

The Catalyst

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New College Associates and students were treated to a rare delight last night. An old NC institution was revived. The Revue, still under the able direction of George Wargo, was performed at its hilarious best for the Associates Dinner. For those unable to attend, the quick Catalyst camera has tried to catch some of the action for you.

The Revue Strikes Again



African Trip

Southwestern College, Winfield, Kansas is scheduling a twenty-one day African Study Tour for a limited number of students and professors from May 21 to June 11, 1969. The tour, with stops in six African countries will include visits to historical and cultural points and meetings with local citizens. Lectures and embassy briefings will also be provided.

The cost of the tour will be approximately \$1600 departing and returning to Kennedy Airport. One course credit (three and one third semester hours) is available to tour participants who enroll for credit and meet the requirements.

Anyone who is interested should contact Mr. Macbeth for further information.

Nominations Open For Student Posts

Nominations for student government positions will open next Monday.

Nominations for Student Executive Committee representatives and Student Court nominations will remain open for one week. Elections will be held on Monday, Jan. 20.

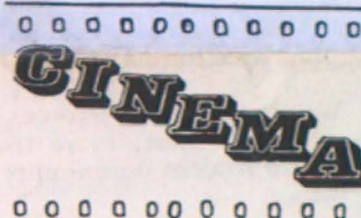
Three SEC representatives will be elected from students in their first, second and third terms of residence, three from those in their fourth, fifth, and sixth terms of residence, and three from those students who have completed at least six terms of residence. Nominating petitions must be signed by

15 percent of the students in the corresponding class.

Five SC representatives will be selected. Nominating petitions must be signed by five per cent of the entire student body. The SC chairman will be chosen by the SC from their members.

All nominating petitions should be submitted to Lee Harrison.

All students chosen for office in this election will serve for one school term.



Ivan

The Sunday night movie will be part one of *Ivan the Terrible*. The second part will be shown the following week.

Eisenstein's epic stands like a massive monument among the comparatively undistinguished works of its time. The first part of *Ivan* was completed in 1944; the second part was denounced and withheld from exhibition until 1958.

Ivan is portrayed as a man of ruthless power, but the portrait is touched by flashes of irony. In the second part, the action becomes increasingly fantastic.

Letter

Feeney On Independent Study

To the Editor:

Several students and faculty have raised questions regarding the apparent rise in number of unusual and, to some, absurd independent study projects which involve communal living, field study, self-isolation, group therapy and the like. As Independent Study coordinator it is not my duty to pass judgement on specific projects; my obligation is to provide the community with feedback on the overall operation of the program and propose general independent study policy to the faculty. But because of the concern surrounding the projects mentioned, I think it wise to make public my present thinking regarding some of the problems and possibilities which these unusual projects pose.

One of the values of independent study is that it gives the student an opportunity to explore areas of knowledge which do not readily fall within the confines of term work. For example, a student cannot conduct certain types of laboratory or field observations when he is bound to class schedules, committee meetings, and other obligations which structure the regular term. During the ISP his time is free to be struc-

tured by the data themselves; thus, the ISP is particularly valuable for chemistry, biology, sociology, and psychology students (for example). Another value of ISP lies in the many ways in which its flexibility permits intensive exploration of one's personal experiences through techniques such as poetry and fiction writing, intensive reading of a master analyst's works, participation in and reflection upon "confrontation" groups, etc. It certainly can be agreed that the various projects which have aroused concern do exploit the flexibility inherent in the program. The question is, Do communal living, camping in the wilderness, observing some unusual group in a setting far from campus, and the like constitute abuses of this flexibility and escape from the demands of rigorous reflection?

