first charter class have been invited to have dinner at the Elmendorfs Monday evening and chat with Riesman.

Above, Riesman, right, greets Elmendorf at an earlier party.

Manatee Junior College To Host Drama Festival

Manatee Junior College will host its second annual two-day Drama Festival and Workshop in the Neel auditorium on Monday and Tuesday.

The Festival will feature student players from seven or more Florida Junior Colleges who will present cuttings of one-act or longer plays, and will share in critical discussions led by MJC and visiting drama faculties and panelists, including guest performer John Carradine.

Among seven schools already planning to attend and present

cuttings, Edison College will present "Playgoers," an original production; Miami Dade will show "Constantinople Smith," by Charles Mee; St. Petersburg Junior College, "Spoon River Anthology," by Edgar Lee Masters; and St. John's River, "Sand Box," by Edward Albee, with MJC's theatre group presenting the last act of the mystery play, "Laura" by Vera Caspary and George Sklar.

The Monday program will begin at 10 am. The first dramatic production will be staged at 1 pm, with others scheduled up to 6 pm

Tuesday. Internationally famous character actor John Carradine will arrive on campus Monday noon to visit with the students all afternoon before appearing on stage Monday evening at 8:15 in a one-man show and lecture featuring and commenting on selected readings from literature and plays, including excerpts from the Bible and Alice in Wonderland.

Mr. Carradine's performance will be open to the public at \$2 for adults, \$1 for students.

Seats may be reserved and held until Monday evening at 8 pm by calling the auditorium box office 755-1515.

Students Demonstrate Against Dow and Food

(ACP)--The Dow Chemical Co., Central Intelligence Agency, and Colorado State College food service were targets of demonstrations recently as students across the country continued actively to express their complaints.

At the University of Maryland, about 30 members of Students for a Democratic Society picketed recruiting tables for the armed services, the Dow Chemical Co., which manufactures napalm used in Vietnam and the Dow-Badische Co., which protesters contended is partially controlled by the director of the German firm which manufactured gas to exterminate Jews in World War II.

The University of Maryland paper the Diamondback reported Dow recruiter Gordon Clack as saying the protestors had no effect on recruiting and that 20 students signed up for interviews.

In similar protests against Dow recruitment at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, 19 persons were arrested in 3 days of demonstrations. At the university's Milwaukee campus, students staged a sit-in to protest recruiting by the Central Intelligence Agency, which recently admitted subsidizing international activities of the National Student Association over a period of 15 years.

At Colorado State College, some 200 students boycotted the central dining hall to protest the presence of extraneous objects--flies, hair, glass, gum, and band aids--reportedly found in food and to protest the quality of the food in general.

The reported incidents touched off a series of petitions, meetings, and investigations, in addition to the one-night boycott in which coeds gathered outside the hall chanting "Flies in your soup, gum in your meat, glass in your veal; please don't eat." Cafeteria attendance dropped from about 750 to 214.

The boycott was planned to last through the weekend, but hunger and lack of funds for eating out caused abandonment of plans.

Closed meetings are being held to discuss quality and sanitation of food.

Norwine Requires Prior Notification Of Campus Meetings

Dean of Students Robert Norwine will ask students to notify the college Information Officer before bringing speakers to campus and before conducting public meetings on campus grounds.

Norwine came to this decision after he and other college officials received questioning phone calls concerning a meeting in the Barn Wednesday night.

The meeting was publicized in the local news media as being connected with an anti-Vietnam movement. Although the meeting was in fact concerned with conscientious objection, college officials had had no knowledge of the meeting and were at a loss to explain the situation, Norwine said.

"You don't involve other people without the courtesy of informing them," Norwine said. He noted outsiders often assume campus activities are sponsored necessarily by the college.

"Some people need to be knowledgeable so we can answer outsiders."

Norwine told The Catalyst last night he is not thinking "politically," but that it is conceivable that the college may not approve some public meetings on campus, when they involve "legal" problems.

These cases would be "few and far between," he said.

SEC

(Continued from page 1)

representative Ted Shoemaker agreed, stating students had, after all, voted to prohibit proxies from being seated.

Findley moved to seat all alternates on campus during the study period, but chairman Tom Jarrell said no vote was necessary, since this procedure is officially indicated in the constitution.

Student Judicial Committee chairman Stauffer reported an interview violation was pending against a student who had left campus before being notified about the time of a hearing. Stauffer asked if the SEC's 10-day rule about cases being heard took care of such instances.

Findley suggested the SJC send the student a letter and schedule the hearing for after his return. Stauffer replied the violation had been so minor it would probably be ignored by the SJC, but had just brought it up to indicate "the same problems as last year existed despite precautions."

Assistant Dean Arthur Miller reported, in response to a question by Shoemaker, that the completion of Hamilton Court classrooms would require a major room switch.

Stauffer said priorities for room changes should be worked out now, so that the SJC could use the same rankings for selection of juries.

Miller also said he would look into the housing of members of the Wesleyan tennis team in study rooms, and said he was "grateful" for the reception given members of both the Amherst and Wesleyan teams by students.

Jarrell reported he had received an announcement from Vice President Paul Davis that another all-campus planning conference, on non-academic matters, would be held, probably on May 13.

It was reported a petition to restrict the prosecutor to non-SEC members has the required number of signatures, but won't be submitted until after the Independent Study Period.

