

Welcome to Parents Weekend

Already registered to attend New College's seventh annual Parents Weekend beginning Friday, Nov. 3, are 121 parents from twenty one states, the District of Columbia and the Virgin Islands.

The special weekend to which more than 100 parents have come each year in the past several years includes a panel discussion on education, student presentations of academic work, conferences with faculty, social events and class attendance.

Highlighting the weekend activities is the Parents Association luncheon on Saturday, Nov. 4, with Dr. John Ott, incoming president of the association, presiding. Dr. Ott is director of the Environmental

Light and Health Research Institute in Sarasota, and father of NC student Henry Ott. Welcoming the parents will be Dallas W. Dort, chairman of the NC Board of Trustees, and Ted Sperling, board member, will address the group.

Throughout Friday, Nov. 3, parents may attend regular classes and tour the library, laboratories and other college facilities. Friday evening, a social hour and dinner will be followed by a concert by the New College String Quartet with student musicians Bruce Hutchison, Janet Cannon, Richard Rognstad and James Sick. An original composition by student Hutcheon will be

heard, as well as music by Schubert, Mozart and Kodaly.

Saturday morning, Nov. 4, is given over to a coffee hour and individual conferences with faculty. That afternoon students Melissa Birch and Leslie Kinney will present slides taken during their seven month off-campus study contracts with the Experiment in International Living in Guatemala, where they attended an intensive language institute and then lived with Indian families in an Indian village, sharing the lives of the families, working in an agricultural demonstration project and collecting data on Indian dialects.

(continued on page four)

The Catalyst

Volume VIII Issue 8

November 3, 1972

FACULTY MEETING: OVERTIME SESSION

Dort, Paster To Check Books

At yesterday's faculty meeting (covered elsewhere in this issue), the CRC, represented by Dr. Soo Bong Chae, reported on the state of the Campus Book Shop. In view of facts recently reported in these pages, the situation is nearing, in Board chairman Dallas Dort's terminology, "a showdown".

In response to the revealing of the bookstore's impoverished condition (large debts) Saul Paster, recent owner, will meet Friday with Dort, Bussiness Manager Charlie Harra, and Jim Van der Veen. At that time, they will peruse the financial records of the said business, attempting to sort out the state of affairs.

Dr. Berggren then raised a question many people have been pondering: why was Mr. Paster given the contract, when two separate committees had opposed him? Harra replied, "it was only fair to give them a chance to pay off creditors" (Catalyst 10/26). Dr. Berggren mentioned Mr. Paster's use of funds, which "bordered on the illegal", and closed with a request: "get them out of the bookstore". Mr. Dort replied, "He may be out day after tomorrow". Mr. Harra ventured the pledge that, "something will be done".

The faculty met Wednesday in the third monthly meeting of this school year.

Dr. Smith announced that there would be no faculty meeting Monday, Nov. 6. Dr. Buri introduced physics instructor, Dr. William Barnum, who will be here for the rest of the year. Robert Drabik, head of development, said that the mounds of dirt in front of the library is really the beginning of a Founders' Circle, to be dedicated on Founders Day. He also announced that the college now has \$317,496.50 toward the Ford Challenge Grant. Various major foundations and corporations are also being sought to contribute money to the school.

The faculty voted to pass the EPC's guidelines for the relation between the Environmental Studies Program and other elements of the college. Many objections were raised concerning several of the rules about the academic status of the ESP. The most controversial was rule IV 3, which states, "regular faculty members working in the ESP may not evaluate for academic credit any work done by a student on the ESP except those activities designated by the appropriate divisions." Dr. Knox explained that a faculty member working full time may not sponsor any contract, tutorial, or ISP, unless it has been approved and listed in the course catalogue. Dr. Kirtley called this a "clear violation of faculty rights" since it denies the right to sponsor tutorials to some faculty. Dr.

(continued on page 2)

Davidson Convicted of Nude Swimming



-TC

SENTENCE CARRIED OUT as student politico Ron Davidson receives playful jibes from unseen well-wishers. The amiable young SEC Chairman, hailing from Des Moines, was found guilty of malicious violation of the Nude Swimming Act of 1972, which Davidson reportedly co-sponsored at the time of its proposal.

He was sentenced to be bound to a tree with 1 1/4 inch coaxial cable and left to rot for ten minutes in the plush Court of Palms on the Pei Campus.

Davidson refused comment beyond a terse "The sentence of the Court was just."

WNCR Manager's Case Referred to SEC

The Student Court, at their meeting last Monday, announced that last year's student chair selections were unconstitutional, but the contracts which the selected speakers signed are legal. This was in answer to queries concerning the constitutionality of the elections.

The next issue discussed was a petition submitted by Noah Yanich questioning the right of WNCR manager Tom Sommer to cancel Noah's radio show. Bryan Reid, court prosecutor, felt the issue is whether Tom, a non-student, has the power to deny Noah (who was a student at the time of the dismissal) the use of a student-funded service such as the radio.

Tom felt his position of manager gave him this right, and pointed out a section from the student code that he claims gives a manager freedom to set up his own editorial policy. Tom said the SEC ap-

proved his being manager in that the check made out to WNCR was given directly to him, and Ron Davidson, SEC chairman recalled that last year's chairwoman had told him to refer to Tom in any matters concerning WNCR.

K. C. Greene summed the matter up, advising the SEC to establish a definite set of modes of procedure to cover cases concerning services such as the radio station, which affect a large part of the student body.

Bryan Reid next read a statement submitted by Matt Korol stating that on October 26, while lifeguarding, he saw Ron Davidson swimming in the nude at the New College swimming pool.

Ron was given one week to prepare a defense but waiving that right in order to deal with the case immediately, he pleaded not guilty because of extenuating circumstances. He admitted he had been in the pool nude, but it had been dark, and he had thought the pool was officially closed. He had not violated the rule intentionally, and always wore a suit when he knew the rule was in effect, that is during the day.

Founders Day Dedication Set

On Wednesday, Nov. 8, the New College Community will hold a Founders' Day Celebration in front of the library to honor those persons who contributed time, money and effort to the founding of the school. To provide a more permanent reminder of these persons' efforts, the circle before the library steps is being relandscaped into an ordered garden, and a plaque bearing the names of the 76 New College Founders will be erected.

The ceremony, beginning at 11:00 am, will feature as speakers founding Chairman of the Board Phillip Hiss, founding President George F. Baughman, and representatives of the charter class and the present student body. Dallas W. Dort, present Chairman of the Board, will preside. Afterwards, reception will take place in the Music Room.

In addition to the 76 honorees 800 persons who have contributed to New College in varying amounts during its existence, and all faculty, staff, and students have been invited. The offices of Development and Public Relations (the organizers of the Founders' Day Celebration) expresses the hope that students will attend the ceremony and reception and meet some of the people who gave their time, energy, money and solid support to the creation of the New College ideal.

SEC PROPOSALS SENT TO TRUSTEES

Ron Davidson announced at the SEC meeting Tuesday night that elections for a student court judge and first year SEC delegate would be held Friday, and that Thursday would be the deadline for submission of names of nominees.

Bryan Reid, student court prosecutor, discussed the court's recommendation that the SEC draw up a policy in regard to student-financed organizations and suggested that a board of trustees or directors be formed that would have final policy say over the managers of such organizations. The issue was tabled until next week in order to work out a resolution that would be satisfactory to all SEC members. Ron announced two meetings: the faculty meeting on Wednesday, and a special faculty meeting on Monday to discuss tenure and government. (Ed. Note: The meeting has been postponed)

Ron then asked approval of the two policy recommendations he had posted in Hamilton Center, one on governance policies and one on tenure. It was unanimously agreed by SEC members to present the first of these at the Monday meeting with the change that the College Resource committee would remain at six faculty and three students instead of the proposed six faculty and one student. At the suggestion of Earl Helgeson, the SEC voted not to present the tenure recommendation at Monday's meeting, but to inform the faculty that they would present this paper to the Board of Trustees meeting on November 9, and to recommend that the faculty prepare their statement on tenure for the same time.

The results of the Faculty Evaluation poll were made public. (See adjacent table.)

Noah Yanich was given a one week extension of his guest privileges.

The meeting then adjourned.

A total of 270 responses were received from the students.

92% of students who evaluated Bud Shartar approved of his being retained, 71% approved of his receiving tenure. 85% of Marshall Barry evaluations approved of his retention, 70% approved of his receiving tenure.

On a scale of 1-10, 10 being the highest possible evaluation, the two men rated as follows:

Category	Barry	Shartar
academic range	6.0	8.6
academic strength	8.4	8.7
academic accessibility	6.4	8.5
non academic accessibility	6.4	8.5
capability as a teacher	7.7	7.8
accuracy in student evaluation	6.5	6.5
flexibility	7.2	9.0
humaneness	7.9	9.5
innovativeness	8.7	8.3
structured courses	6.7	7.1

IN THIS ISSUE:

Editorials	2
Fashion News	9
Guest Column	10
Halloween Party	11
Letters	2
Literary Supplement	5-8
Parents Weekend Schedule	4
Questions	4
Reviews	12
Strike	9
This Week	3

THE NEW COLLEGE
CATALYST

P.O. Box 1958
Sarasota, Fla. 33578

NEW COLLEGE STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

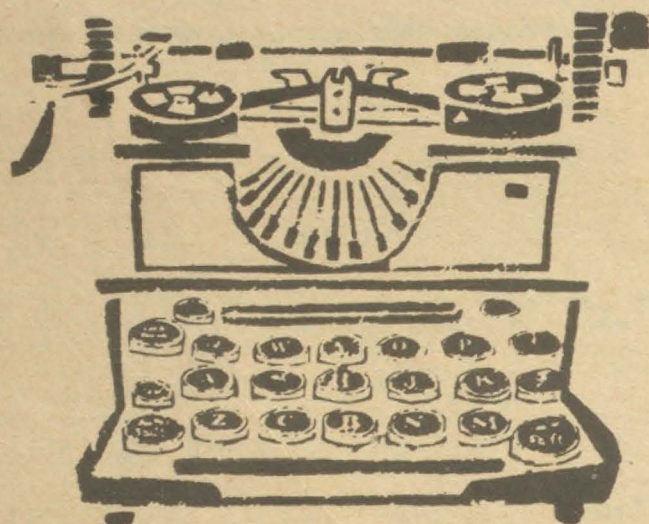
Daniel F. Chambliss and Douglas G. Stinson
co-editors

Sherri McIndoe-editorial assistant

Lee Harrison-Advertising and Circulation Manager

Staff

Tom Sommers, Kirk Kerekes, Sally Stephens, Eddie Katzman, Marie Sprayberry, Amy Schachter, Stuart Levitan, Bruce Need, Marilyn Math, Ira Halberstadt, Polly Juengling, Robert Kornman, Ron Barrett, Charlotte Meriwether, Lisa Ohotzke, Mike Spaletta, Beth Brown, Laura Gode, Noah Yanich, and Pat Wasz. Tom Campion



Editorials

At Wednesday's faculty meeting Mr. Dort, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, announced, in the wake of a CATALYST article on financial problems of the Campus Book Shop, that he was personally meeting Friday with Mr. Saul Paster, owner of the bookstore, to discuss the situation. Also present at the meeting will be Mr. Jan van der Veen, Economics instructor. We commend Mr. Dort for his personal interest in this vital aspect of the College's academic function and urge that he and other Board members demand an administrative fiscal responsibility without which the College can hardly maintain a reasonable level of efficiency.

The New College Ira Glasser Memorial Fund and Miscellaneous Mischief Society announces its first event: a pre-election bash for the Sarasota County Sheriff and his department Monday night November the sixth. The Society will present Cold Turkey cuts with various non-alcoholic beverages and there will be live entertainment in the palm court and most other dorm areas provided as a joint venture between the Sheriff's men and selected NC students. All students are urged to begin preparations for the celebration as early arrivals may be expected. One might think that the election does not Warrant such an affair, but somebody obviously does.

Dear Sirs:

I wanted to thank the student body for having brought Dr. Ross Terill to the campus and especially for their courtesy and kindness in shring that extremely interesting speaker with the rest of the college community.

Sincerely,
Hildegard Bell

(Note: Dr. Terill, considered to be one of this country's foremost experts on China, appeared here on Oct. 27-28 under the auspices of the Student Chair, funded entirely by the student body.)

Gentlemen,

At the request of certain editors who shall remain nameless, I am writing concerning the recent faculty meeting in which the EPC guidelines for the Environmental Studies Program was voted on.

