

The Catalyst

Volume VIII Number 14

February 1, 1973

Court Recommends New Prosecutors

The Student Court met on Tuesday night in Hamilton Center to discuss the selection of a Court prosecutor. Dave Parsons and Bram Haver were chosen pending a decision of the SEC.

The Court decided to break with tradition in having two court prosecutors instead of one.

Parsons and Haver had previously discussed the partnership and the Court agreed that this two-man arrangement could be beneficial by lessening the amount of individual paper work as well as the chances that a prosecutor be personally involved in a case.

BALLOTING CONTROVERSY CONTINUES ; HARB DISPUTES ELECTION RESULTS

This is the second installment of a three-part investigation of the recent New College elections.

Last issue of the Catalyst included several accounts of the balloting of the referendum eliminating the necessity of petitioning for SEC Chairman candidates. More accounts are below:

THE PECK STORY

Madge Peck manned the ballot box for three hours and "started to count votes at the end of it." She left before the first counting of the ballots was over.

"They (those others manning the ballot box) tried to round up people to vote. They counted it (the votes) three times and got three different answers. So, instead of counting them again, it was decided to take the average."

When the decision was made to seek new voters, Ms. Peck was in the Snack Bar. "Someone came into the Snack Bar and said to me, 'Have you voted?'"

"It looked kind of shady to me." That night, at a party, Ms. Peck questioned Ron Davidson about the ballots. "Ron said, 'You count them. I don't want to count them.'" He gave

her the key to his office. In his office, he handed her 311 ballots. Ms. Peck counted the ballots three times. Each time, by her count, the vote was 207 for the referendum, 103 against. One ballot was unmarked.

Officially, then, the referendum passed.

THE WAGNER STORY

The first count had just been taken when Wendell Wagner came upon the scene. "Ron Davidson says, 'Well, let's find somebody else to do the voting.' They got Dave Breecher to vote. Then I left. After I left, they threw out Breecher's vote again and they

recounted the ballots."

Mr. Wagner knows no more about the incident; David Breecher has so far been unavailable for comment.

THE HAVER STORY

Bram Haver, who was said to have knowledge of the incident, said that he was unaware of it. He simply asked Ron Davidson, after the final decision had been made, what the decision was. Davidson told him that all three resolutions had passed.

THE LIPSEY STORY

David Lipsey consented to an interview following publication of last week's Catalyst.

"Madge Peck and I went out to get some more votes," but no additional votes were actually counted. Mr. Lipsey, Ron Davidson, Henry Patterson, and David Parsons counted ballots. "Several times we counted those f-----s... there was no manipulation; it was a legitimate decision."

"I was there from the time the ballot box was opened until the final counts were made... and to my knowledge, no votes were thrown out."

Charles Harb, who recently was defeated by Daryl Laatsch in the election for SEC Chairman, continues to express doubts about the legitimacy of the SEC Chairman run-off. His objections are as follows: "After the election, several people told me that there were irregularities in the election, and suggested that I push for a new election because of these. These irregularities included a campaign poster having been posted within viewing distance of the balloting area, use of an unlocked ballot box, and holding of the run-off three days after the original election. These three irregularities, says Harb, are unconstitutional. Harb added that the election was inadequately publicized; the only publicity given was one poster on the front door of Hamilton Centre, which was not put up until the day of the election. In addition, Harb says, elections must be held in a public place. The election was held in the cafeteria, which Harb feels is improper, as it puts off-campus and nonboarding students at a disadvantage."

"I decided that these violations were rather insignificant and really didn't warrant my complaining about it, after the fact... the time to complain about a violation is when you recognize it... the fact that I didn't challenge the election before it happened bound me not to challenge it later."

"However, people began circulating rumors to the effect that there may have been larger irregularities in the election and urged me to check it out." Mr. Harb read over the part of the constitution regarding election procedures, and found that a list of voters was to be kept, and that this list had to match the number of ballots cast. "I went to Ron Davidson and asked him about the existence of such a list and whether he had counted it." Davidson told Harb that such a list did exist, and that Daryl Laatsch had it and that he (Davidson) had counted it, and that according to his count, there were no discrepancies. Harb then talked to Tom McGuigan, one of the vote counters. According to Harb, McGuigan said that the votes were counted four times, but that the sheets of names were ignored.

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Spending Dominates Latest SEC Agenda

The first regular meeting of the Student Executive Committee was held on January 26, attended by Len Nuttall, Rick Lathrop, Wendell Wagner, Bill Quay, Bill Luker, Candy Boyd, Madge Peck, Jim Hunter and Daryl Laatsch.

Two members of the Hare Krishna movement requested \$250 of SEC money to hold a presentation on campus. Nuttall objected to this on the grounds that it was giving student money to a religious organization. Hunter suggested that a referendum be taken. The matter was tabled.

After a heated discussion, \$193.60 was given to Henry Patterson to make up the deficit in the fee for Dr. Mary Boulton, who conducted the Transactional Analysis 101 workshop on campus Jan. 13-14. This deficit was caused by the workshop being three people short of the necessary thirty and by Ron Davidson unofficially leading Patterson to believe that the SEC would be able to pay his initial \$88.60 shortage. Although Hunter opposed the payment on the grounds that it was for a select group (2.6% of the budget was involved, opposed to 5% of the student body) and that "the function of the SEC is not to grant money to students when they screw up," and Peck said the participants who had already paid \$35 each should make up the difference, Casey Green drew an analogy between the situation and the Student Chair; it was decided that the workshop was equally deserving as some of the Student Chairs last term, and the grant was made.

David Goldman requested, and was granted, \$300 for a

"coronation ceremony for the peasants." At first some doubt was expressed as to whether the Student Activity Fund could stand the pressure of two or three parties this term; Davidson pointed out that it is a New College tradition to hold 2 or 3 parties every term and that this term's SEC has plenty of money. The coronation will be an indoor dance in Hamilton Center.

Ross Ackerman, speaking for El Douche, opened a money request with "The rag needs some more oil." However, no grant was made to El Douche pending publication of their second issue, since there were a number of objections to the editorial policy in the first issue directed by Ackerman.

A grant of \$50 was made to Mr. Tom Estep for two kegs of beer at dinner Wednesday night which will be served as a picnic since the dining room will be taken over that evening by Action Auction.

Laatsch raised some discussion as to the future organization of the SEC. He proposed that it divide into two committees, one for community policy and one for educational policy. Madge Peck put this in a motion, which died. Lathrop suggested holding two meetings a week, one for each of the above types of business; Peck countered this with a motion to form a subcommittee on educational policy manned by those members who are interested in it, appointed subject to their own and SEC approval. This passed.

Wendell Wagner was unanimously elected SEC Vice-Chairman. Laatsch proposed as Term II Bread Board Jim Hunter, Norman Stein, Candy

(continued on page eight)

Public Research Group Seeks Student Funding

Last week five New College students announced that they were attempting to organize a New College chapter of a new, statewide organization called the Florida Public Interest Research Group (FPIRG).

According to the organizing group at New College, FPIRG will be both funded and directed by students from colleges and universities throughout Florida. In FPIRG's efforts, students will be able to participate in research, litigation, and lobbying in such areas as consumer fraud, environmental pollution, and race and sex discrimination. Students will work under the guidance of professionals from various social and natural sciences who will be hired by the Student Board of Directors of FPIRG, specifically for the purpose of assisting students in public interest activities.

In order to obtain the money necessary to hire these professionals, as well as to fund student research projects and meet other expenses of FPIRG, students from several colleges and universities in Florida are asking permission from their respective student bodies and administrative boards to collect \$1 from each student per term. The organizing group at New College is seeking approval of an amendment to the Student Constitution that would set aside \$1 per term of each student's activity fee for payment to FPIRG. Members of the group pointed out that this is a slight change from the method suggested in the "information bulletin," which they distributed last week, in that they are no longer asking that the money for FPIRG be

collected as a separate fee but rather as a component of the Student Activity fee. This change, they stated, is due to a suggestion from Messrs. Dort and Harra.

In order to initiate a referendum on a constitutional amendment, the signatures of one third of the student body are required. The FPIRG organizing committee will try to obtain the signatures of as many students as possible, aiming for at least 277, that is, the signatures of 51% of the student body. Canvassing for the signatures will begin Friday and will continue for one week during which time the FPIRG committee expects to obtain the desired number of signatures.

Members of the committee believe that widespread student awareness of and participation in FPIRG is essential to the group's success. Therefore, one or two members will be in the Fishbowl Thursday, from 5:30-7 p.m., to talk about FPIRG with anyone who cares to drop by. Finally, the committee expressed its desire to see other students from New College become involved in its activities "so that FPIRG can become a reality both at New College and throughout the rest of the state."

Auction Nets Over \$40,000

The third annual New College Action Auction slipped over the top of all projections Wednesday night as Colonel Martin E. Higgenbotham and his staff of fast-calling professional auctioneers haggled away over \$40,000 worth of donated salables.

