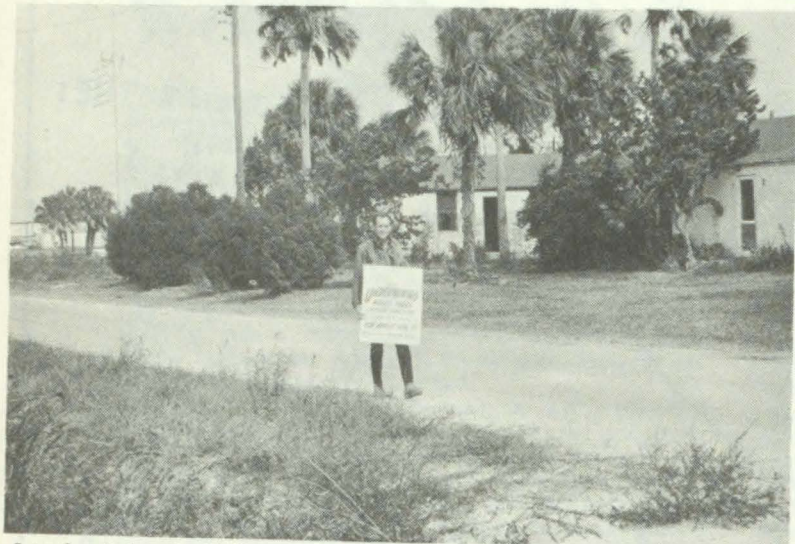


# The Catalyst

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November 4, 1966



Lonely picket dutifully trudges back and forth along the east end of the construction site. A second picket was stationed on the north boundary. The pickets were protesting the hiring of non-union labor by Bob's United Steel, one of the sub-contractors for Phase II.

## Work Stops In Protest Of Non-union Workers

More than two dozen workers walked off their jobs on the Phase II construction yesterday, as pickets protested the hiring of non-union iron workers.

Planning Officer Ralph Styles however, that construction would continue today. Plumbers, carpenters, electricians, lathers, sheet metal workers and general laborers all walked off the job when two pickets from the Iron Workers Union showed up at the construction site yesterday afternoon.

The only workers who remained on the job were five non-union iron workers.

The pickets carried placards that read: "Bob's United Steel are (sic) undermining wages, hours and working conditions established in this area by Iron Workers Local 397."

"We have no dispute with any other employer," the signs said.

Bob's United Steel is a sub-contractor for Graham Contracting Co., the general contractor for Phase II construction.

The head of local 397 in Sarasota told The Catalyst yesterday afternoon he didn't know anything about the pickets. "Call our Tampa office," his answering service suggested.

The pickets, who have not worked on the Hamilton Court project, confirmed they had orders from Tampa.

Styles said he was "surprised" that the pickets showed up, and "annoyed" that they did so without forewarning.

However, Robert Graham, head of the general contracting firm, has paid off all the workers who left in sympathy with the pickets, Styles said, and construction will have been resumed today--with a new crew, if necessary.

"I don't think we'll have trouble finding non-union workers," Styles said.

Under Florida's "right to work" law, contractors are not required to hire union labor, nor do unions have to respect the picket lines of other, striking unions.

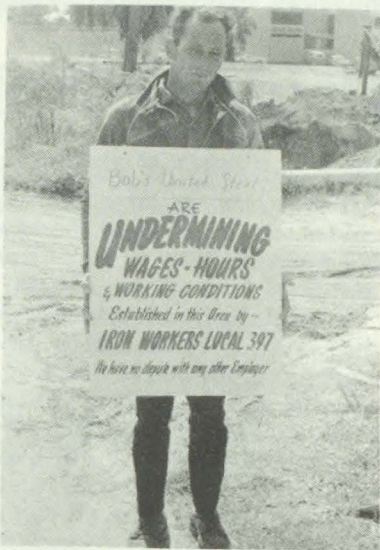
Styles noted that although Graham is a non-union contractor, he pays all workers union-scale wages.

Because the federal government is

financing the project in part, all wages had to be approved by the Dept. of Labor.

Apparently Styles and Graham were not the only ones caught off guard by the walkout.

George Jamieson, head of Car-



penters Local 1383 in Bradenton who had four men on the job told The Catalyst yesterday evening he was "unaware" his men had left the job.

The non-union iron workers completed the particular job in progress yesterday, Styles noted, and will not be needed until the roof of the auditorium is ready to be poured. No-one, including the pickets, seemed to know if the picketing would continue today.

## SEC Hears Timetable For Intervisitation 'Fiat'

The Student Executive Committee Wednesday heard Chairman Mike Cassell announce a "timetable for the intervisitation fiat."

In the timetable Cassell outlined events leading up to a vote on a possible change in intervisitation rules.

Those events include: Monday, the publishing of a "compendium of opinion" on intervisitation. Cassell gave no indication at the meeting, but presumably the compendium will consist of student opinion.

Tuesday, first-year girls will meet with upperclass girls at Mrs. Gresham Riley's. On Nov. 14, Cassell said, Vice President Paul Davis "and the people in the administration building will have a position paper" on intervisitation.

Then "either next Wednesday," Cassell said, "we (the SEC) will vote, or the following Wednesday." He said the SEC "will vote in the light of the results of a questionnaire" on intervisitation to be answered by students.

The questionnaire will be prepared by David Pini, Ray Bennett and Karen Fryklund.



Cassell

A lengthy discussion followed the presentation of the "timetable." During the discussion, Assistant Dean Arthur Miller cautioned the students about a possible period during which student and administration rules on intervisitation would be different. He said such a condition could result from the course outlined by Cassell if the SEC voted to change the intervisitation rule and the administration rule remained the same.

Miller also said, "The student body is going to vote for whatever it can get away with." Second-year representative Jerry Neugarten said he doubted this and indicated he had not yet made up his own mind how he would vote. He and other members of the SEC stressed the value of the compendium and position papers in educating students to do the right thing.

In other business the committee heard Judicial Committee chairman Steve Hall report the change-over from Wackenhut proctors to Sarasota Security Patrol under Bob Ritchie.

Ritchie began as proctor last night. There was no actual personnel change, however, since

James Murphy resigned from Wackenhut and went to work with Ritchie in order to stay on the job at New College.

The hours of the proctor will remain unchanged, Hall said, although Ritchie will arrive on campus at approximately 8 pm each night and stay for 10 or 15 minutes.

Hall also said he had received five complaints about persons on motorcycles starting their machines close to the dorms and causing excessive noise late at night.

He said, "unless there are strong and worthwhile objections people will be informed their bikes will be chained for 24 hours" for parking their bikes within 50 feet of the dorms after quiet hours. There was some discussion of this proposal but no strong objections.

Kenji Oda, chairman of the House Committee, reported he and Pini had been "put on the faculty architectural committee."

Pini reported the Academic Committee spent most of its time at a long meeting Tuesday discussing first-year academic requirements. He also said the Academic Committee had voted to endorse the majority proposal of the faculty committee on transcripts.

Financial Committee chairman Jerry Neugarten reported fourth-year scholarship support will not be available from the college except in cases of illness. He said the policy was initially a decision of the trustees and had been "made official by the Academic Council."

He also reported on the breakdown

## US Will Send Mrs. Elmendorf To Dominican

Mrs. John Elmendorf, the president's wife, will spend three weeks in the Dominican Republic as a special emissary of the State Dept.

Mrs. Elmendorf received notification Friday that the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs has approved an American Specialists grant for the trip.

A definite confirmation of when the trip will take place has not been received, Mrs. Elmendorf told The Catalyst last night.

She has notified the State Dept. that she would be available for the mission the last week in November and the first two weeks of December.

During her visit, Mrs. Elmendorf will "consult with women leaders and explore ways of assisting or" (Continued on page 3, column 2)

of student work grants, and the reduction of yearly costs by \$300.

