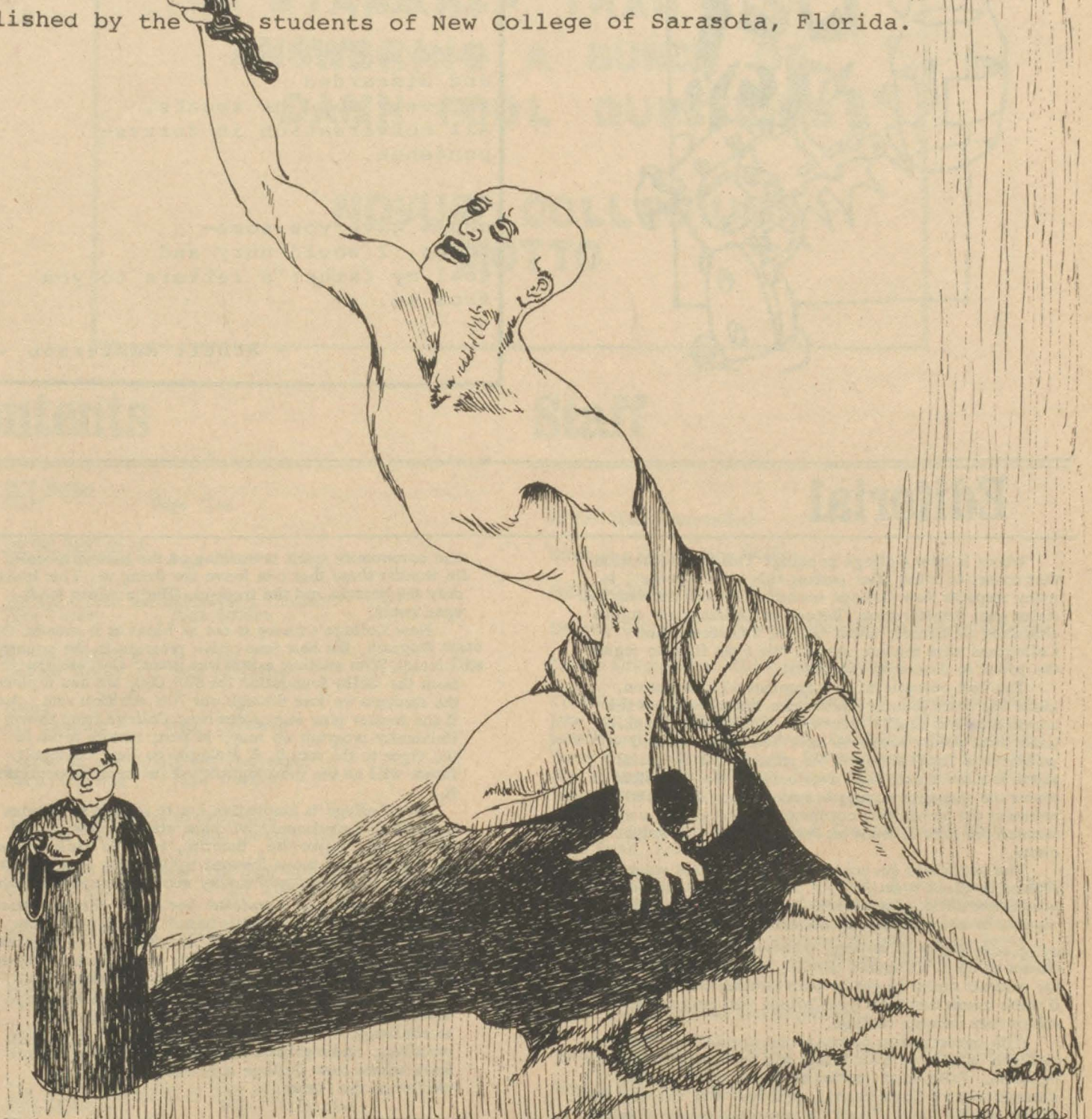
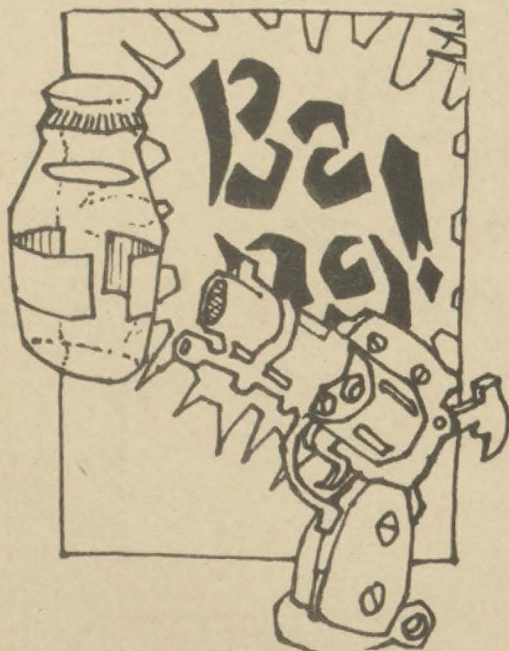


Published by the students of New College of Sarasota, Florida.



EDUCATION

ISSUE



When my father was a son, he wrote letters to my children. I have read those letters, they

are drawn and discarded in every word he speaks. All conversation is correspondence.

If I could give you something, I would bury and seal my father's letters to you from me.

- Robert Masterson -

Editorial

Where is New College heading? This is the question that comes to mind after putting this issue together. In many respects New College seems to be content with the status quo; deterioration. Instead of asserting our unique character we timidly await U.S.F.'s decrees. New Collegians must initiate action. We must fight to regain the power to determine our future.

The first obstacle to be surmounted is stagnation. Little has been accomplished since the merger but the community has finally recovered. During the last three years most policy decisions have been subordinated to problems of fiscal survival. At present, our financial status is more secure than ever before. We can afford to renew our quest for academic excellence. If we can resurrect the inquisitive community, perhaps we can staunch the flow of transfers and alleviate the weight of ennui.

The academic environment is static if not stagnant, repressive if not reactionary. Students have ceased to question traditional academic programs. Instead they acquiesce to a conventional education. This includes passive acceptance of testing, mandatory class attendance, classes of up to a hundred people, and most importantly, the students desire to get by with as little effort as possible. If these trends continue New College will become an unbearably average college.

With conservatism comes social normality. Students regularly bundle up their things and trundle home for the weekend. Palm court parties have lost much of their electric vigor (Coincidental, perhaps, with the depletion of the private fund), "wall" is composed solely of bricks,

and community spirit is working on the new yearbook. No wonder those that can leave are doing so. This leaves only the prosaic and the trapped. The problem feeds upon itself.

New College's future is not as bleak as it sounds. Our basic program, the best innovative program in the country, is still intact. With another admissions grant, ~~like the one~~ from the Selby foundation for \$25,000, we can replace the students we lose through our 70% attrition rate. And if the master plan segregates New College from the University program we may, in part, restore some of the vigor to the social. A dialogue on New College's future will be the most significant factor in determining it.

New College is innovative but to remain so it must continue to experiment. We must attempt new modes of learning. Improvise, theorize, fail, go back to where we started, and move forward again. This must be our *raison d'être*. I was told a story about a new student who wouldn't challenge a professor because, "the professors are supposed to know what's best." This is anathema to my conception of Novum Collegium. . . . The word Collegium is defined as a group in which each member has approximately equal power and authority. This corresponds to my conception of Novum Collegium. What is needed is a critical perspective. We need to challenge the faculty, the trustees, U.S.F., ourselves, and our basic assumptions. If we want to know where New College is heading we need to challenge the future.

**"THERE'S MORE TO RUNNING
A STARSHIP THAN
ANSWERING A BUNCH OF
DAMN FOOL QUESTIONS!"**

**NOVUM COLLEGIUM
MOTTO**

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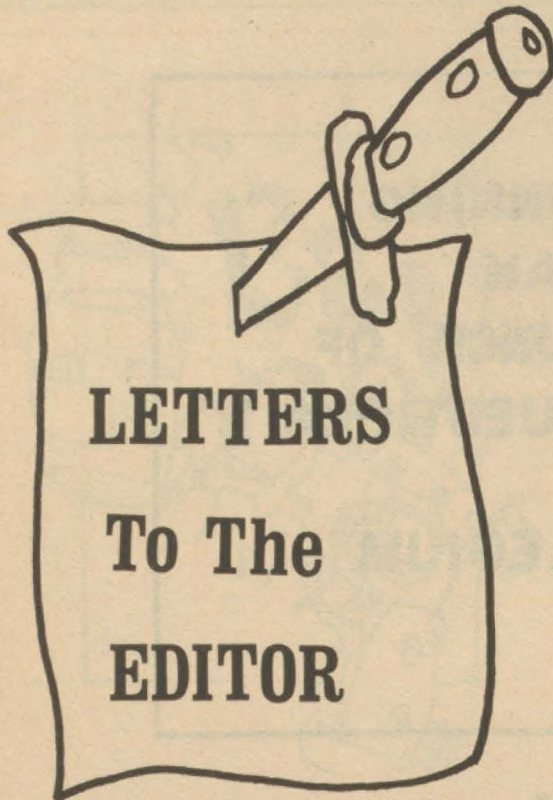
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The great pain strikes. Art at New College is dead. The fact must be faced. What is our humanities department composed of? Mostly critics and scholars. Where are the artists?

The fact must be faced. There is no creative writing prose fiction teacher, there are only those who will fulfill this role as a sideline to their other scholarly work. Dance manages a little better, with teachers hired to teach "extra curricular" programs in jazz, modern and ballet. But where is the formal recognition? Dance is an art form, and dates back thousands of years and yet the forces behind higher education see fit not to recognize its importance. There is a vast and undying interest in drama at New College, and yet, no effort at formal dramatic instruction. One must either try to create essence out of nothing, in putting a play together at the school, or one must subject oneself to the endless idiocy of local amateur theatre. How about poetry writing? All right, this term Dr. Miller chose to offer no program for poets. Alas. Music theory and composition is handled entirely by Dr. Riddle as is all responsibility for those students who are interested in the performance of the art. Good news here again. Dr. Riddle has been denied tenure, and it will be only through a massive effort on the part of the students that Dr. Riddle will be retained. This is an effort which should be made not simply because Dr. Riddle cares about his students, but also because if he is not retained we at N.C. can kiss our so-called music "department" goodbye. Turning to the visual arts, we are in somewhat better shape, two instructors. One for two - D and one for three - D art, but now a question comes to mind: has anyone taken a serious look at the output from this department? I do not profess to make judgement, but Robert Persig's quality standard comes to mind, especially in view of the current art hanging in the fishbowl. Persig suggests that quality in the arts is shown when a painting looks better than the brown wall which it is hanging on. How much of the time is that the case at N.C.?

Before I get jumped on for that last remark, let me emphasise my belief that there are a handful of good, working artists at N.C. They are distributed among all

of the various artistic disciplines, and they are struggling along as best they can. Many of them choose to employ the critical - scholarly road as one means to their end. By studying the great art of the past, they hope to gain in insight into their own work. This is something every artist should do, nevertheless, the young artist needs the steady hand of the old master to guide him. Beethoven, was not a genius independent of formal instruction in the composition of fugue, sonata and other musical forms. He needed the instruction of Hayden and others before he was even able to imitate the music which preceded his own innovation.

I don't have any quick solution to the problem of lack of support for the arts in higher education, but I will say that at least at a smaller liberal arts college such as N.C. more attention and support should be channelled into the arts. Ideally, a humanities department ought to have three equal prongs of attack; language and its uses, criticism and the arts.

Perhaps the assertion should be made that New College is no longer a liberal arts college in the fullest sense of the term. New College is starving its artists to death. One of the most important social sciences, at least as regards the artist, is completely non-existent at N.C. I am speaking of anthropology, of course. Anthropology has been such a strong influence on the art of the 20th century, and yet in the United Nations of the liberal arts which is New College of the University of South Florida, there is no official recognition of this domain. There is no James Frazer, no Malinowski, no Margaret Mead and no Levi - Strauss. Terrific!

So maybe I shouldn't say the arts are dead, maybe I should just say that they are in a cocoon waiting to burst forth.

Herbert S. Guggenheim

MAYBE THEY ARE DEAD

Fellow Students,

The members of the New College faculty have proved once again that they can be as petty and venal as the best of us. It's tenure approval time again and in the various divisions the long knives are being brought out and old scores are being brought out for settlement. The Humanities division faculty voted to deny tenure to Jack Carlidge, head of the three - D division of the N.C. art department. This means that if the decision stands, Jack is fired. He gets a one year grace period to find other employment, then he is gone. This could mean the end of the three - D art program at N.C. You might remember what happened to the Anthropology and German departments in the last few years and the ordeal of the New College economics faculty the past few years. The art program could be allowed to die in just the same manner. Aside from the grim prospect of a one person, one dimensional art program here at N.C. there is the injustice of having one of the most dedicated and hard-working New College faculty members canned.

Jack is on-campus, in his office, and available to students for consultation and assistance for 5 or more hours a day every day of the week. Compare this to the 4 hours per week that many of the colleagues in the Humanities division make themselves available to students during their "office hours". Jack has 57 students, or one out of every ten students attending this institution, enrolled in classes which are under his supervision. He directly deals with more students via his classes than any other Humanities professor.

Despite the number of students he deals with and the amount of time he spends directly involved with them, Jack has endured much criticism for his methods of instruction. He (horrors!) utilizes the talents and expertise of qualified students, and provides them with a valuable learning experience, by allowing them to be

student teachers and teaching assistants and thereby exposes his students to as wide a range of techniques and skills as possible. This, however, is a no-no according to his detractors in the department many of whom, curiously enough, also use and/or sponsor student teaching by their own students. Jack is also under fire for his lack of diplomacy. He has firmly held opinions and convictions and makes no bones about expressing them, something I have found out on those occasions when I disagree with him on ways, means and ends. This has led to his not keeping the "right" people in the department on his side and thus to his present predicament. Politics, as anyone dealing with a baccalaureate committee knows, can be such a joy.

His case goes before the Provost Advisory Committee or PAC, on Monday Nov. 21. They have the power to recommend that the decision of the division be reversed. They rely, in making their decision, upon letters from concerned parties (this means, or should mean, you). This is an appeal to you to save Jack's job. I feel that no one else could run the art department at New College as effectively as Jack, especially considering the extremely limited budget and the abysmal facilities. Letters to the PAC must be in by this Friday the 18th. If you want Jack to stay, please write a letter, even a few lines would help to notify the committee of your support. Don't let the art department go the way of the Anthropology department and the passenger pigeon, please write.

Vince Koloski

Dear Rowdie,

I find it unfortunate that you, like so many other political observers, found it impossible to write about anything but Bert Lance this summer. Would that Georgian overdraw the account of the U.S. government? Would he abuse his office to take free rides? Would he offer the same agency as collateral for two different loans? Could he still function as the head of the O.A.S.B. These were the questions with which you were concerned.

At the same time, however, another high administration official was wasting tens of millions of dollars of the taxpayers money, encouraging government officials to take free rides at the expense of the health and safety of U.S. citizens, and ordering studies whose results he declared "unbelievable" when they failed to agree with his predetermined opinion.

I am referring to Department of Transportation Secretary Brock Adams. He ordered a review of the Washington subway system, which caused 44 million dollars of increased costs due to inflation alone during the delay, then called the results "incredible" when he learned that the original plans were as inexpensive as possible. He, of course, made this announcement from the relative safety of Atlanta, Georgia. He thought he could get away from the angry people of Washington, but was pursued by a very angry county executive, who had been telling him that he was wrong for the last several months. The feud is still going on, as Adams tries to save face.

People in Washington were already mad at Adams for letting the Concorde (the French supersonic transport plane) land at Dulles Airport. (The shennanigans the Concorde pilots pulled to escape the noise detectors are another story.) Since he obviously likes having Americans mad at him, and so he could have foreign friends (I don't have anything against the French or the English), he recommended that it be allowed to land in New York and several other cities. (Congressmen in Washington couldn't hear their constituents complain over the roar of the Concorde.)

I ask you, "Is this man functioning effectively as head of DOT?"

Sincerely,
FURPUR

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18

BY THE BARRACKS ACROSS THE ROAD

BEHIND EAST CAMPUS

BONFIRE VIOLENCE!
WILD, PAGAN, PERVERTED RITES!
BRING ALL YOUR BOOKS

(Take a book that is "sacred" to you and see if you can burn it. Then ask yourself how much you are imprisoned by your books.)

BE EXTREME!
EXAGGERATE THE EMOTIVE-
COGNITIVE DICHOTOMY!
TAKE OUT YOUR SECRET
ANTI-INTELLECTUAL URGES!
OPEN UP YOUR ID!
SPEED THE END OF LINEARITY AND THE
GUTENBERG GALAXY!
NEW BARBARIANS - NOW IS THE TIME TO
MASS TOGETHER!!!!!!

Winifred, take a letter.

To the Right Honorable Reverend Morris Hackensack;

One hundred years ago, in the dawn of our age, was an old man... he would walk towards the sun at night, and during the day he would strike at small animals with his single possession and constant goad, the femur of a larger animal which had fallen to Ogg and his people in younger, less lonely, days. Years passed. Ogg was slaughtering his prey with mechanical vehemence, gestating the arc, angle and speed at which his bone must meet the fragile skull of some less brained creature to make it an easy death. He would patiently hammer it open, and tear at the soft meat with still - sharp teeth. Ogg was old when he went into the veldt, and now he grew tired. He relaxed one afternoon beneath a broad-leaved tree. He felt that something was about to happen. The sky was very blue, heat rose off the veldt in vague graceful ripples, the world was motionless. Ogg tilted his head back and closed his eyes. He brought his hands together and gently caressed his left hand with his right. Ogg died there.

