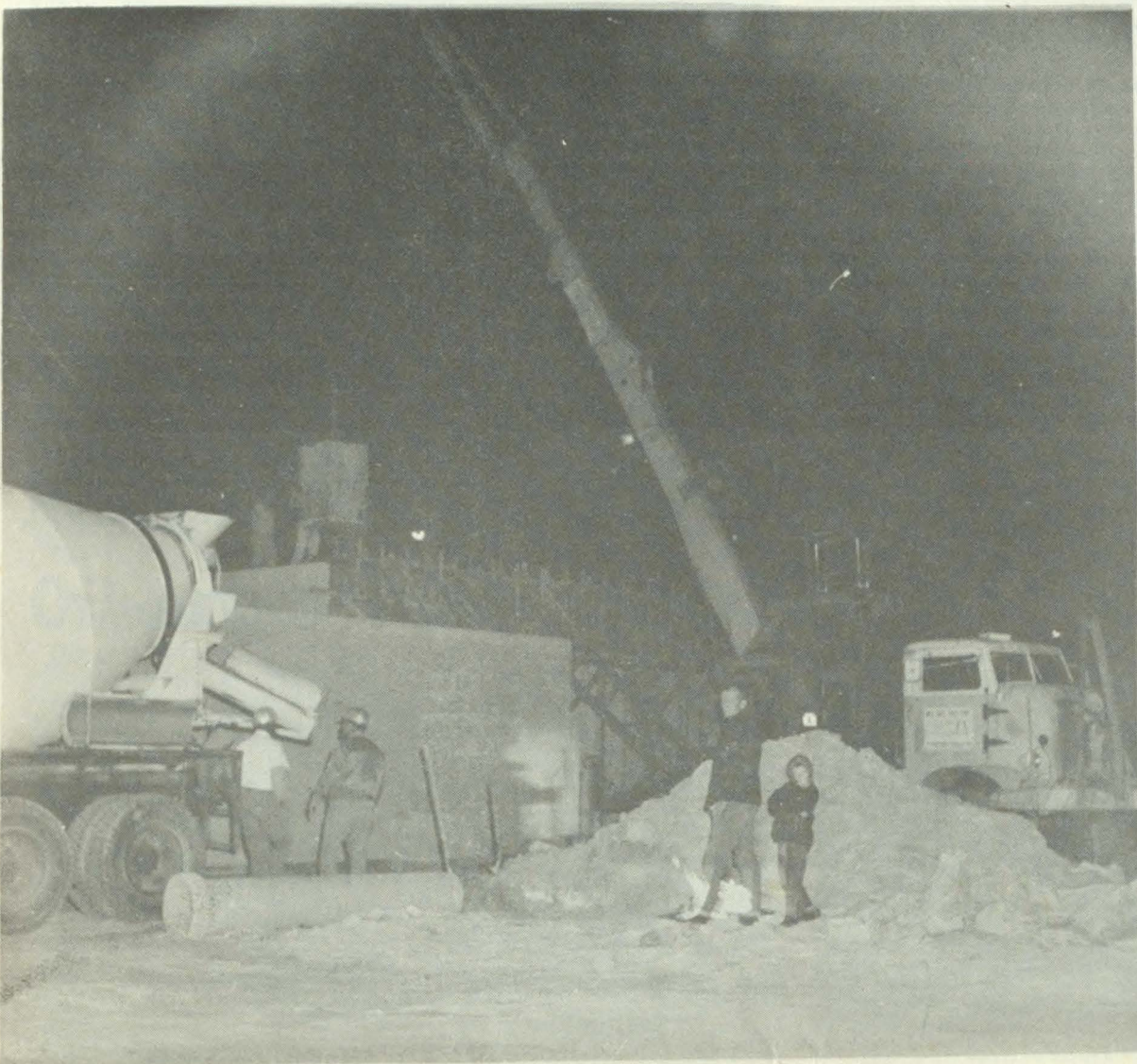


The Catalyst

Volume III, Number 15

Published by Students of New College, Sarasota, Florida

December 16, 1966



Back on the Job

Picketing has stopped on the Hamilton Court construction site, and all sub-contractors have returned their men to work on the project.

Robert Graham, head of the general contracting firm for the project, maintains he will get the new dining complex done by Jan. 15 and the entire job completed by Feb. 15.

Graham this past week has kept men at work during the weekend and also at night.

Picture, taken Wed. night, shows workers pouring concrete for the roof to the dining hall.

College Planning Officer Ralph Styles said he was "very encouraged" by the amount of work done this week.

NC Featured On TV Sunday

New College will be featured Sunday at 10:30 am on Perspective, the weekly program produced by WFLA television about higher education in the Tampa Bay area.

Appearing from New College will be third-year student Tom Todd and Information Officer Furman C. Arthur.

They will discuss the ideas and objectives of New College in relation to its accomplishments in its first three years.

Host and moderator of the program is Dr. Martin Griffin.

Sunday's pre-taped show will be the first of a series of five programs about New College which will be televised at regular intervals in the coming months.

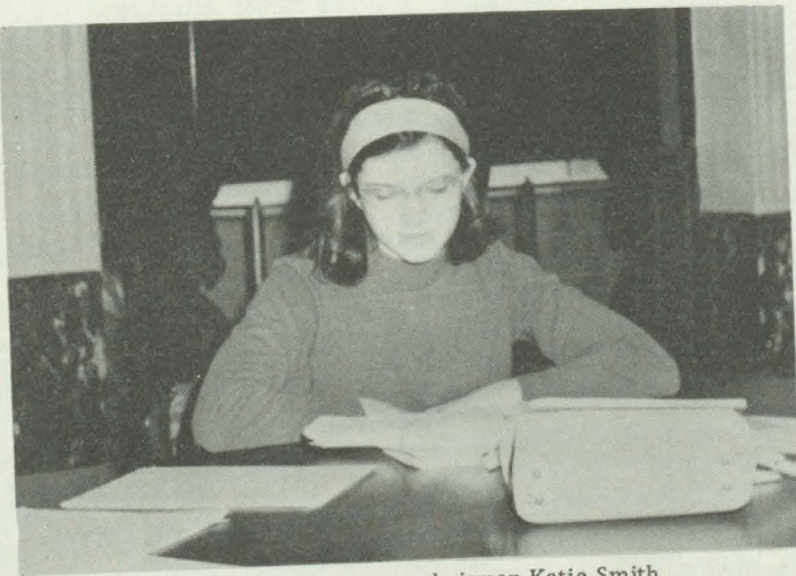
Recital Set

Pianist Larry Graham, a student of New College Professor of Music Jacques Abram, will offer a piano recital Monday at 7:30 pm in College Hall.

The public is invited to attend the recital by the young pianist who last October was a semi-finalist in the national Van Cliburn competition.

Graham, a student during the first two New College Summer Music Festivals, studied at Juilliard School of Music and is now working for his degree at the University of South Florida where Abram is also a member of the faculty.

On the program for the evening recital will be Bach's Partita in E Minor, Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata Opus 57, and Schumann's Sonata in F Sharp Minor.



Supervisory Committee chairman Katie Smith

Parking Lot Will Be Ready

A surfaced parking lot on the East Campus will be ready for use when students return in January, according to Planning Officer Ralph Styles.

The entire job of constructing the lot will be done over the Christmas holiday, Styles said, and students may continue to park on the north side of the girls' residence court for the remainder of the independent study period.

The new parking lot will hold 150 cars and will be situated east of the new dining complex.

A basketball court will occupy one corner of the lot.

Committee chairman Katie Smith. The other alternative on the ballot would have required the SEC to interpret the constitution as allowing the use of proxies, provided the procedure for their use is formalized.

The results of the ballot were made binding on the SEC by members themselves at the meeting the week before. The petition calling for the election was sponsored by second-year student Laurie Paulson.

Acting SEC chairman Steve Hall said nothing further would be done by the SEC on the question of proxies until January, but indicated there was a possibility a "compro-

Student Initiated Vote Defeats Proxies for SEC

The Student Executive Committee Wednesday heard the results of the student ballot held the day before, which will require the committee to interpret the constitution as disallowing the use of proxies.

Students voted 67-65 on the question, according to Supervisory

Committee proposal would be submitted to students, allowing the SEC to use proxies during Independent Study periods and disallowing their use at all other times.

In other action, House Committee Chairman Kenji Oda reported the room search conducted Monday and Tuesday had recovered three or four reels of tape, three records, and a pair of headphones which had been properly signed out but which were yielded voluntarily. He also stated that violations of conditions of occupancy had been noted. "It was a very polite flop," Oda said.

When questioned by Assistant Dean Arthur Miller whether this type of search is a "legitimate function" of student government, Oda replied it was, but was a "useless function." He stated student government shouldn't "swoop down" on students in such cases as this.

Miller said students would be given a grace period at the beginning of the next term to return missing language lab items, then disciplinary action would be taken by the office of the Dean of Students against any students found in unlawful possession of school property. He said such action could be "severe."

The SEC also decided not to act on a case of two alleged violations of student rules by Gary Moriello. The case was brought before the committee because there were not enough members of the Judiciary Committee on campus to make a quorum, and there are no provisions for alternates for the JC.

Moriello appeared before the committee and pleaded not guilty because of extenuating circumstances. Hall suggested the SEC should act on the case in order to assure a speedy trial, but Oda protested the case should properly go before the Judiciary Committee. Smith concurred in this opinion. A motion by first-year representative Jon Shaughnessy that the SEC should

act on student disciplinary matters when the JC cannot meet failed for lack of a second. The matter was then set aside for the Judiciary Committee.

Miller commented the Judiciary Committee should continue its work during the study period, and that something should be worked out to enable it to do so. Hall proposed an alternate system for the committee, but no action was taken.

In other action, Miller said because of the status of SEC chairman Mike Cassell, a new chairman for the Inauguration Committee would have to be chosen. Inauguration

pledged \$750,000 for a science building for the campus. The foundation has been paying this pledge in yearly installments. Recently part of the money paid so far was earmarked for construction of the present temporary science laboratory building.

The budget of the International Affairs conference will go to paying the expenses of the participants, honoraria and miscellaneous expenses. Receipt of the Selby grant is expected to facilitate acquisition of the rest of the required money.

A number of other foundations contacted by the Forum group turned down the request, according to Anna.

The Selby Foundation grant is non-renewable and for one year only, Anna said. It is scheduled for disbursement to the committee at the time of the conference.

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USF Student Gov't Prepares Program To Evaluate Profs

The student government of the University of South Florida in Tampa is preparing a program by which students will be able to evaluate their faculty.

"Our main goal is to employ student opinion in order to communicate to the faculty exactly how effectively the students think they are teaching," said Jack McGinnis, undersecretary of academic affairs for the USF Student Association.

According to a Nov. 30 report in the USF campus newspaper, The Oracle, McGinnis plans to conduct

Tennis Courts Ready Sunday

The tennis courts on the East Campus should be completely resurfaced and open for use by Sunday, according to recreation coordinator Frank Meyer.

Also, according to Meyer, the swimming pool will be closed for the Christmas holiday beginning Sunday night and will not be open until Jan. 6.

the first faculty evaluation in March and publish the results in August.

The Catalyst, in a Nov. 11 editorial, called for the institution of a faculty evaluation program here under the auspices of the Academic Committee of the Student Executive Committee.

(The Academic Committee reported to the SEC Wednesday that results of a recent student evaluation of seminars and faculty have been compiled and presented to the president.)

"We want to build communications between the student and instructor," McGinnis said in explaining the proposed program at USE.

The Oracle said McGinnis is aware some students might use the evaluation to "crucify" their professors.

McGinnis said "reasonable suggestions and not funny stuff" would be published.

Quoted student opinions would be interpreted, he said, but the Student Association itself will not comment about a professor.

"We want to make this evaluation as constructive as possible without taking the guts out of it," McGinnis said.

Schutter Resigns

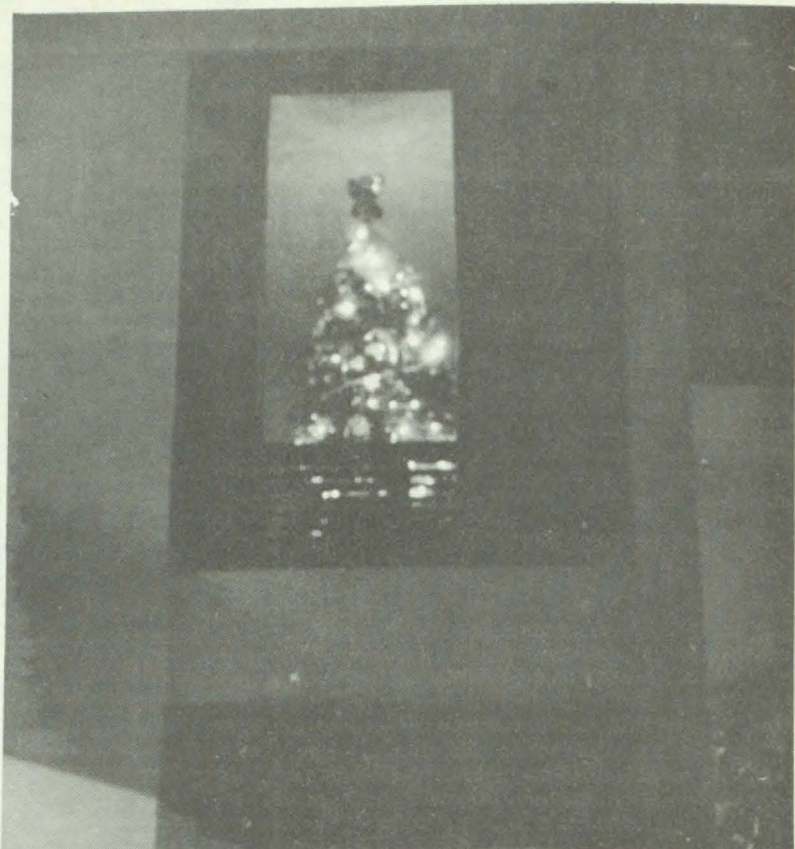
Claude Schutter has resigned as the college's projects engineer effective Tuesday.

His position will be filled by Don Koch, who has been concrete inspector for Phase II since construction started.

An employee of the college for nearly three years, Schutter indicated a desire to rest and be with his family in Cleveland, Ohio, as reasons for his leaving.

Schutter had been a general construction supervisor for General Electric before he retired and came to Florida.

He came out of retirement when architect I. M. Pei chose him to supervise the New College project.



Christmas Comes To New College

Christmastime is here, or nearly so, and the campus has been bubbling with holiday activity.

At top right corner is a night photo of a Christmas tree shining in a student's room.

In remaining pictures, clockwise from the right: the library staff presents head librarian Dr. Corinne Wilson (seated, right) a set of monogrammed towels at a surprise Christmas party; first-year student Linda Moeller studies her handwork--the student reception center; lights flash on a decorated tropical plant, on which second-year student Sandi Sanderson puts finishing touches.



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These Arguments May Be Heard At January Campus Conference

These arguments regard changes in New College that may be presented at the January All-College Educational Planning Conference.

Still in draft form, they were written by several members of the college community who permitted The Catalyst to print them so students might have a better idea of the nature of the conference.

NC Has Not Found Itself

My overall impression is that New College has not yet found itself. It has not made of itself a true community of learning. Students and faculty have allowed themselves to become distracted by peripheral concerns, some of which are directly antithetical to the achievement of the educational goals of the College. The students, in particular, by their insistence on individual autonomy in all areas have made it extremely difficult to carry on certain cooperative activities that are essential for productive learning in a college setting.

This is not entirely the fault of

the students. Those in the first class were reportedly heavily indoctrinated with the view that their educational salvation lay in determined resistance to authority and structure within the College, in both the academic and the social spheres. This doctrine took deep root in the student body at an early date and has continued to flourish.

College students are at an age when it is natural for them to be anarchic and iconoclastic. They are properly shocked by their growing awareness of the duplicity and hypocrisy that pervade adult society. They become hypercritical of rules and standards that they associate with that society. At the same time many of them are painfully aware of their glandular urges and leap to the conclusion that there is something pure, holy and morally unassailable in the frank acknowledgement and indulgence of these urges.

This is all an old story. The mistake of the New College administration and faculty, at the beginning, at least, was in assuming that there was educational justification for giving the students virtually free reign in the pursuit of their adolescent ideals and illusions. During

the past year this mistake has been partially rectified, but not, in my opinion, with the forcefulness that the situation demands.

It is apparent that the students themselves, or some of them, have begun to perceive that structure is inherent in institutional life and that not much can be accomplished without it. I think, however, that they remain emotionally hostile to the idea of structure and have not given enough thought to its possible advantages. Structure is not a good in itself—it all depends how it is used. But lack of structure in any community is a disadvantage that leads to much needless waste motion and frustration.