The SEC also made several more or less minor changes in its modes of procedure and approved the membership of two committees which were tentatively appointed last week.

## Novelists To Speak At Forum Tonight

Novelists Mr. and Mrs. Borden Deal will speak at the forum tonight. He is the author of 12 novels, and she has written six.

One of Deal's novels, "Dumbar's Cove," was made into the movie "Wild River" by Elia Kazan. Mrs.



Deal, who is known as Babs Deal, has written four books placed in the fictional town of Bellefonte, Ala.

Deal, 44, was born in Pontotoc, Miss., and was raised in a town 30 miles northeast of William Faulkner's hometown of Oxford.

His novel, "The Insolent Breed," is the basis of the musical "A Joyful Noise," which will open in New York Dec. 10.



## Accreditation Team Visits NC

A three-man inspection team from the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools (SACS) arrived on campus Wednesday to evaluate New College's application for membership in the SACS as an accredited institution. Above, the visitors talk with college officials and guests over dinner.

## Trustee Meeting Will Be Exceptionally Important

Next week's trustee meeting will be "exceptionally important" for the future of the college, Vice President Paul Davis said yesterday.

The first of the year's two full board meetings will begin Thursday at 9 am in general session. Another general session will be held Friday.

Davis said, "This will be an exceptionally important meeting because there are so many big decisions to be made on the growth of the college." Saying the agenda has been set "only in general terms," the vice president did not elaborate on why the meeting will be unusually important.

The board's Educational Policy and Personnel Committee, chaired by Mrs. Nell Eurich, will meet Wednesday before the full meeting to "work on faculty matters," Davis said. Among other things, the committee will consider faculty tenure.

Thursday at 5:30 pm the trustees

and their wives (or husbands) are invited to dine as guests of the students at a buffet in College Hall. According to Davis, the buffet was arranged at the request of representatives of the Student Executive Committee.

Approximately 25 of the board's 31 members will attend the two-day meeting, the vice president said.

## New Rings Arrive

Replacements for the original shipment of all college rings ordered last year arrived Monday.

According to Karle Prendergast, who is in charge of distributing the rings, the workmanship is "much better," than that of the first shipment.

The original shipment of the rings three weeks ago was found unacceptable due to a variety of imperfections in the rings.

Karle said new orders for school rings will be taken by the bookstore in the near future.

## Supplement Available To Mail Subscribers

Volume 2 of The Catalyst Literary Supplement appears with this issue. The Supplement will not be sent to those persons who regularly receive the paper through the mail. Any subscriber who wishes to receive this issue and/or subsequent issues is asked to send his request in writing within two weeks to: The Catalyst Literary Supplement, New College, P.O. Box 1898, Sarasota, Florida 33578



## Editorials

## Only One Benefit

The only benefit which can be derived from the intensive consideration of intervisitation outlined at the Student Executive Committee meeting Wednesday is the realization on the part of the students of the necessity of intervisitation rules.

Whatever the "flaws" in the present system may be, it would benefit the students--and the college--more in the long run to maintain the system as it is instead of jeopardizing greater things (such as the success of the college) in order to create an idealistically perfect and palatable absence of intervisitation rules.

We don't believe it would be "inconsistent with the ideals of New College" for the system to be maintained as it is now--for the students to obey the rules as they stand. Excessively liberal rules do not necessarily go hand in hand with a liberal education.

For the students to solve their own "integrity crisis" (having to enforce a rule they don't like) by doing away with the intervisitation rule, will do little to solve the integrity crisis of New College as it was outlined by the President. That "integrity crisis" can only be solved by the students obeying a "reasonable" or "defensible" intervisitation rule.

## Union's Mistake

"Organized labor is getting out of hand," one student was heard to say in an economics class yesterday. Although trivial on a national perspective, what happened at the construction site of Hamilton Court yesterday was one example of "out-of-hand-ness."

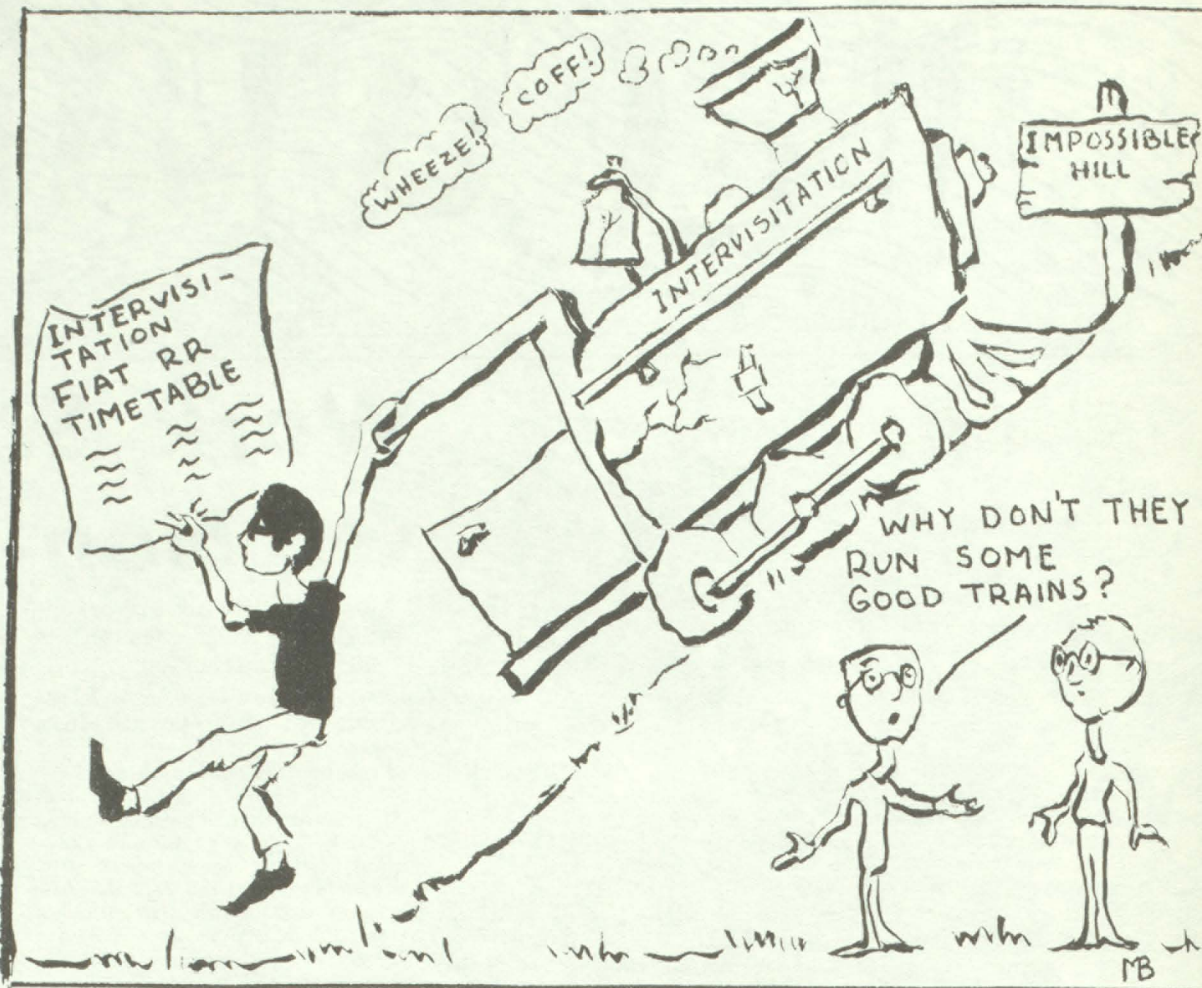
We feel the Iron Workers Union made a mistake in picketing the Phase II construction for the following reasons: (1) the wages paid the non-union iron workers were set by the Dept. of Labor and are in line with national wage scales, contrary to the pickets' claim that Bob's United Steel is "undermining" wages in this area; (2) the union waited until the non-union workers were just about finished with their job before picketing.

