

The Catalyst

VOLUME VIII, NUMBER 4

OCTOBER 5, 1972

EPC Holds Hearing

The Educational Policy Committee held an open meeting at 6:00 P.M. Monday evening to expose and entertain proposals about the academic program at New College. Approximately forty students were in attendance. E.P.C. members Jim Scappaticcio, Wanda Tseng and Dr. Knox chaired the meeting. They asked that the discussion be centered around the topics of summer school, the academic calendar, enrollment, the admissions policy, and the contract system.

Summer school was the first and the longest discussed topic. Last year's summer school, it was noted, broke even financially. It was also observed that organic chemistry proved to be easier to study on an intensive basis than literature. Among the "customers" proposed for summer school were regular New College students, students from other colleges, high school students checking out New College or doing N.S.F.-type summer programs, and local adults taking courses for their own edification. Outside faculty would be desirable, since they would relieve regular faculty from having to teach for a year straight.

The second area of discussion was the academic calendar. One proposed change was moving to a 4-1-4 calendar. The move to a semester system has been considered several times before, and the arguments pro and con remain roughly the same. The 4-1-4 calendar is slightly better financially and offers a better chance for exchange with other colleges during I.S.P. In addition, the semesters could be divided into modules to increase course choices. For many students, though, ten weeks seems to be an ideal length for a term, and the 3-1-3-3 system offers maximum

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Faculty, SEC: Routine Meetings

Faculty:

This year's second faculty meeting was held Wednesday in the teaching auditorium.

Dr. Knox announced that the Educational Policies Committee held one meeting, which he termed "very constructive". He added that the EPC would meet every Wednesday at lunch in Hamilton Center and Thursdays at 3:00 in South Hall.

Dr. Murray reported that the Student Academic Status Committee held its first meeting Tuesday. A discussion was held of the problems inherent in the policy of declaring a contract unsatisfactory if it has been incomplete for one year. The committee has only two alternatives in such a case--dismissal or setting the student back a term. This does not allow for any extenuating circumstances

which might pertain to a particular student. Dr. Murray suggested that the committee be given the additional alternative of extending the period before declaring a contract unsatisfactory if the committee felt that certain circumstances justified it. This was moved, seconded, and carried.

Dr. Kirtley, speaking for the Faculty Status Committee, said that the Truzzi sub-committee on tenure will have its report ready for the May meeting of the Board of Trustees. The College Resource Committee reported that they do not have full membership, with two student positions to be filled in an election Friday. The Admissions Committee is planning three papers on existing policies, exist-

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S.E.C.:

At this week's SEC meeting, held at 6 p.m. on Tuesday in H-1, a variety of topics was covered, including a report on Monday night's Educational Policy Committee meeting, a Bread Board report, reaction to the Presidential Search Committee-sponsored visit of Dr. Lawrence Fuchs last Saturday, and discussions of the findings of the ad hoc committees in charge of the refrigerator and pet problems, respectively.

Jim Scappaticcio, speaking for the EPC, said that some thirty students out of 529 came to the Monday night meeting: 'A better response than usual for NC students, but still extremely poor.' The possibility of putting out a student questionnaire was discussed, but discouraged on the grounds that there were so many important issues to be covered, e.g., changes in contract, the calendar, the student-faculty ratio; that it would take four to five pages to cover them all. Jim appealed to the SEC to be a sounding board for the EPC and to encourage students to take a n interest in it and the vital issues it faces.

Jim Hunter, chairman of the Bread Board, stated that the following requests have been approved by the Board at their last meeting.

\$2.46 for WRNC for a tube,
\$44 for supplies for the Coffee House, which is planned to have five meetings this term

\$210 for the Women's Committee (\$10 for the consciousness raising tapes and \$200 for two film and lecture sessions later this term)

\$70 for equipment requested by students in David Pini's film course.

The SEC approved all these requests, with these reservations: A. Any further money for the women's film and lectures will be contingent upon a reasonable number

(75 to 100), coming to the two sessions planned; B. the film course is henceforth to be requested to obtain funds from other sources than the SEC, which does not wish to set a precedent for giving financial aid to strictly academic enterprises. Noah Yanich raised an objection to the fact that the money for EL DOUCHE had been truned down, but withdrew it upon Hunter's statement that such a grant would depend upon the results of a Bread Board survey of readership of EL DOUCHE.

Ann Samuelson reported on the results of a survey of student opinion regarding the Watts line on campus which would allow students to make long-distance calls anywhere in the continental U.S. for \$4 per month (slightly more if Florida is to be included). Out of 193 respondents, 165 favored the \$4 fee, 25 opposed it, and 3 gave somewhat a neutral of confused response; 66 approved the inclusion of Florida in the plan, 110 opposed it, and 17 remained neutral. She added, "There are a lot of problems to be worked out"; for instance the location of such a phone,

decisions of whether the entire student body is to pay for the line or only those students who express interest in it, the problem of policing it if the latter is decided upon, and the possibility of partial SEC financial support if the project should go to debt for some reason. After discussion, a motion made by Yanich was seconded and passed 6-0 that interest be expressed in researching the project but that no guarantee of financial support be made, at least for the present.

The genreal opinion held of Dr. Fuchs by the SEC was favorable. Janet Goldwater saw him as "mich franker" than

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Fee Schedule Clarified

The College Council recently voted to reword the "New College 1972-73 Fee Schedule" to include an explanation of some ambiguous terminology. Council spokesman Dr. Arthur MacArthur Miller announced Wednesday.

Under the heading "Loss of Undergraduate Status" on the fee schedule will be added two paragraphs, explaining the phrase "balance outstanding" and allowing the Recorder's office to refuse release of the transcript of a student dismissed in bad financial standing, pending payment of fees for the term of dismissal. The reworded statement is given below, with an asterisk indicating the addition.

Loss of Undergraduate Status
A student whose account remains unpaid at the end of the 15 calendar day period stated above may ask to appear

before the nine-member College Council to present any extenuating circumstances that would justify continuing his status as an undergraduate at New College. Otherwise, his undergraduate status is cancelled; and the undergraduate deposit is applied to the balance outstanding. The student is then considered to be dismissed in bad financial standing. *The remainder of "balance outstanding" is interpreted as including all costs - tuition, room, board, and student activity fee - for the entire term for which the student has been billed.

Until this amount is paid in full, the student transcript will not be released. Should readmission be sought to New College, the remainder of the balance outstanding must be paid and the undergraduate deposit must be restored before an application for readmission will be considered."

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PART I

TENURE: Protecting Whom From What?

By Sherri McIndoe

Each year at New College, the institution of tenure is questioned, attacked, discussed, and forgotten by most segments of the community. Those who have been here a long time groan each time the tenure question arises because it seems that each year the same ignorance, alternatives, and arguments appear. In the spirit of scientific discovery, the CATALYST has undertaken to explore the issue as completely as possible in the hopes that by taking what we have and what we know, we can move further than in previous years. "Tenure" is a three part series. Part I, appearing this week, is a description of the current tenure process and current feelings about it. Part II will present a series of alternatives that have been explored and rejected in the past. Part III will be an open forum of new suggestions and comments drawn from the community at large. Interested readers are invited to participate.

The basic structure of all tenure systems consists of a fixed probation period during which the faculty member is subject to periodic reviews and retention decisions and, at the end of the probationary period, a final review resulting in the granting or denying of tenure. The tenured faculty member has one and only one privilege: that of retaining his tenured position until he is: (1) 65 years old (2) too sick to work (3) suffering from moral turpitude (4) willfully misrepresenting the college or (5) professionally incompetent. In addition, at New College, the tenured faculty may be asked to leave because of financial emergency

within the college, but their positions may not be filled for two years thereafter.

At New College, faculty are considered for tenure during their fifth year at the college. At the end of each preceding year, they are considered for retention. Each time a faculty member is retained, he is assured employment for the next two years. Thus, if a previously retained professor is not retained one year, he may remain at the college for one more year. According to Dr. Gorfain, one of the original authors of the current tenure system, New College is unusual in this respect, as most universities retain faculty for only one year.

Each division makes retention decisions for its own faculty members unless a professor who has been retained two or more times has been denied retention. In such a case, the Presidential Advisory Committee (PAC) votes on the issue. In addition, to retention decisions, the new faculty member is subjected to review by his Division Chairman and a committee from that division chosen by the Chairman. Scheduled for the end of the professor's first year, the review is a discussion and assessment of all aspects of his performance at the college during that year. In addition, the professor is subjected to two similar reviews by the PAC, one at the end of his second year and the other at the end of his fourth year.

A "personal record" system has recently been implemented to aid in assessment of individual faculty members. Each faculty member is asked to start and periodically revise a file of (1) his courses, and tutorials (2) ISP's, senior theses, and contracts sponsored by him (3) his services on faculty committees (4) his professional activities and (5) his professional publication. As yet, no provision concerning the privacy of the files has been passed.

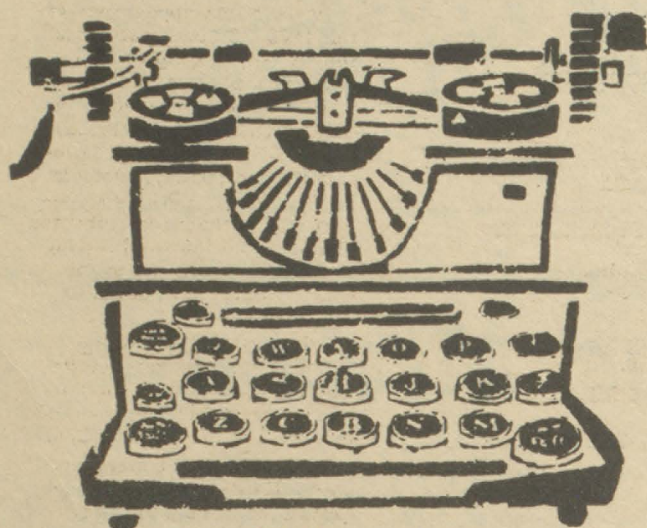
It is mandatory that faculty members be considered for tenure by the end of their fifth year.

People who join the faculty as assistant or full professors have the option of applying for early tenure during their third year. The process of early tenure is the same as that for mandatory tenure except that more faculty votes are needed for a positive recommendation. The tenure decision funnels through a hierarchy of the faculty and PAC, the president, and the Board of Trustees. The PAC, which is relatively important in its advisory capacity, consists of six tenured faculty members with at least one and no more than three representatives from each division. The faculty and PAC votes are weighted and combined to form a "yes" or "no" recommendation to the president. The president, in turn, makes a recommendation to the Board of Trustees who confer or deny tenure. The Trustees may ignore the President's recommendation who, in turn, may ignore the faculty and PAC's joint decision.

The votes from the faculty and the PAC is compiled in such a manner that a "yes" decision requires a positive vote of two thirds of the faculty and at least three PAC members or a positive vote from at least five PAC members. All other outcomes result in a negative recommendation. (See accompanying table: abstentions are considered negative votes.) All PAC votes are made after lengthy study and discussion. The applicant for tenure presents evidence of his worthiness and the PAC solicits letters from relevant sources.

If tenure is denied, the fourth year retention decision still assures faculty members of one more year at the college. During the last year, they may petition the PAC for reconsideration. The petition is voted on by the faculty and PAC, a "yes" requiring 3 PAC votes and a faculty vote of "yes" or four PAC votes of "yes". If a positive decision is reached, a recommendation for reconsideration is presented to the President, who calls a Special Ballot. The faculty member then goes through the normal tenure process.

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Editorials

We are pleased this week to introduce An Apple in Your Eye, a literary supplement which will hopefully become a regular feature of the 1972-73 CATALYST. Incorporated also in this issue is the first installment of a three part series on tenure at New College, researched and written by our Editorial Assistant, Sherri McIndoe. We would like to encourage members of the College community to feel free to offer suggestions or comments on these features or any others, simply by writing the CATALYST, New College, Box 1958, Sarasota, 33578.

Dear Sirs,

Contrary to what a number of people were led to believe, I am not against nude swimming. Nor did I "allege" that a substantial portion of the student body was offended by the current spectacle. If Mr. Yanich would pay as close attention to what others are saying, instead of fabricating quotations for news articles/press releases, the stories he covers would come out clearer and less biased.

The issue was raised that a portion of the community is offended, embarrassed, outraged, whatever, by nude swimming; their embarrassment, etc., is carried to the extent where they no longer feel comfortable coming to the pool. In view of this, and remembering that it is the "New College Community Pool," it seems not unreasonable to set aside some time during which people would be fully clothed. Utilitarianism is a fairly sound way of governing large groups.

Also, it is invalid to raise the point of "delegating morality." To take the position that it is senseless to be offended, etc., and that people deserve to be confronted with something which displeases them strongly is just legislating morality in the opposite direction. Saying they must be exposed to the "spectacle" is no indication of a totally free society—something which people are under the impression that they have, deserve, and are immune to any abridgment thereof.