Among the 100-plus items up for sale in the Hamilton Center dining room were a night with the New College String Quartet, a formal buffet dinner, and a seven-day cruise aboard a Hatteras sports fishing yacht.

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Humanities Discusses String Quartet; Music Dept. Character Reassessed

The Humanities Division held its first regular meeting of 1973 on Wednesday. The major area of discussion was the relation between the String Quartet and the music department.

Presently the Quartet is part of the Division, but some Division members feel that this is an economically unsound arrangement. Provost Gresham Riley said that New College is too small to afford the kind of luxury object that the Quartet would be if it were removed from within the educational framework, and placed directly under administrative auspices. Under this arrangement the Quartet would be chiefly a showpiece, rather than a part

of the teaching structure.

Dr. Knox expressed favor at having the Quartet related to Humanities in the same way the Environmental Studies Program is to be related to Natural Sciences--as an offshoot of the regular program. He moved that members of the Quartet be designated as Consultants, instead of full faculty members. Riley opposed this, saying that if there was a feeling that Quartet members were not doing enough teaching in their present states as faculty, making them Consultants would only worsen the problem. In the midst of much discussion, Knox withdrew his motion.

Riley moved to accept for presentation to the Board of Trustees an arrangement which Dallas Dort, Board Chairman, had tentatively prepared. This is to hire two new quartet members to replace Ilona Vukovic and Peter Rejto, who have each requested a year's leave and resigned to contract with these two new faculty members to teach one course and tutorials in addition to playing in the Quartet; to create a nonperforming faculty position in musicology; and to hire consultants to fill any gaps in the music department which these measures leave. This motion was passed 10--2 with four abstentions.

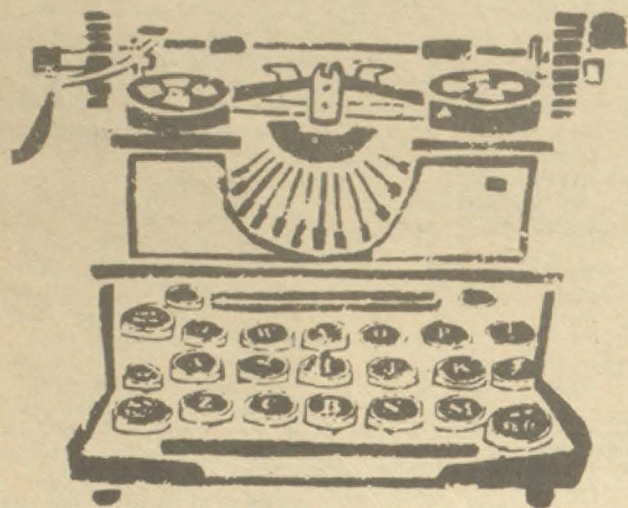
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Editorials

This is a one-topic issue of the CATALYST.

Most of our front and editorial pages are filled with information about and discussion of the alleged election "irregularities."

We don't regret this heavy coverage; we think it's an important subject.

Since our original article investigating the charges of illegal procedures appeared, Ron Davidson has accused the CATALYST of misinterpretation, fabrication of stories, yellow journalism, incompetence, dishonesty and unfair, irresponsible and malicious reporting. Where he has made specific charges, we have refuted them. Our article said nothing about the possibility of his guilt; his own furious defense against attacks that didn't exist can only prod us into considering that possibility.

The Humanities Division, embroiled in arguments over the nature and goals of the music program, yesterday voted overwhelmingly to open a new full-time position in musicology. Students and faculty alike have often expressed concern for the music program, and we enthusiastically receive this latest move towards the development of the fine arts at New College.

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FORUM

MORE LETTERS ON PAGE EIGHT

The Catalyst received the following two days ago:
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
IN ENTIRETY
JANUARY 28, 1973

I have no more patience for the irresponsible and malicious reporting evidenced in the last issue of the Catalyst. From minor mistakes to fabricated stories the Catalyst has shown its inability to be a truly unbiased reporter.

Time and time again I argued with the editors and reporters of our newspaper impressing upon them the importance of a strong SEC Chairman if something were to be done. However, I also continued to allay the paper pundits with the knowledge that the actions I took were both proper and legal. Instead of a sympathetic or even encouraging response I received accusations, misinterpretations and finally outright fallacious comments spread in thick coating across the pages of the last issue.

All right. If a "balance of power tipped" and I am "at fault" as stated in an anonymous editorial Jan. 11, why is my position accepted in an editorial of Jan. 18 stating, "Our purpose in electing leaders is to give a trusted person the chores we don't have time to do." If I acted legally and did those chores that had to be done then the school was indeed "fortunate". The SEC and Davidson are not "at fault", and certainly the iniquities have not been "worse than usual", as stated in another editorial on Jan. 25.

If the editorial board has shifted from holding myself "at fault" to accepting my premises of legality with efficiency one is certainly surprised (and not pleasantly) to find the comments ladled out in the most recent edition of this paper.

And so I wish to confront the paper with my accusations and defenses.

1) "campaigning is indeed illegal within sight of the ballot box"--no such election rule exists!
2) "the election was held at an improper time"--patently false. The constitution states that run-off elections are to be held one day after the original election. Interpretation of the word "day" can mean either natural or school. After considering which was intended, realizing the iniquities involved in holding an election on a week-end, and receiving the approval of both candidates I interpreted the constitution to refer to school days and thus allowed for greater and fairer participation of the student body.

3) "the run-off was inadequately publicized"--I personally spoke at meals throughout the week-end, informing the student body of the impending election. I also posted three signs: one on the door of Hamilton Center, one on the note board, and one where candidates had posted their aspiration statements. Inadequately publicized?!

4) "The ballot (box was) hidden in the dining room"--hidden! With signs on the doors of Hamilton Center! With more students voting in the three elections I held than in any other balloting in recent New College history?!

5) "Counting must be done in a publicized and public place."--Never once did I conceal when the counting was to be done. And what more public place than in the middle of the reception desk at Hamilton Center?!

If what I did as SEC Chairman was "at fault" how much more so these inept reporters were.

But this is not the total story. More!

1) "Although the polls had closed hours before Parsons and Ron Davidson began to ask passers-by if they had voted, and, if not if they

would vote at that time." "Instead of recounting, however, one new voter was recruited." And finally, a quote from me (which was never uttered), "Dave Lipsay, I believe, said he would find another voter."--Present at the ballot counting was Madge Peck. Far from being "unavailable for comment" Ms Peck lives on campus and can be found by anyone willing to take the trouble to check out a story before printing one filled with innuendoes (which don't pan out), misquotes (making for more interesting reading), and outright intellectual ineptitude (when the reporter can't even relate ratios such that 208-104 is mysteriously not a 2/3's majority). Ms Peck was available for comment and the ballots were not destroyed for one week (more than the constitution requires), however, both the ballots and Ms Peck could have born out the truth that while soliciting of voters after the polls had closed had taken place, legality and morality prevailed and no new votes were allowed and the necessary recounts were taken. Ms Peck turned in no story of infractions at the time, nor were there any.

If I tipped the balance of power too heavily in favor of the SEC Chairman, at least what was done, was done for the good of the school and within legal limits. The Catalyst can use no such argument. It questioned, criticized, and reported maliciously and unfairly.

Finally, a last rejoinder. At the last SEC meeting I reported an agreement to give \$70 of SEC funds for a purpose I deemed worthwhile. I felt that by helping a Transactional Analysis group I would be helping the student body as a whole. In any case, I had the legal authority to grant such funds. Was the granting of the funds a mistake? Will the paper inveigh against me? No doubt so, but the SEC more than approved the \$70 I gave and added another \$129 to that figure, feeling I hadn't given enough!

So, my polemics finally rest. Until the paper realizes it too can be held accountable and that it must be both honest and unbiased in its reporting I must feel more than unjustly criticized. Before the paper lashes out in hysterical yellow journalism it should realize that conspiracy does not underlie all SEC actions, nor does incompetency or dishonesty. However, the same might not be said of the Catalyst.

--Ron Davidson
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE!

PRINT ALL OF IT!

MR. CHAMBLISS REPLIES:

Mr. Davidson's letter contains a number of somewhat misleading statements. I would like to answer these one at a time.

1) "... Time and time again I argued..." I don't remember such arguments, nor does Mr. Stinson, former Co-Editor.

2) "... Actions that were both proper and legal..." There is some doubt as to the truth of this.

3) "campaigning is indeed illegal..." This is not a CATALYST statement; it was listed as one complaint that others have leveled.

4) "the election was held at an improper time..." patently false. Again, Mr. Davidson is attacking the CATALYST for a complaint someone else made.

5) "the run-off was inadequately publicized..." I personally spoke "... Mr. Davidson here quotes a letter to the editor which appeared in the CATAL-

YST of January 25: again, the CATALYST made no such statement.

6) "the ballot (box was) hidden in the dining room..." Hidden!..." The "hidden" quotation was taken word for word from an election poster, where it was used in a humorous context. The CATALYST is not responsible for the existence of that poster.