The picketing proved to be a surprise to everyone on the construction site. College officials, the contractor, and even the head of Iron Workers Local 397 in Sarasota denied having prior knowledge of the picketing. If the Iron Workers area officers in Tampa had checked with those involved first, the trouble might have been avoided.

Ironically, it seems organized labor has in this instance only hurt itself. Since Florida has "right-to-work," the contractor is not required to hire union labor; consequently, many of those union sympathizers who walked off the job yesterday will probably find themselves out of a job. And, of course, the non-union workers stayed on the job, completed their tasks, and got paid anyway. On a national level, we do not demean the successes of organized labor in raising the real standard of living among its members. But yesterday's incident illustrates the dangers of a "closed shop"--management must hire union labor only--in which one irresponsible union can stymie an entire industrial plant.

Government seems to have little compunction against cracking down on monopolistic practices of big business; yet organized labor, which enjoys government-sanctioned monopoly status in many areas of this country, seems usually to find the government just a little bit more patient.

Labor's right to organize is certainly important, but government must begin to be as firm with unions as it is with management.



## Letters

## Sad Commentary

Dear Editor,

I don't want to preach about the sanctity of private property, or to delve into the morals behind borrowing a bike from the East campus for a few minutes. (Borrowing, by the way, connotes an intention to return to about the same place in about the same condition.)

I have no quarrel with borrowing. However, it seems to me that the situation changes when "borrowed"

bikes are left on the opposite side of the campus from which they are taken, or are returned damaged.

There have been cases where a bike is "borrowed," and returned with a flat tire, leaving the nominal owner (i.e., the one who bought it) to foot the bill for repair of the communal bike. Worse is the case where a bike has a flat tire and is borrowed, and ridden, thus ruining the tire.

With the intelligence that the N. C. student body is supposed to exhibit, I'm afraid that I can't

believe that these people are too stupid to realize the damage they're causing--I can only conclude that, since it doesn't belong to them, they don't care about damaging it.

This may not be the same type of "crisis of integrity" that President Elmendorf spoke of, and it certainly won't raise the righteous indignation of the student body, but when you have a group as closely knit as is N. C., it's a sad commentary that more and more bikes have locks.

(signed)  
Frank Ceo

## Ford's Speech Lacks Luster

By STEVE ORLOFSKY

Gerald E. Ford (Rep., Mich.), House minority leader, was in Sarasota yesterday to speak at a "rally" for Joe Lovingood, Republican candidate for Congress from this district.

Why Ford came was very much a mystery to those of us who attended. Of the approximately 40 people there, almost half were students from New College.

Only two newspapers bothered to send reporters. Notably absent were reporters from the newspapers in Sarasota and Bradenton.

It is doubtful any money was raised for Lovingood's campaign fund. In fact, whether or not the cost of Ford's trip even was met, has to be questioned.

The subject of Ford's speech was the inflation now threatening the American economy.

Because of the war in Vietnam, the United States is faced by the classic guns versus butter situation. The Johnson administration has failed to recognize this and is overspending domestically, Ford charged.

With spiraling prices, three possible avenues of action are: a cut in non-military federal spending, tax increases, or riding the inflation out and possibly into a recession.

The answer, according to Ford, is a cut in non-military spending. Tax rates are all time high levels,

as are interest rates, and no one wants inflation and/or possible recession, he went on; however, the administration refuses to cut domestic spending on non-essential programs.

On six major appropriation bills, Republicans voted 95 percent of the time for a five percent across the board cut, Ford said. Over five and a half billion dollars would have been cut if the legislation had been passed, he said, thereby halting inflation. Because of the overwhelming Democratic majority, these cuts were defeated.

Ford's comments on general inflation and its causes naturally led him to conclude that the solution is the election of a Republican congress.

Ford was somewhat disappointing. He lacks the charisma of Barry Goldwater. Nor was he willing to make the slashing partisan attack that Goldwater had made twelve days before in his speech.

He made his points methodically, using both logic and documented facts, something Goldwater neglected to do. Ford came through as the seasoned politician who weighs the impact of each word.

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## In the Defense of Dialogue

By CHUCK HAMILTON

Far be it from me to defend the "anachronism and unreality" of a man who "makes himself sound like a paranoid Bircher." Yet Mr. Orlofsky's article on Goldwater and the GOP is found to be seriously lacking. To shape "the issues, the politics, and the dominant thoughts of the times" in any meaningful way, one must approach the usual overstatement, emotionalism and lack of documentation of politicians with a sense of forced toleration. But more, these political simplifications must be submitted to critical dialogue. Otherwise, issues, politics, and thought become a whitewash: fraught with either unquestioned acceptance or blank rejection of raw issues.

For Goldwater to use "dishonesty" as the theme of his speech is merely a political emotionalism. But it is not entirely without meaning. Simply put, it is a charge of evasion of certain considerations or issues that Goldwater holds to be important. He is asking "what the devil is going on." In this context, the charge of "dishonesty" is an irrelevant issue to the extent that it contingent upon the validity of the other issues raised.

Mr. Goldwater's comment on Vietnam referred to the 1964 elec-

tion. During the campaign he stressed the fact that the United States was in Vietnam, men were being killed there, we had reasons to be there, and we had better face up to the consequences of the situation. All this Mr. Johnson denied by saying that the United States did not intend to get involved in a shooting war.

To say, as Steve does, that attacks on American naval craft caused our involvement would seem to imply a certain rashness (triggerhappiness?) on the President's part. Indeed, it is important to note that the official Administration rationale behind our involvement in Vietnam is just an updated version of the Kennedy White Paper on Vietnam in Dec. 1961. It implies no rashness and confirms the very position that Goldwater took and Johnson denied. It is hard to believe that the President suddenly became "enlightened" on the content of the White Paper after the election.

The former Senator's criticism of Sec. of Defense Robert McNamara is indeed vague and all-encompassing. It is grossly unjust, however, to discount it as not to be taken seriously. And mention of some sort of private war between Goldwater and McNamara is not to the point; I don't even remember

the subject of missiles and bombers even being brought up. The issue deserves serious discussion, for documented criticism of Sec. McNamara has filled many pages of the Congressional Record, reports from all parts of the Armed Forces, and the columns of The New York Times Military Editor, Hanson Baldwin.



Hamilton

The "crescendo of incredulity" which "seems to border on the ridiculous" concerns Goldwater's comments on the denial and cause of inflation by the Administration. Yet Goldwater is supported by the rest of Paul Samuelson's Newsweek column (which Steve quotes) in his contention that the Johnson Administration and Treasury Secretary Fowler have, if not denied, at best played down the inflation until this relatively late date to correct it. In addition, Samuelson's three causes of this inflation in no way

refutes Goldwater's charge that it is basically the Administration's fault. His three causes can be reduced to a common denominator: government fiscal, credit, and monetary policy. And it is that common denominator that caused, should have corrected, is now correcting, and can correct our present 6% annual inflation.

Any statement about an increase in crime is an empirical truth; any statement about increasing immorality is a relative value judgment, and any statement about the radical left is another one of those political emotionalisms which merely denotes individuals of another ideological strain. But as the Gallup Poll shows, concern over increased crime is multiplying. It is, in this connection, most appropriate to question the Administration's lack of action (and possible positive actions need not encroach on one's ideological concept of the role of government). It is also open to debate as to the harmful effects of recent Supreme Court decisions.

These issues have to be decided by discussion, not by dogmatism either for or against. Goldwater's political emotionalisms are hard enough to endure; a statement like "paranoid Bircher" is intolerable.