I didn't see the question as to whether or not there should be hours for clothed swimming. Rather, it seems to be a matter of being able to extend courtesies to others, or counting yourself as the sole consideration for all your actions. I am sorry if Noah construes this position as being hung-up.

—Stuart Dean Levitan

To the gay people at New College:

There have been two Gay Liberation meetings this year. Ten people attended the first; and four Gay New College students attended the second.

I find it difficult if not impossible to believe that there are no more than a dozen gay people on campus. Where are you? You can't stay in the closets forever; you can't let yourselves be intimidated any more! Come out and join us. The gay lib movement on campus is struggling to grow and bring gays together—but we can't bring you together if you hide, if you stay afraid. Gay people have made themselves known not as a political maneuver, but as a sincere effort toward one-to-one contacts for those of you who are hesitant about coming out. I am more than willing to talk to gay people who want to rap or who want information about Gay Lib. Contact me at Box 324 or any of the other gays listed on the poster on the Hamilton Center Bulletin Board. Meetings are every Saturday at 8:30 PM in Room 313; if you won't come to meetings, at least let us know who you are.

We want to help you be as gay as you want to be—gay and proud.

Pat Miranda
Box 324

THE NEW COLLEGE CATALYST

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NEW COLLEGE STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

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Dear Sirs,

I dislike having to be critical of anyone. I have even been known to praise an obviously inferior piece of writing to an author who solicited my opinion. Egos are sensitive things and they should be cared for and protected. And who am I, filled with imperfection as it is, to cast the first stone? It is a bit difficult, therefore, to overcome my native reluctance and write this letter. I wouldn't do it if the cause were unimportant. Selecting the next president of New College is terribly important, however, . . . and . . . and there is something about Dr. Fuchs which leaves me with a vague feeling of unease.

Nothing definite. Nothing readily definable. Just a feeling, an odd sense that things are not as they should be. If this newspaper were a television news program, this letter should be labeled "commentary." Actually, not even that appellation would really suffice, inasmuch as my reservations are totally nebulous, merely the interpretation of intonation and facial gesture, mixed with personal gut-feeling. Take this letter with a few grains of salt.

What do we know about Dr. Fuchs? He is a serious scholar and a prolific author, unquestionably. He met with students on Saturday, September 30. I attended both meetings and was struck by his presentable manner. Nicely tanned, healthy and trim, he exuded a feeling of assurance. Longish hair, but neatly cut and combed; respectable hip. Why, he looks like a college president. And Mrs. Fuchs looks like a college president's wife. A nice couple. One can imagine them giving little dinner parties for the younger faculty members at Brandeis, each retiring to his own chair with a good book after the last guest has departed.

Why then should I have second thoughts? Fuchs is bright, ambitious ("This can be the best college in the world") and politically okay ("... my opposition to the war since 1963," he stressed). I cannot help feeling, however, that Dr. Fuchs is not prepared to be entirely honest with his students.

The swimming pool questions brought this out in a small way. When asked his views on nude bathing, Fuchs replied that it should be prohibited if serious objection arose. He compared it to public defecation. Now, hold on, that analogy is patently fallacious and misrepresents the issue.

At the same meeting, I tried to explore Dr. Fuchs' qualifications as an administrator. My own prejudice is that a college president must be a capable manager and fund-raiser, in addition to being able to empathize with all members of a college community. I believe this is doubly important at New College, where errors in administration have been known to occur in the past and where the margin for error can be only very slight. Columbia, with its vast land holdings and substantial endowment, can afford to limp along for a while with a Greyson Kirk at the helm. We could not.

But Dr. Fuchs seemed agast at the question ("That information is not really relevant," he told me later.). What was I trying to do, anyway? Question his abilities? I tried once again at the second meeting with regard to fund-raising. I asked about his ideas on financial support for the college. "You always ask practical questions." ("Thank you," I murmured under my breath). "Okay, I'll be mean to you. Look, you shouldn't bring anyone down here who doesn't know something about fund-raising." Granted, I have faith in the Board of Trustees. Why, though, was Dr. Fuchs unwilling to help me overcome my ignorance of his background? I wasn't trying to trap him into a confession of gross ineptitude. I wanted only to be reassured. As it turned out, instead of being mean to me, he proceeded to give an excellent and detailed answer covering a broad range of exciting

foundation possibilities.

Ultimately, it is only Dr. Fuchs' reticence which disturbs me. I have the distinct impression that he has relegated student opinion to a position below that of his own and that of the faculty. Students should participate, but their voices should be weighed by their chronological development. After all, we must have time to mature ("Where are the unstable students?" queries Mrs. Fuchs, surprised.). Students must have a say, but there are matters too complex or serious for them to handle. How could I, a student and shielded from the outside world, know the difference between a line budget and a program budget? Who am I to question the good judgment of Dr. Fuchs?

The question of faculty tenure elicited this attitude once again. Faculty should be authorities, but not authoritarian, declares Dr. Fuchs. Peer review is the only legitimate method for evaluating professorial ability. Once more, I am left with the vague sensation that Fuchs is implying that students are incapable of educated judgment.

That is all there is. Admittedly, my fears may well be groundless and are based upon a short, first-time impression. Nonetheless, the potential selection of Dr. Fuchs as the next president of New College worries me. Indeed, that selection may already have been made by the time this letter is printed. "I am not really a candidate," Dr. Fuchs revealed at one point, "I am only here to see if I want to become a candidate." Could it be that the trustees have already offered the job? Oh, the Board would never hire a president without prior student input. Would they?

In essence, my reservations boil down to one question, the answer to which I am not altogether confident I have. If the answer is insufficient, it may result in endless collegiate dissatisfaction and a potential credibility gap.

Dr. Fuchs, how much do you respect students?

Sincerely yours,
Paul Bunge

Dear Editor,

After spending a year away from New College, I've been pleased to find some things changed around here. (Of course, many others have stayed the same; to wit, the faculty once again lent credence to the familiar hypothesis "Things are not always as they seem" with their first monthly meeting.) What surprised me though is the glaring display of competence by Buildings and Grounds, a radical transformation which I attribute to the arrival of Joe Swift. In my experience with him he's been both efficient and personable, a combination difficult to master and worthy of praise. This picture is all the more striking when viewed in its historical context: Two years ago, buildings and grounds were usually referred to conjointly with either the Three Stooges or Kafka. I propose that a toast be drunk to Mr. Swift at the upcoming Oktoberfest, and I hope we do as well in hiring a new president as we obviously did in hiring the grounds director. Gross Gott, Joe.

H. Patterson

FORUM

Dear Sirs:

A LIBERTARIAN REPLY

"And the Gods of the Copybook Headings limped up to explain it once more."

Rudyard Kipling

In last week's Catalyst, Wendell Wagner attempted to explain the errors of the libertarian philosophy. In this letter I will defend the idea that a man may do whatever he pleases, so long as he does not use force.

Wendell attacks libertarianism on the grounds, first of all, that we all live in a society. This is, of course, true. It also highlights the crying need for this philosophy. As man lives closer to his neighbors, and as his society becomes more complex, it becomes more important for men to cooperate voluntarily and to avoid the use of force in their dealings with each other. This is the essence of peace.

Our government stands opposed to this. The government is dedicated to any means other than voluntary cooperation. Insofar as a man can't push dope, run a bordello, or grow cotton without governmental permission, voluntary cooperation is denied.

The government is also opposed to peaceful human relationships. The libertarian says, "Let us solve problems without using guns." The government holds the gun. The student complains about who is holding the gun. Why not abandon force in human relations?

Next, Wendell claims that I have a debt to society, because much of what I have is a result of other men's efforts. First, as far as material things go, I have not stolen these things. Some of them I earned rightfully, others were voluntarily given to me (which gift is perfectly rightful). But as far as a debt to society goes, I pay the owner of the good, not the society.

Second, I have the benefits of Western Culture. O.K. So what? Am I obligated to Beethoven, Newton, or Locke? I think not. Their contributions were given to the public domain. In any event, I do not know how to repay Beethoven for his contributions. Besides, to say that I am obligated to someone who has tried to give me something that I have not requested is absurd. I do not stuff pennies into Wendell's pockets and then tell him that he is my employer.

If Mr. Wagner thinks that I owe something to those who are alive today, or as yet unborn, because of this Culture thing, I say that I never agreed to buy their product, and they had better sell it to me before they try to collect.

Finally, Wendell compares my non-voting with a man who ignores a mugger. To compare the government to a mugger is very unfair. Muggers are too honorable to claim that they are trying to protect you. Otherwise, the analogy isn't bad.

But I do not ignore the government when it points its guns at me. If it threatens me and says, "Vote!" I will vote. But if I am mugged, I will not use that as an excuse to mug others. In short, I am refusing to be a part of what I consider to be wrong. When all of you are complaining about our next president, I will laugh at you, secure in the knowledge that I did not help the system that gave him his powers.

Despite all of his philosophical shortcomings, though, I would like to say that Wendell Wagner is still a nice guy.

Bill Conerly

An article by Prof. Justus D. Doenecke appears in the summer issue of the Wisconsin Magazine of History. "Lawrence Dennis: Cold War Revisionist," describes the former State Department employee, publicist, and journalist who was tried by the Roosevelt Administration on charges of sedition.

The New College String Quartet has been invited to produce a special half-hour program of music during the Christmas season to be shown over Tampa and Sarasota television stations under the sponsorship of a local bank.

The quartet, which will be augmented by a soprano, as well as by a harpsichordist and a double bassist, will perform music by Bach, Scarlatti, and Mozart.

Dates and times will be announced later.

This Week...

If you have a dog on campus you must register it with the SEC,

Bike Auction 6:15 Art Bar-racks Bring Cash

For the coming two weeks

Dr. Morton F. Mark, college physician, will be in the infirmary: Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 9 and 10; and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 18 and 19, at his usual hours: 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

Thereafter, Dr. Mark will resume his usual schedule, seeing students Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

Steve Duprey, who apparently has clinched the election to the New Hampshire State Legislature from his home county, will appear on the Guy Pascal television show on Monday, Oct. 9 at 9:30 a.m. over WXLT Channel 40.

Steve appeared on the show as co-host last Monday, helping in the questioning of political candidates as well as in talking about his own successful campaign and was invited to return.

New books in the library:
Feng, Yu-lan: A History of Chinese Philosophy, in two volumes.
Toffler, Alvin: Future Shock.
Byse, Clark: Tenure in American Higher Education.
DeGeorge, Richard T.: A Guide to Philosophical Bibliography and Research.
Mythology in 12 volumes: Greek, Roman, Norse, Iranian, Semitic, Oriental, etc.
Academic Supermarket: anthology by various authors.
New York Times Film Reviews 1969-70.
Annual Directory of Environmental Sources.

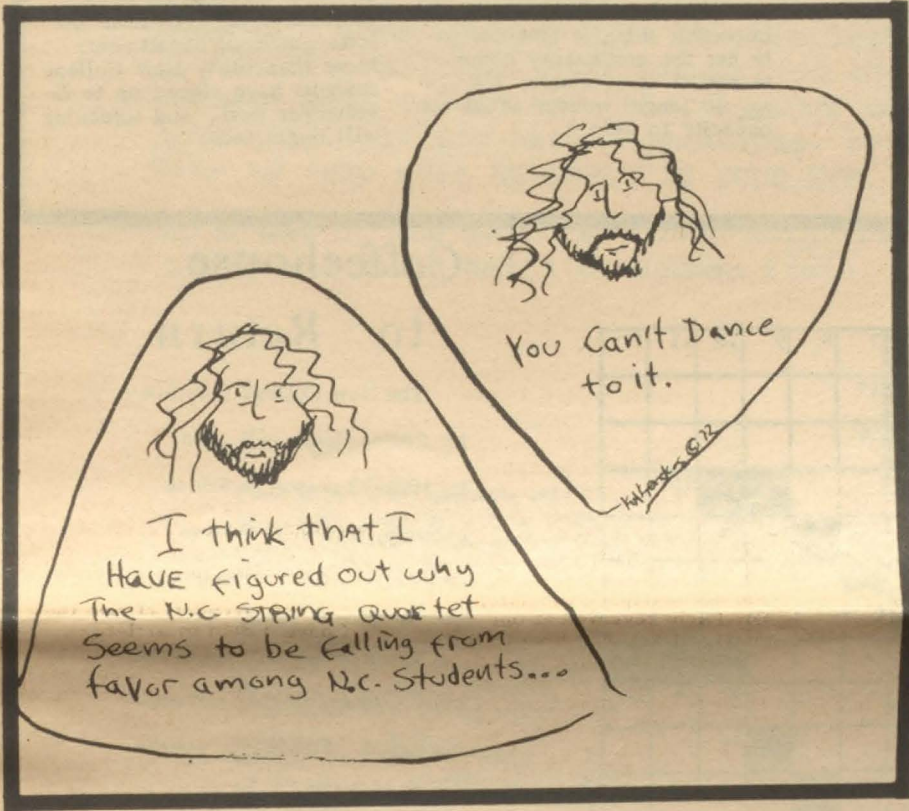
The weekly meeting of the staff of the CATALYST will be Thursday (Tonight) at 6:00 p.m. in the FISHBOWL. All staff members should attend.