It seems to me that this question, which has been answered in the affirmative by some and the negative by others (faculty and students can be found on both sides of the question), is one that does not presently have an answer. We simply do not have enough experience to ascertain the motives which generally operate, and the outcomes which generally obtain in these cases. Un-

til we have more experience on which to make judgements, we are probably correct in allowing each faculty member to decide on the merits of proposals brought to him. This means that there will be open conflict within the community regarding the propriety of proposals and projects, a situation which presents obvious difficulties for us all. In the face of these difficulties we should keep in mind that open conflict is often far more beneficial than attempts to suppress and deny differences which everyone knows to exist.

Sometimes find it useful to respond to the question raised above by referring to the obligations and responsibilities which unusual projects call into being. It would be foolish to suggest that because N. C. claims to be innovative, any unusual project proposal should be accepted on the grounds that it is unique. New modes of problem-solving and new criteria defining the intellectual and academic are not achieved by declaration. They are changes that one struggles to formulate and implement. The special quality of the innovative college is that each proposed change is given careful consideration and encouragement. The faculty here

has no obligation simply to accept any proposal made; it has an obligation to treat the proposal seriously. The traditional institution generally encourages dismissal of any proposal which does not neatly fit existing categories.

On the basis of the low number of complaints from students regarding inability to gain acceptance for independent study proposals, and considering the wide range of project types currently in progress, I believe the faculty is meeting its obligation to consider innovative and unusual projects. In fact, through the imaginative and persistent efforts of Mr. Richardson Wood, we have even generated and/or provided financial assistance for some unusual proposals.

But the unusual projects call attention to another faculty obligation, one which has a parallel obligation on the student's part. If independent study projects are to lead to new modes of analysis and experience, they must not merely be permitted, they must be taken seriously. I suspect that one source of objection to some current projects lies in the feeling that the more unusual the proposal, the less likely is the student to be held responsible for implementing it. There

may be a feeling, in other words, that faculty members accept proposals and then fail to demand the students' unqualified commitment to the resulting projects. Too often, perhaps, a student will secure approval for a proposal only to withdraw from the enterprise when it proves more difficult or less rewarding than had been anticipated. I contend that unconventional projects call attention to the necessity that faculty hold students responsible for the commitments they make. An unconventional project accomplishes nothing for either the student or the program if it turns out to be an expression of marginal commitment.

The student's parallel obligation is, of course, to seek permission to do the unconventional only if he is able and willing to pursue the project aggressively.

Both my systematic and impressionistic observations of the independent study program suggest to me that whatever the project type, faculty do not expect enough of students and students do not expect enough of themselves. j

(signed)
James Feeney
Independent Study Coordinator

EDITORIAL

DIG IT

Well, they are finally digging up the west campus to build the new dorms. First year students new have a chance to observe construction "progress." Such observation has been a very important activity throughout most of the history of New College. Many of us remember waiting for the completion of Hamilton Center. There are even a few people around who at one time were wondering if the Pei dorms were ever really going to get built.

The planning of the new dorms was a rather involved process. This was partially the result of a desire for student involvement in the finalization of the plans. The pages of The Catalyst have chronicled the compilation of questionnaires, several plan presentation sessions, as well as architectural committee meetings. The plans were revised, things were changed, but was this student involvement really significant?

Regard the following:

The design of the present dormitories makes the (inter-visitation) rule virtually unenforceable, and students frequently ignore it, except for the provision requiring roommate consent for visiting. The administration has recently taken over responsibility for enforcement. It is hoped that the new dormitories on the Palmer Campus can be designed in a way that will make it unnecessary to rely primarily on formal rules to maintain an orderly student social life. (Minutes of the Meeting of the Board of Trustees, May 2-3, 1968)

Got that? The kids can mess with the windows, drapes, and johns, but they won't intervisit anymore.

In this editorial we do not especially wish to deal with either the issue of the design of the new dorms or the inter-visitation rule, but rather with a more general and more important concern, namely the manipulative attitude demonstrated on the part of the trustees toward the student community. We object most strongly to this attitude. The manipulation of our lives (architecturally or otherwise) we find most repulsive.