Widespread adherence to the myth of the unstructured college has had some unfortunate consequences. Its obvious corollary has been the insistence on an absence of regulation, or as few regulations as possible, in both the academic and social areas. Regulations in both areas have inevitably been adopted, because it is impossible to have any coherent community life without them, but each new regulation has been viewed by some members of the campus community—often the more vociferous—as a further be-

trayal of the "New College ideal." In this somewhat negative environment, the enforcement of both academic and social rules has been weak and respect for them minimal. This has not been conducive to the development of a healthy environment for the pursuit of genuine learning, surely the most highly disciplined of human activities.

The anti-intellectualism so obvious in the attitude of many students is both curious and disheartening. These are all students of high intellectual ability, and it is certain that most of them were attracted to New College by the promise of the opportunities it seemed to offer for unusual intellectual development. I do not pretend to know the answer to this puzzle, but it is at least possible that the flaw lies less in the students themselves than in the academic program that has been devised for them.

The experience of three successive entering classes has shown rather conclusively that the shock of encounter with an academic program in which there are almost no formal requirements is a highly unsettling experience for many students. They find it impossible to resist the temptation of devoting most of their

"free" time to pursuits that have little or nothing to do with the development of their minds. They attend lectures and seminars less frequently. Even the more conscientious among them spend only a fraction of the available time in serious study. They tend to become disoriented and apathetic, losing their sense of direction and purpose and finding it more and more difficult to apply themselves with any consistency to serious intellectual tasks. In this situation, the anti-intellectual pose may be primarily a defense mechanism.

It may be argued that this is the way it has to be, that the only way to learn responsible use of freedom is to experience it in unmitigated form right from the start. This is not a convincing argument to me. For one thing, the human cost is too high. Too many students of patently high potential have floundered and failed at New College. Too many of those who have managed to remain in college have been performing at levels well below their indicated capabilities. If the College cannot do better than this, given the high quality of human material with which it begins, its program is not a viable one.

Orientation Not Successful

This past year a concerted effort was made to provide the entering class with an orientation week that would prepare them more adequately than their predecessors for the opportunities and accompanying dangers of the New College program. It does not appear that the results were notably successful.

The suggestion has already been made by others that the entering students should initially be held to strict requirements of class attendance, at least in the core program courses. This requirement should extend through the first term for all students. Thereafter it might prove feasible to release students from the required attendance rule on a selective basis, according to their demonstrated ability to work responsibly on their own. Along with required attendance during the first term, there should be required papers and other assignments. The completion of these papers and assignments, on time, should be a condition of academic good standing.

The idea would be to impress on the students immediately the concept that they are here for serious business, and that the only way to accomplish that business is through hard work. In spite of the superior records they bring from their secondary schools, my suspicion is that many of them have been able to compile these records without a great deal of effort and have not really learned how to study productively. Quite a few of this year's entering students indicated as much on the questionnaires they filled out at the beginning of the term.

There is thus a very strong indicated need for some sort of formal instruction in the techniques and methods of study and research. This instruction might be offered in seminar form and I believe that it should be required for first-year students during the first term. It might be combined with an attempt to have each student conduct a systematic examination of his own reasons for being at New College. He should be asked to define his

intellectual goals as precisely as possible, in written form. His first tentative results should become the basis for a continuing dialogue between him and his faculty adviser. Group discussion of intellectual goals, their relevance to life plans, and the means of achieving them most effectively might prove highly profitable.

Students should understand from the beginning that the principal aim of their attendance at New College is to learn how to work productively on their own, and they should understand that they will be given increasing responsibility for independent work as they demonstrate their ability to handle it. The first major test of their ability will be the first Independent Study Project. Preparation for doing this project could be a part of the "study methods" seminar during the first term.

The present approach to the Independent Study Project does not appear to be satisfactory. Students are not required even to think a-

bout their choice of topic until late in the term, and many of them seem to leave it until the last minute. They are required to obtain the approval of a faculty member on their choice of topic, but this approval in many instances appears to be quite perfunctory. Some students—I have no idea how many—begin the project period with little idea of how to proceed. Some spend only a small percentage of the available time on project work. Looking at the project as a chore to be disposed of with as little effort as possible rather than as an opportunity for training in the most significant work of the scholar—Independent investigation.

It would appear much more sensible to make the topic choice by the middle of the first term, after a period of genuine consultation with one or more members of the faculty. Once a choice was made, the student would then make detailed plans for accomplishing the project. This would include compiling of a bibliography, planning of interviews and field trips and any other activities essential

to the accomplishment of the project. These plans, as well as the topic choice itself, should be approved by the faculty project adviser. The student would then arrive at the start of the Independent Study Period well prepared to begin his project, rather than just starting to think about it.

Performance on the first project might provide part of the basis for deciding which students are ready to be freed from the attendance and assignment requirements of the first term. To some extent the decision ought to be left to the student himself and his own assessment of his readiness to work on his own. But not entirely. By the start of the second term faculty members should have informed opinions as to which students are ready to work on their own and which are not. Those who are not ready but who show reasonable promise of achieving readiness should be given increasing opportunities to work on their own. Those who are not ready and show no likelihood of ever being ready should be advised to leave the College.

Wrong Division of Labor

One of the curious features of the New College scene is the spectacle of faculty members overburdened with responsibilities and students with time to burn. There is something wrong about this division of labor.

One reason the faculty may be overburdened is that too many of them are teaching too many courses. The converse answer for the students is that too few of them are working seriously in any courses. This is a major problem. It is related directly to the nature of the College. Just what are we trying to accomplish here? More and more it would appear that we are falling into the standard pattern of simply preparing students for graduate school. The emphasis on the importance of selecting a major field by the middle of the second year is one aspect of this picture. Why is it important for the student who does not wish to do so to select any major?

It is undoubtedly difficult for faculty members who have themselves gone through the rigors of graduate school and prepared themselves as specialists in various fields to think in terms other than standard course instruction. But standard course instruction may well be the wrong thing for New College. My own feeling is that a great deal more effort should be directed to the devising of interdisciplinary seminars. Even though initial attempts may not have been too successful, this does not mean that the approach is wrong, only that it is difficult.

These seminars should not be the sole responsibility of the faculty. Students should be given active roles in their devising and presen-

tation. And the seminars should be constructed with some thought to their relevance to the real needs and aims of the students. The relevance may be there in the minds of the faculty, but it is no good unless the students apprehend it also.

New College currently has the equivalent of about 45 full-time faculty members and about 220 students in residence. Theoretically this works out to a faculty-student ratio of less than five to one. In practice it appears that some professors have working contact with a good many more than five students, and some with fewer, or perhaps none at all. And there are a fair number of students who have no effective contact with any faculty members. In general, I have the impression that a genuine faculty-student tutorial relationship exists in only a small number of cases.

Thus it would appear that in a situation that is theoretically made to order for a high degree of faculty-student interaction, there is actually a disappointingly small amount of such interaction. The reasons why this is so are by no means clear to me, but there must be reasons and they should be identified and discussed.

The faculty-student ratio at New College is as low now as it is ever going to be. For financial reasons, if for no other, the ratio will have to rise during the next few years to 10 to one and possibly even 12 to one. These are still low ratios by national standards. The practical meaning of this is that there can be no net gain in faculty strength until the student body has approximately doubled in size from its present level.



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Editorial

The Only Constant

Change, President Elmendorf has said more than once, is the only constant at New College. Slavery to dogma--in the form either of outmoded tradition or unrealistic ideal--is most antithetical to the New College ideal. Flexibility is the password.

We have seen numerous ideas and concepts come and go in the brief two-and-a-half years this college has been in existence; myriads of small educational experiments have been conducted within the context of the general experiment that is New College; some have succeeded, others have failed, and perhaps some were misinterpreted.

The evolution of New College has for the most part been hit-and-miss. For this reason we welcome enthusiastically the opportunity to stop and evaluate where we have been, where we are, and where we should be headed that the planned "All-College Educational Planning Conference" offers in January.

Events of the past months indicate some weighty issues are waiting to be resolved. Slowly but surely some semblance of structure has taken shape in the academic program, much to the chagrin of certain vocal elements among students and faculty. A major clash was precipitated last month, for example, when first-year students were told some of them might be asked not to continue with the social science basic course if they did poorly on or failed to take the term evaluation.

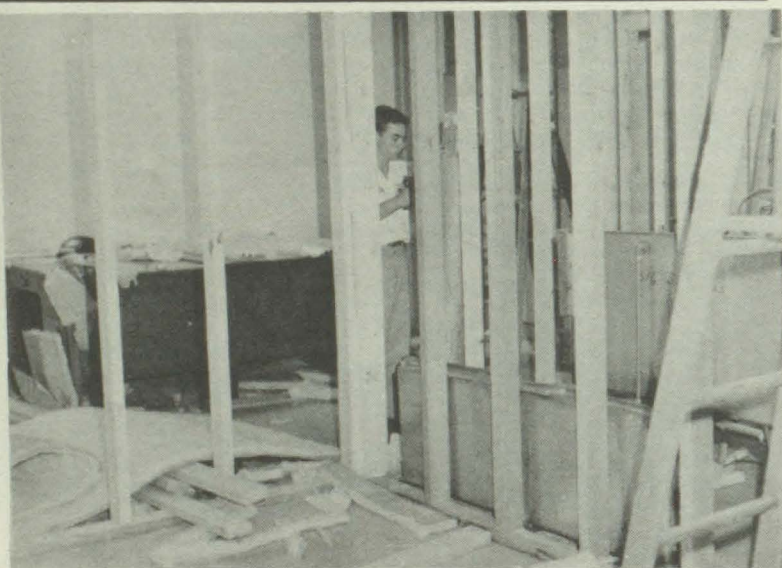
Exactly what validity does the "every student has the right to flounder: theory have at this point? Does one student's floundering make it difficult for another student to realize the full potential of New College as an academic institution?

Or look at Mike Cassell's dismissal from school. Just what factors are relevant in deciding whether a student should be allowed to remain at New College? What balance can be struck between the academic, the non-academic, and perhaps even the anti-academic aspects of student life?

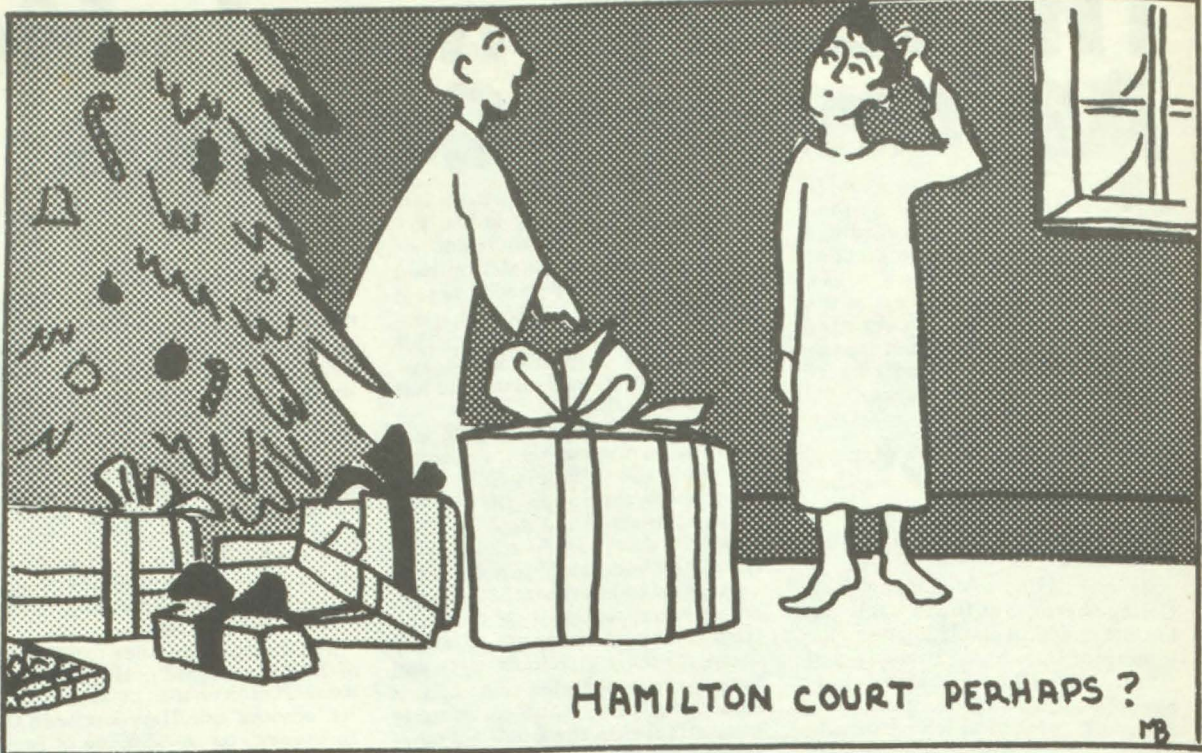
These are very broad topics, of course, that can be discussed best in terms of specifics. Would a four-year program work better than a three-year program? Do students need to be "phased in" to an unstructured situation? Just how comprehensive should comprehensives be? Can students be allowed greater flexibility within the context of the first-year core programs?

Some preliminary debate has already begun, and members of all three of the college's communities--faculty, students, and administration--have begun to devote time and thought to planning a meaningful program of discussion.

Many seemingly radical (liberal or conservative) proposals will be suggested, by faculty and students. Every idea, however, no matter how idealistic or cynical it may at first appear to be, should be given fair and careful airing if the conference is to have real relevance to the ideal and reality of New College.



Workers remodelled one of the rooms in the Selby Science Lab this week to make more efficient use of available office space.



Letters

All Should Have Chance for Single Room

To the Editor:

With the close of independent study rapidly drawing near, many students, especially in the first year class, have decided to call it quits. Some have already left campus, while others will not be returning after Christmas vacation. Thus many of the returning students will not have roommates, which brings about the following problem.

Currently several upperclassmen are enjoying the privilege of having a private room. Assistant Dean Arthur Miller has said that

after Christmas those students left without roommates will be given a chance to select new ones, and the vacated rooms will be offered to the upperclassmen as singles.

This would be perfectly satisfactory to all concerned if the system were set up to be repeated in years to come. But next year, with the influx of a hundred or more new students and with the dropout rate decreasing with each succeeding class, the dormitories will be practically filled to capacity and only few if any singles will probably be allowed. Thus most of the present

second year class and all of the present first year class are in the position of probably never having the opportunity to have a single.

I'm not proposing that all students left without roommates should be allowed to keep their rooms as singles. This would be most unfair. I am saying that all students who desire private rooms should be given an equal chance to get them. With the dormitory situation as it now stands, this is the only fair way to do it.

(signed)
Gary M. Moriello

Armed Services Face Manpower Problem

By FRANK CEO

With the world's peace balanced precariously on a fulcrum of power, there are few who would dispute our need for an army. Disputes arise, however, in how to raise manpower for this necessary burden.

If a private corporation had an employee turnover comparable to that of the services, personnel departments would be working overtime to correct the appalling situation.

The inefficient loss of manpower resulting from the rate at which technically trained army personnel are leaving the service is, in itself, a sign that something is wrong with the present system.

We can best attack the problem by discovering why trained men are leaving the armed forces.

First is the wage problem. Because of the training men receive in the army, industry can make a soldier a better offer than re-enlistment. For a man wanting to support a family, this is certainly a major consideration.

This ties in with a second major problem: the hardships imposed on married life by military service. With a shortage of housing and frequent transfers, many men have given up the service for marriage.

These problems will probably

never be eliminated. Industry may continue to be able to outbid the government for the services of an individual, and transfers and risk are inherent in a military establishment. Efforts can be made, however, to minimize these difficulties. These efforts would lead to more men choosing the military as a career instead of merely serving their obligation.

The crux of this proposal is to make the military a profession, not only for officers and some non-coms, but for as many soldiers as possible--from the nuclear reactor maintenance man aboard the atomic submarine to the infantryman in the field.

Expenses incurred by higher wages and better conditions could be more than offset by savings in educating new men to replace those who leave. With increased length of service, individual proficiency might well be expected to increase, with the result that fewer highly skilled men could do the work now done by transient labor. And they could do it with less cost and greater efficiency.

But the objection may be raised, with a professional fighting force dedicated perhaps more to their leaders than their country, "Wouldn't the possibility of a military coup increase?"

If the army were a completely self-contained entity, this might be true. It is a well-known fact,

however, that for every soldier on the line, every air force pilot, every sailor manning a gun, there are many men feeding him, supplying him, administering him, transporting him, and so on. It makes little difference whether a keypunch operator is keeping track of factory employees or a division in the field, whether an airline pilot is flying 100 tourists to Miami or 100 soldiers to Viet Nam. The skills and responsibilities are the same.