The EPC document was fairly innocuous, except for one section. In this section, concerning academic credit for student work in ESP, it was stated that the division involved would have to approve any activity undertaken in the ESP for credit. The implication is that an individual faculty member would be unable to sponsor a tutorial of

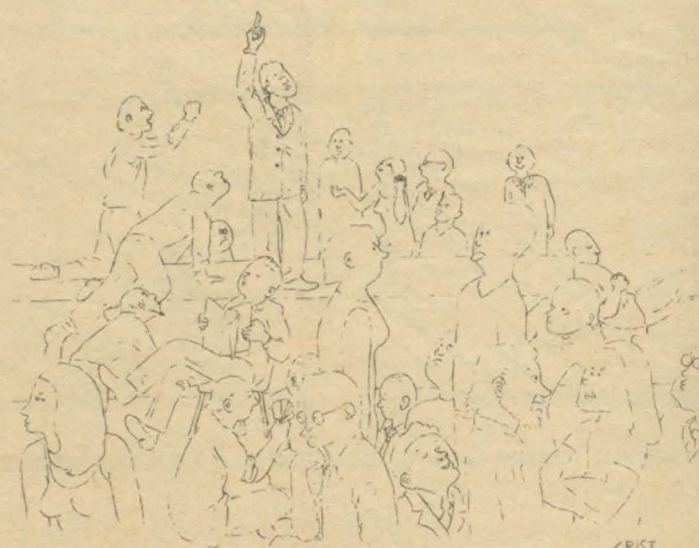
to sponsor a tutorial or Independent Study Project in ESP without divisional approval. This is a somewhat unusual situation in that a faculty member is more limited in sponsoring on campus work than in sponsoring off campus ISPs and contracts. This point was discussed at length in the meeting with the result that this proviso was left in the document.

This is in itself uninteresting and to be expected of the faculty. What is interesting is that as the discussion progressed, battle lines were drawn between the Natural Sciences staff and the EPC. This is unfortunate for a variety of reasons. First, the dichotomy between Nat Sci and the rest of the school was pointed out rather sharply. My feeling was that there was a fear that Nat Sci would take over the school. While this is not necessarily a bad idea, it is in no way close to reality. The ESP is not strictly a Natural Sciences program. Indeed, if it is to become a viable program, it must expand beyond the division. Expertise is needed not only in biology but in a large number of areas. The legal aspect of the program is an important one. Legal studies at NC are almost nonexistent. Perhaps ESP shall provide the impetus to develop a law program at NC. In the process of changing peoples' attitudes about conservation, a tremendous amount of material for sociologists and social psychologists would be made available.

Everything a person does is done in the context of his environment. (Try breathing in a vacuum.) Environmental studies is not necessarily a narrow field of scientific endeavor; rather it is something with which we must all be concerned. Not only is a polluted environment a problem to be worked on by scientists, it is a problem in human relations, and it is decidedly counter-esthetic. Everyone can, and perhaps should, do something to reverse the trend presently moving us toward the destruction of a livable environment.

Sincerely,
Donald G. Crenshaw

FACULTY -- from page one



Knox responded that if someone elects to work full-time for the ESP, he should accept the academic limitations. After much discussion in which these two points were reiterated by different faculty members, the motion was finally passed by a unanimous voice vote. Another motion to determine if the faculty was in favor of the summer school if possible received an affirmative vote.

Concerning the Presidential Search, Dr. Smith reported that several candidates have visited the campus recently for a short time. None are still being seriously considered. Dr. Fuchs will return the week-end of Nov. 17-19 to talk with more of the college community. Smith also announced that any reported delay in Dr. Fuchs availability for the position was due to a misunderstanding which no longer exists. The College Resource Committee reported that the problems of the bookstore are still being considered (for further details on this, see the adjoining column).

Dr. Kirtley, speaking for the Faculty Status Committee, said that a report from the subcommittee on tenure is to be put before the trustees, and

should now have gotten to the faculty. This report has not been approved by the faculty, only the FSC; the report states this: Kirtley called for a faculty meeting to discuss tenure two weeks from now, and explained that the meeting for Monday was cancelled to give the faculty more time to consider the subcommittee's report.

The EPC reported that they are considering the problem of the drop in enrollment second and third term. Dr. Knox requested that the faculty not sign any more requests for four year option or off campus study that were due yesterday. He also asked that the faculty decide what to offer as courses earlier (in Jan) so that students may decide whether to stay or go on off-campus or option on the basis of what is to be offered during the term. Dr. Berggren reminded the faculty and students of the coffeehouse every Tuesday night in Peggy Bates' apartment. Dr. Ross reported that a report on the 4-1-4 calendar will be forthcoming. Dr. Stephens also said that a report on the position of women at NC would be made sometime in the near future and asked for any suggestions or information.

Dear Friend,

I am a high school (senior) chick who is seriously thinking about coming to New College in '75 (after I take a year off.) I don't trust catalogues or admissions offices and I can't afford to come down to visit your school. Being pretty much in the dark, I would like to contact some students and get some of their thoughts on New College. I'm really looking for academic and social freedom, community living and a creative and involved group of people (I put myself in that category.) Do you think I can advertise in your paper? Please write back and I can send you \$ if you want it.

Thanks,
Addy

To the NC Newspaper:

It's 4 o'clock in the afternoon in Sarasota now -- Tonight I've found the Stones, Leon Russell and Simon and Garfunkel on the Radio -- Johnny Walker's with me -- I'm on the balcony of my hotel overlooking the Palms and a 16th century Rocca -- enough Ira Halberstadt touches -- now it's my turn -- I'm nostalgic, I want to know what the new class is like -- want to know how my old friends are (and how many of them there are). Classes, Parties, Revolts, a Frantic Pilgrimage to D. C. a few years ago -- all these occur to me -- how was Mario's this year?

This message is from the Novo-Collegians who were willing to expatriate in order to compensate for the attrition vote. We're doing well -- have seen 1,586 churches, exposed 2.6 miles of film and devalued the dollar to live in our efforts.

Advice: Look to Buddy Shantar for a friend, Ken Simcoe for money, Lee Harrison for what to do with it, Hope Austin on Mondays, and J. Walker after all of these.

Scotty

Sorrento
Oct. 20, 10 PM

If you would like to advertize your business in The CATALYST, contact

Lee Harrison,
New College Student Publications,
P.O. Box 1958, Sarasota Fla.

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Educational Advertising Services, Inc.
360 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

mainly books

ST. ARMANDS KEY
SARASOTA, FLORIDA
Phone: 368-3261

Special Orders
taken cheerfully
-filled promptly

YOUR BOOK AND

RECORD CENTER

CALENDAR

Philosophy Conference

Presenting a paper at the 18th annual meeting of the Florida Philosophical Association at Rollins College Nov. 2-4 is Dr. Bryan G. Norton, assistant professor of philosophy. Dr. Norton's paper is entitled "Verification, Linguistic Frameworks and Ontology." Past president of the association, Dr. Douglas C. Berggren, professor of philosophy, will chair a panel discussion on the teaching of philosophy at the meeting. Dr. B. Gresham Riley, associate professor of philosophy, is currently vice president of the association.

Next President?

Dr. Lawrence Fuchs, candidate for president of New College, will be on campus November 17-19 to meet with the college community. His agenda will be published in a later number of the CATALYST.

THE MILFORD (N.H.) CABINET

Somehow we think of Doug Stinson as always running. At least he was always running when he worked here at the Cabinet Press, until he went off to college in Florida slightly more than a year ago.

Doug jogged down from school each afternoon, or rode his bicycle, in time to sweep floors, melt typemetal, wash presses, or do any one of a number of the less exotic chores around a print shop, and when summer vacation came, he pitched in full time.

This week we had a chance to see copies of the Catalyst, the newspaper of New College in Sarasota, Fla. Listed as one of the co-editors is Douglas G. Stinson of Milford.

We think of him as an alumnus of The Cabinet, and we'll bet he runs from classroom to newspaper office, and never slows down until his paper is safely at the printer's.

NEW PUBLICATION SOUGHT

CATALYST editors Dan Chambliss and Douglas Stinson are hoping to assist in the formation of two "alternate" publications next term; a literary magazine and a "rag", or loosely organized opinion-oriented newspaper.

"I just think it's drag having nothing but a straight newspaper. Face facts, the CATALYST is not exciting news," says Editor Chambliss "and we see a valuable function in the existence of a high class rag..."

The editors also want to separate the present literary supplement from the newspaper, or at least upgrade the

Fri 11/3 ISP sign-up forms due
Parents Weekend begins, registration, tours, class attendance.

Social hour for parents, faculty and staff, 4:30-5:30 pm, South Hall.

Concert by New College String Quartet with student artists, 8 pm, Music Room

Sat 11/4 Parents' Weekend continues. Coffee hour and conferences with faculty and staff 10 am, South Hall

Parents Association Luncheon 12 noon, Hamilton Center

Student Project presentations 1:45 pm, audi.

Panel discussion "New College Today", 7 pm, HC. Trustees' reception for parents follows, in Court of Palm.

Sun 11/5 Parents Weekend concludes with individual activities

Society of Friends (Quakers) discussion 10 am, worship 11 am Music Room

Film Series: "The Rise of Louis XIV" French dialogue English subtitles, directed by Roberto Rossellini. "Among the best films of 1970" NYTimes 7 and 9 pm, Tch Audi

Mon. 11/6 Mathematical Events Dr. William K. Smith, professor of mathematics, speaks on "A Most Extraordinary Law" discussing the work of Leonard Euler, famous Swiss 18th century mathematician. 7:30pm, Nat Sci Bldg.

Study Group Topic

Social Science Study Group: Mary Jo Neitz Wright will speak about her research on marriage and the nuclear family from the perspectives of women in the women's movement. Wednesday, 5:15 pm in the Fishbowl

quality of the paper stock used so that high quality graphics would be possible. Chambliss emphasized that the emergence of these new periodicals would in no way affect the operation of the CATALYST. "We want to serve all the needs of all segments of the NC community," says Chambliss, "and we simply cannot do this with just the CATALYST." He then noted that the CATALYST might be able to provide partial financial support for both publications but that some funds were going to have to come from outside sources, probably the SEC.

Tues 11/7 ELECTION DAY Conversation and Coffee, for faculty and students, 9 pm, home of Dr. Margaret Bates

Wed 11/8 Founders Day: New College will honor the men and women whose support and work provided the impetus for the college during its founding years, 1961-1964. A plaque honoring the major founders will be unveiled and the circle on the east side of the library will be landscaped and redesigned as a Founders' Circle. 11 am

Sarasota-Manatee Phi Beta Kappa Association: Dr. Justus D. Doenecke, associate professor of history, speaks on "The Isolationists and the Cold War" 8 pm, home of Mr. and Mrs. C.H. Hoppin, 1212 Center Place, Sarasota.

Lecture on occult by Dr. Marcello Truzzi, fourth of series. Special guest, Gundella 7:30 pm, Music Room \$5 per lecture.

Asolo film: "The Fifth Horseman is Fear" Czech, 1966. English dialogue dubbed in. 2:30, 7 and 9 pm.

Thurs 11/9 Board of Trustees & NC meets

The Woman's Library Association for New College "Ikebana: Japanese Floral Art" by Lily Bishop, professor Ikenobo School.

Coffee, 10:15 am, College Hall Christmas card sale, 9:30 am

Fri 11/10 Meeting of NC Board of Trustees concludes Ad lib for faculty and staff, 4:30 pm, South Hall

NC film series: "The Red Desert" 7 and 9:30 pm, Teaching Aud. Apprx. one dollar

Doenecke Papers

Professor Justus D. Doenecke is preparing an article for the spring issue of The Journal of Popular Culture which will be edited by Professor Marcello Truzzi.

Dr. Doenecke's article will be on the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago. It will be a profile of the fair particularly telling of its reception of industrialization.

Dr. Justus D. Doenecke has commitments to give two papers during the first half of 1973.

In February he is scheduled to read a paper before the Society for Historians of American Foreign Relations meeting in Atlanta. The paper, "Isolationism Reconsidered," is based on his bibliographical essay on the literature of isolationism, published in the fall.

Later in the spring, he will give a paper "Harry Elmer Barnes: Forerunner of the New History and the New Sociology," before the Southern Sociological Assn., also meeting in Atlanta.

Swap Houses ?

The Institutional Research Director at Goddard College and family would like to swap houses with a Sarasota or St. Pete area family for about two weeks beginning mid-February. Their house in Plainfield, Ver. (near Montpelier) is very close to the campus and has four bedrooms, two baths, rec. rm., washer dryer dishwasher, parlor grand piano.

They have four children and would need a sizeable house. Might be a nice opportunity for a Florida family who misses skiing, for a faculty member on sabbatical who could use two weeks of the north woods, etc.

Contact Jim Feeney for details.

Social Sciences' New Secretary

The Social Sciences Division has a new temporary student secretary, Chairwomen Dr. Margaret Bates announced Wednesday.

Stanley Ivester, third-year student from Andrews, North Carolina, will begin work immediately and will function during the noon hour for two weeks. At other times, informed sources report, he will not function.

Young Ivester, a former bookstore employee, will allegedly answer the telephone and assist with typewriting duties.

Trustees to meet

The Board of Trustees of New College will hold their November meeting next Thursday and Friday, the ninth and tenth of November.

Van Wezel Concerts

New College students may purchase tickets to the Celebrity Concerts at half price this season. The series will have four Monday night concerts at Van Wezel single events.

Celebrity Concerts will Present:
Nov. 27, 1972 - Alicia de Larrocha, pianist
Feb. 12, 1973 - New Orleans Philharmonic Orchestra, Werner Torkanowsky, Musical Director
Feb. 26, 1973 - Sherrill Milnes, baritone
Mar. 26, 1973 - Birgit Nilsson, soprano
Information in regard to tickets is available at the Blue Pagoda, Civic Center Monday through Friday from 10:00 AM to 2:00 PM or by phone during those hours, 959 4000.

