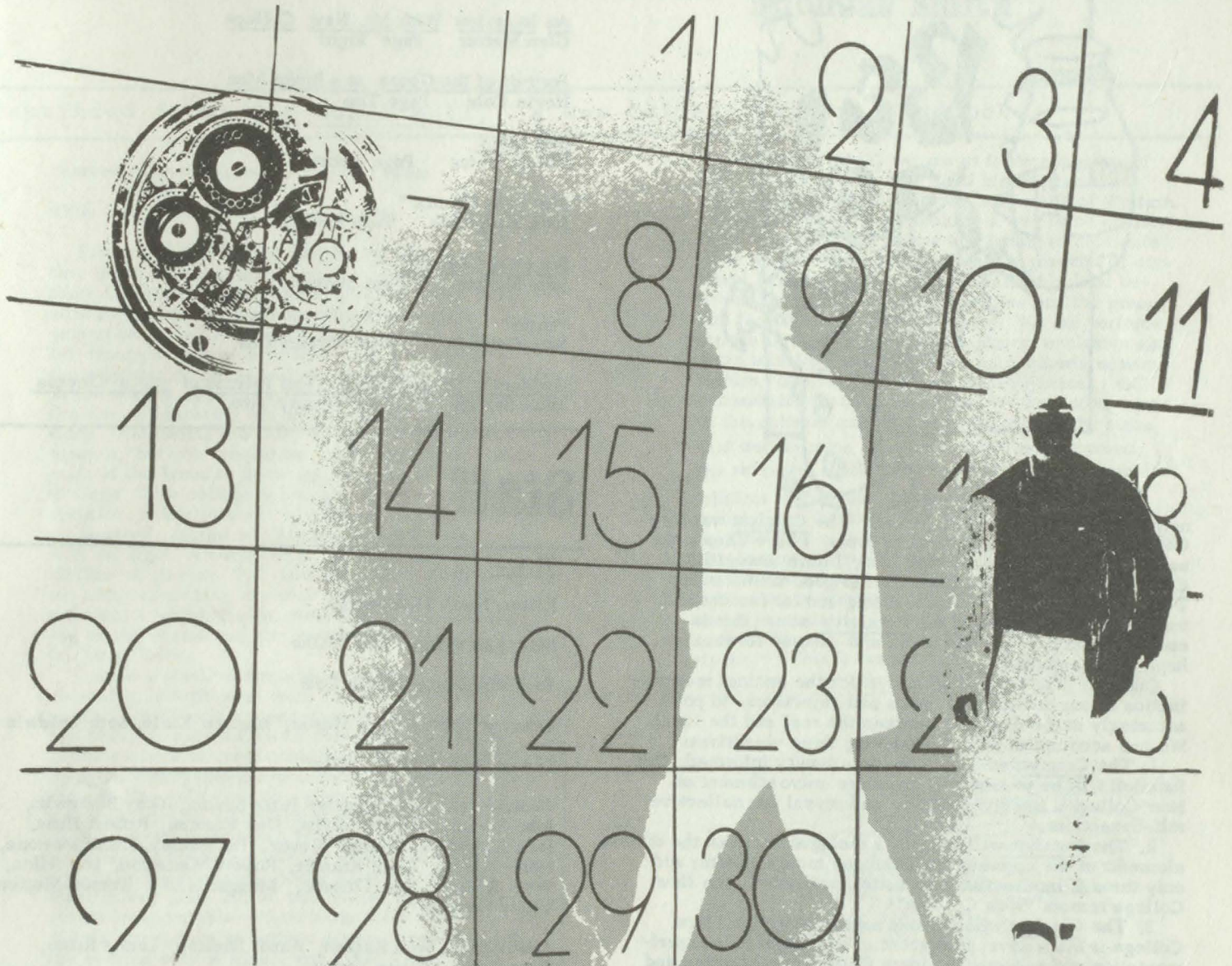


CREALYST

Published by the students of New College, Sarasota, Florida



"It doesn't look like cream style corn;
It doesn't smell like cream style corn;
It doesn't taste like cream style corn;

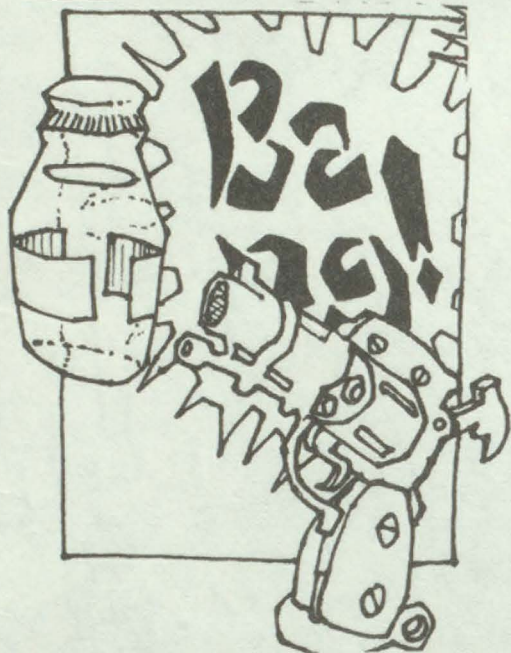
then it must be journalism."

-R.G. Collingwood, Unpublished Letters

Editorial

Writing an editorial is no fun. (Especially after fighting for months to produce a magazine and then feeling compelled to apologize for publishing articles late. I apologize. Enough.) I suppose I cannot avoid outlining the Catalyst's objectives and goals and then making the obligatory grandeloquent point or two. So be it.

The Catalyst is an old New College newspaper and a



new, New College-U. S. F. journal. The Catalyst was New College's first, third and seventh paper. I have chosen the name Catalyst for two reasons. One, I have always liked Catalyst as a name for a paper; it has good connotations. Two, I have sold out, for advertising and for faculty and trustee support. To attain the Catalyst's aims, this is essential. Let's forget the name and proceed to what we hope to accomplish.

Our goal is to provide a catalyst for the critical reexamination of our institution's goals and objectives, to point accusingly at the disparity between the real and the ideal. We can accomplish this by achieving three objectives:

1. The Catalyst will keep the community informed. Our function will be to note and disparage encroachment on New College's integral structure and reveal our collective self-deceptions.

2. The Catalyst will initiate a dialogue between the diverse elements of the community. Dialogue means growth; and only through intellectual interaction and growth can New College remain "New College."

3. The Catalyst will provoke experimentation. New College is innovative; immanent in this concept is experimentation and necessarily, some failure, but learning and progress evolve from innovation. New College is creative because the community demands it. Our objective will be to change New College, to define an ideal and challenge the reality.

If these objectives are realized, then the Catalyst could, as I stated in Cream, "reflect the diversity of our community and the community underlying our diversity."

The Catalyst is a journal for an unconventional college. No matter how we bemoan the ossification of New College, it still attracts, in Ortega y Gasset's words, the "ones who are active and not merely reactive, for whom life is a perpetual striving, an incessant course of training." The Catalyst will publish with this as our aim.

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The Student Community

Micheal Smith

reprinted from: The Usual Bull, a New College Student Handbook.

"Barbaric; mystical; bored."-- G. Grass

"You had to be there."-- David Pini

Everything I am going to tell you will be either literally meaningless or a lie, or both. The three Division Chairmen have told you about the educational theories and opportunities of their various provinces; the analogous thing (and only fair thing) for me to do is try to tell you about the educational forces and circumstances of life in the student community of New College, and the sort of education one usually acquires from them. Impossible the task, and presumptuous to essay it, but you must know something about our neck of the Wood to know anything about New College. This college is not only an academic institution; it is also a sort of ghetto, a small, circumscribed, inbred and distinct cultural area, with an argot, a world-view, an ethic and a sensibility of its own. The entering student usually experiences nothing less than culture shock-- an experience which can be salubrious or not, depending on the person and how he contrives to react to it. Sing, Muse.

Ours is a small community of fairly clever adolescents, brought here from various parts of the country, with only varying degrees of intellect, idealism, and alienation in common, and immediately exposed to great gobbets of abstraction (the question Why?) torrents of critical and speculative thought (the cold and fishy glare of the Wisdom of the Ages) and for all practical purposes the freedom to do what they will in their personal lives (their naked Pascalian selves). There are several paradigmatic responses. Some people party until their money gives out or the tedium of it all becomes insupportable; others sit in their rooms in moody resentment or autistic terror and skulk about the campus only at night; and a few form small spiteful covins determined to resist all influence from their environment, and continue to do just what they did in high school. Some adjust well almost immediately, begin working and producing, and enjoy a reasonable amount of ordinary human felicity; a few leave, are dismissed, or drop slowly from sight. For most, there is an initial period of over-reaction, followed by or continuing a period of intellectual paralysis, sleeplessness (or somnambulism), despair, Weltschmerz, alienation, hypochondria, or acne, which sooner or later gives way to a relatively peaceful detente with the conditions of life here. Whether by stoical Saxon endurance, or by fighting back, or by collaboration, most students survive their baptism under fire.

