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The Sandspur

VOLUME 80 ISSUE 6 DECEMBER 4, 1973

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Editor's Note:

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea! Let's go to press!

With a sigh of relief, etc. Spotlights this week, of course, "The Greeks, Part II . . . The Strange & Fearful Saga of Greek Weekend or Return to Thermopylae." Powerful stuff, this. Also featured is a personality piece on Mr. Wilbur-Webb Selley, the local inventor and philosopher. Mr. Selley's "Freedom Manifesto" may be read in its entirety on the bulletin board in the Union.

It is with deep regret that we report the death of our guest and critic, Fred, who was featured in the Editor's Note in Issue Five. His untimely demise occurred several weeks ago on Fairbanks Avenue as he attempted to cross. His imperturbability in times of crisis was matched only by his ravenous hunger and enmity for veterinarians. We remember fondly the nights when the office would be filled with people - typewriters going, the radio on full blast, the telephone ringing, and people shouting and laughing and cursing - and Fred would sleep through it all, arising only to eat. He was a fighter and could be as tough as nails when he so chose, but could also be as affectionate as a kitten the next minute. We shall miss him.

-PAT

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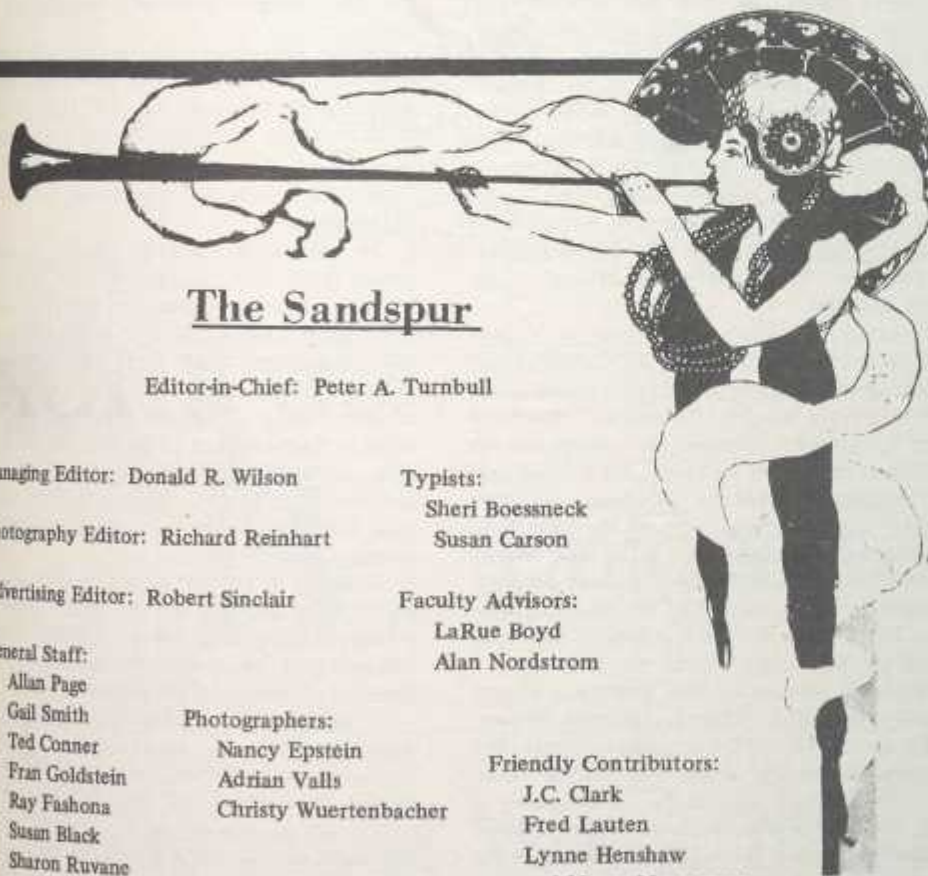
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NATIONAL NOTES

(CPS)—The ashes of American author Edgar Snow have been interred in a tomb on the campus of Peking University in China. Inscribed on the tombstone are the words "In memory of Edgar Snow, and American Friend of the Chinese people."