SARASOTA Flower Shop
"Make it a habit — not an occasion"
1219 1st Street 955-4287

Klappert Article

An article adapted from the address delivered by Peter Klappert at New College's Sixth Commencement, June 10, 1972, appeared in the Oct. 7 issue of Saturday Review of Literature. It bears the same title: "Let Them Eat Wonderbread." Klappert, who is currently Briggs-Copeland Lecturer on English at Harvard University, taught creative studies in poetry here in the college's first summer session. He was 1970 winner in the Yale Series of Younger Poets competition.

Art Show

Mr. Robert Perkins, President of the Ringling School of Art, has issued an invitation to New College community to come to an art show, exhibiting works by the faculty of the Ringling School of Art, which will be held at the school on Friday evening, Nov. 3, from 7:30 to 9:30 pm.

School Relations Committee meets Here

Representatives of fourteen Florida colleges, universities and state education offices who are members of the Florida School Relations Committee will meet on the New College campus Friday (Nov. 3).

The school relations committee helps to coordinate and assist in the development of guidance resources to help students in making informal educational and career decisions according to Mrs. Millie Ellis, Assistant Director of Admissions for New College.

To be represented at the meeting are such institutions as the Universities of Florida, North Florida and South Florida; Florida Technological University, Eckerd and New Colleges; the Community Colleges of Valencia and Pasco-Hernando; county boards of public instruction, the Southern Regional Office of the College Entrance Examination Board, and the pupil personnel services, State department of Education, vocational and technical centers, and state-wide university programs.

La Casa Encantada
ST. ARMANDS 388-3386
Egyptian Ponchos
India halters, halter dresses Long & Short India T-Shirts
JUST ARRIVED

Play Schedule

ADAM & EVE	Oct. 30 Nov. 1, 3, 7, 9
CAIN & ABLE	Oct. 9, 11, 13, 17, 19
HARA-KIRI	Nov. 6, 8, 10, 14, 16
BABYSITTER	Nov. 13, 15, 17, 21, 23

GOLDEN HOST
80 Beautiful Rooms — 50-Foot Pool
Putting Green—Bali Hut Cocktail Lounge
4675 N. Tamiami Trail 355-5141
OUTSTANDING

GENERAL CINEMA CORPORATION
GULF GATE MALL
922-9555 **Cinema I**
SO. TRAIL OF STICKNEY PT. RD.
NOW SHOWING!
FRITZ the CAT
He's X rated and animated!
NO ONE ADMITTED UNDER 17—IDENTIFICATION REQUIRED



Galapagos Expedition Organizing

Costa Mesa, Ca. — The Charles Darwin Research Institute, a non-profit scientific research organization, in cooperation with the Instituto Hidrografico y Oceanografico de la Armada Del Ecuador today announced the formation of a 90-day research expedition to the Galapagos Islands departing early in 1973.

The significance of the archipelago lies in its unique natural history — the large variety of plants and animals that make the Galapagos and equatorial Land of Oz. Located 650 miles west of Ecuador, the islands form excellent natural laboratories for the study of insular biology and the evolutionary process.

Studies will be offered on a credit basis to undergraduate students with a graduate level program available to qualified individuals. The concentrated program consists of 11 weeks spent on site with 52 hours weekly in classroom, lab and field projects in Applied Island Ecology, Tropical Marine Biology & Invertebrates, Biology, Geology, Volcanology, Botany, Ornithology & Terrestrial Invertebrates, Oceanology (aboard ship and class), Herpetology, unique island survey projects and a cultural exchange program with participating Ecuadorian students.

Details may be obtained from the Expedition Director, Charles Darwin Research Institute, 3001 Red Hill, #VI-203, Costa Mesa, California 92626.

PARENTS --from page one

Also to discuss off campus study projects are students Steve DuPrey, candidate for a seat in the New Hampshire legislature on both the Republican and Democratic tickets, and Ron Davidson, Steve's campaign manager, who is also chairman of the student governing body at NC. Student Jeanne Beard and her acting class of thirteen students will demonstrate "Variations on Sun Exercises."

Saturday evening, a panel discussion on "New College Today" moderated by Ted Sperling, of the college's Board of Trustees, will be heard. Panel members are division chairman Dr. Margaret L. Bates, social sciences; Dr. Peter F. Buri, natural sciences, and W. Lyndon Clough, humanities, together with student participants Jennifer Adair, Stan Skuvic and David Smith. The trustees reception for parents will follow.

Coordinating Parents Week activities is Mrs. Daniel G. Dobbins, who said she hoped the schedule would give parents a bird's-eye view of as many aspects of campus life as possible.

Waterbeds - under \$25
India Tapestries,
Patches



GREENWICH VILLAGE
BOUTIQUE
1519 MAIN STREET

PARENTS' WEEKEND
SCHEDULE
November 3 , 4 , 5 , 1972

Please register on your arrival at the Hamilton Center Reception Desk where you will receive your kit, meal tickets, appointment cards, etc.

Friday, November 3

8:00 AM - 9:00 AM	Breakfast - Main Dining Room - Hamilton Center
8:30 AM - 5:00 PM	Registration - Hamilton Center
8:30 AM - 5:20 PM	Attendance at classes
11:15 AM - 12:30 PM	Lunch - Main Dining Room - Hamilton Center
1:00 PM - 5:00 PM	Tours of the Library by staff members - Coffee and cookies will be served
3:00 PM - 5:00 PM	Natural Science Laboratories open to visitors (go to office Natural Science Building)
4:30 PM - 5:30 PM	Social hour with faculty and staff, South Hall
5:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Dinner - Main Dining Room - Hamilton Center
8:00 PM - 9:30 PM	Concert by New College String Quartet with student artists, Music Room, College Hall

Saturday, November 4

8:30 AM - 9:30 AM	Continental breakfast - Main Dining Room - Hamilton Center
9:00 AM - 12 Noon	Registration new arrivals - Hamilton Center
10:00 AM - 11:30 AM	Conferences with faculty and staff, Coffee and donuts will be served, South Hall
12 Noon - 1:30 PM	Parents Association Luncheon, Dr. John N. Ott, President of Parents Association presiding, Main Dining Room, Hamilton Center
1:45 PM - 3:15 PM	Student project presentations, Teaching Auditorium, Hamilton Center
5:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Steak dinner, Main Dining Room, Hamilton Center
7:00 PM - 8:30 PM	Panel Discussion - "New College Today" - Moderator, Mr. John D. MacDonald, Vice-Chairman Board of Trustees, Faculty Division Chairmen and Student Participants, Hamilton Center
9:00 PM - 10:00 PM	Trustees' reception in honor of parents (informal) Court of Palms, Hamilton Center (weather permitting) or Private Dining Room, Hamilton Center

An exhibition sponsored by the Fine Arts Department will be on display in the Private Dining Room, Hamilton Center during the entire weekend

The College Bookstore will be open Friday and Saturday, 9:30 AM to 5:00 PM

—Welcome Parents—



HOWARD JOHNSON'S
MOTOR LODGE
and RESTAURANT

6325 N. Trail, 2 blocks north of college

QUESTIONS

??
??
??

Questions to this column should be submitted to KIRK KEREKES, BOX 235 via intercampus mail.

Q: What is the purpose of that bulbous mound of earth in front of the library, and who authorized its construction?
--Many People

A: That mound of earth is destined to become Founder's Circle (Founders Lump?), a mossy knoll topped by plaques immortalizing the generous souls who chipped in eight million dollars to help start NC. All the folks so recognized gave big money before the school had opened and/or were members of the original board of trustees. The original board originated the project, which should have been completed years ago, and the present board okayed the site and design of the present construction. The Lump should be completed in time for Founder's Day, when many of the founders will return to witness what they have wrought and hopefully be induced to buy themselves some more plaques.

Q: Why has the glassware and silverware from Estepmation been so filthy lately?
--W. W.

A: The kitchen says that it has been a mystery for them until a few days ago, when they found out that a rotor in one of the washing machines had been jammed by some errant dinnerware. The machine has been repaired, and your water should stop looking like milk fairly shortly.

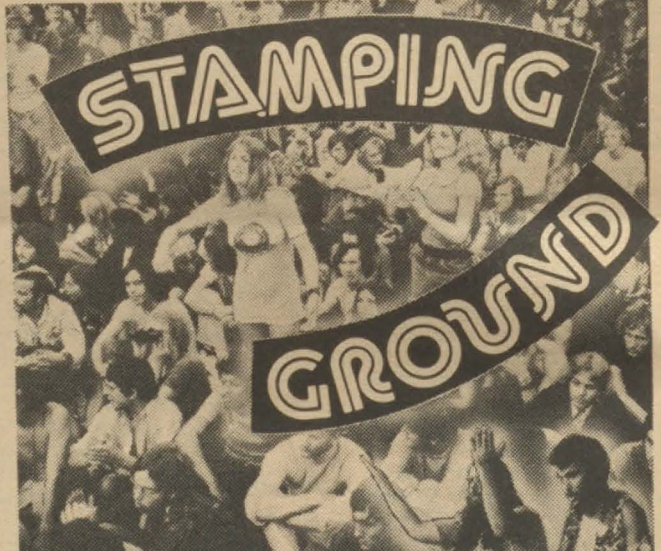
Q: Who was responsibly for turning in the treehouse to the Sarasota officials?

A: According to Charles Harra, business manager and present legal head of the college, some officer from the Sarasota Police Department appeared one day at his office to ask about the house, claiming to have a complaint against it concerning a drug violation of some sort. Mr. Harra informed them that, as far as he knew, the treehouse was not on college property and was instead on what he believed to be city property planned for use as a roadway. The police left, and apparently resolved the complaint in their own way.

NEXT WEEK: Why has a bishop been hanging around Hamilton Center?

NEW THE GREATEST

ROCK FESTIVAL ON FILM



STAMPING GROUND

HOLLAND FESTIVAL OF MUSIC
★ SANTANA ★ AL STEWART
★ CANNED HEAT ★ T. REX
★ JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
★ IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY
★ COUNTRY JOE
★ DR. JOHN
★ FLOCK ★ THE BYRDS
★ PINK FLOYD

4-Channel Stereo Sound • Metrocolor
Plus "FIBERGLASS IS"
(a surfing short subject)

Midnight Show

2 GREAT NIGHTS FRIDAY, NOV. 10
SATURDAY, NOV. 11

IN-CAR AIR CONDITIONERS

BEE RIDGE

DRIVE-IN-THATRE

BEE RIDGE & SAWYER RDS. SARASOTA

ADVANCE TICKETS \$1.00
(now on sale at the boxoffice)

AT DOOR \$1.50
(on dates of performances)

Why Translation?

"Pity spareth so many an evil thing."
--Ezra Pound, from CANTO XXX

A man should not approach any enterprise with less than the highest ideals of which he is conscious, however limited his practical expectations may be. Whatever infinitesimal value this supplement will have lies in how effectively it disseminates ideals, techniques, and a consciousness of the history of literature, at least among people writing at New College.

Acrostics do not suffice, nor imitations of the residing poet or prose laureate of New College.

That is why I have chosen to dedicate this issue to translation, not only to counterbalance the monolingualism and temporal provincialism prevalent within the New College School Of Poetry, but to suggest an alternative to a desecration of the human faculty of speech: creative poetry workshops. Based upon acrostics, and then attempting to shuffle words into images, finally trying to inflate images into poems, what can they lead to but people searching for emotions to fit their vocabularies? What models can they provide other than the fads in the little magazines, where editors, primarily because they have formed their tastes according to little magazines rather than according to classics, are incapable of overcoming that taste for fads and for at best average, safe, and ultimately mediocre work? Where success for a writer is the ability to publish anything he chums out, regardless of quality? I cannot condone it, I will not promote it, and if I were in power, I would not permit it.

English is the only language acknowledged to exist by the New College School Of Poetry. The current opinion of translation is that it is "something to do when you are in a dry spell and lack inspiration. And since there is so much good original writing around here,..." Sure.

Translation provides both apprentice work and subject matter for masterpieces. Marlowe translated Ovid's Amores, Fitzgerald translated Omar Khayyam, Chaucer, Jonson, Dryden, Pope, and Browning were not above translating, nor were Catullus, Baudelaire, or Mallarme. Plays, prose fiction, and poetry have been translated since L. Andronicus translated the Odyssey into Latin in about 250 B. C.

But what concerns me here is the value of translation as an exercise. First, the author whom an apprentice translates is almost certain-



-Carla Cohen

ly going to be one of the better writers in a language, since the apprentice probably would not have heard of him otherwise. Chances are that he has developed a style, a coherent manner of thought, that the apprentice has not yet developed. One learns to feel by watching others feel. Second, the translation of a poem from one language into another is closely analogous to the translation of an emotion into a poem. Third and most important, a translation can be analyzed to an extent that you cannot analyze an original poem, primarily because an emotion is interpreted in an original poem, an emotion to which only the author has direct access, while it is the objective text that is interpreted in a translation.