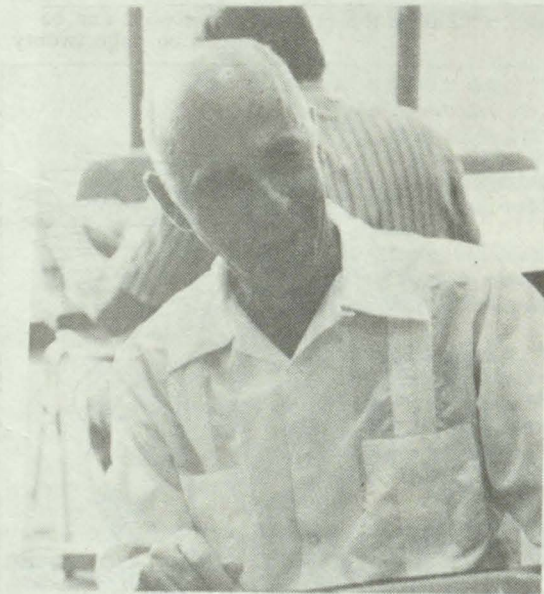
Having survived, we are as it were a group of arty literary, scientific, and history-conscious emigres marooned by the vast shipwreck of Western culture as we know it, seeking a way to be comfortable and reasonably happy and trying to duplicate what we can of the small, familiar niceties of civilized life on a narrow strip of habitable land between the warm, shark-infested sea and the green and fervid jungles of the interior. We are perforce thrown into close, continual, almost exclusive and often infuriating contact with each other's neuroses, foibles, and matched teams of hobbyhorses, and occasionally keen perceptions. We have, too, many of the cultural quirks of emigre society: the sense that our isolation is at least partly self-imposed; the refined, subtle sentimentality; the dilettantish political awareness; the gossip, backbiting, and malice, and the solidarity. The in-jokes. Novocollegians speak a language full of arcane allusion, private humor of a rather abstract kind, and ellipsis. Unlike most of the Real World, which laughs at death, deformity, perversion, and imbecility, we base our humor on aphasia infinite regression, paranoia, Barthian immobility, and the displacement of archetypes. ~ This is the principle that what can be

continued on page twenty



AN OPEN LETTER FROM GEORGE MAYER

The new academic year starts with every expectation that New College will flourish. Due to the unremitting efforts of students and faculty during the last two years, the University of South Florida has become genuinely proud of our institution. The same attitude also exists at Tallahassee with the result that New College is no longer in danger of being treated like an orphan or stepchild. Admissions has also done its part, producing a far larger incoming class in 1977 than a year ago, without a significant change in the quality of the student body. In effect, if all elements of the campus community continue to function as they have done in the past, our unique status in the Florida State System is assured.



Problems nevertheless remain. Some of them cannot be solved by students alone, but they are worthy of brief attention because, in many instances, students can provide

substantial help. The most troublesome one is financial. The New College Foundation pays more than a third of the cost for keeping our distinctive institution alive. Since students are charged only standard state tuition, the Foundation actually is providing them a substantial, if indirect, scholarship. Generous as the Foundation has been, it finds the level of its contributions -- which is over \$700,000 this year -- to be a greater sum than it can raise with comfort year after year. Only three forms of relief are possible: (1) the creation of an endowment sufficiently large to produce a generous annual income; (2) the procurement of additional regular funding from the State of Florida; (3) further increases in enrollment, which likewise assure more state dollars. All three methods are being pursued, and there is every reason to believe that the partnership between the State and the Foundation will have a long life on terms mutually acceptable to both parties. Students can perform a valuable service by creating a climate of opinion that will encourage legislators and philanthropists to help us.

A second and more irritating problem arises out of the bureaucratic relationship between the State University System and the College. It is easy enough to absolve our superiors at the University of South Florida of responsibility because, like educators everywhere, they are subject to the tyranny of computers and the deadlines that the latter establish. The mischief is most acute when

the computer remorselessly spews out penalties for tardy payment of fees. Moreover, the prospect for becoming a victim is increased by the number and variety of grants available to students, a hazard compounded by the fact that grants are paid at different times and in different ways. There is no cure for the malady save persistent attention to all deadlines involving the use of grants to pay educational bills. Boring as such responsibility is, it cannot be avoided except at great cost. Worse still, most NewCollege staff members who would like to help are powerless. Perhaps some of you will organize a world movement to abolish computers, but until that enterprise is consummated, the unhappy dialogue between students and machines seems destined to continue.

As the College gets larger, the importance of maintaining close relations between students and staff members grows. I feel confident that I speak for the entire faculty in urging each of you to call on us - however frequently - when we can be of help in solving academic problems or dealing with other frictions in our microcosm.

Progress...

The University of South Florida and the Department of General Services in Tampa have commissioned a local architectural firm to develop a master plan for the the Sarasota Campus. The plan will provide the blueprint for construction and expansion in the coming years.

The fifty-thousand dollar contract has been awarded to the Twitchell and Allen Group of Sarasota, and is to be completed within six to seven months. Described as a detailed and comprehensive plan, it is to include a "conceptual design" of the campus: a new library,

office buildings, instructional facilities, parking and landscaping.

The plan will encompass a fifteen to twenty year time frame, with implementation expected to begin soon after its completion. A representative of the architectural firm explained that the preliminary stages will consist of determining the demands that will be required of the Physical Plant as the campus grows toward the Board of Regent' enrollment authorization of 7,500 students. He stressed that they would make an effort to understand the needs of the New College concept in order to coordinate it effectively with the larger University program. Ernest Cumpe Associates of Palo Alto, California are educational planning specialists and will act as consultants to Twitchell and Allen.

The firm has invited members of the campus community to offer their input or suggestions. They met on campus October 20 with representatives of the faculty, staff, Foundation Trustees and students.

Subsequent issues of the Catalyst will follow the University's plan as it develops.

New College Alumnus Goes Straight

Former New College student Jon Stafford is reported to be the leading contender in the race for City Councilman in Cocoa Beach, Fla. Mr. Stafford is a candidate on the Young Republican ticket. He is said to be active in local political organizations, and is a Republican Precinct Chairman.

Honest to God Election Results

by Gary Berkowitz

It was that time of year again, but it isn't anymore. Student elections either were or were not held, and the results are official unless they aren't. There seems to have been an election a month ago, and another a couple of weeks ago. As usual, in both alleged expressions of Vox Populi there were slight irregularities that would have either made a) Thomas Jefferson revolve in his grave, b) Landslide Lyndon Johnson chuckle, or c) respectable citizens everywhere throw up their hands in despair. None of the above actually occurred. Instead, choose d) the elections stand. Surprise? nah.

Passing acquaintance with the commissioner of elections (will anyone admit to more?) has enabled me to get the results of these "votes" into my own slanderous, grubby mitts. Let history be the judge.

For Humanities Representative it was Robert Hans 76, Elaine Goldenberg 3, Paul Cebal 1, Peter Bynum 1, Herb Guggenheim 1, and the commissioner also voted for himself. The perspicacious reader will recall that only Robert Hans' name actually appeared on the ballot. Others were write-ins.

For Campus Council at Large it was Ross Burnaman 43, Frank Morrone 36, Helen O'Brian 14, Bill Loiry 10, and, of the write-ins, Jim Bosy and Fred Golding 1 each.

For EPC (we all forget what these letters stand for; possibly not for anything) Andy Estes defeated Other 80 to 6, easily covering the point spread. Joanne Weisenford got 1 vote and Don Ellers, a New College legend in his own time, garnered 5.

In the "race" for SEC Chairthing Rick Rever had 74, Herb Guggenheim 39; write-ins Hilary Anthony and Elections Commissioner seem to have voted for themselves. Let us not forget Mike Alcoff, who was the recipient of 3 votes.

In the election for 3rd Year SEC, where the top 3 win, Seth Goldwin got 39, Tom Sash 33, and Mark Humbert 32, electing them all. Dave Sassion had 21, Mike Lasche 17. There were no write-ins proving that, given 5 choices, everyone can find one person they can stand.

As usual, pre-election publicity was nil. This may account for the low turnout. About 90 people voted in all, or about 15% of the student body. Last year there was comparatively heavy campaigning, and despite a significantly smaller student body, more votes were cast and more people ran for office.

Assuming that all the votes for 3rd year SEC were cast by people in their third year (and this may not be a valid assumption), the third year turnout was close to 50%. Unfortunately, the supervisors were lax in telling people not to vote for 3rd year SEC unless they were 3rd year people. Some people can't figure this out by themselves. Oh well.

It has been said that a society gets the criminals it deserves. Society also gets the politicians it deserves. The moral of the story is if you want to get elected you should at least go to the trouble of getting your name put on the ballot. As I perused the list of those who voted, I noticed very few 1st year students. That's their prerogative, but they shouldn't complain about the results. There are enough 1st year people here that, voting as a bloc, they could defeat or elect anyone they liked. They seem not to like.

In case you missed it, a gent named Carter defeated a man named Ford by about 2 million votes recently in an election for I forget what.

Another Roadside Attraction

Despite bitter local opposition, developers are proceeding with plans to build a 12 million dollar multi-theme amusement park, to be located across U.S. 41 from the Sarasota-Bradenton Airport.

The site for the park extends along U.S. 41 from the Trail Drive-In south to the Ramada Inn, and westward to Sarasota Bay. Developers Wendell McCurdy and Tom Logan announced their plans last July 13, and were met with mixed reactions: Bradenton and Manatee County officials were "exuberant," but local residents have fought from the beginning and at least one group has initiated litigation against the venture.

The 60 acre park will feature eight main themes, which will include a marineland, Biblical, children and animal attractions. An ultra-futuristic Spaceworld is also planned, with a large auditorium for musical performances intended to provide the focal point for the park. McCurdy, who also happens to be vice-president and general manager of Sarasota Jungle Gardens said that his attraction, along with Bellms Cars and Music of Yesterday and the Circus Hall of Fame, may relocate within the park boundaries.

The park is expected to be able to handle some 5,000 visitors a day, and will have a 15 acre parking lot.

Commentary

j.w.

Dr. Miller resigned as Chairperson of the Faculty admissions committee early this month, in protest of the recent decision of the Admissions-Public Affairs Office to withhold

certain information from the Faculty regarding special students. While not disagreeing with the policy of admitting special students on a probationary basis, the committee took issue with the new directive which prevented sponsors from knowing which of their students fell in this category. In a memo to the Faculty dated Sept. 6, Dr. Miller explained: "This may seem a minor matter; but, once again, the faculty has been stripped of yet another way to individualize our student contacts, and yet another way to help assure that New College continues to admit students qualified for the program."

This affair serves to underscore the more serious problem of organizational accountability within the New College-USF relationship. The administrative infrastructure of this campus insures University control of all aspects of campus operation: Admissions, Public Affairs, Administrative Services, Student Affairs, Records and Registration, etc. All these offices are directly accountable only to Dr. Les Tuttle, Dean of Regional Campuses. This leaves the New College Provost and Faculty responsible for only purely academic policy within the New College Program.

These arrangements remain operable as long as consultative courtesy is extended the Provost or Faculty in policy decisions regarding Campus operations. This is not always the case, however, and with the increasing divergence of the interests of the New College Program with those of the University, the problem is likely to grow more serious in the years to come.