In their first appearance of the 1972-73 academic season, the NC String Quartet will perform a concert of chamber music featuring the works of Schubert and Debussy Friday, Oct. 12 for the college community and Sunday, Oct. 15 for the public. Friday's concert will be heard in Hamilton Center in an informal setting, and Sunday's will be in the Music Room; both begin at 8:15 p.m.

Joining the New College Quartet is cellist Peter Rejto, who has studied with such artists as Gregor Piatigorsky and members of the Julliard Quartet. Other quartet members are violinists Paul Wolfe and Anita Brooker and violists Ilona Vukovic.

They will be heard in Schubert's D Minor Quartet, "Death and the Maiden." One of the composers four great mature string quartets, its slow movement consists of five variations on a tune from Schubert's song Der Tod und das Madchen, hence the name.

Also to be performed is Debussy's Quartet in G Minor, Op. 10, one of the composer's first works to be publicly performed. It is considered unique among Debussy's work because it foreshadows his revolutionary career. The work immediately following is the "Afternoon of of a Faun".



Review

It was a childhood trauma grown into reality. "Adopted," a one-act play, written and directed by Philip Zweig, was presented Monday night for the New College audience. A simple setting and quiet monologue set the stage for the drama, which takes only ten minutes to perform.

Older brother, played by Joe Haaf, searches for the identity of his younger brother, Philip Zweig, who never materializes but only sits silently beside him, or perhaps he doesn't exist at all.

Philip Zweig is a student on independent study from Franconia College in New Hampshire. He is doing a series of one-act plays written by himself. He chose New College because of its lack of a theater department and in hopes of developing interest from our community.

"Adopted" is the second play presented, and so far Zweig has shown an interesting and varying repertoire. Watch for performance times at Hamilton Center.

Polly Juengling

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Q: Why do the two food plans, "natural" and "hot line" have to be separated as they are? I like fresh fruit as much as anyone on the natural plan, I imagine, but they seem to get all the fruit. Why can't the two programs be combined so everybody could have the greatest choice? (Initials misplaced)

A: According to Tom Estep, Food Service Director, the "natural" food line runs approximately 75% more expensive than the hot line and thus must have a limited patronage to allow Estep to make a profit. As it is now, the people on the hot line (the majority) are making up for the deficit generated by the natural line. If the two lines were combined it is assumed that the percentage of people partaking of the more expensive natural foods would increase significantly, perhaps driving Estep's operation into a loss.

As for fresh fruit, Estep says that he is buying as much fruit as he can find that meets his quality standards, but that fresh fruit is presently in short supply, which has driven the prices up (he is, for example, paying 10¢ each for apples and pears, and has had several shipments arrive unfit for use.). He says that when the supply increases, there will be fresh fruit on both lines. Estep also noted that the reason for not having lettuce at every meal is that he is not serving anything but union lettuce due to student request.

Q: What do they do when they "superchlorinate" the pool, and why can't we swim during it? -- J.T.

A: According to Joe Swift, director of Physical Plant, the Sarasota Health Department requires that our pool have all pumps and filters cleaned and backflushed and the water treated with a high concentration of chlorine to keep down the everpresent growths of slime encouraged by the fetid florida climate. The regulations require that this ritual be conducted at least once a month, and the Physical Plant office chose to do it on the first two-three days of the month. The concentration of chlorine, both gaseous and powdered, is dangerously high during this period, and would most likely severely irritate the skin and eyes of anyone attempting to swim.

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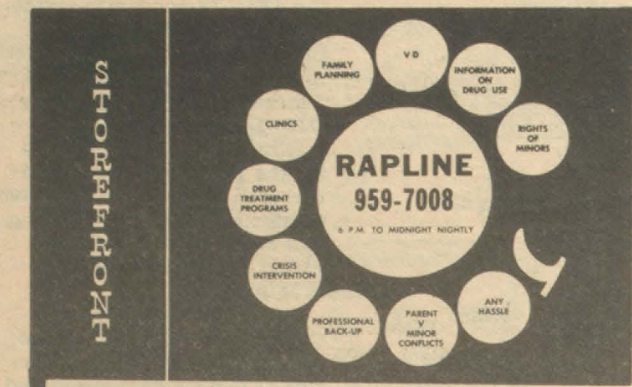
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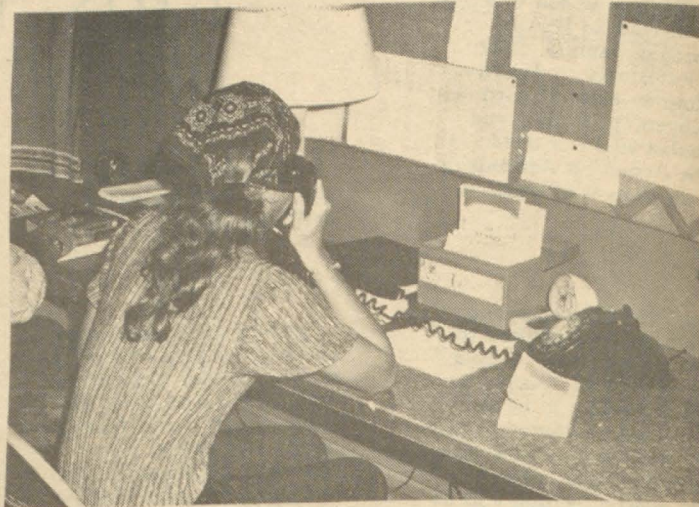


Fred Chalfy: co-director of Rapline

We missed dinner Wednesday night, sitting in the Mary Hauke barracks on South Trail, discussing the number of potential suicides and possible pregnancies Fred Chalfy comes in contact with daily at 959-7008.

Fred is a co-director of Rapline, a...rapline. Rapline serves the Sarasota community by providing "responsible and unbiased information" on drugs, sex, legal rights, and by "just listening" to anyone who needs to talk. Rapline's operation is licensed by the State Department of Health and Rehabilitation Services. In addition, the license provides for "privileged communications" allowing Rapline to keep all conversations confidential.

Storefront, Rapline's parent organization, has applied for a state grant of \$20,000 with which to set up a Rap House. The House will offer walk-in counselling, a lounge room, and a library. "We'd also like to serve as a focus for youth culture activities in Sarasota," said Fred Schmell, another co-director who teaches in the exceptional-child program at Booker-Bay Haven School. "Not dances or anything like that," he quickly clarified, "just sort of helping people to coalesce."



The Rap House staff will consist of the three co-directors, and house managers, one of whom is a New College student, Tom Freutnicht. Both Freds, Chalfy and Schmell, feel that if Rapline does not get the grant, there is enough momentum in the community to raise the money anyway. "We've proved that we can do it!" said Schmell. "The important thing is that not only has the community come to regard us as viable, but we no longer wonder about our capacity to help."

The majority of the calls dealing with sex are from people needing referrals for birth control, pregnancy testing, abortion information or VD. Drug calls "run the whole range", everything from acid freak-outs to what's-grass-really-like?

Rapline volunteers are screened and trained by a clinical psychiatrist from the state guidance department. More than thirty New College students have signed up to do volunteer work, and screening will begin soon.

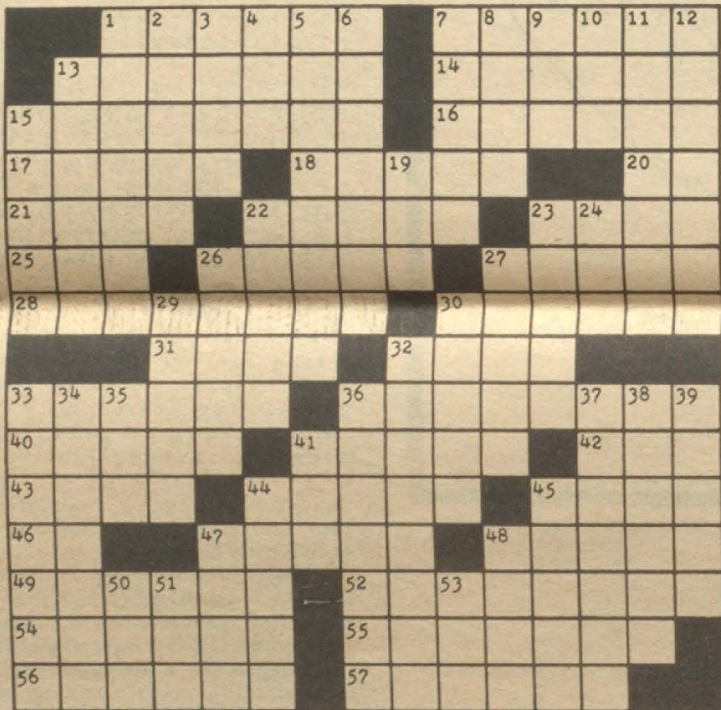
OCSO

Applications are now being solicited from capable undergraduates to participate in programs of independent study in Jamaica or Ghana, summer 1973. Student-designed projects will center on the broad theme of internationalism, eg, regional and transnational government, professional, and cultural structures and developments; effects of trade and multi-national corporations; immigration and emigration; ecumenicism; ecological interdependence; etc.

Students devote their pre-departure terms to academic preparation. The eleven week summer term abroad will be under the guidance of Jamaican or Ghanaian academic advisers. After returning, students continue their projects with the U. S. as a focus of inquiry. When the foreign and domestic research is complete they share their findings with the campus or Sarasota community by leading a seminar or other project.

Overseas arrangements are in the hands of National Coordinators, who are academic at such institutions as The University of Ghana, The University of Science and Technology at Kumasi, Ghana; and the University of the West Indies, Mona, Jamaica. They select advisors, local student participants, and host families. The student is based at a site convenient for his project and is free to construct his own daily schedule. He meets with his advisor approximately once a week and may travel as necessary within the country to gather information. Orientation and evaluation conferences bring the group together at the beginning and conclusion of the stay.

Contact Jim Feeney well before Nov. 1 for applications and further information.



ANSWER ON PAGE TWELVE

ACROSS

1. Layers
7. Sullen
13. Protective Wall
14. Actress Merle
15. Swollen, as veins
16. Halo
17. Troop Encampment
18. Partly Frozen Rain
20. Hospital Employee
21. French City
22. God
23. Type Size
25. Individual
26. Paddled
27. Sword
28. Armed Naval Vessel
30. Rest
31. Fixe
32. Molten Rock
33. Market Places
36. French Satirist
40. British-Indian Soldier
41. Toxic Protein
42. Business Abbreviation
43. Branch of Accounting
44. Rescued
45. Bread comb. form
46. "Monopoly" Property
47. Golfer George
48. Boys' Stories Writer
49. Philippine Head-hunter
52. Disinclined to Talk
54. Bathing Suit
55. Word Roots
56. Pennsylvanian City
57. Brief Suspension

DOWN

1. Moslem Enemy of Crusaders
2. Food Derived from Ox
3. Political Contest
4. Military Address
5. Mosaic Squares
6. Artist's Studio
7. Exchange Medium
8. Death Notice
9. Part of Sleep Cycle
10. Sphere
11. Places of Origin
12. Trap
13. Film on Copper Coins
15. Poisonous Secretion
19. Airport Info. (abbr.)
22. Coolidge's VP
23. Of the Church
24. African Tribe
26. Pass the Time
27. Hills of Rome
29. Siberian Region
30. Mad
32. Tear Jaggedly
33. Attribute
34. Southern State
35. Harvest Goddess
36. Construction Worker
37. Pneumatic Weapons
38. Buries
39. Hold in Contempt
41. Flatfish
44. Silk Fabric
45. Voice Parts
47. Cui
48. Loves: Fr.
50. Approves
51. Dye Brand
53. Reference Book (abbr.)

Coffeehouse to Return

The New College community Coffee House will open its 1972-73 season on Friday evening, Oct. 6 at 9:30 in H-1 for the entertainment of its patrons.

The evening will begin with Mary Connors singing and playing guitar. Following, everyone is invited to participate in a "free-for-all." It is hoped that people will bring their musical instruments and talents to participate in the latter event. Coffee and other refreshments will be served throughout the evening.

Sherri McIndoe and Todd Jameison are organizing the Coffee House this year. Sherri hopes that, "If enough support is given to the Coffee House, perhaps the school will see the need for the media center to get new amplifiers and mikes for the use of the Coffee House and other activities."

The Coffee House is scheduled for five sessions this term, meeting every other Friday evening.