I hope you find this instructive,
Brother Theodore

Faculty Meeting

The November nine meeting of the faculty was long and marked by two lengthy debates, and a couple of discussions of direct interest to the student body. About thirty faculty were present at the meeting, a high turnout.

George Mayer admonished the faculty on two points. First, he asked professors sending their students abroad to study to help with financial arrangements as well as academic arrangements; he claimed that he received a call late at night from a student stranded in Spain. The second thing he brought up was student discipline, which he said was nonexistent. There were complaints about our harrassing the USF people in the library and cafeteria. He added parenthetically that there are enough of those people to "beat us up with their fists" if they ever got riled, and besides, they are fellow students, so people ought to be nice to them. It was pointed out that elitist NC despise these people. A second aspect of the discipline problem, George Mayer said, is palm court parties, which are too loud and too long. He suggested making the students responsible for the running of the parties and keeping each other in line. Dr. Bates pointed out that the last party was not too noisy for her to sleep through, she thought it was pale in comparison to past efforts. Nothing was resolved. The third area is people using the pool and other facilities which are closed, and giving the police backtalk. Again Dr. Bates came to the students rescue by saying that the security force is more "obnoxious" this year and the students feel that they are living in a police state. Dr. Mayer asked the faculty to ask the students to be nicer people anyway.

The search for the provost marches on. Apparently Tampa will handle the advertising end, but NC people will be in charge of the actual selection. The ad for the job is being finalised now.

It was announced that three faculty members received letters of tenure this week.

The EPC brought up a motion to extend the time that students have to submit their contracts, creating a final deadline of four weeks before expulsion. There would be two earlier deadlines, for getting the contract in, and for notification of missing the first deadline. Dr.'s Deme and Borden objected that three deadlines were effectively no deadlines at all, and that if a student couldn't make up his mind in two weeks he didn't belong here anyway. The supporters argued that this motion created a formal mode of appeal for students who are late with their contracts, and eliminates the injustice of the present system. (The present system consists of appeal to the provost on a semiformal basis. Some students are unaware that they can appeal, or are too timid to do so). The motion was tabled after a vote, so the present system stands. The EPC is also working on a five year plan for faculty staffing.

The FSC report created a debate over the establishment of confidential files for the faculty, as state union laws require. This motion had been brought up many times before, but never complied with. In a discussion marked by confusion on both sides, the affair was tabled until such time as people could agree on what they were actually supposed to do.

At 5:20, Dr. Deme moved to adjourn the meeting. He later called the FSC discussion "trivial". Dr. Snyder was upset that the contract motion did not pass, feeling that its opponents didn't understand it

FOUNDATION IN TRANSITION

Joseph Penner has been elected interim president of the New College of the New College Foundation, A. Werk Cook, chairman of the Foundation Trustee Board, announced.

The election of Sarasota financier Penner came during the regular fall meeting of the trustee board Friday (Nov. 11), following the resignation of Robert C. Toll. Toll had served as foundation president since June, 1976.

"Joseph Penner is recognized as one of the exceptional young businessmen and administrators in the U.S. His wealth of experience in finance, education, and cultural activities provide the foundation with a leadership unique to this area," Cook said. "Penner is, in addition, a long-time resident and civic leader in Sarasota and knows the community and its needs," said Cook.

Penner, who is first vice chairman of the foundation trustee board, was elected to the board in 1975.

"His active interest in education and philanthropy extends far beyond Sarasota, and he is in an unusual position to aid the Foundation in its principal function and responsibility: fund-raising," said Cook.

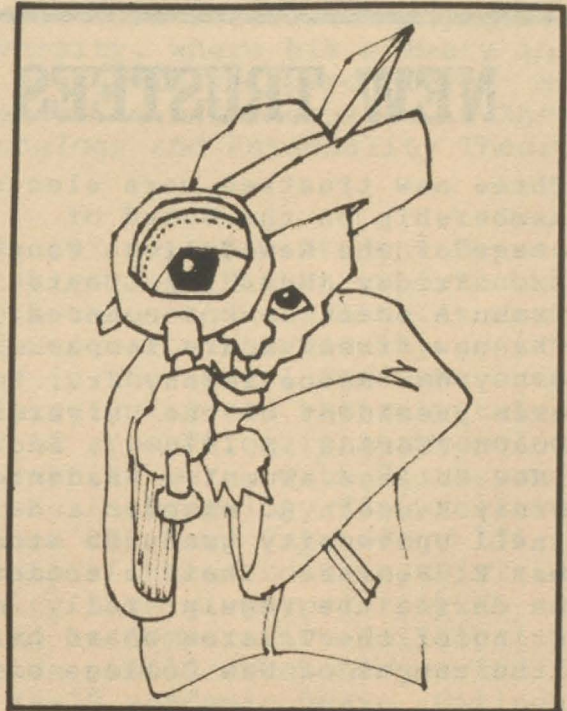
Penner is chairman of the Popular Bank of Sarasota, of which he recently acquired control. In 1976, Governor Reuben Askew appointed him to the Florida Council of 100. Penner is a member of the Asolo State Theatre Board.

Penner in assuming his new post, emphasized that his was an interim presidency.

"We have already formed a search committee to find a permanent president, preferably a local man or woman. The search committee consists of Chairman Cook.

Mark Burlingame, who is chairman of the trustee executive committee, and myself," Penner said.

"New College is fortunate to have a newly elected trustee, the former University of South Florida Interim President Wm. Reece Smith, Jr., a well-known and respected figure in education throughout the State, and who is intimately acquainted with New College and its nationally known educational program," Penner said.



Trustees also expressed their pleasure in the appointment of Dr. John Lott Brown as new president of USF, Penner said, noting that Dr. Brown has already recognized the strength and potential of the New College program.

The new president also stressed the importance of the role of Director of Development Alicia Novey. Miss Novey, who joined the foundation staff in August, served Columbia University since 1951 in development activities.

Penner said that while the board accepted Toll's resignation with regret, he felt that advancement of foundation progress would continue because of the strength and vigor of trustees and staff.

"Our trustees include noted neurosurgeon Dr. Irving Cooper, educator Dr. Nell Eurich, Dow Jones & Co Board Chairman William F. Kerby, novelist John D. MacDonald, Time Magazine Associate Publisher Richard E. Coffey, and many others. All are people of immense variety of background from law, medicine, education, finance, construction, journalism. I doubt if any small college in the country commands such experience and scope on its board," Penner said.

NEW TRUSTEES

Three new trustees were elected to membership on the Board of Trustees of the New College Foundation on Friday (Nov. 11). Board Chairman A. Werk Cook announced.

The new trustees are Tampa attorney Wm. Reece Smith, Jr., interim president of the University of South Florida in 1976-77, and two New College alumni: Bradenton attorney Kenneth R. Misemer and Cornell University graduate student James E. Foster. Their election came during the regular fall meeting of the Trustee Board held on the campus of New College of USF.

Smith, who served as interim president of USF for a year until mid-September, was honored for his service by campus groups, business and civic groups, and the city of Tampa. Attorney Smith is chairman of Carlton, Fields, Ward, Emmanuel, Smith and Cutler, believed to be the largest law firm in Florida. He is president of the American Bar Endowment and is a former president of the Florida Bar.

He received the bachelor's degree from the University of South Carolina, the law degree with high honors from the University of Florida, and an honorary doctoral degree from USF in 1973. He has been a Rhodes Scholar at

Oxford University, England, and has served on the Rhodes Scholar selection committee for 21 years. He is a member of USF's Council of Advisors and has been its chairman. Smith has been a member of the Board of Counselors at the University of Tampa since 1965 and is a member of the Board of Visitors, College of Law, Florida State University.

In addition to his lifelong involvement in higher education, Smith has participated in numerous civic activities and has served as president of the Florida Gulf Coast Symphony, as director of Tampa Chapters of the American Red Cross and American Cancer Society as well as a number of other organizations. He has received numerous awards for distinguished service, including the Florida Jaycees award for Outstanding Service in the Field of Government and the National B'nai B'rith Foundation Humanitarian Award. He was appointed by the Governor as chairman of the State of Florida Human Rights Advocacy Committee.

Foundation trustees have four New College alumni represented among their membership. Misemer, a member of New College's Charter Class, was elected to the board to represent the alumni body at large, and Foster was nominated by his 1977 graduating class.

Misemer, a 1968 New College graduate with a degree in literature, studied for one year at Harvard University's School of Business Administration with a scholarship. He had also received a graduate fellowship to the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania. He then entered the University of Florida Law School, receiving his law degree in 1972.

For five years, Misemer was house counsel for the First City Federal Savings & Loan Association. As an undergraduate, he served in student government. Currently, he is active in alumni affairs.

Foster graduated from New College in 1977 with a degree in both mathematics and economics, and is in graduate study in economics at Cornell University, with a teaching assistantship. Foster received honorable mention in the National Science Foundation national fellowship competition. As an undergraduate, he served as chairman and vice chairman of student government and as chairman of the Campus Council.

The foundation, most of whose board members were trustees of the former private New College, provides gifts from private sources to support the costs of the specialized New College educational program which exceed normal state funding. The trustees also serve as consultants for academic policy and planning for the educational program.

Community News

SEC Report

The New College Student Executive committee has appointed Henry Smyth and Pete Tepley to rewrite the Student Council Constitution. It has not been revised since pre-merger days. Work will begin on the project in January.

SEC chairperson Rick Rever reports that progress is being made toward the establishment of the \$15 per term student activities fee. The proposed fee would generate an additional \$7,500. This money could be used to fund such activities as student chair (anthropology?), lectures, movies, R&R and Jazz concerts, construction of a sauna, or the purchase of sailboats. This would supplement the meagre Activity and Service Fee allowance from Tampa.

Students Frank Morrone and George DePaolis will sponsor an end of term PCP. The gig will move indoors if it gets chilly.

Saturday night at nine.

Academics

Former New College student Ray Rosenbloom will return Spring Term 1978 as visiting Professor of Psychology. Mr. Rosenbloom is completing his doctoral studies at Wayne State University, where his primary interest has been clinical psychology. He is expected to offer courses in Abnormal Psychology and Personality Theory.

Social Sciences Student Representative John Hanson reports that a poll taken to determine student preference for new faculty positions in the Social Sciences overwhelmingly favored the reinstatement of a position in Anthropology. The results were, with 76 respondents: Anthropology 55%, Political Science 20%, and Psychology 17%.

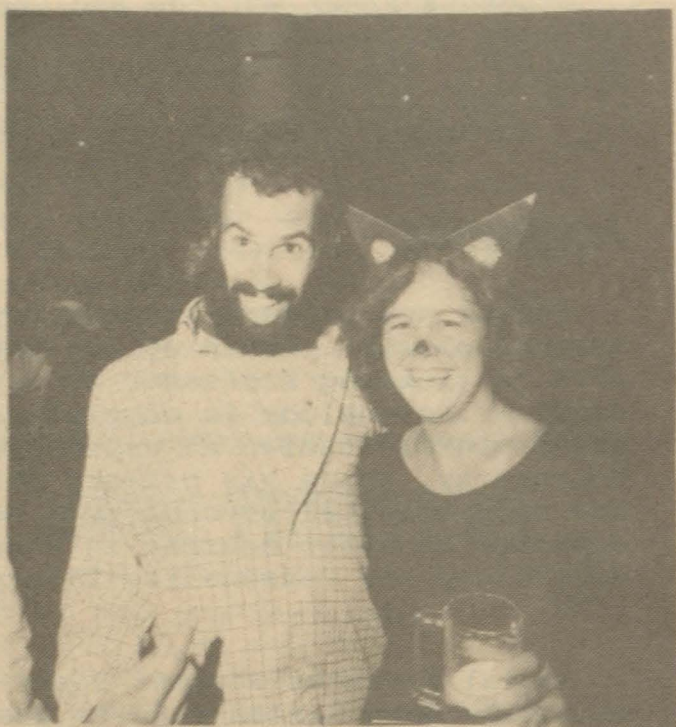
Despite these results, Division faculty have given priority to a hiring in Comparative Political Science should an opening arise for the 78-79 academic year. Citing the need for "long range planning" and the strengthening of existing departments, this move seemed to receive general faculty support.

HIS EXCELLENCY

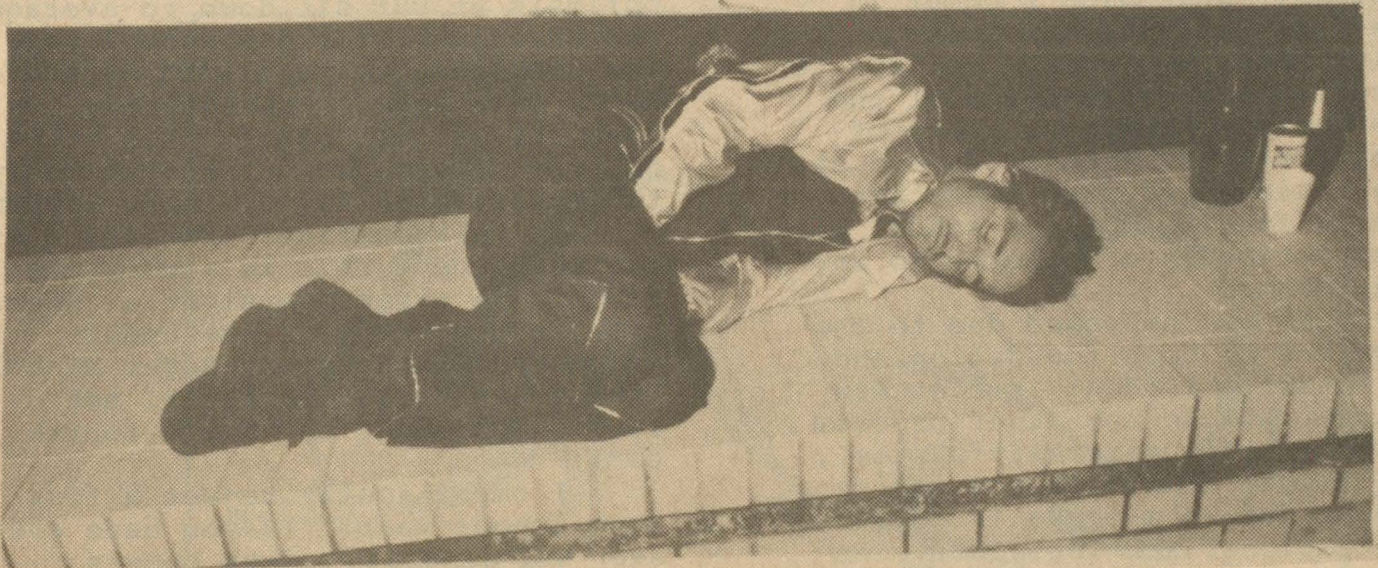
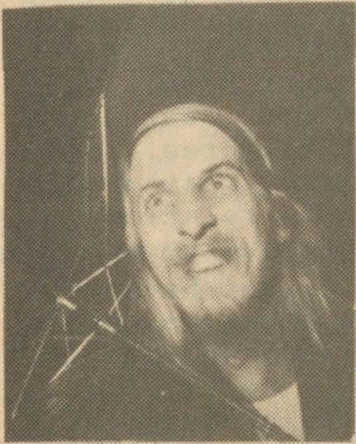


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\$1 DISCOUNT FOR STUDENTS ON STYLES



Flowing alcohol, drug-addled craziness, enormous Phallic symbols, and metaphysical deities. Come on lines. Come off it lines. Six of one, half a dozen of another. Costumes and loud, bad music. All this and more as captured in the inimical style of the Catalyst photo staff.



At the Root of It

BY BRIAN ALBRITTON

Envision two and a half years ago. The place: USF, Tampa. The scene: the New College trustees and college President, Arland Christ-Janer are discussing the proposed merger with officials from USF and the board of regents. The play opens:

Christ-Janer In lieu of our academic record, our beautiful buildings, and our superior faculty, we want 15,000,000 dollars, and some guarantee of our autonomy.

Ralph Turlington (Secretary of Education in Florida) We are prepared to offer 3,500,000 for your whole package, and a working recognition of New College's autonomy.

Chris-Janer: Wi.....ll take it. Agreed Fellas?

You may envision this as being the end, however, it's only the beginning. This scene-set the stage for the majority of New College's money problems. What didn't occur in this play was that New College foundation must pay 750,000 dollars to guarantee the maintenance of the NC program. Also, questions of faculty status, foundation and state interaction, and most important, formula funding for the school were never seriously considered to any great degree.

What has happened due to the ignorance of both foundation and our former president is that New College, unlike any other program in the entire University system, gets ripped of 25% of its entire funding due to a fluke in merger negotiations, and legislative action.

A discussion of formula funding is appropriate here. In the state university system, all colleges and universities maintain a four quarter school year. The general funding for each university is set by an average number of students enrolled over four quarters. There is a problem inherent here. Very few students take four quarters a year; most only take three. Hence, enrollment for summer quarter usually falls by 75% in relation to the regular school year quarters. Thus the universities do not have adequate money to maintain an optimal year round operation, and budget cutting sets in. (Note: The state gives a certain amount of money for each student enrolled in the average.)

So your saying, what's the problem? Stated exactly, the problem is that New College has only three quarters. Hence, when the officials at USF sit down to average the enrollment for the school year, New College gets penalized by averaging in a zero. Consequently, we lost 25% of our budget. For a college of 400, we get enough money to support only 300 of those students.