HIS EXCELLENCY



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An Interview With Mr. New College

By Glen Merzer

It is not without reason that Rick Rever is called Mr. New College. It is because he requests people to call him that, in return for the corrupt favors that are his to grant, owning as he does a position of awesome power. He relaxes on a swivel chair in the Student Affairs Office, his bare feet resting upon the secretary's cluttered desk ("Nobody was planning on processing those forms anyway"), a cigarette suspended between his teeth, a quizzical expression contorting his face, a deep whining sound emanating from the very depths of his being:

R.R: Whaaaa? Whaaaa? Start over. Give me that first question again.

G.M: I said that this is the first time I've ever interviewed anyone, and I wondered how you thought I was doing?

R.R: Whaaaa? Whaaaa? Skip to the second question.

G.M: Okay, Rick, tell me your New College political background.

R.R: I was on the EPC for a year, the SASC for a year, the Admissions Committee for a term, and I was an RA last year. Now I'm chairperson of the Student Executive Committee.

G.M: How do you think the interview is going now, Rick? Picking up, is it? I for one sense an improvement.

R.R: No, you're forcing it. The secret is to make it comfortable, to make the conversation go smooth-

ly--you shouldn't always stare vacantly like that, that's why nobody likes you.

G.M: Thanks for the tip, guy. By the way, casually speaking, so to speak, would you happen to know off-hand how many people voted in the SEC election?

R.R: About 150. Not many.

G.M: Do you attribute the low turnout to weak political organization, the disillusionment of the electorate, or perhaps unfavorable weather conditions?

RR: No, it's just that the election was nothing to get excited about. The SEC is dead, defunct, it's no honor to be one of its members, most of what it does is trivial, it's boring, even its minutes aren't exciting anymore, it has no viable constitution, it has no structure, nothing, nothing, nothing...

G.M: What do you plan on doing about all that?

R.R: Nothing.

G.M: Is that so?

R.R: No, I was finishing answering the last question; you've got to stop rushing me, Glen, you're always rushing people, that's why nobody likes you.

I have two goals for the SEC: first, to have its constitution rewritten, not by me, but by an interested group of students, perhaps doing it as an ISP; second, and most importantly--

G.M: --Last but not least, so

to speak?

R.R: You're a living cliché, Glen, that's why nobody likes you.

--Second, to set up a private Student Activities fund, derived from a voluntarily paid fee of \$20 per student per term, which would give us approximately \$30,000 more for the SEC to work with for the year. The current SEC budget is around \$9000.

G.M: Gosh, what in heavens could be done with \$30,000?

R.R: For one thing, we could have a full-time Student Chair position. [The Student Chair is a temporary appointment of a professor, selected by means of a vote of the student body.] That's vital; our faculty has been eroding. I think we've lost close to 21% of our faculty in the last three years. If we had a Student Chair now, for instance, we might have an Anthropologist or a German professor.

Also, we could get a better grade of films instead of these \$80 jobs. We might even set up scholarship aid for destitute continuing students. And the private account would be used to finance Palm Court Parties, which can't be paid for with public A&S money. Possibly the private fund could be used to advertise the school, perhaps concentrating on the experimental high schools. Public A&S money can't be spent to advertise--but of course private money can be used however we wish.

G.M: Speaking of advertising New College, it occurs to me that we have here probably the finest academic structure one could find at any undergraduate school in the land--I'm referring to the contract system, tutorials, independent study. I like your idea about advertising to alert the nation to New College's existence; but, failing that, is there anything the SEC can do to impart a consciousness of the New College essence to the New College student body?

R.R: We can't inspire students who refuse to be inspired; we can't put

students into the interrogative mood if they don't know what that is. We're not a special group of students anymore. We're a random group, and, like any random group we have a percentage who are motivated and a percentage who aren't. Still, it might be worthwhile, especially for new students, to set up a course or a group ISP on the nature and aims of education. Not just to philosophize about education, but with the end of personalizing their philosophical beliefs. It might even be a good idea to suspend classes for a couple of days during the term and devote those days to seminars on the self-definitional task. A pause to look at what we are, and should be, doing here. It would probably turn out to be either a celebration or a dirge. But either way in the end we'd still come up against the root economic problem.

G.M: Ah, then you take a Marxist approach--

R.R: You're a pedant, Glen, that's why nobody likes you.

G.M: What are the practical prospects for the private activities fund?

R.R: I have no idea. It would be a difficult thing to set up. The main problem is that it would be illegal to make the payment mandatory. Then again, I'm not sure that it's legal to have a mandatory meal plan, and we have that.

G.M: Yes, but do two wrongs make a right?

R.R: You're a moralist, Glen, that's why nobody likes you.

G.M: So, uh, immorally speaking, so to speak, what else do you have to say about the SEC?

R.R: The SEC has always been crisis-oriented, and for lack of crises we've slipped into a holding pattern. Our only responsibility is to dole out \$9,000--a pittance--and in fact even that responsibility has been consigned to the Breadboard. The only event approaching the crisis level last year was the pets-on-campus hassle--

G.M: Yes, I remember, I almost

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Portrait of the Gonzo as a Broke Man

by Kevin Cole

Sniper M. Thomson
Box 4
Woody Owl Creek, Colorado

Jaan Wizwang, Chief Hanzo
Rolling Joints Magazine
1361 Ramsnacke Bldg.
Dearest Jaan:

Contrary to popular belief, I am neither dead nor imprisoned in Turkey. I have been living quietly in a trailer here with my wife, my Vincent Black Shadow, and my two Doberman Pinschers in an effort to recapture the modicum of sanity I possessed prior to that ill-fated trip with George McG. down the 1972 campaign trail.



Alas, my efforts have been in vain, but bills being as they are (yes, Jaan, even we out here in Woody Owl Creek pay taxes; and as you may know, a six of Ballantine Ale now costs over two bucks), I've decided to come out of retirement and write another piece of Gonzo journalism--a rare commodity nowadays, since only I seem to know exactly what it is.

I have enclosed chapter one of my new book for you, I call it Fear and Loafing in Milwaukee--A Savage Journey to the Beer Capital of the World. It's a touching story about my trip to the Penn State-Marquette basketball game earlier this year. I hope that you'll see clear to rush me a check for \$2000 so that I can buy some paper and get started on the rest of it.

As usual, I've stockpiled the ingredients necessary to get

through another bout of Gonzo--six cases of Wild Turkey and 35 refrigerators full of beer. I'll be sending the bill along to you under separate cover any day now.

Looking forward to the renewal of our prosperous business relationship...

Sniper

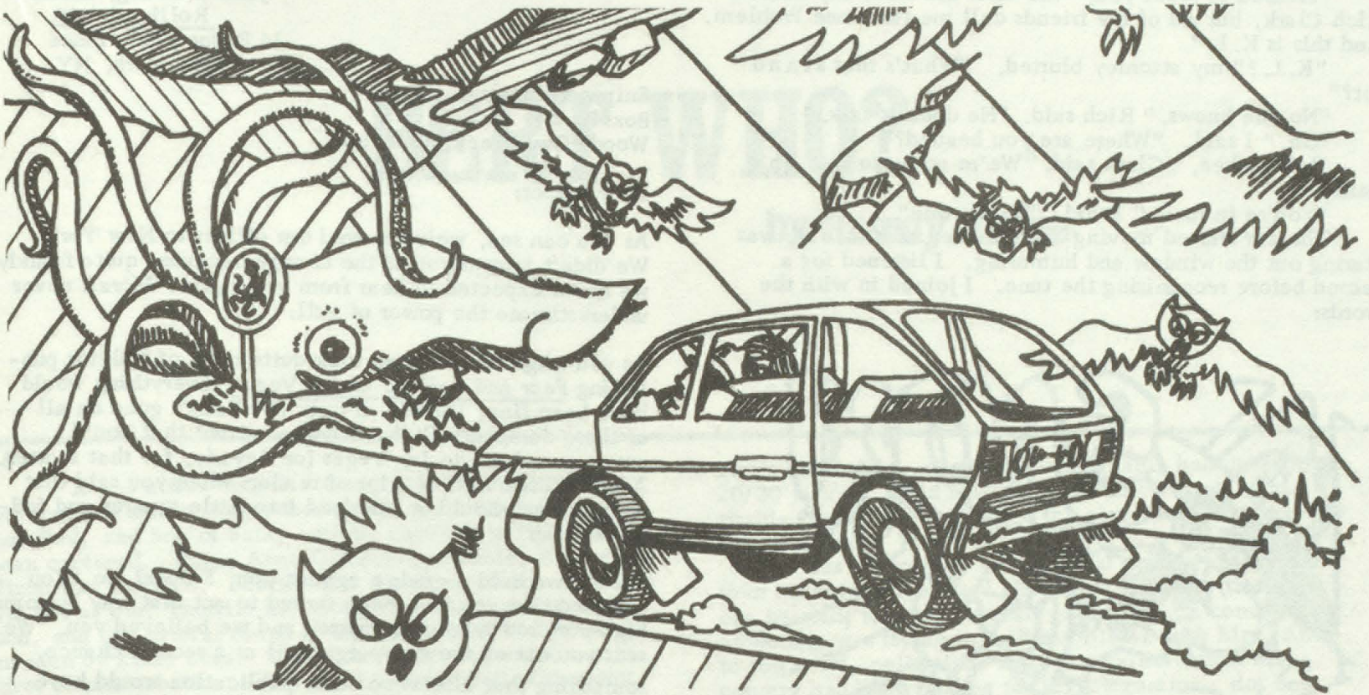
Fear and Loafing in Milwaukee
(A Savage Journey to the Beer Capital of the World)
by Dr. Sniper M. Thomson

We were somewhere around Akron, on the edge of the great snow belt, when the Coke and aspirin began to take hold. I remember saying something like "my stomach hurts; maybe you should drive...." And suddenly there was a terrible roar all around me, and the sky was filled with killer owls, their beaks bared and a crazed look in their eyes, swooping through the Subaru, which was going about 35 miles an hour with the windows down to Milwaukee. And a voice was screaming: "Jeepers Gosh! What are these pernicious slimebags?"