7) "... Counting must be done in a publicized..." never once did I conceal..." We did not say that Mr. Davidson concealed the counting place. We simply suggested that publicizing it could alleviate many people's suspicions about the counting process.

8) "If what I did..." these reporters..." What reporters?

9) "Although the polls had closed..." a quote from me (which was never uttered)..." Our reporter claims he did; written notes from the interview verify this.

10) "Far from being unavailable for comment, 'Ms. Peck's story appears in this issue."

11) "... legality and morality prevailed..." But why were voters solicited after the polls were closed?

12) "... what was done, was done for the good of the school and within legal limits..." the CATALYST can use no such argument..." Nowhere does Mr. Davidson substantiate this charge.

13) "In any case, I had the legal authority to grant such funds..." Only the SEC can grant money from the Student Activity Fund.

14) "... the SEC more than approved the \$70 I gave..." feeling I hadn't given enough!" Being at the meeting, I certainly didn't see the enthusiasm Mr. Davidson saw in the members' attitudes; there seemed to be more a feeling of betrayal, as if they (the SEC members) had been committed to an appropriation of which they weren't sure they approved.

15) "Print all of it..." The CATALYST has never edited letters; accepted letters are printed in full.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is not to defend the past conduct of the SEC with regard to the supervision and conduct of elections and referendums. I would be a fool to stick my neck out now amidst all of the commotion about shady goings-on in those smoke-filled back-rooms of the Student Executive Committee. Granted, the SEC elections lacked total adherence to strict election rules; but I'll allow the Catalyst staff to attend to the divulgence of any such digression. I, on the other hand, would like to, at this time, refute strongly a reference that was made in last week's Catalyst about my participation in the supervision of the recent referendum.

The editorial (written by TSM, whomever that may be) stated, "during the referendum at least one of the ballot box attendants openly supported the proposal (although she attempted to present both sides of the question)" I contest this statement. I did speak about the referendum during my watch at the ballot box, and I willingly take full responsibility for this action. During my shift of the supervision of the ballot box I tried to get as many people to vote as possible by calling over to the voting area all persons even vaguely resembling New College students. However, many of the recruited (eligible) voters didn't know the least thing about the SEC's referendum to amend the constitution and asked me what it was about. In each case I was careful to explain the referendum and give both sides of the argument equally. It is impossible to

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ROCK LAND Robert Smith

Wish to hell I could spell an introduction to Rock Land. In its urgency to meet with me, this Rock Land I have introduced forgot from whence it came. Space and time were playing games, not giving the slightest clue. Wandering rocks I thought - my mind slipping into an Odyssean framework. Holmes had no place here. This mastermind of criminology had no place here. There was not even a roost for Homer. The fiction of science next entered my burning brain - a land of time - a land of space - Rock Land, Rock Land a light year away, home of the Rockettes, yea! What to do with Radio City Music Hall though? No, the Rockettes must be left the sanctum of familiarity.

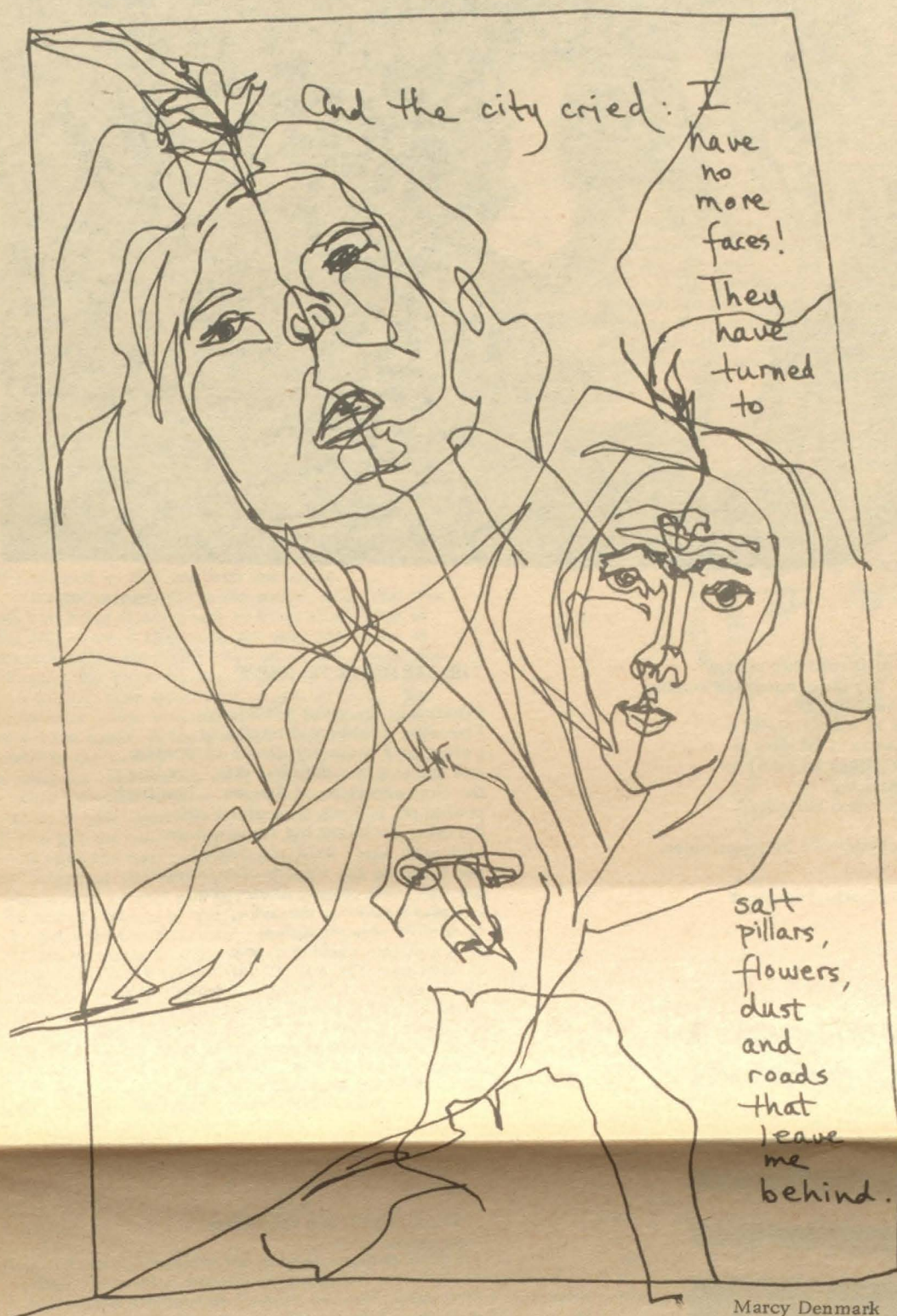
This Rock Land I speak of came to me with its troubles. If this Rock Land I speak of doesn't find itself, all that exists within it will be lost. Again my thoughts turned to possible answers, anything to trigger the amnesic consciousness of an entire world.

I am at a loss to describe anything of this system for I know not much. Rock Land came to me in a dream, a dream from which I have not recovered my senses. Each night I sleep and dream sleep and each night Rock Land waits, simply no place to go for it remembers not its roots. Each night I pry a bit more... eight hour dreams - quite a novelty, but I alone am the only entity that can reinstate the equilibrium and restore to the universe the balance it requires to maintain itself. Rock Land, Rock Land - Shirley Temple ginger man oh Mother Goose. They fit as well as word association can, but something doesn't jell. I hear babies crying, now, crawling from under my covers, drooling as they emerge in threes. Bed, babies, dreams, and Rock Land. The babies squirm about my fingers working their way up my arms, finally resting on my shoulders. Six dreams, six million infants resting upon my shoulders. In time, some of the infants find refuge in the confines of my facial pelt, while others seem to prefer the warm climate of my crotch. Still others fancy the winds of my nostrils. Six million neonates living on my life. They don't seem to be aware of the fact that I move about as they do only macrocosmically in comparison. Is this the answer then? My body becomes the Land, Rock Land, and my soul, my soul, my soul, ... I believe I'm God.

Many years have passed and the infants are no longer without conscience. Some cling to me for twenty years some forty, others seventy - still others succumb soon after their willful acceptance of Rock Land. This acceptance I have introduced, primarily crystallizes during the formative years one through twelve... Wonder Bread fed too amongst the skin and bones answering to the name of Rock Land. All come to me as children and die as such. With the passing of ages, the children become more deeply entrenched in my body. My beard was not enough - nor my crotch. Slowly these younglings move inward aging ever so slightly. Like tapeworms, they lodge themselves against my intestine sucking the very life from the God they created. Periodically, I manage to send a flood of bourbon through my limbs, washing away the blood-suckers and restoring Order.

My day becomes a thousand of their years, and I am given immortality by the very souls who seek me... numinously. Little do they realize they make the God I am, and without them, I would exist not as such but would exist none the less as myself. For this immortality, the day belongs not to me; the people own and Order my day. AS GOD, I have certain mundane chores to attend to daily, allowing me not the felicity of simply existing within my life.