Is this Justice? You and I of course agree. This is a complete ripoff. A gross oversight at best. Yet, in the words of the Undersecretary of Education, (Roger Nichols) "that's New College's fault, not ours. You ought to have a fourth term."

I emphatically reject a four term school year. If you have ever seen the general student body's mental state at the end of term

three, you would agree with me.

Now for a bit of history. Back before the merger, the attrition rate of New College was almost 60%. What does that mean? 60% of the people enrolled in New College leave before graduation. Even though the merger has taken over, and we are now the New College of USF, the problem of a high attrition rate still remains. The merger class of 75-76 entered with 230 new students. The size of this class remaining is probably 90-100 at best. They began to drop like flies the first term, and this trend maintained itself throughout the year. Envision third term 75-76. A vicious rumor circulated that if we didn't receive 40 new students we were going to go down the drain. The reason is that New College must maintain its average. The rumor was true. We did get a substantial amount of new students. Here we are.

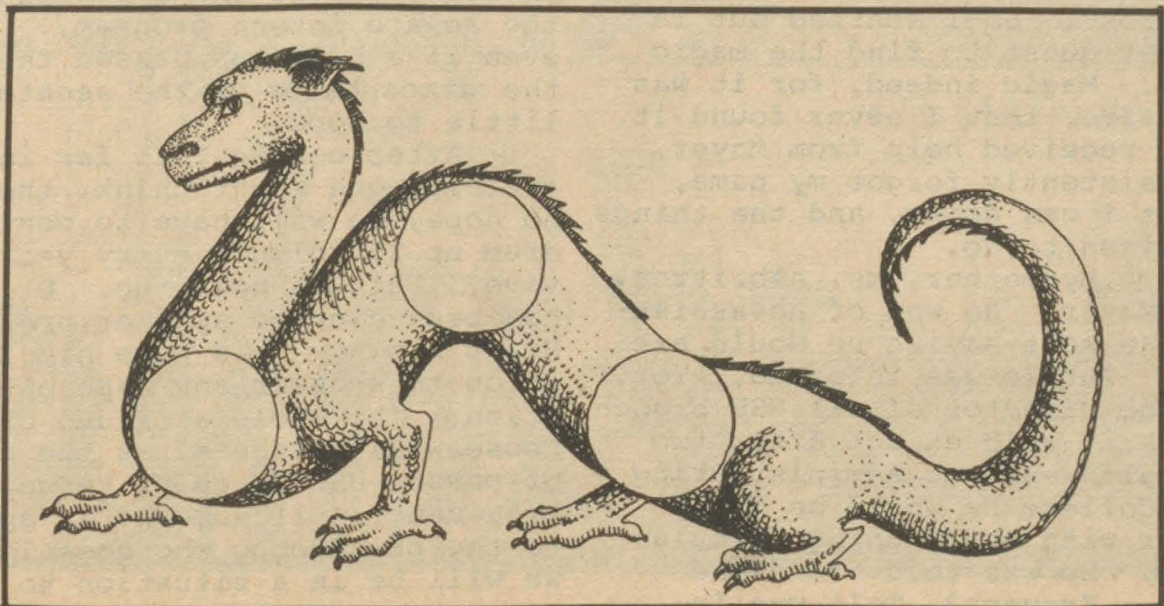
This year's class is our salvation. Remember the option program? Do you want to know why it died? Well if NC maintained option we would have a mass exodus of students each term. This would take our holy average and plummet it to the depths, spelling the death of New College. Hence, with an enrollment of 250 new students, you can expect a large amount to depart.

However, the average will drop a bit, yet our funding will be guaranteed. All this at the cost of over populated class rooms and bureaucratic complacency.

The next question: What is being done? Isn't George Mayer doing something about our problem? Somewhere, there is a state law that does not allow individuals employed by the state to lobby individually. The individual, in the persona of George Mayer can only make recommendations to his superior or to the President of USF. They might write the board of regents, however, funding structure is a matter for the legislative appropriations committee. Only they can give the money and set the funding structure, not the board of regents.

One might think that the foundation was pressing for a rectification of our problem or "oversight". No. The foundation is concerned with a moderation of the 750,000 payment they make every year to the state. They are devoting energies to the legislature, but only to save their asses.

Our next hope would be Nancy, our registrar, and most efficient bureaucrat. Nancy is not in a position to rectify this situation, though most aware of it. Nancy suggested in a personal talk, last year, that a 3 term funding structure would



probably solve the majority of our ills, and make it possible to reinstate option.

Finally, I came into the picture. When the option program was suspended I looked for a solution. It was Nancy who directed me to the root of the problem, our formula funding. I contacted, through my mother, Ms. Gail Albritton, the then chairman of the education committee in the house, Dr. Richard Hodes in hopes that the situation could be rectified. Well, Hodes in a legislative power struggle got stripped of his chair, and summarily, most of his power.

Last year was not the year to tackle this problem. Included in the above was the finding of the statute of regents directive which outlines the formula funding system. I looked and I could not find it in the Florida Statutes. I cannot find it still.

The next big break in our situation occurred last year when I myself had an opportunity to talk to Dr. Hodes. I told him of our plight, and asked him if he could propose a bill to rectify this situation. At that time he was chairman of an obscure sub-committee concerning legislative policy towards the universities. He told me the situation was promising. All I had to do was to come up with a counter formula in which to replace the "error". So I started out in the great quest to find the magic formula. Magic indeed, for it was so illusive, that I never found it. I never received help from Mayer, who consistently forgot my name, and what I was doing, and the things he promised to do.

So...My mother, Ms. Albritton, called Mayer. He was of no assistance. He kept saying he would ask Tuttle. Tuttle was informed, Yet, being the director of all USF branch campuses, I would expect after two and a half years of administering at New College He would be fully familiar with our funding formula problem. He was told. And the result....Excuses? Toll was in-

formed. Yet, he is a fund raiser, not a policy maker. I discussed the problem at Town Meetings, the SEC, with almost everyone. Finally, someone deemed that the trustees should know. James Foster took it upon himself to tell the trustees of the situation, and see if any thing could be done. They were told. Hodes was not contacted, Nothing has been heard since.

As a note to this run-a-round. The legislature each year is confronted with over 1500-2000 pieces of legislation. They are lucky if they consider even 500 of them. The most important piece of legislation is the appropriations bill. All good political science majors know, you can pass all the bills in hell, but without the money, essentially, nothing.

Hodes found out that his committee was not in a position to formulate such a bill. Nor was anyone on the education committee contacted. This is only half of it. In the senate, there was a general attitude prevailing. Anti-intellectualism. The former senate president, Dempsey Baron (who, many say still controls the senate) is on the record as proposing a lottery system for admission into medical and law schools in Florida. Baron has also been noted for calling intellectuals at one meeting concerning the intern program "eggheads", in reference to their position in the senate intern program.. In short, even if a bill had passed the house, the atmosphere of the senate left little to hope.

After coming this far in the article, one might think, there is no hope, we will have to continue to drum up 250 clones every year to survive. This is not true. Dr. Hodes has been elected speaker pro-tem under Hyatt Brown. This puts him in a position to sponsor any type of legislation. The whole attitude of the house will change after the change of power. USF is going to get a new president.. If someone is appointed to the presidency who does like NC, we will be in a situation to secure

this man's voice in rectifying the situation. Another important factor is that due to legislative action, a student has been given a non-voting chair on the board of regents. He, Les Miller, is in a position to speak for our views. If we can reach him, and sell him our proposals, we may be in a position to do something.

Finally, it should be noted that Dr. Hodes was convinced the bill could pass if legislators we informed, written and lobbied. I propose that we contact someone to write exactly in state appropriations terms a bill changing the funding formula to exactly what we want. The next step is to contact influential people informing them of the problem. These people would consist of committee heads in a position to be helpful in passing the bill in the house and senate. The governor, the board of regents, and USF president could all give recommendations.

This goal can be accomplished by the students, but with the help of the trustees in verbal and monetary support, our goal would be attained much faster.

If this bill is passed it will cure New College of many of its financial woes, reinstate fully the option program, and be the first blow for autonomy this school has ever had.



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ORANGE JUICE, CHRISTIANS, AND PHILISTINES

by Pete Tepley

November 8, 1977. Mark that on the calendar. Remember 6:15 p. m.; the bus leaves. I didn't mark it down. I don't even have a calendar. But I remembered. It was the day that 52 assorted philistines from the Sarasota campus of (yes, you guessed it) U.S.F., along with 1,647 others, took on the collective class consciousness of middle America. It was the day God's self-appointed spokesman for the new morality, Anita Bryant, made her trek across the wasteland of central Florida to sing, dance, and preach in St. Petersburg. Even the name of the town she chose has an aura of piety about it. But, what the hell, let's get back to the story.

34 of us left the rear parking lot of Hamilton Center aboard a chartered bus. We were going to St. Pete to express our opposition to the "new morality". Ms Anita Bryant was performing at the Bayfront Center to promote funding for a new Christian school to be built in St. Pete. The Metropolitan Community Church along with other gay groups had obtained parade permits for 5,000 people to show opposition to Ms Bryant's views outside the Bayfront. Our chartered bus was taking us and we too would participate in the parade.

The bus ride was uneventful, though fun. There was a long pep talk from our organizer, accompanied by various absurd comments from the passengers. There was sign making and singing; it was just like going to camp.

Finally we arrived at the Bayfront. As we pulled into the parking lot, through the fence and past the ticket takers, one of the more reluctant members of the group, Joan "not a dyke" Busner, made the following profound statement: "Jesus Christ, look at the goyim." Never has a truer statement been made. At this point, out the right side our bus near the south-east entrance of the Bayfront Center a sea of light was visible. We were informed that the above sight was our colleagues. The bus slowed and finally stopped on the outer fringes of the parking lot. We then got off the bus, signs in hand, enthusiasm in heart, and I.D.'s remaining.

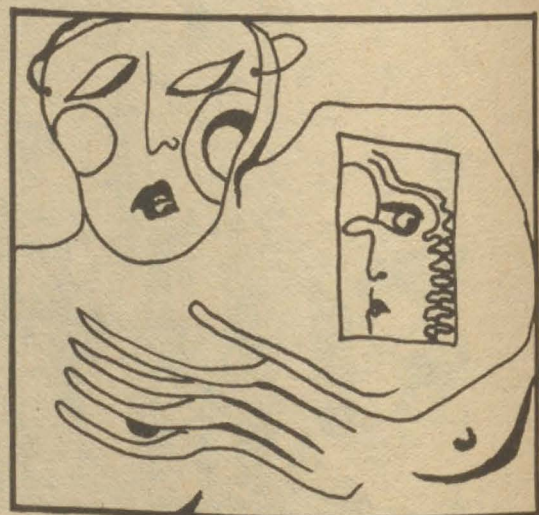
We massed outside the bus. I was proud, and had every reason to be. The group I was with was dedicated, motivated, and witty. We would show Anita and the world what we thought. No longer were we going to sit silently by and let her mask their petty hatreds and prejudices behind divine pretensions. Our signs ranged from the overtly meaningful: "Anita, Robert Hillsborough died for your sins", to the inane: "We're straight, but who would we shop with? And what the fuck they make good hairdressers anyway". We walked en masse toward the sea of our fellow philistines. Nearing the beach front, about ten yards away, we heard applause. A cheer rang out. We were wanted, we were accepted, we were appreciated.

The Metropolitan Community Church had passed out candles, which were now lit. They had also bought a large American flag, which was held high above the sea of light. The symbols of our adversaries were being used against them.

I was there to show my opposition to any attempt, by anyone, to deny me, or anyone, his basic rights and freedoms. I, unlike those in agreement with the Metropolitan Community Church, do not love Ms Bryant. I hate the things she stands for. Many protesters expressed similar feelings. We were there to say, "Anita must go" (i.e., those things she stands for must go). A few women from Jacksonville made these feelings clear with the chant: "Anita must go; K.K.K. must go; white supremacy must go." This is what Anita Bryant stands for. Hatred of anything that does not fit into her ideas of what is morally good.

The parade permits obtained for us allowed our presence near the entrance of the Bayfront. Thus, the "good Christians" viewed us as they scurried hither and thither. We were cordoned off in a large rectangle. I felt like an animal in a zoo. We were a spectacle...a sight to see. Our position, our rectangular shape, and our purpose all seemed to combine and make more manifest the thoughts of the "good Christians". "See what lax morals are doing? Look what this country is coming to. Thank God for Ms Bryant and the decent American values she stands for."

Continued on page eighteen



AT THE CORE OF IT

by George Mayer

Giving a speech under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute on one occasion, Horace Greeley was prompted to announce at the outset: "The Smithsonian is not responsible for anything I say, and I am not responsible for anything it says." The same constraints apply to my ensuing speculations about the academic future of New College. Nobody can speak for the faculty because it is pluralistic in outlook and the fluidity is underwritten by the fact that individual members often modify a position as issues change.

Attempts to sniff around for a trend are all the more hazardous because a pair of partially conflicting postures have long been canonized. One is that students should have complete freedom in choosing an academic program, qualified only by such professional advice as they accept voluntarily. This postulate is that the curriculum should be reshaped in response to student preferences irrespective of the direction they take. The second posture is more traditional and from the certitude that several subject areas belong in the college curriculum even if students evince little interest in them. Ordinarily such a commitment leads to implementation of a mandatory core program, but the project shows no sign of getting beyond the talking stage because most proponents assign a higher priority to student freedom.

Divided against themselves, faculty members neither want to play "the numbers game" by shifting their resources to keep abreast of changes in student interests, nor do they wish to revitalize dying core subjects by making the latter a requirement for graduation. The Natural Sciences Division is the least affected by the dilemma because core subject matter is easily identifiable, relatively stable, and an indispensable prerequisite for advanced work. So it possesses a mandatory core program in fact, if not in theory. The other two divisions are less fortunate. In general, they permit students to take subjects in any order and experience difficulty in agreeing about what ought to be in a core.

Two other factors intensify the basic dilemma of faculty members without generating the incentive to resolve it. The first is the fact that the New College Foundation favors the development of newer quasi-professional, quasi-academic areas -- likely to command community support -- such as Environmental Studies, the Psychology of Aging, etc. The second is that Foundation preferences cannot easily be honored except at the expense of more traditional academic subjects because of the absence of funds to expand the staff. It is not surprising that faculty members laboring under older self-imposed handicaps and newer fiscal restraints beyond their control find

it difficult to achieve a consensus on anything but a perpetuation of the academic status quo. They can always console themselves for such a cautious stance by pointing out that the existing arrangements permit individual faculty members and students to pursue as much innovation as they find mutually agreeable. Many of them also identify the status quo with what they regard as an older and better dispensation: one to be preserved against assaults from the Foundation and the University of South Florida, which are both perceived as alien powers. For obvious reasons, resistance to the one is more polite than to the other, but recommendations from either renew sentiment for defending the innovative order of a decade ago.

The only discernible trend in educational philosophy is a tepid revival of enthusiasm for core programs. It receives some stimulus from alumni who fought requirements of any kind while they were in New College, but who now feel that they would have been better educated if

exposed to basic interdisciplinary courses in all three divisions. Some current students profess to bewilderment because of the lack of academic structure, but there is nothing remotely resembling the ground swell that would be necessary to rally the New College community behind a core curriculum.

Thus, the primary justification for optimism about the future of the educational program is the high quality of the faculty itself. Over the years there has been a marked improvement in the character of teaching. Careful recruitment has produced a versatile and resourceful staff which is equally capable of directing specialized research and launching an interdisciplinary program. Just as it can be counted upon to stimulate students, so the latter have been drawn from backgrounds that assure their receptivity to academic programs of distinction. The College will thrive on the interaction of bright individuals. So while it is unlikely that the faculty will resolve its philosophical tensions, its failure to do so should not impede fulfillment of the New College mission.

Continued from page sixteen.

Almost immediately after we had deposited ourselves inside the rope encrusted rectangle, one of the "good Christians" showed us his feelings. He carried a sign which on one side read, "Satan loves Homo" (sic) and on the other read, "Satan loves fruits". Many of us laughed and he was at wit's end to know why. He said nothing, he just stood there holding his sign. It was as if he felt the rope, which separated him from us, like the bars on a cage, could protect him from the evil inside.

The behavior inside the wretched rectangle was varied. Many dressed for the occasion. I must admit that my S. N. C. C. outfit of work shirt and blue jeans did not compare to the regal outfits of the drag queens. While members of the Metropolitan Community Church held lit candles and sang, others chanted, "Anita must go". One of the church's organizers hurried around the fringe of the rectangle saying, "No! No! Anita must be saved". However, few changed their lyrics. Someone had the idea we should march around the inside of the rope. Many began to do so. At different points in the marching line different things could be heard. One part was chanting, "Anita must go", another "two, four, six, eight, gay is just as good as straight". And others were singing, "He's got the whole world in his hands". While most of the chanting and singing stopped and started again, the chant of the Jacksonville women never once ceased.

At some point during all this, three philistines in drag attempted to use the women's rest room. However, those good old enforcers of the status quo, the St. Pete police, did not accommodate. Not that the St. Pete police weren't amiable. They were. "But enough is enough." A man

in a dress is one thing but when he attempts to use the women's john is quite another. After their aborted attempt I heard one of them explain as they returned to the rectangle, "What kind of country is this where they won't even let you take a piss?"

Things continued on in the rectangle as before. Volume did increase, however, every time the stage door was opened or whenever a news team began to roll the cameras. (It was as if everyone felt like me. "I'm cute, get a shot of me." I lucked out.) Later in the evening I heard a cry of approval. I rushed to where the sound had come from. Upon arrival I saw the most intense sights I had seen all night.