Then it was quiet again. My attorney had taken off his shirt and was pouring Carnation's Instant Breakfast on his chest to facilitate the tanning process. "What in goodness gracious are you raising your voice about?" he muttered, staring up at the dome light with his contact lenses off and a giant cod across his face. "Never mind," I said, pointing the Amorphous Grey Squid toward the side of the road and locking the emergency brake. "It's your turn to drive." No point in mentioning those owls, I thought. The poor twit would see them soon enough.

It was already four in the morning, and I knew that the next four hundred and fifty miles were going to be rough. We would soon be completely twisted; and with press registration for the incredible Penn State-Marquette virginal slaughter only fifteen hours away we had to make good time on that God-forsaken Indiana Turnpike if we were to have any hope of getting to Milwaukee in time to find a seat at the press table. Despite our filthy windshield I could see the entire scenario all too clearly: some half-baked student reporter from the University Of Wisconsin Crummet, upon entering the Arena, notices two empty chairs at the end of the press row. Sensing an opportunity to exploit his quasi-affiliation with the print medium, he pins his press card to his pocket and takes one of our seats. We arrive right before tip-off, edgy after 16 consecutive hours on the road, and while I try to reason with the poor son-of-a-bitch my 247-pound Canadian attorney rips the student's tonsils out....

It would be a bad scene all around, one that my magazine would not appreciate. The magazine, a prestigious Eastern sporting journal, had taken care of our hotel reservations, not to mention the utter lemon of an import we were driving, and they'd also made the inexplicable



mistake of giving me a three-hundred dollar advance. Since most of this had already been spent on the incredibly dangerous paraphernalia we figured we'd need to endure both Milwaukee and the 800-mile trip out there, the car looked like a portable smorgasborg: We had two bags of Ida Reds, seventy-five marshmallows, five sheets of high-powered Weaver's Chicken Roll, a salt shaker half-full of salt, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored condoms, greens, reds, blues, amphetamines... and also a loaf of cranberry nut bread, a quart of Hawaiian Punch, a case of Dad's root beer, a pint of raw milk, and two dozen eggs.

But even though we had an enormous selection of mind-altering apparatus in the car, only one thing really worried me: the condoms. There is nothing in the world more depraved and irresponsible than a man caught in the depths of a vagina. And I had no doubt that we'd be getting into them soon--maybe at the next rest stop or gas station. My attorney had a reputation for lust to begin with, and as our food supply dwindled his zeal grew. He had been drooling heavily at the female hitch-hikers I'd refused to pick up, and now that he was behind the wheel I felt sure we'd have a woman in the car in a matter of minutes. This wouldn't have bothered me normally, but as my attorney's lust had grown his discretion had all but disappeared. He was now hanging from the window whenever we passed anything vaguely resembling a female, from gnarled 78-year-old streetwalkers to fourteen-year-olds with flat chests, bubble gum, and braces. The thought of a statutory rape charge here in the conservative Midwest sent a shudder through my road-weary, unshaven carcas.

But my attorney didn't seem worried. "Give me a slice of that cranberry bread," he hollered over the ticking of the engine as we accelerated to highway speed. He drove the car with his teeth, shifting with his right hand and tuning the radio with his left until he found a station to his liking. He turned it up full and began howling along with the song:

Still the one
That can scratch my itch;
Still the one
That I wouldn't switch....

I jammed a slice of bread into his mouth and a Frampton tape into the eight-track machine. Peace and quiet at

last, I thought... and then, looking at my attorney, I said, "Be careful with that stuff. I want to get there in one piece."

"We'll get more than one if I can help it," my attorney yelled back, ripping the bread in half and putting one chunk into his mouth and the other up his right nostril. He took a big snort of air and swallowed at the same time, his eyes got wide, and then he leaned back in his seat. I hoped that he wouldn't have a reaction before we got to Chicago and switched cars. There is nothing in the world more depraved and irresponsible than a man in the depths of a cranberry nut bread reaction.

We'd gone barely a mile when I sensed that the car was slowing down. A quick check of the speedometer confirmed my suspicions. Up ahead, two hitchhikers stood beside the road. We were still too far from them to determine their sexes, but my guess was that my attorney was slowing down just in case they were of the female persuasion. We got closer, the car going still slower and my attorney drooling all over himself; but when we got within about ten feet of our prospective passengers I could see that they weren't the lascivious young lasses my attorney had no doubt imagined in his cranberry nut bread-addled reverie, but scurfy-looking kids wearing Nittany Lion jackets. My attorney muttered something under his breath and started to shift back into second, but before he could I crippled him with a punch to the groin.

"Gosh," he sniveled, mashing the brakes. "Why'd you do that?"

"Because," I said, watching the boys running toward us in the rear view mirror, "we're going to pick them up." I opened the door. "Maybe you'll be able to pay attention to the road with no more room for riders."

The boys hopped into the back seat, not an easy task considering the size of the car and the volume of gear we were carrying. One of them was short and slightly chunky, with red hair that was just beginning to recede and inordinately smelly feet. The other was only slightly taller, had black hair, and wore a Philadelphia Flyers shirt beneath his jacket. The shorter kid spoke: "Gee, thanks. I thought we'd never get a ride, and it sure is getting cold."

My attorney laughed. He still had his shirt off, and the Instant Breakfast had formed a brown, gooey plaster on his chest. "Sure is," I said. "My name's Dude, Ralph Dude, and this is my attorney, Dr. Gimzool."

"Pleased to meet you," the short kid said, "My name's Rich Clark, but all of my friends call me Hormone Problem. And this is K. L."

"K. L.?" my attorney blurted. "What's that stand for?"

"No one knows," Rich said. "He doesn't talk."

"Oh," I said. "Where are you headed?"

"Milwaukee," Clark said. "We're going to see the game."

"You're in luck," I said. "So are we."

The car started moving and I looked at K. L. He was staring out the window and humming. I listened for a second before recognizing the tune. I joined in with the words:



Though I know that evening's empire
Has returned into the sand,
Vanished from my hand,
Left me blindly here to stand
But still not sleeping!...

The kid smiled, but my attorney, who had been rummaging through our riders' backpacks during the singalong, turned around in his seat in a frenzy and almost put us into the guard rail. "What the hell are you doing, kid?" he screamed. "Holding out on us?" He held up a tiny bottle, and K. L. grabbed for it. "Oh, no you don't!" my attorney screeched, biting the top off of the bottle and swallowing the contents in one gulp. "There," he said. "That'll teach you to fuck around with us."

I looked at K. L. He had gone pale and was clutching the back of my seat. Clark looked upset, too. I picked up the empty bottle and looked at the label:

10 CC
NPH
Iletin
isophane insulin
suspension

I looked at Clark. He pointed to his friend and started to speak. I stopped him. "Don't worry," I said. "I've got connections in Chicago. We'll get some more."

My attorney turned to me, narrowly missing a bridge abutment. "Don't bother," he said. "It tastes lousy."
end chapter one

Jaen Wizwang, Editor
Rolling Joints
14 Respectable Place
New York, NY

Sniper Thomson

Box 4

Woody Owl Creek, Colorado

Dear Sniper:

As you can see, we've moved our offices to New York. We didn't inform you of the change because, quite frankly, we never expected to hear from you again. Moral: never underestimate the power of gall.

As you might expect, we took quite a bit of flak for publishing Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas. Everything would have been fine, Hunter, if only you hadn't gone on all of those damned talk shows and admitted that you'd never even been to Las Vegas (or Nevada, for that matter). And we lost a hell of a lot of readers when you said that drug dealers should be chopped into little squares and fed to piranah.

But did we hold a grudge against you, Sniper? No. You claimed that you had been forced to act that way by some high-powered syndicate figure, and we believed you. We sent you out on the campaign trail as a second chance, something that almost no other publication would have done, and what did you do? You left--went back to your trailer in the woods and wrote your reports from the newspapers and your imagination. Which would have been fine, if you hadn't told the Senate subcommittee.

And the whole time we called it journalism. My God!

So, Sniper, even though we didn't send you our new address, we kept a close watch on you. Just in case. And I guess it paid off. Our detectives tell us that on the day of the Penn State-Marquette game you were so narcotized on Venezuelan jim-job bean that you didn't even get out of bed. In Woody Owl Creek.

Fool me once--shame on you. Fool me twice--shame on me. Fool me three times and I'm an abalone.

I'm not an abalone, Sniper. I have returned your Milwaukee piece. I'm also returning your article on killer plankton.

I hope you'll straighten up and fly right, Sniper. It would be terrible for a person with your ability to waste his life away making up stories.

Get Serious, Sniper!

Jaen Wizwang



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BERT WHO?

by Rowdy Yates

It was a slow month. Congress had recessed, the IRS had released a longer short form, Gary Mark Gilmore had died, and Son of Sam, with no nephews in sight, had been captured. Karen Anne Quinlan was stable. Richard Nixon was unstable. Seattle Slew was in a stable. America was not at war, Laetrile had undergone spontaneous remission, and the coastal towns of California still hadn't been invaded by killer bees. The Hite Report had come out in favor of masturbation. Dick and Liz hadn't retied the knot. And the anti-busing riots were still four weeks away. Yes, it was a slow month. But a good one. A good month to sit by the pool, to sip white rum, to think about Rimbaud. A good month to go for a ride in the country. A good month for just about anything.

But a bad month for selling newspapers.

And then came Bert Lance. Actually, it wasn't Bert's first arrival—he'd already come to Washington for his confirmation hearings from a little town in Georgia named Calhoun. Bert's long-time friend, Jimmy Carter, had invited Bert. Jimmy had been elected President of the United States, proving that the American Dream is alive and well, that any millionaire peanut farmer/nuclear physicist can pull himself up by the golf shoes to become the leader of the greatest country in the whole goddamn world, can aspire to the Supreme Office of the Land, can meet Barbara Walters in person. Really.

But Jimmy wasn't about to let his sudden good fortune change him. Deep down he was just a good ole country boy. He knew he'd been helped along the way, and now he was in the position to pay back some of those debts. He called Bert Lance.

"Bert, how'd you like to be head of the O.M.B.?"

"Sounds pretty good, Jimmy. What is it?"