# The Catalyst

## Literary Supplement

Volume 1, Number 2

Edited By Laurie Paulson

November 4, 1966

### Wedding

Autumn raced over the fields and forests with wild gypsy clouds, riding the wind. It whispered in the fields and rippled the brooks and laughed in the treetops and was gone over the hills. In its trail leaves danced in the grey sky, swept along by the storm wind that harvested a thousand other colours from each tree it touched.

Half-closing his eyes, the Traveller watched the tattered colours, felt them brush his face, held out his hand and caught them. Soft red, a parchment yellow, and a living green. He laughed at the thought of elven tailors making tiny jerkins of the bright leaves and let his hand slip into the wind.

Soft paws crushed the tiny moss flowers as the wolf walked silently behind. The grey of storm sky and night fog was in his coat and his eyes shone in the dusk like amethystine lights. For a moment he gazed at his master, a towering figure all swirling cloak and black hair, then nosed the soft leather of his boot in casual greeting. The Traveller touched the wolf's head and they moved into the deepening darkness of the wood, as quiet as the wind and no less swift.

Rain was in the air as they entered the forest, and soon they could hear a distant pattering as the first drops hit the leaves high above them. The two companions strode on, the wolf seeming to glide over the uneven ground with its twisting roots, holes, burrows and branches while his master stepped from hillock to hillock and stone to stone, never breaking the pace. When the little night things that scurried among the leaves sensed their coming they hid. Those who peeped out saw only shadows and heard a faint rustling to mark their passage. Thus the two hurried off into the night.

The woods grew darker, the ancient twisted boles of eldertrees grew thicker about the path, and the leaves piled higher. Wind raced through the forest bearing sharp drops of the rain that fell harder and the moaning of the trees' old bodies joined with the distant thunder. From time to time the wolf glanced at his companion as they walked, but saw no sign that the man was willing to stop. Something in the thunder or the coldness of the wind urged the wolf to hide, and brought him a peculiar fear he had never known before.

The Traveller felt it too, and hurried into the deepest glen, where the trees were oldest and the light of noon did not come. But even there the two found no protection. The rain swept across the trees and pierced the dark vale. Cold wind rioted in the depths of the forest and brought with it a white mist that clung oddly to the hollows and ditches. Drawing his cloak tighter around him, the man found his sense of direction failing and his strength ebbing with the draining of warmth from his body. He pressed on mechanically as his mind fell victim to dreams of gods and whispered tales of nights when they ride hunting celestial prey and chance to cross the skies of men. A misstep and a stumble stopped him, returning his senses. The wolf eyed him, head cocked, with worry in his marvelous eyes. He stroked the wolf and looked about. Nothing was familiar. The wolf shivered as a fresh gust roared down upon them, caught his master's coat, tearing it from his shoulders and sweeping it into the night. A fugitive, it raced away, and the wolf sprang after it. Soon he too was

lost to the Traveller, who followed blindly, groping among the trees and stumbling over branches and stones obscured by the white mist.

The wolf's warm muzzle was thrust into the man's glove, and between the great jaws he found the coat. He put it on but the wolf continued to nudge him until he consented to follow. The man went with him slowly through the cold fog that eddied higher about them. And the thunder pealed louder and the rain beat harder and the wind roared and they came to a clearing.

Jaws closed on the man's sleeve as the wolf dragged him down a rocky slope. He could make out a tiny valley about him when lightnings pierced the night, and a mist-wrapped building with a peaked roof and a low doorway. In a moment they were in the shelter of its arch, and stood, shivering and watching the mist swirl into the valley and the rain fall in a fine, cold sheet.

The Traveller's cloak was wet, but beneath his doublet were dry tinder and a flint. He pushed open a studded door of spongy wood and had the tinder alight on the stone floor. By the dim flame he saw that his refuge was an ancient chapel. Squat columns and low arches lined the walls and in the little apse there was a dais with a stained marble altar. The dry leg of a decayed table served as a torch, and in its light the man examined the altar. Portraits in debased Roman style of saints adorned it, and a great cross of corroded silver stood on its smooth top. He laid out the wet cloak to dry, seated himself at the altar's base, and called the wolf to him. The beast lay down beside him and in the warm dryness of the old shrine they slept.

The wolf was awake first, hackles up, a growl in his throat. His companion leapt up and raised the smouldering torch high. Perhaps the fantasies that troubled his sleep had roused him, but the wolf also stood alert. There was another creature in the chapel. With a snarl the wolf leapt into the shadows and there was a scream that dissolved into sobbing before the man brought his light and saw the wolf standing over the trembling form of a woman.

For a second he touched the silver chain at his neck, then bent down to look at her. Hardly more than a girl she was, with fine, pale features and long hair brown as fertile earth. He lifted her and brought her to the altar, but when he sought to put her down, she clung to him in tears. He held her for a moment. Her clothes, such as they were, were soaked, so he took them from her. She knelt with her eyes shut as he looked at her, naked in the torchlight, and then he wrapped her in his own coat.

He sat down again and the wolf, without resentment went and sniffed her, then lay down by his master. He looked in her eyes and she came to him.

As he held her, she saw the worry in his face as he heard the noises of the storm without. It battered the chapel, whose walls shook with peals of thunder that rang throughout the heavens like great horn blasts. There was a terrible music in the tempest and as it raged she began to speak. A trembling voice that was low and oddly accented, hinting of dark wine and marble gardens and trees jewelled with fruit.

Her tale was of the storm, and the Hunt of the Gods who rode with the hounds of air through the night. The

Thundered rode, and the One-Eyed, on his horse with eight hooves. They chased the seasons, hunted gentle summer and brought winter beneath their mantles. She told nothing of herself, but of the gods and Nature she whispered tales. As the night waned and the gods ran their terrible chase, they were quiet.

Morning was bright and crisp and found the man through the chapel's narrow windows. He was alone. She, she without a name, had gone without his knowing. Even the wolf lay still. He rose and the wolf sensed a sadness about him that was at first strange, until even he felt the loss. He padded to the doorway, pushed the door aside, and breathed in the morning. He smelled her in the air.

He found his master bowed before the silver cross and brought him to the doorway, nudging him. The man started out of the valley but the wolf raced ahead and was gone for a while, then came running back, his muzzle wet. The animal stood by while the man went in his steps to the brook he had found. And he wondered where the three of them would travel next.

--CRAIG SCHENCK

### Saskatchewan

Beside the grain elevators,  
Strange  
Rural skyscrapers.  
Little towns  
Sit shy of the highway  
Watching as it roars  
To Calgary, Vancouver,  
Winnipeg, Toronto,  
Montreal, Quebec.  
In a gravel street  
Ragged children  
Wait to be ragged men.  
No one from the highway  
Comes to the little  
Service station, selling  
Bread and milk  
Inside the office.  
When it rains  
The streets dissolve,  
Mud cakes the windshields  
Of the old pick-ups.  
You can't read the lettering  
On the sides.  
Smoothly, the highway roars  
To Calgary, Vancouver,  
Winnipeg, Toronto,  
Montreal, Quebec,  
And there is nothing  
To watch for.

--LAWRENCE PAULSON

### The Garden

Seedling sorrows  
Planted deep, dark,  
Within a heart,  
Begin to grow  
And flourish,  
Spread to pall  
All living tissue.  
Thought and life  
Withdraw  
From the tendril knife  
Groping toward the night.

Love cannot grow  
Where sorrow thrives,  
And sad recall  
Shades from loving light  
The well-worn soil.  
Few people know  
How to grow  
Love, and even then  
Sorrow sinks  
Its deepest roots  
Where love has been.

--GLENDA CIMINO

Photograph by Bobbie Luther



# Twelve Riders

An old man sits at his desk.  
Thinking.

Black hair. Movement of the times. Hope and memories. Pale moonlight on the train to the convention. Then back home. Too late. Yet life goes on. The sun rises, the moon sets, the stars shine and man continues to fight and seek out the souls of other men. Them with their hobb-nailed boots.