The trustees may or may not be seriously interested in innovative, experiential education. If they are not, why did they start the school, or accept the responsibility of their position. On the other hand their recent decision concerning new faculty for next year has caused some persons to question the presence of such commitment. Be that as it may, the trustees have on occasion demonstrated a desire to play with the heads and lives of students.

We challenge the trustees to be more open, honest, fair, sincere--in short, more trusting--in their future dealing with the student community and the college community as a whole.

Letters

Peanut

Dear Newspaper,

2B or not 2B

I would like to be a cat
But I'd have to learn to slink

I would like to be a gorilla
But I'd have to learn to think

I would like to be a tree
But I'd have to learn to grow

I would like to be a rooster
But I'd have to learn to crow

But ah to be a lion
So noble and so free

Still, I think a silly peanut
Is the very best thing to be

But I really don't need a shell
and
I'm not against thinking
or pride

It's just that when you're a peanut
the very best thing is inside

(signed)
The man without a monocle

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STAFF--in the midst of dramatic and chaotic transition--power struggles--factionalism--etc--join the fun--we especially need typists

Bare Feet

Dear Editor:

I found out the secret. I, decorous middle-aged female, was crossing the Court of Palms at Hamilton Center the other evening, bent upon my lawful occasions. A student silently padded past, barefoot. The clacking of my own heels, a discordant note in the soft night air, irritated me. So in a moment of reckless abandon, I took my shoes off.

The red clay tiles were warm underfoot; at 8 p.m. they still remembered the thin December sunlight. They were smooth, they caressed the soles. It felt just great!

I trotted off, shoes in hand. I stepped upon a patch of concrete. It was damp and chill.

Now if they had just paved the entire area with clammy old concrete, the students might go barefoot just as much; but at least they wouldn't be enjoying it.

(signed)
Middle-aged Female

To the Oracle

To the Editor:

If the Mal Oracle of Death had the pride in his college that seems to be lacking, as evidenced by the condition of the snack bar each morning, playing of basketball in Hamilton Center, etc., and had only a faint inkling of the amount of effort and pride taken by the Building and Grounds Dept. in trying to keep the campus in a condition that all can be proud of, he might have tried to compose a constructive letter devoid of his psychological hang-ups.

As a catalyst helps complete a chemical reaction, so constructive criticism is more conducive to solving a problem than resorting to derogatory and scurrilous remarks.

(signed)
Frank Herrington
Building and Grounds Dept.

THE LIVING THEATRE

By Chuck Connor



Le Living
LET US TALK ABOUT
COUNTER
REVOLUTION

because I have spent the Christmas holidays in New York seeing the four productions currently being given by the Living Theatre and talking to them as much as possible and now that I am back here and faced with the problem of discussing what their theatre is all about it seems ridiculous to talk about them from an aesthetic point of view since Julian Beck has said

all my theatre my poems
all my incantations to revolution
are failure

if they do not
burn
out violence

and so the theatre of art becomes secondary to the theatre as life and I really don't think they care whether you like what they do as long as it affects you: even revolution is a greater force for change than apathy, and change is what they demand

violence
is the product
of our civilisation

and violence
is the foundation
of our civilisation

and it is our civilization
that the revolution
wants to destroy

yes people, the whole thing, not just altered and improved but torn down and rebuilt because this world is swiftly approaching a dead end; we have reached a terrifying state of affairs where as time spirals on it seems more and more inevitable that the human race is going to annihilate itself and nobody understands why and nobody wants it to happen but it certainly is about time that we began to exert a little more reasonable control over our own destinies and change our direction at all costs because right now we are faced with the eventuality of no future at all and anything is better than nothing. And that is all I can say about revolution and I suppose I should say a little about the productions themselves and if you want to know more about the revolution as the Living Theatre sees it, read Julian Beck's poem Paradise Now from which the above quotes were taken which I have and

will try to make available to anyone who wants it.