This, then, is the second part of the proposal: to restrict the professional army to a hard core of soldiers, with non-combatant positions filled by civilians. Thus, the military could never dominate the civilian government, but in their field, they would be a highly trained and efficient unit.

The Catalyst

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Associated Collegiate Press

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Last Issue

This is the last edition of The Catalyst until second term.

Our next edition will be published Jan. 6.

Merry Christmas

The Catalyst

Literary Supplement

Volume 1, Number 3

Edited By Laurie Paulson

December 16, 1966

The Voice of the Siren

A close-knit, finely-wrought night, the air slightly in motion, the sky (what could be seen of it, because the signs and lights and BAR and the theaters were very bright and the buildings tall) was clear and dark, peaceful, stern, unyielding enough for him, for a night in which the answer was to be seen and identified and acted upon. A very important night, he knew. A night long in coming, tracked in desperation over more miles than he cared to total, through every conceivable landscape, on bright mornings in fresh palm-adorned Florida towns of orange trees and beaches and stucco walls, on dark rain-threatening afternoons at general stores in crossroads towns, dusty and unaware, and nights spent in movie houses among gigantic, fantastically colored figures performing strange rites. All the roads, all the deserted city parks and expectant rooms had led to this very night, which (he realized with an irony he had long since thought himself incapable of) was in the biggest, brightest, most ugly place he had ever seen or conceived of, among crowds of unbelievable size, among strange people of incredible aspect, among depravity and utter lack of euphemism. And this answer (which had come both with startling swiftness and agonizing delay, at once and only gradually) revealed more than transformed, so that this was no celestial city, but even more dirty and sick and full of deep pain. But, by God, it was an answer, and if it was one which had, in a sense, been always there, was one he had known or at least sensed all along, it was still an answer. It was still the proper termination of a quest, and an end to a journey. It was engraved, indeed, on the very pitch-dark sky, which, by careful looking he could see, which, (he wished they all could know) he could see.

The only thing David Gardner knew about a search was perhaps retrieving a golf ball which had somehow buried itself in the dead leaves to the right of the fairway on the Cramer's third hole. Or looking for a report he had mislaid, which he had been sure he'd placed in his briefcase, but somehow hadn't, and being late for the train, almost, because he had to find it, and getting his wife to look for it, and upsetting things in general before finding it under the blotter of his desk in the study, or perhaps in his briefcase after all, between the pages of the Life magazine he kept there for reading on the train.

David Gardner was a big man, and had held the club squash racquets championship for three years running until a business engagement had caused him to miss an important match one year and he had forfeited. His face was very red, which gave him an agreeable, even jolly aspect which he cultivated carefully. He did things like offer drinks to his son's friends before they were of age, and told them dirty jokes, and thus he was somewhat tolerated, though not completely. He was rather successful, and would be the head of the family business, a small, specialized steel company, when his father's brother retired.

He looked upon everyone with a benign and agreeable air, upon his white brick home on the slight rise of Princeton Road in the suburb of that city which never admitted to itself what it really stood for. (All the streets of that suburb were named after American colleges--either that or they had Indian names of an impossible obscurity and perhaps even doubtful authenticity.) He looked benevolently upon his lawns and the badminton net and the garden in the back where parties were held at night, dimly lighted, with the sound of the imitation waterfall occasionally drifting above the conversation. He smiled at his cars, his tropical fish, his paneled study with the beautiful books, the books with the beautiful bindings, and even his wife. (People had been known to say, at some few parties, safely whispering, that David and Kathy Gardner only stayed together because of the children, but they were wrong. This wasn't the reason.)

And he looked with particular benevolence upon his children. Upon his daughter Janet, who was away at college, an expensive girl's school in the Blue Ridge Mountains. She was a very attractive girl, really. Many boys had thought so. Some of whom her father knew nothing about, and this was lucky. Janet had a beautiful room with a four-poster bed and the use of a car when she was home, and received a general allowance. Janet was a lucky girl in general.

But it was his son Mark who he approved of most of all. Mark, who knew a lot about the steel business, and would make a very good vice president after a while. After he finished school at Yale and went to Europe for a bit and got married and worked in the business as a junior supervisor or something, for a while. He approved of the very good private day school he had sent Mark to and the way he was helpful and agreeable and pleasant and willing to learn. He even approved of Anne Wesley, the girl Mark would probably marry.

And so David Gardner, a pleasant, helpful man, active in community affairs, squash champion, fair golfer, would have been rather upset, would have risen from his leather chair and looked helplessly across the suburban road with no sidewalks to the rambling house which faced his, looked and been closer to desperation than ever before in his life if he had happened to overhear a conversation between his son and the same Anne Wesley one night in late August. And, in fact, this is what he did on that night some



Photograph by Frank Lary

days later when he heard much the same thing from Mark himself.

It was Anne's idea that they should sit in the screened house, the pagoda, she called it, that her family erected in the back yard every summer. There were chairs in it, and a table, and cut flowers, and that evening it was warm and the breeze was from the bay and when it got dark, as it did in August, earlier than you expected, you could turn on the wrought-iron lamp and you were no longer conscious of anything but the world inside the lamp's glow. Mark had said he wanted to talk, and she was willing, but she wanted them to talk in a place suitable for talking. It could not be in a car, or on a street, or in a restaurant--that was all right for conversation, but not for talking. The pagoda was the right place, as right as the sweater that went well with her shorts and was necessary because, as the night began, the breeze from the bay could turn cool.

There were many things you could say about Anne Wesley, but, inevitably, you were led first to say she was immaculate. Of course, on thinking later, you realized this was a strange thing to say even if you thought of it as a secondary characteristic rather than the most important one. But this was the impression Anne Wesley most strongly gave. She had straight blond hair, which reached below her ears, and curved toward them slightly at the ends. It was this shining hair and her china skin and the clothes that were always perfect and neat and pressed and never the slightest bit out of place that made her seem immaculate at first, and maybe later you'd even say beautiful, but there was the perhaps too-determined set of her jaw, her mouth that was perhaps not quite full enough that held you back. At any rate, you wouldn't say it first. And there was one other pertinent thing about Anne Wesley, sophomore at an exclusive girl's college, daughter of an investment broker, possessor of a light blue room and a Wedgwood collection. That was, (wasn't she a little like Wedgwood herself?) she loved Mark Gardner.

And so, on an August evening, with the breeze from the Bay bringing a coolness that was, after all, expected, she wondered what was bothering Mark, who walked into the region of the lamp's light, and out of it again, not settling in a garden chair as she had settled, but pacing, wanting to say something, not knowing how. Watching him, tall, but not excessively, handsome, but not excessively, and, above all, not conventionally. A pleasant face, certainly, nice eyes, a very fine smile, some ordinary features which were, nevertheless, combined in a way that was not ordinary. And if his mother (as Anne believed) had always felt it necessary to apologize in a way for her son's appearance and even words and mind, this was her fault. It certainly wasn't Mark's.

He stopped walking and took a chair across from her, and pulled it up close. Apparently having found the words, he had now only to devise a method to say them. Mark Gardner looked at the lovely girl across from him and wished to heaven that the words did not have to be uttered aloud, that they could somehow be assumed without translation to speech and speaking, did not have to be defiled by uttering. But he had to say them, and say them aloud. So he began.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking recently, Anne." (No! Anything but this way. Why must it sound like this? Why?)

"About what?" (What else could she say?)

"I--" he stopped. If anything had to be right, this did. He would take his time, collect himself, and it would be all right. If he could only begin. "I-- I've been thinking about myself, and what will happen to me. Maybe too much. Maybe that's asking for trouble. But I've never done much of it before. I've always thought that after college, and after the trip to Europe I've always been promised, I would get a job in dad's plant, and marry you," (she blushed, he noted, with perhaps slight surprise), "and eventually become vice president and prepare to take over the firm when Dad retires. And have a nice house

(Continued on next page)

somewhere here and a sports car and a pretty lawn and a boat on the bay and have kids and love them very much. I've always thought that was what I wanted. And, you see, that's what worries me." He stopped, and looked at her, but her eyes were focused above his head, into the darkness, and he could read nothing in them. He went on, "This is what worries me. I still think I want these things."

She was looking at him now. Whatever it was she expected when he began to speak, she was not hearing. "Don't you see, that's what's wrong. I want a beautiful house and a job in my father's business, and I don't think I should. And if the reason that I want these things is because I've missed seeing something, something that will make me see that I'm wrong, then I've got to find it. If my complacency is only because I'm ignorant of something, some key or symbol or sign, then it would be tragic if I never saw it. I'm looking for the grail, I guess, and if I ask the right question, maybe I'll find it. But I've got to look." (He'd said it. With no more stumbling than he'd anticipated. Perhaps less.)

All she could ask was, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm not going back to school this fall. Yale isn't part of my search. I know what's there. I'm going to take money out of my checking account that I would have spent at school and take out the money for the trip to Europe--it's mine, it's in my name, and I'm going to take a bus somewhere, and start. I don't know where yet. I don't know if it really matters."

"What are you going to tell your father?"

He knew the answer to this. He'd thought about it enough, anyway. "I'm going to tell him what I've told you. He won't object. He's never objected to anything I've ever done before, and so he won't know how to start now, even if he's worried and upset and off his golf game a bit during September."

She knew him well enough to realize there was no point in saying anything, in her pleading or asking him to reconsider or think or anything. He would do it despite her, and she didn't want it done that way. But he had forgotten something, and she knew of just one way to remind him of it. "I love you," she said, simply. It was the first time she'd ever said it.

He did not seem embarrassed, or particularly surprised. But he smiled a little, gently, and (if she could only know for sure) perhaps ironically. "Probably I love you. But I can't help thinking that's part of this, too. It works out too well, my loving you. It fits too perfectly with all the rest. But perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps it's different, separate. That's just another thing I've got to find out."

There was nothing more to be said by either of them. She would accept all this, and wait. Be a reasonably competent Penelope. If there were things she regretted, or resented, she could bear them. But she loved him. This meant nothing other than that. He couldn't confuse that with Yale and a steel factory. She looked, with some surprise, at her own equanimity. Once again, she stared into the night, picking out specks which were fireflies, light which was small competition for her own. And felt that same distant breeze in her face, feeling it lift the ends of her hair and put them down again. There were, somewhere, sounds she didn't hear. He leaned over and kissed her, then he rose to go. Part of him was out of the light, then all of him. Then the darkness covered them both, and was with them.

First, you see, there was himself. All alone, in this room which was hardly more than adequate (there was a television set, but no outlet, so it had to be plugged into the bathroom and so the cord was in the way when you wanted to close the door.) And a view of the brick wall of the movie theater next door. But something else, and not the hard bed and the steel frame with the cloth strips across it for holding luggage and the woodwork and the faded blue wallpaper. There was himself. Which, if it was the first discovery, was certainly a momentous one.

Because it was Mark Gardner who occupied the hotel room in that peculiar small seaport city, who had traveled on that wretched long-distance bus with the smell and the broken seats and the impossible narrow aisles to get there. Mark Gardner, and not David Gardner's son, not student at the Harcourt School or Yale University or member of anything or a person possessing any encumbrances except clothes he really wasn't attached to anyway. A person entirely away from context. Himself.

And this knowledge, which had really come gradually, which came on those bus stopovers and miles of boring country and road signs and passing motels with swimming pools and free TV, imagining inside identical Danish modern chairs and wrapped glasses. To the grimy bus station of this city, to this hotel room, which was not intentionally bad, not a penance of any kind, but the best that the city could do. Circling from the flowered-glass light fixture in the ceiling downward through the dust to the young, rather handsome man sitting on the bed, and it was seized gladly by the young man on the bed, and held fast by him, and was more than another possession.

He was leaving the city tomorrow, and wanted once more to walk its streets and confirm the impression which he had formed by a week there, put it to a rugged test and then leave, knowing he understood a place, even if this understanding was strange and uncomfortable. Down to the lobby with cracked leather chairs and airline desks, into the street, and the World War I monument, this victory arch, and the water, where the ships come in. Ships, the big dirty grey boats, were perhaps what brought him here, the boats of the Navy and those of the Merchant Marine, and, farther up the waterfront, the place where they built them, too, the big hangar-like buildings, and the incessant noise. He had come because all these things had and would come in contact with all the rest of the world, foreign ports, strange people, dirty port towns in Italy and Spain and Africa where there weren't American hotels and there were cats that ran screaming down alleys. And could this place and its visitors, Navy boys on shore leave, big commercial ships here for repair, manage to be unchanged by all this? This was an arm which touched the rest of humanity. Surely, something was to be learned here. When he arrived, crews from the ships were swimming in the waters of the bay.

He turned from the water and walked to the streets of the town. There was only one street, really, and it stretched for many blocks, from the big Shipbuild-

ing and Drydock Company to the very tip of the small peninsula that the city was built upon. And along the streets were bars and pawnshops and "recreation clubs" and other, less public establishments catering to the needs and desires of the sailors. In the bars were men and smoke and the clink of pinball machines all night. And every night were the drunken sailors on the street, and the police sirens, and brief interest for casual walkers.

And somehow he knew that it was like this in every seaport town in every coast in the world. That man is not conditioned by his environment, but his environment is conditioned by him. So it would do no good to try to find anything here, merely because it touched, even indirectly, a far place. He realized that any answers he might come upon were to be inside himself, and not outside. And so this place, with its countless amusements, its liquor, its pornography, was a measure of one kind of men, with whom he did not need to be concerned. And so it was a place he did not need to be concerned with.

Knowing this, Mark Gardner entered a luncheonette, which had florescent lights and 7-Up signs and a silent man taking comfort from a cup of coffee, gazed at a stained menu and placed an order, (only with part of him, the other part looking across the street at a darkened store, or far away, in comfortable houses in neat suburbs, mahogany paneling, at a country which still held the answer even if this place didn't, then the parts of him together again; at least there was something to divide and change and float with and then pull back together again, at least that had come, and if it had not been here particularly, if it could have been anywhere, or no place at all that had done this, then charity still moves to credit this peninsular city with some measure of his accomplishment) and when it arrived, worn and feeble but some example of devotion, of faith in printed cards with names of things and prices, he sat and ate and was not at all unhappy, then turned to go back into that street again.

So someone watching the young man leave the city the next day, seeing him in a nice sport jacket, carrying a suitcase which was well-made and expensive would have decided that he was visiting in one of the homes in the nice section on the river above the boatyards, would have thought him a nice-looking, pleasant, even striking young man, would nonetheless return to what they were doing with no thought of having seen any kind of phenomenon, with no idea that the young man was leaving with any knowledge of people and cities, not guessing he was leaving with an unexpected possession of himself.

"It's the essential absurdity of life that I'm presenting, and I paint because I find painting the perfect medium for expressing this." Elias Clinton was enjoying himself. It wasn't often that he got hold, so to speak, of a neophyte and could talk about his art without fear of some damned college professor quoting Aristotle or something and trying to make him look stupid. Indeed, these infrequent sessions of pedagogy were of great benefit to him, personally, because he never really thought about the meaning of his art until someone asked him, and then he'd have to work and figure it out. It was good practice in case Time ever decided to do a piece on him and put his pictures on one side of that thick paper they sometimes put in the middle, with maybe an Oldsmobile ad on the other.

"You see, life doesn't mean anything, so my paintings don't mean anything. But, by the same token, they mean everything. You see?" A convert, he thought. This is marvelous.

Which only proved that he knew nothing of his listener, of this tall, good-looking boy who had come up to him after his opening, his first one-man show (even if it wasn't New York, even if it was this magnolia Southern city, it was an opening, and there weren't many, not like New York so perhaps it was a good thing after all) and had asked him exactly what he meant by all of them. This young man who had developed, somewhat, the aspect of a pilgrim had seen these immense canvases of comic-strips, soldiers being led into newsprint battle by a grenade-throwing lieutenant, the balloon saying, "Follow me, men!", the aisles of a supermarket, the brands and labels prominently displayed, and the figures, cast from real people, doing things like driving buses and eating at luncheonette counters. And had seen the artist, in a sport coat and chinos, his violent hair, his leanness, and his trademark, rose-colored glasses. Who had listened patiently to this young artist explain his paintings (having gotten him away from a crowd of admirers, girls with long hair and suspiciously-groomed young men, not to mention art critics with glasses and cynical faces who wanted a few words to put into their reviews, highlighting their points with quotations from the artist himself) and had not (in final admission, after some wondering) been convinced of a word he had said.

But he went on listening. "At one time, I was hung up on meaning--about your age, I was looking around, thinking the thing would turn up. But it never did. I mean, I tried religion and Zen and drugs but I never made it with any of them. Then I began to look around to see what really turned people on, and it was like Tide and new blue Oxydol and Things Go Better with Coke, and that was all there was to it. I mean, there wasn't anything else--you just had to turn on the box to see that. So that's what I decided to paint. I mean, this is what America is." Elias Clinton was quite pleased with himself. He really felt better, knowing what he had been trying to do all these years.