An Apple in Your Eye

Special Blast from the Past Issue

AN APPLE IN YOUR EYE, a literary supplement to the CATALYST, will appear henceforth on a semi-regular basis. There has long been a lack of adequate communication and exchange among the writers in the college community. People here do not in general know what other people are doing in terms of writing. The editors hope that this supplement will fill that void by providing people an opportunity to share their work. The editors encourage everyone who writes to submit prose, poetry, and especially criticism and translation. The objective is to publish work by as many people as possible, and therefore there will be no strict or comparative process of selection. If nothing else, we hope to be able to help create a greater feeling of community among people here who are interested in creative writing. Ultimately, of course, our success will depend upon the response of the community. If you have suggestions, or would like to help edit AN APPLE IN YOUR EYE, speak

with one of the editors: John Horn, Carol Levenson, David Smith or Norman Stein.

ELEGY FOR HIX MORTON (caretaker, who died of cancer, 1967)

I have finally given up
Six years at the prep school
Still, it was easy to find out
From a sentence or two in the graduate news
That he died quietly in his place,
Quite sober for once, and alone,
In the middle of an unusually good Friday.

It surprises me, though,
That I can remember even now
The daisies, craning their necks,
Who watched his guillotine come down;
And the night thr. headmistress thought
As the moon tilted in a cold fall sky
That he might take care of the coy cheerleader.

Yes, let him lie under the football field
In the peace that would,
No doubt, pass his understanding;
Let the living still go uniformed,
Shocked by bells, in the long halls
Where he worked and smiled, Cracker-like,
At the girls who skirted him

For what is there to say now
Except that always when--
Pensive, restless, bored with it--
We glanced out of his washed windows
From whatever class, he would be
Riding past, plaid-capped on his tractor,
And that, thank god, he tried to teach us nothing?
--Helen Hickey

THE VOICES

I was born on the downhill side,
late in the year, in early December,
in the light's heavy dip and hesitation,
when the old peoples prayed for beginning
in the snow-salted fields
and scattered bitterness of cornstalks;
but though I came fatly of that gaunt race,
though it was a different end and today that day,
the fields untracked by supplicants,
the comcribs many, and full,
still I carry their disappointed dead
buried in my body,
and am the outspoken child
of the silent generations of my cells -
for O, they call with the old voices,
in a millennium length of words,
in the thousand year cries of the dead,
that their lean voices, lost to these fields,
may be gathered up and justified in me.
--William Hedrington

Reprinted from
New Collage, v. 2, no. 1,
1972

Drawing by Susan Kuntz



THE LESSON

She doubted if she could ever tell
her father she had read the Bible through;
she found it truly difficult
to get well out of Eden.
Of course she sometimes read again
the lesson read in church,
or on a Sunday afternoon
would make a random search
for whores and lecherous old men,
doves and asses and natural violence,
slowly sliding her eyes across
the sounds pressed into silence,
fanning her humid hands
with the great thin pages,
the folded ages of the King James Version.
At times she felt the words dispel their meaning,
when consonants and vowels
exerted all their primal spell,
male and female they emerged--
they were not passing two by two
but in strange patterns moving through her lips.
--Pauline Mead

Reprinted from
New Collage v. 1., no. 2.
1971

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Unless otherwise designated, material appear-
ed originally in the CATALYST or CAPTAIN
JACK.

MEIN KAMPUS

By Michael Smith

New College has historically been, for the most part, a community with a strong commitment to the ideal. Most of our students and many of our faculty were originally attracted to the place by its appeal to idealism in its catalogues and other publications. People usually stay, however, for some other reason; but they usually do not become out-and-out cynics, even though their hope of finding their ideas realized, or even well on the way to realization, has been cruelly disappointed by facts: the facts of certain adjustments which the institution has had to make, or says it has had to make, to the "reality" of life in Sarasota: the fact of tremendous disagreement, sometimes even diametrical opposition, in the exegeses of the holy texts of New College made by various persons, all professing a whole-hearted devotion to those theses; the fact that some people have power, which others do not, and the consequent fact that their views will prevail. It would be futile to list the areas in which our ideals are hopelessly at variance with our experiences; perhaps the most egregious of these, and the paradigm for all the rest

is that between the ideal of New College as a unified community of scholars, in which everyone is engaged in the disinterested pursuit of knowledge and the cultivation of a sort of generosity of spirit and depth of vision which only a life of relatively sequestered meditation can cultivate, and the reality of a community in which many students regard the faculty as terrified, anal-retentive, warped, tyrannical, and ineffectual middle-aged brutes, concerned only with forcing students to sacrifice to the same academic Moloch which has made themselves such deluded, inauthentic monsters of inhumane abstraction, and in which many faculty regard students as by nature shiftless, lazy, mendacious, irresponsible, over-sexed, semiliterate, anti-intellectual academic wetbacks, concerned only to do what the faculty must at all costs avoid: that is, slip through the meshes, crawl under the wicket, take a short-cut, get away with something -- whether "impressionism" (which is a faculty idiom for "intuition"), mysticism (ditto for "vagueness"), or glibness ("superficiality").

The problem is prardigmatic in two ways: first, it is largely the product, I think, of disillusioned idealism. The history of New College as seen through the Domesday Book of the faculty minutes has been one of ever-increasing complexity and minuteness of regulation, based on the growing consciousness of the faculty that if one trusts people, one will occasionally be betrayed -- until the thicket becomes impenetrable, at which point the Faculty's academic ardor for elegance and simplicity burns it to the ground, occasionally taking with it the seeds of a good idea which might have been made workable, been trained, as it were, into a hedge. Thus it was with the language requirement, and thus it was with the entire

Old Program. From the student's point of view (which is harder to trace because less thoroughly documented), it seems that the development of consciousness is marked by an increasing disillusionment with the whole idea of the academic life, and its devotion to conceptual, critical thought rationally expressed (the two concepts, by the way, being historically related but not inseparable; a fact which is often forgotten). They tend to take refuge in appallingly simplistic world-views: the ghastly acid-and-Wesson-oil pseudo-animism of the New Barbarians, the Fine Arts Cop-out ("beauty is truth, truth beauty, all is groovy"), the degree-seeking cynical-prostitute syndrome ("I just want an A.B. so I can eat.") and innumerable others; anarchism, the rival fantasy-world of the New Left, Alan Watts, etc. *ad inf.* All these are characterized by the fervent repetition of cliches which may once have been platitudes or even truisms but have degenerated into habits.

I do not know where the cycle starts. Perhaps the original serpent in the battlefield was the already-formed cynicism of some faculty member or the hard-nosed opportunism of some really philistine student. Likely it was both; likely the progress of decay began immediately -- perhaps even before the college ever admitted a student or a paper failed to materialize. The horrifying thing is that a conception of this kind does contaminate the actual world -- much more readily than does an optimistic model; *facilis descensus Averno* -- which is the second way in which this problem is paradigmatic; over-reacting to an initial disappointment, we form a narrow notion of how things are in the world, which, with its disposition to entropy, proceeds to degenerate to the level of our vision of it. This then is what has happened to many people's picture of New College; they have entered it with two kinds of beliefs: first, that there are things that are worth having or at least trying to obtain; second, that things are a certain way in the world. An example of the first would be the proposition "Intellectual curiosity is a very good thing." An example of the second would be "Almost everyone has intellectual curiosity, and tender loving care and intellectual stimulation will awaken it." As a matter of fact, many people who come here, especially among faculty but also many students, hold one form or another of both these sample propositions. What happens subsequently, I theorize, is that (in the case of faculty) their first experience leads them to abandon the second proposition, though the first remains untouched. Then they begin, I suspect, a process of reasoning which goes much like this: "Not everyone has intellectual curiosity, or perhaps many cases need something besides mere dialectical stimulation. How, then, may I know those who do, or awaken it in those who have it not? Well, I know that I have intellectual

curiosity; so much intellectual curiosity, in fact, that I went through a tremendous number of courses, credit hours, papers, examinations, degrees, and other intellectual forced marches, in pursuit of knowledge. Thus I may safely assume that everyone who is willing to do these things is also displaying intellectual curiosity; and perhaps that if I make people do all these things they too will acquire or awaken their intellectual curiosity." Probably, however, the professor is subtly dissatisfied with the mode of education he was forced to undergo; and so he is unwilling to reinstitute it in an undisguised form. Thus we get such subtle genius as (in the Old Program) the "academic involvement" rule; vague things to prevent anyone's slipping anything past the faculty; but still not overt reversions to academic conservatism. So we have two kinds of tension: innate contradiction in the logical system ("We believe in liberalism, but we're damned if we'll let anybody get away with any monkey business!") and lack of fit between the idea and the world ("A B.A. should be a symbol of scholarly competence of the kind which I was required to demonstrate before I could become a fully-ordained academician."). The contradiction in the first lies in the fact that if one grants freedom one must be prepared for a certain amount of abuse; in a system in which the possible gains are high, the possible losses are usually correspondingly high. One may be minimized only at the expense of the other. In the second parenthetical proposition the distortion is that the A.B. is not in fact a step in the scholar's guild any more. There are all sorts of pressing reasons to get a B.A.; there is no earthly reason why one should have no other option in a place to get it than (a) a mediocre state university (which is hell for an intelligent, sensitive, or even mildly curious individual) or (b) a sort of scholarly pressure cooker. (Note that I do not assert that people should not be educated while in college, or that they should get a B.A. for doing nothing but playing for three years -- unless, indeed, the play is of an extremely high order; merely that a real cultivation of sensibility, a real and significant acquaintance with the development of culture, a real strengthening of the intellect, have never been proved to me to involve necessarily, the kind of academic rites-of-passage which real scholars ought to undergo to obtain their union cards.). In this connection, by the way, it may be objected that the "new plan" does provide an opportunity for just such intellectual browsing. I maintain that this opportunity is largely illusory; in the "general studies" kind of non-contractual option, the student expects to find himself free to explore the pastoral fields and sylvan grots of Academia; he finds the same old academic rockpile, broken into smaller fragments of which he must transmute three a term into bread. For "courses" are built -- even here, O Theophilus! -- on the same prem-

ises, by and large, on which the hierarchy of scholarly education is also raised. In the contractual program, the student finds that most faculty are more interested in their apprentices than their auditors; I venture to assert further that he will find faculty unwilling to write very adventurous contracts, because of the threat of being called "impressionistic" or "a dilettante" by their colleagues. Of course, the faculty has its grokkers and gurus, its pseudo-intellects and its indiscriminate interdisciplinary miscegenators, even as the student body does; there are not as many of them, and they cannot be found out by sight, but they are there; and they will no doubt write loose contracts. But rarely will a student find a serious scholar or a profound intellect on the faculty who is willing to bother with a person whose only sole and whole motive for approaching him is curiosity. And (to be fair) the problems will be complicated by students' prejudices; their world, too, has become narrow in spots. Some of my coevals have thought that Anglo-Saxon (for example) is either a preposterous thing which only a repressed, warped lunatic would ever want to study, or a way to curry favor, or a way to get into graduate school for a Ph.D. and the inevitable Mercedes. There are only a few who really understand how one might study something so apparently recondite and irrelevant from the sheer love of it; but I dare say the identities of those who do understand would surprise many faculty; and that those same faculty might well be shocked to hear who scoffs at the idea, as being obviously a cover-up for some philistine interior motive, or some hidden psychological problem. This, however, is all guesswork. At any rate, this has been my experience of the College: not only do people have astonishing different ideas of what the institution should be; they also have such different ideas of what it actually is that one begins to lose one's belief that the place has any independent existence, and it becomes a sort of CATCH-22 fantasy. The problem is especially acute for anyone who must oscillate between two or more of the many worlds of New College. Sitting up in the snack bar all night, watching the freaks trip in and out, going to College Council in the morning, Faculty meeting in the afternoon, and SEC at night, quickly begins to dissociate the sensibility. One does not know which New College is real; one stops caring. One invents a New College of one's own and begins to recruit, from other people's colleges, students to go there, faculty to teach there, and (least successfully) a maid to tidy up the bathrooms. And almost everybody else is engaged in the same business; the proliferation of colleges would not be so bad were it not for the fact that everybody wants his college to be the only one. Right now the Faculty have the edge, but the situation is pretty unstable.

SERVOMATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bareheaded
Shoveling sauerkraut
Boiling
Stewing
Cooking, wrecking, recocking,

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

--Charles Veckert



Drawing by Mary Blakeley

N. C.

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

--David Pini

SASKATCHEWAN

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

--Lawrence Paulson

MIRANDA

Make of the empty child
a lost, completed world
where sun lies golden:
no dark or secret flow
under ice, winter fall,
nor care for careless grace,
opening, folding.
Live there until you see
the golden net grows knotted,
catches, rips and tangles more with every throw:
even the good child loves,
so passes through your ends
into the world of hope and lies.
Leave death, and peace.

--Rachel Findley

Our town slept as the river rose.

The black belly of sky
Under which it dreamed
Was swollen with tons of rain.

It rained all night, a legendary rain
Like a volley of men pouring homeward,
Their feet humming a terrible note,
Their eyes sewn inside their heads.

Thunderbolts snapped off the arms of trees,
Dogs shrank into doorways
Weeping with cold. I remember watching
A candle bloom and perish
Inside the crammed darkness of my room.

Fed by such a fierce thickening of rain,
Our red sleek river jammed in the night,
Spilling its banks and lashing every home
That claimed its shore
With its matted tail of mud and water.