Frankenstein a long short parable of civilisation's development into the automated monster it has become today resulting in the revolution and reemergence of man, the most beautiful and colorful and mind-blowing set imaginable, a miniature three story world/man/brain, the usual incredible antics, incredibly effective even when I saw it even though the theatre (poor forum unused for four years) was in such miserable condition that the light man walked out an hour before the show which resulted in all sorts of miscueing and chaos and the company said it was the worst Frankenstein ever

Antigone an anti-war ballet still somehow very Greek Julian Beck as Creon somehow the chicks just don't make at the beginning of the play but they're beautiful so who cares. Pantomime used to its fullest extent and very effectively, no set.

Mysteries and Smaller Pieces the earliest of the plays and the most fun, a series of incredibly imaginative vignettes or sketches (what horrible words) with varied subject and effects, a little ha ha healthy humor even, and a magic circle that everyone should be a part of because it is just so nice and so invigorating to be up there with those people and feel their love and sincerity and put your arms around

each other and all join in: oooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Paradise Now is really what the whole thing is about, everything they do points toward this occasion, it is not liked or disliked, it is lived, it is difficult, it is necessary, it is the revolution, a microcosm, a starting place, naked people, dope smoked, confusion, argument, a lousy theatre with no acoustics, an audience so anxious to react that they don't even wait to be stimulated, and then, with seven levels and twenty one phases to progress though they exhaust themselves on the first level and feel as if they have sufficiently exhibited their political sincerity and spend the rest of the night freaking out. But the Beck's liked it, the progression had not been clear but maybe a few people got a taste of paradise and liked it, maybe a few people got angry, maybe a few people were turned on: its only a failure when nothing happens.

Rather than apologise for this article or attempt to continue what is probably a gross misrepresentation, I will end with this quote, I won't even tell you why I end with it, perhaps you have heard it before, you will probably hear it again: "If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched minds, if I could tell you, I would let you know," (politics of experience, R.D. Laing)



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When we first went to tell some prospective advisors of our great plans of camping on an uninhabited island for two weeks to do our ISP's on breakdown of cultural veneer, group interaction, and natural stuff on the island, and nature and morals and things, it went over really big. One unknown faculty member insightfully voiced his notions of the learning opportunity in store for the eight youngsters when he said: "It's going to turn into a bare-assed pot party--that's all."

no comment from the ineight (innate get it?).

Anyway, here are some excerpts from journals written on the island:

Andy Roman:
from second day

As we were filling the containers, C stripped and took a bath under the pump. Suddenly, out of now where came Mr. Bamhart in his jeep with some other people. Luckily they just drove by, but they were close enough to see C. She kept asking R for his shirt so she could cover herself but he took his sweet time and let her get nervous. I thought the whole incident was really funny, even though I realize that Mr. Bamhart might be upset -- enough to kick us off the island.

from fifth day

It rained last night and everyone moved into the big tent except R. Sleeping was pretty uncomfortable. I really felt like an animal snuggling for warmth in my lair. Waking up and seeing people all around is great.

from fifth day

We all woke up later than usual I think, because of the cold and windy weather. Even so, it was still cold at breakfast. Washing the dishes is a problem again until it gets a lot warmer. K said she was going to the mud-flats to watch birds so I said I'd come along. We each took a can of soup and we walked along the beach. We were both pretty happy, and we held hands for a while, but as I was carrying a full bookbag, my machete, and my coat, I needed both hands. We met G and L coming the other way. They had just finished taking pictures of the ecology for G's ISP. K and I reached the thin part of the island and crossed over to the flats. There are so many birds on the flats! K told me all sorts of things as we came across them; she's really learned a lot. We split up--K stayed on the flats and I went on to the pine forest where I read and wrote for about an hour. I had found a small well shell with a hole in it, and when I blew through it, K heard, and called to me. I worked my way through the pine and mangroves and found K in a clearing. For some reason, although I had just left her, I was so glad to see K that I hugged her. We went to the pine forest where I had a brainstorm of an idea. We had discussed earlier how today was St. Nicholas Day, so I thought of bringing back a Christmas tree. K and I were very excited, and finally we found the perfect tree. I chopped it down, and we carried it back to camp. Half way back, we stopped to eat the soup. We almost puked--soup from the can is pretty wretched. We met S at camp, and