Mark Gardner looked around the gallery, at the walls arrayed with absurdities, at the advertisement art and comic strip reality and the sculpture that wasn't, really, and thought that there was something absurd about this little man with the hair and the rose glasses, designed to prove something the wearer wasn't really decided on. That there was something grotesque and monstrous about a man convinced of the meaninglessness of the world trying to produce meaningful art about it, someone contemptuous of truth attempting in his every sentence to capture it for himself. If there was no meaning to life, how could he paint? How could he do anything? Anything but lose himself in a dense overgrown wilderness and make a home between some leaves, or perhaps flatten himself against the pavement after a desperate leap?

"You'll see it for yourself," (Clinton went on) "after you've been around a bit--America is sinking into the sea of her own mediocrity. Now--"

No one could have been more surprised than Elias

Clinton when his listener (who was certainly well-dressed, certainly attractive, certainly, he thought, convinced of the truth of what had been revealed to him) murmured a short, "Thanks very much," and walked away, walked, in fact, out of the gallery. And just, he thought, (with a glance at the groomed young men, who were talking animatedly among themselves), when he was going to ask him to his apartment afterwards, to continue the discussion in less noisy surroundings. It was strange. Elias Clinton really didn't understand.

Mark Gardner did several significant things after his talk with Elias Clinton. He wrote several letters, and called some people, and finally found out something he wanted to know. He bought (and this was not surprising, since he hated long distance buses with a violent if quite admirable hatred) a small, used motorcycle, and he left that magnolia city (which had been his destination after his illuminating stay where the big ships were) for Southern highways with shacks and signs for AAA motels and insurance brokers and Gulf stations in the next dusty town.

If it was chilly, for it was the beginning of Fall, it was also marvelous in a way of freedom and movement and rushing wind and a fond dependence on a little mechanical thing. A certain trust. It was a big highway, and cars constantly passing and swerving, but he didn't mind. Didn't mind them or the signs for imminent pecan shops or fireworks stands, or the scrub pines or the towns good for growing peanuts or selling tobacco. The road curved, dipped, he with it with a joyous hanging-on.

Until there was a certain sign with a certain name. Until a certain town was imminent, was only (a weathered sign, barely readable, inaccessible, found only by eyes looking for it) three miles away. A town (its name was Carleyburg, and it hardly existed) where, if all were right and of some fine justice, could be found Ralph Darrow.

Ralph Darrow had once taught at Harcourt School--a lean man who sat on a desk and curled his legs under him when he gave his English classes. His classes were composed of delightful irrelevancies, irreverent opinions, a questioning, seeking air. He spoke brilliantly about literature, his analyses both brief and incisive. He had a beautiful wife and a pleasant apartment, and could have been teaching at almost any college if he had not preferred the more intimate and less hectic atmosphere of the private day school in that haughty suburb. Mark Gardner thought him the greatest person he knew. And one day, he left.

If the tone had been more questioning in Ralph Darrow's classes, few (none, except for Mark Gardner, whose knowledge was at best uncertain) noticed it. And on a grey day of that typical winter, he walked out of school after classes, while in the gym were basketball games and there was splashing in the pool and hollow, echoed sounds, standing briefly to hear and see all, encompass everything, walked away, and was never heard of since. Without anything, except, the day before, one thing to Mark Gardner, meaning little or nothing then, everything (though he kept it to himself), later. He had said, after class, apropos at first thought to a certain studied play in question, at second having all its own meaning, "The way to find out about someplace is to leave it. The way to find out about yourself is to, in some sense, become someone else."

Now there was a white and black sign by the side of the road, an official announcement, saying only, "Carleyburg." Which was enough, and seeing the shacks beside the road, tarpaper and television aerials, rags and clothesline in the yard. Another, identical shack, except it was plastered with soft-drink and tobacco posters, signifying a place of business. A little farther, a row of perhaps five real stores, all of which, except for one used for the post office, were vacant. Finally, at a crossroads, this broad highway and a dusty country road, a gas station and general store, the gas pumps under an overhanging roof and between two pillars of stone, the store a few steps up. It was here that Mark Gardner stopped.

Certainly it had not been easy, tracking Ralph Darrow to this filthy southern town, but there had been people; his wife, who had received a card from him, postmarked in that city Mark had just come from; there were his parents, who, after much searching found a map which was circled. But it was here, Mark Gardner was almost positive. Ralph Darrow had stopped, had, in all likelihood (and, of course, since Mark was here, and himself distraught, so fervently hoping), stayed.

At least, here where the winged horse was, they

(Continued on page 6)



All drawings by Mary Blakeley

Droll Beginning

The car was gone along with the obligation to be one's publically known self, self-conscious and complicated. Gone also was the obligation to be sober. Seagrams, no ice, refrigerator cold ginger ale and an exaggerated delicacy lent to the most finely wrong and believably transparent poses. He felt clean, angry, elegant and incoherent. He couldn't spend another night gesturing at his friends about an alcoholic past and he certainly couldn't go through another party. Parties required the least creative posing and demanded nothing less. He would have to stand with boys and explain to girls as they all would await the arrival of the next case of beer. It could be a pose of disenchanted magnificent desperation that would change by shades as the night past. The night is our time of darkness and pleasure. The darkness makes us join with each other in lighted places where we pretend to seek sex and settle for drunken oblivion. We are all welded fraternally with the resounding heterogeneous oaths of boys and of common failing. We fail sexually and call it pleasure because for a few nows there is the legitimate ever present possibility that sex could be found, that the girls or ourselves might change with the night or the liquor, but nothing ever changes with anything. The tension of the possibility breaks down and everyone knows it, expects it, that's why everything is so well planned, the pleasure becomes liquor and there is no difference between means and ends and everything is called by the same foul tasting words.

The people fall into groups; the people, our media, into enterprising resigned groups who automatically let the scene of pleasure dissolve into talking about and waiting for liquor. You could always combine shyness and escape into overt action, male action, and volunteer to go on an expedition to wrench the stuff illegally from the slick haired barons and tight mouthed matrons of the town. No, he thought I can't stand another night talking about liquor.

He was ringing the door bell and looking at the twilight street thinking yet, liquor is our mythology. It's the myth and promise of these lives and mine too. These people grew up together and became different people, but they have to stay together, and it keeps them together when they don't want to be, or can't think of anything to say or do or any reason for anything. So they drink together, without thinking, and become irrevocably plastered. It's ignominious enough not to be worshipped except by the blood cells of old forgotten parents and it's better than church or God or mother. No one wants the chance to believe it. It's the fluid, the power and the glory and signifies nothing.

The door was open and a tall woman was observing him through the screen. "You have been standing there looking at the road, so pensive this evening. Perhaps you would like to come in?"

"Oh, hello, thinking, no. I'm drunk, no, not that either, I'm not really anything but glad to see you," he said softly.

They exchanged some appropriate remarks and she understood and directed him slowly through the hall and the small kitchen to the back porch. Jonathan had been to this house twice before and he noticed nothing as he walked slowly with tired excited eyes to the porch and sat down in a wicker chair and relaxedly examined a small table with his feet.

"Thank you, my pleasure, if you really were going to mix yourself a drink, I might as well keep up the spirit. Scotch is always fine but weak please, I've got a delicate stomach."

Photograph by John T. Lowe III



She was long and dark with clear fingernails and his mother's either frequently removed or abandoned cousin, Emily. It had been arranged by the family and he had been informed it was his duty to call her, so he had. To his school conditioned mind her name was dimly associated with the never ending family dialogue which he used to call a sexless farce, or a lower form of tragedy, and presently referred to that mock epic of sin, death, alcohol and failing finance as our restoration comedy.

Cousin Emily had been friendly civil on the phone and Jonathan dubious and haughty, ready to scorn another relative. Upon visiting her house he was slightly intimidated by her perfect manners, and very intimidated by her awry glance when he had neglected to taste the dinner wine first, before offering her a glass, after mutilating the cork with several inept swipes with a golden cork screw. She had the facial heaviness of his mother's people through the eyes and nose, but she was darker and had more distinct features with unfacetiously intelligent eyes. He had watched her hands and their slenderness touching things. She had looked at him carefully when he wasn't talking and spoke about the family with a detached amazement which struck Jonathan as more compassionate than his own bitter comic interest. After that first visit he remembered her eyes and the slenderness of her hands.

They sat on the back porch looking through the Princeton twilight at the closely cut and trimmed lawns and hedges. Jonathan drank slowly and held his glass more easily. He stared at the darkening scenery, it engrossed him and he felt he could be spread thin and gloat over Princeton which was so big and dark and green. He talked easily and quietly and she listened even though he talked about nothing. She would wait for him to talk about what mattered and he was interesting and attractive enough not to be totally boring. Jonathan sat farther back in the June night which was falling chilly soft and dissolving the domestic greens, browns, and earth alcoholically into the black night making it softer. They sat in the moist darkness talking about Scott Fitzgerald.

"He came to Princeton because he was excited and sensed life. He didn't come to a school, he came to a place and an idea. He must have decided that life wasn't intrinsic values, just the style it is lived in, before he came. Maybe it was just too much the thing to do." Jonathan mumbled philosophically.

"It was the thing to do then," She laughed slightly and with quick flashing eyes said, "Isn't it still?"

"Oh, indeed, hasn't it been pleasant these last few years. He must have been so sensitive, knowing just where to come innocently, asking to be corrupted. Maybe it wasn't so innocent."

"I think he wanted to rather badly," she said.

"He was an ugly, pretty, midwestern swan and he came here in search of a beautiful pool to swim and look at himself in."

"Or maybe drown," she said. "And the feminine claws of your Princeton ripped the swan's breast and there was blood on satin. Is that what you are trying to tell me?"

"No," he said. "Perhaps he was just hit over the head with a gold paper weight."

It was two days since reunions had finished and been swept away, and a little less than two weeks since graduation, which had always seemed absurd, and now seemed irrelevant and the past two weeks seemed only confusing and he couldn't decide if he should be

hurt or disgusted. His eyes lighted, "Did I ever tell you about the time we spent two weeks planning and raising the funds to storm the citadel of our virginity over Easter?" No, she nodded. "Ah, it was planned and I swore it was written. It was going to be our Resurrection, a stiff bargain it was. It's a devious tale and nice to refer to gleefully, but it wouldn't be so pleasant to tell it as it happened. The whole business didn't work, but we got frightfully close and I remember Rick standing at the top of those dirty stairs looking horrified and trying to laugh.

"Afterwards, I thought it more proper to lose my emotional virginity, or maybe just lose my virginity emotionally. Either way, the result was the same, and failing was dirty."

She smiled and said, "What a painful way to be virtuous."

"Virtue is only skin deep," He responded.

They talked on, Jonathan mentioning that he didn't know where he would go to college. Had been rejected from several places it would have been fun to tell people he was going to, and he was playing with the idea of going to Columbia or some other place. He had told both places he would go, and the decision was going to be worked out by "early summer's trauma," as he put it.

"Did it occur to you," she said gently and dispassionately "that Glen School might not be the center of the universe and that no place might be like it. Boy's school must be set on one level of tolerance, interest and kind of person they attract and colleges on a completely different one. I doubt if they would find the kind of maddening physical closeness you felt condemned to at Glen. Having to live with all those people you thought were stupid, common, social climbing, homosexual and whatever." She paused and looked to see if his glass was near empty with polite and brief almost instantaneous consideration. "Maybe lots of prep school derivatives, not too completely unlike yourself are attracted to Columbia but that doesn't mean Columbia was made in their image."

"Yes, but render unto Caesar what is Caesar's and all that. I'll take another drink, thank you, how generous."

She returned with dark and refilled glasses and Jonathan said reunions had been a disappointment not only because they, of course, hadn't matched his anticipation or preconception but, because of the way the people he knew had acted and drank and sprawled and played on their image of each other without much kindness or success.

"We had envisioned bus loads of prostitutes from the city for the old grads who would all have beautiful, seducible daughters. That would be if we had time to partake of such pleasures between satisfying draughts of reunion beer. The closest thing we found to a prostitute were some Glen faculty wives shopping.

They never looked the part but they tried anyhow. My hall master's wife could put on quite an exhibition getting into a chair at meals. She could make it look like getting on a toilet."

The woman got up to momentarily leave which she did with grace for her body was long but not gone to flesh in the middle. Her breasts had never been large and now just hung there as though they were hand fulls of unshaped clay. "Like French pictures," thought Jonathan, "where the girl is thin, unhappy, and shamefully angular in addition to being flat," and he wondered how they reacted in love.

He didn't know her well but thought her very interesting and tried to imagine layers of the past and hurt and sensuality building behind her cold and serene facade. She could speak formal words with softness and he could feel her intensity but it was cold like the intricate wrinkles her face fell into when she wasn't smiling. Perhaps, he calculated, my drunken and awkward soul is more accessible than a tall woman with burning eyes and hanging breasts attached like clay.

Somewhere in the course of talking she said, "You know I could be insane." He said with a smile, "Everyone worth anything is really quite mad," but she didn't move her eyes and continued, "I could be insane and no one would know it. I go through the motions of life but no one knows what I'm thinking. My daughter could attest to my civil behavior." Jonathan said, "I thought I was insane at school for awhile. I could never sleep when I was very young there. I would lie in a damp bed and think about the people and what they did to each other and the fantastic stories and legends and couldn't tell what was real and what wasn't. The boys' behavior always seemed to have the complicity and male blessing of the faculty. I couldn't sleep and I would listen to the water dripping on the pipes in the ceiling and wonder if I were going insane." But he knew what she said was something different than what he had felt as an overgrown child. She hadn't particularly listened to what he had said and quietly, distractedly, said looking straight into him, said "I could be insane." She laughed a little soft laugh with that. He could imagine her lying back, cold and sweatless on a moist June evening without sleep, shrouded by a wrinkled single sheet, flat almost rigid and her black eyes opened coldly to the ceiling thinking privately and insanely about life. He could see ridges and smooth on the aging face with dark shadows deep and mask-like. The face, paper thin, relinquishing its slight muscular intensity with which it met the light, solid and unmoving with invisible breathing; thinking about loneliness, contradiction and hurt and remorse. The thin face covering the mind like the shroud and the perfect hands and slenderness unmoving and quiet.

She had said she was writing a novel. They talked lightly but respectfully of this. Jonathan could see her working at the old typewriter in the corner of the living room with her private inaccessible world finding its heaven and hell and imposing an order on the impossible strange and loneliness of life. Letting a subtle fury rise noiselessly through her personality, hidden, disguised and working its way into familiar combina-

(Continued on page 7)

New Function Discovered

The mathematical world is assimilating a newly discovered function, se^x . It is represented by the Greek letter φ .

$$\varphi = se^x$$

Since $3 \cdot 7 = 21$ and $x^2 \leq 49$ when $0 < x \leq 7$, it is obvious that se^x exists at all real points.

Since $\sqrt[n]{i} = \sum_{i=0}^n a_i$ where $i = (-1)^{\frac{1}{2}}$, further reflection shows that se^x exists at a few imaginary points, too. The big problem, however, is not existence, but SURVIVAL.

One interesting property of the function is that

$$\varphi = \varphi' = \int \varphi dx$$

This means that se^x is its own primitive. For this reason, se^x is sometimes called a primitive function.

Since se^x is monotonic and continuous (monotony and continuity being a Double Crisis), $\varphi = se^x$ leads to another relationship, $x = se^{\varphi}$. This is sometimes written as φ^2 or (to use another Greek letter to avoid confusion) σ^2 , and it is called the pervert function of se^x .

The equation $se^x \neq (\frac{x}{e})$ follows directly from the definition of multiplication.

The famous mathematician, John Q. Sarasota, has postulated SARASOTA'S POSTULATE:

$$\frac{n}{c} = se^x$$

While this is still a postulate, Sarasota tries to establish proof everyday.

The administration of the establishment where this momentous discovery was momentarily discovered has another interesting insight into se^x . The administration maintains that

$\cosh se^x$, where "cosh" is a mathematician's abbreviation for "kosher," is of some value and that it should therefore be studied. It can be readily shown that $\cosh se^x < \epsilon$,

where ϵ means a finite, very small number.

The same administration hopes to raise money by selling publications about this discovery. This may be more profitable than selling copies of the Intervisitation Compendium for a large price on the newsstands of town.

The modern American theoretical mathematician Youth has established Youth's Axiom:

$$|se^x| > 0$$

Proof is left to the reader as an exercise.

--WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

On Parting "As Friends"

Weeks pass,
New patterns smooth
The weathered surfaces
Of time-worn memories,
And this October day
I even feel
A sudden shiver
Of remorse.
I rush to you,
To tell you
That I bear
No further malice.