I saw an older woman carrying a sign which read, "My son's gay and it's o.k." The sign also sported a picture of her son. That was it, that was what the whole night was about. Respect for the dignity and worth of every person. I doubt if I was the only effected by the sight of her. She said it all, and better than anyone.

During the night, the Klan showed up. About ten members donning "white power" t-shirts and cowboy hats shaded themselves, off to our right, under a confederate flag. Shortly after I became aware of their presence, around 9 p.m., I noticed the other protesters were leaving our cage in a massive line. It was over; we served our purpose.

Everyone who participated was invited to the Wedgewood for free drinks. Was it a victory celebration? Indeed, it was. We philistines, regardless of the bad press we received, won the battle. We had for free that night, as Armen Amirian's sign said, Liberte, Fraternite and Egalite, while the "good Christians" had to pay 8 bucks a person for a little piety, a little orange juice, and a hell of a lot of hatred.

ARICA

By Bill Swanson

The spiritual systems developed within the various religions of the planet are highly articulated educational programs, aimed to teach particular things to selected individuals, employing a theoretical base (not always explicit) of psychology, sociology, and anthropology. While the individual participants in the activities of a spiritual system know the internal experience of the program, they may not know or even care to know the theory implicit in the operations of the system.

This means that spiritual systems are inherently interesting to many people who have no intention of joining any organizations, but are interested in meeting people who do experience the internal awareness of the system. There are a number of organizations open to meeting and sharing with Novocollegians along with many other types of people. This column will describe a few such organizations and the type of educational systems they employ.

Arica Institute, Incorporated is a nonprofit educational organization operating throughout the United States and in parts of Latin America and Europe. It began teaching programs for self development in New York City in 1971, and announced the completion of the Arica System in 1975, after 5 years of experimentation and research.

The Arica System is based on a theoretical breakthrough in the psychology of the world's spiritual paths, made by Oscar Ichazo in the years 1956-1964. The Arica School is the final fruit of the experimental verification of the theory. Oscar says: "The Arica Theory is the explanation of the Unity by the discovery of a new Logic that describes the process and the Unity of the Whole. With this, we have the tool for systematizing the description of all the human psyche. Since we know the entire territory, and since we have the correct maps and measurements, we can approach the human process with complete knowledge of all the parameters and possible variables. With this knowledge the human process is understood for the first time completely and scientifically, and is scientifically systematized and delineated."

Arica is the name of a town in Chile, and means "open door" in Quecha, the language of Bolivian Indians. Oscar began the Arica School in this town, after ten straight months of training a group of fifty Americans, including Claudio Naranjo, John Lilly, John Bleibtreau, and other people who had been studying inner spaces for some time. John Lilly and one other fellow left this group, and the rest became the Arica School, a new mystical school developed specifically for Western culture.

Oscar is an accepted master in all of the major religions, having spent an unusual life from the age of six, with constant study of Zen meditation and the martial arts, shamanism and psychotropic drugs, the Kabbalah, the I Ching, the Gurdjieff cosmology, Sifism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, the higher yogas, and alchemy. He was sent from one master to another, around the globe, taught and trained for a specific purpose: to bring the fruits of the spiritual systems to the West in a culturally acceptable and understandable way. Oscar had spent much time seeking knowledge within his own culture, having studied in all areas of science, assisting with dissection of cadavers at a medical school in La Paz at age 12, and thorough readings in philosophy and psychology. His respect for some significant discoveries by Freud and Jung and other western psychologists is clearly stated, and of all philosophers William James is mentioned as most influential.

The Arica System is a program of 7 levels, 11 months in all, designed to produce the state of satori. As these programs are 8-12 hours a day, 5-7 days a week, it is suggested that individuals take at least two years to complete the system, so the programs don't completely disrupt your normal life. The programs are taught to groups, and can also be done alone through the New York mailing office. Many short programs taken from the Arica System are designed to be useful even to people who are not taking the complete 7 levels of training.

Arica exercises are designed for many purposes: physical exercise, mental relaxation and concentration, meditation, breathing, group interaction, nonverbal communication, and the study of the psychology of mysticism. Simon & Schuster have published Arica Psychocalisthenics, a 30-minute exercise sequence to bend, stretch, strengthen, stabilize, and energize the human organism. This book is available locally. Campus Books carries several copies of Arica meditation aids and instructions, and will order items they do not stock. Free introductory arica programs are given weekly in all large cities, and the national news media has begun reporting on different programs. Dragon's Milk, a natural foods, unprocessed high energy drink is available at the GRAnary downtown, as one of Arica's food products.

For local Arica programs and further information, contact Bill Swanson, NC Box 250, phone: 955-2885. Wednesday nights are free "open house" programs from 7-9 pm at 1817 Main Street. Sarasota.

"As anybody who has attended more than one academic symposium or read more than one or two scholarly journals must surely recognize, the supreme value of remaining silent when you have nothing to say is not a recognized academic virtue. Somebody suggested a few years ago that the first requirement for the receipt of the Ph.D. should be a promise NOT to publish anything for at least ten years."

Anthony Wilden

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VOID AFTER Nov. 28

Dismay and Unrelieved Pessimism

by Gary Berkowitz

I had originally intended this article to be a rebuttal of another article (which was never written) which would have said that despite all the bitching, smugness, and general complaining from older students, things have not gone down the toilet at old New College. Rather than write about that, I have altered my thesis to this: If New College is not undergoing profound changes for the worse at this very moment, it is at least making plans to do so in the next few years. The purpose here is not to make anyone transfer out, on the contrary, your warm body is needed more than ever. I don't claim a good understanding of what I write about; however this is important to me and Hank said he would publish it so here goes.

Why do I contend that New College is either in big trouble or heading for it? There are numerous reasons, but the main two are what I perceive as a decline in student body quality and the merger. The former problem is solveable, the latter is beyond the point of no return. The main effects of the merger have yet to be felt, I'm told. They have plans for us.

They told me last year that New College is elitist. My impressions as an impressionable first term student led to believe that the original classes of two hundred and fifty odd students were "the best and the brightest", in addition to being the most freaky and most creative. In addition, the faculty was as large as new, at times larger. To make a comparison with

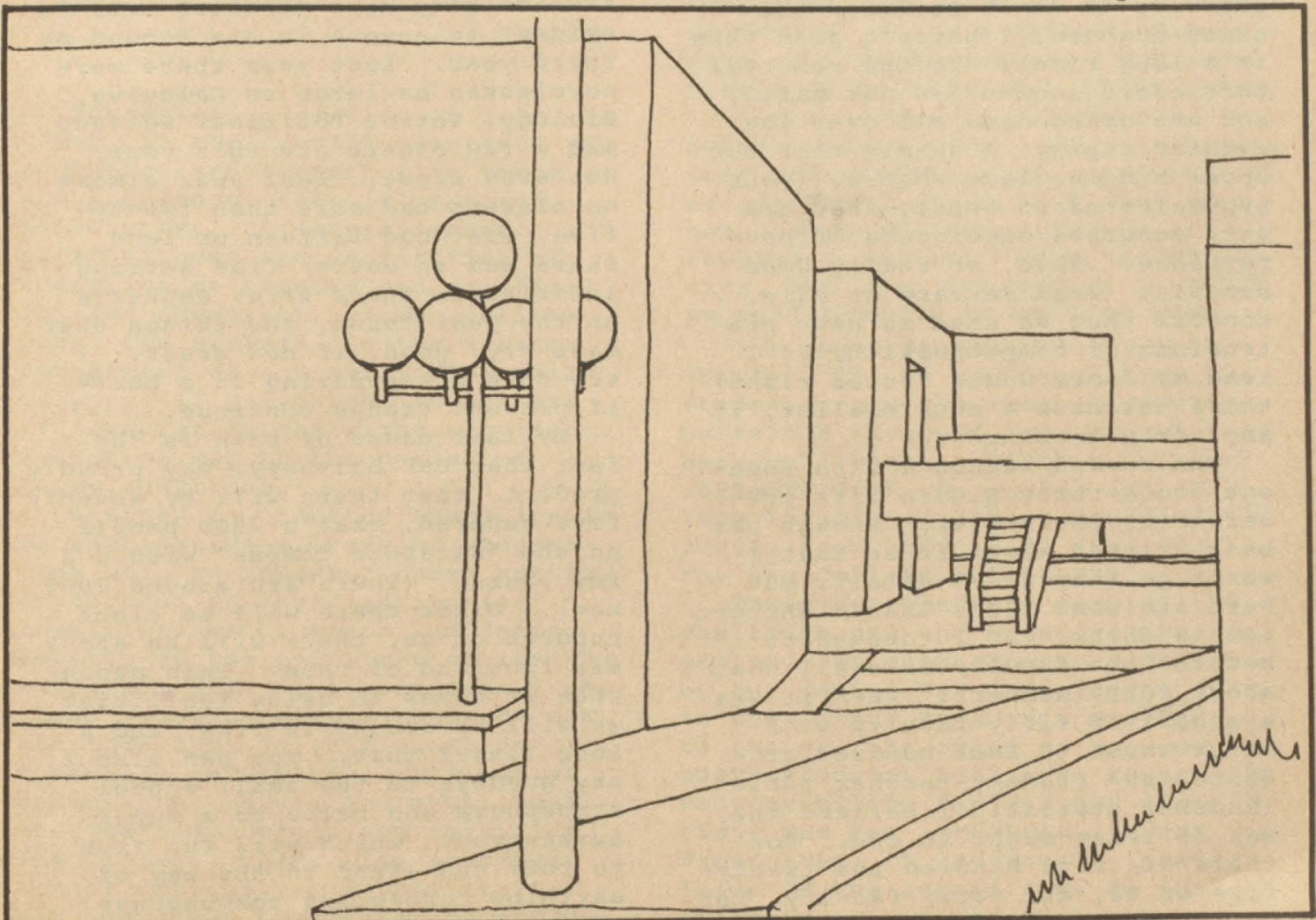
ancient Greece, this seemed to be, for me anyway, the age of the Heroes (O.K., perhaps that's a bit of an exaggeration, but you get the idea). Then came the merger, a sort of Ionian invasion, to carry the simile. In these dark ages many wise men of the faculty fled for their skins from the northern barbarian horde. Due to a lack of money and confidence in the school, Athenian ideals went into a decline. I saw myself caught in these dark ages, where the heroes are gone but their legends, still quite fresh, live on. Excuse me for attempting to wax poetic.

At any rate, I was introduced to a few people known as "holdovers", people who were old, old, and claimed to have had been here for three, four, or even five years. (These were the days when students could hang on forever). As I said, I was impressionable to a point, and almost took it to heart when George Mayer asked the class of '79 (for three year people) if they were going to be the class that pulled N.C. out of the cesspool. My answer after nine months of thought: probably not, although '79 was supposed to be no worse than '78.

So I look around this year and ask what they asked us last year. But to my dismay I discover that more and more people coming here are from Florida (don't get me wrong, some of my best friends . . . and they are a bad sign. Even when there were two hundred and fifty, even last year, most of the students were from all parts of

the country, and you just can't deny that a national student body is the most important factor if a school is going to be recognized as "good". As it stands about half the new people are natives. There are numerous very intelligent Floridians, but if I were one of them, I wouldn't come here, I'd go North and be someone else's national student body. Certainly a lot of N.C.'s drawing power is its location, which is no big deal to someone from Miami Beach. Therefore, a native student body is less diverse, more stagnant than "creative" (I use quotes to avoid epistemological arguments over the meaning of words like creative and best). On a more concrete level, Floridians will, in great numbers - and the trend has already begun, turn this place into a suitcase school. I could name you dozens of people

who go home every couple of weeks because "there's nothing to do here". This complaint is self-perpetuating; if enough people leave then there really will be nothing to do here. If N.C. gets the reputation of being a cemetery on weekends then recruiting will be just that much tougher. A third drawback I have noticed is that too many natives is a problem frequently encountered at crummy, provincial, state schools - they become extensions of high school. I mean this in the sense that ten of twenty people from the same high school, or even the same area in a school this size tend to form cliques among themselves and not co-mingle with the out of staters. It is easier to stick with the folks you know. Many students here now came here to get away from that, I know I did. (The Miami - Fort Lauderdale area now provides



the most people who knew each other from way back when, but the Tampa - St. Pete area is catching up).

My last complaint about the student body is that out-of-state or native, the cream of the proverbial crop is no longer being skimmed. Instead we're getting a very average group for a Floridian school, lots of JUCO transfers and even some USF transfers. If my mythology is right, we used to get something called "disaffected Ivy Leaguers", whatever they were. In the original conception of this piece this year's board scores were lower than last years', (and admittedly the bunch I belong to from years before) was going to be one of the main selling points of my pessimism. I thank God that most college guide books still believe the median boards to be about 660-670, they are actually 605-615. (I don't remember the exact numbers, I haven't seen them in a long time). To the rebuttal that board scores are not valid, and are going down all over the country anyway, I submit that for upper middle class whites, (your typical student here), they are very accurate predictors of performance. Also, at really good schools, (read Harvard or Yale, schools that we used to have pretensions of competing with, if I read my James Homer Foster right) there has been a much smaller, if any, drop in boards.

The second reason I wish someone would throw N.C. a life preserver is the merger. Enough has been written about it so that I won't go into great detail, but here are some facts that might get you to think. As I touched on before, the faculty is small now, about forty members. When it was a school of fifty faculty with about three to four hundred students, the student-teacher ratio (another statistic I believe in), was at least eight to one. Now there are five hundred and twenty-five of us, and forty faculty, for

a ratio of about thirteen to one. If New College grows to eight hundred students, as has been long suggested as the term goal, the faculty will not be increased by a significant number and the ratio would approach twenty to one. The U. of South Florida believes that this is the perfect student-faculty ratio. Perhaps it is if your idea of an educational system is a diploma mill. But think what a high ratio will do to the contract system. Instead of the ten sponsees a professor used to have, the ten to fifteen he has now, he will have twenty, meaning proportionately less time for each student. (I admit my guess as to the average number of sponsees is just that, a guess, but an educated one). Eventually the faculty would only have time for juniors and seniors on a personal basis. Shades of State U! What this increase in student body does to class size is evident to anyone in his second or third year. Last year there were no classes as large as Calculus, Biology, Intro. Political Science, and a few others are this year. Not even close. Last year almost no classes had more than twenty-five, most had fifteen or less. There was an easier time getting tutorials. These were, emphasis on the past tense, the things that made N.C. good, if not great. I see them disappearing in a hurry if present trends continue.

My last cause of pain is the fact that USF blithely, may proudly predict that there will be seventy five hundred, that's 7500 people on the "Sarasota campus" within a few years. (There are around 2000 now). Since there will be eight hundred of us, there will be about six thousand of them. This means when it comes to using facilities we will be second in line, and a long line at that. You can also say goodbye to the small school atmosphere and hello to a super bureaucracy, which will run true to form and stand in the way of anything resembling commonsense.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL IN EDUCATION

by Victoria Ferman

"Do you know, Carter, that I can actually write my name in the dust on the table?

Faith, Mum, that's more than I can do. Sure, there's nothing like education, after all."

(Punch, vol. cxxiii, p. 44 1902)

Education, according to John Dewey, is the specific instance of a generalized concern with truth and knowledge, that is, applied philosophy. Philosophy cannot exist without the institution of education to promote and practice it, and education, if we look beneath the surface, is the direct embodiment of any particular philosophy. If philosophy is the art of formulating the right questions, education may be the posing of these questions.

Whether in practice education is an instigative process of cooperating with an inherent human nature, or more of an installation (or instillation) of truth and facts, depends on the operative philosophy beneath. What we are to gain from it as students also depends on our attitude towards this question. Somewhere amidst the labyrinth of experience, ideas, and myth, that are the body, mind, and spirit of New College, there lies an educational rationale. It may be to our advantage to attempt to articu-

late this, so we may have a basis to test our present practices and policies against.

The first thing we encounter at New College is choice. We are immediately asked to choose what we will study, whom we will befriend and how we will live. This, of course, is to a certain extent true of life in general, and especially of college, but it is clearly the rule rather than the incidental result here. The structures that are traditionally provided, to assist the young mind in its awesome responsibility, have been removed. We must choose priorities, and also the manner in which we will attempt to realize them.

The other foremost feature is change. All of us, professors, students, and the rest, will find ourselves involved in a process of personal change. Whether this is reflective of the world, and of life itself, remains to be individually seen, but it is a part of the New College philosophy.

These two concepts provide the challenge and the means to our education. We must choose, and stand by our decisions, and also be open to new ideas; ones that may lead us to change. In order to grow we must recognize both. To accept the responsibility for our own education, and for ourselves, is the first step; to continually reevaluate is the second. We do not claim to possess truth in the

Continued on page thirty-eight

UTOPIA AND REBELLION: THE NEW COLLEGE EXPERIMENT

BY GOODWIN WATSON OF THE HORACE MANN-LINCOLN INSTITUTE OF SCHOOL EXPERIMENTATION

A model school may usefully be distinguished from a limited educational reform. In the larger society, reforms attempt to alter one specific feature of the social complex. Attempts to found communities which are designed to incorporate an ideal state of affairs are commonly called utopian.

Any new experimental school is a kind of utopian project. Its organizers seldom wish to advance a limited reform—they plan to introduce a new integrated whole. Each sets out to design the best possible combination of the many good features of schools known to the founders. The new institution constitutes a dream come true.