Snow, author of *Red Star Over China*, spent several years in China before and after 1949, and was a consistent supporter of the Chinese revolution until his death last year. He had requested that part of him remain in China after his death.

Liao Cheng-chih, who presided over the interment ceremony, said: "Edgar Snow is an old friend of the Chinese people. For several decades, both in the years of hardship during the Chinese revolution and in the years after the founding of New China, he consistently exerted unremitting efforts and made important contributions in promoting mutual understanding and friendship between the Chinese and American peoples."

Snow's widow also spoke at the ceremony. She said: "In the words he left behind my husband expressed his love of China and his wish that part of him remain here after his death as it always did during life. We are placing that part of him now in the ancient soil of China, where respect for mankind has achieved new heights and where hope for the world shines out with new light."

"It is in a sense a true 'journey to the beginning.' Here we commemorate an American... back once again in the country where he saw from the beginning a revolution that not only has freed the Chinese people but continues as a beacon of hope for future generations throughout the world. In Peking University, where he once taught the young, he now lies at rest, where other youths are benefiting from the sacrifices and struggles of past students."

Snow taught at Yenching University, now Peking University, from 1933 to 1938. He wrote *Red Star Over China* in 1936, after a visit to the revolutionary base areas in northern China. Until his death a year ago, Snow continued to write about the Chinese revolution and socialist development.

(CPS)—New voices have been added to the call for Attorney General Designate William B. Saxbe to disqualify himself from playing any role in the reopened Kent State investigation. Saxbe said last month, if confirmed by the Senate, he may halt the investigation.

Citing a conflict of interest for Saxbe, Ohio Civil Liberties Union executive director Benson A. Wolman asked Senate Judiciary Committee chairman James Eastland (D-Miss.) to "secure assurances" that Saxbe not be part of the federal decision-making process concerning the investigation. According to the Higher Education Daily, Wolman said an examination of campaign and other records in Columbus indicates leading figures in the Kent State investigation have close personal and political ties with Saxbe. The Ohio senator served as state attorney general under Governor James A. Rhodes in May, 1970 when four Kent students were killed by National Guardsmen.

Wolman joined two former Kent students in calling for Saxbe's disqualification of the matter. Greg Rambo and Paul Keane, who twice submitted petitions containing over 10,300 signatures to the White House urging a federal grand jury probe, said Saxbe is an inactive colonel in the Ohio guard and also served at one time as a private in the 107th Cavalry. The role Troop G of that unit played in the shootings has been the focus of the new Justice Department investigation ordered last August under direction of Assistant Attorney General J. Stanley Pottinger, chief of the Department's Civil Rights Division.

Referring to Saxbe's involvement as "a close political and official associate of persons who are among the principal objects of criminal investigation in the Kent State matter," attorney David E. Engdahl renewed his request for an immediate hearing on an appeal for a court ordered investigation into the shootings. As Ohio attorney general at the time of the shootings, Engdahl said, Saxbe was the official legal advisor both to Rhodes and the Ohio Guard. Engdahl is attorney for the parents of the four slain students and of the wounded students seeking a federal grand jury hearing on the tragedy.

Engdahl's suit states that Deputy Assistant Attorney General K. William O'Conner acknowledged on May 10, 1973 that Justice Department attorneys on the case at the time Attorney General John Mitchell halted the investigation already had sufficient evidence to support federal indictments against several Ohio guardsmen for their role in the shootings. In view of subsequent refusals by Mitchell's successor, Richard Kleindienst, to continue the Justice probes, Engdahl said, "Saxbe's comments give rise to grave apprehensions."

According to a Justice Department spokesman, Pottinger has refused to "answer questions in regard to what he would do if Saxbe does halt the investigation. The spokesman said Pottinger will consider the problem only when Saxbe is actually confirmed by the Senate and actually does halt the investigation."

At the time the decision to reopen the investigation was made Attorney General Elliot Richardson said, "In the light of Assistant Attorney General Pottinger's review of the file... there are some areas where additional inquiry is desirable." Saxbe, however, said recently that to open the case without new evidence is "merely calm 'public clamor' was a 'grossly unjust thing.'"