As for temporal provincialism, there actually were people writing before Sylvia Plath. Somewhere in the collective shadow of the contemporary writers are rumored to exist Homer, Dante, Vergil, Villon, Goethe, and a cast of thousands, including a certain Greek lady of peculiar sexual predilections, all of whom are of course irrelevant to the much more sophisticated modern writer. Right?

I'm not deluding myself about what I'm doing in this supplement. I can't pretend to edit anything of the quality of a magazine which is published, say, three times a year. And I myself certainly have not been writing important poetry since high school. I can't even pick out a style in which everybody else will have to write in order to get published.

Anyone who seriously applies critical standards regardless of the canon of cliches known as the "conventional wisdom" sooner or later meets with the accusation that he is tearing others down in order to build himself up. This is at best a misconception. Isn't it obvious that one must apply the same critical standards to oneself as one applies to others? The harder one judges others, the harder he judges himself. If the desired end is self-inflation, what better means are there for it than indulgence, back-patting, and brown-nosing? Criticism is not an enemy of poetry, but mutual admiration societies are.

John Edward Horn

From the Allegory to the Novel

From the Spanish of Jorge Luis Borges
Published in OTHER INQUISITIONS, 1960
Translated by David L. Smith

For all of us, the allegory is an aesthetic error. (My first version was written "is nothing other than an error of aesthetics," but then I noted that my sentence entailed an allegory.) As far as I know, the allegorical genre has been analyzed by Schopenhauer (WELTS ALS WILLE UND VORSTELLUNG, I, 50), by De Quincey (WRITINGS, XI, 198), by Francesco De Sanctis (STORIA DELLA LETTERATURA ITALIANA, VII), by Croce (ESTETICA, 39), and by Chesterton (G.F. WATTS, 83); in this essay I shall limit myself to the last two. Croce condemns allegorical art, Chesterton vindicates it; my opinion is that the truth lies with the former, but I would like to know how it was possible for a form that seems to us unjustifiable to have enjoyed so much favor.

The words of Croce are crystalline; it is sufficient for me to quote them: "If the symbol is conceived as inseparable from the artistic intuition, it is synonymous with that intuition, which always has an ideal character. If the symbol is conceived separately, if on one hand the symbol is able to express itself and on the other the thing symbolized, it leads itself into intellectual error; the supposed symbol is the exposition of an abstract concept, it is an allegory, it is science, or art that imitates science. But we ought also to be fair with the allegory and to point out that in some cases it is innocuous. From JERUSALEM LIBERTADA one can extract some moral; from the ADONIS of Mario, the poet of lasciviousness, the reflection that excessive pleasure ends in pain; on the front of a statue, the sculptor can place a placard saying that this is Clemency or Bondage. Such allegories add to a conclusive work, they do not damage it. They are expressions that extrinsically add themselves to other expressions. To JERUSALEM one adds a page in prose that expresses other thoughts of the poet; to ADONIS, a verse or a strophe that expresses what the poet wants to be understood; to the statue, the word 'clemency' or the word 'bondage.'" On page 222 of LA POESIA (Bari, 1946), the tone is more hostile: "The allegory is not a direct mode of spiritual manifestation, but a sort of writing or cryptography."

Croce does not acknowledge the distinction between content and form. The latter is the former, and the former is the latter. The allegory seems monstrous to him because it aspires to abbreviate in one form two contents: the immediate or literal (Dante, guided by Vir-

gilio, reaches Beatriz), and the figurative (man finally arrives at faith guided by reason). He reasons that this manner of writing entails laborious enigmas.

Chesterton, in order to vindicate the allegory, begins by denying that language exhausts the expression of reality. "Man knows that in the soul there are shades more disconcerted, more innumerable, and more anonymous than the colors of an autumn forest. . . . He believes, however, that those shades, in all their combinations and conversions are representable with precision by an arbitrary mechanism of groans and screams. He believes that from the interior of a stock broker noises that signify all the mysteries of memory and all the agonies of desire really come." Language declared insufficient, there is a place for other things; the allegory ought to be one of these, as is architecture or music. It is formed of words, but it is not a language of language, a sign of other signs of the brave virtue and of the secret illuminations that this word indicate. It is a sign more precise than the monosyllable, richer and happier.

I cannot very well say which of these eminent disputants is right; I do know that allegorical art at one time seemed enchanting (the labyrinthine ROMAN DE LA ROSA, which survives in two hundred manuscripts, consists of twenty-four thousand verses) and now it is intolerable. We feel that besides being intolerable, it is stupid and frivolous. Neither Dante, who depicted the history of his passion in VITA NUOVA; nor the roman Boecio, writing in the tower of Pavia, in the shadow of his executioner's sword, DE CONSOLATIONE, would have understood this feeling. How can one explain this discord without resorting to a plea based upon the principle of changing taste?

Coleridge observed that all men are born either Aristotelians or Platonists. The second intuition that ideas are realities; the first, that they are generalizations; for the latter, language is nothing but a system of arbitrary symbols; for the former, it is the map of the universe. The Platonist knows that the universe is some sort of cosmos, an order; that order, for the Aristotelian, could be an error or a fiction of our incomplete knowledge. Across the latitudes and the ages, the two immortal antagonists changed in dialect and in name; one is Parmenides, Plato, Spinoza, Kant, Francis Bradley; the other, Heraclitus, Aristotle, Locke, Hume, William James. In the arduous schools of the Middle Ages everyone invoked Aristotle, master of human reason (Convivio, IV, 2), but the nominalists are Aristotelians; and the realists, Platonists. George Henry Lewes has the

opinion that the only medieval debate that has any philosophical value is on nominalism and realism; but that a sentence from Porfirio, translated and commented upon by Boecio, provoked a debate at the beginning of the Ninth Century, which Anselm and Roscelino maintained at the end of the Eleventh Century and which William of Occam revived in the Fourteenth Century points out the importance of this persistent controversy.

As might be supposed, over the years the number of intermediate positions and distinguished figures has multiplied toward infinity. It is possible, however, to assert that for realism universals are basic (Plato would say ideas, forms; we, abstract concepts), and for nominalism, individuals. The history of philosophy is not an empty museum of distractions and word tricks; quite likely, the two theses correspond to two ways of viewing reality. Maurice de Wulf writes: "Ultrarealism gathers up the first adhesions. The chronicler Heriman (Eleventh Century) denominates antiqui doctores as those who teach the dialectic in re; Abelardo speaks of it as an antiqua doctrina, and until the end of the Twelfth Century one applies to his adversaries the name of moderni." A thesis now inconceivable seemed obvious in the Ninth Century, and in some form persisted until the Fourteenth Century. Nominalism, previously the novelty of a few, today encompasses everyone; its victory is so vast and fundamental that its name is useless. No one declares himself a nominalist because no one is anything else. We must understand, however, that for people of the Middle Ages the substantive was not men but humanity, not individuals but the species, not the species but the genus, not the genus but God. From such concepts (whose clearest manifestation is perhaps the quadruple system of Erigena) has originated, to my understanding, allegorical literature. This is fabricated of abstractions, as the novel is of individuals. The abstractions are personified; therefore, every allegory is somewhat novelistic. The individuals that novelists set forth aspire toward types (Dupin is the Intellect, Don Segundo Sombra is the Gaucho); in novels there is an allegorical element.

The passage from allegory to novel, from species to individuals, from realism to nominalism, required several centuries, but I dare to suggest an ideal date. That day of 1382 on which Geoffrey Chaucer, who perhaps did not consider himself a nominalist, wanted to translate to English Boccaccio's verse *E con gli occulti ferri i Tradimenti* ("And the Betrayals with hidden irons"), and repeated it in this manner: "The slyer with the knyf under the cloke." The original is in the seventh book of the TESEIDA; the English version, in the KNIGHT'S TALE.

from the Chinese of Li T'ai-Po
translations by Dr. Elling O. Eide

THE HARD ROAD TO SHU

Ay! Ay! Ay! So dangerous! So high!
The road to Shu is hard, harder than climbing blue sky.
Silkworm Thicket and Fishing Duck
Founded that nation -- somewhere when --
But forty-eight thousand years have run,
And smoke from homes of settlers does not reach the frontier of Ch'in.
There used to be a bird road from the western slope of T'ai-Po
That one might travel straight across to O-mai's peaks and spires,
But the earth collapsed, the mountain split, the muscled warriors died,
And only then the ladders to heaven were hooked together by stone
and timber.

Up above is the towering beacon where the six dragons turn the sun;
Down below on the twisted river colliding waves explode on the turns.
The trip would even be too much for the wings of a yellow crane;
Gibbons and monkeys hoping to cross climb and tug in despair.

Green Mud Summit, tortured, twisting,
With nine turns to a hundred steps, you thread the jutting crags.
Grasp the Triad, pass the Well Stars, look up and heave a sigh,
Press your hand against your chest, sit down to gasp and moan.

I wonder, as you travel west, when will you return?
I fear a road so harsh and high is impossible to climb.
All I see is a sorrowing bird that cries from an ancient tree,
And the cocks fly in pursuit of hens, circling through the forest.
Yet again I hear the cuckoo call in the moonlit night, sorrowing
over the desolate mountain.
The road to Shu is hard, harder than climbing blue sky.
Letting a man just hear of this wilts his youth away.

The peaks rise in unbroken rows, short of the sky by less than a foot,
The withered pines hang upside-down, supported by vertical walls.

The flying chutes and tyrannous current clash and snarl like swine,
Pounding the cliffs and spinning the stones to thunder in
ten thousand ravines.
The perils, they are really so.
And woe to the man so far from home, why should he come this way!
The Sword Gallery looms above with its storeyed crags and spires.
One man at the pass,
Ten thousand cannot break through.
And if the guards are not our people,
They can change into jackals and wolves.

In the morning avoid fierce tigers.
At night avoid long snakes.
They sharpen teeth for sucking blood
And cut down men like hemp.
There is pleasure, they say, in Brocade City,
But best of all is to hurry back home.
The road to Shu is hard, harder than climbing blue sky.
Turning back I gaze at the west with long and deep sighs.

THE WARDROBE MISTRESS

When the Emperor dwelt in the Night-Is -Young Palace,
I came as a maid to fold away clothes.
I had never been favored by the Purple Hall,
Yet I ventured to brush off the golden bedstead.
The flood may come, but I will not flee;
Let the bear approach, still I shall remain.
Frail body supporting the sun and moon,
Like the trembling light of the firefly.
I hope that His Majesty, gathering turnips,
Has not been displeased with the parts down below.

from the Spanish of Miguel Hernandez

from THE PERPETUAL BOLT

Translated by Dru Dougherty

Sonnet 14

A silence of metal, sad, echoing,
swords congregating with love
at the tip of wrecking bones
in the volcanic region of the bull.

A dampness of feminine gold,
smelled, put blazes in his blood
and to his bellow, a hurricane cry,
he gave refuge among the flowers.

The grief of a thousand lovers
is covering the young clover
with hot, loving gorings.

Beneath his hide the harbored rages
are thoughts of death erected
in the nubs of his sprouting horns.

Sonnet 21

Do you remember that neck, call to mind
that gift, that something
which parapedly beautiful and white
was a rotating battlement of cream?

I remember and can't remember that tale
of ivory expired on a hair,
where the swan neck learned to entwine
and to shout the transitory snow.

I remember and can't remember that stalk
of stranglable feminine ice
like a short and milky way.

And I remember that propless kiss
that stayed between my mouth and the road
of that neck, that kiss, and that day.



by Barbara Mellen

THE BALLAD OF LONG BANK

When my hair was first in bangs,
I used to pick flowers and tease from the door.

And you would ride on a bamboo horse,
Circling the well-shed and throwing green plums.
We lived together in the Village of Long Bank,
Two little children, no doubts or mistrust.
At fourteen, I became your wife.
My bashful face could never smile.
I would droop my head and face the dark wall
And not once turn for your thousand calls.
At last, fifteen, I unfurrowed my brow,
And vowed to stay with you like ashes with dust.
If you cling to your promise like a man in a flood
Would I ever be climbing the Widow's Watchtower?
I was sixteen when you went away
To Rough River Rock in Threatening Gorge.
In the Fifth Month there is no running through,
And the cries of monkeys are sad in the sky.
The tracks by the gate where you slowly departed,
In each one now the green moss grows.

The moss is deep and will not sweep away;
Autumn wind is early, there are falling leaves.
In the Eighth Month the butterflies came
And flew in pairs through the west garden flowers.
When I think of this, my heart starts breaking,
I sit and grieve. My face grows old.

Whenever you are ready to come back from the west,
First send a letter to let us all know.
I will go out to meet you, no matter how far;
I will go right down to Long Wind Shore.

WHITE WALNUTS

In her red gauze sleeves you see them distinctly.
On a white jade plate, you glance at them and they are gone.
I think of an old monk intoning at leisure,
Telling crystal beads in the arm of his robe.

from the French of Tristan Corbiere

translated by John Horn

THE TOAD

A song
on a muggy night...
The moon electroplates in chrome
a somber forest of cut outs...

A song like an echo... Quick!
on the ground, there
beneath the bushes...

Silence...
Come on,
there, in the shadow...