And so the cycle is complete... the abstract fashioned from concrete. Rock Land rock land spells an introduction for anyone anyman seeking himself.



Marcy Denmark

FEVER

Even the pillars of insanity
fold into legs of cardboard
and collapse.
What is imminent is all
that is filtering back
to stand unconcerned at the edge
of this delirium of sleep
asking for water.
The heat straps us down.
We cannot keep our heads closed,
our eyes open. The flesh melts.
Bring back your lies they belong here
where enraged channels flood
all that is not protean and
lips parch all speech that seems
certain. We despise less
lucid moments. These are more
tropical times flung limply
over ruins and absolute monuments
of torture, pounding out a space
which can fluidly survive
its own destruction.
-- Holly Boren.

SONNET

This aching heart of mine,
a twitch inside it like a hole
is sprouting from the shadows,
pours through the memory of music.
Little girl, I am fastened to you
like a button to a coat of dream. And
yet, these dreams of rawness, cossacks
of darkness, what measures have they?
Not a coin's toss through the winks of time.
It's just more salve to the ache,
the love-pump's meaning unstated.
Agrarian intents and purposes
make hay in the heart. But oh! those eyes
of yours: as clear as the color blue.

--Norman Stein

Bright yellow railroad coaches underlined
A vacant Georgia sky and, at Waycross,
Stopped between rows of brown boxcars consigned
To rusted sidings lined with Spanish moss.

A gray-haired woman boarded, labored down
Clear aisles on swollen ankles--quivering
Full dimpled upper arms and double chin
Sprouting from a beige cotton dress that clung

Opaquely, glued by the September sweat,
To skin like wallet leather currencies
Had hypertanned--and then, snatching a seat
She noticed empty, set between her knees

A pink and white striped shopping bag, beside
The felt purse of a slim blonde suited pale
As virgin paper in dark blue, who slid
Uneasily away toward the wall.

Half-way to Jacksonville she had revealed
Name, age--eighteen, desire for a degree,
A liberal education--she reviled
The thought of keeping house and mindlessly

Producing children, coffee klatsching, or
Collecting papers for the latest drive:
She must have--if not office--a career;
In marriage, not conformity, but love.

The gray-haired woman then biographed
A son, a lawyer in Atlanta--turned
Against her by his wife; her husband, dead
Two years ago, a teamster who had earned

Enough to settle down in Bradenton
When he retired; and her grandchildren, all
Eleven of them--silencing to fan
Their pictures faceless to the bored girl, roll

A nylon down, bare scars on her right leg;
Then, lips pulled back, gold--plus tobacco stains;
And, rooted from the bottom of her bag,
Capsuled in amber plastic, three gall stones.
--John E. Horn

MARK ROTHKO RED BROWN AND BLACK 1958 OIL

In the space between dreams,
In the eyelid of heaven
I awoke in the dark last night.
I'm shaking, my nerves are bad,
Not the Moon or Saturn
But the force of infinite space
Not bone, not the bloodshot whites of the eyes
But the blood itself
Not expanses of meadow, lake and sky
But the damp soil under stone
But the cloud packed, purple night.
In that moment where maroon meets black, we hold a power
In the cells of animals, we enter deeper than any
Bruise, deeper than prayer
Where blood emerges from the marrow bone center.
We grip the edges with our fingernails
It slips through
And surrounds us
In a death through entropy.
As if in the instant we see God, after that blinding flash
Of light, we breathe only his darkness.
--David Wasser

WOOD CARVINGS IN FRONT OF A VASE

The peasant and his wife stand
slightly hunched in the shadow
of the dark vase behind

them. They have no chins
and their hands are tucked away
for good in the simple linings

of their pockets. Dried weeds
and flowers have erupted
from the vase and make over

them an elaborate
canopy of yellows and browns.
The ceramic chickens below

them are glazed into silence.
Deep smiles have flattened
their eyes into calm lines.
--Marty Steyer

CAROL

When I first met her I didn't really
meet her - I witnessed her presence;
flute fingers, her body a long country song,
deep hesitant sureness in her walk,
hair trembling past her waist.
She hid in it, an opaqueness between her
and the others
as tho she had kissed her shadow to the wall
and left to giggle from the corner.
I envied her strange free smile,
her total acceptance of everything within
that shielded, veiled world
But when I tried to take her picture
like a primitive she refused to be captured,
I moved all the lights in the room
to try to expose her in her contented hiding.
That frightened her.

She was in all ways a shy creature,
seductively smiling from the safety where all
are friends
refusing to step outside her
gossamer wall.
She had an awkward gentle protective bluntness
that cut like paper.

One day she cut her hair off to her ears,
I respected her symbolic stripping,
but worried more.

--Cynthia Cook



Cynthia Cook

A NIGHT IN A BAR

Who is to blame
when the sun
dangles like a leper's hope.

Who is the hunter
when I am all men chasing
random moons like a worthless rube
vagrant at a carnival.

And then your eyes
they could get death to wed Christmas
why?

--David Disend

he walks up at once in my hands two strings
have two balloons have two huge supermen smiling
colors on two released balloons,
he says he doesn't know a) what time it is
b) where he is c) who he is, I ask how is
he he doesn't know that either he asks how
I am I say O.K., not thinking,
he says Ya got two bits for two balloons?
I point straight up,
he pauses frowns spits leaves, two balloons older.

I exit, 25¢ richer. --Martin Townsend

THE TERMINAL FEMININE

Eventually the veins withered;
I became a rubberoid odalisque.
I cling to a recurrent dream of woman
and the way she shed her skin, evading
the slow accretion of disease. The flesh
peeled off in long, jaundiced strips
exposing no infant but translucence
blue with age. Bald and flailed,
she believed the surgery of resurrection.
But I am completely cauterized.
I brush sleep from the eyes
of death's best physician.
He supplies a continual dose
of outrage. The cold hands.
The imprecise incisions. A tender concern
is displayed for the advance
of our respective infections.
Who will be first to go? I manage
one bloodless kiss because
I know he tries to enhance the pain.

--Holly Boren



Marcy Denmark

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA

In a cavern in a canyon, digging for souls, God dredged
up an untoward woman, dangling by her knees from the dark
branch of a live oak. She had a small simian voice in which
she chatted with the birds, and He named her Rima.

This was in 1959.

In 1962, feeling a slight flutter behind her ribs, she unfolded
her legs and dropped to the earth. She was hungry,
and the thick mulch of rotting plant matter on the forest
floor smelled rich and tender. She gulped down a mouthful.

But it made her sick.

So she cut herself a walking stick from sturdy gopher
wood, and, swearing off all food, set out for Siena. The
road led out of the wood across dusty prairies of fleabane and
purslane, mile after mile of sun and brush.

Her fatigue grew large.

After the first few weeks she decided to sleep during the
heat of the day and walk at night. But the exertion in the
dark only made her weakness greater, and it took but two
nights of dragging her tortured body across the landscape to
damage her resolve. She stumbled into a deep rut and collapsed.

After a week she went on.

By then she was no longer conscious of hunger or exhaustion.
Her tongue was coated thick and gray, almost filling her mouth.
Her skin was dark and parched, caked with the dirt of that foreign
country. The walking stick dragged behind in a cloud of dust.

She had a dream.

Some later called it a vision, but Rima considered it little
more than the idle meanderings of a mind at sleep. In her
dream she met God, who lifted her in his arms and then set
her down that same moment in the central square of Siena.
"Catherine" someone called from behind in a voice like a
cracked iron bell, "Come to my aid, Catherine."

She tried to turn but was struck.

She was a statue.

She had been turned into a statue of St. Catherine of Siena.
The next day she tripped over her walking stick and fell to
her death by the side of the road.

--Ellen Horowitz

This issue of AN APPLE IN YOUR EYE was edited
by John Horn, Norm Stein, David Smith and Rob
Stillman. Submissions in poetry, expository prose
and fiction are welcome. Submissions in art are
especially welcome.

We should've known.

There was a guy came in here once who played pinball ass-backwards, his back to the machine, watching the ball over one shoulder, just to show off, you know -- but this kid's style was nothing like that: we should've known something was wrong. It was a mistake thinking he was a bad player just because he stood up to the machine funny -- it's what he wanted us to think, and he sure enough took us right in.

We get a lot of different types in here, being right on the highway and all -- all kinds. Might be a businessman from New Orleans on his way to Saint Looney, just stop in for a drink and see the machine, or a family man on vacation, stop for a rest or a trip to the loo -- once had an Episcopalian minister to stop in asking directions -- wanted the shortest route to Lawrenceville, Kansas; Jaspers, his name was -- who ended up spending four hours and God knows (or I suppose He was told later) how many quarters in the old pinball machine. . . . Of course, nighttimes it's mostly the local fellows plays it -- Littlejohn and Mason, Wheelwright, Donleavy when he's in town. . . . Got a regular little pinball society right here in the Tavern, with champions and gambling and competition -- leastways we did, until that kid came in.