You are not there;
Your bed is made.
Sunlight slants
On the bare wood
Of your table,
Flashes off the knife
And warms
The bright orange pumpkin,
Ready for carving--
(This year,
It will be done
Without my helping)

I turn to go,
But my hand
(As if at some
Unknown behest)
Reaches for the knife
And thrusts it deep
Into the pumpkin's
Future face.
I feel the sharp twist
Of pain and knowledge:
New patterns only gilded
All the rest.

--GLENDA CIMINO

Death

When you,
you who had touched me as none before,
when you said "goodby,"
it was not for the loss of love,
which has been as gold,
for which I wept,
but for the loss of you,
who had been life.

--ANONYMOUS

Second Thoughts

Sometimes
It is easier
Than apple blossoms
Drifting on a pond
To lose
The you of you,

-To force yourself
Into a favored mold
That really ought
Only to hold
Jello or clay,
And nothing more.

Someday you may
Shrink to a pinpoint
In the caustic blinding stare
Of one who no longer loves you
And does not pretend to care.

Your faceless gaze
Seeks numb relief
Behind the mask
Designed to block
The possible grief
Of vulnerability.

The penalty
Of masked identity
Is the fact
That you must act
Just to keep your image
On the mirror.

To deal in
Starched cotton ritual,
Or to dare
A less habitual
Silken ware,
That is
The moot point.
The balance may be weighted
Either way.

But nonetheless,
By any how,
To pour yourself wholly
Into a cracked teacup
Or a vegetable bin
Is inadvisable.

Reality is a tiger,
But rejection
Is not the last bite
In any apple.

--GLENDA CIMINO

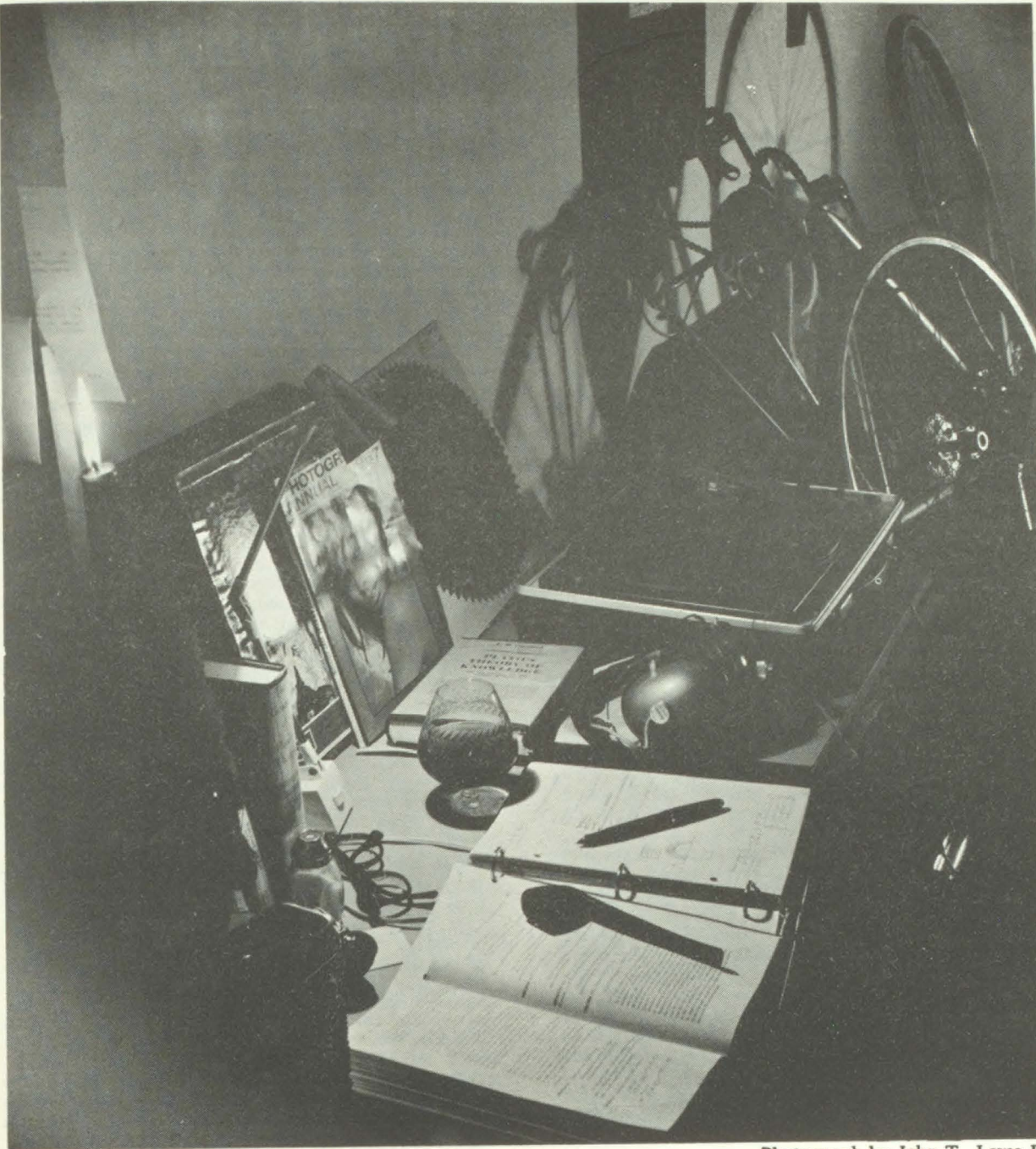
Silvergirl

The silver girl has
long legs of butter candlelight...
they fill a blue sheet with
shadow twig creases
and cover a bed like the
full green stems
of a wet April
windowpaneful afternoon.

--ROBERT DIXON

Photograph by John T. Lowe III





Photograph by John T. Lowe III

Götterdämmerung

the fire behind the distant trees had burned the clouds
as well
and still the western swells of waves
blazed golden-pink and red
in their molten movements.

the mackerel sky moved too--cloud-cluttered and
many-colored
as blazing streams of crimson-orange
and cooler streams of lavender-blue
poured into the fiery center
of a former universe, drawn
by the sinking sun.

semi-silent,
the lapping waves sent empty echoes
through the purple night
against a loon-lonely cry of the bird.

--MARY LOU PHILLIPS

touch

when the whole surface
of my body becomes acutely;
aware of yours,
my skin has the surface
tension of a raindrop,
and I move tautly, lightly,
so as not to split
and spill the water of myself,
until we touch, tremble, and re-,
lease into each other

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

Daylight Listening

hair like long shiver-threads of
a whitebird's wing--
a thousand years of whitegold spinlines,
cornsilken invisible
tubes of light,
brittle silent disks of sunlight
cartwheel through skywinds
and touch her head
shattering
in an explosion of waterfalling gold dust.

She lets me
put my boy hand
inside the parasol
of raining razor-ribbons
and sweep a glass sailfull
across her wishbone smoothness--
to uncurtain
milk pinkness of skin
like round stones buffed by years of
humming ocean-watery hammering.
I press my ear to the shell-curve
of her neck.

--ROBERT DIXON

Knife-Changes

I'm trying to pick up my
pieces
all the time seems like
all the time.
Why is it that I cannot
keep everything
pocketed,
jackknife-like
as I did before with my
real jackknife?
(As a real younger boy I knew
its lawny acrobatics
and mumble-peg seriousness
in sandy shade by a peartree;
it was my seacaptain tool
for seagulls I shaved from ivory
soap. Still, its whole
Saturday of worth
fit like a lump in a pocket,
closed, heavy dream-weapon
small and tight along my leg.)
My knife still does all those
tricks and it's shiny and sharp
but now I sometimes
cut myself

--ROBERT DIXON

The Watch

When the last local
Point of interest
Has been marveled over,
And the "Things to See and Do"
Folder
Is shut in a drawer,
And mom and dad are really
Settled for good,
With their own kind;
They come to know what it means,
And sit quietly in bars,
Hands folded
Around pension glass after pension glass,
Their own quiet faces watching back
From the mirror behind the bottles,
And they watch the wrinkles cut
Deeper,
Living out the patient watch
That ends beyond age,
As they ache quietly
To lie down and stretch
Out in the groove
That they have worn
In time.

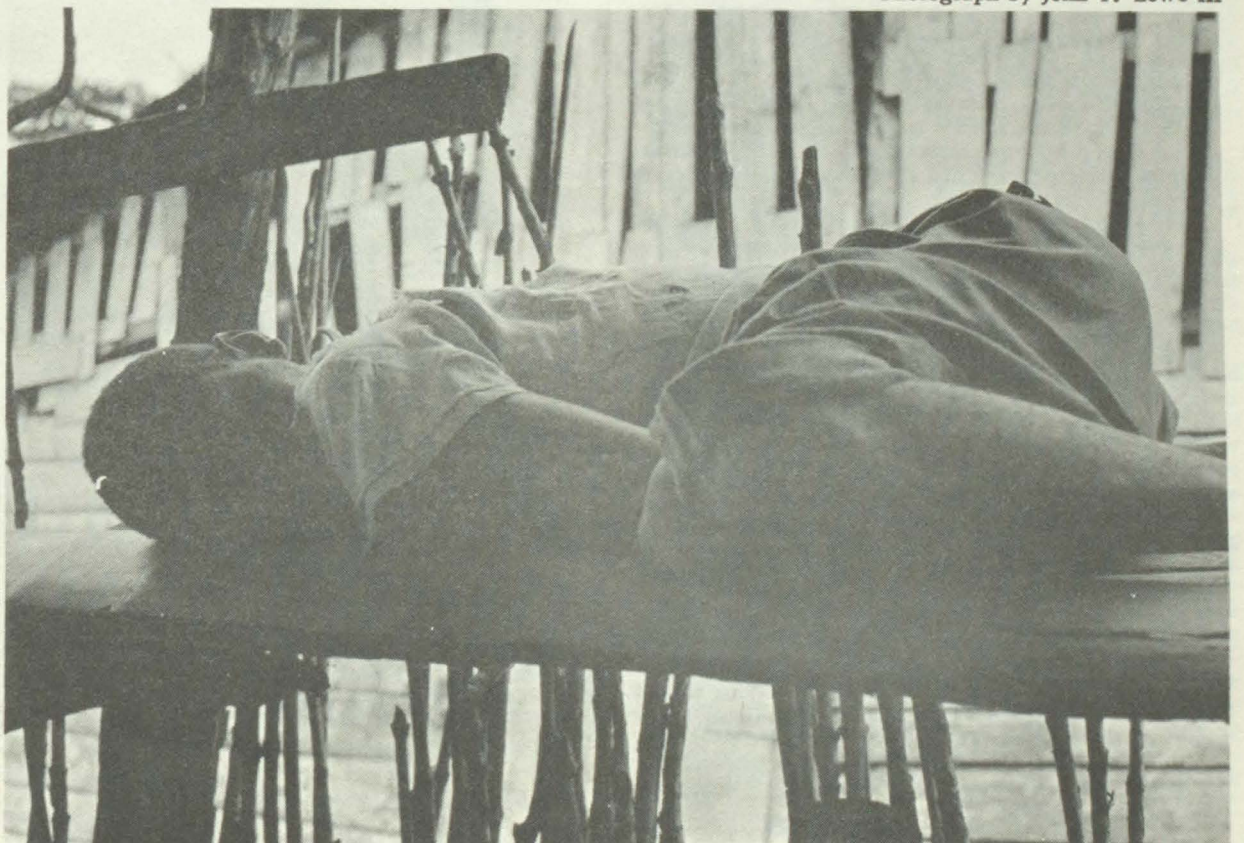
--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

Photograph by John T. Lowe III

Silence

If you are the least bit friendly
I will come back to you
You mustn't speak
not even hello
For when you do raise
ill-founded hopes
of impossible reconciliation
and your face that haunts my dreams
must not be in my eyes
lest I read a trace of longing
or loneliness
For I can too readily identify
my own longings in your eyes
and misinterpret the slightest mark of courtesy for love
But if I return, it will be to pain
For you can hurt more in love
than in silence unbroken
If you are the least bit friendly
I will come back to you
You must not speak
Not even hello

--PSS



The Voice of the Siren

(Continued from page 2)

would know. Didn't they always know everything in little country stores? Inside, up the steps were supermarket aisles and magazines and hardware and kites and bubble gum, and way in the back (this musty, dark place was a strange guide, a strange signpost) was a counter, and he went there.

To an unkempt man, reading a magazine. "What do you want?" An intrusion, he almost made it seem. "Does a man named Ralph Darrow live around here?"

"Darrow--wait a second. Let me ask Jim." He went to the back room and shouted. "Hey Jim! Ralph Darrow--somebody's asking for him--wasn't that the guy--yeah, that's what I thought." He came back behind the counter. "Yeah, Darrow did live around here--came in the store sometimes. . . ."

"Did?"

"Yeah, he died. Drunk himself to death, they say. Came here 'bout six months ago, took a place at the old barracks--strange man, they say, kept to himself, kind of funny ways, he--"

That was all he could hear. Out as fast as possible. Forget loaves of bread, popsicles, detergent, out as fast as possible, the door, hearing only, shouted, "Hey! Out on Berry Road. The barracks. Number Six, I think." Out.

So, calmly, just wait. Until he could see. Until he could see the Mobilgas and the dark sky and the dirt and shacks and ads for Luckies all of this finally sitting on the back of that little motorbike, finally seeing, starting it up, and Berry Road was right at the crossroads, number six.

The barracks were old, unpainted, made into apartments, all numbered. There were concrete steps to each door. Children played around the buildings and between them, running, shouting, poorly dressed but happy despite the dark skies. And number six was like the rest, the lumber on the doors splintering, cheap lace curtains on the windows. The door swung open, at a light touch. A mustiness was inside, and, on turning the naked bulb, a bed, some torn chairs, a bureau, in the back a room curtained off, an old stove, a table. There was, on the wall, a picture, hung there (it was on cheap paper, unframed) by tape. An English landscape, idyllic, impossible, a convenient ruin just the right distance in the background. Something, if impossible anywhere, was simply ludicrous here, (or supremely hopeful, human hope being often ludicrous), nothing else personal, under the stove only empty whiskey bottles.

They had thrown him in the ground when they heard that he was dead. Heard, perhaps, from the woman whose things were in one of the bureau drawers. And, not knowing what else to do, they had left everything that was not buried. Had not, fortunately, (fortunately for that young man who thought that everything was gone) taken a small piece of folded white paper, on which was written, in a hand so familiar and treasured on black boards of Harcourt School once, if now somewhat looser, sicker, somehow, written (for one person only, impossible, but so is human hope, in fulfillment of something said once, before leaving, to one who would be a pilgrim too), "No place. No one." Which he had found, when he went away to look.

The light went off, the dust, disturbed, returned to settle, the door closed (if closed it could be) the room then, filled not with the vitality of the outside--if the sky was dark then at least poor children playing in the fall in a southern state, the room closed and stale with the closedness and staleness of death.

It had been a small airport, looking new and flimsy, planted with palms and shrubs and other things that were green all year. And it was a town which knew it was divided many ways against itself, and yet pretended it knew very well what it was doing. Like that one face which was culture--a poor, anemic culture, perhaps, but, charitably, worthy at least of the name. That face competed with the one that was "attractions" and brightly painted signs and old automobiles, to attract the tourists. And the side that was gay beach resort, sophisticated hotels and restaurants. It didn't work out at all well together.

But there were places of calm Mark Gardner had seen, and it was a gentle climate. Which was not, however, (even if he thought now it would have been a better one), the reason that brought him here from that industrial city where he had sold a motorbike for very little less than he had paid for it. Had flown here while being plied with 7-Up in plastic tumblers and neatly compartmentalized plastic meals. The reason was that this weak, cultural self had, almost in spite of itself, attracted writers and painters to live on the beaches and become curiosities. One of these was Samuel Reinhold, who had once lectured at Harcourt School.

He had once lectured to an audience which included a young boy who was now a pilgrim. Samuel Reinhold had said, (in a deep voice, a practiced one, one which conveyed a lustiness which was not altogether a fabrication) "Before you accept anything, find out if you deserve it. I've never met a successful writer who became a success curled up in the sofa of his \$50,000 house. You must find where you really belong." So surely he would understand the tragedy of Ralph Darrow. Someone had to.

So Mark Gardner, in a rented car which was too big and too powerful, traveled to an island in the middle of the bay, reached by a causeway which people lined to fish, and, in a community of, he guessed ironically, at least \$50,000 houses, had found the one (bearing a style known as Polynesian, its roof pointed and conspicuous), the house of Samuel Reinhold.