"Damned if I know. Come on up and we'll try to find out."

And so Bert came. And Bert saw. And Bert was confirmed. The Senators were impressed. Bert had been interviewed. Bert had been investigated. And in the end, Bert had been acclaimed as a man of intelligence, perseverance, and competence. Competence! Could the system survive?

Bert went to work, and for awhile everything was fine. Bert was doing a good job, a competent job, a job he would later say he was proud of. People complained about Andrew Young. But they never complained about Bert Lance.

But while the intelligent, persevering, competent Bert had been toiling in the deep, dark recesses of the Office of Management and Budget, the other Bert had been skulking in the background, and in the realm of moral turpitude, overdrawing his personnel checking account and hiding in small bathroom safes. When the other got out of the closet, the press went to work and the cartoons appeared. Bert Lance vanishing into a cookie jar in four panels. Bert Lance going to McDonald's and getting change back from his \$450,000.

Burt's blind trust, as one columnist said, had developed 20/20 vision. He'd sold his plane to his bank at a sizable profit. And he'd used the same collateral for two different loans.

Burt was in trouble. His personal debts were larger than his chins, he'd used his bank's airplane (the same one he sold) to go to football games, and a convicted embezzler was trying to split the blame with him. And to top it off, politicians and editorialists across the country had been calling for his resignation, not because he'd been convicted of any crime (he hadn't even been charged), but because his ability to function as the head of the O.M.B. had been "irreparably damaged" by the slew of accusations against him.

But Burt refused to rool-polly over and play dead. His turn came to testify before the Senate committee and he defended himself. He went down the list of charges against him and explained each one. Overdrafts were a "common practice" in Calhoun, no one was ever charged interest on them, and he'd paid back every cent he'd ever overdrawn. The football games were part of his job, an attempt to drum up business for the bank. He had no idea that a report about him had been hidden

in a private safe for months, and he certainly hadn't asked to have it done. And so on.

Then Burt went on the offensive. He accused the Senators and the press of denying him his basic human rights, an action in the eyes of this administration as heinous as hunting newborn puppies with chain saws. And at least one Senator agreed with him—Tom Eagleton, the self-destructive vice-presidential candidate in 1977, Citing McCarthyism, Eagleton warned against convicting Lance by "accumulation" and urged that the Big Boy be given a fair trial.

But the trial degenerated into a circus. Senators bickered among themselves, and the question and answer sequence became increasingly predictable:

Percy: "Mr. Lance, is it not true that you beat your wife periodically with an axe handle?"

Lance: (after consultation with his attorney)—"Senator Percy, beating wives with axe handles is a common practice in Calhoun!"

When it was over, Burt had come out on top, but the question was "at what cost?" Sure, he defended himself, but the method of his defense—to blame the press and the committee for his troubles—had made doubtful whether Burt would ever be able to deal effectively with the media and Congress again. And despite Lance's detailed account of his activities, an account that had convinced many that Burt had, indeed, violated no law, the calls for his resignation persisted. And so, on Sept. 21st, Burt Lance told Jimmy Carter that he was going back to Calhoun.

But Lance's resignation lacked the finality it should have had. It left too many questions unanswered: If Burt Lance hadn't broken any laws, why should he have had to resign? Is there (or should there be) a separate for those in

the public eye? And how public should the lives of public people be?

Burt Lance, as far as has been determined, broke no laws. Granted, he used his positions at the Calhoun First National Bank and the National Bank of Georgia to his own advantage, while still making bushels of money for his banks' stockholders. But isn't that what America is all about, making the most of opportunity? If Burt didn't violate the law, then how can we blame him for his success?

We did find a way to blame Burt Lance, but Burt has no one to blame for his downfall but himself. If he'd raised all of the questions at his confirmation hearings that the press raised during the summer--even though he thought them to be insignificant, Burt Lance would still be the director of the Office of Management and Budget. He would have explained each detail of his past in the same manner he did to the Senate committee last month, been cleared of any wrongdoing, and been commended for his honesty.

But Burt didn't bring the subject up--he was confronted. And the basic difference between confession, which is good for the soul, and confrontation, which is good for selling newspapers, is that the latter implies that someone has been caught in a cover-up. And with America's mouth still sour from Watergate, cover-ups are bad things to be associated with.

Burt Lance is gone, but the spectre of his "trial by accumulation" will haunt us. Private people will be hesitant about becoming public people; but from those who do make the switch, we will hear the most excruciatingly complete confessions ever made. And who knows? After all the politicians have confessed and been forgiven, maybe other people who deal with the public will do the same. And then, to fill their pages, maybe newspapers will be forced to scrutinize everyone, even their own, in search of a tiny drop of scandal, a hint of quasi-wrongdoing that can be parlayed into a Confrontation.

In closing, let me say that I have lusted after women in my heart, but that this is a common practice where I come from.



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ICE ON THE BEACH

BY JOHN BIGGERS

Garrett is one of the three or four fishermen of Hatteras who has lived here long enough to remember the year the oil-fed beacon of the lighthouse was changed to an electric one. He is the only one of these who, during the calm of late spring, still rows out onto the waters of Pamlico Sound--the waters between the coast and the outer-banks, which had been his working domain for four decades and the waters which are now the source of his meagre sustenance.

Garrett has watched the state-owned trucks--which come on odd-numbered years for the repainting of the beacon tower--grow from the skeletal vehicles of his younger years into the portly and bulbous shapes of the late Forties and early Fifties and has seen them growing slowly boxier and harder as the years wash along. He remembers the year they changed from black to yellow.

His house is the Hatteras fisherman's house: two rooms, built of boards, grey and so long washed with sand and salt that they won't hold any paint. His boat, too, had been the Hatteras fisherman's boat. Above water, it was much like the houses, but sprinkled with patches of boiler-plate; below the water it was mahogany, or at least black oak, rubbed smooth as polished obsidian and coated with layers of varnish like a black bug in amber.

Daily he makes the journey from his house, passing over the dunes into the sight of the lighthouse; passing the partially buried staves and beams that still hold the form of an inverted boat but lack their planking; passing over the hard, damp, grey sand out to the wooden jetty and fishes with casting gear.

When Garrett has good enough fish for dinner, he retraces the steps to his house and passes with a slight chill the hulk standing cage-like above the sand.

And, as he is one of a few who remembers the long-ago electrification of the light-house, Garrett is one of a very few who ever knew of the night, two years after his arrival here, when this vessel foundered. And he is the only one of

these who is still able to tell of the morning a few days later when it was cast up on his shore.

* * * * *

Garrett was 24 when he first saw the beacon of the Hatteras lighthouse. He watched it at dusk from the deck of a freighter passing the cape; it swept toward him, then away from him, then back again, over the barren shores of the outer-banks. The lighthouse, like most, was for navigation, but not for navigation into safe port; it was meant to warn ships of the treacherous currents and rocks of the cape. To Garrett, it seemed to offer a warm invitation to the deserted shore.

Within a year, he came to Hatteras, secured a boat on credit, located a merchant who would buy his catch, and found a land agent unscrupulous enough to offer him the house and jetty he eventually bought. It was much farther north of Manteo than most of the other fishermen's houses and fronted on water somewhat poorer for fishing than the waters south, closer to the town.

He would, occasionally, take his boat as far south as Manteo, but only when he needed supplies. His usual southern terminus was the dock of Thomas & Co., the small and slightly disreputable firm about two-and-a-half miles north of the town that bought his fish.

Garrett would make his voyage out into the channel of the sound early in the day and pass back and forth across it with his nets until nearly dusk. When satisfied with his catch, he would stop the boat and stuff the fish into burlap sacks. Frequently he would sit by the wheel, as the boat bobbed slowly in the middle of the sound, and look across the grey-green water to the sunset behind his house. Allowing just enough time to journey and return before dark, Barrett would set out south for the dock of Thomas & Co., to deliver his fish.

He seldom stopped at this dock, of which he was virtually the sole patron; he would simply slow his boat and toss the sacks of fish into the dock. Then, almost past the end of the dock, he would retrieve

with the hook of his gaff the burlap sacks left on his last visit, which Thomas had hung on the last vertical timber of the dock. Thomas would come down later, after he finished his bookkeeping, and empty Garrett's fish into his coolers. He would estimate their worth and tuck slightly less than that amount of money into one of the sacks, then hang the sacks on the piling for Garrett's next visit.

Garrett conducted his business in this way almost every day for two years, through clear and storm. The storms which beat the Atlantic into a wet hell rarely more than dampened the men who fished the reef-sheltered waters of the sound, and Garrett loved the idea of calmly fishing his waters while the ships across the outer-banks fought to avoid the rocks of Cape Hatteras.

Garrett completed one such day of work in the shadow of an Atlantic storm and began to sack up his fish. He sat contemplating his shore a little longer than usual, eventually setting a course south to Thomas's dock.

The blackening water stretched out before him; he adjusted his wheel--almost automatically--just enough to direct him around an arm of scrubby foliage and sand that projected out into the sound from the reef. In about another two minutes, he would have made another second-nature course adjustment to direct him past his jetty and on to Thomas's had not an unfamiliarity interrupted his automatic navigation: a white bauble on the black water.

Closer, Garrett saw a listing to a mast; the sails were struck. The storm beyond the outer-banks had tried, unsuccessfully, to claim this white craft as a victim.

It was a boat like many he'd seen years before around New England: slim pleasure boats, white as foam and varnished as slick and hard as porcelain, fitted with polished brass where iron

would do as well; boats with owners who fancied themselves seamen; boats that journeyed south to Charleston, to resort isles off Georgia; novelties for yachtclub cocktail conversation.

Closer still, he saw a wound just above the waterline. The rocks off the cape had taken a bite from the vessel's side, but it had escaped into the calm of the sound before the cape could complete the kill.

Almost upon the boat, Garrett noticed that it was listing slightly more than when he'd first sighted it: another wound must lie below the water, a cracked plank, maybe, letting water slip into the bilge, slowly pulling the white craft away from vertical.

Over the water, Garrett heard a man's voice, and a woman's, and their excited exclamations at sighting his boat. A rotund gentleman in white peered at Garrett off the leaning bow and called out, "Hallo, there, didn't think anyone was out around here. Beginning to get a little worried. We're listing a little worse than before. Close scrape out there."