Take a look at this machine, Mister, -- go ahead. It's the finest pinball machine you'll ever see, and the toughest. Found it at the State Fair up to Little Rock two years ago this October -- paid near four hundred dollars for it, and it wasn't brand new then. That carney feller was out to stick me for all he could (he wanted \$485 for it at first, before I talked him down a piece), but I knew I just had to own that machine. Hell, though, it's paid for itself twice over -- it brings the customers in, don't you see, as well as the dimes and quarters it takes in. Here, let me show you how it's played -- this one's on the house.

You get three balls to the game, see, and first off you bring it down one of those three slots at the top -- each time you get one, the value of something on the board goes up -- see, each slot changes the value of one of the top bumpers from one to ten, then when you've got all three, the Showdown value is doubled -- Showdown, see, that's the name of the game. That cowboy pictured in the middle there -- well, you're having a gunfight, Showdown, see, with him, and when you've hit each of those five targets around the board, a hole opens up in the middle there, and if you get the ball in the hole, he'll draw on you -- it spits the ball at your left flipper, that special target on his front lights up, and you get one shot at him -- and you get points, see, the more the closer you get to the bullseye. . . . See, there, you got it in the hole now, and he's gonna draw -- it'll throw the ball against that flipper, and you hit it back at the target -- 200, see -- you could have got as much as 500 -- 1000 with all three slots out. Well, you have to play it awhile -- then you'll get the hang of it. 1257 you scored, huh? Well, you need 3500 to get a free game, so you can see how tough it is.

But hell, the way that kid played it, you'd hardly think he could score 1000, but I saw him score over 10,000, the record was seven before that -- see, Mason wrote the score up there on the wall with pool chalk: 7271 -- over ten thousand this kid scored, and he hadn't even finished the game.

Let me show you how he played it: he'd stand way off to one side like this, see, and lean way over. Half the time he'd reach all the way across the machine with his right hand, not even touching the flipper button, just like he was holding the thing together, you see. Well, when we first saw him do it, we just thought he was crazy, but later we found out he knew just what he was doing.

That was about four months ago, and it had gotten to be a regular thing for the fellows to come in, drink a little beer, and have a go on the pinball machine. It started out with just betting a beer, say. Two guys'd play, and the losing score bought the next round. Fine for business, I'd say. Occasionally somebody'd get to feeling cocky and bet a few bucks -- I guess every man feels that gambling instinct from time to time -- once we even had fifty dollars riding on a game between Mason and Littlejohn -- best total score for three games, it was -- and there was a good deal of side bets on that one, too. Mason beat him good, 13,500 to 10,200, and after that Mason was considered the champion.

The night the kid came in we were all just hanging around as usual. A few guys had been playing the machine, but just then it was quiet. When I saw the kid I thought I was gonna have to ask for a ID -- he looked about nineteen or so, but he didn't come up to the bar -- just edged over and looked at the pinball machine. I didn't think anymore of it -- he was a middle-sized, ordinary-looking kid, wearing jeans and an old gray sweat-shirt, like maybe he was a college kid out on vacation. Mason was talking big about a killing he'd made at the race track in New Orleans just recently, so I didn't pay any attention to the kid. Neither did anybody else, until a few minutes later we heard the loud thump that means somebody'd won a game.

We all turned at once, just as the game ended and the machine quieted down. 3507 he'd scored, just barely enough to win a replay.

"Hey, Mase," Wheelwright laughed, "Maybe we've got a new challenger for your high score!"

The kid turned around and kind of grinned, dumb-like, looking a little bit embarrassed as everybody laughed -- everybody except Mason, I should say, who took his pinball seriously. After a minute though, Mase smiled -- probably he'd decided there was no way the kid could be a threat, and said, "I'll have to see him win one more before I'll worry too much," and to the kid: "Let's see it, friend."

The kid pushed the reset button. Everybody kind of moved down to that end of the bar -- Mason just turned on his stool (he was tall enough to see without standing) -- and gathered around the machine. Well, the kid put on quite a show, with that crazy style I showed you, and everybody got quite a laugh out of it, and got him flustered -- of so we thought. It was one of the quickest games I've ever seen -- 1200 points.

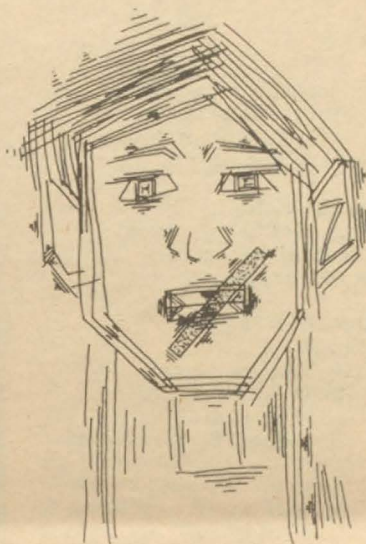
Before the laughter could die down, Littlejohn

Pinball Hustler

stepped up and put in his dime, and the crowd moved in to watch (except Mason, who sat back like the king of the roost waiting for his turn to show everybody up). Littlejohn was good, and something of a showman to boot; he has a way of twisting his hip when he makes a hard flip, so when he's hitting the Showdown ball, it looks kind of like he's drawing a gun. Everybody enjoys that. Well, it was just getting real dark outside, so the flashing lights made the room kind of glow, and the bells ringing -- well, we were getting into the spirit of the thing, you might say. Littlejohn scored close to 4000, and was right proud of that.

"Anybody want to play for a beer?" he asks, feeling pretty confident you could tell. See, next to Mason, he was the best player, and he knew Mason wouldn't show his stuff for a while yet. There were no takers, though, and it looked like everybody was headed back for the bar, when this voice says, "I'll play you for a dollar."

It was the kid, you see; we'd forgotten about him. Well, Littlejohn was achin' to show off, so he winks to the crowd and plunks a silver dollar down on the bar (he carries a silver dollar around with him all the time for just such an occasion). The kid looks kind of nervous, and pulls a handful



George Mosely

of change out of his pocket, and counts it out in quarters and dimes. Wheelwright flips a coin to see who plays first, and Littlejohn called heads and won, and said the kid should go first.

Well, despite the fact that he leaned over like he was about to fall down as he played, the kid made a pretty good showing. He had two Showdowns, one for 500, and scored 3400. He just sort of lost the last ball, like he wasn't really trying somehow -- 3418, he had. We all thought Littlejohn was in trouble, but he walks up and scores 1600 on the first ball, and it's all downhill from there. On the second ball he gets a double Showdown score at 400, and he finishes at 3800. "Anybody else?" he says, raking in the change. Then Mason gets up.

"I'll play just one," he says. "Littlejohn, you can buy me a beer with all your winnings there if I beat your 3800."

Mason's a big fellow, 6'2" and close to 250 pounds. He towers over that machine like it was a toy, just takes it in his big hands and shakes it till it gives up. Well, he was in great form that night -- the more interest there is, the better he plays -- and he took right off. Double Showdown on the first ball -- bang -- 1000 points; two Showdowns on the next ball, one on the third -- 5200-point game. That was that, it seemed. Mason strolled back for his free beer, and the machine was left to cool off.

The kid went up to it quiet-like, and started a game. We didn't bother to watch him, until we heard that thump again. He had won, and on the second ball! Thump, the second win -- that's at 4400, and then the third, at 4900. Mason's mouth had fallen open, as had everybody's. 5325 -- just a little better than Mason's -- and the ball dropped. The kid kind of smiled at Mason.

"How about it Mase," Wheelwright said, "You gonna play him?"

Now, Jim Mason never looks anything but confident, about that pinball machine or anything else -- he's a foreman for a building crew in the city, and takes no gaff from anybody, believe me -- but I thought he looked just a little uncomfortable. I guess it wasn't so much the challenge, but like who it was coming from; I've seen him arm-wrestle a truck driver with biceps big as a culvert pipe without breaking a sweat, but this here was a kid in dirty jeans, who hardly came up to Mason's adam's apple. As I said, I thought he looked just a mite uncomfortable.

"Not tonight, gentlemen," he says. "The kid's had his lucky game, we'll leave it at that."

"How about for ten dollars?"

We just looked at the kid. The mocking tone had been there for just a split-second, though he looked dumb and innocent again now. The place went quiet as a tomb as the kid pulled a crumpled ten from his jeans and laid it on the counter. We could hardly believe it, but Mason saw the color of the money, I guess, and his confidence came back. He opened his fat wallet and laid two fives across the ten.

Now, we've developed rules for these big money games. It's best total score for three games, played this way: the fellow challenged plays his first game, then the challenger plays his first and second, then the first fellow plays his second and third, so that the challenger plays his third game last -- so he can see what score he's got to beat, since he's the one trying to prove something. We bought that lit-

tle blackboard you see over the bar to write scores on.