And came through the entranceway planted with green winding things and red flowers, to the door with a frosted glass pane beside it, and was ushered into the house with a fountain and a sunken living room, and into a paneled study with a bar that came out from the wall and many books, and was presented to a man with a beard and red hair and who was a best-selling novelist, and who possibly, just possibly, would feel the tragedy of Ralph Darrow.

Mark Gardner told Samuel Reinhold who he was, and

what he was looking for, and then told him the story of Ralph Darrow, and then sat and gazed at the books and the leather and the palm tree that was waving just outside the window, and waited. And Samuel Reinhold said, "The man was a worthless drunk. Why do you tell me about him? Why do you glorify a disgusting death?"

"But he was looking. He was trying to find out something. Some knowledge about himself. There was nobility in the search."

"What is good about a man not knowing what he wants?"

"He wasn't willing to accept a life which he didn't want. You said we should find where we belong."

"Men like Ralph Darrow never know what they want. What he said at the end was the key. He found nothing, don't you see? He thought there would be something he would discover, some place he could find."

But there wasn't. And if he'd known that, he would be alive and helping students and I'm sure quite happy. But don't, whatever you do, glorify this man. You're not even in doubt about who and what you are. You just feel you should be. That's so much worse. It's easy to call comfortable homes unnecessary if you don't have one. Somewhere along the line, you've got to accept. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to attend a luncheon."

Out through the plants, into the car, away from the house across the bridge where the buildings of the city could be seen white and clean and redeeming. And thinking that if Ralph Darrow's death hadn't been a tragedy, had been only the failure of a weak man, then where was he? Where was his search? It seemed a question of where real strength lay. And Mark Gardner wasn't at all sure.

But (the road swinging to the mainland, and the motels, and the attractions, palms in the dividing strip) the battle couldn't be fought here, where there was pretense and unreality, a land of temporary people and unnatural warmth. It would have to be in a place there was completeness, where all of the world somehow touched and not the small sections of it he had seen until now. It would be among crowds and jostling and noise and things constantly moving and forming. A landscape of grey that was unchanging and hard--a place of bitterness and dreams. Where most searches end.

And so the city. And so the stained sidewalks, the crawling streets, the odors of bus exhaust and (it always seemed) cigar smoke which just hung. Under gratings were crashing subways, and there were small dirty shops and grand, elegant ones. And so with people--the ones who combed trash cans for old newspapers and the ones who walked with poodles and minks and propriety from apartment to restaurant for lunch, then to a store where the greeting was one of familiarity and the purchases of a supreme discreetness. Good and bad, richness and poverty, day and night sun and rain moved together, unaware of anything but immediacy and themselves, but together in a supreme unconscious unison, and a common greeting for fine, hallowed mornings.

And a place for a pilgrim, too, you see. Who can wander and watch, with no questions for distraction, with everything or nothing, creating or destroying whatever form or impression was desired. A landscape through which Mark Gardner moved with satis-

faction at times, dismay at others, happily or sadly, with hope or despair, depending on where he was, who he saw, and how the sky and the wind and the air conspired to make him feel.

And so there was that morning, a rising early in that room which was certainly better than the room which had overlooked that World War I monument the first day of a long quest, and wandering first to the broad, haughty avenue, and then to a side Mark Gardner looked at the formica counter and the white vinyl booths and knew it was time he thought, time he forced himself to think about his journey, to wonder and conclude and maybe, maybe discover he had the answer, haughty avenue, and then to a side street beyond it and an immaculate luncheonette for breakfast. Mark Gardner looked at the formica counter and the white vinyl booths and knew it was time he thought, time he forced himself to think about his journey, to wonder and conclude and maybe, maybe discover he had the answer.

After the meal, the streets, and it didn't really matter which. They were only background, inconsequential. He had started his search because he knew what he wanted, was content and settled, and this he felt to be wrong. Perhaps he was looking for trouble, trying to create discontent that was never meant to be. But should there have been? This was the crux of the matter.

In this city were the other searchers--the painters, the writers, those who made movies in lofts--what was he doing if not this? But he knew the answer could never be Elias Clinton's--there was something to be found. But Ralph Darrow had looked and he hadn't found it. Perhaps Samuel Reinhold, with his books and leather and fountain was right--perhaps it was use less, and he the most corrupt of all, for he only searched because he felt he should.

He changed his direction in the way and walked toward the towers in the middle of the city, to a place of repose he had found several days before. Where there was a fountain with a wide edge, which could be sat beside and the waters, lifted and carried by even a slight breeze, felt cool against your face. The building beside it carrying the names of man's existence and his aging.

There were so many things (there was a bank across the street, with colored posters in the windows advertising types of loans) there were so many things like his father and Anne Wesley (yes, she was part of all this--she was this, she was a part of it, she was all of this) and the acquisition of himself, and Ralph Darrow--somehow, he was the key to all this. There was something here (a newsstand on the corner, a little unshaved man with an apron with the name of a national magazine on it, and pockets for change) but what was it? He gazed at the bank, at the glass and steel and shining monster, at its signs, at the one that said there was a choice of loans to serve you. And suddenly he knew. Knew without hesitation. And knowing, he saved his knowledge, to see if it was indeed knowledge, saved it and held it through a morning seeing pleasant shops, a lunch, an afternoon amused in art galleries and a movie, a dinner among lights and people in couples and colored water glasses, saved it until it was night on that biggest, brightest, most crowded, dirty, yet modified and redeemed and saved street, among neon and pushing and the complete and direct confrontation of all of the city--those elements of so complete contrast. They all joined here, and so, what better place for drawing together, for a shouted exclamation of those visible stars?

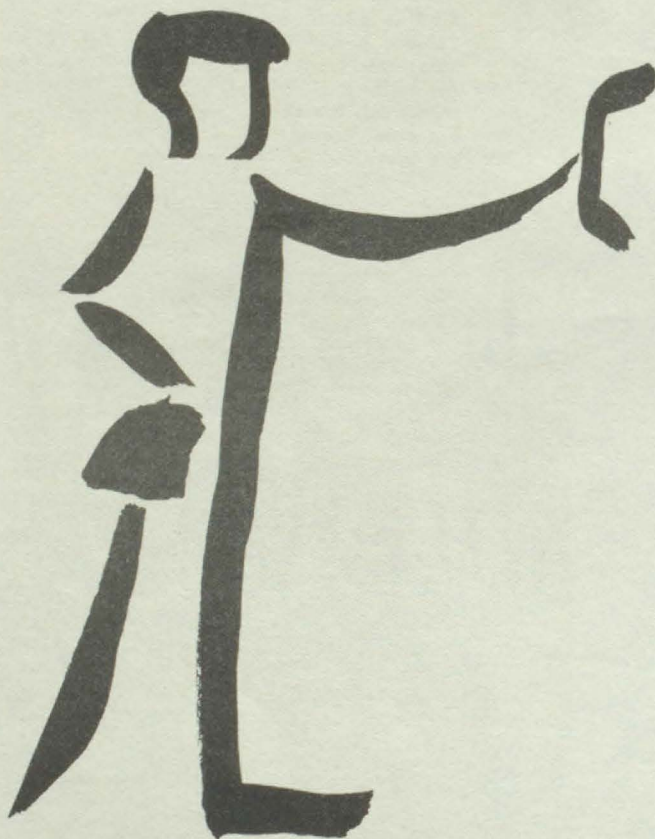
For the key was in the choice. This was all. The choice to accept--more properly, it was the acceptance itself. For there had been no reason to doubt the life he had always considered inevitable. He liked Yale, liked the steel business and beautiful houses and well-grown suburbs. He was (he now knew, having cleared away all other matters, being now free) in love with a very pretty (certainly he would say it: beautiful) girl. The only reason he had run, had come to journey, was because he had been somehow conditioned to feel it was wrong to like these things--that the giving-up was better than the having, and the looking better than the finding. Ralph Darrow had felt this, and had lost all, and found nothing. It was not because there was nothing to find. It was because he had made the wrong journey. He had journeyed outside, had, as he said, gotten out of himself. And so, of course, he had found nothing. It was by the journey within that things were found. Ralph Darrow's self had been with his work, his teaching, his home. Leaving it was deserting the substance of his life. He, too, had been ashamed. Mark Gardner knew this: that accepting without choice, without seeing alternatives and actions and results was folly. But once the choice was made, it became part of the self.

Mark Gardner knew he would never be like the golfers at Cramer's, the cocktail drinkers on flowered terraces, because he had consciously accepted and they, in all probability, had not. He had said, clearly to himself that this was what he was doing, this and not any other thing. Known that it was right for him, would be therefore the making of a perfect pattern of life. That was no worse, and probably a good deal better, than any other. And it was his now, for he had chosen it.

So, too, it was his street, his city. And the people were his, too. He let them into his life, every small man and over-dressed woman and cripple and beggar and criminal and pundit. He took in every sign and store and theater and every inch of pavement and every particle of substance to be found on this street or any other in the world. The world was his, the sky, those stars he could see through the lights, the sky he would fly home through the next day; everything and everyone joined this chorus of acceptance and danced within him.

And the street went on, its traffic flowed unceasingly, its people wandering with a purpose and without. Lights flashed on and off, it merged and combined and came together; its life went on, caring little enough about its protector.

--LAWRENCE PAULSON



Droll Beginning

(Continued from page 3)

tions of words, plot and action, letting the unalterable be cloaked in the sanity of creation. Finding with a grim candor and mannerly censorship that life could be lived in the bitter vacuum of an aging house on Wiggin Street. He saw her working and structuring the bones of chaos into stacks of grim white typewritten force, slashed, corrected and stacked again and again.

He knew he was imagining and projecting. He thought her appearance was so susceptible to his happy contriving which was discourteous and mostly self-extension and probably nasty, but "she makes such a fine image, she could almost be masculine or feminine." He dwelt on it.

"Let me tell you a story, sort of sad, something like why I came here and left my friends and their perfected plans. A story with cocktails and women's legs and a mixing of adults and adolescents and me thinking, everything." He gestured and found he no longer had the large, warm, alcoholic initiative he had had an inspiration and looked at her eyes which had none of mother in them. "It's about mothers and sons and Florida. Yes, Florida. God the sun."

She shifted herself delicately and Jonathan let his eyes rest on the dark out there of now, over the lawns and hedges that had since disappeared with peace.

"I went to Florida with Walker over Spring vacation. James, I may have mentioned him, some place south of Palm Beach. He talks about Palm Beach as though it were a small universe he occasionally travels in, that has special cosmic laws of its own. He fancied himself the poet, I imagine, and lets himself be toured through the inferno."

"It started with a party and a girl. The girl he didn't know well, but spoke frankly and to the point with, which he does with most people he considers useful or praiseworthy even when he doesn't know them. She had blond hair that was whitish and golden and seemed to contain a whole range of shades, must have been something done in a shop. I kept looking at her, there was nothing dark about her. We saw her at this cocktail party his parents took us to. We had no other place to go that night, free alcohol, possibility of girls, at least this one anyway. The possibility of girls is warming and makes me quiver, liquor makes me warm and stop quivering."

"James didn't say much about her. He usually would say something funny or witty about everyone we met or who he knew. Sometimes a series of anecdotes, usually building obscenely, revealing weakness or charm or something. He didn't say much of anything which was rare because he mentioned her pointedly. I don't think he had designs on her maidenhead, emotional or physical. I say that because of the way he treated her that night."

"He finally said just before we left, while his mother was finishing putting on her face and bitching about something trivial, that two nights before, she had come out in Palm Beach. I said 'Ah, the other half or at least something resembling its behavior' and he didn't say anything back and I had intended him to by the way I had said it. He said after she came back, she went in the bathroom and got hysterical. We didn't say much about that. James said, 'Too bad, I heard she put on a decent show.' No, we didn't have much to say about that. We went to a few of those things. It's like a factory or a well incorporated business, girls come out by the droves at this one place in Palm Beach. They all dance with their fathers and get properly introduced, it's horribly Oedipal. A damn commercial process, we called it metamorphoses, that's Kafka's, not Ovid's by the way. We went to one at one of those places or maybe it was a private home, they had a butler who announced everyone by name. Even James thought he was cool. He was a frog-like Negro with a tight coat who would bend his head to politely hear your name and deceitfully review your credentials and then he would turn around with simple grandeur to the multitudes and announce your name but not obtrusively. We couldn't help laughing, it cleared the air, and seemed clean to James and I. We decided it must have been out of Alice in Wonderland or something."

"This cocktail party was at friends' of the Walkers whose place is on the ocean. It was a windy night with big white clouds and you could hear and smell the ocean. I was glad it had rained that day because the Florida atmosphere is choking. Every night it got warm and thick and smelled like sex. The towns going south from Palm Beach are small and commercial and only clean where the tourists go and the wealthy live. We kept going to parties and to Palm Beach and the nights seemed to be getting worse, thicker and obscene, hot and dark like liquor, always hot. Yes, the Palm Beach night is like liquor, dark, heavy, ready, and mocking everything, you don't even feel real. At the ocean it's better, the wind is unzipped and the night is disheveled and sandy and cool. It is real, or at least not contrived by the neighbors."

He paused and drank down to the cold ice cubes. She said "I might not agree to your extent with that description. It describes you better than Florida perhaps."

"Well," he said with a verbal shrug and then continued. "We got out of their light blue Cadillac and I could feel the ocean until we got inside the house. We went from a cleansed liquor night into a house of lacquered people. The house was beautiful and modern, had several levels and the colors shown well in electric light at night. People everywhere, swarming and clustering. The women with their made-up faces and loud colorful clothes talking incessantly and occasionally shrieking a statement or response with loud and piercing goddamn satisfaction that they were being heard. I love to watch men trying to impress other people's wives. The men weren't dressed so colorfully and they seemed smaller and always listening."

"There must have been half a dozen boys our age centered at the liquor table, making faces for each other and the girls with them. Except for the girls with whitish gold hair, the girls were insignificant. James knew most of them and I was properly introduced which meant they didn't catch my name and I couldn't understand any of theirs."

"There was an old and withered negro serving, he could hardly speak English. You had to point out what

you wanted and he did it by colors I think. He wore blue trousers and a red and yellow jacket and he had one gold earring, or he should have anyway. The boys were like my friends. They didn't appreciate anything, not interested in anything but drinking and displaying themselves. Just there because their parents brought and deposited them."

"Is that like bought and deposited?" she interrupted smiling.

"Yes, but I said no interest." He paused drinking the water from the melted ice and setting the glass down continued. "They were handsome, but faceless, I can't tell them apart trying to remember them, attractive with faces always moving, clean, meaningless. They were smooth and completely impenetrable, useful types, there to get free and hospitable liquor."

"James was disappointed because none of the girls had a kind of face he said grows only in Palm Beach. I think I know what he means, I saw something like it. It's not just expensive, it's haunting, special and always matched with a cool boring wealthy male face. There is a difference between wealthy and expensive he told me and I decided. Maybe it is part of the male-female difference. I saw lots of wealthy-looking people, but the expensive look is different and I saw it only in girls' faces. Wealthy faces suggest big cars and the groomed shrubbery of an estate on the intracoastal or the domestic ocean off Palm Beach. Wealth is luscious and rich and well-kept like thick Florida growth around big houses. It is like the obscene hot breath of the New York shops on Worth Avenue or the Avenue itself. The prepped, doll-like people all dressed well. The boys drive motorcycles and lay cheap girls and go to coming out productions and worse, they lay expensive girls. There's something about the wealth and the lush, Worth Avenue kind of places that's heavy and feminine and reminds me of fat, rich grandmothers that own the male stock of their sons and grandsons, who are charming and sweet but determined and hard and capable of doing all kinds of cruelty. Money can breed the worst insensitivity and everything there is hot and choking like tropical gardens."

"And your grandmother?" she knifed him.

"My grandmother did it too, yes she did. She dominated grandfather so much it left him not only prostrate but poor." He stopped and looked at his glass and said softly, "I guess the gentle old fool never realized the price and the gauntlet of grandmother's name and inheritance. I don't suppose he ever knew. He not only had to bear up humanly and stay young, but had to make money and he had to father children and keep going through motions of it when they got older (she would never stop) and he must have gotten powder and mascara on his lips and face and when they finished he must have smelled like a woman too."

"Yes, I understand." He thought he could tell. She took it like iron--maybe it bothered her, he wasn't sure.

"I guess he found silence or relief doctoring people, especially poor ones, maybe he found some professional compassion too. Grandmother said he spent most of his time with the poor to avoid having to make money, but she always said you couldn't make any real money being a doctor anyway. I guess the great world and grandmother ate out the doctor's heart, God only knows what's eating grandmother's liver."