she was excited about the tree. I dug a hole and set up the tree next to the fireplace. G, R, E, C, and L came in later, and said they liked the tree. G and R didn't even notice it at first. The girls punched holes in tin can tops and strung thread through to hang on the tree. We also hung all sorts of shells on it and a starfish on top. S, L, and C made a paper chain to wrap around the branches. We all kidded around and had a good time. E, who was asleep under his sleeping bag before we decorated the tree, woke up, poked his head out, saw the tree, said "Good grief," and then covered his head again. That got a good laugh. K and I went looking for firewood and on the way we found some white berries that looked very much like mistletoe. We brought a whole bunch back, and I kissed all the girls.

K and I had found a whole bunch of neat things like old bottles and shells on the way back from the pine forest, which we put in the bookbag. After dinner I gave them out as Christmas presents. As a present to the whole group I opened a jar of baby food I had brought along as a joke. We all sat around the fire singing Christmas carols. This was my first real Christmas.

from thirteenth day

I decided to walk down the beach to the pine forest to be by myself. As I walked, I felt I was seeing things for the first time--the birds, the shore, the water. I was struck with the whole rhythm of things and the awesome eternity all around me.

I met R sitting on the beach and I sat down next to him. We watched the dolphins and the birds, and talked about where we were. We walked back to camp and collected firewood. Somehow it was dinner-time again. Time goes so quickly -- it's uncanny.

(later) We all started hearing things in the underbrush, and everyone was a bit scared. E said it was only field mice, but the girls wouldn't go to the latrine until the moon came out. We thought we heard something on the shore, so R and G lit a palmetto frond and carried it out to the shore to check things out. E and I stayed with the girls, and I felt awfully primordial "guarding the females with spear in hand at the fire."

Laurel Roth:

from tenth day

Today we are having a "savage day"--no words used to communicate. So far it's been interesting but difficult whenever there's something you really have to get across. . . . G may not be keeping it--he broke it for a moment to tell me he has to make transects today and he needs R to help him--in other words, he feels he has to talk.

We gave up the "no talking" rule --R and G got back and were talking. They stopped as soon as they remembered (when they saw I wasn't talking). We sat around incommunicado for a while. It was cold and windy and we were hungry. After some totally unsuccessful attempts at communication about getting lunch ready, we gave up. Not talking had a depressing effect on all of us. Communication was necessary for getting things done. It was also very frustrating (and usually impossible) to share ideas with-



upper

out talking. The only thing I can remember successfully getting was to C: "When sun is high in sky we bake bread." I did this through sign language. I doubt, though, that the bread would have gotten baked if we had not started talking again.

In the afternoon it warmed up. Some fishermen who have been fishing close to camp the last few days gave us part of their catch. This had an immediate and powerful effect on our spirits. No one had really had lunch because the dishes weren't done and there was no fire, and nothing but soup to eat anyway. Everyone snapped to action as soon as we got the fish. R and G started chopping off their heads and cleaning them. C and I brought them water and washed the dishes. Then, when we were all looking forward to a feast of fish, E came back with a coon which he had already skinned and cleaned. The boys have been trying to catch a coon practically every night.

We fried the fish and cooked the coon on a spit over the fire. C made stuffing for it--we baked bread for the stuffing--and S sewed it up inside the coon. The boys cooked it --E made a handle to turn the spit with. The coon was really delicious--like roast beef--and we had rice with the fish. We sat around singing and talking for a long time.