... In individual guidance, differentiated programs, and no uniform credit ladder - accompanied by extensive testing and all-around individual evaluation. . . Relatively few lectures; more individual reading programs, projects, conferences and seminars. Effort to achieve a closer contact with "life"; . . . a period of work, observation, case studies . . . "Great emphasis will be laid upon the association of students among themselves and with members of the staff. Many of the greatest values of college life accrue from intimate intellectual and social contacts among members of the college body."

Most of the ideas worked into the design of a utopian experiment have been around for a long time. People have become aware of a discrepancy between ideals and practice. The project usually takes the form: "At long last we will practice what we have been preaching."

New College was an attempt to apply principles on which most educators would agree: the importance of individual differences rather than time serving as a basis for a degree; students active rather than passive; breadth of experience as a foundation. . . ; the value to students of close, friendly association with competent, talented faculty members.

Utopias spring up in clusters during certain historic periods. New College belongs in the series of experiments in higher education which included Antioch, Black Mountain, and Sarah Lawrence College. The times of economic and social unrest stimulated designs for better economic order, better government, and, of course, better schools. These were the days of Social Security, Technocracy, as well as innumerable proposals for more radical changes.

Founders of Utopias have usually sought some place where they would be free from expectations and pressures to conform to the norms of an established culture. When the value system of a group "conflicts with the values of the larger cultural setting. . . the effectiveness of camps or workshops in changing ideology or conduct depends in part on the possibility of creating such 'cultural islands' during change." (Lewin).

The opening of the North American continent stimulated the fantasy of escape from the crowded ugly cities and restrictive laws and customs of the Old World. It seemed an ideal setting for new kinds of communities. At New College, students have lived and studied for many months under conditions very different from those back home.

The mental capacity to grasp an ideology, and to imagine a life quite different from that of everyday practical experience, is most likely to be found in those with high verbal abilities. It has been characteristic of Utopias that, like the ill-fated Brook Farm, they attract people who want to read, to meditate, and to discuss ideas. In the experimental colleges, the selections of persons interested in ideas has been an asset rather than a problem. Entrants to New College average. . . (high) on college entrance ability tests and even higher on general culture. They were unusually bright, shared the strong interest in the arts and world affairs which distinguished the graduates of. . . progressive schools.

The faculty who came to New College were likewise among the most intelligent and creative. New College offered no appeal to those who sought security or wanted to practice the customary routines of instruction or scholarship. It drew those who wanted freedom to experiment and were willing to work long hours at low pay for the sake of their ideals.

People who leave the beaten tracks and customary comforts to go off into the wilderness and found a new type of community have often been motivated by rebellion against restrictions of the old order. They have been alienated from accepted creeds and established authorities. They are deviates, "odd-balls," iconoclasts, "way-out."

Every new educational adventure appeals to many persons who for diverse reasons are disaffected with the traditional schools. At first they are enthusiastic. They enter the project with. . . hopes. Before long they become disillusioned. . .

At New College, more than half the students who seemed so interested and suitable that they were awarded scholarships the year the college opened, withdrew before graduation. The faculty as well as the students--perhaps more than half the students--were drawn from among protestors against traditional education. . . disillusioned teachers. . . in search of more freedom elsewhere.

The little band of dedicated souls who leave their homeland to start a settlement in a new world are bound together by special ties. Their new companions must make up to them for the loss of all their old ties to family and friends. Often, a hostile external environment increases their dependence on one another.

Students and faculty who leave the accepted educational path through the recognized colleges are not taking so dras-

tic a step, but they do feel some isolation and need for social reinforcement. Their friends and families would have understood their going to Vassar or Yale or the University of Chicago, but what was this strange "New College"? All colleges foster lifetime friendships, but New College built even stronger ties. The informal intimacy of life in the New College dormitory, and in little colonies of expatriates living abroad strengthened the cohesion. Students and alumni from New College greeted one another, wherever in the world they might meet, like members of a very special fraternity.

No Utopia can afford its members the solid security provided by the established order. Arrangements are necessarily improvised, untried, and tentative. Sooner or later, the initial impetus wanes, and participants begin to wonder whether they have been wise to give up the savory fleshpots of Egypt to wander in a wilderness. Nostalgia for the old comforts and certainties increases. If the Atlantic could have been crossed as easily as it can today, most of the pilgrim fathers would probably have returned.

At New College, there were many kinds of insecurity... Some of the requirements... were unusual, demanding... The faculty likewise suffered from insecurity. Duties changed as the program was frequently revised.

Idealists seldom find that any Utopia is perfect... there is constant ferment. Splinter groups arise, each claiming to represent the only Truth... inevitable disillusionment.

It had to provide... freedom for individuals, but at the same time... operate as a going institution and meet expectations for higher standards of scholarship... devise new and better curricula, to use new and better methods of instruction... develop new and better measures of achievement.

... Since both faculty and students had strong rebellious and creative impulses--that is why they chose New College--there were endless proposals to change every feature of the program. Resistance to change and experiment was unbecoming for a New College student, teacher or administrator. The ferment was exciting but wearing. Innovations hardly had a chance to make a contribution before they were altered. Stability was hard to achieve.

Most Utopias are bedeviled with financial worries... A lack of capital means lack of equipment and of funds for hard times and emergencies... The idealists who found and direct Utopias hate to be bothered with sordid financial details. They are concerned with higher matters... Attention is on the great objectives... The students could not afford increased fees... In consequence, faculty salaries remained low. Some able professors, after a year or two of idealistic sacrifice, accepted offers elsewhere at salaries

far above what New College was ever likely to pay. Even very dedicated teachers find it difficult to take their compensations in purely spiritual satisfactions for long.

Most Utopias are isolated, independent ventures. They are not part of a larger group which can give them guidance.

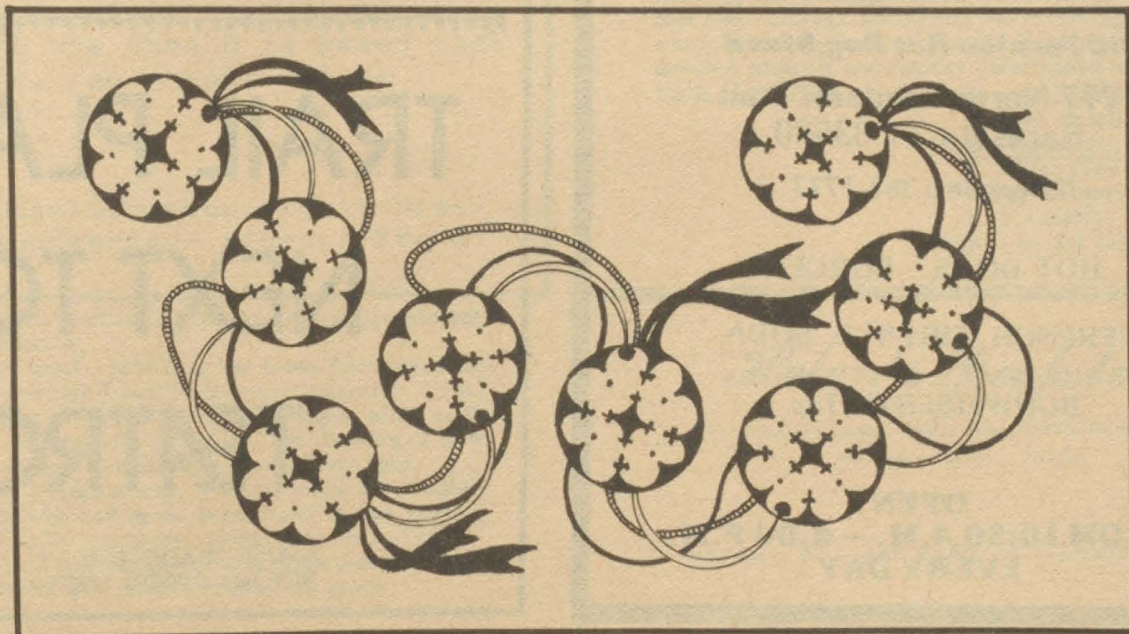
Catholic monasteries and Jewish kibbutzi are exceptions... The early consumers cooperatives were independent, and most of them failed... As indicated above, the "cultural island" is useful in freeing the brave new project from traditional conformity restraints. It operates, however, to deprive the enterprise of some potential sources of support. In the case of New College, the involvement and warm support of leading educators outside the project itself could readily have been developed. In particular, it accorded with many of the principles and ideals of teachers... in all leading universities; but these educators were not made to feel they were allied with or wanted by the experiment as advisors or supporters... While this independence made for freedom of action, it hampered recruitment, publicity, and affected support.

Set any strange cohesive group within a different larger community--Mormons in Illinois, Dukhobors in Canada, or a socialist camp in a capitalist region--and mutual hostility is likely. Utopian colonies are looked at askance, called names, ridiculed, and sometimes forcibly attacked.

This is a hard lesson for experimental schools to learn. The founders are so convinced of the purity of their motives, and of the valuable service they are rendering, that it seems incredible to them that others should distort what is going on and even seek to destroy it. A common technique of out-group attack is to accuse the experimentalists of subversion or immorality. Like Socrates, they are charged with misleading youth... There may be rumors of "Red networks" or even of "free love." The trials of Highlander Folk School in Tennessee afford a grim example. A school for labor organizers, it practiced racial equality, which was not approved by the surrounding culture. The school was attacked as "subversive" but ably defended by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and others. Eventually it was closed by court orders on a charge of selling beer without a license.

New College also attracted hostile attention. It could hardly have been welcome... to see accustomed content and methods of instruction repudiated. If New College were right, the requirements and teaching practices of almost every college... in the country must have been wrong.

The students aggravated the problem. Some of them were extreme in their ideas, their talk, and their behavior. Even had they been no more outlandish than their contemporaries at Harvard, New College was more vulnerable.



Everyone knew Harvard must be basically sound, and so some deviate individuals could be forgiven. But when many people suspected that New College might be unsound, the deviates became convincing evidence.

It is difficult for members of a utopian experiment to take seriously the dangers due to external hostility. The leaders of the experiment are engrossed in the internal operation. They trust to relative isolation to save them from the need to worry about foreign diplomacy or public relations. They have gone apart from the world to strive for perfection within their own creed; they do not attack the outsiders; why should they not be allowed to live their new life in peace?

The psychological principle here is that a common way of dealing with threat is to dismiss it from the mind. People who live on the side of a volcano become accustomed to ignoring it. Experiments with films about the danger of venereal disease or children about the sad consequences of failure to brush their teeth properly have revealed that such warnings are easily ignored. The current world reaction to deadly radioactive fallout, and to the imminent holocaust of nuclear explosions, is to assume that some way out surely will be found.

New College did not take its peril seriously. If the faculty and students were aware that they might be an embarrassment to the... administration, they doubtless felt that a little discomfort in the traditional power centers could be healthy... public relations were largely ignored. Effort to get public opinion informed and aroused did not begin... "It can't happen here!"

...a series of militant acts... The pattern of events resembled, on a small scale, what commonly takes place in ship mutinies, political revolts, and other rebellions. As the founding of New College has been compared above with the establishment of utopian communities, the effort

...will be described as similar in half a dozen ways to the general course of greater movements of revolt... and then, illustrated by what happened at New College.

The first reaction is to try to find an individual escape hatch. Panic runs on banks, and hoarding during shortages, betray this tendency. Refugees stream from every center of destruction. Family bomb shelters are a natural response to the possibility of worldwide devastation. Interviews with a sample of faculty and students... "I'd better follow up that job at Brooklyn." "How much credit will I get for my three years at New College if I transfer to Rutgers?"

History tells many tales of the exciting moment when a bewildered crowd is transformed by an orator into readiness for unified, purposeful action. Some New College students with experience in leadership of striking unions and left-wing youth movements jumped to their feet... "New College must be saved!... united efforts of faculty students. The rebellion was on.

... solidarity was profound. A mass movement was sweeping... Everyone went to work on the campaign... classes were suspended. Some said that saving the college was more urgent than any course project. Others emphasized the valuable learning that comes from active participation in a worthy cause.... There were petitions and delegations... There were press releases...

Participants during those first days... experienced an extraordinary elan... Students lived on their emotions for days, neglecting meals and sleep. Individuals who had been drifting, confused, or in conflict about their role in the world... experienced integration and release. It was challenging and important...

The apparent unity was not real. The spearhead of action was the band of students and teachers who had radical political inclinations... They saw the rebellion as a small prototype of the Coming Revolution. The fight

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meant more to them than...New College. It was a training and testing ground for militant action. They were exercising the leadership that would one day emancipate ... the world..

...soon the more conservative students felt uncomfortable. ...they turned their attention to their studies....

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all"

"That the education of young people at the present day conceals from them the part which sexuality will play in their lives is not the only reproach which we are obliged to make against it. Its other sin is that it does not prepare them for the aggressiveness of which they are destined to become the objects. In sending the young out into life with such a false psychological orientation, education is behaving as though one were to equip people starting on a Polar expedition with summer clothing and maps of the Italian Lakes. In this it becomes evident that a certain misuse is being made of ethical demands. The strictness of those demands would not do so much harm if education were to say: 'This is how men ought to be, in order to be happy and to make others happy; but you have to reckon on their not being like that.' Instead of this the young are made to believe that everyone else fulfills those ethical demands - that is, that everyone else is virtuous. It is on this that the demand is based that the young, too, shall become virtuous."

(Civilization and its Discontents - Sigmund Freud)

The conservatives' attitude...was one of disappointment rather than defiance....

...It is not until a rebellion has made substantial progress that the counter rebellion becomes effective. The counter rebellion, however, has the strongest allies in the world around, and usually prevails. The division of New College students into rebels and conservatives split... friendships. In a similar way, politics made new bedfellows. Students who had never been drawn to one another or to certain faculty members before, now formed close alliances... Since the conservative response was more individualistic, it did not build so cohesive a group.

The division between radicals and conservatives was only the beginning of schism. Utopian and left-wing pro-

test groups are notorious for angry cleavages. When groups fail to achieve their ends, they tend to put the blame on errors of leaders or factions... The principle division at New College occurred as the "liberals began to differentiate themselves from the radicals. The liberals were offended by the harsh, defiant language, of demands... The tone was an echo of strikers' demands on the bad boss, and was out of harmony with the way these students spoke to parents, teachers and other authority figures. They didn't see why one wouldn't get further by being polite. Many of the faculty felt the same way.

All the groups in the rebellion wanted to be effective, but they placed different values on the means. Liberals expected that if one were considerate and friendly, the authorities would be more responsive. Radicals were convinced that the rulers could not be persuaded and must be overthrown and defeated. Power struggles, they maintained, are won by fair phrases.

...In vital contrast, each side magnifies its own virtue and attributes satanic qualities to the enemy. Each sees itself as a knight pure in heart, out to slay a vicious dragon. The rebels of New College saw themselves as campaigning for ideals of freedom, democracy, and personal integrity. They saw... (authorities) as the incarnation of tyranny and duplicity and as forerunners of American fascism.

... (authorities felt that the rebels did not share... devotion to the welfare of the institution.

... The conservatives gave up the struggle after the first week or two. The liberals persisted for several months. The radicals fought hardest and longest.

... Each faction found some rationalization for giving up the fight. Conservatives said, "The duly constituted authorities know best; it is presumptuous to question them." The liberals said, "We did our best. It is too bad that New College has become reactionary and lost its leadership." The radicals said, "This was only a preliminary bout; we have learned important lessons for the real fights ahead."

(New College was established by Teachers College, Columbia University, under leadership of Professor Thomas Alexander in the fall of 1932, had a faculty of thirty-five to forty members and enrolled about 300 students in a program which took five twelve-month years and led to a Master of Arts degree. Students spent time on the campus in New York City, a farm in North Carolina, and in Europe; they worked on the farm, in industry and in a welfare agency. On November 10, 1938, Dean William F. Russell suddenly and bluntly announced to students and faculty that New College would end the following June. This was followed by several months of strenuous rebellion by devoted students and faculty determined to save New College!" Their efforts were unsuccessful.)

from an article in Innovation and Education, ed. Matthew B. Miles (Teachers College Press, Columbia University, N. Y.: 1964)

edited by Sal Lee

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ON THE RELATION OF ANTHROPOLOGY TO THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

by Ramon Mujica

As a representative of the Anthropology Committee at New College, a Committee formed by the students as a result of their personal embarrassment at the loss of the department, I see myself obliged to clarify a number of things. A number of students have asked me to define the difference between Anthropology, Sociology, and History, and some, in their confusion, have gone so far as to reduce Anthropology to Sociology. I am not in a position to answer these questions fully. This is a responsibility and a task reserved for the expert in the discipline in question. Yet, while no complete answer can be given, one can still make the effort to raise certain elementary or preliminary observations, at the risk of being defective and falling into error.

The first question that arises from any comparison of disciplines within the so-called Social Sciences is, "What is their relationship to the rest of organized knowledge i.e. to science itself?" A.L. Kroeber attempts an answer when he says that the four separate working methods (the scientific, the practical, the logistic, and the historical) used by the four general subdivisions of science (the inorganic, the organic, the socio-cultural or super-psychic) are those employed by the Social Sciences. He categorizes economics, government, and sociology as "applied sciences," for they do not aim at understanding for its own sake. In the manner of the engineering "arts" or of medicine, these Social Sciences are "useful arts" experimenting with the living bodies of phenomena and developing them into logical and utilitarian constructs. Anthropology and History, on the other hand, are described as the "fine arts," for they

have never "seriously held the opinion that it is of practical utility, but of assuming that its end of understanding is sufficient justification in itself" (Kroeber. *The Nature of Culture* (London, 1952) p.74). While Kroeber's claim is to a certain point accurate, it is difficult to accept in principle that the production of "fine arts" is useless. The arts, as Plato says, shall care for "the bodies and souls of your citizens." If the arts be entirely "functional" or entirely "spiritual" it would amount to saying that man is to live either by "Bread alone" or "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. IV. 4). For an art to be legitimate it must be both intellectual or "free" and manual or "servile."