He stopped and picked up his glass again and continued without satisfaction. "James said there weren't any expensive looking girls there and he was right. I saw some expensive ones in Palm Beach talking to people like my friends or myself, and the expensive ones, it's all in the way they look. I could watch them for hours, the way they carry themselves and look at people. They probably come from wealthy-looking homes with artificial parents and well-kept shrubbery, but it's as though they saw things for what they could be. You can see in their faces that they have insides but they keep them secret. Probably afraid they would get dirty and hot and sticky otherwise. Everything gets dirty, that must be why there's so many colored men in jackets running around always trying to keep things clean. The expensive girls are frightening and look insatiable and keep themselves hidden behind beauty. They are the only virgins, and only virgins of the mind or spirit because they go through all the motions and go to bed with the eternally loaded and smirking lustful Palm Beach crowd. But they're passive and beautiful and hold something back, they control their features and don't contort their faces every minute with the latest whim. I don't know how or why, but they only can grow in that horrible place."

"There weren't any rare girls there so I talked with the girl with the bright hair and drank. I felt light and we danced in the wind on the patio, talking nonsensically about boarding schools. She went to a school near Atlanta I think. We stopped and looked in the pool and I looked quietly at the unsubstantial blue water until I said I might jump in and she said I would surely drown. People came out and joined us so we went back in the house. There was a large hall just outside the room where the many colored man was serving drinks. Beside some stairs there was a high wall facing the door to the living room and on it was a huge wooden Christ, crucified across a blank brown space. They must have had it brought over from Europe and it looked very old. Its surface looked like time itself, staring and real, but covered with cracks and chipped paint. He looked either very unhappy or very bored. I couldn't see Him too well because He was awfully high up and I had had too many Bloody Marys."

"Glittering and unreal women would pass through the hall on their way to the bathroom and look at it, or point at it, or comment to us how nice it was. 'Yes,' I said, 'just what a home needs.' They would ask us if we thought it was expensive and I dryly asked a woman if she thought it went well with the color scheme of the hall and she said well, not exactly, the whites and the flesh colors had faded awfully badly but my, wasn't the red brilliant. A very drunk woman with sleek stockings legs, beautiful soft legs and practically no breasts at all tittered a little and stared for a while, I thought she might have been praying for strength because her lips were moving

slowly, but she only wanted directions to the bathroom. He didn't say anything so I did and she wasn't very thankful. She looked at me and then at it and I thought she was going to comment on the resemblance or something but she said, after a look of exaggerated care as she steadied herself against the cast iron railing, 'God, they're always trying to show off where they've been.'"

Cousin Emily laughed and Jonathan smiled cleverly and went on, "The girl, I forget her name, something like Nancy and I were pointing out colors to the old negro. I was getting pretty ethereal on Blood Marys and wanted something else. I was getting to like her, she was fresh and cloud-like and clean. I was thinking this girl is human when we heard a scream. It wasn't that loud, but everyone must have been able to hear it. I couldn't tell what kind of scream it was, it could have been an overly drunken man or woman yelling. I couldn't tell if it was almost happy or horribly sad. It sounded like fright and complaint and lasted briefly, but trailed off into passive misery. I thought maybe it was the final unrelenting cymbal crash of a tinted and strong smelling woman's successful evening. But there was madness in it. Maybe fury or laughter or an acceptably outrageous evening crowning shriek, but I was worried."

"I walked quickly through a room which opened to another large room on another level, a few steps below it. As I walked I could see the glitter of cold reflected light from crystal and glasses shaded with dark liquid, I caught a glimpse of the picture window that looked out to the pool and the sea and saw only a sharp clear black reflection of the room and its glitter and myself. People were moving and carrying glasses and everything reflected little bright bits of insignificant light that revealed nothing. I saw something blurred in a mirror. It was dark and I can't remember what it was but everywhere reflected light and darkness. From the top of the steps I immediately saw the long dining room table paralleling the room I was in. Across the table with his chair pulled out and the obvious center of attraction was Mr. Walker, with his face and hands powdered dead white, lipstick smeared ungracefully, a cigarette dangling from his mouth and hands trembling. He was talking or rather babbling about killing his wife or mother and was making sexual animal noises. I think he was pretending to be a dope addict. I don't know. I stared and lost my words."

"All I could see was the powder on his face and the glasses on the table. The scream must have been for amusement, everyone seemed to be in suspension trying to laugh and yet holding something back. Then I thought it was funny, madly amusing, why weren't they laughing? Couldn't they see it was a scream. He did it too well. The trembling hands and the working mouth. James was off in a corner drinking and looking at a window or a mirror and I just stood there beginning to think it's terribly funny or terribly horrible and trying not to think. He got up and stumbled, that was probably authentic. He walked around the table and came toward me gesturing for me not to move. He whispered reassuringly, 'You haven't seen the little act yet.' Then with a delicate, unsuitable gesture he seemed to consider me physically as a whole and got down on his knees and started whining, 'Mother, you are so pretty, pretty enough to be a girl, but your body is so depraved and useless.'"

"I didn't know what to think so I tried to be poised, I was still and mask-like. He was an attractive man with witty, concerned manners. I had watched him a little to see what sort of force he had been on James. It didn't last long, the other guests were trying to act bored and not watch. I tried to move away but he held me still on an imaginary pedestal."

"I thought for an instant, 'He's going to kiss me. There he was and I could see the powder uneven and obvious on his face, the cosmetics stuck there on the handsomeness. The gestures and the lack of comedy all meant something, but I couldn't think, it all had come out of the silence and the manners and the surface. I was horrified by his appearance. He kissed my shoes, leaving a smudge of lipstick and white powder. He had drawn out the kiss and gotten up making profuse apologies for his existence and sat down. From a corner James said, 'Judas, Judas,' in a loud cold whisper, and I left fast going outside to stare at the pool."

"I don't remember much else, never mentioned it to James except as a shrug when he said something ironic and conciliatory. When we left we were all very drunk. I drank and stopped saying much to the girl. James' father left it all on, and it was caked and cracked and looked tired when we left, and he was bored. It was all there except in spots where liquid had blotted it away."

"I guess I was surprised and it should have been funny but I can't stop thinking and remembering it. My image of him got a little dirty I suppose. People like him do things differently from what I thought."

They were quiet for a long time and finally Emily asked him if he wanted some coffee because he must be very thirsty after talking. He said, "Yes, thank you." When she returned with the coffee she talked to him. He watched the stars, her eyes, held his coffee cup at different angles, and watched her hands and listened. She talked gently, then sometimes faster and harder and sometimes almost purred. She was talking about when she was young and came to New York and how she had been taught to live with people and what she had been taught she was supposed to be and what she had thought people were and what happened to her. Emily talked about old women, young women, painted and powdered women and Jonathan smiled and considered and warmed himself with coffee and words. Jonathan lay back in the cool dark shadows and looked at the neat lights, most of which had vanished and lost their usefulness."

She courted his sobriety gently and strongly. The dark lines and tiny deep intricate places of her face worked quietly. They talked until the dawn shot up and broke virilely over the hedges and lawns."

He had come there on that blind unknown promise that leads young men to tall women when they are angry, distrustful, hurt, unbelieving and nostalgic.

--LUKE SALISBURY

New College 1.5

A piece of paper to say I left here sane. That's all I want to show for three years of my life. That and a dog that barks not more than twice a week. The wind which blows from the West brings the odor of sulfur-infested sharks which swim behind the big, pink building and wait for an inept sailor to fall into their waiting, gaping, hungry mouths.

The dog barks.
At the very instant that a body hits the water, sharks, crabs, hags, and administrators all converge upon it to devour its flesh and leave the skeleton to the students to confront actively. Why? Why not?

In the distance, the Jungle Gardens--the World Famous ones which no one outside of Florida has ever heard of--are smoldering while the parrots and alligators meet in caucus to decide just what can be done to save their lives and their home. The parrots say the only way to save themselves is to make the fire bigger; the alligators just want to run away and save themselves only to burn later in Hell.

The dog barks.

Eventually the parrots and alligators decide to invite George and the sharks and hags to mediate their dis-

pute. The mediators decide in favor of George and he dances merrily off to Tempe, Arizona to see the Grady Gammage Memorial Auditorium, stopping in Republic, Missouri to say hello to Bob Zimmerman's folks. To occupy himself on the plane, he reads the Ecclesiastes in vain.

Damn Dog.

Mark Twain got him with Top Value stamps which he stole from the referee's pocket during a basketball game; Damn Dog. When he got the dog, the only kind they had left was chianti-red Tasmanian Woof hounds. Their only bad habit is that they sleep with the dead and nibble on green-haired people; minor faults, but nevertheless somewhat distracting at times.

George landed in the third row center of the auditorium and found himself sitting next to none other than Moby Dick fresh for the night's performance of The Affluent Society in the Great Society of College Deans as Presented by John W. Gustad and Others who Have had some Similar Experience with Cole Poreter. Moby sat on his right hand--rather uncomfortable, but who is George to complain?--while the great

Autonomous Rex sat to his immediate left. To his intermediate left was Walter Heller's son Bobby. Looking around, George saw that he was the only Negro in the entire theatre and immediately changed into an electric eel. One of the ushers plugged him into a wall socket so that the stage crew might see to light their reefers. Suddenly the greatest blizzard of the century hit Sarasota and George heard his leopard calling him home to dinner. Excusing himself, and stepping onto a BOAC tri-engined Ford, he stepped instead on Abraham Lincoln just as he was leaving Ford's Theatre to sign the Declaration of Independence. The two of them conferred briefly with John Maynard Keynes about the possibility of revising the Congressional Directory to include the Entire Country instead of just Amy Vanderbilt and Charles Chaplin. Then it was on to the Paris Peace Conference to discuss just what was to be done about the Civil War in Florida which had come to be called the Beer Rebellion. It seems that Dodge was suing for misrepresentation of terms. Students will do almost anything, Dodge said, and now they've misappropriated institutional funds for the Republic. George leaned over to ask the time. I told him that the person in question was none other than the celebrated Aardvark Q. Kumquat. Impossible.

Down Spot.

Having settled the matter once and for all time, George, Abe, and I walked down to Trafalgar Square to inquire after the whereabouts of Lord Nelson and found he was off fighting alligators in Florida. Dismissing this as just a wild rumor, we continued our search for some trace of gin and found an old woman selling used copies of Catch--22. This was simply out of the question, and I ran down the road at a hundred feet per day; right behind came the old woman and Abe.

George had decided to check out the rumor that RFK was going to visit the new experiment in education. When George arrived at the scene of battle he found the students cowering beneath the stern gaze of Stan Musial who was passing out cases of Colt 45 to combat the rampaging hunger strike. Frightened, they applied for a job and were asked for references. John Yossarian and Bobbie Luther stepped forward to testify in his behalf, but instead fell to quarrelling between themselves over the terms of surrender. Neither had announced their war aims and hope for a peaceable settlement was lost. Lost but not completely abandoned. The dog howls.

Abe and I have been swimming for nearly six months now and at last we have sighted land. As we float past the federal deficit, tears well up in our eyes. Home at last, and just in time for the daily drunk. Times Square is full of beer cans--old ones with little triangles in their tops.

Dumbar is found at last. He is using a T-square to level off the stack of diplomas which flap in the warm west wind. At last.

As Abe and George, Moby Dick and Autonomous Rex, Mom and Dad, Bobbie and Yo-Yo watch, the seven-headed serpent hands me one of the scraps of paper to say I left here sane, and then Spot and I walk away forever.

--JOHN CRANOR

Irreconcilable, Cosmic

Between deepest night and earliest dawn I awoke.
Your images have walked like sleepless shadows
Across my night mind; I dream-remember
Encircling love in half-awakened moments
And feel the renewed shock of your non-presence.

My voice echoes in the ongoing darkness
But the hollow world is swept with cold, vast winds
And there is no one, anywhere, to hear
(Once we were children in the love-kingdom
And we learned the ambivalence of caring)

--GLENDA CIMINO



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THE CAMPUS BOOK SHOP

Philosophy, Cinematography Are Complementary: Peters

By KIT ARBUCKLE

The active confrontation of first-class minds is the practice as well as the preachment of college. In the unique context of the school the exchange of opinion is as close as your roommate. Such a market for communication is bound to evolve its own forms as each member looks for the handsomest presentation for his thought.

I was told that third-year student John Peters was interested in the language of photography and filmmaking. But when I approached him for the *Catalyst*, John didn't want to be interviewed about the way he talked; he wanted to talk. Feeling that the dialog that resulted was more significant than the hobby we had intended to investigate, we decided to print it as it was recorded.

This is what happens in a college. And the why of its greatness:

Peters: "I'm a philosophy major. I'm at New College under the pretense of making this discipline my life's work. Now, philosophy is a verbal skill. Film is primarily nonverbal, rather it is visual."

Arbuckle: "Though the verbal angle does come into the sound track."

"True. But I'm trying to demonstrate that cinematography and philosophy are really two very complementary fields of interest. I find that I play one off against the other. My interest in philosophy is, I think, elucidated by my interest in filming, and my interest in philosophy. Now let me try to explain."

"You get the feel of the one through the other?"

"Right. I get more understanding and appreciation of the one through the eyes of the other."

"When you made that first film you showed me when I came in, what philosophically did you mean to say?"

"Well, I see this film as being somewhat symbolically naive. It was such a brief film that anything I try to say in it is going to have to be said somewhat overtly. The symbolic gesture of giving the rock to the young man, then having the young man strive to reach down from the height of the semaphore but unable to reach it; then finally she comes up on the semaphore and gives it to him, when it's easy for him to get the rock, he disposes of the rock and rejects her that brought it--that is a very nice sort of naive love story. I don't think it is an apt example for the point I'm trying to make."

"That point is that I see philosophy as a critical tool to examine the validity of abstract ideas. And I see film as a form of artistic expression that deals, not with very abstract things, but rather with the extremely concrete. When in philosophy we speak of 'the brown wine bottle,' we are talking about just any brown wine bottle. Now in film, if we wish to speak of the brown wine bottle we have no choice but to represent cinematographically a specific, very concrete brown wine bottle."

"Now, it seems to me that so far I've made it clear that philosophy deals in abstractions, that it is a criticism of the abstract ideas in science, those in religion, in aesthetics, in moral problems, in history--philosophy serves as a tool to test the validity of the abstractions in all of these disciplines."

"What about the film?"

"Right. The film works at a much more concrete level."

"It represents real things. It gives you a more specific impression of some unique thing."

"Yes, it has to represent, say, a specific person. In philosophy I can talk about moral man or good or evil. In film I can talk about a particular man. I have to deal with specific characters and personalities."

"It would be pretty nearly impossible to give all the color of all the characters of some motion picture, for example, *The Sound of Music*, philosophically. But with a film you can get your point across, despite its complexity."

"Precisely. Your mentioning color is interesting; this is a whole other dimension. With reference to film, when a person views a black and white one he gets to fill in the colors himself. I think this is another way he can participate in the film."

"But I feel we are wandering from the track, though. I'm trying to show how philosophy and cinematography are complementary endeavors. One is concrete, the other deals with forms."

"In reading a philosophical work, say 'Process and Reality,' I try to imagine various ways of expressing or reproducing the abstract ideas cinematographically. I think that this is a very useful technique. In Alfred North Whitehead's cosmology in 'Process and Reality,' to show one application, he deals with some incredibly abstract ideas, so abstract that you could never hope to encounter them."

"To take one of the ideas, Whitehead uses the term 'prehensive unification.' So I think how I can make a movie out of his concept. How can I make this very abstract notion concrete? By making it concrete I can see if it's really meaningful to me. If I can successfully bring an incorporeal idea down into the real world, then it becomes more significant."

"We could take something in mathematics, say the number '2.' Now, a person can manipulate the number '2' in arithmetical computations for his entire life and not really know what that number means in the factual world. But if in reading a mathematical text I come to the figure '2' and ask myself, 'What does that mean in the world?' So I look for two objects and take a picture of them--this makes '2' very real and concrete. This is the way that film, by bringing concepts into the everyday plane, is useful for insight into philosophy."

"That's really not too abstract a point in itself; it's pretty obvious."

"Yes, but you'd be surprised. In any case, I think it's a very useful way of reading a text."

"Instead of taking notes on a book, you could make a film, mentally at least."

"Right."

"Assume you've picked your book. How do you go about actually 'filming' it?"

"Well, let me apply that to the idea of prehensive unification to make that term more meaningful to you. The idea of seeing, say this brown bottle from every point of view at once--this is what we have to try to get across. This is what the cubists tried to do."

"Picasso, too. We saw one of his paintings last term where both sides of the profile were displayed simultaneously. Do you think that he was really trying to embody this prehensive unification?"

"I think so. I think he was trying to say that when I look at you what I see is just the front, but I know you've got a back. What Picasso does is show you that there really is a back."

"He may be saying something concrete, but is what he's saying of any value?"

"I don't know how to respond to that particular question."