There are those that will tell you
It sounded like the rumbling echo
Of a train lost in a tunnel.

But I will ask you to imagine
A thin black horse
Standing in a field
Grinding its oats.

--J. P. White

Reprinted from
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1971

FOR CLAUDIA

I.

Each raindrop, as it falls
has a tiny man
inside it, singing
lovesongs to the dead wind.
All are the same man,
caught in the web
of repeated reflection;
all are the same song,
magnified into
a chorus of voices -
this wordless lyric
falling gently as if in
strands of hair, upon
my silent shoulders.

II.

In the room
where the mirrors are,
I practice gestures:
scream, cry,
laugh, breathe, fall
and fly down
corridors upon
extended strands of dream.
Outside, the rain
still falls; I feel
as if I left some thing behind,
shrinking on the doorstep
and defining desperation.

III.

The swallows have gone -
and the loon's cry
attests to their departure.
If only in my mind -
I see the scrambled symbols
on the paper. The faceless woman
scans my eyes
in disaffection.
Dead, dead, say the days
and ring out hollowly within
the halls of
someone's secret madness.
We lost. The sun
creeps toward its apogee
and noon divides our lives
in half, and hides them
in the wind.

IV.

The rain falls, and the land
is succulent beneath
its tremble.
I left you in the grass
and with myself beside you.
Dead. The eye closes
as the moon wanes,
and the rain enshrouds
our naked hands.
The song goes on, and last
of all the grass
fades underneath our bones.
--David Rollow

Reprinted from
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Fall 1964

LOOKING UP; AT THE END OF FOOTBALL

When the parting sections of their weight
Moved finally to continue playing,
They saw the form my pain assumed,
Still, beneath them on the field.
Their second arena growing close
Lifted me with newly gentled hands
I lost the field and game that day,
And left the violence of the afternoon
Remembered in their broken friend.
--Bert Minkin



(russ humphrey)

TO SAL, AFTER THE FIRE

Even now, after the flames
are out, the smoke cleared,
even now your story remains

well-spiced over, just like
your famous pizza was
last week. So Sal, at last

the kids will have to stop
shouting "crazy old Sal
is a pizza pie." Hell,

I remember when I shouted
behind your back
not so long ago. But even then

you made the best pizza around,
no one ever denied that.
Sal, tell me, how long

were you alone in your
dough, sauce, cheese and little
room above the pizzeria,

how long? My brother, married
now, remembers you had a wife
once, who left. You were young

then: and drowned in your sauce
too soon. You were red
and jolly and crazy always

when I was a child And today
I wonder if that woman,
spent small in the graveyard,

was your wife. She was crying,
Sal, as if it matters now,
as if it ever mattered. Suicide

they say. Yes, I can see sauce
falling from the holes burnt out
from your body, and your melted flesh

must have been fiery cheese
for a moment But then, you always did
make the best pizza around,

no one would deny that.

--Norman Stein

Reprinted from
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1972

WINTER EXTENDS ITSELF

Winter extends itself:
from this cold month
the frog-legged swimmer sees
through a green lens.

The grasp on august
penetrates; the seaweed blooms,
gripping its way through the waters
which taste of vegetation

A slippery false statement
to bud upon the surface, seeding a maze
for oars and bathers,
choking the fish.

The light expands,
pushing into all before it -
the gold void Fills and fills and
fails at dusk

Diminished, the shattered sun writhes
mute patterns through unadorned nights.
A swimmer breaks speechless surface,
approaches equinox, and dives.
--Holly Boren

Reprinted from
New Collage, v. 1, no. 3,
1971

DAEDALUS

How hard to find
in one so young
these chilling calculations,

this balancing of love
with love for counterweight,
an act designed to calm

the heart's misgivings
You have my admiration, sir
I would not have thought

you could survive
the bleak alternatives
of speech and silence.

But then your weakness
always proved more lasting
than your strength

Love and love's time preside,
and so you pass before me,
pale and smiling.

Pale and smiling
I have seen your face
annihilated in a thousand moons,

a thousand times
denied the light and cover
of the sea.

These empty spaces terrify,
and once more I am ripe with blood
to stain your upturned eyes:

Life for a life.
But you are healthy now.
You win at cards

And I learn to survive
the remnants of disease.
Your smile is hard, is hard.

--Mary Trimble

Reprinted from
New Collage, v. 1, no. 1,
1970

SHELLS

Today we have brought him peanuts.
The bag lies open in Mother's lap,
Half full of broken shells. The dry skins
Brown, shiny thin, are caught in warm
Eddies of summer air, impaled and torn
Upon the sharp blades of grass at his feet.

Today before us, with his mind ajar,
Will he remember the fleets we assembled,
Shell-boats in long rows between us,
Sharing peanuts in gray television light
Sunday afternoons, while Mother napped
And the house grew dark? How he smiled
At my wonder as each shell split
Easily, evenly in half in his hands. . .
How he tipped the twin nuts onto his tongue
And gave me two more canoes for the fleet?

Daily we come to him, hopeful, offering recollections
And finally nothing remains but
To try to reach my father with peanut memories.
Now, in his palm, the shell remains whole,
Warm, growing damp; smooth in places
Where he has rubbed it absently on his robe.
No one eats, but Mother cracks them still,
One by one, making a pile of edible halves
Near his quiet hand - to tempt him perhaps,
Or, knowing we have lost him,
Perhaps only to break this inhuman silence
Settling in final folds upon us.

Yes, Mother, crack them all and loudly,
And I will crush the dusty shells
Between my teeth, spitting splinters;
And who knows what subtle correspondences
May be excited in thick summer air;
Who knows, but toward evening, amidst
Echoes of cracking peanuts, we shall hear
The dry splintering of something far more solid,
And Father will step to us, smiling,
Out of his prison, eating peanuts.
--Constance Cormier

Reprinted from
New Collage, v. 1, no. 2,
1971

AUBADE

Somewhere in the tombs
She turns a sheet, invading
All the space past midnight
And vouches safe to coat
His naked tongue Dawnlike,
She kicks a switch and kills each shadow
Where he dangles by the wall,
Shares the mirror and the mug that pleases,
And feeds like morning, eating praises.
--Richard Sanford

First Communion

The street was settled in the early evening air, and the wreaths and lights of Christmas Eve addressed the night as if they were its better part, some kind of comfort. I'd known it would be this way, known since I left my Southern college and boarded the plane and traveled, through hundreds of miles of winter air and meals in plastic containers, to my home. It had to be so because this comfortable Christmas was what I'd remembered and hoped for, and it was a kind of fulfillment and justification to stand by the front door and look at the garland of colored bulbs twined around the stem of the name-post of the house across the street, and wonder about the prospect of snow.

Coming home from college for vacations was a strange proposition, I realized, for I knew it was unlikely I would ever live at home again, and I was very much a visitor in a house where I was once a resident. I felt this strongly, yet I knew my parents and my sister considered my college time as the visit, and I was now returning to some rightful home. So it was a private knowledge, yet a pleasant one as well, for I felt free from the responsibility and allegiance owed to a home, free just to enjoy the Christmas I'd come for, to relax and watch.

I watched the delicate blue of the clear December sky. I watched the shoppers in their desperate hurrying, and felt the emphatic cold that never reached the Southern state where I went to school. I heard the conversation of my sister and her friends as they built and elaborate life of danger and intrigue from a teacher's chance remark, and saw the winter birds pause to exchange some words of solace and advice at the feeder my mother kept carefully filled for them. And I saw all the careful working out of this most ritualized of holidays, all the acts of faith and tradition and remembering, and was comforted.

That dark afternoon, for the sky was filled with clouds, the tree was installed in the dining room, occupying its customary corner with an air of proper possession. The great box of lights and ornaments was fetched from its attic storage, and we hung the lights and fastened the balls and draped the tinsel with perhaps a slight self-consciousness, yet secure in the years and decades of the same hanging, of the same afternoons and evenings of Christmas preparation, and listening to the far sounds of church children caroling, made hollow and echoing by the lowering sky.

I could see the tall, arrogant tree from where I stood at the glass panes of the front door. In the dining room too, was the downstairs phone, which I would use in a brief time to call a girl who lived in North Carolina, midway between my home and the college we both attended. Kathy and I had agreed we would open the presents we had exchanged at school over the phone Christmas Eve, and I permitted myself to wonder what could be in the flat package with gold paper and a white ribbon she had given me with a sly smile the last day before vacation.

Going upstairs to my room until the time for the call, I searched the radio for a report on the likelihood of snow (snow beginning sometime tonight, becoming heavy at times, continuing into tomorrow, the announcer not failing to mention it would be a White Christmas) and finding a shirt and polishing some shoes for the midnight service of my old church I would sing in tonight, the choir director with his practice of inviting former choir members now in college to sing in this most solemn and yet joyous of all church services. I turned out the lights of my room and looked on the quiet street to see if the predicted snow had begun, as I had countless times when I was younger and there were no school and a fast downhill slide at stake.

At nine, the hour Kathy and I had agreed on, I carried my golden package to the dining room. My mother was there, vacuuming under the tree for shed needles and stray curls of tinsel, and I cautioned her I intended to use the phone. She knew, or guessed, my business, and did me the kindness of leaving as though this, really, wasn't the most important thing to be done, and the dining room was mine by rights.

I couldn't get through immediately--there was a recorded message saying the lines were busy because of unusually heavy holiday calling, but after only a brief wait I heard Kathy's soft southern 'hello' with its slight, trailing question, and we both sounded embarrassed and happy as we inquired after our respective Christmas Eves. Her family was fine, she'd spent her days shopping and seeing friends, her tree was in the living room, eight feet tall, a star on top, her father had practically tipped it over putting it on. I told her what I'd done, and that I would sing in the Christmas service that night, and it might snow.

We opened our presents then. I could see her, bending over my little Santa-Claus-ed package, brushing the soft brown hair from her face, finally getting it open, finding the cultured pearl pin I'd carefully selected after two days of tired pushing in stores and out of them, her soft, wide eyes becoming, perhaps, a little wider, a little fuller of the astonishment they always seemed to express, whatever they saw. I opened my own shiny papered present, found there the wallet I'd broadly hinted for, understood her smile at her giving it to me, exaggerated my surprise over the phone at the present, gently teasing her, and myself.

At length we thanked each other, talked of what we would do after Christmas, for the eight days until we would return to school, holding the minutes of a perfect, close and distant communion as long as we could, then saying goodbye, my adding "I love you" at the very last possible moment so there would be no silence, no need for her to answer or form a reply, nothing but the ease of what I, only, had said, then the sounds of the empty telephone line, a distant conversation, so far away as to seem a ghost of a talk many centuries past. And the bulbs of the Christmas tree lighting and extinguishing in a pattern that spoke nothing to me, yet could have, if I'd thought they were important. I turned from the tree, happier than I ever remembered being.

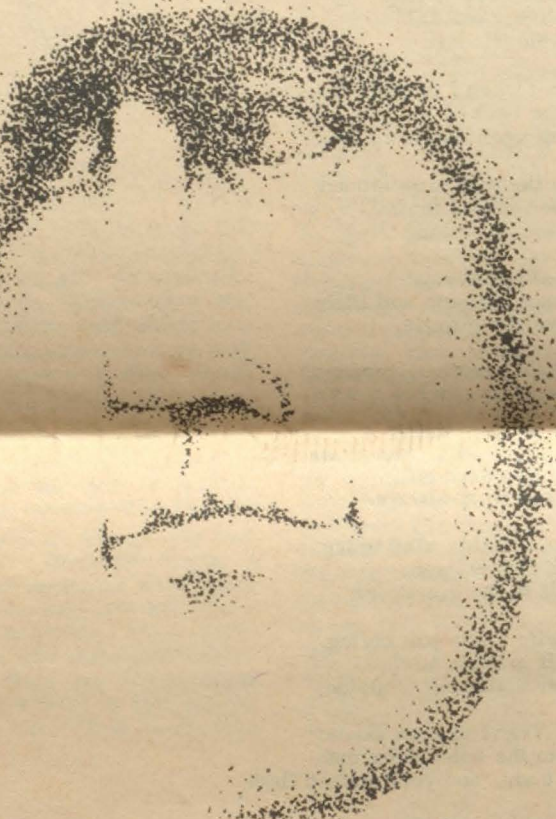
I left for church soon after. The service was two hours distant, but the choir, composed principally of college students like myself, knew nothing of the music, so there was ample rehearsal time. I could have taken my father's car, but preferred to walk the half mile to church, to see the lights and touch the air and gauge the night, and, perhaps, be there when

the first snow fell. It would be cold, for I had no real winter coat to bring home from my Southern college, but I was prepared not to mind at all.

There were no stars, and I felt that the snow was near. The wind would have hurt deeply if I had stood on the edge of a field and let it meet me without obstruction, but the trees and houses protected me from all of its sharpness, and I walked without discomfort. And every wreath, decorated tree glimpsed through a window, house ringed with colorful lights, every distant call, cell of sheltered laughter, hollow barking of a dog, every light and sound and color of this precious night was a song for me, of the most intense and vivid joy.