Looking Back On It

A world just the right size, containing so many wonders on all sides--constant joyful discoveries. The Gulf calm and peaceful--the way the water turned pink at sunset. E and I were completely different--it seemed like a fantastic

technicolor movie until I became aware that it was real. The reality of the island, the naturalness and rightness of living there overwhelmed me. . . our camp was a true home. I remember the first time I realized it. I had walked several miles down the beach to the pine forest, which was an amazingly lovely surprise in itself. The stillness and beauty. . . the completeness. . . the forest, the shell-covered beach, the ocean, the sun. I felt closer to the real world than I ever had in my life. The sun was setting and I hurried back to camp, not wanting to walk all that way in the dark. It seemed to take hours. I finally got back, and everyone was busy around the fire getting ready for dinner. I realized I had been wanting to get home--not just back to the campsite--and I've never had a home it felt so good to come back to.

Taking baths in the ocean. . . digging a latrine. . . sitting around the fire talking about everything we could remember. . . eating the cake Earle and Cindy baked. . . going coonhunting. . . getting a sun-burned crotch. . . eating old cream of celery soup out of the can. . . lying on the beach for hours. . . cooking spaghetti. . . helping George build his hut. . . washing dishes with sand and rinsing them in the ocean. . . getting stoned and seeing the ocean as one solid, non-wet, moving organism. . . hearing "Sounds of Silence" over and over and over on Reed's tape recorder. . . sleeping 7 in a tent with someone snoring on either side but being warm. . . freezing in the morning putting clothes

Kitty Wamen:

Being part of the wind, the tossed waves, little birds fighting the storm, the sun in the sky and waves--gray-green and yellow
The sunset, earth turning and sun setting
birds collecting with twitters on the shore the red sun on the green waters
I am a pagan, I worship the sun, not a god who made it or drives it.
What a beautiful morning
What is it like to have wings?

George Chappell

I was sitting in my palmetto hut looking at the full moon rising above the trees. . . the trees on my island. I opened my "civilization bag" and produced my hookah, Sprite, and sloe gin. It was all I'd dreamed of. . . sitting in a hut I built, placidly smoking and drinking a sloe gin fizzle, becoming part of the soft night air. I was completely free; it was my island; it was my island; it was my world.

hñññ

Earle Bamhart

Reflecting on our stay at the island, I found that the most interesting aspect was the tremendous feeling of freedom and contentment that came from getting entirely away from society and its pressures. One had no appointments to meet, no meetings to attend; no set time for meals and no clocks to cut one's day into small slices that slip away one by one. Except for the responsibility of writing a paper, there were few pressures to push, pull, and bend one's plans and actions. Such conditions enabled each of us

captiva

on and huddling around the fire eating oatmeal. . . becoming used to sandspurs in my feet. . . rejoicing to gnaw on a raccoon rib.

Sal Lee Anderson:

The ocean looked very different to me than I'd ever seen it before. It was as if I'd always before been looking at it and now I was looking with it.

It was almost a desecration of the perfectly synchronized, balanced, and beautiful environment to try to be anything but honest and beautiful along with it.

Andy made the comment, "I feel like I belong here," which expressed the feelings that many had, but perhaps couldn't understand or express so simply. It was as if when in technology the main point always seemed to be control or power, as if man had to force his way in to acceptance by, and existence with, the natural environment, with no intermediary whatsoever, and still surviving what served as a proof that we did belong, a reconfirmation that man does have a place in the world.

Cindy Cole

Life in a cocoon and watch light grow. . . Emerge into the cold of new day. . . Fumble for clothes worn into shape by a week's sweat. . . Huddle near smoky heat and gulp down hot nourishment. . . Squish hot sand between cracked toes. . . Crunch across rainbow shells of yesterday's life. . . Tease the foam tips and splash to the sky. . . Dash bravely into an ice bath. . . Float forever in chill nakedness. . . Embrace the beach in salty cleanness. . . Play victim in the fight between frosty wind and toaster sun. . . Race breathless back to home and shelter. . . Mirror their wonder with green flecks in a brown flecked new face. . . Worship in silent togetherness the fiery glory of days end. . . Return to the cocoon and await rebirth.