She never lasted through it. She couldn't. It broke her heart.

They came and took. Twelve riders rode in the gloom and took.

Twelve. Not ten, but twelve. They took and destroyed. They killed and never could repair. They just took because it was war.

She called but soon her voice was silent. It had cause to scream, but there are things that the human voice fails at.

Twelve men, they took her.

Black was the color of her hair and she wore the color of the ages. The reaper interrupted their game. It was in July and the twelve who took had to stop.

The old man looks at her. She smiles and winks.

He hears the hobb-nailed boots march outside his room. All day long they march. The same twelve? Others and others.

He goes outside and walks in the shade of the buildings. An old man, old in spite of his years. His cheeks

are sunken and his eyes lie like small round objects in deep sockets. Over the years the glasses have gotten thicker and now he can't see too clearly.

They shoot him. He hears the shot and then falls and falls with hot fire shooting through his chest. It doesn't hurt because he feels no pain.

His glasses have fallen off and as he tries to reach for them a heavy foot in a hobb-nailed boot crushes them and remains standing on them defiantly. He looks up and sees the long leg and torso of a man but the face is blurred. His vision isn't too good.

He hears deep throaty laughter slowly fading.

A dark blanket settles over him. He closes his eyes and it is over.

Coarse hands lifted him and carried him away. The pieces of glass and metal were crushed and crumbled by time, dissolving into the earth.

Small green plants still dare to come forth now, but they are crushed by hobb-nailed boots. The spring still exists and pours its freshness forth from below the rock, but the rusting of metal had taken away its purity.

A lonely frog croaks but now his movements are hurried and rushed. He swims deep under the bank and seeks the silence.

The footprints still fill with water, but it is dirty water. They have left their impression and will shake the world until nature shall remove them.

--MICHAEL VON GUTTENBERG

## Cords

The dull, the dum cordage of my bound kind  
Replats in my flesh-fibers--the string  
Of generations ravel, and retwined  
Of fathers, through mothers, reknots, tangled, struggling.

They fought long, their outlaw lyrics wild  
To break the rope-choked tongue in throat,  
But noose and ligaments throttled each child--  
My others mumbled only rope-rote.

But mate by mate they untied the strength of my tongue,  
And child by child they raveled the twists of my cords;  
Often I stutter, tearing lines from my lung,  
Yet often lip-quick, they loose my outlaw rewards.

And deep now in the long blood of our veins,  
I loot the singing fibers of our mains.

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON



16mm Photograph by Michael von Guttenberg

## Come Back Baby

Gently they flicker  
In the blue of the evening  
On the green water  
Circles of shadow.  
Faintly they flicker  
In the grey of the evening  
On the pale green water  
Flicker and fade.  
Timidly dancing  
On the grey waves  
They fade in the red  
Of the setting sun.  
They die the death  
Of shadows. They fade  
Away. They die  
The death of our love.  
Timidly dancing  
Toward one another  
They touch and break  
And fade away.  
On the grey water  
They touch and break  
And die the death  
Of what never lived.

--G. S. TREYNOR

## Book Review

### A Christian Myth

The Sibyl, by Pär Lagerkvist, takes as its subject matter a curious mixture of Greek and Christian mythology. The story records an all-night conversation between the Wandering Jew and an ancient woman who was once a sybil at the temple of Apollo at Delphi. The two stories they tell are concerned with the rather ultimate question of the nature of God.

While Jesus was carrying the cross to Golgotha, he stopped to rest his head against the side of a house. The owner was upset because he thought that if a condemned man, a man so unhappy, was to lean against his house he might bring bad luck to it, and told him to move on. Jesus turned to him in a terrible wrath and said "Because you denied me this, you shall suffer greater punishment than mine: you shall never die. You shall wander through this world to all eternity, and find no rest." The truth of this curse is what the man has come to ask the sybil, who, though no longer connected with the oracle, is reputed to be able to answer any question.

In return, the Wandering Jew receives not an answer, but the story of the sybil and her treatment at the hands of God. She became a priestess when she was about twenty, and remained one for twenty years. She surrendered herself completely to the terrible rapture of God, but never did he grant her the peace and security she so strongly desired. She knew almost no one until after the death of her mother, when she fell in love. The gentle happiness she found in the arms of her lover, so unlike the torment of God, was short lived, because his discovery that she was a sybil, combined with the very intensity of her love, caused him to leave her. No ordinary human could have endured the excessive nature of her love. A few weeks after they met for the last time he was found drowned in a river and she was raped in the temple by the sacred goat of Apollo.

Her pregnancy was discovered and she was driven in disgrace from the city to the hills, where she spent the rest of her life. Her son grows up to be simple-minded, and she never ceases to doubt his paternity. His very existence causes her to doubt both her lover and her god, because if he is the son of either there is no conceivable reason for his simplicity.

The conclusion of her discussion with the Wandering Jew is that God is a capricious being, jealous of human happiness because he cannot experience it himself, and denying it especially to those who are dedicated to serve him or who defy him knowingly or not. This is not quite what one would expect from the Greeks, but then, the story is a rather liberal interpretation. It is a strangely powerful and mysteriously moving book, probably because it touches on such basic issues. The translation is by Naomi Walford. Pär Lagerkvist was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1951.

## Murdo, S. D.

Yellow hills  
Balding  
With black dirt.  
Wild pheasant  
Only  
Cross the careful road  
From wilderness  
To wilderness.

--LAWRENCE PAULSON

## Misunderstanding

blood full of heat  
longing through action  
that cuts through surface  
in stark with defiance  
to the sea turmoil  
of a very depth that  
erupts in violence  
to explain is to destroy  
raw brutality is an answer  
to something sensitive  
and wants to continue  
of beauty shaped  
fields of burning red wheat  
that turn to sands that conceal  
a rolling dawn that say  
a long time has passed  
in the end art has  
to explode  
and give that which is very hard to give

--GEORGE MONOSON



# The Cold

well, there you are again, horizontal. you seem to go from one reclining position to another. at least this time your feet are high and your head low. the sun beats down and puffs of wind from nowhere sift lightly across. you haven't the energy to move. you can't even roll over or pull yourself up on your elbows to see who just dove in. you can barely pick out snatches of poolside conversation, your ears are still so stuffed, but not enough to make it worthwhile to listen in or even to identify with the speakers.

oh well, that's what comes with being sick. you've been at that game for a week now--lying in bed, blowing your nose, taking pills, and wondering if you're ever going to be able to swallow again. the only constructive thing you can say about it is that you've lost four pounds without even trying, being unable to smell or taste may have had something to do with it...but food isn't the only unappetizing thing you had to contend with. after the first box of kleenex your nose is rubbed raw and after the first two days of the four walls routine your body aches to move. there's no vitality to carry you anywhere past your balcony or Nursie's office, but with half the court moving, you just can't stay still and alone any longer.

the topsy turvy rooms where people are moved into but not yet moved out of remind you strikingly of your own state of mind. here all these ordinary things, stacked and packed in strange array, lending each of them an air of peculiarity they otherwise do not possess in their ordinary surroundings. flung and strung here and there, in not quite haphazard disarray, they appear unreal and alien. how very much like your life has been these last two weeks! you have suddenly found yourself alone, your familiar behavior patterns gone, and you are much more isolated than you care to admit. everyday events and people slip in and out of focus--recognizable--but like these naked mattresses under trunks and duffle bags, somehow very strange. an urge to a right matters restlessly ripens until it is frozen sharp by the fatal realization that it can never be the way it was before. you can't sweep everything back in its place and return to a too recently severed relationship. all you can do is rearrange the pieces you have left as best you can in these strange surroundings, and in time, the whole will gradually become comfortably familiar, slowly imposing new patterns to replace the old broken ones. as long as you look longingly back, you can never move forward, and to be trapped in late adolescent development, physical or emotional, is an even more tragic plight than the one you painfully find yourself in now.