As Attorney General Designate, Saxbe has not reviewed results of recent investigation reports by the Justice Department. Saxbe told the Cleveland Plain Dealer if "new evidence is turned up that there was a conspiracy (to the students), I would have a grand jury investigate."

Two members of the Senate Judiciary Committee, Edward M. Kennedy (D-Mass.) and Birch Bayh (D-Ind.) have announced their intention to raise the issue during committee hearings on Saxbe's nomination. Kennedy and Bayh are expected to ask Saxbe to pledge to remove himself from the case and allow Pottinger to decide whether a federal grand jury investigation is in order.

There have been unconfirmed reports that a five man team of Justice Department attorneys studying the shootings may be trying to determine whether a conspiracy to shoot students actually existed. A recent book, *The Truth About Kent State* by Peter Davies, makes such an allegation.

In a Miami Herald article Knight newspaper writer David Hess, quoting "informed sources" in Washington and elsewhere, recently reported the "Justice Department is methodically pursuing the theory that as many as 10 Ohio National Guardsmen conspired to shoot into the crowd of Kent State University demonstrators, triggering a fusillade that killed four and wounded nine students in 1970." Justice Department spokesmen, as well as the Ohio National Guards, have officially declined to comment about the charges.

Saxbe is in line to be the fourth Nixon Administration figure to decide whether to convene a federal grand jury. Former Attorney General John Mitchell made the initial decision in August, 1971, fifteen months after the shootings.

In asking Saxbe to disqualify himself, former students Rambo and Keane noted Saxbe's announced desire to restore public confidence in the Justice Department and said, "He has already started out on the wrong foot. If he does one step aside he'll be undermining his own goal."

(CPS)—George Metesky, a Yippee cultural figure and the "Mad Bomber" of New York is moving ever closer to freedom after spending 15 years in various mental institutions. Metesky, now 70, is remembered for his 16 year bombing campaign against public utilities and public landmarks. The aging incendiary is now eligible for release and has begun the complicated legal maneuvers that may result in his release. Yippee supporters have promised a nationwide celebration if he is successful.



Tiffin, Ohio (I.P.)—Urging students to defuse the "plague of the quantity quagmire" by developing their liberal arts skills so they can "know what day it is," Heidelberg College President Leslie H. Fishel, Jr., recently defended the liberal arts against critics who contend that such education is not viable in a society which demands marketable skills, costs too much and produces an elitist group.

"We as individuals on this planet are bewildered by the quantity quagmire," President Fishel said. He named some of the quantities—peoples, culture, knowledge, events, crises.

As a result, he continued, individuals "don't know what day it is" and they become suspicious of established processes and organizations, condemn the established morality and help erode learning patterns by accepting "maximum reward for minimum effort."

Naming some of the complex major issues

in the world—inflation, terrorism, constitutional crises—President Fishel suggested that individuals could "know what day it is" by "defusing" rather than by "amusing, bemusing, or confusing."

President Fishel said liberal arts skills "more than adequately" respond to the need for marketable skills in a democratic society, which he contends is not a society of equals.

"A democratic society," he explained, "is a society of equal groups, and we need leadership, we need management, and we need far-seeing people in order to make life of the world a more fruitful one."

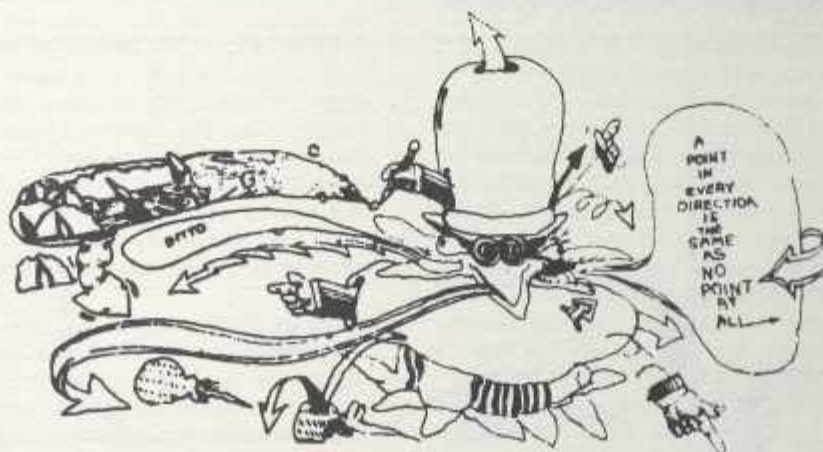
President Fishel suggested that even though a liberal arts education "is going to cost more no matter what," it is worth it. Quoting Derek Bok, Harvard's