A toad! Why so afraid
of me, your comrade?
Look at him:
a nightingale
of the mud, a poet
clipped of his wings...

Horrible?
He's just singing.

Horrible?
But why?

Can I see his eyes?

No.
He's creeping back
beneath his rock,
chilled.

Good night, The toad?
That's me.



-Carla Cohen

Sonnet 25

As your voice pours out its mildness
of honey in the mouth, and at the pure rock
of your hips, in my terrestrial hands desire
places its roses on the customary fire.

Exasperated I arrive at the summit
of your island breast, and circle it
with an ambitious sea and a stamping
of exasperated petals of fire.

But you defend yourself with walls
from my tremors, covetous
of submerging you in dirt and oceans.

Of virgin rock, indifferent, silent:
the silence of stone, that rose upon rose
places and replaces in my hands.

Final Sonnet

For plucking the feathers of glacial archangels,
the lily snowfall of slender teeth
is condemned to the weeping of fountains
and to the grief of mountain springs.

For diffusing its soul through the metals,
for giving its pearl-gleams to iron,
to the pain of inclement anvils
fire is dragged by torrential blacksmiths.

To the painful dealings with the thorn,
to the fateful depression of the rose,
and to the rusting action of death

I see myself hurled, and this disintegration
is for no other misfortune or reason
than loving you, only loving you.

from the German of Rainier Maria Rilke
from SONNETS TO ORPHEUS, Part I
translated by Pauline Mead

I

Those symmetries . . . oh, more than boughs and shade
Orpheus singing. Arbor in the ear.
And all was still. As solitude increased,
his hand began to beckon while it played.

The creatures of that silence were released
from trees that had been nesting place and lair;
and it was not from cunning, not from fear
that they were hushed and moved with so much care,

it was from listening. Bellow, cry and bark
diminished in their hearts. And though their hearing
was lowly as a hut, a place of dark

longing they'd raised upon the darker ground,
Orpheus welcomed them within the clearing,
And built them temples in their sense of sound.

II

Almost a girl, beginning to appear
as he began so joyously to sing;
and clearly shining through her veils of Spring
she made herself a bed inside my ear.

And slept in me, and all things were her sleep:
The trees I found so wondrous, newly mown
meadows I walked, the skies that felt so deep,
and all the passing marvels I had known.

She slept the world. You sang her as that rare
and perfect being, not desiring most
to be awake. Ah, see -- she rose and slept.

Where is her death? Is this a theme you've kept
until your song consumes itself?...O, where
does she dissolve from me ... a girl almost ...

VII

Praising, that's it! His mission was to bless,
emerging like a silver vein from rock
silence. His heart, a transitory press
that endlessly supplies the human stock

with wine, such wine! A voice that never scrapes
across a scar, but when it parts his mouth
all turns either to vineyard or to grapes
that grow and ripen in his sentient South.

Corrosion covering the vaults of kings,
or shadows that the warring gods have shed
cannot destroy the jubilation he sings.

Orpheus is a messenger who stays
to prop ajar the doors that seal the dead
with bowls of fruit diffusing sun and praise.

XIV

We tend the flowers, vineyards and the fruit.
These speak to us not only of the season,
but through their brightness we can sense the root
of jealousy, perhaps a gleam of treason

in those who now invigorate the earth --
those countless dead. How can we know their share
in growing things? For their decay is worth

our livelihood, but do they really care,
we wonder. Are they glad in doing this?
Or do they toil like countless heavy brutes
who, forced against their will, must slave for us?

Are they the masters, sleeping with the roots,
and granting out of their immense surplus
this thing that's part dumb strength and part a kiss?

from the German of George Trakl
translated by K. Logan

DECLINE

Over the white pond
Wild birds have flown.
In the evening
An icy wind blows from our stars,

Over our graves
Bends the night's shattered forehead,
Under the oaks
We're caught in the tossing
Of a silver skiff.

The white walls of the city ring out.

Under arches of thorn
Oh, my brother
We climb the blind hands
Edging toward midnight.

from the Latin of Catullus

translated by Dr. Corinne Wilson

CIX

Caesar, I'm not so eager to wish to please yer,
Nor does it matter if you're white or mulatter,

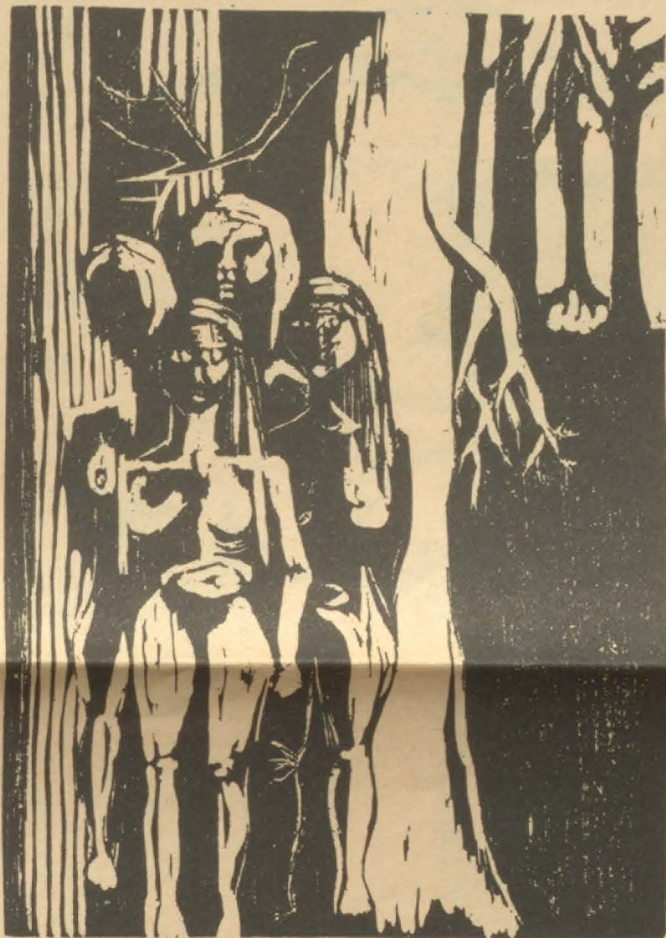
XVII

Under all else, the first to be born --
the mysterious roots
of all they erected -- the source
that none of them saw.

Shining helmet and hunter's horn --
wisdom in graybeard's law --
brothers in raging force --
and women like lutes.

Branch crowding on branch is a tree.
Not one can be free...
One! Oh higher ... higher!

Still they break in the winds.
At last, though, the topmost bends
into a lyre.



-Carla Cohen

FROM THE BOOK OF TRAVELS:

SPRINGTIME ON THE POTOMAC

Ah, George Washington:
you chop down tree of cherry
and dream of wisdom.

--Bok Foy

translated from the Japanese by Norman Stein

AN IMITATION OF CATULLUS, VIII

Wise up, Catullus. Call a spade a spade:
She's gone. You had the limelight for a while.
Wherever she would go,
They say you used to trail her like a puppy on a leash.
Nobody's gonna love her half as much,
And while she played around with you, you asked -
She gave: you didn't need to twist her arm.
You had the limelight for a while. She's making
Someone else: you better, too.

You weakling, heel!
Quit whining over what is gone for good
And curb yourself instead. Resign yourself.

So long, girl. Catullus is resigned,
He doesn't chase you - he can take a hint.
He won't come now to pester you at night,
Bitch, now you'll be sorry. What is left
For you in life? Who'll come to flirt with you?
Now who will call you beautiful? And who
Will love you now? Who will they say you love?
Whose lips will you stick your tongue between now?

But you, Catullus, take it like a man?

--John Horn

XXVI

Divine Orpheus, still building in us your tree
of music, till it was shattered by the shriek
of frenzied maenads, who destroy the grace they seek,
shall we demand of them your symmetry?

Your lyre they long ago abandoned to the wind.
The pieces of your body which they kept as charms
are part of Dionysus, they're undisciplined
and menacing, like everything he harms.

Still, there are times when deep beneath our own reflection
in peaceful inlets, we can just discern your face.
This is your third, most fleeting resurrection.

O you lost god! O you unending trace!
Only because you have been torn and scattered, we
are handed moments of eternity.

from the Spanish of Garcia Lorca
translated by Allison Atkinson

BUSTER KEATON'S WALK

Characters: Buster Keaton The Owl The Cock
An American Woman A Negro A Young Girl

Cock: Coc-a-doodle-doo.
(Enter Buster Keaton leading his four children by the hand)
Buster Keaton: (He takes out a wooden dagger and kills them) My poor little children.
Cock: Cock-a-doodle-doo.
Buster Keaton: (Counting the bodies on the ground.) One, two three and four. (He seizes a bicycle and leaves.)
(Enter the old rubber tires and drums of gasoline, a Negro eats his straw hat.)
Buster Keaton: It's nice to go for a ride on a bicycle.
The Owl: Who, who, whoo.
Buster Keaton: How well the little birds sing.
The Owl: Whooooooo
Buster Keaton: How touching.
(A pause. Buster Keaton ineffably crosses the reeds and the tiny field of rye. The countryside grows smaller between the wheels of the machine. The bicycle is one dimensional. It can go into the books and stretch itself out in the bread oven. Buster Keaton's bicycle doesn't have a carmel seat and sugar pedals, as the evil men would wish. It is a bicycle like all bicycles but it is the only one drenched with innocence. Adam and Eve would run terrified if they saw a glass full of water, but on the other hand they would caress Keaton's bicycle.)
Buster Keaton: Oh love, love!
(Buster Keaton falls to the ground. The bicycle escapes. It runs after two giant butterflies. The bicycle runs crazily, half a millimeter from the ground.)
Buster Keaton: (Getting up.) I don't want to say anything. What am I going to say?
A Voice: Silly.
(He continues walking. His eyes, infinite and sad, like those of a newly born animal, dream of lillies, angels, and silken sashes. His eyes, that are the bottom of a glass. A silly child's eyes. That are very ugly. That are very beautiful. His ostrich eyes. His human eyes in the sure balance of melancholy. In the distance he can see Philadelphia. The inhabitants of this city already know that the old poem of the Singer sewing machine can circulate among the great roses of the greenhouse, even though they won't ever understand what a subtle poetical difference exists between a cup of hot tea and another cup of cold tea. In the distance shines Philadelphia.)
Buster Keaton: This is a garden.
American Woman: Good afternoon.
(Buster Keaton smiles and takes a close-up of the woman's shoes. Oh what shoes! We shouldn't allow such shoes. It takes three crocodile skins to make them.)
Buster Keaton: I wish.....
American Woman: Do you have a sword decorated with myrtle leaves?
(Buster Keaton shrugs his shoulders and raises his right foot.)
American Woman: Do you have a ring with a poisoned stone?
(Buster Keaton slowly closes his eyes and raises his left foot.)
American Woman: Well then?
(Four seraphim with wings of celestial gauze dance among the flowers. The young city girls play the piano as if they were riding bicycles. The waltz, the moon and the canoes shake our friends's precious heart. To everyone's surprise, autumn has invaded the garden, as water invades a geometrical lump of sugar.)
Buster Keaton: (Sighing) I might have been a swan. But I can't, even though I might have wanted to be. Because, where would I leave my hat? Where my feather collar and my moire tie? What a misfortune!
(A Young girl, wasp-waisted, comes by riding a bicycle. She has the head of a nightingale.)
Young Girl: Whom do I have the honor of addressing?
Buster Keaton: (With a bow.) I am Euster Keaton.
(The girl faints and falls off the bicycle. Her striped legs tremble on the grass like two dying zebras. A gramophone says in a thousand simultaneous voices: "There are nightingales in America.")
Buster Keaton: (Kneeling.) Miss Eleonora, forgive me, it wasn't me! Miss! (Lower.) Miss! (Still lower.) Miss! (He kisses her.)
(On the horizon of Philadelphia gleams the flashing star of the police.)

THE CIRCULAR RUINS

From the Spanish of Jorge Luis Borges
Published in THE GARDEN OF BRANCHING PATHS,
1941,
Translated by David L. Smith

"And if he left off dreaming about you, . . ."
-- THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, VI

No one saw him disembark in the unanimous night, no one saw the bamboo canoe sinking in the sacred mud, but in a few days no one was unaware that the taciturn man had come from the south and that his home was one of the infinite villages up river, on the violent flank of the mountain, where the Zend idiom is not corrupted from Greek and where leprosy is rare. It is certain that the grey man kissed the mud, started uphill without dislodging (probably, without feeling) the cortaderas that lacerated his flesh and dragged himself, seasick and bloody, up to the circular inclosure that rings a tiger or horse of stone, which was sometimes the color of fire and other times the color of ash. This circle is a temple that ancient conflagrations devoured, that the marshy jungle had profaned and whose god does not receive the honor of men. The stranger stretched out beneath the pedestal. The sun awakened him. He noted without surprise that the wounds had healed; he closed his pale eyes and slept, not from weakness of the flesh but by determination of the will. He knew that this temple was the place that summoned his invincible purpose; he knew that the unceasing trees had not succeeded in strangling, down the river, the ruins of another favorable temple, also of the dead and burned gods; he knew that his immediate obligation was the dream. Toward midnight the insoluble cry of a bird awakened him. Tracks of bare feet, some figs and a jug revealed to him that the inhabitants of the region had respectfully spied on his sleep and sought his favor or feared his magic. He felt the cold of fear and looked for a sepulchral niche in the dilapidated rampart and concealed himself with strange leaves.