how almost wonderful for you to have gotten sick at this particular time! no one can expect much joviality

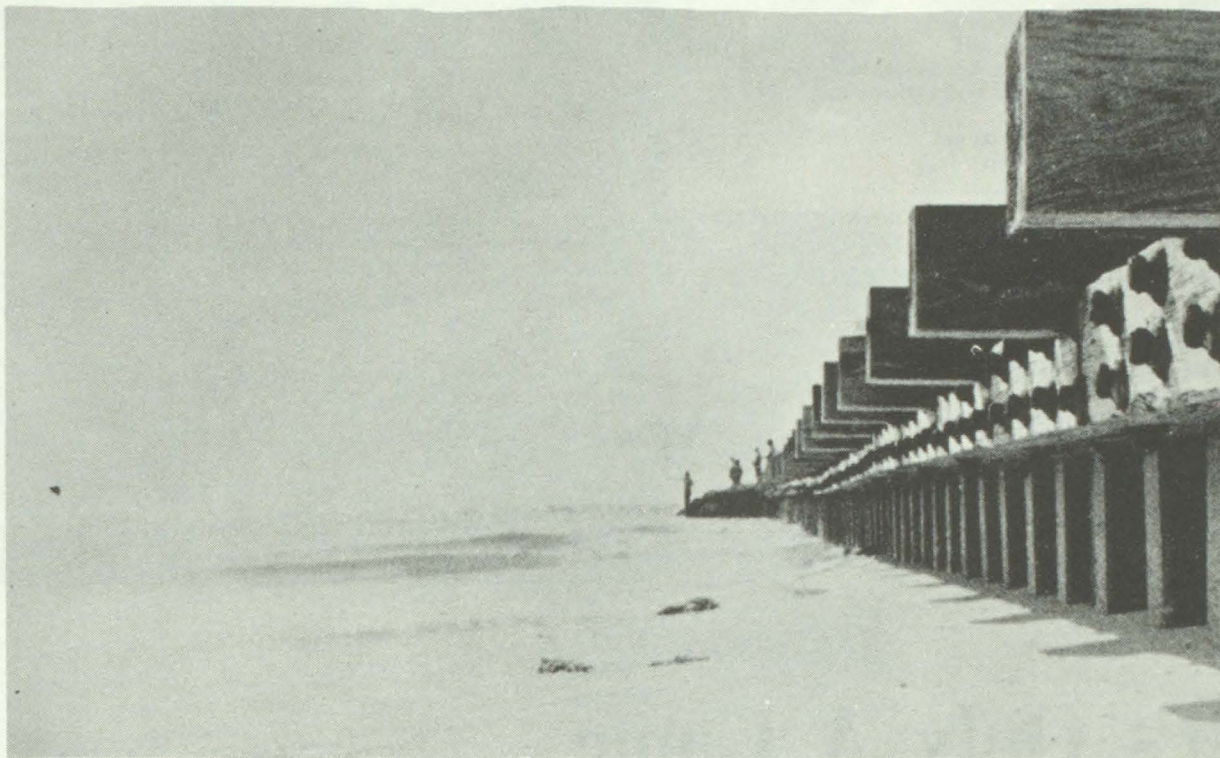
from a head cold victim, and if your eyes look red, so do your nose and throat. being isolated gives rise to self pity, but the introspection begun culminates with the inevitable, unavoidable conclusion that life has to be faced as it is--bitter as it may be--with the hope that eventually the pain will be forgotten and replaced.

besides, there are always french tapes to look forward to, and plenty of basic course reading. let it never be

said that new college can't keep a student busy. and when your ears and eyes rebel from academic pursuits, there are those merit lists to go...

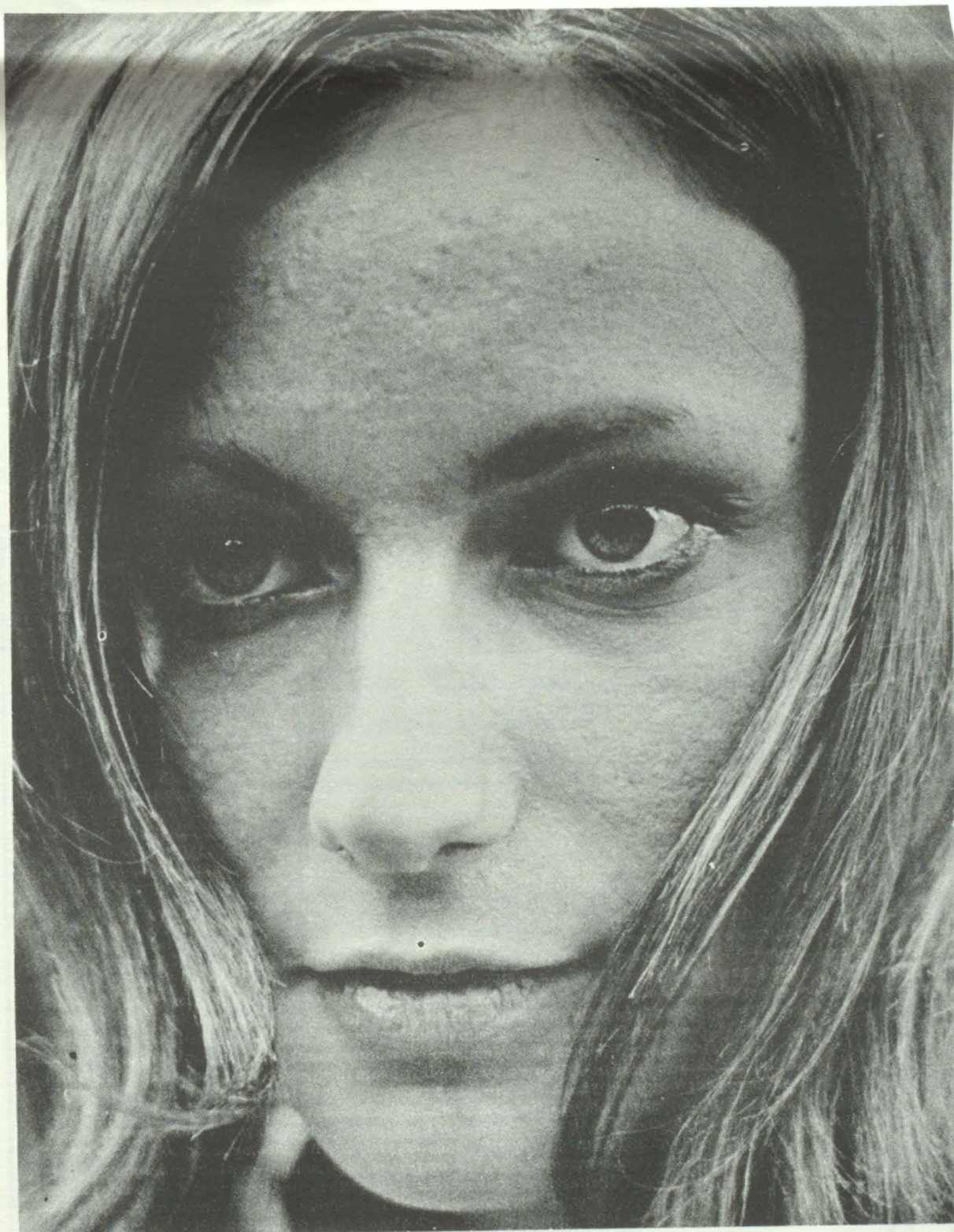
well, the moving's finished, and that sun is fairly blistering. the cold has not yet quite evaporated, but with it will pass an eternity of my less than twenty years, and i shall begin again to rearrange the pieces, and re-pattern the life.