Harvard's president, President Fishel said that among the qualities of mind developed by educa-

tion are open-mindedness, respect for facts and a willingness to pursue them, commitment, a taste for learning and a sensitivity to ethical considerations and a capacity to make discriminating moral and value choices.

He pointed to four options a student may use to grapple with the problems in his own personal world: 1) appreciate book learning; 2) be humane; 3) commit yourself to excellence; and 4) "dissipate the dullness which quagmire life brings."

"Develop for yourself as an act of will a sense of mission, a sense of accomplishment," the president continued. "If you can do these things . . . then you really will know what day it is."



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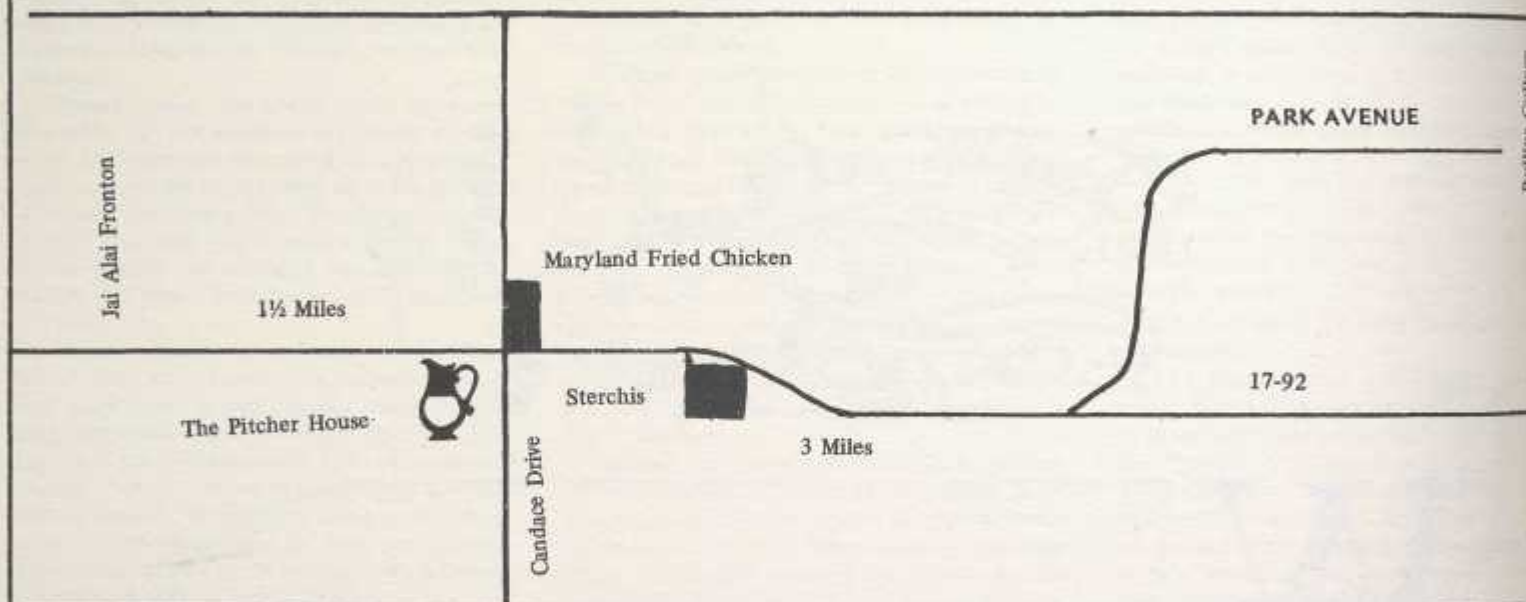
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Facts and Observances: A Commentary Burning Books in North Dakota

by Donald R. Wilson

7

The public school board in Drake, North Dakota is now burning books. The board incinerated about three dozen copies of Kurt Vonnegut's novel "Slaughterhouse Five" in early November. It seems a young sophomore girl complained that the book was profane. Several town ministers called it the "tool of the devil." So the school board ordered it burned, and the janitor threw all the copies in the furnace.