The design that guided him was not impossible, although it was supernatural. He wanted to dream a man: he wanted to dream him with meticulous integrity and to impose reality upon him. This magical project had taken up the entire space of his soul; if someone had asked him his own name or any detail of his prior life, he would not have been able to answer. The uninhabited and ruined temple befitted him because it was a minimum of the visible world; the proximity of the peasants did also, because they were entrusted with supplying his temperate needs. The rice and fruit of their tribute were sufficient food for his body, which was dedicated to the single task of sleeping and dreaming.

At first the dreams were chaotic; after a while they were of dialectical nature. The stranger dreamed himself in the center of a circular amphitheater somewhat like the burned temple: clouds of taciturn students wearied the rows of seats; the faces of the hindmost hung at many centuries distance and at a stellar altitude, but they were all precise. The man dictated them lessons in anatomy, in cosmography, in magic: the faces listened with anxiety and tried to answer with understanding, as if they divined the importance of that examination, which would redeem one of them from the state of mere apparition and interpolate him into the real world. The man, sleeping and waking, considered the attributes of his phantoms, not letting himself be tricked by the impostors, divining in certain perplexities a growing intelligence. He sought a soul that deserved to participate in the universe.

In nine or ten nights he realized with some bitterness that he could expect nothing from those pupils who accepted his doctrine passively, unlike those who risked, at times, a reasonable contradiction. The former, although worthy of love and good feelings, were not able to develop into individuals; the latter pre-existed a little more. One afternoon (now the afternoons too were tributaries of sleep, now he didn't stay awake but a couple of hours at daybreak) he permanently discharged the vast illusionary school and kept only one student. He was a taciturn lad, melancholy, wayward at times, with sharp wits that reflected those of the dreamer. The brusque elimination of his fellows did not disconcert him for long; his progress, at the end of a few private lessons, was enough to astound the master. However, catastrophe occurred. The man, one day, emerged from sleep as if from a viscous desert, looked at the dim light of evening which he at first confused with dawn, and realized that he had not dreamed. All that night and all the day, the intolerable brilliance of insomnia fell against him. He wished to explore the jungle to weaken himself; as soon as he entered among the hemlocks, some weak signs of dream fleetingly veined with visions of a rudimental type: useless. He wanted to bring together the school, and hardly had he articulated a few short words of exhortation, it disintegrated, it vanished. In his almost constant wakefulness, tears of anger burned in his old eyes.

He realized that the endeavor to model the dizzy and incoherent matter of which dreams are composed is the most difficult that a man can undertake, although he might penetrate all the enigmas of the higher and lower order: much more difficult than to weave a rope of sand or than to coin the wind without face. He realized that an initial failure was inevitable. He swore to forget the enormous hallucination that had turned him aside at first and he looked for another method of working. Before exercising it, he dedicated a month to the recovery of the strength that the delirium

had wasted. He abandoned every premeditation of dreaming and almost right away he succeeded in sleeping a reasonable portion of the day. The rare times that he dreamed during this period, he didn't pay any attention to the dreams. In order to recommence the task, he waited until the disk of the moon was full. Then, in the afternoon, he purified himself in the waters of the river, worshipped the planetary gods, uttered the licit syllables of a powerful name and slept. Almost immediately, he dreamed of a beating heart.

He dreamed it active, secret, the size of a closed fist, the color of garnet in the penumbra of a human body, though without face or sex; with meticulous love he dreamed it, for four lucid nights. Each night he perceived it with greater palpability. He did not touch it; he limited himself to attesting it, to observing it, perhaps to correcting it with his glance. He perceived it, he lived it from many distances and many angles. The fourteenth night he touched the pulmonary artery with his index finger and then the whole heart, from outside and inside. The examination satisfied him. He deliberately did not dream for a night: then he re-materialized the heart, invoked the name of a pla-



Title
Drawing

George Morley Jr.

net and undertook the vision of another of the principal organs. Within the year he reached the skeleton, the eyelids. The innumerable hair was perhaps the most difficult task. He dreamed a whole man, a youth, but this latter did not sit up nor talk nor could he open his eyes. Night after night, the man dreamed him asleep. In the Gnostic cosmogonies, the demiurges kneaded a ruddy Adam who was not able to stand up; as useless and crude and elemental as that Adam of dust was the dream Adam whom the nights of the wizard had fabricated. One evening the man almost destroyed all his work but he repented. (Better that he had destroyed it.) The offerings to the gods of the earth and the river exhausted, he threw himself at the feet of the effigy that was perhaps a tiger and perhaps a colt, and implored his unknown succor. This evening he dreamed of the statue. He dreamed it alive, tremulous: it was not an atrocious bastard of a tiger and a colt, but both these two impetuous creatures at once and also a bull, a rose, a tempest. This composite God revealed that his earthly name was Fire, that in this circular temple (and in others like it), that they had offered him sacrifices and worship and that he would magically animate the dreamed phantom, so that all the creatures except Fire himself and the dreamer would think him a man of flesh and blood. He ordained that once instructed in the rites, he would send him to the other ruined temple whose pyramids persisted down the river, that some voice might glorify him in that deserted edifice. In the dream of the sleeping man, the dreamed one awoke.

The wizard executed the orders. He devoted a time (that finally amounted to two years) to disclosing to him the secrets of the universe and of the cult of fire. Intimately, it grieved him to give him up. With the pretext of pedagogical necessity, he extended the hours dedicated each day to sleep. He also remade the right shoulder, which by chance was flawed. At times he had the disconcerting impression that all that had happened before. . . . In general, his days were happy; upon closing his eyes he thought: Now I will be with my son. Or, less frequently: The son that I have begotten awaits me and he will not exist if I do not go. Gradually, he was acquainting him with reality. Once he ordered that he adorn a distant summit with

from the Russian of Anna Akmatova

translated by Eileen Murphy

READING HAMLET

I

A bare plot powdered the air at the churchyard.
Behind it the river twisted blue.
You said to me, "All right then, get thee to a nunnery,
Or if you must marry, marry a fool."

Princes always talk that way, I
Memorized the speech.
Let it hang a hundred centuries
From your shoulders like an ermine mantle.

II

The sun's memory fades in the heart.
The grass yellows.
The wind flurries early snow,
Barely, barely.

In narrow channels
Cold stops the water.
Nothing is going to happen here.
Ever.

A threadbare willow
Fans empty sky.
I didn't marry you.
Maybe it's better.

The sun's memory fades in the heart.
What? Nightfall?
Maybe. A single night
Establishes a winter.

AN APPLE IN YOUR EYE, a literary supplement to the CATALYST, will appear on a semi-regular basis. The editors encourage everyone to submit photographs, graphics, poetry, prose, translation, and especially criticism. There will be no strict or comparative process of selection. If you have suggestions or would like to help edit AN APPLE IN YOUR EYE, speak to one of the editors: John Horn, Carol Levenson, David L. Smith, or Norman Stein.

SUGAR STRIKE

by Marie Sprayberry

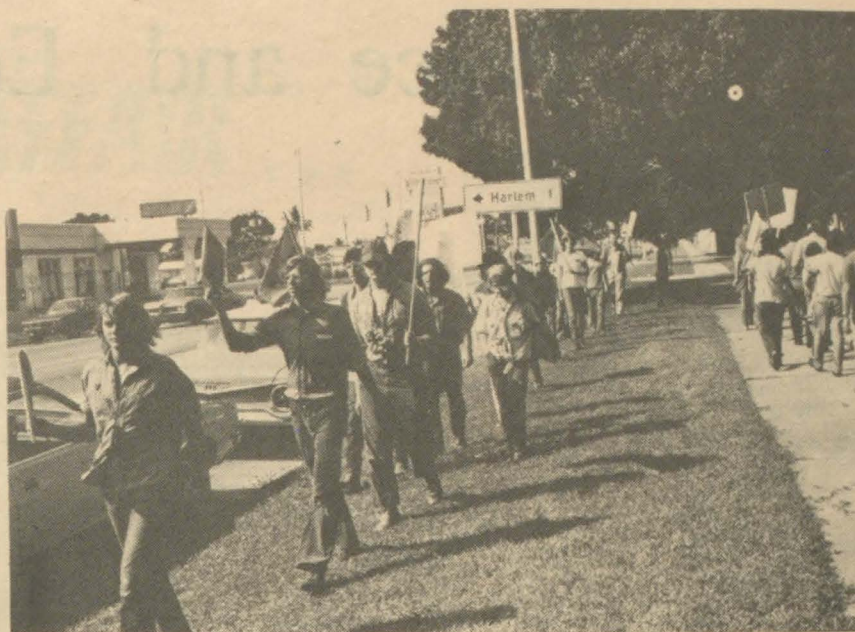
A group of about 35 New College students, under the leadership of currently-on-leave economics instructor Marshall Barry, spent Tuesday and Wednesday of this week working with the Cleeviston, Fla., branch of United Farm Workers for an end to the United States Sugar Corporation's discrimination against American sugar cane cutters. Although unable because of time limitations to carry out their original plan of being hired as cutters and then going on strike, the students distributed UFW leaflets in and around the Cleeviston area and joined UFW members in a picket of the USSC central offices.

The sugar cane situation as outlined by Barry before the trip and by UFW organizers Eli-sao Medina in a brief talk Monday night, is briefly as follows: Up to now Jamaican cane cutters have been hired in preference to American cutters because of their willingness to submit to more depressed working conditions (any Jamaicans who protest can instantly be deported, and the unemployment rate in Jamaica is so high--about 40%--that most of them simply submit.) This eliminates about one-fourth (10,000 out of 40,000) of the available cane-cutting jobs for Americans. This year the UFW has begun to protest this situation and to take steps to force USSC to put an end to it. As a result the union has been subject to all kinds of hassling "from the corporation; union members have been charged far higher rents than usual for company housing; several members have been arrested for "trespassing" after coming to migrant camps and distributing leaflets; and members (and other American cutters as well) have been put through a great deal of red tape sometimes lasting as long as a week, when applying for jobs. It was as an indirect result of this "hassling," indeed, that the students' trip was postponed from its original date, planned for Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 30, thanks to USSC's postponement of the beginning of the cane harvest in order to gain more time for stalling UFW efforts.

The NC crew left Sarasota at approximately 6:30 PM Monday night and arrived in Cleeviston about 9:00, where they were welcomed by Eli-sao at the Harlem Heights

Community Center (affectionately remembered for its wooden floors, its mosquitoes, its vocal retinue of roosters and dogs, and its nearby freight trains) near the USSC plant. After a restful night spent on said floors, the students split into two groups Tuesday morning: fifteen healthy, eighteen-and-over specimens joined other UFW members in demanding jobs at USSC, while the rest distributed leaflets in the Belle Glade and South Bay communities and various migrant camps throughout the area. The former group encountered a good deal of the already mentioned red tape; they had to fill out an intensively detailed four page "general" application and submit to half-hour interviews in groups of four with a company official (and this after a considerable waiting period.) They were then told to return at nine the next morning for a physical examination. In view of the two-day time limitation faced by the students, it was decided that the fifteen would not return for physicals and that the strike planned for Wednesday would, instead, become a demonstration directed largely at the red tape.

The Wednesday picket began at about 10:30 AM. The picketers were composed of about 50% students and 50% UFW members; the demonstration was a generally peaceful but vocal march outside the USSC offices, lasting about two and a half hours (chants ranged all the way from "We shall not be moved" to "Viva la Huelga!" to "Freddy is a scab!".) The press turned out in considerable numbers; it was observed that the personnel of the Cleeviston News seemed particularly delighted to have a real piece of news going on across the street from their office. The Cleeviston police, not to be outdone, sent four or five squad cars to keep the picket under observation but afforded no other harassment. After making their presence generally felt (one resident was heard to say that "it's the biggest thing to hit this town since the last hurricane") demonstrators broke up at about one PM and the NC contingent returned to Sarasota, trailing red UFW flags and union buttons in their wake.



-RK

Fashion



-TC

Cheery, chipper Danny Chambliss gambols in the latest Creative Casual ensemble from Sarasota's own Tog 'N Tunic Shoppe. The tasselled terry drape is "just exquisite" enthuses dapper Daniel, who has been seen sporting the ensemble at the upbeat Snack Bar as well as more exclusive Palm Court affairs. The azure and snow tint color coordinated Tee 'N Trunks ensemble from Tog 'N Tunic's Pair Parlour were carefully designed to complement the Garden Emerald drape and "set off" dandy Dan's peaches and cottage cheese complexion. "It's such a value at \$29.95," bubbles natator Dan, "and you can wear it just anywhere!" Right On, Dan!



Suppliers of tools & materials for all arts & crafts

ASK ABOUT OUR STUDENT DISCOUNT

75 S. Palm 955-7747



Reiss's Mister Sandwich

3025 N. Trail One Mile South of N. C.
Under New Management

20 DELICIOUS SANDWICHES and HOT FOOD

BICYCLES:
Check our
selection of
Standard,
Middle & Lights

GREETINGS PARENTS

THRIFTY WHEELS

half-mile north of NC
7000 N. Trail 355-8989



COMPLETE
SERVICE-
-REPAIR
SHOP

TERMPAPERS

Researched and professionally typed.
All writers have a minimum BS, BA
Degree.