We've got some other rules -- no making noise while your opponent's playing, no standing closer than two feet, tilts cost you the ball, unless somebody else causes it, then you get to play it over. Also, if the machine busts while you're playing, it's your tough luck, but if you bust it for the other guy, then you forfeit. You see, Donleavy once slammed the thing so hard a bumper came loose before Carmichael could play his third game, and we had quite a row over it. . . .

Anyway, so we told the kid the rules, and Mase stepped up to go first. And he was good. Watching Mase, you get to wondering how it's possible to ever lose the ball -- four different times it got to the point where I would have given it up for lost, but Mase just kept shaking till it coughed it back up. The game took near ten minutes, and he finished with 6500. He was pretty happy when he sat down at the bar to let the kid play his first game.

The kid still played his funny way -- leaning way over to the left -- and he was obviously outclassed. He fudged his second ball completely, and finished with 3715. Now that's a darn good score most of the time, but after Mase's 6500, we thought for sure it was all over. The kid took a drink of water, dried his hands on a towel, and went into his second game without a word. Funny as he looked, he was a darn good player; he did even better that game, but he finally tilted toward the end of his third ball, and finished at 4682.

I wrote the total, 8397, on the blackboard. Mason was looking good. By now we had figured the kid for a smalltime hustler who'd met his match and then some in old Mase. Mason's second game was good, strong, conservative pinball -- 4807, for a total of 11,307, close to 3000 ahead. The kid was sitting in the corner, looking pretty down, as we could understand.

Mason's last game was a classic. I counted no fewer than eleven Showdowns -- though some claim it was just ten -- and Mason shook that machine for a new record -- 7622! I wrote his total up on the board, 18,929 -- and the kid's 8397 looked sick next to it. Why, he'd have to turn the machine over -- the counters only go to 9999 you see -- to beat old Mase. There was a lot of cheers and backslapping, and Mase took a beer and sat down to watch the kid. Mason was all smiles. "I reckon I got to give you odds, kid -- we'll make it 2 to 1 on that ten you've already lost."

The kid didn't say a word, but stepped up to the machine. His first ball fell at 1400. Mase bought beers around.

The kid went on. Now, I was busy drawing the beer at the time, so I can't swear it, but I thought for a second there I saw the kid doing something to that right flipper button -- like maybe sticking a wire or something in it, but like I say, I couldn't be sure. Anyway, next thing we knew, the kid was yelling to beat the band, and as we watched the ball landed on that right flipper and rolled right off and out.

"It's busted," he yelled. "That right flipper doesn't work at all!"

Everybody gathered around and sure enough, it was dead as could be.

"The game's off," the kid said, "this machine's busted."

That's when I thought I remembered seeing him fool with the button. Trying to get his ten back, I decided -- knew he had lost -- he had just 2200 now, with one ball to get over 8000 points, so he was trying to get out of it.

"Sorry, friend," Mason said, getting up, "but we discussed the rules at the beginning -- if the machine busts while you're playing, it's your own hard luck." The kid frowned. "However," Mase grinned, turning to the crowd, "I will allow you to up your bet, if you're still so sure you can win, at the generous odds of ten-to-one!"

Everybody rolled at Mason's joke, but we all stopped cold when the kid pulled out a roll of tens. "I'll take those odds for a hundred dollars," he said, peeling off ten new bills.

One ball and one flipper to score 8333 points! Suddenly, as the kid started to play again, we began to understand the logic behind his one-sided way of playing the game. He ignored the dead flipper button altogether now, and held his right arm all the way across the machine, using it for a brace, like, which gave him perfect control to guide the ball onto the good left flipper. I swear he must have practiced that move for a thousand hours -- he shook it just right, so the ball never even went near the dead flipper. We just stood and watched as the score climbed -- 4000, 5000, double Showdown, 7000, 7500 -- and without even a near-loss of the ball. Mason stood rock-still, with his big scared fists tightening with every ring of the bell. 8000, 9000, Showdown after Showdown, till finally the counters turned over, as the kid passed 10,000 and kept on going.

Mason went off like a stick of dynamite. He picked up one of those heavy oak chairs (I weighed it after: 68 pounds) like it was nothing, and before we knew what happened slammed it hard against the kid's shoulder, sending him sprawling across the floor. The kid crashed against the wall, and Mason was on him and pulling him up by the shirtfront before the ball had even had a chance to fall (I remembered looking at that instant, and it went out, scoring a last hundred for an even 11,000, just as Mason threw the kid through the front door). I'd say the kid had definitely picked the wrong man to hustle.

Well, in the end they took the kid's \$110 and stuffed it in his pocket, carried him to the city limits in the back of Wheelwright's pickup, and dumped him. "Maybe the money'll pay to fix his two broken arms," Mase said, "so he'll be able to reach up and put his dime in another pinball machine in a year or two!"

Well, the game of pinball sort of lost its glory around here, as you might imagine, after that. We didn't talk about the match a lot, except for occasionally wondering if the kid's arms were broken in six places or eight. Guys still play the machine, you know, but a lot of the edge has gone off it. I'm thinking about getting in a new pool table.

Anyhow, about a month later Donleavy, the traveling salesman, made it back to town, and we were about to tell him the whole story of what he'd missed on his last road trip, but he wouldn't listen -- had to tell us his own story, about what he'd seen in a poolroom over to Kansas -- how everybody around had lost their money to this fellow who played the most incredible game of pinball you've ever seen -- with both arms in plaster casts from the wrist to the shoulder!

Rob Mallet, 18 October 1972

THE HAND

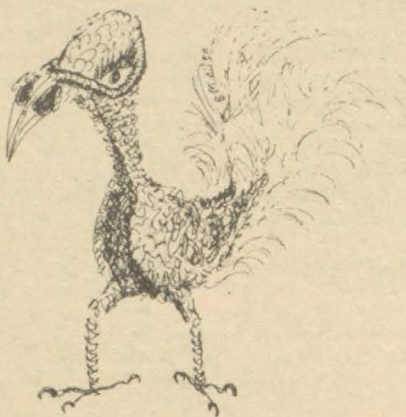
Across the silent screen stalks Chaney's Phantom,
Furtive, fleeting, masked. What then reveals
His passions, if not the voice or face? The hands!

This is what Michelangelo understood
So well. When Adam receives the spark, when David
Stands lost in thought, the hands tell the story.

Or picture two lovers standing, gazes fixed
Eye on eye. One need not hear their words
Nor see their eyes: what the hands reveal will suffice.

When Khrushchev bellows, "We will bury you!"
Clenched fists waving above his livid head,
Note only the hands: they are not ambiguous.

Most eloquent, most frugal parts of man,
The joints, the digits, of the hand compose
A silent symphony of manifold
Feelings, reified: a perfect poem.
--David L. Smith



Barb Mellon

TIME OF RAIN

I've listened to the rainsong long now,
Days long and many nights through,
How it hovers, rustling dreamlike, how
It's of one tone, eternally fused.

Once on foreign shores I found
This music, cricket thin and high,
In gliding Chinese song, a sound
Fresh yet constant in reply.

Rustling rain and Chinese song,
Waterfall music, the ocean's ring,
How does your magic draw me on
Through this world, wondering?

Your soul is the eternal tone
That knows no time or change,
We prematurely fled its home,
The echoes sear our hearts with pain.
--by Hermann Hesse
Translated by Kim Logan

(apologies to Norman Mailer)

In Mexico
with a sense of gravity Buddhists
reserve for the cow
loved ladies a shy as tigers
stand in the cold watching the
factory men come up--
insatiable sombreros.
Mature animal lovers,
punch drunk pugs,
and ambitious cattle drop in no
gentleness.
Strike up the street lights.
The numb corpus of prison time
yields
a deliberate nothing.
-- Martin Townsend.

he walks up at once in my hands two strings
have two balloons have two huge supermen smiling
colors on two released balloons,
he says he doesn't know a) what time it is
b) where he is c) who he is, I ask how is
he he doesn't know that either he asks how
I am I say O.K., not thinking,
he says Ya got two bits for two balloons?
I point straight up,
he pauses frowns spits leaves, two balloons older.

I exit, 25¢ richer.

--Martin Townsend

VALE BRILLANTE

A dance from Chopin fills the hall,
Unbridled feet dance wild beneath
The sallow glow of windows spectral,
The piano wears a wilted wreath.

The piano you, the violin I,
Thus endlessly we play there, cursed
With waiting, fearful, you and I--
Who will break the magic first?

Who will first break off in grace
And who will finally dare
To push away the light and place
The question without answer.

--by Hermann Hesse
Translated by Kim Logan

"IN THE NIGHT, DREAM VISIONS."
A recital.
Fantasy Pieces: Opus 12--Schumann
"the skull of art is possibility"
--C. Tomlinson

The rain eased into your notes at the door.
Bending warmly, slightly out of color,
out of time--in space--with the fantasies
hands inflexibly drew to shapes of Schumann.

Without error, you played the score--tautly
fingering themes of possibility,
of anticipation--anticipating
always, the mistouched key. Never mistouched.