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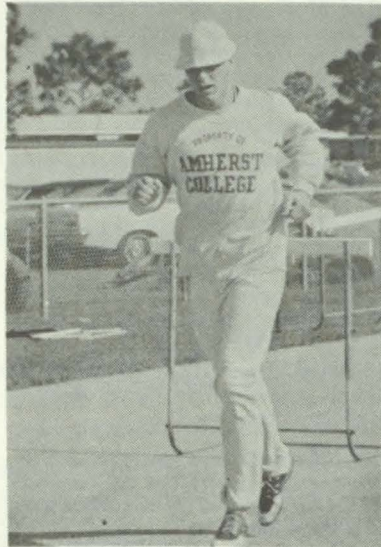
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Set To Go...

The Amherst track team, on campus since March 20, will depart tomorrow after a triangular track meet with Manatee Junior College and Florida Southern College at MJC. Accompanying the team was Cindy Steer (above), a Smith College student practicing for the Olympics in the half-mile. Members of the team spent their mornings working out at the MJC track (right) and their afternoons enjoying the attractions of the area.



Cinema Scene

'Anti-Convention' Films Feature Modern Message

By KENJI ODA

A wave of "anti-convention" films seems to have replaced the super spy thriller as the bandwagon of the film industry -- and thank God!

Self-consciously iconoclastic and hilariously funny, four such movies are "Alfie," "Georgy Girl," "Morgan," and "A Thousand Clowns."

Usually discussed in the same breath among moviegoers of this campus, these films have in common a "hero" who runs around doing crazy things and thumbing his psychological middle finger at society's inhibitions.

In "Clowns," Jason Robards is unemployed and happy about it. Alfie is a Cockney boy wanderer who flits easily from one "bird's nest" to another. Morgan is a psychotic who tries to regain his ex-wife via elaborate practical jokes. Georgy is chubby, a virgin, and anxious about the latter.

What each movie does is pit the hero against that intractable foe: Reality, alias Social Convention (or is it the other way around?).

For Robards the complication is that he is the guardian of his precocious but secure 12-year-old nephew. The authorities become concerned when the boy turns in

essays on "My Visit to the El Bambino Club" and the like. Subsequently, Robards is faced with the choice of becoming "respectable" or losing the kid.

Georgy also faces loss of a child -- only it's her ex-roommate's. The child obviously needs a daddy, and Georgy, who wants to be a mother without being a wife, must choose between the happy-go-lucky father of the child and a rich old sugar daddy.

In "Morgan," it is our hero's ex-wife who is faced with a dilemma. Played superbly by Vanessa Redgrave, she is a fun-loving beauty who is being courted by the even more fun-loving if slightly cracked Morgan and a likeable but unruffling bank executive.

Michael Caine, as Alfie, meets his moment of truth when one of his adventures leads to an abortion.

"Alfie" is as much a comment on anti-convention as on vested ideas. The hero is involved in the modern answer to True Love and the War of the Sexes -- the Battle for Detachment. Alfie's total distrust of emotional involvement left me a little cold even while I was laughing at his antics...

If "Alfie" is a study of pseudo-maturity through non-commitment, "Clowns" is a study of pseudo-commitment to immaturity.

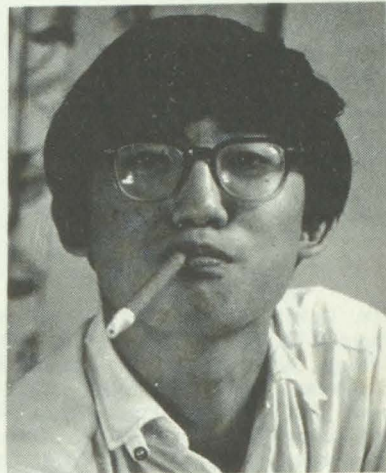
Robards is, refreshingly, an adult who is not afraid to be a child, not afraid to have fun. Indeed, through most of the film it is his nephew who plays the adult role, being "realistic" and "practical" and telling white lies for the sake of a good impression.

In the end, though, we see who is really the adult in the relationship, who must really make the decisions. "Why'd you chicken out?" the kid asks his uncle after the latter had allowed realities to over-rule his integrity. Robards doesn't get a chance to answer. If he had, the movie would have been ruined.

The viewer's sentiments, of course, are those of the nephew. The hero who has the guts to snub convention deserves to get away with it, somehow.

In one way or another Reality wins out over Impracticality in each of the films. But except for Alfie I

found I really didn't notice. The Battle was so cathartic that losing it didn't seem to matter a great deal. ("Alfie" poses an exception in that its conclusion is a shot of Alfie walking moodily through the



Oda

London fog as a voice croons, "What's it all about, Alfie?" I got a headache from being hit over the head so hard.)

What is the message? The heroes try to beat the system and find in the end they're only beating themselves. So who's really crazy?

Those who are trapped by convention deserve our pity, but remember that these people cannot know the frustration of the militantly anti-conventional.

The courageous man is not one who is incapable of experiencing fear; rather, he is one who can act in spite of fear. Similarly, perhaps, the true Folk Hero is one who recognizes and understands social irrationalities and prejudices but chooses to defeat them on their own terms.

Thus the rebel who condemns society in self-pity or hatred has been defeated by that society. The mature person is one who sees when his integrity is really on the line and when it isn't. He goes through life irreverent and unashamed, but he stops short of psychological martyrdom.

But enough moralizing. The joy in the anti-convention films is not so much in the tale as in the telling. Nutty people make for nutty, funny films, and those mentioned here are the products of excellent acting, interesting photography, and fast-paced directing, as well.

These and other movies in the genre ("The Knack") are good remedies for a bad case of cynical apathy. They leave you inspired and just a bit suspicious that the fellow making funny faces at you from the other side of the mirror is someone you know...

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