Anthropology is an attempt to reconcile both aspects of art into a discipline. One cannot deny that while sociology and government "operate largely not indeed with a denial of culture of an ignorance of its nature as such in detail" (Kroeber). The Anthropologist has made "culture" his central problem. That is, his dilemma consists in learning how culture can be accurately described and how it functions.

The distinction involved explains both the difficulty of distinguishing Sociology from Anthropology (both deal with similar material) and their "temperamentally" or even "antithetical" motivations and approach. Parsons in the 1950's went as far as to argue that since So-



ciety exists independently from Culture, an individual cannot be a "member" of a culture, but only of a Society. We might not want to go so far, especially since "Society" and "Culture" are two sides of the same coin. The difficulty to see how both the so-

cial and the cultural aspects of man co-exist with one another is illustrated by those Sociological traditions that limit and find the origin of social change in the economy alone. This influential idea, which appeared at the time of Marx, has generated the desire to find "processes" within the social system without taking "ideas" or "cultural concepts" seriously—an evident source for the anti-intellectualism among the "progressive" sociologists of our day. In short, the Anthropologist refuses to study man "in vacuo" separated from the context of his own environment, but he will neither go so far as to take culture for granted, or as an accident, or as a miracle, or "deriving from possibly remote causes like physical environment" (Kroeber. Intr. p.8). (With regards to the last example, Marvin Harris in his Culture, People and Nature argues the opposite).

In harmony with the work of the historian (who had never claimed, until recently, to be a scientist) the Anthropologist is historical in method and perhaps in objective, but while the historian works with "events" the Anthropologist works with patterns of culture which he has recognized in his personal contact with "primitive" life and living. People who fail to see this distinction end up believing, like Evans Pritchard, that a historian could do the work of an Anthropologist.

After Raoul Naroll we say: "We disagree with Evans-Pritchard. He maintains anthropology must become history or it will become nothing. By this he means that anthropology must become exclusively descriptive, ideographic, or it becomes nothing. But we hold on the contrary that history must become anthropology, or it becomes nothing. By that we mean that history must become comparative, theoretical, nomothetic, or it becomes nothing. (From Handbook of Method in Cultural Anthropology (London, 1970) p.28).

The directive importance of cultural Anthropology in relation to the rest of the Social Sciences cannot be questioned. Unfortu-

"The brain is not an organ of thinking but an organ of survival, like claws and fangs. It is made in such a way as to make us accept as truth that which is only advantage. It is an exceptional, almost pathological constitution one has, if one follows thoughts logically through, regardless of consequences. Such people make martyrs, apostles, or scientists, and mostly end on the stake, or in a chair, electric or academic.

Albert Szent-Gyorgy

nately, two basic factors stand against the discipline of Anthropology: 1) In Industrial Societies where it is assumed that man is made for commerce and where it is believed that he is already "cultured" (and by "cultured" here is meant the mere ability to read the newspapers and advertisements) it is difficult to motivate an interest and communicate any deep understanding on "primitive" man. In Industrial societies the "savages" are the "unlettered" and they are commonly described as a depressed class in the context of their own environment. Yet, it was possible for Aristotle, having made the distinction between "literacy" and "culture" to question whether literacy had an accidental or a necessary connection with culture. (Metha: VI:2.4. and XI:8.12). Indeed "historians" become somewhat embarrassed when they are asked to justify or explain the numerous quotations to popular and literary figures in the Aristophanic plays, such as Homer, Hesiod Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides. How could these literary allusions be understood by the average listener? In Comedy, the literary allusions far from being "mere repetitions of sayings" within their original context,

were carefully knitted into the fabric of the play. Thus, the wit or humor of this "public entertainment" depended in the individual's capacity to recognize the subtle literary or political criticism in the form of parodied quotations. Perhaps it is not accidental that the terms we use to describe an "educated" person derive from the productive and constructive arts practiced by the ordinary "illiterate" citizen. Culture is analogous to agriculture, wisdom originally meant skill, and asceticism was a

synonym for "hard work." In this way, if by culture one means "literature" one must remember that oral literature once belonged "To the whole people. . . the community whose intellectual (my underlining) interests are the same from the top of the social structure to the bottom" as Professor G.L. Kittredge writes in introducing English and Scottish Popular Ballads (A book written by F.C. Child). Or one could turn to the prophetic literature (the Bible, the Vedas, the Edda, the Epics) which are, as someone once said, the "best books" and the most philosophical understanding this in the light of Plato's observation that "Wonder is the beginning of Philosophy."

2) The second factor is the myth of progress. Anthropology, from this perspective, not only represents an "exotic" science, as a member of our faculty not long ago retorted, but its dangerous claim that the truth is perhaps not contained in the future but in the past and in the present, might affect the compulsory mass education and their one-dimensional public language. (On how the American language has become a tradesman tongue by being oriented "to the description of external aspects of behavior," see Margaret Mead. And Keep Your Powder Dry. 1942. p.82). "This, in fact, is the Western way of hiding one's own heart under the cloak of so-called scientific understanding. We do it partly because of the miserable vanité des servans, which fears and rejects with horror any sign of living sympathy, and partly because and understanding that reaches feeling might allow contact with the foreign spirit to become a serious experience" (Jung, C.J. and Wilhelm, Richard. Secret of the Golden Flower. (London, 1932) p.77).

DISENCHANTED FOREST

by Matthew Klein

John Bellworth was a plainish sort of fellow. He was a moderately successful business man, and a confirmed bachelor. At the age of forty-six his modest frame was was taking on a soft bulge around the middle. And though it embarrassed him at first, he became increasingly fond of it. He fancied that it matched the round, owlsh features of his face, and the retreat of his hairline.

At the age of forty-six and one day, John Bellworth was dead.

* * *

A bass drone, and the queasy sensation of being in motion, brought John to awareness. He opened his eyes and slowly focused on the back of the tall grey seat in front of him. Bewildered, he shook his head and looked again. The view remained the same. As a further test, he reached out to touch the seat. A second shock confronted him. The seat had the common enough texture of vinyl, but his skin was blue! A quick and somewhat frantic survey revealed that the rest of his exposed skin was the same hue.

Not quite sure of his predicament, he expanded his new universe by turning his head to the left. Sitting beside him by a window was a nun in full habit. She seemed intent upon her rosary beads, but must have felt John's gaze. She spared him a brief glance. Her skin was also blue, which for some reason was not surprising. But her eyes took him, sending shivers down his back.

John sat back in his seat and thought. He remembered the day of his forty-sixth birthday. He'd gone downtown to the office of the brokerage firm where he worked, to sort out some paperwork. He had given his secretary a twenty dollar bonus (he loved to see her smile), and had told her to close up at three. He left at noon. The afternoon had proven undramatic, making him regret having left work. At dinner he'd overdone it again. The roast duck hadn't even been crisp enough. At home for the evening he'd watched the news until he became depressed with the information it had to offer, and settled down with a book instead. A slight case of what he had considered heartburn had led him to take a sleeping pill and retire early. And now? He didn't know.

A whiff of tobacco smoke irritated his nose and caused him to breathe through his mouth. This action made him aware of a curious lump on the back of his tongue. Probing a finger into his mouth, he discerned that there was a metal disk about the size of a nickel fixed to the back of his tongue. He poked at it lightly. But when that achieved no results he became frightened and jabbed at it savagely. A flash of pain burned his tongue. He choked and bit his finger.

John shrank into his seat, frightened and bemused. A streamer of blue smoke swirled before his eyes,

causing him to blink. He turned to the source of irritation, and for the first time examined the figure seated to his right.

She was a woman of overwhelming girth. Her fleshy face was crowned with short cropped blond hair that had the appearance of being glued into position. Shifting his glance down the length of her body, his eyes were caught by the tattoo of a dangerous looking red and green snake coiled around her forearm.

"Excuse me," John ventured. "Would you possibly know where we are?"

The woman turned her head ponderously and leered, "We're dead," and turned away.

John recoiled into the cold vinyl of his seat.

Visions of what he'd always imagined death to be like filtered through his head. On the one hand it was clear that he was not being carried by a band of angels up to Heaven where judgement would be visited upon his soul. It seemed that he was taking a bus. But he had no idea of where he was headed, or why. On the other hand, it was comforting to know that there was something after death other than tissue decay. Even if it was only a bus ride.

John roused himself from his state of sour humour and turned his thoughts to his fellow travelers. Foremost among the questions in his mind was why he was seated in front between a nun and a lesbian. He considered himself rather well versed in the Bible. That book led him to believe that the two women beside him were headed for very different destinations. Unless, of course, the nun... John considered that line of reasoning extremely indiscreet.

Being intent upon further examination of the situation, John sat up in his seat, craned his head around and studied the rest of his fellow passengers. Aside from the blue of their skins and the smouldering glow of their eyes, they all seemed normal enough. They seemed like the kind of people one would find on any bus. There were two exceptions. The majority of the people were elderly. You would expect that when dealing with a busload of the dead. The second exception was a little jarring. John noticed that there were about ten of so people who's bodies were so limp that they appeared to have been in the depths of slumber for years. Others were sitting and even lying in the aisle in postures so rigid that they might have been carved from stone. They didn't look as healthy as the rest of the dead on the bus.

The bus lurched to a halt. John looked up to see what the driver was doing. He was sitting calmly, drumming the bony fingers of his left hand upon the steering wheel. He looked like he was waiting for something routine to happen. John wondered about the status of the driver. Since he seemed to know what was happening, it was clear that he drove this route regularly. At least he'd done it often enough to be familiar with the procedure. Was the driver

dead, alive, or somewhere in between?

It was then that John noticed the picture affixed to a chauffeur's permit above the rear-view mirror. The picture was of the driver. He was a very old man. A dusting of mismanaged white hair topped his craggy face. His complexion was decidedly caucasian, and his eyes were blue. Below the picture a name was printed out in bold upper case letters.

It said:

CHARON

John was starting to become just a little nervous.

A series of loud hoots and the muffled tramping of hooves drew John's attention to the window at his left. The nun was peering out the window. She was pulling at the rosary around her neck. Points of flickering orange light were slowly marching into place around the perimeter of the bus. Their wavering glow cast long, nervous shadows out into the surrounding darkness. The hooting and stomping continued to grow to more raucous in intensity, taking on an insistent note.

John's eyes adjusted slowly to the dim light outside the bus. This was made extremely difficult by the glare cast on the windows from the interior. The nun, who sat nearer to the window, used her hands to shield her eyes from the glare. She must have been the first one to see the figures beneath the upheld torches. She was certainly the first person to scream.

John reeled away from the window. He hadn't caught a clear glimpse of the creatures outside before the nun's scream had driven him away from the window. Scattered screams from the other passengers, however, backed up the opinion of the nun, squelching most of his curiosity.

The noise outside rose to a feverous pitch - and stopped. For a moment there was total silence. A child in the rear of the bus snuffled. The heating units hummed to themselves loudly, showing no concern.

On the right side of the bus were three doors situated at the front, middle, and rear as in an ordinary commuter bus. Charon opened them.

The nun bit her lip. A gasp escaped her and changed into a squeal. John squeezed his eyes shut and decided to never open them again. But he did, if only to see how the female mountain to his right would react.

A storm raged over her body. A rain of sweat plastered her clothes against her skin. Her gelatinous flesh quivered violently, sending waves of loose skin rolling down her body. Her eyes were open so wide as to threaten to overcome the moist dough of her face.

Six of the creatures entered the bus.

John remained calm while watching them. They weren't quite as hideous as he'd been led to believe by the disquiet of his fellow passengers. They were dwarfish creatures, the tallest not clearing a meter and a half. Their skin was the color of a river after a particularly heavy rain. Their entire bodies were hairless, exposing heavily ridged craniums.

Except for eye ridges and broad noses, which appeared to have have been squashed, their faces were devoid of contour. It was difficult to read their expressions. Wrinkling his nose, John noticed that the imps effused a potent musky odor.

The woman to his right seemed to have recovered her composure. She was leering at some inner jest. John succeeded in distracting her and hazarded a second question.

"Why do you think these creatures are here?" he asked, trying to appear unafraid.

"Probably to take us somewhere we won't want to go," she answered.

"But they are unarmed," he protested.

"Maybe they don't need to be. They're ugly, but they don't look weak."

John thought about that before saying, "There are a lot more of us than them. Perhaps we can overpower them."

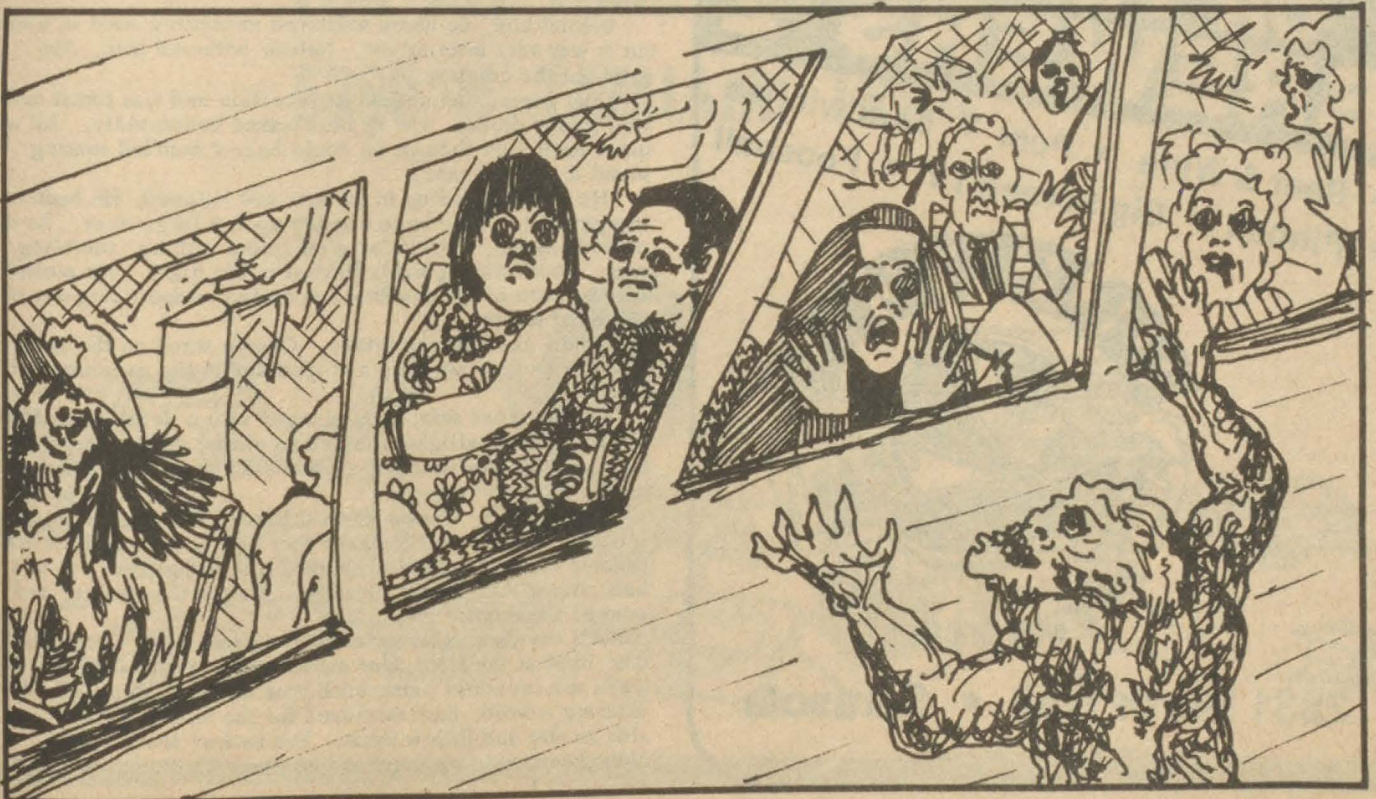
The woman eyed him for a moment, then shifted her gaze slowly up and down his body. She smiled maliciously. John became acutely aware of his unathletic physique.

"Anyway, where would we go? Why don't you ask the nun? Maybe she can lead us to her divine lover," she added.

John winced at her blasphemy. Nevertheless he turned to the other woman. The nun had been listening to their conversation. Her lips quivered. She looked confused. John started to prompt her when a gush of words burst from her mouth.

"I don't know! It's not supposed to be like this! It's not what they taught us!" She looked from John to the other woman.

"You---you're unnatural! I'm not supposed to be here!"



They promised us paradise for our toil on earth! They lied to me! They lied!" She broke down into hysterical sobbing.

John was embarrassed by the nun's outbreak and squirmed in his chair, wishing he hadn't exhumed the subject. The bus started to move again, and its rocking motion had a soothing effect on the nun.

John tried to relax. He paid attention to the two imps standing in the well of the front door. They were speaking to each other with their heads close together. He could not catch what they were saying, even though it sounded like English. But he noticed that they were both referring to the bodies stretched out in the aisle and slumped over in their seats. They were either perplexed at their being there at all or at their numbers. He couldn't tell which. Either way, they didn't look pleased.

His thoughts drifted to the nature of death again. The nun had supposedly ruled her life with modesty and with abstinence from worldly pleasures. It had been her chosen lot to serve God and Man. The question that ran through his mind was whether she'd done it for the reward of paradise or for the satisfying joy of helping and giving. Why, indeed, was a nun on the bus? He shied away from the implications.