CALL COLLECT: 202-333-0201
ALSO AVAILABLE
OUR TERMPAPER CATALOG
(OVER 3,000 ON FILE)

We will not send the same paper to
the same school twice. ORDER NOW!
Send \$1.00 to cover postage and handling
for your catalog.

TERMPAPER LIBRARY, INC.
3160 "O" Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20007

355-2686 Ask about our Discount Buyers Plan

SPORTCITY CYCLES

2801 N. TRAIL SARASOTA, FLA.

EUGENE & MITCHELL F. FISHER

Guest Column

Peace and Education

by tom yori

*Ed. Note -- The CATALYST welcomes submission of interpretive column material from any of its readers. Selection for publication will be at the discretion of the editors. Submissions should be typed, and all material sent in will become property of the CATALYST.

Somewhat less than two years ago, between Christmas 1970 and the feast of the Epiphany, I was home again, one of those dying high school graduates that people John Updike's early novels. As usual, the holidays turned into another bout of aimless barhopping night after night, where we would all seek each other out and drink joylessly towards one o'clock. There was a limited number of places where they served minors, and these were always wall-to-wall sweat houses, the college kids on the make (just as we used to only a year or two before.) It was depressing, but we went home anyway and looked each other up, glad to sit around drinking beer with people we never really liked that much in high school. The idea was growing on everybody that it wasn't worth it after all; we really didn't have anything to say to one another. We weren't unique, we didn't have anything to learn from each other. Or to teach; we were just like the millions of other people our age, sliding into debts and marriage, what we wanted, after all, was some kind of acceptable ratification as human beings. The Revolution had been cancelled, and those few of us who had subscribed to it... well, our demands/expectations of "acceptability" were just a little more idealistic, that's all. But we were learning.

And that was how I ran into Danny, between Christmas and the feast of the Epiphany. Danny and I had played together on the same junior high basketball team, and occasionally on city playgrounds. But I stopped playing basketball in high school when I couldn't make the team, whereas Danny turned out to be a pretty consistent sixth or seventh man. With some other aging classmates, we left one of the noisy places in favor of someplace quiet, knowing that nothing was going to happen that hadn't already happened. It was quiet and cold inside, but warmer than outside, and we could hear each other talk. The talk didn't mean anything--just time-passing stuff. Everybody, it turned out, had been doing his Huck Finn obligatto around America, his Holden Caulfield, his Henry Adams in the nether regions of his soul. I got my comments in about the Rockies and Utah, the Northwest forests, gad, how big those trees grow. (This was something radically different from the Appalachians, the trees; it takes forty or fifty years for a stand of timber to reach full height, and it may take closer to a hundred for it to really let you know what it's about. Wit is slow our way. Or, as Henry Adams put it, "The Pennsylvania mind, as minds go, was not complex; it reasoned little and never talked; but in practical matters it was the steadiest of all American types; perhaps the most efficient; certainly the safest." Prudence thus dictates irrefutably that the hills be chewed over every thirty or forty years, and the wood is ground to pulp and offal, like the people.)

Danny, for his part, kept mentioning signs the hoboes used in their arcane world, where to get a meal, where to sleep, where to avoid. He said that he ran into a lot of them in the hospitals, and I was going to ask him how he happened to be around the hospitals so much. Since I had very recently been a war hero in Canada, a Vietnamese refugee, I assumed that Danny had somehow crooned magic words to our adamant draft board and was serving hos two years carrying bed pans and doing good works. But the topic passed to other things and by the time I elbowed my way back into the conversation it was far afield and we wandered verbally in the group lurch until closing time. I noticed Danny limping a little bit but I wasn't feeling that good myself. There was ice on the ground and I was afraid of dropping myself and re-crunching a bad knee.

Then a bad storm hit and we slipped off the mountain while it was in a state of emergency, one lane opened on four-lane highways, cars stranded and all that. Penn State was in the Orange Bowl that year and I was bumming a ride to Florida with some revelers. No sooner did we get near Richmond that their Hollywood Southern started to bloom, loud you-alls in the restaurants, all that. It was awful. And one of them told me about Danny's limp.

He won it in the Nam. He was tail gunner on a chopper (I could see those eyes that used to be so good finding the bucket, swing the machine gun around to pick them off as they ran on the ground); but his ship went down and Danny lost a leg.

There was another friend, Jimmy. In elementary school, we used to walk home together every day, giggling obscenities. I will never forget the time that Jimmy and I stood on the corner where we usually parted, debating the spelling of a certain four-letter word which made us break into hysterics whenever we dared utter it. Jimmy lost both legs below the knee. Danny and Jimmy were both Nixon casualties. I should mention; there was another elementary school friend, a Johnson casualty. We were childhood fellow-warriors armed to the teeth with Mattel goods and such; this one was a shoulder-chest-liver lungs job. Perhaps he lived.

Now, it is all of about ten days before Election, 1972, and I hear Peace being trumpeted from the tubes. There is no cause for surprise, as early as 1968 you could regard Mr. Nixon and predict no peace settlement coming until two weeks before the 1972 election; I am only sorry that I never committed this view to paper. Why the hell should Nixon end the war with no election to pat him on the head? Forget all the newsy items that would have us believe that peace was never possible until this time; Nixon only saw one job ahead of him for the next four years and there was no force in heaven, hell, or the United States that could have moved him to squander this move two, three years before an election, leaving the Democrats a chance to prompt the public to demand, "What have you done for us lately?" Forget such incidental items as packing the Supreme Court with less than the best, forget about Nixon's habit of pumping headline mileage out of bills he sent to Congress and letting them die there like illegitimate children. Forget about the New, All-Improved, Lowest American casualty rates ever! What we behold is a leader of our country who has delayed fulfilling a campaign promise long enough to insure his own re election. The cost has only been something in the nature of twenty thousand additional lives. And of course, some legs here and there.

Philip Roth once asked how one is to write fiction in a country where Nixon could make the Checkers speech and get away with it. As fiction, no one would believe it, but the speech--and Nixon--are all too real. Well, this delayed peace is very real too. But when I made my private forecast, it was in a fit of cynicism and low depression, and now events have made that work of frames of mind the only viable frame of mind, the only realistic one. Philip Roth, in effect, wonders if there can be anything elevating, anything possibly redeeming, in this little world of ours. My question is more like, just how much am I demanding after all, in looking for an acceptable way of life. I wonder if there is any compromise at all short of complete surrender.

Because, you know and I know, the public is going to swallow this charade like a hungry grouper and say, "Good ole Prez, he keeps his promises." The fact that it is so obvious as to be sickening, so cynical as to be shrugged off as nothing but typical politics, so casual in regard for human life as to be despicable--all this will make no difference. They will buy it and believe in it, and a certain portion of us who make no difference will wander around shaking our heads dazedly as though we have just run afoul of the policeman's stick once again. We will read the Book of Jeremiah and grow shrill in public detestation of our country.

I know, I know. It is elitist to make noises like this; it is trite, it scorns the good sense of the American people and in the end things may not be as bad as all that; we will muddle through affairs for better or worse and the Apocalypse shall be postponed again and again while we shrill ones remain glued to our front row seats by the Tantalus of retribution and justice. Finally, making noises like this, chanting these cheers, is useless because those who do are in the minority and minorities as we know them in this Democracy are nowhere. Our cousins and aunts and uncles don't want to hear this puerile drivel and this empty moralizing--besides, we have gone to the best universities and we don't appreciate it, we are... bums. Bums like me were screaming their

heads off about the war long before I believed them (long before I didn't believe they were bums), and nobody paid any attention. The logic was that you have to be there; then you'll see what it's like. So the Vets threw their medals over the barbed wire and some Congressmen were rubbing their eyes (What? Is it possible they have seen yet not believed?!) But the common folk tend to group them with everybody else (a cab driver in Cambridge told me that he would have been convinced if they had tossed their GI bennies over the barricade; he was quite lucid in explaining that medals like the vets had could be picked up in any pawnshop.) The chant goes on and on. Shut up, Shut up, Shut up... Only this is not my cheer. It's the cab driver's.

Yes, all the nonsense will go on no matter what. And yes, it's easy to get priggish when life in these United States gets too disgusting to tolerate, to easy to mimic Gore Vidal at his worst. And criticizing the President has become so fashionable that, as Norman Mailer observed, it may ultimately drive us to defending him--even liking him. Moreover, it is true that moralizing injected into the broth of politics makes a cloying brew, fit only for those who affect the saccharine. I admit all that. Cheerfully, even.

So I admit that it was within Nixon's prerogative to go to Russia in an election year, or to China in an election year--even, by God, to go to both places in an election year, obvious though he was being. Let us forget the ABM business; politicians, after all must be tough. But by God, it was not in his prerogative to put off ending the war until election time. I choose to feel moral outrage. I choose to believe the president... never mind. I believe I despise him, that's all. I certainly can't believe a thing he says.

I don't know what it takes to be believable in this country and I don't want to say things about my parents and neighbors that I would find embarrassing in a few years, or in bad judgement or bad taste. And, you have to admit, the loyalty of the American people to their leaders these last eight, ten or so years, had been reassuring (if you happen to be a leader.) But in a system like ours, where we do not choose our best to lead us and where the President employs enormous powers of deception, this loyalty is misguided. Americans ask to be deceived, and our Presidents are only too happy to oblige. One dirty hand rubs the other. The result is called cleanliness.

I would leave, disliking my home so much, except for one important fact: it is my home too, my country. And as John Ciardi said when he was placed on a list of "subversives" by the House Internal Securities Committee, "It is my flag, too." So it is; and if the arm that clutches the pole finds itself too dispirited to wave these days, it is not because I wouldn't like to if I could. Yes, I was in Canada for a while, but I didn't go there to get out of trouble; I thought about home an amazing amount while I was there (as most of the people I met seemed to do), and upon returning, the best thing seemed to stick and fight it out. It took three years and it wasn't worth it. I could have gone to prison, but that wouldn't have been worth it either. Or I could have done what the majority of people did, which was to trump up a minor physical defect and beg out, or joined the National Guard, or some such other thing. But that wouldn't have been worth it either.

It is this last thing that is the worst of all. My friends from Pennsylvania tended to regard me as lunatic for pursuing the only course I felt possible. There was the ethic of indifference, of doing the most expedient thing. "Shut up, shut up, shut up..." If McGovern is to be soundly trounced in the election, it does not indicate that the American people really repudiate the anti-war movement and that the anti-war movement has never had a truly democratic impact on the country, nor that we have had a voice out of our proportion. No, it indicates that a vital portion of America is ill or dead.