--ANONYMOUS



16mm Photograph by Michael von Guttenberg

Photograph by Frank Lary



## Survivors

At one o'clock  
from April on  
the summer house would entertain  
for each retired "guest"  
some backward dream of  
teas romances  
teas church socials  
teas important visitors  
whose twenty hosts would rise at 3  
to yield not as the nurses thought  
for doctors pills or schedules  
but  
flee ing ca val ry  
just es caped  
and driving these wheeled giants back from the Earth  
holding off hordes of kids from the next block  
dying of chesnut wounds  
frustrating ambushes capturing trees  
until some little sister with dinner  
or darkness surrounded us.  
All hands were lost

--DAVID PINI

## Importance of Wind

I see you before me, as if in a dream;  
sitting cross-legged and barefoot,  
trying to be one with the sand and the grass and the trees.  
Don't speak, you say, and I know  
that I would fade the dream, so I don't.  
The sand is blown, and swirls in maddening dance,  
never stopping, perhaps tiring, but never stopping.  
It blows through the grass, making it appear  
as though the grass bends and bows because of the sand,  
eventhough it is the same force that makes the sand to  
blow.  
Quiet trees, rooted to the ground,  
frantically waving their arms, wishing to be left in  
peace,  
but the wind shakes them and makes them sigh, inspite of  
themselves.  
And this wind, you seem to ask, what is it?  
Is it not the life-giving force which makes all of us?  
You want to be one with the sand and the grass and the  
trees.  
but you must also accept the wind,  
for without it all things must cease.  
It brings rain, which falls like heavy tears  
One runs the risk of weeping a little, when one is tamed,  
and one runs the risk of being tamed a little  
in wanting to be one with the sand the grass and the  
trees.

--MICHAEL VON GUTTENBERG



# Dedication:

## Andrew Hill

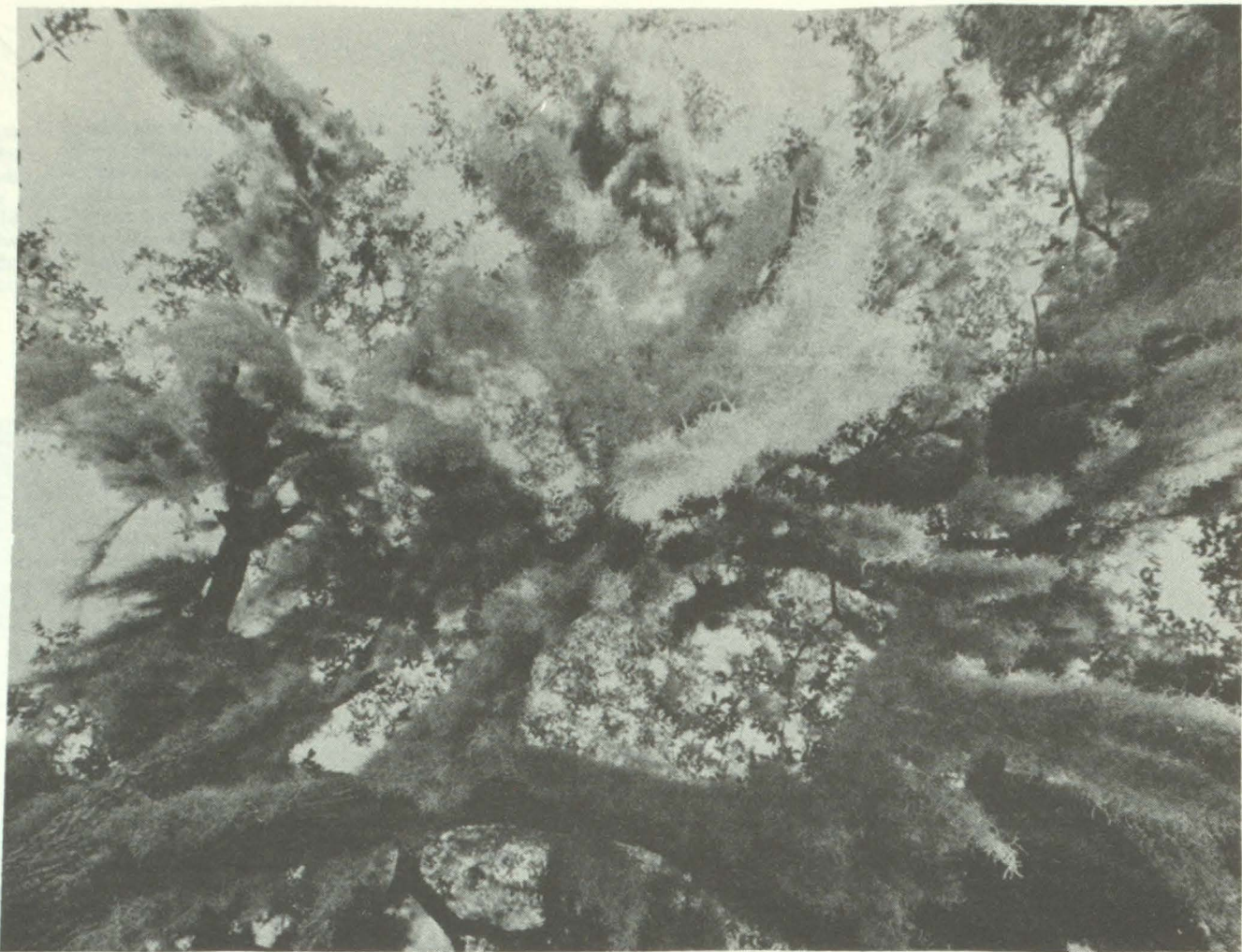
I remember the beginning  
When you came through the gate  
With five black camels in tow  
And I sat on the front porch  
And you wouldn't look at me  
And stared at your feet tired.

I remember you wouldn't sit down,  
I remember you were too tired to sit down  
And just stood.  
I remember you said nothing  
And I talked on & on and  
You said nothing over & over again  
Until I heard you and said nothing too.

Then I knew where you got  
The five black camels  
And why you must  
Always  
Have them with you  
And then I was caught too,  
And now I am looking for black camels.

I don't know how you did it, Andrew,  
though you did;  
I don't know how you ever  
Ended your song.  
I cannot end my song,  
And,  
As only you know,  
I cannot begin my song  
Until I first end it.

--MICHAEL CASSELL



Photograph by John Lowe

# It's Only A Game

(The following account was translated from the original Eternal by the author. Where concepts cannot be translated into English, the closest possible logical equivalents have been used. Requests to see the original manuscript may be sent to the author in care of this publication. They will not be honored.)

"Hey, Pete!" bellowed John, shaking Peter out of a deep-rooted meditation. "How's it going with you?" Peter grumbled to awareness. "Oh, things are great, just fine. Really great." He started to drift back into meditation.

"Aw, come on, kid. Spill it. Everyone's noticed, you know. There's something bugging you, and you might as well let us in on it. Talk."

"It's nothing, . . . I mean there isn't anything, I mean, oh what the . . . Everything's lousy."

"Ah! I thought so. Now what do you mean, lousy? What's wrong, kid?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's just a drag, is all. Nothing to do but meditate, or listen to harp music. Or get a . . . job."

"Yes, now there's an idea for you, kid. A job. Yes, sir, this social work really gives you a warm feeling. Nothing like it. Want me to see what I can do for you, Pete?"

"No, thanks. I'll stick to meditation, I guess."

# Servomation

Hog Butcher for the College,  
Juice maker, stacker of Wheatcakes,  
Player with meatloaves and Student's plates handlers,  
Cooks with the Big Shoulders.

They tell me you are indigestible and I believe them,  
For I have seen food spurned and come back (At Sunday Buffet)  
To be spurned again.

They tell me you are surprising and I believe them,  
For of the faces of students and more students I have seen the  
Marks in incredulity: This costs \$4,200 a year!?