"Well, Picasso is taking a real fact--that front and back exist simultaneously--but does showing both of them simultaneously on the

canvas accomplish anything meaningful?"

"Yes, I believe it does, because it forces the viewer, the spectator, to recognize this fact about the world. Now, the common sense person can go through life knowing that people have fronts and backs. But Picasso, by making what appears to be a very strange painting, is showing you something that is true about the world, and you may have never thought about."

"Or you can go through your whole life and never read anything about the theory of relativity, but if you really want to understand the way things are you have to understand the theory of relativity too."

"You have a good point. In a sense, what we're talking about is the value of a liberal education. Now you know an uneducated person can deal with the world by living in the country and so on. They can walk through the streets and not get

can I be a Picasso on film? Superimpose on one frame the picture of this bottle from various points of view. The next frame would show different perspectives. Then the effect one would get as the film was run through a projector would be that of a bottle from many points of view at once and turning into other points of view."

"That would be a weird effect."

"And relativity is similar. It's a very abstract notion, so much so that we could talk about it all day long..."

"And never say anything."

"Right. Never know that it means that this bottle looks a certain way from a certain point of view."

"Back to your mathematician again, he can take some equations which he can give a physical interpretation for, derive some other equations, and finally come to another form, which he can again interpret. But between the two ends

he may be working with pure abstractions."

"Exactly. A math student can learn rules about symbols--numerical or more complex. But he may never see what he is working with; he may never realize in his study of calculus the volumetric and dynamic implications of the integral."

"Then if you fail to realize what all your theories mean, you are not liberally educated, speaking in broad terms. But what about things that can have no practical application? Is it really worth studying the equations of, say Schrödinger, when they are so complex that it takes several computer-years to solve them, and then all you have is some factor relevant to some potential electron position in an atom. Physics is to the point today that it must talk mathematically only, since we can't even construct models for the things we're dealing with. Now, does this mean that physics is exceeding the limits of practical usefulness?"

"You have to consider the effects of the theories on human-scale problems. Let me give you a quotation from Whitehead: 'The only justification for thought is the elucidation of immediate experience.'"

"Why does he say immediate?"

"He means immediate in the sense of first-hand and concrete. So we say, if we accept Whitehead's definition, that the Schrödinger equations are justified only if they are useful in dealing with our real world..."

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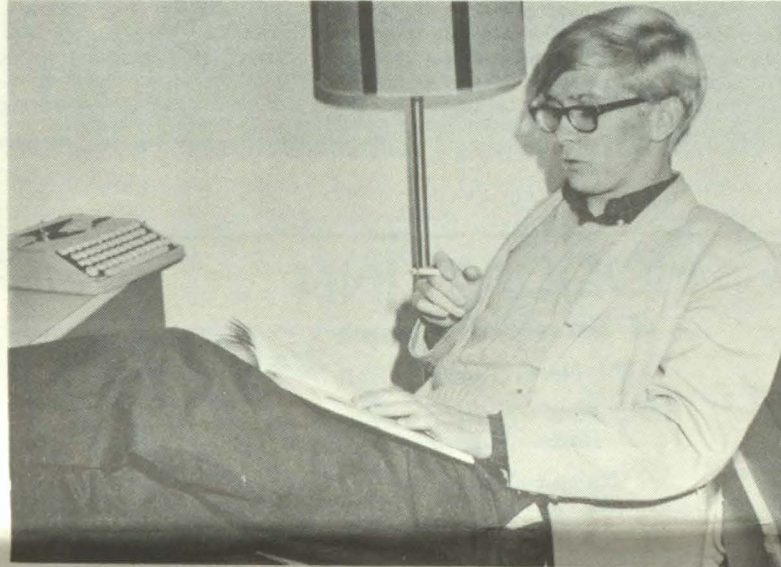
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Peters

hit by cars. He does these things out of common sense, he's never been reflective about them. But I think that our appreciation of the world is enhanced by a liberal education. We embrace all these qualities of the physical world by theories and take account of them in a way that is subject to critical examination."

"You could say that the whole of being an educated person is having the right theories and seeing that they apply in the real world. This latter connection is where the various art forms come in--for example, cinematography helps us leap from theory to pragmatism."

"Precisely. To come back to the point of how I would depict this notion of prehensive unification, really just a form of relativity. How

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Finding Home

In a short time--less than two weeks, the planes will leave, the cars depart, we'll all go home. That seems an easy thing to say, to think of, because you know the roads are there, the familiar signs for turning, or the airport you left from to come here. The streets will be the same, the town, the city--nothing much can change the way it looks in three months' time. Your house, the place you live--the rooms, the walls, will all be safe for your return. It seems easy, but perhaps it's not. Home is a tricky thing, and sometime it surprises you, where it turns out to be.

It was a Christmas street I stood on, holly hanging from the light posts, elves dancing in store windows, carols from the loudspeaker in the little Salvation Army booth on the corner. It was no colder than any good December in that state, yet it seemed strange to me, some sort of error. The wind blew much too strongly, and chilled too deeply, and the possibility of snow was not at all absurd. Somehow I must have felt snow had been outlawed forever, everywhere, since it could never snow in the warmth I had just left, to come here. I'd forgotten all the earth had not come to Florida with me.

I had some Christmas things to buy in the crowded store there, a store I'd been in many times since I'd been small. Yet once inside, among the pushing and closeness, I realized I had no idea of where to look. Everything was in the wrong place--not just different, but wrong. Nothing was where it should have been in the store, I felt, and they had no right to change things this way. It wasn't long before I realized the departments of the store were as they had always been--all that had been changed was me. It was as I had felt about the weather. I'd forgotten what to expect of my own home. An entirely different ideal (though it seemed ridiculous to think of it in that way), had invaded my spirit, and I felt lost in this familiar place.

I finally found what I'd come in the store for, bought it, and walked out to the car, feeling as if I drifted a good ten feet above the shoppers, having no place to walk, nothing to hold or keep or trust. The people, too, were different--I knew that. They looked and sounded and even treated each other differently--I didn't know exactly what it was, but it was more than enough to disorient me still further.

I found the car and drove home then, through Santa streets with cars piled with packages, knowing the way home, knowing what church was on the corner, where I'd find the school, where the old Victorian house they'd painted red to laugh at all its scrollwork. But it was a deep knowledge, one I'd probably always have. It was still strange to see the park and drive its winding road, even though I knew for certain it would come.

There was no one home when I arrived. This made me happy, strangely, as if there were something there I had to find that no one could see me looking for. I went in the kitchen, past the counter and the copper-colored appliances to the pantry where the glasses had a shelf for themselves. I reached for one to get a drink of water and found they weren't the glasses I expected, and suddenly I resented that they'd gotten all new glasses without consulting me. There was a new picture in the living room, new covering for the sofa, and I knew it wasn't right, I had been cheated in some way.

I went up to my room and thought of my arriving, several days ago. It had been pleasant, but pleasant because of things I learned, not things I knew already. The same pleasure comes in traveling, in visiting. And, looking around my panel-papered room, that seemed too small by some comparison, I realized this was just what I was--a visitor. My home was where things were at stake--where what I did mattered to change the way things were, where everything was based that had meaning. And that place wasn't here.

It snowed that night, a snow that filled the streets and was held in the branches of the trees. The ground kept its snow through Christmas Eve, when the tree went up and we hung crystal balls and draped the tinsel and heard the carol records and put together, far into the night, the last many-pieced toy for my sister's finding the next morning. It kept its snow through downhill sledding Christmas Day, a day also of relatives

Paulson



and a buffet lunch at my aunt's house--our annual gathering. It slowly melted through the days that followed, days of seeing friends and traveling to the city and sleeping late and reading and hearing the creaking of the old house, late at night. It was almost gone the day I took my bags and we drove to the airport that was more crowded than it had ever been before and I said goodbye and boarded the plane for home.

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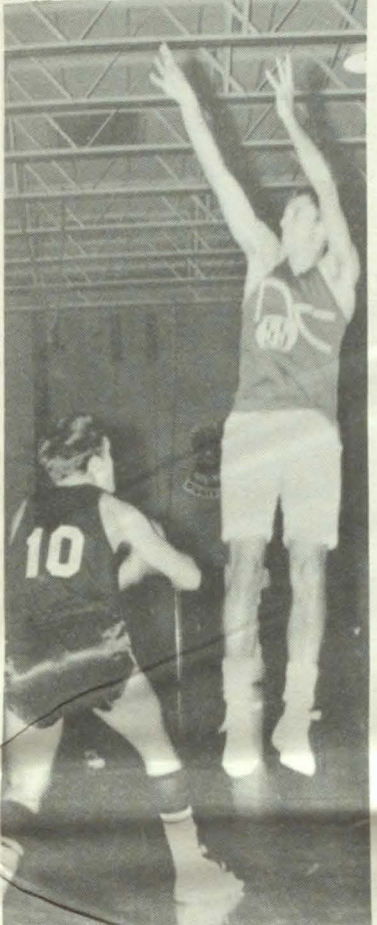
Basketballers Lose 74-59 To Ebersole Sod Farm

New College's basketball team, in a game often painfully reminiscent of last year's, suffered its first loss of the season Monday night to Ebersole Sod Farms, 74-59.

Now 1-1 in Sarasota Men's League play, New College will play its next game Jan. 2 against a team from American Bank.

Ebersole was clearly the better team Monday night, as they slipped through New College's defense at will and succeeded in forcing their opponents to shoot from the outside.

Coach Jim Strickland got New College off to a good start with a 15-foot jump shot that gave them a 2-0 lead.



Jim Strickland goes high above a Sod Farm defenseman to connect on a long jump shot.

Greene Selected Outstanding Wrestler

First-year student Mac Greene was selected outstanding wrestler of the Gibbs Invitational Wrestling Tournament at Gibbs High School in St. Petersburg Saturday.

Greene was part of a three-man team representing New College at the tournament. The others were first-year student Ken Maruskin and second-year student Dick Ogburn. Greene took first place in the 145 lb. division, and Ogburn won second place in the 177 lb. class.

Greene won first place in his weight class the week before at an invitational tournament sponsored by the St. Petersburg YMCA.

A shorter but more aggressive Ebersole team dominated the backboards from the very start, however, and it was only a cold-shooting Sod squad that kept the game close for the first half.

As it did last year, New College found itself spending an inordinate amount of time beneath their own basket. The Ebersole team, which has obviously practiced a great deal together, penetrated the New College man-to-man defense easily with quick passes into the middle.

Until the second half, however, Ebersole usually had to take three or four shots from beneath the basket before scoring. More often than not New College was unable to take the ball away before they did.

When New College did have the ball, they were unable to consistently work the ball inside, and as the game progressed the team began to take to the air from 15 feet and further out.

Larry Alexander led the New College scorers with 18 points, including two back-to-back jumpers that briefly electrified New College rooters in the third period.

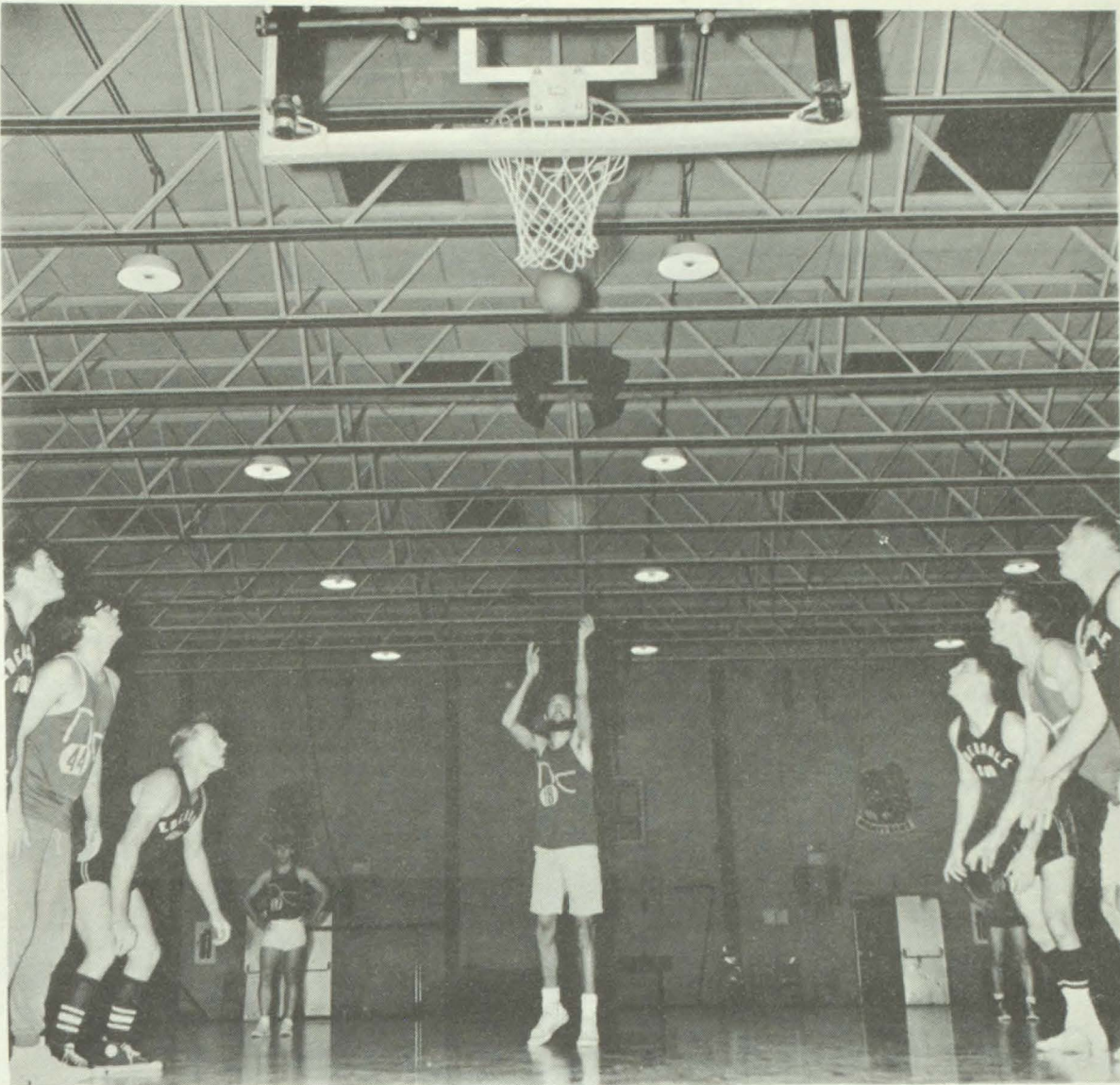
Strickland, who sat out the entire third quarter, scored 17 points; Tom Lesure had 10; Steve Knowles and Dean of Students Robert Norwine each had six; and George Finkle added two.

The team sorely missed Ass't. Coach Pete Odell's aggressive board play, and his absence might well have been crucial, as only Strickland seemed to be able to do anything right under the boards for New College.

With Ebersole in the lead 38-35 at the half, Strickland rested four of his starters and the game quickly developed into a rout.

Obviously a beaten team, New College collapsed--its polite offense sputtered indecisively, while its even more polite defense sprung big leaks.

One of the few bright spots for New College was the play of freshman Steve Knowles. Considerably loosened up from last week, Knowles continued to impress observers with his over-all alertness and drive.



Third-year student Tom Lesure attempts a free throw as players from both teams tense for a possible rebound. In a game that saw the referees call a total of 47 fouls, New College made 17 of 33 free throws, and Ebersole made 20 of 40.

Lesure made four of his 10 chances from the line. New College cagers in the picture include: Larry Alexander, 44; George Finkle, 77; Lesure, 88; and Coach Jim Strickland, partially hidden from view at right. See story at left.

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Douglas Catches Sharks For Study Project

For his independent study project, first-year student Drew Douglas is studying marine biology with Mrs. Kay von Schmidt, director of Cape Haze Marine Laboratory.

As part of his study, Douglas has accompanied the Cape Haze boat, piloted by Capt. Hugh Scott, on shark-catching expeditions. The sharks are one of the many interests of the lab.

On the trip pictured here, the

shark lines had been set the day before a few miles off Casey Key.

At right, Douglas maneuvers one of the oil drums which acts as a bouy for the heavy shark line.

Below, left, Douglas and Scott pull one of the sharks into the boat. On this trip, the sharks caught ranged from five or six feet to 10 feet.

Below, right, the morning's catch lies on the deck. Scott warned his passengers to stand clear of the

mouths of the fish, regardless of how "dead" they seemed to be.

At the bottom of the page, left, Douglas recovers with a cup of coffee on the flying bridge after the exhausting work.

Bottom, center, Scott explains the different types of sharks caught that day.

In the last picture, bottom, right, Mrs. von Schmidt, measures and records the dimensions of each shark as part of her research.