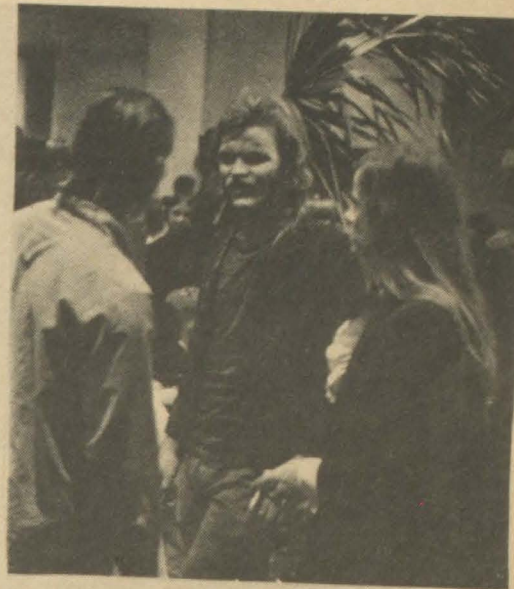
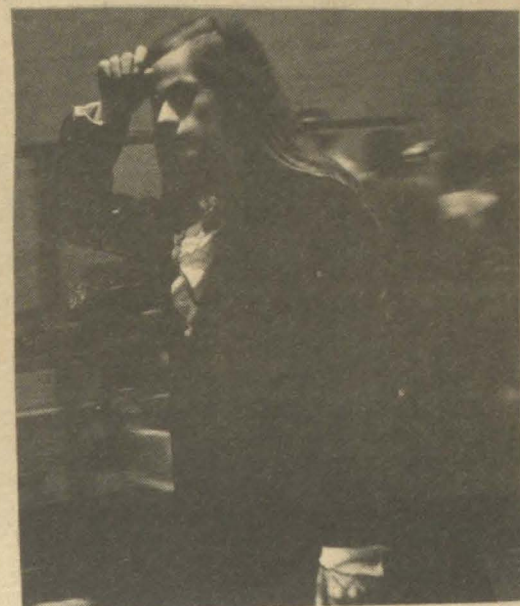
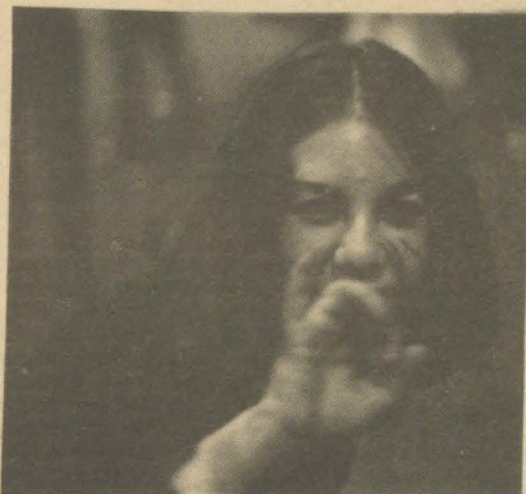
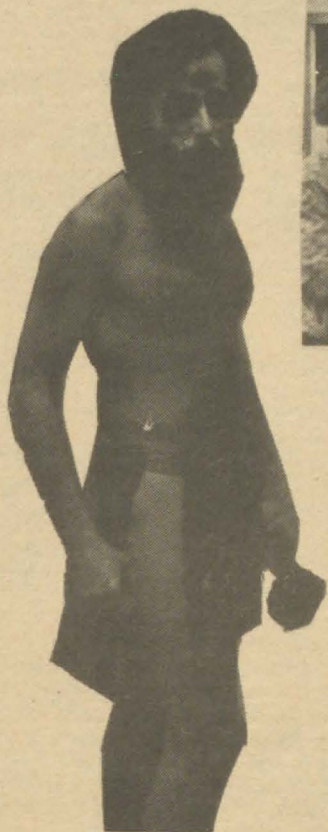
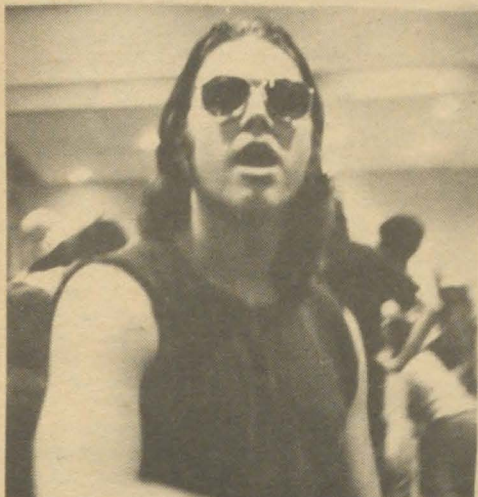
You can see young people like me, and younger, playing the game of Cynic, trying to outdo each other in assuming brutalized poses. Indeed we learn early and we learn it well; there's nothing you can do and it doesn't matter anyway; of course we get the worst; naturally we are the worst--this is here and now, baby. Everywhere you go, you run into this kind of abdication of responsibility, this abdication of concern. You can see a whole generation of people being thoroughly educated in the business of surviving America. It shall probably prove to be the most enduring legacy of Sir Johnson and Nixon, and of course older America.

Thank you very much.

	ROSEMARY BOUDEN'S	Cooking School
	— Creative Cooking —	— Limited Enrollment —

-staff photos by Robert Komman

ANOTHER STUDENT AFFAIR ...



JULES' MUSIC CENTER
Fine Classical Guitars
Dulcimers, Lutes, Harps,
Recorders and Musical Accessories.



"EASY TO DEAL WITH"
1527 MAIN STREET
SARASOTA, FLORIDA 33577



"Where's this Doug Murphy character?"

from
\$91⁹⁵



SARASOTA SCHWINN CYCLERY
1533 STATE STREET • PHONE 959-4977
Mon. - Fri. 8:30 to 5:30 Sat. 8:30 to 12:00

ABORTION INFORMATION

PREGNANCY TEST AVAILABLE
An Abortion can be arranged
within 24 hours
You can return home
the same day you leave.

CALL COLLECT:

215 - 735-8100



OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK A Non-Profit Organization 24 HOURS

TERM PAPERS

Send for your descriptive, up-to-date,
128-page, mail order catalog of 2,300
quality term papers. Enclose \$1.00 to
cover postage and handling.

WE ALSO WRITE
CUSTOM MADE PAPERS.

Termpaper Arsenal, Inc.
519 GLENROCK AVE., SUITE 203
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90024
(213) 477-8474 • 477-5493
"We need a local salesman"

ANOTHER NEW COLLEGE

Pinball Pizza Party

MONDAY NOVEMBER 6th
STARTS AT 9:30 P.M.

Brought to you by:
NEW COLLEGE AMUSEMENTS

ALL THE PIZZA YOU CAN EAT AND ONE COKE.

COST PER PERSON \$1.50 **BUT** Pin ball machines
pay 75¢ .. You pay 75¢

TICKETS ON SALE IN THE SNACK BAR FOR 75¢
SATURDAY SUNDAY AND MONDAY.
MEMBERS OF THE NEW COLLEGE COMMUNITY ONLY.
SORRY NO GUESTS PLEASE.

WAGNER:

books

Tiffany: On Record

Just as I was getting up a lecture on coral reefs and listening to incomparable Alice Cooper, I thought I'd like to turn on the world to some obscure albums that are nice to study with, or just enjoy.

Glass Harp/Glass Harp (Decca DL75261)

There are few hard rock trios on the commercial record market today that produce a penetrating, but not obnoxious sound. For instance, Grand Funk is penetrating--they cut you in half with dissonance and ear-splitting commotion. On the other hand, Glass Harp tests your auditory range without intruding on your sanity. Phil Keaggy on guitar and vocals probably provides the basis for the group's mane. His guitar solos, along with his voice, intermingle to produce a series of beat notes that you can actually feel reverberating in your thorax. Perhaps much of the effect is produced by good rechanneling and mixing, but the end result is definitely and experience not soon forgotten. Bassist, Dan Pecchio and John Sferra on percussion complete the trio. They also do lead vocals on their own songs.

Much of the album is into Christ-oriented lyrics, but again, as is the case with the backing instrumentals, they don't push the lyrics down your throat. In fact, none of the cuts on the album are actually Christian-types, but are rather "love your brother" oriented.

Glass Harp lyrics are all into changing the system through nonviolent encounters: "... Listening to the sounds of hate/ Asking if it's not too late/ In the heart of my own true love/ Oh, the changes they seek aren't for me." They don't attempt to offer alternative plans to revolution, except for peaceful resistance. Anyhow, their raps really ease the mind, even if only until you walk outside.

Glass Harp is the smoothest and most together rock group I've heard since a lot of the Moodie Blues' early songs. This is a dynamite album for crashing, or for getting into old

friends, or for following a Cat Stevens album. Besides, it has a nice cover and lyric sheet. Pick up on them free tumblers, gang!

Empty Sky/Elton John (DJM403)

For all you Elton John freaks, there is an old (but difficult to obtain) album that beautifully combines the seemingly limitless talents of Elton John and writer Bernie Taupin. The album is on DJM label, only regionally distributed in this country. Maybe you can get it in Sarasota, but if not, Sam Goody's in Atlanta will order it for you. This album was pressed prior to any of Elton John's American-typed albums, but it is not being released in any quantity here. Ever wonder why we can never obtain all the good albums a group puts out--it couldn't possibly be that no American distributors can get royalties on them, could it? Anyhow, Empty Sky is a mind trip, even if its special order price may not be.

Simpson/Simpson (Columbia C30476)

Have you ever tried to figure out a way to encourage the local Wallceites into opening their minds to other life styles and opinions without putting your own life on the line? I strongly suggest hardcore propaganda--namely Simpson. Pick up a copy of their latest album (brilliantly entitled Simpson), and give it to your local neighbor. He'll dig it--so will you. This country-rock group integrates Byrds type (e.g. Byrds-maniac) instrumentation with heavy lyrics sung in typical Fruitville demeanor. Their album is a trip through changing positions on contemporary politics. They start off low key with words that tend to suck in any loyal Dixiecrat "... all my friends headed south, and I believe they ought to know." Guitarist Dave Olney even lays down an outasight acoustic version of "Dixie." Then, when you're all into hot todies and cotton fields, Bland Simpson kicks you in the cajones with a series of heavy verse: "... I plead disloyal to a country full of secrets/ and watch my confidences torn away by night/ trusting a man too much can drive my soul right back again/ and too much help could send me down..." Can ya dig it? Probably, but can your local buddies pick up on it?

The only real anomalie on the album is a harmonica run and song by Olney called "Black Betty." It really sounds like a racist rip-off, but it doesn't fit into the context of the rest of the vocals. Oh well, as I said--probably just an anomalie.

One sure thing--Simpson are not Jesus freaks ("... I'd rather drink/ than hear a church bell ring anytime.") What else can I say? If you're into good country-rock, Simpson are masters both instrumentally and vocally in that much abused area of music. And if you're into subtly turning people on to realizing what's going on around America, this is good propaganda. Just think--Nixon has Oral (anal) Roberts and his Youth For America Singers--you have Phil Ochs and Simpson (not to mention your own mind.) How can you lose?

Frog City/Southern Comfort (Capitol ST800)

Again, if you can dig good country-rock and country-ballad, you'll really get into Southern Comfort's first album, Frog City, without lead singer/writer Ian Matthews (formerly called Matthew's Southern Comfort.) All cuts on the album are written by Southern Comfort, except for Randy Newman's "My Old Kentucky Home." For those of you who may not be familiar with Randy Newman and his style, you'll appreciate the treatment of his song here.

Frog City is a beautiful record of harmonies reminiscent in many instances of early Byrd vocals. No really heavy messages except perhaps for the cut "Good Lord, D.C.", as in Washington but easy listening in any event. "Return to Frog City" is a far out instrumental on this album that puts me into a Tolkien frame of mind. If you dig good water colors and ink drawing, and especially frogs, the cover (front and back) is a trip.

Peace,
Bill Tiffany

CYCLES OF SUPREMACY
by Thurston Alexander

It is seldom that a reviewer has a chance to expound upon so well-rounded a book as CYCLES OF SUPREMACY. What more could one ask? It has the elegant style of Noah Yanich's sport columns, the tight logic of Bill Conerly's letters, the bold humanity of Adolph Hiller's Mein Kampf, and the flowing continuity of Rand Corporation's A Million Random Digits.

Mr. Alexander has managed to dredge up some amazing facts in this book. Did you know that the Jewish race has helped the Negroes in their plan to overthrow the white power structure of America? Did you ever stop to think that the Roman Empire was destroyed by miscegenation? Mr. Alexander astounds us with the fact that "there is established evidence of the existence of inferior races, that is, races incapable of developing or ever abolishing civilization and culture." And, as we all know, the race most firmly devoted to themselves are the Jews.

Mr. Alexander, unlike many defenders of the white race, does not ask us to become more Christian. Indeed, he considers the brotherly love ideals of Christianity one of the main causes of racial mixing. After all, didn't Christianity destroy the Roman Empire?

Here are two examples of Mr. Alexander's lucid and precise writing style, both quoted from the book jacket: "he determined on some research and to expound his findings..." "that these violent denouncers of racism are the more racism of all..."

(Mr. Wagner, a well known literary critic, is presently fomenting rebellion at a small Southern liberal arts college and planning a Swiss take over of the United States.)

Rocking Chair Theatre
PLAZA I
Crossroads Shopping Ctr.

advance tickets on sale now
students 75¢
day of show \$1.00

2 DAYS ONLY!
NOV. 8 & 9



MAURICE EVANS
JUDITH ANDERSON

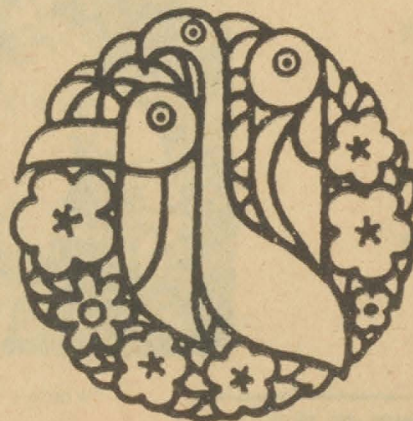
In the GEORGE SCHAEFER
production
of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S

macbeth
IN COLOR

NOVEMBER IS
THE PERFECT
TIME TO . . .

Explore Our World

- Flamingos, Swans, Parrots, Macaws, Cockatoos All Roaming Free
- Over 5,000 Varieties Of Palms, Tropical Plants And Shrubs
- 5 Bird Shows Daily "The Jungle Bird Circus"
- Bring Your Camera And A Friend



**SARASOTA
JUNGLE GARDENS**

2 Blocks Off Highway 41 at 3701 Bayshore Rd.
Sarasota, Florida (813) 355-5305
Tickets available 9 to 5 daily
Children under 6 free

Ask about special resident pass.

Ellie's
BOOK & STATIONERY INC

"Complete
Office Suppliers"

1500 Main Street
958-6577

** WELCOME PARENTS **

CHAMPION TERMPAPERS
636 Beacon Street
Boston Mass. 02115
Research Material for Term-
papers, Reports, Theses, etc.
Lowest Prices, Quick Service.
For information, write or call:
(617) 536-9700

If you just go on
Thursdays for pizza
you're missing a
great complete line
of Italian food....
If you don't go
Thursdays, you
aren't New College
material.....

Mario's
2704 14th St. W. Gdntr.