They tell me you are finite (very) and my reply is:  
I have seen students weighing turkey on a postage scale.

And having answered so, I turn and say to those who sneer at these,  
My cooks, and I give them back the sneer and say to them,

Come and show me other cooks with heads singing so proud to be alive  
And coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling potato on pea,  
Here are tall bold sluggers set vivid against the little soft Students;

Bareheaded  
Shoveling sauerkraut  
Boiling  
Stewing  
Cooking, wrecking, recocking,

Proud to be Hog Butcher, Stacker of Wheetcakes, Player with Meatloaves  
and Plate Handler to the Students.

--CHARLES VEKERT

"That's a shame. . . . Say, have you ever thought about applying for the Game?"

"No, I never heard of it. What game?"

"Not what game, the game. The Game. It's kind of hard to explain, . . . they find a place for you, then give you a shape, and then. . . ."

"Wait a minute. Hold on. What's a 'place'? And what's a 'shape'? What is this 'game', anyhow?"

"Well, it's sort of an experiment. Doesn't really amount to anything, --no purpose, or anything like that. There's this other plane, --you can't really understand it unless you exist on it. Couple of boys up in Knowledge think they have it all figured, but they can't put it in plain Eternal to save their souls. Anyway, you get this shape, this body, see, and then you just let time take its course, and when it's done you come back here."

"Ah, knock it off, John. Are you putting me on? What do you mean, 'time'? What in Existence is that?"

"Well, we don't have it here. It's. . . well. . . well, you'll find out soon enough. Are you willing to give it a try? You know, it really grows on some people. A couple of them even went back for a second shot at it."

"I don't know. Can't you fill me in any more?"

"Sure. Here's the standard form. I really recommend this to you, Pete, no kidding. Do you wonders?"

"Hmmm. 'I hereby agree', blah, blah, blah, 'until I die', blah, blah, blah, 'I understand I will forget everything about this plane while', --Hey! What's that supposed to mean?"

"Oh, details, formalities, Pete. We handle all that end. Well, fine, it's settled, then! I'm really happy for you, son. Are you ready?"

"Hey, now wait a minute, I didn't say, I. . . Hey! Help! HELP!!!!. . ."

\*\*\*\*\*

Peter felt his existence change. His being expanded infinitely, then contracted toward a center of nothingness. His thought-patterns spun in random abandon, focusing nowhere. He felt himself fading, 'his orientation left, and then, gradually, he began to notice a change. In himself, a difference. It was unreal, he couldn't comprehend, but he knew that everything had transformed. He began to sense things, but his knowledge was drifting slowly away, and he couldn't concentrate. He felt despair.

And then time passed, although Peter didn't realize it. And then he felt another change, a compelling, urging sensation, and he began to panic. His thoughts raced. He couldn't focus his being, he was losing everything. He tried to concentrate, but there was nothing there. Emptiness. Pure panic flowed about him, pene-

# The Death of Up-Front

Innocence skips powdery  
down the path  
Looking ahead  
with half an eye.  
Now knowing where  
it treads,  
dragging behind white  
ribbons thru the dust  
too worn to count  
dew drops  
or to build castles  
in the sand  
yet not tattered  
quite enough  
to understand

--ANGIE RUNYON

# N. C.

Where trees deflect  
the staring concrete,  
counterpointed cubes,  
in this new cloisters  
showcase, sun-cracked hall,  
A greater integration  
than of disciplines  
discloses, as this maze confronts  
the too conditioned mind,  
the purchased seeking  
nurtured still,  
hypothesizing,  
setting forth  
to teach a self  
slow lessons learned  
which withstand bonds  
much stronger than ionic.

--DAVID PINI

trated him, inundated him. And then he made one last impossible effort to regain himself, and he was torn from his foundation with a blinding, screaming sheet of confused light and intense pain. The universe buckled, and he plunged into a bottomless abyss of the unknown. His knowledge was falling, draining him to nothingness. One thin thread of reality cried out in the darkness. "John, John, I can't, I don't, I. . . ."

"Waaaaaaah!" said little Peter Tompkins.

--R. T. LATER

# A Return of the Selves

amniotically swaying,  
held secure in the dark, warm night  
floating, turning--  
arms outstretched--  
in circles  
under burning stars.

I ran to seek a tree  
and huddled there  
held  
by a wind and the branches' swaying.

sensually caressing,  
lightless, heat-heavy, damp  
with the breath of the bay  
the wind passed by,  
wrapping securely through the trees  
my selves among the night.

--MARY LOU PHILLIPS

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BARABBAS

**Gibran's**  
THE PROPHET  
SPIRITS REBELLIOUS  
And Others

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STORY OF PHILOSOPHY

**Russell's**  
HISTORY OF  
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# Sarasota School Board Faces Two Basic Problems

By CHARLES RAEBURN

"There are two basic problems of Sarasota County's public schools," according to Ted Sperling, candidate for the Sarasota County School Board.

The first of these is the "failure of the present board majority to develop a partnership with the community and the second problem is the commitment to pay-as-you-go financing for capital improvements," said Sperling.

Ted Sperling is one of four vigorous and capable candidates for the School Board in the election this Tuesday, November 8. Unfortunately, these four are running against each other for two seats on the Board. The other three candidates are Mrs. Huberta Prince, Mrs. Joan Cramer, and William Muirhead.

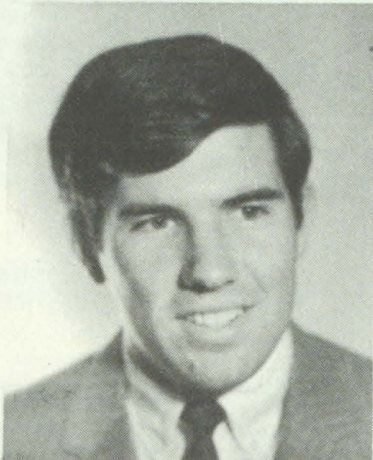
A change in the outlook and character of the School Board will take place, however, since two elected candidates from Tuesday's election will join Herb Field, a Board member who is not up for election this year, to form a progressive and, hopefully, aggressive Board majority.

Not only has the current Board failed to develop a community partnership, it has antagonized certain community elements, particularly retired people and mobile home owners, who naturally oppose higher taxes in any form.

Sperling emphasized that "the School Board must lead the community and sell its citizens on a better school system."

One improvement which began this school year was a salary increase for starting teachers with a bachelor's degree from \$4100 to \$5000 per year. This increase, however, barely brings Sarasota County's starting pay above average for the state. A more serious pay scale problem of local teachers

is the extremely low upper salary limits for teachers with advanced



Raeburn

degrees or years of teaching experience.

Pay-as-you-go financing for capital improvements in the school system is a policy which is criticized by both Sperling and Bill Muirhead, who are opponents for the Board seat in district 5. Both of them agree that bond issues are the only realistic policy for building new schools or adding facilities to existing school buildings.

Trying to finance via pay-as-you-go places severe restrictions on cur-

rent operating expenses and leaves little room for long-range planning for future needs.

Sperling was dubious of the statistics about Sarasota County schools which give the impression that they are below average for Florida and the nation. "Including the Booker school complex in the county statistics makes the whole system look bad," he pointed out.

Teacher competence and teachability should be the major concerns of the School board and the community rather than how the Board will finance construction of new facilities, noted Sperling. Academic standards are also a matter of concern, and the board must constantly set the highest possible standards.

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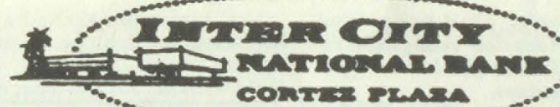
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Long sleeve, jewel neckline, slim skirt. Yel-  
low, Lilac. 5-15.

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Aqua, White. 5-15.

Long sleeve, scalloped neckline, slim skirt.  
Lilac, Yellow. 5-15. Maas' Junior Terrace.