Mistouched only in your fantasies.

The roof held back like a barrier, aloof
tranquil--reflective to chords, to the rain,
to the metronomic drone of two movements
harmonized like clock hands in a mirror.

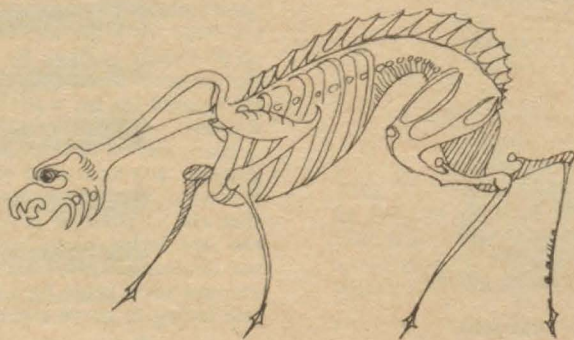
Your musical fantasies gained no extension
beyond the possible, beyond the rain
and the sound of random taps repeating
tensions of the inevitable, of the present,

Of the ineluctable, mute presence of here.
--Rob Stillman

ROTTING BOTTLES

We took the bottles from a paper bag
behind the water heater.
Their brown glass seemed evil
and their colored labels lured
our fingers. With grown up smiles
we placed them on a bench
like trophies; three bottles of booze.
We broke the seals and poured
the dirty water into glasses
stolen from the kitchen. We gulped
it lukewarm and straight then floated
to our feet. The room was a puddle
of noise. Mark flopped on the couch
like a fish and Mike was a bus
driver. I swerved, honking my horns,
and crashed into a shut door,
and with a final warp of the room passed
into black. Mid-morning light
broke like eggshells in our eyes.
We stumbled over rotting bottles
and searched in the bathroom for aspirin,
claiming never to drink again.

--Marty Steyer



Barb Mellon

BOOK REVIEW:

Michael Hamburger, TRAVELLING. Fulcrum
Press, London. 1969. 93 pp.
by Rob Stillman

One of the most respected names in contemporary English and American poetry is that of Michael Hamburger. The poet's renown has emerged not from the vehicle of his own creative efforts, but largely from his brilliant translations of German surrealists, like Trakl, and his sharp and thorough knowledge of modern, international poetic movements. Although the author well deserves the praise which he has received, the reasons which rest behind his lack of creative fame remain something of an enigma to me. There is a high degree of artistic substance present in Hamburger's verse. Not only do his works reveal the mastery of a mind that has understood the dynamics of a wide variety of pregnant styles; they demonstrate, as well, his ability to incorporate those styles into expressive contexts, with an intuitive, and not merely an intellectual perceptivity.

Hamburger's poetry makes no assertions, it enacts a process. His poems are concretely stated biographies of 'spots of time' in existence, dated in the mind and sensualized in the touch of communication. As the poet writes in the introduction to the collection, his artistic search is one intimately connected with "what Keats meant by negative capability." His is the attempt to selflessly identify with the object raised to a level of imaginative contemplation. It is a process of merging, in which the ego removes itself from the focal position of the poem to become one with the matter animated within it.

The poet, in this aesthetic sense, and in the manner in which his verse constantly returns for inspiration to the natural environment, can be said to have strong affiliations with the romantic movement. Yet, this is a point which should not be overstressed. For Hamburger is an indisputably contemporary poet. If Keats' heart can be accurately represented as having entered into a debate with actuality, Hamburger's has paradoxically arisen out of its own internal conflicts into a kind of conscious dissolution intended to express the tensions and ambiguities of modern life. The language of his poetry is that of contemporary literature; the literature of loss of self. Words "grow true" for the artist when he feels they are allowed to be "self-destroyed, self-dissolved." The central question of TRAVELLING is "words. . . You grow true/ To What?" Hamburger may have already answered the dilemma which he poses for himself and the reader on the last page of the collection. But if he has, it is an answer buried deep in his surreal perceptions of reality, and in his loss and renewal of self in the hungry flux of life. He gives us, alone, a process of experience.

One especially appealing feature of Hamburger's verse is the wide variety of styles which he is able to utilize with a firm, effective control. The poet displays a unique capacity to write in a convincing lyrical, imagistic or surrealistic style. A few of his better poems experiment with the employment of contrasting contexts of romantic and imagistic language. Some of the artist's works are composed in simple, richly suggestive phrases; others are filled with the highly abstract tensions of hard surreality. What remains constant in Hamburger's poetry is a compact pastiche of images, bound together in short phrases, unrhymed and metrically unpatterned. Occasionally, the rhythmical movement of his poetry is hampered by the delight which the author takes in sound--rich repetitions of pulsating language; but on the whole, Hamburger's works suffer little from the avoidance of metrical systems. A more serious deficiency in his patchwork style of writing is the tendency of its images to become conceptually clotted. In a similar manner to many of the neo-surrealists, the poet often depends too strongly upon the intuitive, rather than the factual or concrete connections between words. He has that distinctly annoying habit of attempting to sound too suggestive, within a context that can support no such intellectual complexity.

Hamburger's imagery is penetrative; it roots and uproots the ideas behind the word, turning one over for another in a process of dissolution and reintegration. It is a "copulation of language," a rich overflowing of sound values and thought. Yet given that his images and techniques are pregnant, there is still the major difficulty in his poetry that creativity for Hamburger is the bastard child of a secondary experience. As it was true of Shelley, that which has the most profound influence upon his mind is the vicarious sensation of reading. One rather disturbing product of this fact is the off-hand tone in which the author is able to relate the most visual, brutal or sensual happenings of life. His secondary perceptions of experience will not allow him to complete a selfless identification with life in any of its natural manifestations.

The only other major point on which a reader might be inclined to criticize Hamburger is primarily one of aesthetics. For it is highly questionable whether a verse form which "is a part of silence" can be effectively achieved through a syntactical dissolution of language. There is a certain limited level of accomplishment that a poet is able to reach by means of such a process; but it is not a field of literary inquiry that can be pursued either beyond the bounds which Beckett, for example, has taken it, or to a realm of complete, aesthetic satisfaction. It is not the legitimate task of an artist to destroy his medium of expression. A poet ought to enrich his language in order to gain a fuller sense of communicability. To express the paradoxical inexpressiveness of words is an absurdist phenomenon that has already been exploited and closed. Let us leave it be.

Michael Hamburger's TRAVELLING, perhaps in spite of its aesthetic contentions, is a fine book of creative and accomplished verse. The poet's artistic talents are deserving of a greater amount of attention than has been given them in the past.

This Week...

AFRICAN CULTURE FESTIVAL AT USF

February 7--February 10, the University of South Florida, in conjunction with other area groups, will present a Festival of African Culture. The program will feature world renowned authors, educators, poets, and a musician--all of African origin. The Nigerian Ambassador will also bring a message on the Festival of Black Arts to be held in Nigeria in 1974. The public is invited. Further information is available from Peggy Bates.

MILLER DIRECTS HIGHER EDUCATION WORKSHOP

Dr. A. M. Miller, assistant professor of literature, directed a workshop at the National Symposium on Experimental Higher Education sponsored by Johnston College, the experimental sub-section of the University of Redlands at Redlands, Calif. Jan. 25-28. The workshop was entitled "If It's New, How Can We Know It's Good? or, Maintenance of Academic Standards in Judging Independent and Self-Generated Student Work." Dr. Miller also served as a judge of young people's poems submitted to the Avant-Garde Poets & Artists Center (formerly St. Petersburg Poetry Association.) A poem by Dr. Miller, "Stock Car," appears in the current issue of *Inscape*.

'CHESS IN LITERATURE' TOPIC OF NEW TRUZZI BOOK

Dr. Marcello Truzzi, associate professor of sociology, has contracted with the publishers of Avon Books a work tentatively titled "Chess in Literature."

LOW TO SPEAK TO LIBRARY GROUP

New College Librarian Edmon Low will present a series of five speeches at the mid-winter meeting of the American Library Association (ALA) in Washington, D. C. Jan. 26--Feb. 3.

Low, who was vice president of the ALA, is a winner of that Association's Lippincott Award for distinguished service to the library profession. He is presently chairman of the ALA's copyright committee.

He will speak on "The Role of the Washington Office in Library Legislation," "On Development of Copyright in the U. S.," and later in the week, on "1973 Copyright Outlook." He will address the ALA's legislative assembly on the fair use theory of copyrighting works and still another group on the library profession and the future.

GRAHAM INVITES STUDENTS TO WINE AND CHEESE GET-TOGETHER

Henry and Claudia Graham invite students and interested faculty to a wine (and cider) and cheese get-together at 4:30 PM Friday (Feb. 2) at their apartment in the southwest corner of A building on the Palmer Campus, where they are now living with sons Geof and Ben and daughter Alessandra. They were away Term I with the European workshop in Italy (he is assistant professor of art history) and would like people to come and "get acquainted and hear people's views on how things are and ought to be at the college."