And I wondered (a speeding car piercing the night's crystal tension) if life was really as impossible a thing to conquer as it was made to seem. I wondered if the success I'd had at school, and Christmas Eve, and Kathy (her musical voice touching me then, and a night we'd shared hot chocolate made in her room with music and a secret for the nights afterward, every night in the world), wondered if all of this did not combine to be a message, a sign for me that I had been exempted from whatever hardships life usually imposed, whatever difficulties it was thought had to be faced, in the living out of a person's years. And the thought that I had been granted a pardon and indulgence by the fates, far from being contradicted, was given a fine, delicate approval by the sheltered wind.

I reached the church, and went upstairs to the choir room to find there the singers for this evening. They were people I'd been acquainted with from choir-singing in high school, but I knew few of them well, and vaguely nodded to answer any greetings. I gathered the music that was laid out on the table and a program, put on a spare vestment and found a surplice not too badly frayed and in my black and white went to sit down for the rehearsal. The music was easy and



Drawing by Mary Blakely

too much time had been allowed and so we went over things we didn't need to, and heard several jokes the director had heard from the boys' choir, and suffered an uncomfortable silence until it was time for us to go into the sanctuary for the service.

But the church was crowded and lit by candles standing at the end of every pew, and we were filled with an awe and kind of reverence in spite of ourselves as we filed in the side entrance past the chapel behind the cross borne majestically by the acolyte and entered the choir stall on either side of the aisle leading to the gate before the altar. We began the service with an Episcopalian chant and I watched the priest in Communion robes and then peered out at the congregation, as discreetly as possible, because strictly speaking, we were supposed to keep our eyes straight in front of us, being all part of a liturgical drama.

The church was filled--I couldn't see a vacant place, and this seemed remarkable, considering the late hour, and that it was Christmas Eve. I searched the faces as best I could in the dimness of the candlelight and the closeness of the seating to see if there were anyone I knew or remembered. Of course there were faces that were familiar, but I couldn't see the few people I really looked for. Then, in the very front row, not far at all from where the choir sat, I saw a face that, while not familiar, was certainly arresting. It was the face of a very pretty girl--beautiful, in fact--several years younger than I. She had dark blonde hair, brilliant eyes, (I could tell even in the dimness) and wore an expression I couldn't really fathom. It seemed amused, capricious, plotting, superior, innocent, implicated, and a hundred other states, all of them contradictory. I stared at her far longer than I should have, startled by her beauty, puzzled by her expression, and almost missed the motion for us to stand to sing an anthem.

After we sat down again, having done a fair job with our anthem, and the priest continued to say the serv-

ice, I looked at her again, guessing the color of her eyes, wondering about her smile which seemed to have no reason for being, which seemed out of place amid the seriousness and solemnity of the service, yet which she kept with a confidence which seemed an easy match for the censure of anyone of such a smile. I looked at her from time to time during a long prayer, and finally I saw her look at me, her amusement seeming to be even greater, and we stared into each other's eyes for an instant until I hurriedly turned back to the Book of Common Prayer. Every time I looked at her after that she was looking at me, as if only to disconcert me. This had happened several times before, in my choir days, that I would somehow become involved in staring compulsively at a member of the congregation, and afterwards I would always feel badly about it, as if I had ruined the service and made a fool of myself by my indiscretions, even if no one, really, had noticed. But out in the cold, I had been given a present of this night, and I felt not at all concerned with the results of anything I did. If a beautiful, mysterious girl was in the congregation to stare at me, well, I would stare back, (forgetting, of course, I had begun the looking), and anything that happened would be the perfect thing for this time, and part of a benevolent plan I was being gently led to follow.

I thought that as the long preamble to communion began, as we knelt and the priest began the oblation, as I looked at the darkness of the church's high ceiling, where the candlelight could not reach, so that it seemed an extension of the night, and I expected to see shining bright Episcopalian stars. And I looked at the girl now, her shining hair, saw her look at me, her eyes dancing, then saw her stare at me with eyes open much wider than before, lean forward in the pew, and fall to the floor with a groan.

People stood up in alarm. Several men rushed from the rear of the church to the pew where the girl had fallen. The priest hesitated for a second, looked around, and continued with his prayer. Nothing save the destruction of the building itself can halt an Episcopalian service. The men who had rushed to the front of the church picked the girl up and carried her from the church. They seemed to carry her bolt upright. Her eyes were open, she seemed to be mumbling something, some litany. She was still staring at me.

Fortunately there was nothing to sing just then. I paid no attention to anything whatever, and sang the wrong part in the motet, when I could sing at all. All the candles and organ pipes and white linen and colored robes had suddenly become mixed, had changed places with each other and were no longer in their proper orders, were floating in a kind of communion of their own just above the limits of my vision. The people who filed up to the rail to receive the elements (who themselves were nervous and self-conscious and puzzled and aware of participating in something unusual and dramatic, having somehow been singled out to witness what they did) seemed merely a mass, with features that were impossible to discern, moving in some vague direction to an unknown purpose, only adding to a chaos that was fatal and inevitable. And the organ notes seemed the final gasping of a dying earth.

Finally it was over and they let us leave. There was an exceptional quietness on the way to the choir room in respect of what had happened, but there was no concern which came close to matching mine. At the closets where we stood and took off our robes, there was much discussion about what had actually occurred. Someone said she had merely fainted. The choir director said he'd thought it had been an epileptic fit the way she had fallen. Someone else who knew the girl, though, said she wasn't an epileptic. A priest, who had inquired about it after the service, said the girl was all right now, but had no idea of what had happened.

I didn't wait even to hear the customary discussion of our performance, but hurried out of the church into the night which had protected me once before. I looked for the patterns of colored lights but saw the girl's face before she fell. I listened for distant bells but heard her groans as she hit the cold stone floor. The lighted windows were her eyes as she stared at me, borne from the church, carried by the men. Snow drifted downward in sheets, and the wind cut me like a knife-blade.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

One discovers one cannot seem too laconic - Up to the point of being catatonic.

Intelligence increases in inverse Proportion to the penchant for discourse.

If one must speak, embroider, divagate, Suppress, distort, allude, insinuate.

Eyes? Depress them from the stratosphere To focus in a vivisection stare.

An enigmatic smile? If well aligned, Lips compensate for absence of a mind.

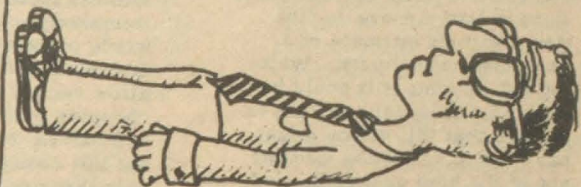
Recondite intellectual vibrations Replace, in part, transcended stimulations:

Rimbaud and Proust (unopened) bric-a-brac The coffee table. Bach supplies Muzak.

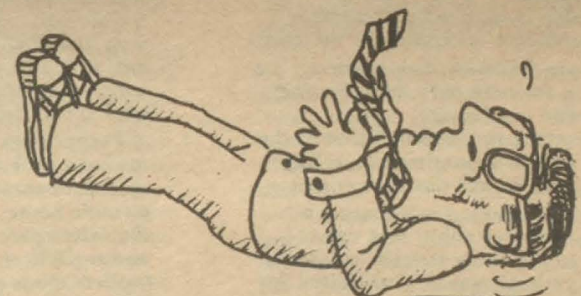
Local accent withers. Saxon proclivities Are rehabilitated by Latinities.

"Resonant" hypostatizes "hollow." "Facile" implants profundity in "shallow." --John Horn

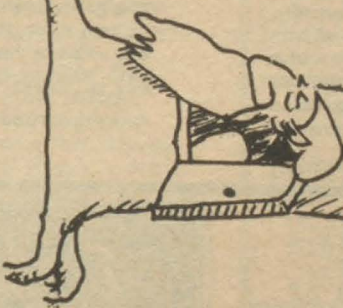
PRUNE COMIX



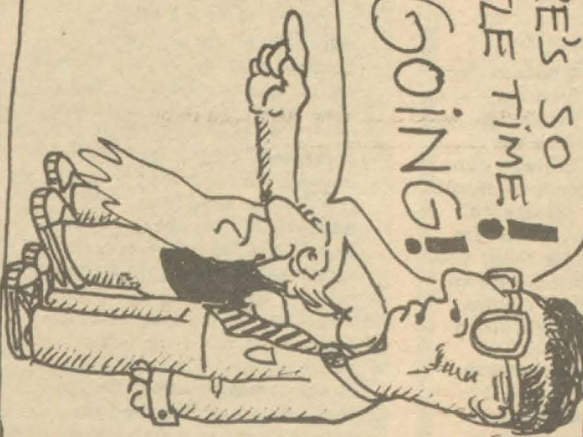
Flip



HEY! WHY ARE YOU STANDING AROUND?



THERE'S SO LITTLE TIME! GET GOING!



DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



UH-

THE TIME IS RIFE! YOU MUST ACT NOW!



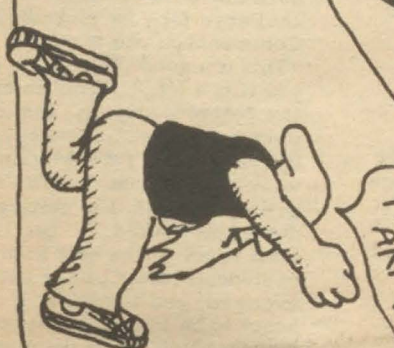
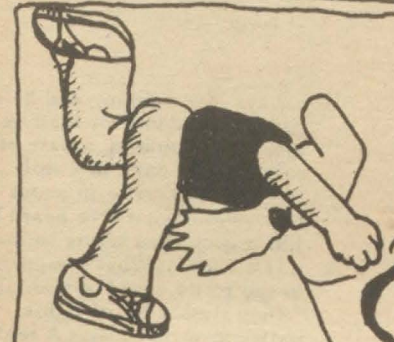
YEAH!

FORWARD! TO SUCCESS!



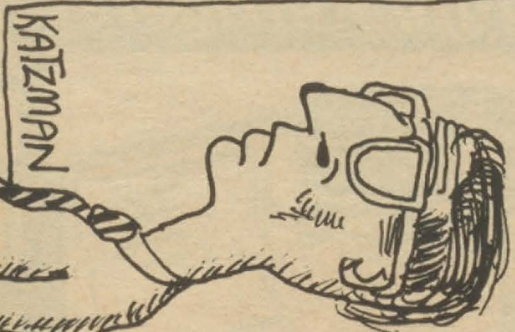
YEAH!

Now GO! GO!



RIGHT! A-KIM!

YEAH! I'M GONNA GO AND- AND- UH...



KATZMAN

SIGH

Ya know, parts of the new NAT Sci building are really impressive...

I hear that the wood came from australia, The steel came from ARGENTINA...

And the furniture came from Romper Room...

By Noah Yanich

SPORTS

Enrollment Drops Off

The 1972-1973 budget was passed by the Board of Trustees with understanding that tuitional income would be received from an average of 550 students per term. This term there are 516 students in physical residence. Thirty two are in their last term and will graduate, attrition is predicted to be ten; assuming the number of students on option and off campus study will approximate last year's figures. 75 students will have to be admitted in January to make the 550 quota. Still assuming last year's numbers to hold, in March the enrollment will approximate 450. Nancy Fariaro and Charlie Harra cut off admissions in late January despite Ken Simcoe's estimate of a September enrollment. Waiting list students still could have been admitted; Miss Ferraro explained that this policy might have led to admitting students not of the high quality desired. The absence of students on option last year expected to show this year, and last minute attrition of new students accounts for the nine that bring the figure to 516.

SEC from page one

Dr. Benjamin DeMott, a previous candidate for the office; Ginger Lyon pointed out that most of the faculty approved of him; and ex officio member Bryan Reid stated simply that he was impressed. Stuart Leviten moved that the SEC state formally that they support Fuchs, but chairman Ron Davidson objected that it is the job of the student members of the PSC and not that of the SEC to approve presidential candidates. The motion was defeated, 3-4. Davidson also mentioned that another candidate is coming to the campus this weekend; however, he is to meet only with the PSC and the faculty.

The recommendation of the ad hoc committee on refrigeration was that the present rule banning refrigerators of over five cubic feet capacity be more strictly enforced. Several reasons were cited for this: large refrigerators leave rust stains on floors and balconies, may cause cracks in tiles or on stairs when being transported, cost the school more in electricity, may lead to illegal cooking in the Pei dorms, ruin rugs, and look unattractive on balconies. Davidson suggested that if the larger refrigerators are to be kept at all, certain guidelines have to be followed: all damages are to be taken out of students' contingency funds; refrigerators are not to be kept on balconies; a fee of \$10-\$20 per term should be charged for electricity and a fine of up to \$50 charged for not registering a refrigerator. After considerable discussion,

The Board of Trustees does not meet until November, when the problem will be brought up. One solution could be the scouring of other college campuses to find students to enroll in January; other private colleges will probably adopt the same policy because they, too, are not fully enrolled. At any rate, the prospect of finding 100 new students to enroll in March is dim.