Garrett closed silently.

The round gentleman turned to someone behind him and said, "Must not be close enough to hear yet." Then, turning over the bow rail again, "I say, Hello! Thank God you came by to tow us to your dock, or to whoever's is closest."

Garrett came closer still without answering "Hey," the man called again, "did't you hear me?" To the person behind him, "The son of a bitch must be deaf! At least he can see us."

Close enough to almost touch the listing boat, Garrett looked down at the black mouth in the white boat's side; its lower lip was about a foot above the tops of the soft swells of the sound.

The man scuttled along the side rails of his



vessel, keeping parallel to Garrett, calling, "Hey! Goddamn fisherman... Hey there! You crazy or what?" He leaned over the stern, shouting at Garrett's back, "Son of a bitch, what is this?" Then, in a moment of desperate logic born of panic, "You got no tow rope, right? You got to go and get some rope, right? Hey, Goddammit! I got all the goddamn rope you need!"

Garrett scarcely heard these last words; they blended with the soft splashings beneath his bow.

The sacks of fish thumped wetly onto Thomas' dock; the gaff hooked the sacks, and Garrett turned north.

On his homeward trip, Garrett passed slightly farther off the lower side of the listing white craft; the man said nothing; he stared out at Garrett, unbelieving, as if Garret and his boat were some sort of marine mirage. The white man's eyes met Garrett's soft grey gaze. Pleadingly, desperately, he made a final entreaty, "I don't understand this, but please, for the..."

He stopped short, startled by a sound.

Garrett, too, heard the sound, now just behind him

The jagged black mouth in the boat's side would wait no longer. It sipped the brine and belched out moldy, sepulchral fumes from the recesses of the bilge.

The one sip of salty water seemed to increase its thirst; controlled by the black mouth the entire craft leaned its body nearer the surface. The mouth gulped and filled the boat's belly with the sea.

Garrett then heard the mast softly slap the surface behind him. Then scrambling, then splashing, and finally the soft wet plopping sounds these last, those of fatigued or intoxicated swimming.

* * *

Two days passed in fishing and in trips to Thomas' dock without thought of the white vessel.

An hour after dawn on the third day, Garrett rose and dressed himself for work as usual. Walking from his door, Garrett crossed the dunes; the lighthouse and the shore burst upon his sight. A cluster of sandpipers darted back and forth, avoiding the traces of foam from spent waves; the toes of Garrett's boots dug into the sand, absorbing the inertia of his just-frozen forward motion.

Ahead, deposited on the shore by the stronger waves and higher tides--the sound's manifestations of the Atlantic storm--lay inverted a white hull draped with beards of green. The black mouth opened toward Garrett; the mast was gone, the cabin splintered.

Garrett knew the currents of the Pamlico; he knew where the boat had been for two days: carried north slowly, up the channel by the weak current of the sound, then inland and south, steered by the the vortex of fresh water entering salt a few miles up the shore.

He thought, "Why am I standing here? I can just go out past that hull." He had never been repulsed by any inanimate object before, especially by one so familiar as a boat. Why now?

Garrett turned and walked to his house again, letting the shore and the hull and the lighthouse vanish behind the dunes.

The burlap sacks containing two and a half dollars in silver hung unclaimed on Thomas' dock for three days longer than usual.

Evening slipped west. As if tearing down a wall between his outer jetty and himself, Garret began splintering away the outer planking of the white hull. He carried

it by armloads to his hearth, filling his fireplace. It by armloads to his hearth, filling his fireplace

Being painted and varnished on one side, and thoroughly tarred against water on the other, the planks burned quickly and with profuse smoke. The fire would have been an overabundant source of heat in midwinter; in these days just past midsummer it created unbearable heat in his rooms. He worked on into the night, re-entering the two-roomed inferno only long enough to feed the fire, then Garret went back out side to wrench the remainder of the planks from the skeleton of the craft. Garret worked under a furtive moon and the sweeping glance of gold light from the lighthouse.

Dawn saw the shadow of eighteen large buckets of ashes dispersing on the water near the shore, stirred by the wake of Garrett's boat. He moved into the sound to begin his day's work; behind him on the beach was the skeleton of the craft. The ease with which the skin of the hulk had burned was matched by the difficulty Garrett had encountered in cutting the main timbers of the wreck. Exceedingly well-seasoned and hard with age, they had dulled edge after edge of his axe. It had been a very fine boat.

After sacking up his day's catch, Garrett sat by the wheel and rested, studying his shore. His eyes scanned the beach. He thought, "If that thing were a man, I'd have no trouble getting rid of him." A mere construction of wood, like his house; yet he found it as imposing as someone who wished to converse. More so.

Daily, Garrett crossed the dunes and faced the chill of the sea breeze as he descended to his boat; nightly he trudged from the jetty, over the dunes, the loomings of the lighthouse sweeping faintly through the sawgrass.

Garrett later thought that had he not been in such haste to strip and incinerate the planking of the hull, the next storm-driven tide might have been high enough to carry it away, depositing it on some other shore. Now, each high tide served only to wash supporting sand from beneath the timbers, planting it more firmly in his beach.

Thought Garrett, "I'll simply burn them where they stand."

That night, he torched the timbers. The waterproofing tar blazed up, creating fiery crossbars on the beach.

Garrett left the tarry beams sizzling in flames and retired to a sound sleep, confident that the next morning, he would have only ashes to pass as he went down to the jetty.

Soon after dawn, Garrett crossed the dunes to go down to his boat; the ocean's breath was colder than he had expected and before him stood the hulk, thoroughly charred but still intact. It had been a very fine boat indeed.

And so it endured. Rains washed away some of the charcoal and wind-driven sand carved the smooth beams into more irregular shapes. But the pegged joints held, and the hulk maintained its cage-like shape above the sand. The wood grew grey, lined, and wizened; so did Garrett.

* * * * *

The day's held their routine for Garrett; he left his house, crossed the dunes, faced the cold wind of the sound, cast and drew his nets, sacked the fish, returned over the dunes as the sweeping

light vanished, and retired.

The wind of his shore became an independent entity; it renounced its kin up and down the beaches. The other winds flew inland by day, seaward by night, turning at whim. On Garrett's shore, it blew steadily from the south, past the hulk and across his path. It chilled his right shoulder in the morning as he walked to his boat. His left shoulder in the evening as he returned from the jetty to his house.

In later years, Garrett felt no breeze at all, just a chill. Right shoulder mornings and left shoulder evenings. It was as if some ill science had given the wind a new expedient: no need to cool the skin, chill the muscles and pierce the joints; cold, directly into the center of his shoulder.

No wind, just cold, emanating from the grey-black ice embedded in his beach.

And still he wondered. He had known this cold in sidewalk crowds, in city winters but why from these timbers?

Even the ever-present beams from the lighthouse, the warm gold light from its hot oil lantern couldn't diminish the burg of ebon ice.

A few months after the trucks turned yellow, they came and removed the oil torch from the lighthouse. From his boat, Garrett had watched the men cart away the huge brass vessel, patined blue and brown from heat and salt. Its fresnel-glass eye glinted once in the sun, just short of the horizon.

That night, the warm beams were replaced by cold blue-white beams from an electric arc. The brilliant new light served even better the needs

of passing ships, but Garrett gave up hope forever that this cold light would ever melt the ice on the beach.

The next year, Garrett arranged to dispose of his boat; premature infirmity had ended his days of fishing for profit; his days of plying these waters for pleasure and solace had ended long before.

In exchange for his boat, he received - in addition to some cash - two casting rods with which to feed himself and a small rowboat, a cast-off lifeboat from some stripped and scuttled old steamer. He felt he'd made a very satisfactory transaction.

* * * * *

On days of extreme calm, Garrett still rows out into the sound and looks back onto his shore, much the same as some look at yellowed photographs.

Civilization is spreading up the beach: sportmen and their hunting and fishing haunts, sunseekers, seafood lovers; all of these are within easy sight of Garrett's boat, but it doesn't really matter to him anymore.

The lighthouse doesn't really matter anymore. The grey-black ice on the beach, colder than ever, doesn't really matter anymore.

Garrett rows in slowly today. Walking feebly up the beach, his left shoulder chills and he stumbles. The gulls hover overhead as he raises himself and walks on.

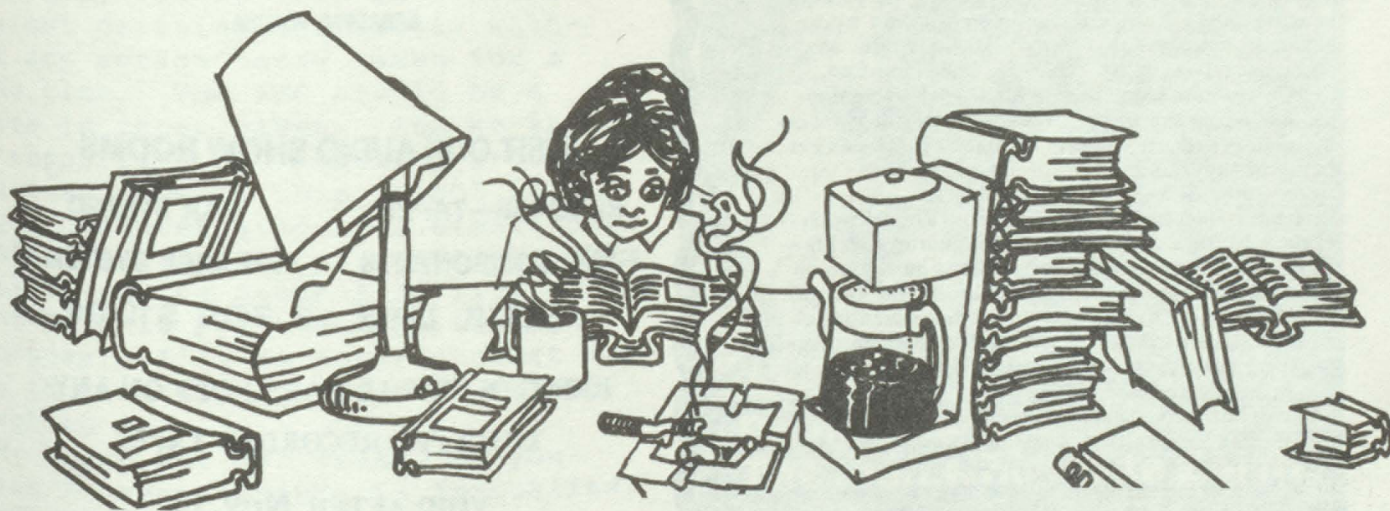
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Four days hence, Garrett will stumble once again, the gulls will again be overhead, and above the gulls, as black as the ice on the beach, will gather the circling scavengers.