A glow in the distance distracted him. It was a hazy dome of fluorescent light such as one might see when approaching a city by night in a car. Except that the area of light was too small to be a city close at hand, and too bright to be one in the distance. John became very attentive as they approached the source of the light.

Charon slipped the bus into a lower gear. The engine whined and emitted a rebellious cough. John sat tensely as they approached a large, well illuminated sign which was suspended over the pitted road.

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It said:

WELCOME TO KAREN ANN QUIN LAND

The nun crossed herself.

It was an amusement park.

John searched right and left as the bus idled into the Midway. It was a brilliant confusion of glaring lights of different hues. All the rides that John remembered enjoying as a child were present. But none were in motion. Nor was there any noise. There were no people walking about. Scattered about the Midway were concession stands with stationary figures propped up against the counters. But there were no attendants. Most of the rides seemed full. Some were overcrowded with motionless bodies. But none of the rides were in operation. A few of the imps were wandering around, but not a single human stirred.

The doors of the bus opened. John became deathly afraid of what was to come. The imps started moving down the aisle. They passed right by the first row of seats. John allowed himself a sigh. He turned his head to follow their actions, and saw them pick up one of the bodies in the aisle. The other imps were engaged in the same activity further down the aisle. The first two hefted their load and carried it off the bus. The others were doing the same. John watched them through the window while they transferred their burdens to other pairs waiting outside. They came on and grabbed a second inert body from the floor. The imps continued in that manner until the aisle was clear. Then they started clearing the seats of the unconscious people.

While this happened, the passengers stared on quietly. No one raised an argument. Not a soul tried to interfere. They were all thankful to be left alone.

When their business was completed, the imps returned to their stations at the doors. Charon closed the doors. The bus grunted and wheezed into life. As they slowly wheeled out of the park, John watched the new bodies being placed in the rides and propped up against the stands. It was all very quiet.

Leaving the park, the bus plunged into the inky darkness its yellowed headlights pushed back the veil. The bus gorged itself upon the light, leaving only darkness in its wake. On and on it went. The landscape to either side was invisible. John sat quietly in his seat. His curiosity had grown quite timid.

Behind him, he heard scattered mumbling once in a while, but it was very intermittent. Nobody bothered him. He returned the courtesy.

The engine had ceased its rebellion and was toned down to a steady drone. The heaters purred contentedly. All was quiet until John thought he could hear a muffled roaring sound in the distance.

He straightened up in his seat and listened. He hadn't imagined it. They were coming upon a large river. As they probed onward, the noise grew into a rushing, tumbling roar. Four rotating lights flashed in the night. He picked out the form of an immense suspension bridge rising out of a pillow of steam.

When they hit the bridge, Charon stood on the accelerator. The bus took on new life and sped across the expanse of the bridge.

On the other side, they plunged into a dense, brooding forest. The headlights strained to pierce the gloom. Overhanging branches whipped against the sides of the bus as it hurled past.

Once again, Charon down shifted. The engine protested loudly. The bus lurched as if they had collided with a wall of foam. Charon applied his brakes and brought the bus to a halt near a leaf-strewn clearing. He cut the engine, and opened the doors.

All the passengers watched as Charon rose from his seat. The imps at the front door moved away to let him pass outside. Then the creatures came back toward the passengers. Without uttering a word, they motioned for the woman at John's side to rise and follow them. She looked about wildly. Nobody moved to protect or help her. Quaking, she stood

up and followed the imps.

John tried to stand up and watch what was taking place. It was too dark to see anything outside. He sat down and fretted nervously. Towards the rear of the bus, a baby started to cry. John turned around and saw two of the imps leading a woman out the rear exit. He didn't see them come for him. A brusque tap on his shoulder turned him around to face the expressionless imps.

He stood up in a daze. Sinewy arms gripped him from both sides. He was led to steps leading down to the front door. He paused at the bottom step and searched for the woman. She was not in sight. It was cold outside. He had no desire to leave the comfort of the bus. A shove from behind ended that dilemma.

When he regained his balance, someone was gripping him by his armpits. It was Charon. He looked up into those

cold blue pools seeking compassion. There was none there to offer. A hand moved swiftly from his left to the underside of his jaw. He felt a jab of pain and coughed. A metal disk flew from his mouth.

Charon caught the nickel deftly in a handkerchief. Again the leathery arms took hold of him. The imps led him out to the clearing. A black cloth was spread out over the ground, covering an area of about a square meter. In the middle of the cloth was a small pile of blue dust.

John wanted to scream.

Instead, he allowed himself to be led onto the center of the cloth.

He turned and saw an object arcing towards his face. One of the imps had produced a club and was putting it to use. There was no malice in its eyes as it propelled the weapon towards its victim. It came toward him very slowly. He had ample time to move out of the way. Or at least that was the way it seemed. The club dazzled him as if he were a child and it were some glittering trinket. John ogled at the reality of death. It was fascinating. He just stood and watched as the club came crashing down upon his head...

Where John Bellworth had stood, there was now only a small shower of blue dust that fluttered down to mingle with the small pile that had been the woman.

The two imps turned to fetch the nun.

When they had finished the business of emptying the bus, the imps gathered up the corners of the three black cloths and made them into bundles. They slung those bundles over their broad shoulders and trudged silently out into the heavy forest. There in the darkness they found the selected sites and started sprinkling the dust at the bases of the trees. They did this in silence.

When they were done, they made their way back to the bus. Charon gave them each a nickel and loaded them back on the bus...

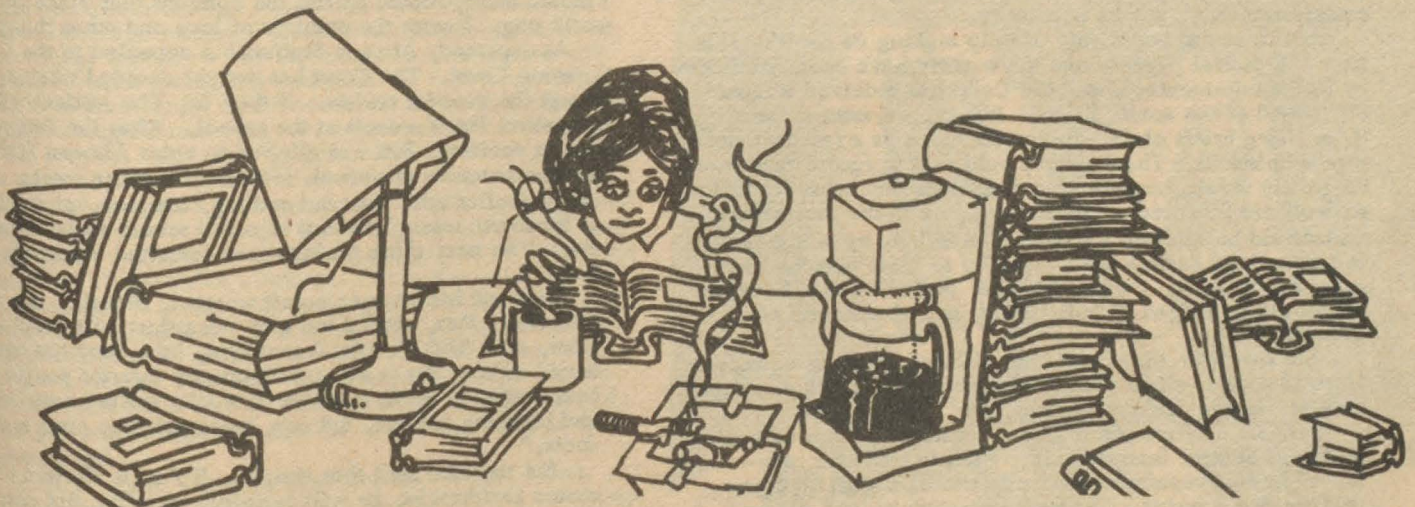
A light rain dampened the floor of the forest. The blue dust dissolved and soaked into the ground.

The trees sighed and grew taller.

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BAKKE and Other Strangers

by Rowdy Yates

Sometime soon (within the next three years), the eight men and one swine (apologies to Mrs. Rehnquist) who constitute the U. S. Supreme Court will announce their decision in Bakke, one that, according to Newsweek, could be the most far-reaching civil-rights decision since Brown vs. Board of Education. Bakke, a would-be medical student at the University of California--Davis, claimed that he was not allowed to compete for a place in the school strictly because of his race (Bakke had the misfortune to be born white). Cal-

Davis reserves 16 of the 100 places in its incoming class for minority students; others compete for the remaining 84 positions. The Supreme Court of California ruled that Bakke had been the victim of "reverse discrimination" and ordered him admitted. Cal-Davis protested, and, pending the ~~xxxxxx~~ decision of the USSC, Bakke remains a would-be medical student.

Were the court a democratic institution, the outcome of Bakke would not be in doubt. In a March 1977 Gallup poll, people were asked which they would prefer as the "main consideration" for women and minorities in getting jobs and college admission: "preferential treatment" or "ability, as determined by test scores." Of those polled, 83 percent favored "ability" and only ten percent favored "preferential treatment." Even Blacks, by 64 to 27 percent, favored the meritocratic system.

But, as one legal philosopher observed, judicial review is "American democracy's attempt to hedge its bet." The Supreme Court is supposed to ignore public opinion and to decide cases on legal grounds only--on a government practice's constitutionality, not its popularity.

The Court has had plenty of help making its decision this time. Editorial pages across the country have been dominated by Bakke commentary, and the Court has received a record 59 "friend of the court" briefs. It is proper, ~~xxxx~~ some of those filing briefs claim, to consider race as a factor in college admissions. These people hold that to ignore race would be grossly unfair, maintaining that Black and other minority students are hindered at the starting line in the race of life and should be allowed a chance to catch up by being admitted to college despite their inability to meet normal standards of admission. Others disagree, believing that individuals should be judged as individuals, not as members of groups.

But the furor over Bakke has allowed another, equally important civil-rights case to escape public scrutiny. That case is Altoona Stuffers vs. Putz.

Altoona Stuffers is a taxidermy school in the ~~xxxx~~ coal region of central Pennsylvania. Rich in tradition, the school has for years accepted only the most qualified prospective taxidermists. Their slogan--"We've got enough stuff to stuff your stuff"--is widely accepted as true.

Jim Rob Putz, a functional illiterate from Erie filed suit in Pennsylvania court against Altoona Stuffers in July of 1977, claiming that he had been discriminated against in admission "owing to incredible stupidity." Putz's attorney, F. Lee Bakedbeans, whose legal bility has been compared favorably with G. Harold Carswell's, points out to support his client's claims that "not one of the incoming taxidermy students as Stuffers described himself as 'an idiot' on a psychological examination the school ministers, and all of them can, when given enough time, render a reasonably accurate spelling of their own names."

The attorney for Stuffers, Archibald Phallus, claims that Putz was not denied admission because of his stupidity, but rather because he had neither a grammar school diploma nor a toilet training certificate, both of which are requirements of "this academically respected institution."

The case becomes even more complicated when one discovers that Putz attended Columbia for one term and earned three A's before being expelled when the Admissions Committee learned that he had an IQ of 12.

Writing the opinion for the majority in Pennsylvania State Supreme Court, Justice Barry Manilow (no relation to the pop star of the same name) disagreed with Altoona Stuffers over an institution's right to deny admission because of the lack of a grammar school diploma or the increasing inability to perform normal bodily functions without causing a scene. "To say that a stupid person can be excluded from college simply because he cannot graduate grammar school or go potty by himself is no less heinous than to deny admission to Blacks because they can't get suntans," Manilow wrote. "And I should know, 'cause I write the opinions that make the whole world sing. I write the opinions of love and other things."

As expected, Altoona Stuffers has appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court. The Court has not yet decided whether to accept the case for review. If they do, The Justices will ~~xxxx~~ hear about Putz's records at the school. After the Pennsylvania Court's decision, Putz was allowed to enter Altoona Stuffers pending outcome of appeal. For his first three weeks, Attorney Phallus said, Putz did nothing, but then, on the first day of his fourth week, "students reported seeing a gleam in his eye. The next thing we knew our dean had been well mounted."

Putz and his attorney aren't worried, though. In a recent interview, Putz, attired in a gray sweatshirt with drool on the front, said "Duh?" Bakedbeans said, "the time has come for stupid rights. For years, intellectually inferior people have been forced to settle for lousy jobs like writing soap operas and teaching college, but now we're going to open some doors."

But the case isn't that simple. If Putz is allowed to become a taxidermist, he will certainly benefit. But does that mean that stupid people as a group will benefit? Some argue that to accept stupid people simply because they are stupid

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THE DEMYTHIFICATION OF NEW COLLEGE

Frank Marrone

The academic tradition has imposed upon us--even those of us who are "fortunate" enough to attend an "alternative" college like New College (of the University of South Florida)--a kind of ruthless efficiency against which the scholar--and that includes you and me--is basically impotent. It is this inability to unlock a door with a wet noodle which defines what I will refer to in this article as the alienated discourse of the academic community. At New College, every bit as much as at the University of Chicago, or Princeton, or Berkeley, the academic discourse is defined precisely in the terms of the alienation which is concomitant with what can be seen to be the utter meaninglessness and worthlessness of that discourse.

The changes in the form of the educational environment for which New College has been noted haven't in any way extended to the level of the academic discourse itself. If the purpose of the academic discourse is to establish objective truths, then we must say that the academic discourse has failed. But this is not, in reality, its precise function, as I hope to demonstrate.

The "scientific" knowledge which circulates within the academic institution--whether it be the knowledge of the humanities, or of the social sciences, or of the natural sciences--does not correspond in any way to a set of objective truths. But rather, it can prove helpful to point out the similarity between the modern academic community and the primitive community. In the primitive community gifts are exchanged symbolically in an effort to maintain the cohesiveness of interpersonal relations, and thus to maintain social stability. Similarly, the academic community attempts to maintain its stability by the means of the exchange of what I will call "units" of knowledge, because in this symbolic form of exchange knowledge is treated as if it were a commodity.

The second half of this century has witnessed what has been called a "knowledge explosion". Basically, this knowledge explosion means that knowledge itself has been transformed into another commodity, for which there is a corresponding industry--Clark Kerr's "multiversity", the "knowledge industry". By the means of maintaining such stability within the system--whether the system be the primitive community or the academic institution--the symbolic exchange I'm writing about guarantees the survival of the system. It is clear to those of us who have given even the most minimal consideration to the nature of the "pure" knowledge--any first year student of Aristotle's metaphysics can tell you that it is "pure" knowledge, and not nuts and bolts, applied, practical knowledge, which makes the academy tick--which circulates within the academic institution that it is blatantly lacking in long-range survival value for humankind. The present global bio-social crisis is sufficient demonstration that the "pure" knowledge which forms the basis for the academic discourse has not in any noticeable way contributed to the amelioration of the problems which threaten the long-range survival of humankind.

What, then, is the precise function of what I have called the symbolic exchange of "pure units" of knowledge within the academic institution? It must be pointed out that these "pure units" of knowledge--in addition to contributing nothing at all to the long-range survival of humankind--are in themselves utterly meaningless and worth-

less. The particular kind of stability--or, better, homeostasis--guaranteed by the symbolic form of exchange of "pure units" of knowledge within the academic community is precisely the maintenance of the stability of the relations of the academic institution itself.

New College can be seen to exist in response to both the knowledge explosion of the technological revolution, and to the concomitant to this revolution, the academic institution as knowledge industry. But a more accurate way to state the function of New College would be to say that it's not so much a "response" to these phenomena, but rather a product of them. This is especially apparent now in our present function as the "honors college" for a multiversity (with justice to Clark Kerr, however, it must be pointed out that the University of South Florida is a particularly poor excuse for a multiversity). Just as there have been experiments in factory conditions, so the knowledge industry has fostered the deployment of experimental methods in higher education.

In our highly industrialized culture, for which the environment is anything but nature, the stubborn resistance to environmental intrusions and warnings--in the form of "noise"--is senseless and basically irrational. In a society which was founded upon exploitation the dominant myth of the academic institution--that it's a "community of scholars" in a "free" society--can be seen to be quite an anomaly. The concept of the community of scholars--the myth of New College which prompted me to come here--is a myth of idealistic Utopianism.