According to Ms. Ferraro, one of the more practical solutions entails a change to a 4-1-4-2 calendar, 4 months of study, 1 month of ISP, off campus or on, another four months of study on campus and two months of summer spent studying here intensively. This calendar would coincide with those of other schools, and still allow variety of courses by chopping each semester into two halves, or mods. Without this change, it is probable that next year over 550 students will be admitted changing the student-faculty ratio, but meeting the quota of the budget.

It was decided that no action be taken until Davidson could ascertain how much electricity is being used by the refrigerators and how much it costs.

The ad hoc committee on pets recommended two alternative solutions to the dog problem: that the rule be strictly enforced with an eye to phasing out the NC dog population, or that a student pet dog population of about 15 dogs, to be registered on a well-publicized first come, first serve basis, (preference given to dogs already on campus), be maintained. The owners of such dogs would pay a registration fee of possibly \$25 and obtain flea collars and registration tags from the SEC.

All other dogs would be removed to the nearest animal shelter or shipped to the owner's home. After discussion the latter plan was adopted, and regulation LX-D of the Student Code (the March 4, 1971 rule) was repealed.

In other business, action on the swimming pool situation was postponed until Davidson could talk to Mr. Dallas Dort, head of the Board of Trustees; this writer's inquiry about the \$1000 allotted Jim Cohn last summer was answered with a "We're still working on it"; Diane Turner's request for garbage cans in the Palm Court was deferred to Buildings and Grounds; and Yanich's request that canoes be kept on the bay front instead of in the Nat. the grounds that the canoes belong to Nat. Sci. and that any kind of boating after dark without lights in Sarasota Bay is illegal. The meeting was adjourned at 7:40 pm.

There are those who would say that a sports column has no place at New College, where there are no sports. I contend that the reason there are no sports is because there is no sports column. Because of the obvious lack of anything organized, I have had to make do with what passes for sports, just for the first issue. By next week a number of tournaments and leagues for various sports will have no doubt been set up, and perhaps you can invite Mom and Dad and Junior and all the gang back home to truck on by for the Homecoming game. One thing that has disturbed me here at New as a signpost of the marked lack of Student Pep is a seeming absence of cheerleaders. Well, everybody knows cheerleaders are made, not born, so won't somebody step forward who knows how to make cheerleaders? This article is turning into a bad joke. Everything in this article, as is all the news at New, (I'm really hot tonight" is based on hearsay, but I can vouch for every word, especially the ones that were censored by the editors. (If you can't figure out the words, meet me under the bumper pool table in the laundry room at 4:00 AM on Friday. Prefer size-12 feet. No weirdos please.) Well, sports fans...

BILLARDS

Kandid Kwotes: "It's unfortunate that we don't have pool cues with tips." "It's very hard to play on a table shaped like a 'V'. It dips in the middle." These remarks were made by unidentified students.

PING PONG

The consensus seems to be that Jim Hunter is the best player on campus. But how many players would want to beat you if you were chairman of the Bread Board? What the local enthusiasts of the sport of slant-eyes have to say: Problems? "We need a bigger room." "We need a better net." The net has two gaping holes, allegedly caused when some a***** tried to jump over it to congratulate his opponent. Have you seen the H-building table, I asked. "Yeah. I checked one out. It was a piece of s***." What do you need? "A servant to bring in food while we're playing." These remarks were all made by students who prefer to remain unidentified.

BUMPER POOL

It is well known around campus that the breed of people who frequent the bumper pool table could probably be better amused by some coloring books and crayons. However, as is usually the case with people of this sort, they had a lot to say. There were complaints. "Low quality of the bumper pool table... and the cues..." "They aren't really cue sticks;" "Somebody's doing an ISP on a topographical map of the table;" "Gul-lies." If you're looking to find find who got into New because they had money, just check out the bumper pool area. These quaint folk have even devised their own religion, centered around the god of bumper pool, Yorg, also known



known as a*****. "When you make a bad shot it is said that you have angered Yorg." According to his followers, "Yorg is the god of cosmic abnormality" and "resides in the middle of the table." Doubters have begun to spring up, however. "There is no god of bumper pool" and "The god of bumper pool is but a false idol." Comments by people who thought it was a gib thing to get quoted in the newspaper: "The N***** just lost..."

but he doesn't play to win, like L**** S***** here, he plays just to freak the other player out with fancy shots." The preceding remarks were all made by students who I prefer not to identify.

POKER

Q How's the poker situation?

A: We're constantly being annoyed by a*****.

Q: Could I have that again?

A: We're constantly being annoyed by a***** who can't hear!

SWIMMING

I consulted with an unidentified expert. "The water seems to be unusually wet this year. We got a good butterflyer and breaststroker and we're looking for a Joe Sprint freestyler and a Joe Sprint backstroker. Sometimes you like to roll up into a little matzo ball and just become part of the soup."

Right in.

PINBALL

Pinball, the official sport of New College, is usually the hottest thing happening on campus. This popular racket is operated by an entrepreneur and hip capitalist named Lee Harrison, who realized a long time ago that no matter how much you win in pinball, you

always lose a dime, and he repays the students for their generosity by donating a case of rotgut every once in awhile.)Please don't write in about this. From what I've heard he's just a good man trying to make a fast buck.) What's happening in the futile world of pinball? "They flash a lot of lights. Balls move real fast. A real challenge for your picketbook." Comments on one machine: "This is a good machine. It just tilts a lot." "This machine is a f***** ripoff. It sticks right over there and you have to tilt your whole f***** game away to get it out." "You're getting robbed? I'm getting downright shafted." "Lee Harrison is one of the best friends of students New College has ever had, and I consider it an honor to be shafted by one of his machines." All these remarks were made by unidentified students, with the exception of the last two, which were made by an unidentified former candidate for SEC chairman.

MILK BAG

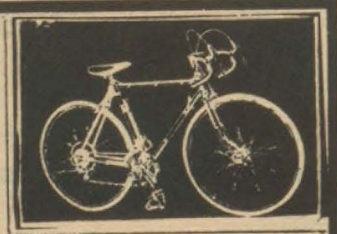
No comment.

QUARTER MORONI

This recently invented game is played with a quarter, a smooth table, and two morons. The central idea of the game is to knock the quarter so that it hangs over your opponents edge of the table. You get one point for each time you do this, unless you playsolitaire, in which case you get to keep the quarter. First one to get 15,000 points wins, and you have to win by two.

Well that's all for this week sports fans. Oh yeah. And don't go looking for the people who said the things quoted in this article, because I made them all up.

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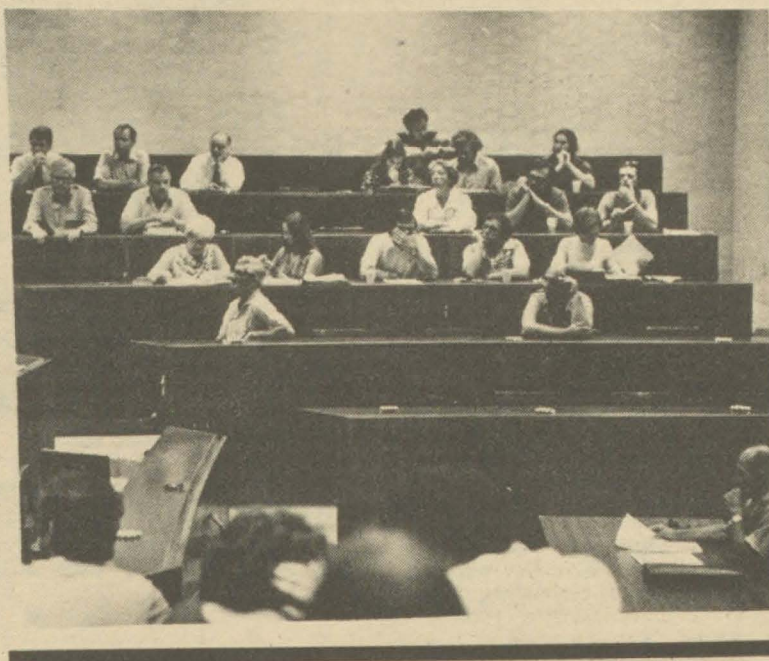
FACULTY from page one

ing procedures, and a profile of all the classes that have come to New College. They intend to review the admission applications and forms, and the material that's sent to the students. The College Council, in its meeting, discussed student non-payment of tuition, and has put out materials that clarify the policies regarding this. The President's Advisory Committee reported that they are working on several things but had nothing special to report.

Dr. Smith reported that the result of a faculty questionnaire concerning Dr. Fuchs, the Presidential candidate, was very favorable. He also said that the Student Committee was also favorably impressed with Dr. Fuchs, though the Committee felt that the rest of the student body may not have felt the same. This student reaction could be changed, it was felt, by additional meetings with Dr. Fuchs. When asked about Dr. Fuchs' availability, Dr. Smith replied that there were some family problems which might prevent him from taking the position for a year. Dallas Dort, Chairman of the NC Board of Trustees, said that if this was the case, that Dr. Fuchs would probably not be acceptable. He added that there were one or two other people under consideration by the Board who the trustees would like to see before making any decisions.

The proposal to establish a Faculty Coordinating Council to oversee the functions of the various faculty committees was then discussed. Dr. Knox, who sponsored the proposal, said in defense of it that it would prevent the useless overlapping of work done by different committees by coordinating the work done by each committee. This would be especially helpful when an issue involves more than one committee. It was also pointed out that this committee would make sure that all matters that should be discussed, are discussed, which has not always happened in the past. Arguments against the proposal centered on the fact that the job of committee chairman is so time-consuming that to ask the chairman to sit on yet another committee and also teach heavy course loads is asking too much. Also the chairmen do communicate between themselves when the situation warrants, and another committee to do the same thing is unnecessary. The matter was then voted on, and the motion carried. The faculty also voted to pick a new chairman of the EPC, since Dr. Knox, the current chairman, is technically not allowed to hold that position.

Several announcements were also made. The first, made by Casey Green, was that the NC Libation Association and Sisters of Mercy are going to hold a picnic October 14th by the barbecue pits. He added that contributions were welcome. Dr. Berggren reminded the faculty that nominees for the various scholarships (Danforth, etc.) should be in by the end of this week, or early next week, so the screening of applicants can begin. Dr. Smith also introduced the student representatives to the faculty committees.



Weighted Combination of Faculty and PAC Voting

Faculty Votes:	PAC	Result
Yes	3 or more vote yes	Yes
Yes	less than 3 vote yes	No
No	5 or 6 vote yes	Yes
No	less than 5 vote yes	No

The following tables are taken from the "Preliminary Report of the Sub-Committee of the FSC on Tenure."

History of Tenure at New College

Awarded Tenure by Recommendation of the President in 1967-1968 (Initial tenure appointments) 7 faculty: Berggren, Borden, Buri, French, Griffin, Knox, and Stephens.

Awarded Tenure by current process (Division and PAC composite recommendation to the President) 12 faculty: Clough, Deme, Dykstra, Gorfain, Hassold, Hamilton, Hoppin, Humphreys, Morrill, Riley, Smillie, and Wilson.

Awarded Tenure by Recommendation of Tenured Faculty and President, 2 faculty: Smith, Mayer.

Awarded Tenure by President although composite negative by Division and PAC, 1 faculty: Miller.

Considered for and denied tenure, 8 faculty: Barry, Bryned, Crouch, Culbertson, Himmelhoeh, Lyons, Shartar, and VonBaeyer.

Faculty who were potentially tenure eligible who left or were not renewed prior to tenure consideration, 30 faculty: Ansbacher, Armes, Bloom, DeJarnett, Feeney, Fleischman, Furlong, Hallin, Hankin, Harrill, Hopkins, Kay, Lichtenstein, Petrie, Posey, J Rains, P Rains, Stoddard, Tehranian, Van Eman, Vernon, Von Gutenberg, Williams, and Wright

Mandatory Consideration Dates for Current Faculty (3 years)

1972-73	Renne Two Appeals: Barry and Shartar
1973-74	Bates, Carson, Doenecke, Gay, Kress, Ross, Schatz, Snyder, Truzzi
1974-75	Benedetti, Chae, Kirtley, Norton

Summary Tenure Eligible Faculty to Date

Denied tenure by process:	4	8
Awarded tenure:		22
Left prior to tenure consideration:		30
Current faculty eligible for tenure in next five years:		32
Tenured faculty at start of fall term, 1972-73:		17

- 1 Subsequently resigned from tenure positions.
- 2 Reached mandatory retirement age.
- 3 Pending appeal.
- 4 Two faculty (Barry and Shartar) are double counted.