OCSO FILE MISSING

One of our folders (Euro Language Center) is missing from the files in the Off-Campus Study Office. If you inadvertently removed it from the office and have it in your possession, please return it immediately, as it is urgently needed. Thank you.

James Feeney
Off-Campus
Study Coordinator

ESP TALK SLATED

A former research associate of the Institute for Parapsychology in Durham, N. C., directed by Dr. J. B. Rhine, will speak on "Extra-Sensory Perception" (ESP) on Monday (Feb. 5) at 7 PM in the Fish-bowl.

Lee Pantas, who is currently affiliated with the institute in independent research, will cover historical aspects and current research in the field of parapsychology, a science of such phenomena as telepathy, precognition, clairvoyance, and similar matters. The material presented will deal primarily with world-wide scientific research, with emphasis on both experimental and theoretical aspects.

Pantas received the B. A. and M. A. degrees from the University of Vermont and he has been research associate with the Institute for Lake Champlain Studies in Burlington, Vermont. He has published articles on ESP in the *Journal of Parapsychology* and the *Journal of the American Society of Psychical Research*.

TRUSTEE CALLS FOR COMMENTS

Send comments, suggestions, concerns of college interest--for better representation on Trustees to David Young, 79 Ocean Drive East, Stamford, Conn. 06902.

COLLOQUIUM TEACHERS NEEDED

Students who wish to teach and/or lead a series of 5 lecture-discussions in a subject of their choosing, should register before noon Friday. These subjects should be of interest to the community of Sarasota--especially older, retired residents. Students chosen for this program will receive financial compensation.

Sign up on bulletin posted in Hamilton Center and you will be contacted between Friday and Monday. You must be ready to teach late second term plus early third term.

For further information--contact Debby Hachen--Box #263 or 355-4818.

CORONATION BALL SLATED FOR THIS SATURDAY

King David's Coronation Ball is scheduled for Saturday, Feb. 3, 1973. Hamilton Center, peasants invited.

Thursday, 2/1: ISP Evaluations due.

Registration deadline, 4-year option and off-campus study, Term III.

Deadline to notify Campus Book Shop to hold books ordered for Term II into Term III.

Dr. Peter Gay, Durfee Professor of History at Yale University, will speak on "Gentility: On Repression and Civilization in the 19th Century." The lecture, accompanied by slides, is a psychological and sociological analysis of gentility as a cultural phenomenon. The B German-born American-educated historian is a recipient of the National Book Award for his 1966 work "The Rise of Modern Paganism." Best known for his works on Voltaire, he wrote widely on the French Enlightenment and received the Ralph Waldo Emerson Award for his book on Weimar culture. 7:30 PM, Music Room.

Students may see Verdi's *La Traviata* free on a space-available basis; Asolo Theater, 8:15 PM, through Sat. Feb. 3.

Fri 2/2:
"Research on Women: Trends and Prospects," lecture series sponsored by Social Sciences Division. First visiting lecturer is Dr. Constantina Safilios-Rothschild, professor of sociology, Wayne State University, on "Sex Role Research; Theoretical and Methodological Implications for Sociology." Dr. Safilios-Rothschild is director of the

ELECTION from page one

"Ron suggested I go to Daryl Laatsch, I did, and Daryl gave me the sheet. Ron told me that all the people that had received ballots had had their names circled. I asked Ron if there should be more ballots cast then names circled--if that were possible. He said that, if anything, there should be more names circled than ballots cast, because some people might not have voted."

Harb counted the circled names but found it difficult to do so because the circling was so sloppy. "I counted a maximum of 240 names circled, but out of those 240, at least one of those people... specifically told me he had not voted... officially, there were 243 ballots cast, not including a joke write-in." (Someone voted four times for "Ace," a dog, but only one of the votes was counted.)

Harb then asked Rick Lathrop, Brian Morse, Lisa McGaughey, and this reporter to count the circled names on the sheet. Lathrop counted 239, Morse counted 237, and this reporter counted 239 plus one name that may or may not have been circled. Ms. McGaughey, when questioned, did not remember how many she had counted.

"The fact that we can prove that there were at least four unconstitutional votes and at most, who know," says Harb, "leads me to think that it is not unreasonable to ask for a review of an election whose outcome could have been swung by the changing of six votes."

"I talked to Daryl Laatsch about what I had found and he agreed that it was worth looking into." Laatsch promised to talk with Ron and said that he would see Harb in a few days.

"In my opinion," Harb says, "a well-publicized, well-organized re-election would not be unwarranted."

"If Daryl agrees, we'll approach it jointly. If he doesn't, I will reconsider what I have discovered, and decide what course to take, if any."

CALENDAR

Family Research Center at Wayne State and research associate of the Harvard Center for Population Studies and of the National Center for Social Research in Athens, Greece. 8 PM, Music Room, College Hall.

Ad lib for faculty and staff; 4:30 PM, South Hall. Wine, cider and cheese party for students and interested faculty; 4:30 PM, residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graham, A buildings.

NC film series: "The Damned," starring Dick Bogarde and Ingrid Thulin, directed by Luchino Visconti, examines the soul of Germany on the eve of Nazi power. 7 and 9:30 PM, Auditorium. There may be a 75¢ or \$1 fee.

Sat. 2/3:
Deadline for Ford Foundation Challenge, an opportunity for New College to earn a \$250,000 matching grant if it can raise one million dollars by this date.

Sun. 2/4:
Dr. Justus D. Doenecke, associate professor of history, and student Clara Wolfe discuss isolationism on Perspective, a television show seen on WFLA-TV, Channel 8 at 1 PM. Society of Friends (Quakers) discussion, 10 AM, worship 11 AM, Music Room.

NC film series: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" ("Wild Horses of Fire.") directed by Sergei Parajanov. U. S. S. R., 1964. Panorama of 19th-century life in the Carpathians. 7 and 9:30 PM, Auditorium.

Mon. 2/5:
"Civilization," celebrated film series on the cultural life of Western man by Sir Kenneth Clark. All 13 films will be shown during the winter and spring term. Second of the series: The Great Thaw. 7:30 PM, Auditorium, Hamilton Center.

Tues. 2/6:
Scientific research in extra-sensory perception, lecture-demonstration, by Lee Pantas, research associate of the Institute for Parapsychology, Durham, N. C. 7 PM, Private Dining Room, Hamilton Center.

Math events: Dr. William K. Smith, professor of mathematics, lectures on normal numbers. 7:30 PM, Room 21, Selby Science Building.

Wed. 2/7:
Faculty meeting, 3:30 PM Auditorium. Coffee and doughnuts for college community, 2:30 PM, Hamilton Center.

Conversation and Coffee for faculty and students. Dr. Peggy Bates' home at 141 Hamilton Court. 9 PM

Thurs. 2/8:
New College Board of Trustees meet, Hamilton Center.

The Woman's Library Association for New College: a color slide lecture on Mexican art by Nancy S. Hine, associate director of education for Ringling Museums. Coffee, 10:15 AM College Hall. For WLA membership.

DAVID LIPSEY explained the elections procedures to be the same as described by Davidson, and added, "It's really easy for that (the name-for-ballot exchange) to be violated. There are a lot better ways to run an election... if you don't watch, it's real easy (for violations to occur)."

DIANE TURNER confirmed Lipsey's comments.

TOM MCGUIGAN made the following observations:

"Ron and I were counting one section of ballots. I believe Bram(Haver) and Dave Parsons were counting the other. I looked at the ballots and read off each name, and Ron recorded the names. Ron counted half the ballots over again; I counted the other half." A second count of the ballots showed a discrepancy. The ballots were counted a third time by McGuigan and Davidson, and "I assume the other half did the same."

The ballots were totalled up! Daryl Laatsch won the election by ten votes.

Although McGuigan did nothing with the rooming lists, he said that he did not know whether or not the lists were ignored by other voters.

More information is still to be gathered on both the referendum balloting and the SEC Chairman balloting. The remaining information will be presented in the *Catalyst's* next issue.

ERRATA

The asterisk and line following it that appeared below the enrollment information chart on page 7 of the CATALYST of January 25 should have been omitted.

SNACK BAR SPECIALS

Feb. 1, Thursday:
Ham/cheese 60¢
Feb. 2, Friday:
Ground Hog 29¢
WHILE IT LASTS!
large O.J. 30¢
Feb. 3, Saturday
2 grilled cheese
(American) for 60¢
Feb. 4, Sunday
Bagels--2 for 25¢
Feb. 5, Monday
Turkey 55¢
Feb. 6, Tuesday
Free Fries with burger
Feb. 7, Wednesday
BLT 45¢

CREDIT AGAIN

NEW HOURS:
9:00 PM--11:15 PM
MON-FRI
10:15 AM--1:15 AM
SAT
10:15 AM--11:15 PM
SUNDAY



GOLDEN HOST

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

Where it's happening

La Casa Encantada ST. ARMANDS 388-3386

OPEN 9-5:30