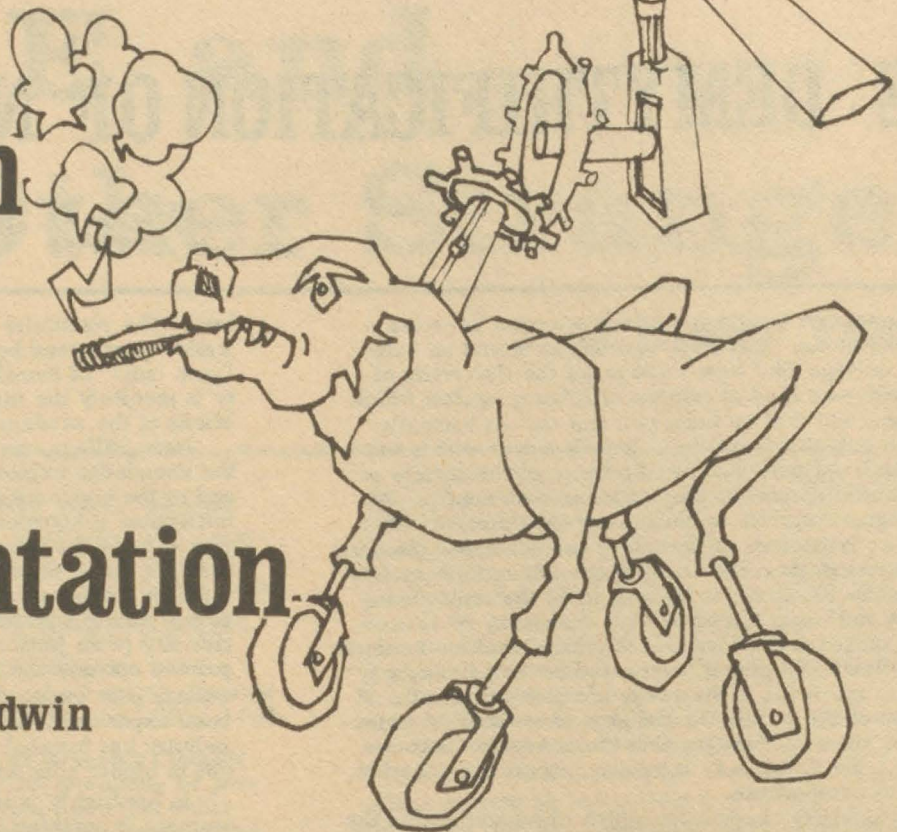
It is not so much that this Utopian myth is removed from the "real" world of the "practical" life which bothers me. The last thing I want is to go to a school devoted to career training. But rather, this myth exists--like all the ideals of liberal society--in order to neutralize or suppress effect-

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Innovation and Experimentation

Seth Goldwin



The school, as usual, is facing problems. Severe problems with broad implications and, no answers. Presumably New College is not a "normal" college. Depending on who one is talking to, New College is usually described as either innovative or experimental, and, usually, also described as not quite living up to its descriptive terminology. If we are going to consider the school, in terms of what it is, was, could be, we must consider first whether it is an innovative institution, an experimental one, or neither.

Innovate is defined in the Webster's Seventy Collegiate Dictionary (what happened to be lying around the Catalyst office) as "to introduce as new or as if new; to make changes."

This certainly implies, in an institution, a move or less continual desire to "make changes." Bluntly, the "innovative" school says it can be changed, and it seems interesting to do so, change it. Quite the apotheosis of the conservative there. And also quite the apotheosis of the possibilities of the school, given the state (y'know. THEM,) and its myriad regulations.

If we're not innovative then, and it's pretty hard to say we are, are we experimental? Webster's (once again) defines experimental quite interestingly, at least in terms of applying the definition to an educational institution. The first definition given is, "of, relating to, or based on experience; empirical. Hmmm, how experiment (yeah, some old Webster's) is defined as "1. a. TEST, TRIAL b. a tentative procedure or policy..." and the fourth definition of experimental is "relating to or having the characteristics of experiment: TENTATIVE."

This surely points much more to the particular situation of N.C.. We are, undeniably tentative. What we are is a couple of educated guesses at what education for bright children should be. Just how bright we are, and how much our brightness is fed, enlarged, or perhaps fully realized, is the resolution of the tenacity of those particular guesses which are the assumptions of the school.

So there, I've got it: N.C. is an experimental school. But, if an experiment fails what does one do with it? Obviously, one tries it again a couple of times and if it continues to fail one throws out the whole damned thing, hypothesis and all unless there are too many vested interests to throw it out. There was a brilliant young scientist (this is true but I forget all the names and particulars) whose doctoral research was based on a theoretically sound, and very innovative, hypothesis, whose experiment based on this hypothesis failed just miserably. But he had invested too much time, energy, and effort to allow himself to throw away either the experiment or the hypothesis and was caught by the chairman of the division plugging and unplugging the machine registering the rat's orgasms (or whatever it was he was interested in getting registers of). Not too much has been heard of him recently.

New College is particularly analogous to that unpleasant and unfortunate anecdote. The scientist could not afford to give up his experiment. So he substituted for real innovative, experiment the second clause of innovation, namely "as if new." New College also cannot afford to give up its experiment. But it also cannot afford to drift into As If New College.

If New College is to be really, solidly, and with redundant emphasis, genuinely NEW, it must stop playing with itself and seriously look at its situation now. We are owned by the state. This allows a very inexpensive tuition. It does not allow New College to remain new by continual sensitivity, and ability to adapt, to changing conditions in the socio-economic environment (i.e. the new class) while still retaining its academic solidity.

The new, and tentative, assumption of the school was flexibility. That's why New College is not the Harvard of the South, but merely (thank God) the New College of the greater Sarasota metropolitan area. Unfortunately, flexibility is not one of the things large state university systems are known for, and, like it or not, N.C. is part of one. How does an institution desiring, no, demanding flexibility retain its flexibility when being controlled by an inflexible set of

laws and regulations? There are three possible answers to this question. First is that the institution starts faking flexibility (innovation) and subsequently fades from sight just like our brilliant scientist. Second is, that the institution decides flexibility was overrated anyway, and adopts to its new position as part of an inflexible system. Third, and happiest, if hardest, is to undertake a radical re-structuring of the tenets and the tentatives of the institution on all sides. In other words, learn from the failed experiment what there is to learn, and make a new hypothesis. Thus a new experiment, that will be "of, relating to, or based on experience: empirical," not merely "as if new."

It's a new student body, a new social climate, a new University, a new set of controlling regulations, but decidedly no new thoughts about what might be the best way to be in the new situation.

It should be obvious by now that I am calling for the school to use some of the hard thinking it is so justifiably famous for, to attempt, on the part of students (least), faculty (more), and the administration (most), to radically restructure all aspects of the school so as to take what is good in our failed experiment (and there is very much good in it) and bring it in accord with the new situation that is empirically here, now, and will continue to be here in ever increasing and more threatening amounts. We simply aren't the happy little isolated community of zany intellectuals we once thought we were. We're simply the bright children of the State University System. Let's make our brightness shine.

"... As civilized human beings, we in Western Europe have a history reaching back 2,500 years. Before that there is a prehistoric period of considerably greater duration, during which man reached the cultural level of, say, the Sioux Indians. Then come the hundreds of thousands of years of Neolithic culture, and before that an unimaginably vast stretch of time during which man evolved from the animal. A mere fifty generations ago many of us in Europe were no better than primitives. The layer of culture, this pleasing patina, must therefore be quite extraordinarily thin in comparison with the powerfully developed layers of the primitive psyche. But it is these layers that form the collective unconscious, together with the vestiges of animality that lose themselves in the nebulous abyss of time."

Jung

BOOK REVIEW

THE AUTUMN OF THE PATRIARCH
Gabriel Garcia Marquez

-- reviewed by Greg Vickers

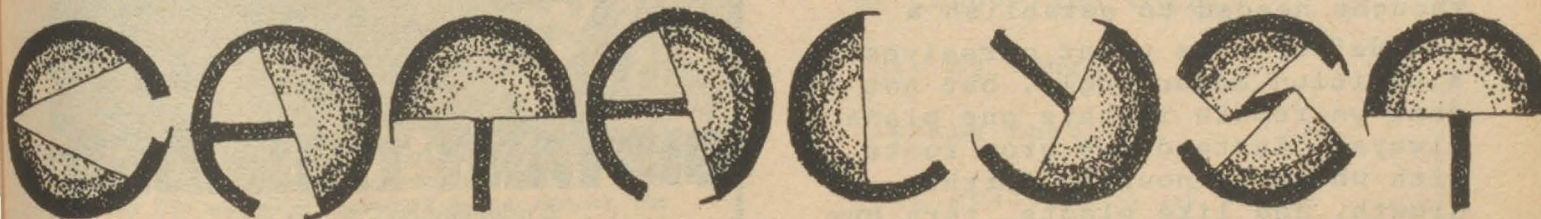
The reader enters the novel finding a revolution occurring in a fictitious Latin-american country. The rebel troops enter La Casa Presidencial where they find the body of the dictator whose corrupt regime has ruled the country for as long as any living citizen can remember. The house is more like an unkempt zoo than a regal state-house and the patriarch's body is found in an advanced state of decomposition, surrounded by vultures. It is from this beginning that Garcia Marquez exposes the isolation from reality in which the patriarch lived his life.

The mystique of his regime and his role as dictator is extensive. Indeed, many of the ambiguities and deviations from reality remain unexplained. The reader never finds an exact physical description of the man, but then the psychology of the individual is what is important. We see a man who has delusions of having been immaculately conceived by a mother whom he, and in turn the whole populace of the nation, see as a saint. We see a man who was illiterate until his wife taught him to read and write long after he attained the dictatorship. We see a superstitious man whose sexual, gastronomical and medicinal fetishes defy description. We see a man dominated by women, but simultaneously extremely chauvinistic. He is both all powerful and incapable of controlling his subordinates.

There is a humorous element in the novel, but it is a brutal, black humor. There is a scene in which a prominent general is served roasted and garnished on a silver platter at a formal dinner in his honor. The actions carried out by his regime are those of an Idi Amin-like tyrant; if the reality of the actions was not so terrifying it would indeed be funny. The people whom the patriarch sees as encroaching upon his power meet with bizarre and repulsive fates, be they his right-hand man or his wife.

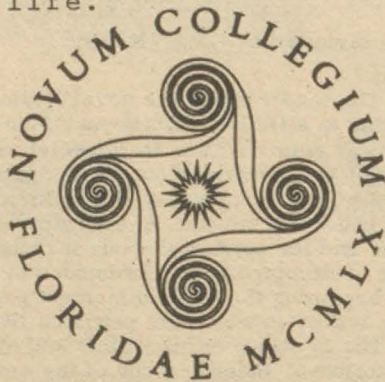
Those who have read and enjoyed Garcia Marquez' masterpiece *One Hundred Years of Solitude* will find a pleasant combination of similarities and differences in *The Autumn of The Patriarch*. The foreshadowing and brilliant climax of *One Hundred Years* are not there in *Patriarch*. The flow of thoughts in *Patriarch* is quite different from that in any other novel. The almost total absence of punctuation and paragraph indentation makes for discreet changes in the narration and monologues reminiscent of James Joyce. Yet the language and the emphasis on the overwhelmingly fantastic makes the novel not unlike *One Hundred Years*.

As he did with *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, Garcia Marquez has created another novel which must be classified one of a kind.



Continued from page twenty-three

first instance, nor to have obtained a higher truth in the second but do believe in the positive value of knowledge in developing and increasing our personal awareness of life.



The symbol of New College represents both continuity and variety. "The sun becomes the central pivot, symbolizing the light of knowledge and the source of life and energy. The gentle and continuously moving lines represent the sea and the wind, the controlled waxing and waning of the four seasons, and the four points of the compass . . . to portray the constant newness of the searchings for knowledge and truth."

If there is something to be gained from the intellectual madness that our lives here often become, let us hope that it is in this way. We will seldom find a clearer correspondence between the ideal, (that is, the idea of New College), and the real, the actuality of the institution. It is not a Utopia, not the realization of our dreams, but only an instrument with which we may begin to realize these dreams, and a place within which to try them out. We learn to ask questions, and how to answer them. With the answers we begin to develop the clarity of thought needed to establish a foundation. We plant ourselves in a position accordingly, but not so that we remain in this one place always. Instead, we grow roots with which to nourish further growth, and like plants, turn our face towards the sky.

Continued from page twenty-two

Well, that's all I have to say. I hope I didn't ruin your day, but that you leave sharing some of my pessimism. Further, I don't mean to offend anyone, no New students, Floridians, or faculty members who think that it's people like me with my self defeating attitude that are the cause of all these problems. If you are offended then there's nothing I can do. If you disagree with this article, and can prove me wrong, I would feel much better if you did. Really, it isn't easy being pessimistic.

Flicks

ISP--Harold Pinter's "The Birthday Party" (directed by William Friedkin)

Fritz Lang's "Crimes of Dr. Mabuse"

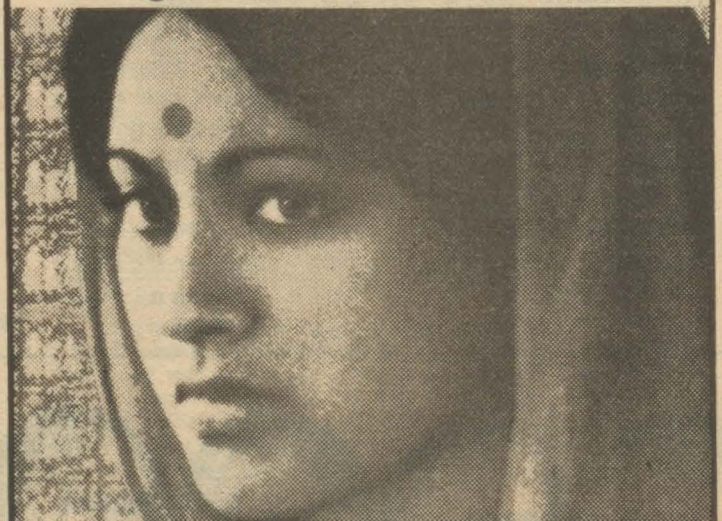
John Ford's "Stagecoach"

Erich von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives"

TERM II--

1. Hiroshi Teshigahara's "Women in the Dunes"
2. Satyajit Ray's "Distant Thunder"
3. Sleazy Sci-Fi Double Feature I: Zsa Zsa Gabor in "Queens from Outer Space"; and "Mothra"
4. Jean-Luc Godard's "La Chinoise"
5. Visconti's "Death in Venice" (w/Dirk Bogarde)
6. Louis Malle's "Black Moon" (w/ Joe Dallesandro)
7. Pasolini's "Medea"
8. Sleazy sci-Fi Double Feature II: "The Bad Seed" & "Village of the Damned"
9. Fellini's "8 1/2"
10. "The Americanization of Emily" (?), plus surprise shorts.

A magnificent movie. —Stewart Klein.
WNEW-TV



DISTANT THUNDER

A new film by Satyajit Ray

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ive political praxis in a repressive and exploitative society. The academic institution, the community of scholars, has defined itself as a closed system, which has nothing to do with the outside, non-natural "environment" which, in point of fact, feeds it, and which it, however unwittingly, is designed to help sustain.

Thus, the prospects for effective dissent are found to be in an unusual situation. Wilden describes the plight of the "negative academic". Within the academic community, which has defined itself in terms of an artificial closure, the identity of the person--student or faculty--who dissents is defined either positively--as one who supports the structure of the academic institution--or negatively--as one who is opposed to the academic establishment. Let me point out the two basic confusions with regard to the negative academic.

(1) By criticizing the academic establishment, by voicing our dissent, we lend great support to the most pervasive myth of the academic tradition--the myth of academic freedom, the myth of educating free minds for a free society. Our deeply felt dissent is easily channeled into great affirmation.

(2) What dissent there is currently isn't really founded upon a concrete understanding of our repressive and exploitative society. It is rather founded upon psychological alienation--the superficial and romanticized form of alienation which seeks only the comforts necessary to appease its sense of spiritual despair.

It can be seen that if the student's existence is based upon opposition to the academic establishment, then the disappearance of the academic establishment would signify the disappearance of the basis of the student's existence. And this is the dilemma represented by what I will call negative identification. For the student, both positive identification with the values of the academic establishment, and negative identification with these values, are both psychologically and politically dangerous.

This is because they entail either an acceptance or a rejection of the code of values defined by the academic establishment. As Wilden points out, as intensely conscious as one may be of the fact ideas alone can change nothing, one must nonetheless begin somewhere. What is needed is a guerrilla rhetoric which understands that any possible change is no change at all unless the problem of playing the game according to the rules set forward by the academic establishment--the problem of positive identification and negative identification--can be overcome.

What is needed is dissent free from either positive identification or negative identification. Revolution which separates itself from evolution will only increase problems. Despite the fact that this article is far too sweeping and filled with huge holes, it nonetheless points to some theoretical concepts which, when applied, will save New College.

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is just a way to avoid getting at the real social problems that hinder stupid people from birth. In addition, it is feared that if Putz wins his case, smart people will begin to resent stupid people, making further progress in stupid/smart relations almost impossible. On the other hand, Putz's attorney argues that stupid people will not be able to improve their own condition unless lack of intelligence continues to be accepted as a valid admission criterion.

Neither Putz nor Bakke lends itself to easy answers, but one thing is clear: the life of a Supreme Court justice isn't all tinsel and groupies.

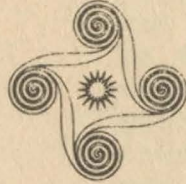
NOVEMBER

Cold sun walks
in through plate glass
filling my green carpet
with an oceanic hue,
the dust motes,
microscopic shrimp,
held in the cool shafts
of morning light.

The body next to me
sounds
in that early morning
smell of sleep
juiciness
murmurs something,
and rolls over
taking all the covers
with her.

My first cigarette
of the day
slowly burns
the green fuzz off
my tongue and lolls
into my lungs
licking that
last pretension of sleep
into its place. - Seth Goldwin -

NOVUM COLLEGIUM



UNIVERSITATIS MERIDIANAE FLORIDAE

DISCIPULO SUO

OMNIBUS STUDIIS QUAE PRAESCRIVIT
HUIUS COLLEGII GUBERNATIO RITE PERFUNCTO,
TITULUM "BACCALAUREUS ARTIUM" ADJUDICAVIT.
JUNCTUM CUM IURIBUS PRIVILEGIISQUE OMNIBUS
QUAE AD TALEM TITULUM PERTINENT.

HUIUS TESTIMONII CONFIRMANDI CAUSA,
IN URBE FLORIDAE SARASOTA,
A.D. III IDUS IUNII MCMLXXVII
NOMINA ET UNIVERSITATIS SIGNUM
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