TENURE from page one

Current feelings about tenure are varied and discussion of the subject is inevitably long and involved. In his "Preliminary Report of the Sub-Committee of the FSC on Tenure," Marcello Truzzi has managed to compile a huge amount of data and opinion into a nine-page gold mine of information concerning tenure at New College. At present, he is preparing a complete report of the situation with suggestions of alternate possibilities. The Preliminary Report contains a survey which found that ten out of fourteen tenured and 23 out of 26 untenured faculty members participating in the survey would "like to see changes of any sort in the current tenure policy or procedures presently at New College." Twelve tenured and ten untenured faculty members participating in the survey were "basically for the presence of some kind of tenure policy at New College."

Truzzi's report contains a thorough discussion of the current thoughts concerning tenure. Current arguments include:

1. Tenure is a "major incentive for keeping the best faculty with us through giving them such security and in turn receiving full professional identification with the college."
 2. Tenure implies the possibility of "getting stuck with faculty who might drift out of contact with their discipline over a period of years."
 3. "Tenure protects the college from itself and forces a turnover and the entrance of fresh faculty into the system."
 4. Tenure forces us to "lose faculty that many people would like to see retained if only for a few more years."
- He went on to observe, "the predominant side has been the question of letting people go who fail to get tenure rather than giving tenure to people who might not deserve it." He finds a paradox "in the fact that some faculty and administrators previously voiced opposition to tenure on the grounds that they wanted five-year non-renewable contracts here. Yet the current negative trend in tenure decisions is in fact creating that effect."

In the Preliminary Report, Truzzi discussed what he termed "two major sources of realistic complaint about the current system." The first centers on the availability of tenured positions:

At the beginning, the future status of the college may be quite precarious and such a commitment on the part of the institution may be necessary to obtain reciprocal identification on the part of high risk-taking faculty. Secondly, as tenure comes to be held by faculty, this tends to affect future tenure decisions for strictly structural reasons. Thus, if only on person in a discipline has tenure, this may have little consequence; but if three persons in a discipline obtain tenure, this is likely to permanently freeze that department until it gets a new faculty position. This is bound to create some strains in that it is very likely that some faculty will be denied tenure in the future who might have have more easily obtained it several years ago.

The second complaint surrounds the decision-making process:

As it now stands, student input into that process is very weak and indirect. Many students and faculty would like to see some sort of more direct and formal student participation in the decision-making process. There also seems to be concern that non-tenured faculty have some greater voice in the process... it seems clear that tenured faculty at New College do have more power in this process than non-tenured faculty or students.

Since the literature on tenure clearly indicates that tenure does not have to mean such power, some opponents of tenure on this campus really seem to be opposed to the extra power of the tenured faculty rather than the tenure policy itself.

In speaking of the decision making process, Dr. Gorfain mentioned that New College places more emphasis on student and faculty opinion than most universities whose tenure processes are almost purely administrative and operate on a "publish or perish" principle. He went on to explain what he felt was a unique situation for faculty who come to New College. He described a split between Liberal Arts Colleges, which do not encourage research and publication and large universities, which almost require it. He stated that a professor finds it difficult to do research at a Liberal Arts College, but, having entered that system, he will have trouble attaining a post in a university system. By encouraging research, New College attracts research-minded professors who, if they are not assured of some security, risk being forced into a College where they cannot continue their research. The situation illustrates the need to offer some security in order to obtain first rate faculty.

The tenure problem is not easily solved. A solution can only be arrived at through intelligent consideration of the problem and alternate solutions. Many approaches to the problem have been explored and rejected. These previously discussed alternatives will be related in Part II of "Tenure."

EPC from page one

course choices. A non-calendar system was briefly discussed but it was felt that it presented almost insuperable administrative and financial problems.

There was some discussion about what the enrollment at New College should be. The educational advantages of any particular size are debatable. However, as Dr. Knox pointed out, there is not, as is often assumed, any financial advantage to growth. The admissions policy was discussed, but it was accepted that little could be done without more student aid.

The contractual system was briefly mentioned. The only major comment was that there was little difference between an all-contractual system and a contractual/non-contractual system.

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Super Fest Planed

By Casey Green

One of the newest and least well known committees this year in the NC community is the College Libation Association and Sisters of Mercy fund (Trail National Bank Checking Account Number 86-255-8). This group is a social action committee, interested in improving the quality of life at New College.

One of the first major social actions planned by the Libation Association is the upcoming Oktoberfest, an all day, all night community affair scheduled for Saturday, Oct. 14. The planned event is an afternoon picnic, held by the swimming pool/Barbecue Pit area, with an evening party. The last picnic like this was held on Memorial Day, 1970, sponsored by the now defunct Memorial Day Coalition (ask the oldtimers about that one.) This year's Oktoberfest should easily rival, if not beat, the reputation of the Memorial Day event as being the finest Party/picnic ever thrown in the history of NC.

The picnic will begin at 3 PM. The meal will consist of over 800 pieces of specially prepared German style chicken (a specially prepared secret recipe, using many secret ingredients) over 100 pounds of various types of sausages, various kinds of potato salad, sauerkraut and other specialties. Beverage for the afternoon will pour forth from five kegs of beer, Michelob and Miller Dark Special, and an assortment of non-intoxicating beverages. The NC Madrigal group is now in the process of preparing a unique musical presentation for the day; other entertainment features are being lined up. The picnic is open to all members of the NC community, which includes faculty, students, administration, staff, people who give the money, people who pay the money, people who spend the money, and finally, even the people who often waste the money (they're part of the community, too.) Members of the Board of Trustees, as well as friends of the College have been invited to the picnic (skinny dippers, please desist until 6:30 that afternoon.) As the picnic starts at 3 PM there will be no afternoon or evening meal served in the dining room; breakfast on that day will run until 10:30. Vegetarians, take heart, for we haven't forgotten you, and a vegetarian meal is being prepared for those of you whom desire it.

A party in Second Court is planned for the evening's festivities. A live band will play (they were here once before, and are good) as well as a good supply of recorded dancing music. Libationary beverages will be in good supply during the evening; more beer, plus a large supply of a special punch (over 35 gallons), plus other non-intoxicating beverages are currently planned. The party and its dancing may run all night, and the libations will be offered.

The CATALYST asked several students to write their impressions of Dr. Lawrence Fuchs, a candidate for President of New College who visited here last week. The following is not intended as a sampling of the student body and no conclusions should be drawn from it. The selection was random only in the fact that it was not known how the people we asked would respond.

In his meeting with students on Sat. Dr. Fuchs placed particular emphasis on "academic excellence" without any seeming regard for "experimentation or innovation". One of the unique attributes of New College is its innovations which distinguish it from other academically excellent colleges and universities. It would seem that the values of the college should maintain both excellence and innovation.

Also, when answering student questions Dr. Fuchs seemed very evasive and patronizing. Melissa Birch

My impressions of Dr. Fuchs are that he seems to be a man interested in the possibilities of New College and what it might be. Having seen some of his writings, I must say he has some interesting ideas. Now whether he would be allowed to put them into practice by the faculty and his own scruples is another thing.

One problem: He mentioned the fact that hiring and firing of faculty should be done by the senior (tenured) faculty. In a place like NC, with its calling of tenure, and other related problems in question, might not be the place a man with these beliefs.

I would like to wait and hear the facts regarding his capabilities as an administrator before making a judgement on Dr. Fuchs. Seeing the other possible candidate in order to have some comparison will be important, too. Tom Campion

ages are currently planned. The party and its dancing may run all night, and the libations will be offered.

For those of you who wonder where the money permitting us to run such a gala affair comes from, the NCLA and SMF has received a large contribution from a "friend" of New College, donations from the snackbar, the pin ball machines, and other agencies which serve the NC Community. Mr. Estep has given us a most generous meal credit which is being applied to the cost of the food for the day.

All in all, we of the Libation Association and the Sisters of Mercy expect the day to be a huge success. We look forward to seeing all members of the NC Community at the Oktoberfest.



130 TRAIL PLAZA
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Comment on Fuchs

Certainly a frank and alarming, qualified type. He has human feelings, but seems pretty willing to discuss them, like his questionable stands on the Brandeis strike, which he outlined honestly and wisely.

Emphasis on "excellence" may lead to some arbitrary decisions (made without consulting students) but they will probably be good and maybe better than if he did consult the students.

Some of his talk about NC could be the best academic institution in the world" made me wonder at what cost he would get the trains there on time. However, the presidency demands a certain large amount of arbitrariness, and better to have someone who seems non-corrupt and intelligent, and who incidentally makes DeMott look like Simon Legree.

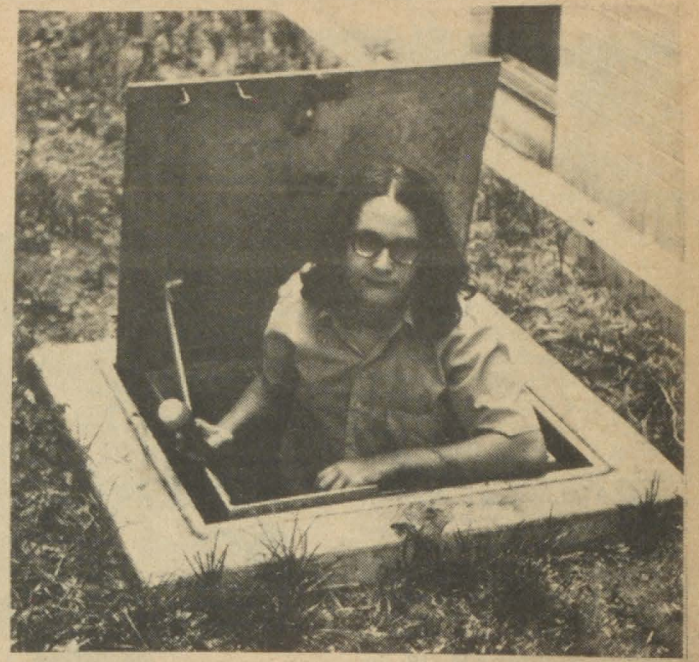
When asked about the possibility of having a woman provost he was (appeared to be) enthusiastic; when asked about recruiting women faculty he agreed that "we should get some of those gals down here". But semantics aside, I was fairly impressed and think we should beg him to come down here. Janet Goldwater

I was really impressed by Dr. Fuchs' administrative and fund-raising ability. He struck me as being an extremely capable person. His great abilities are obscured only by his rather conservative viewpoints on the important issues dealing with student representation in the administration of the school. Dr. Fuchs has been a member of a, comparatively speaking, rather conservative institution. However, he has led a fight toward a more liberal ideal. Upon reaching New College he faced an institution at the limits of his liberalism. In essence, New College was what he had been fighting for at Brandeis. Perhaps we can excuse his positions, for they were brought with him from where he was. If he comes here, he may again lead the fight for educational excellence through academic experimentation.

I believe that he is concerned with making New College a community, or a collegium made up of students, faculty, and administration, all striving equally after an ideal. His words denote a power-grab by tenured faculty and the administration, but his idealism makes me wonder if the non-tenured faculty and students haven't also found a friend.

He may be able to create a collegium of students, faculty, and administration. I think he is worth a second look.

Ron Davidson



David Tamkin, veteran NC student, appears briefly at the entrance of his newly completed "Collapse Shelter" located near his room in second court. David says that he began excavating his shelter during his first year here, when the Administration began talking about "how the college was going to collapse if the students didn't cooperate more with the college's attempts to improve its image in Sarasota" and that he began laying in food and supplies last year during the South Hall sit-in. "Everybody talks about the collapse of New College, but nobody ever does anything about it..." comments David. His shelter, a roomy abode, undercuts most of the East campus and now contains complete living facilities for around twenty people, including a glass-enclosed "terrarium" for those who wish to cultivate a loam-tan.

Dr. Fuchs recognized the need for a greater diversity in the New College student body. He also seemed to have definite ideas about how the school could raise the funds to enable non-affluent students to attend. Unfortunately he also seemed to reject the direct involvement of students in decision making processes, especially in regard to faculty tenure decisions. At a school which requires that students take the major responsibility for creating their individual programs, students should also be able to participate in those decisions that affect them.

Nat Schwartz

Answer to crossword on page 4

S	T	R	A	T	A	M	O	R	O	S	E
P	A	R	A	P	E	T	O	B	E	R	O
V	A	R	I	C	O	S	E	N	I	M	B
E	T	A	P	E	S	L	E	E	T	R	N
N	I	C	E	D	E	I	T	Y	P	I	C
O	N	E	G	A	R	E	D	S	A	B	E
M	A	N	O	P	W	A	R	R	E	P	O
I	D	E	E	L	A	V	A				
A	G	O	R	A	S	R	A	B	E	L	A
S	E	P	O	Y	R	I	C	I	N	I	N
C	O	S	T	S	A	V	E	D	A	R	T
R	R	B	A	Y	E	R	A	L	G	E	R
I	G	O	R	O	T	T	A	C	I	T	U
B	I	K	I	N	I	E	T	Y	M	O	N
E	A	S	T	O	N	R	E	C	E	S	S

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