During a special meeting held on November 6 the board scheduled the future destruction of James Dickey's "Deliverance" and an anthology of short works by Faulkner, Hemingway and Steinbeck because of alleged "profane language."

But it seems too that, according to the New York Times and Bruce Severly - the English teacher who assigned his classes the books in question - none of the school board members had read even one of the books they ordered destroyed.

"Slaughterhouse Five" now is, in sum, a rather nonsensical book dealing with space-men, time travel and, in their midst, the bombing of Dresden during World War II. But it is an anti-war novel, however slightly, and Vonnegut does, I guess, redeem his usual shortcomings by that fact - which of course, can't make the novel the devil's tool. And as Faulkner has, by several critical estimates, consistently employed Christ figures throughout his different narratives, his is innocent too in that respect. Steinbeck has always protested social injustice and prejudice; and despite his usual masculine swagger, Hemingway too often has reluctantly betrayed a stolid reverence in much of his work. I don't recall any overt profanity or obscenity in their work either. When Faulkner, Hemingway and Steinbeck wrote most prolifically during the thirties the censors, in fact, forbade the use of such devices.

So in Drake, North Dakota - population 700 - the school board is either confused or lazy. I say confused because the board members don't seem to be clear as to what the "tools of the devil" must be. I say lazy because they obviously have not read the books they've condemned. Yet condemnation is not the point; censorship, though closer, doesn't hit the mark either. The school board in Drake acted - or perhaps reacted - by means of corrosive dishonesty and morally illegal haste. By its chosen verdict, however abstract the terms, the school board unjustifiably murdered not only effort and skill, but in particular the mind.

Personally I hold neither Kurt Vonnegut nor James Dickey in especially high esteem. I am no Vonnegut fan; I am no Dickey fan. But I don't condemn these men for their writing activities. I don't advocate their censorship merely because I am unable to accept either their artistic approach or their ideas. Voltaire mentioned that he might choose not to

agree with the particular opinions held by any individual but, he said, simultaneously he would always defend that individual's right, in other words, to think and to express his thought - in speech or in print. Nothing compels the citizens of Drake to adopt the ideas of Vonnegut or the habits of Faulkner. It is their perfect right to question the worth of the books they've condemned. But it is their responsibility as well to examine thoroughly the object they condemn. A trial always requires an investigation for the sake of fairness and justice. If that is true for individuals, why is it not true for ideas?

I can hear the aloof snigger of worldly critics and intellectuals who doubtless pass off the entire Drake affair as nonsense. But the threat that other towns in the nation might decide to follow Drake's shallow example is, I fear, a close possibility. I once reasoned that no totalitarian society could ever completely triumph as long as books remained in the world. That was when I was in high school after a Catholic priest had successfully banned "Catcher in the Rye" from the curriculum. Books contain the history of man's intellectual development. If for no other reason that should insure their almost sacred status. We view the past by way of book; we plot the future by their noble influence. It is by way of books that we think. It is by way of books that we expand our narrow boundaries and begin the process - sometimes painful, always rigorous - of growth. Burn the book and you begin to burn thought; you burn integrity, you burn ambition and you burn ideals. You begin, in fact, to burn mankind.

The school board in Drake acted with all the hysteria of an unruly lynch mob. I hope that others don't mistake their example as an immediate cure for any literary ailment troubling the nation at the present time. No censorships, no bon fire, no hypocritical imperative will ever check any society's patronage of either smut or pornography. Only individual men by their own choice and initiative can do that.