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laughed at is somehow less terrifying. We are very verbal, or most of us are, and we will skirmish nervously about at the periphery of a problem, like linguistic onanists to avoid confronting the silent, timeless, unconditioned and inalterable reality which lies concealed at the center.

So we live and move in our intricate, involuted way, now heartlessly exposed to Heaven, or immured behind the poured-concrete walls and German bank-vault doors of the pure, rectilinear, severe intellectual Pei dormitories--with their rhetorical vistas of palmetto, swamp, plastic, chrome, and tourists: Florida vignettes. By contrast, in our own souls we resemble rather more the Ringling mansion across the road, now, frighteningly enough, a sterile, empty museum; our sensibility a sort of ruinous, but picturesque, Gothic pile (from which occasionally a grotesque or madman peers in an appropriately eighteenth century way) full of heterogeneous mental furniture gathered from remote and exotic (and occasionally near and banal) localities to please the eclectic and slightly decadent taste of a leisurely aesthetic glutton. What else is there to do for a reasonable clever and sensible individual unwilling to associate himself with any eschatology, save in a purely aesthetic sort of way? He is forced to the sybaritic life by mere good taste. He must, to survive, carve impertinent riddles amphibolies, and paradoxes on the huge, stony, reproachfully linear images of his Calvinistic fathers; and by irony, subtlety, style (even without content, if necessary) and personal audacity resist the gravitational drag of the maternal darkness. One cannot surrender identity; but neither is one willing to maintain it by heading back into the post-lapsarian Wood like a legate of the Word and trying to remind the animals of their long-forgotten names. Some of us, to be sure, attempt this task obliquely by the Orphic route and try to charm the route with song. Most fail miserably, and are devoured by the Leopard, the Lion, or more rarely the She-Wolf. Some few attain the dinity of being eaten alive by the Gryphon.

Most of us, though, are resigned to the Fall and have learned to live with it, and by the time we leave have begun to acquire a sense of balance, a knack for negotiating an edge between two equally terrifying abysses; we acquire the slightly smug but wary equanimity to which survivors are entitled. We are a low-mimetic displacement of the left at Camelot after the failure (at least in political terms) of the Grail quest; we have politely declined the high vocation given us by the censor-bearing Dove, but for the most part do not try to persuade ourselves that it was all along only another Irish-food-myth. "Not for us, thank God, the Celtic cauldron, that feverish, borborygmog-nic hallucination of the ravenous gullet of a verminous Gael; no, I venture to assert, it has not yet come to that."

I have lied to you in two basic ways. Most obviously, I have neglected the real variety of lifestyle and personality among students here, to concentrate on their similarities; that is, the things which make them a community rather than an assortment. Still it is undeniably true that no community, especially a community like this, can be very uniform; and that even where there is a shared sensibility, it cannot be equally present, or present in the same way in all of its members. It could, however, be argued that the kind of phenomenon I have tried to describe is the most nearly universal or the most distinctive and striking common characteristic among Novocollegians; and I am reasonably sure that year before last (1967-68)

most students would have agreed, though they might perhaps have thought that any attempt to present the place even as lineally as I have done constituted a betrayal of content by form. Even last year (1968-69), most of us would have agreed that New College is "like that," at least in the sense in which a poor and wrong-headed representation is "like" the object it purports to represent, and in which a representation of an entirely different object is not

This year, however, it is hard to say whether anyone but the lame ducks, the old guard, and the elder statesmen of New College will be "like that." Last year we witnessed the advent of creeping eschatology, in the form of group freaks, New Barbarians, cuddly-togetherness types, and apocalyptic agrarians, who would deny that any community should be like New College as here described, and deny further that New College is fact like that. I am not sure. The College has always been ambiguous, elusive phenomenon, and is even more so now that it is changing many of the old parameters of the social field--e.g., the academic plan and the living accommodations--quite radically. The auguries seem confused and obscure when I, at least, try to play haruspex. Perhaps you would be better off, and I more comfortable, were you to regard the whole of this as exemplary rather than oracular; entrails, especially communal ones, are certainly a messy business, and being an exhibit--the Sam Johnson of the multisensory wisecrack--is much less trying than being an exhibitor. In all seriousness, however, please remember that no matter what happens to the school and to the student entering next year, it will be difficult to gain much physical or psychical distance. All things may work to good or to ill; there are advantages to a Kierkegaardian undergraduate career, as well as dangers. Besides, when you stop to think about it, you're really not going to be quite safe anywhere, are you?

Micheal Smith

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VOID AFTER Nov. 11

Short

I'm a short person
I'm living a short life
my linguistics are short
and my words are
mono-syllabic
my ideas mono-conceptual
my lines are short
I take short breaths
I write short poems

- Seth Goldwin .

Nov. 6: "Alphaville" -
directed by Jean Luc-Godard,
starring Eddie Constantine,
Anna Karina, Akim Tamiroff
& Laszlo Szabo. Black &
White, 1965, 100 minutes -
French with English
Subtitles

Nov. 13: "Dodes' KAIDEN"--
produced, directed & written
by Akira Kurosawa, starring
Yoshitaka Zushi & Junzaburo
Ban.- Color (His first!),
1970, 140 minutes - Japan-
ese with English subtitles

Nov. 18-20: The Man Who Fell to
Earth" - directed by Nicolas
Roeg, starring David Bowie,
Buck Henry, & Candy Clark.
Color, 1976, 118 minutes

continued from page nine

got kicked off campus myself.
Whole bureaucratic tangle over
the distinction between "animal"
and "student." Granted, I had
fleas, but like I said then, that's
hardly decisive--for example, you
can find some animals that don't
have fleas...

R.R: The pet crisis was out of
the hands of the SEC from the
start. People went straight to
Dale Hartman. The point is that
the SEC has been eclipsed. It
should be the focal point of all
interests, political and other-
wise, of the student body. It
should even serve as the focal
body of student grievances against
faculty and staff--I don't mean
any time a single student has any
problem with a teacher, but we all
know that in the past there have
been very widely held grievances
against certain individuals with-
out any action being taken for a
long time. The SEC should be a
voice in those cases. And we should
be supportive of reopening B-dorm.
The trend toward this school becom-
ing a commuter school is disastrous.

Also, mention in your article that
I'll be in the Student Affairs office
from 7 to 10 p.m., Monday through
Thursday. I'll be holding court dur-
ing those hours if anyone wants to
speak to me.

G.M: Last but not least, do you
think I have a future in journalism?

R.R: No, not if journalism has a
future.

Power, space, time and a visitor



David Bowie in Nicolas Roeg's film
The man who fell to Earth

Also starring Rip Torn · Candy Clark · Buck Henry · from Cinema 5

R

laughed at is somehow less terrifying. We are very verbal, or most of us are, and we will skirmish ner-

most students would have agreed, though they might perhaps have thought that any attempt to present the place...

Godard's *Le Gai Savoir*: The Politics of Meta-

"There are times when the class struggle is the struggle of an image against an image and of a sound against a sound. In a film, it is the struggle of an image against a sound and a sound against an image."

--Jean-Luc Godard, "British Sounds"/
"See You At Mao"

Towards the end of Godard's "Les Carabiniers" (1962-63), Michelange, one of the main characters in this modern Iliad, wanders into a movie house to see his first film. On the screen appears the image of a woman undressing and carefully seating herself in the high-sided bathtub where she provocatively laves herself. Fascinated by the illusive nudity, Michelange first changes seats hoping to find a more revealing line of vision. Finding none he walks to the front of the theatre, climbs to the stage and begins to jump at the screen hoping to peer over the edge of the obtrusive bathtub. Frustrated, deciding to climb in with her, he knocks down the entire screen only to find that a few feet in front of him --now projected on a dirty brick wall with fading posters-- is the same image equally oblivious to his insistent presence. In many ways this scene is a tour de force: a meta-cinematic commentary on a society living so totally within its media/signification systems that desire as an expression of the subject is everywhere redefined and redirected through a confusion of referent and representation.

The sign no longer designates or refers back to any subjective or objective "reality", but to its own internal logic. The representation becomes its own referent and the use-value of the sign disappears to the profit only of its commutation and exchange-value. Following a phenomenological line of thought propounded by theorists from Brecht through Robbe-Grillet, Godard thus proposes in "Le Gai Savoir" to counter the pernicious effects of passivity and assimilation (what Brecht called "digestion") through rupture: there must be an opportunity for the spectator to break the "fascination" exercised by the film in order for him/her to think the film, rather than be absorbed by it. Only then can the film return to its dialectical function (a dialogue that opposes as it links both spectator and statement): "to see a film is to create the images that are missing from it."

"Le Gai Savoir" (a direct product of the May 1968 student-worker demonstration in France) may, then, be taken to represent a radical break in both Godard's career as a film-maker, and more importantly, in the self-understanding of political cinema. Disowning all his films made prior to 1968, declaring his purpose to be destruction of cinema and the autorial consciousness, substituting a rigorously collective central group for the director's privileged position, Godard's politicized aesthetics centers here on just what

"What do people really understand by knowledge? ... Nothing more than the apparent need to trace what is strong back to something known. The known, that is to say, what we are accustomed to so that we no longer marvel at it: is our need of knowing anything more than this need of the known?"

--Nietzsche, *Le Gai Savoir*

and how cinema can mean and be in relation to its political function. The examination of the cinema's ability to demystify (or, de-construct) itself is carried out through an analysis of the praxis of its basic cinematic means, i.e. sound and image.

The problem Godard is dealing with parallels exactly the Heideggerian challenge already directed at literature as a meaning-oriented form: to act as though some kind of innocent discourse could be used against an ideology amounts to continuing to believe that language can be a neutral instrument and innocent vehicle, rather than realizing that it is a material reality and therefore co-determining element of the political, legal, and ideological superstructure in which it functions. As the French structuralist Roland Barthes pointed out: "in fact no language exists outside the bourgeois ideology. Our language stems from this ideology, returns to it and remains within it. The only possible counter-attack is neither that of confrontation nor that of destruction, but that of theft: fragmenting the text devoted to culture, to science, to literature and dissimulating its characteristics into unrecognizable forms in much the same way one would disguise stolen merchandise... the work's social importance is due to the violence which allows it to go beyond the laws of a society, of an ideology, or of a philosophy which present themselves as capable of reconciling all contradictions in some beautiful movement of historical intelligibility."

Godard's cinematic technique, as a revolutionary praxis, consists in restoring, on an explicit level, the implicit contradictions rendered invisible by the normal inclusion of every sound-image unit in a reified ideological context. A photo of a white-smocked technician sitting before an oscilloscope and exuding intellectual competence, job-security and participation in the March of Progress is made to reveal its suppressed implications when there is scrawled across it: One Dimensional Man. A photo of Andre Malraux, the aged evangelist of tarnished Gaullist glories (who once actually said: "We have turned our churches into museums, now all that is left is to turn our museums into churches.") is invaded by the letters C.R.S. (an auxiliary federal police organization scattered throughout France and immortalized in May '68 for the diligent repression of workers' strikes/demonstrations by the slogan "C.R.S./S.S."), here transformed into their more indicative variants of C culture, R epublicque, S ilence.

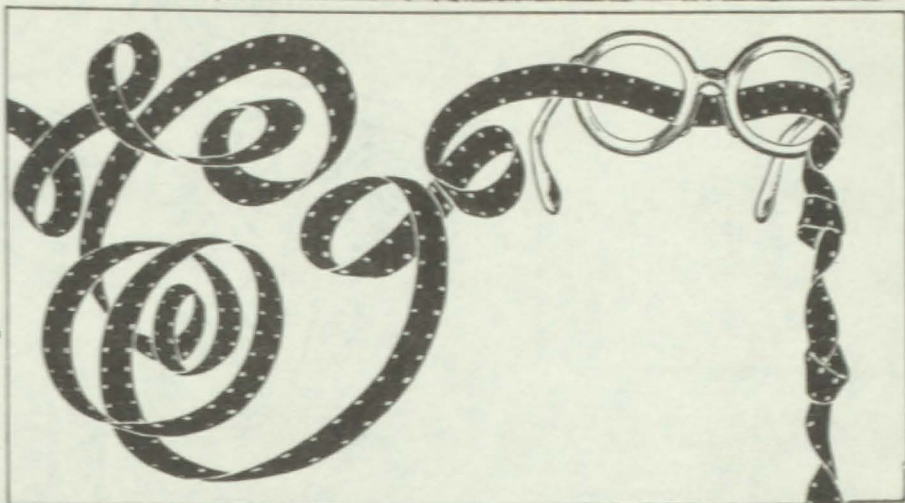
In each of the examples cited above a written

Cinema

by Peter Bynum

"What we demand is the unity of politics and art, the unity of content and form, the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form.... On questions of art, we must carry on a struggle on two fronts."

--Mao



word or phrase is used to initiate a counter-ideological, purgative movement within the single image. This "discourse on the method of the sound and the image" is important not only as it implies the film's concern with initiating a kind of Cartesian *tabula rasa* (a "getting back to zero à la the Emile Rousseau of 1762), but a way of underlining the epistemological structure common to our perception of both words and images. The security of the bourgeois tradition is based on its claim to overcome the arbitrariness of its symbolic language by everywhere confirming it with a visual image pretending to be an iconic copy of the real. Each sustaining the other, this coincidence of sound and image is able to mask itself as a necessity, a state of fact, a state of nature.

The intent of "Le Gai Savoir" (and here is as good a time as any to point out that the title, along with Nietzsche's *Die Frohliche Wissenschaft*, translates as "The Joyful Wisdom") is to demonstrate to the audience that the visual image (the very substance of film) is, like language, the result of an arbitrary and coded manipulation all the more dangerous because it is so easy to deny its arbitrariness. Patricia (Juliet Berto) cautions that whenever we are confronted by a fact, a statement, an image apparently unquestionable in its objectivity, we must look beyond that ideological simplicity to discover a suppressed complexity: "An image is never an image, but a contradiction of images." No image, filmic or otherwise, can be an innocent copy of what is: every image implies a method of its fabrication or isolation.

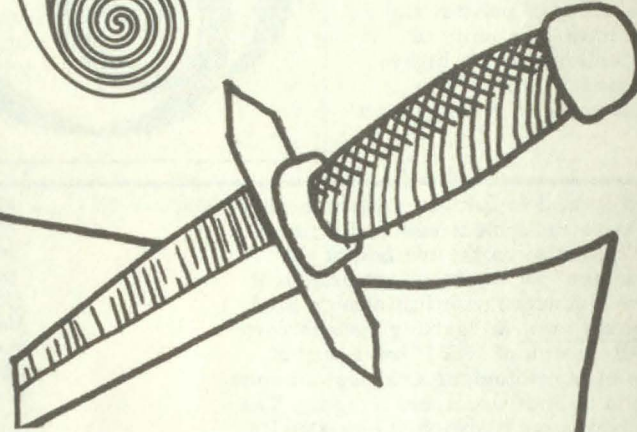
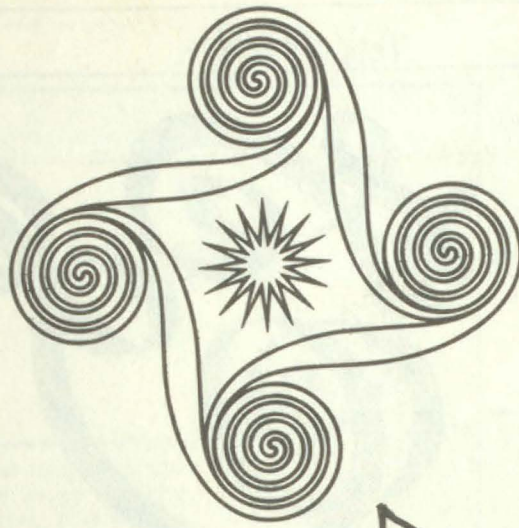
We must discover the discourse of that method and, in so doing, discover our own discourse as societal beings necessarily defining ourselves within these images. Rejecting the "ideology of the real" (objectivism, the belief that things are somehow innocently there) is the first and necessary step towards overcoming the "ideology of the true-to-life" (a correspondence theory of truth, the belief that these same things can somehow be innocently represented). The proper object of study, once simplicity is unmasked, becomes the "identities, relationships, and differences" characterizing those discourses.

As a medium, film can potentially become the single most effective antidote to this ideology. In "real life" (ideological life) the twin systems of symbolic language and iconic imagery, as two arbitrarinesses circling in the same orbit, point always to the other as a sufficient confirm-

ation of their combined adequacy to the "real": what language leaves unsaid, the image declares; what the image leaves vague, language makes precise. (An image appears. Emile Rousseau (Jean-Pierre Leaud) tells Patricia she's forgotten the sound. She replies: "No I haven't--they're the same.") The film, as the union of sound and image, can choose to serve this ideology or revolt against it. Godard's is the path of revolt.

The goal here becomes that of dissolving almost chemically that societal "nature" existing at the interface of sound and image. Only in this way can the "real" be shown in its arbitrariness, in its highly motivated service to a definable political-economic system (in this case, advanced capitalism). The film, as a medium permitting a radically new union of sound and image, can thus become a vehicle of liberation. An effective revolution against economic and political exploitation can take place only when we have overturned the epistemological imperialism on which it is founded. Godard's problem is thus, externally, to discover the limits of cinema as a didactic art form capable of ideological demystification and, internally, to decide upon the best methodological approach to a discursive inducement of the process of self-reflection within the working class. As a vanguard of this class he, and they, must master both: the critique of weapons and the weapons of critique.

In laying the foundations for a truly revolutionary art, then, Godard has made a film so violent that it cannot, like Costa Gavras' "Z" for instance, be absorbed, co-opted, emasculated and deprived of its revolutionary potential by being inducted into that bourgeois duplex we honor as the House of Art and Culture. (Isn't Bergman's commercial--and commercialized--success the proof of his innocuousness?) "Le Gai Savoir" serves as, and was meant to serve as, a prolegomenon to any future revolutionary cinema, an effect achieved via a radical displacement of the problematic with which film should be concerned. It is, in a very real sense, a sustained inquiry into the limitations and potential of the medium's role in a society which is politically and epistemologically pre-revolutionary. "Le Gai Savoir" is not a *mimesis* but a *poesis*: a step in the making rather than in the mirroring of a true (i.e. an adequate) revolution. As Godard replied when asked by an interviewer whether his films had a beginning, middle and end: "Yes, but not necessarily in that order."



WE AFFIRM:

- That freedom of inquiry is the cornerstone of education.
- That each student must generate his own vital questions and program his own education, free from central control by administrative bureaucracies and disciplinary oligarchies.
- That the class character of age in our society subverts education, and that the young are not too young to teach, nor the old too old to learn.
- That education is not a commodity, and should not be measured out in units, grade points, and degrees.
- That education is a process involving the whole environment, which can only occur in a total community, in which each individual participates equally in making the decisions which importantly affect his life.
- That education aims at generality rather than specialization, and should supply the glue which cements together our fragmented lives.
- That education which has no consequences for social action or personal growth is empty.
- That action which does not raise our level of consciousness is futile.
- That the ultimate politics will be based on Knowledge, liberty, and community, rather than on hate, fear, or guilt.
- That the most revolutionary thing we can do is think for ourselves, and regain contact with our vital centers.
- That the most important questions which confront us must be asked again and again, and answered again and again, until the millenium comes.
- That the natural state of man is ecstatic wonder!
- That we should not settle for less!