"Books are the best of things, well used," Emerson has written; "abused, among the worst." I do not mean to suggest that books are the only means in the world to virtue and a full life. But books are perhaps the strongest means by which we can insure that books are not abused and that men do not abuse them. Ignorance is the tool of the devil and you can't burn that. Perhaps you can read it or write it away, but first of all, you must have something to read or write.

"Man," I have read before, "can change his hat but not his heart." They're burning books in North Dakota. What murmur troubles the heart now?

You Can Get Into

Carlos Castaneda
George Gurdjieff
Jane Roberts
Richard Wilhelm
Teilhard de Chardin
Alan Watts
Timothy Leary
Richard Albert
Ralph Metzner
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Wilbur Webb-Selley & The Shackles of the Earth

by Laurie Paine

Wilbur-Webb Selley is an inventor by choice and profession but he is a philosopher by necessity. "I am a philosopher by self-training," says Selley. "I am honorably committed to the founding of a free society."

A staunch, candid individual, Bill Selley speaks with a strong Brooklyn accent. He is a middle-aged man with thinning hair and sharp hazel eyes. He dresses casually in jeans and t-shirts. From his Winter Park laboratory, Creative Associates, Bill Selley designs a variety of devices ranging from the practical to the incredible.

Most of Wilbur-Webb Selley's inventions have been so successful that he has been forgotten in time as the man behind them. His earliest creation was the Roller Grill, which grosses more than \$1 million annually for J.J. Connelly Inc. in New York - a sum of money which Selley himself has seen little of. His Bison vacuum cleaner - the best of its kind - has brought him a total of two royalty checks since its introduction onto the national market. The Cycloptic Projector, a photo-making device for juke boxes, is the only one of its kind in America. He has invented a filter pump and the Perspectograph - which is a mechanical device for translating the plan and elevation views of orthographic drawings into optically exact perspective drawings.

But Bill Selley has made little or no profit from any of these inventions.

"The patent system is a farce," he says. "All the patent gives is the right to litigate. The concept of a patent has never been defined. I think I have unraveled the legal ambiguity around it."

By way of a series of pictures, prints and publications, Selley is attempting to avoid the problems he has faced in the past concerning patents. He is publicizing his latest project as solely his. This latest development is the flying saucer.

The flying saucer is a vehicle powered by a radial gas turbine engine. It will have a seating capacity for two people and will have the potential velocity of 50 mph in a 2-cylinder automobile. The motor will be in the bottom with a gear box which runs an 8-blade fan.



In the words of local commentator Gene Burns, "The saucer will free man from the shackles of the earth, where he has been doomed to crawl like an insect in single file across the surface of the earth."

In the words of its inventor, "The saucer only can be the mode of transportation for a free people."

Thus Selley has contemplated and formulated his own definition of freedom. In his "Freedom Manifesto" he clarifies the concepts of his forefathers.

"Life: the right of each adult to absolute command over his own body. Liberty: the right of each adult to possess his own creations and the product of non-fraudulent transaction. Pursuit of Happiness: the right of each adult to participate in relationships with consenting adults."

Having studied in New York under the novelist/philosopher Ayn Rand, Selley vigorously supports the objectivist philosophy which stresses above all the importance of the individual and his rational mind.

"For the first time since World War II, I sense a unanimity among the people in America," he says. "We are all together in believing something is wrong, and that we have to be together in correcting it. I am really interested in changing some things in a fundamental way. Our government has got to be redesigned."

The majority, according to Selley, should rule the government by means of referendum and opinion polls. In "The Proclamation of Adulthood" he states that "by insidious design several strata of government acting in collusion with 'special interest groups,' have erected an elaborate network of obstacles which interfere with every facet of our personal and economic lives."

Selley believes that ours is not a realistic and truly representative form of government, that the people of this country are becoming aware of this, and that now is necessarily the time of change for survival.

"Let the word go forth that America is about to be changed - not by armed rebellion, but by the direct command of the majority calling for a

second Constitutional Convention. Americans are approaching adulthood in their political awareness and demanding direction and control of the design and behavior of their government. The adult-child analogue of representative government is passe. America must be free by July 4, 1976.

So says Wilbur-Webb Selley in his "Proclamation of Adulthood."

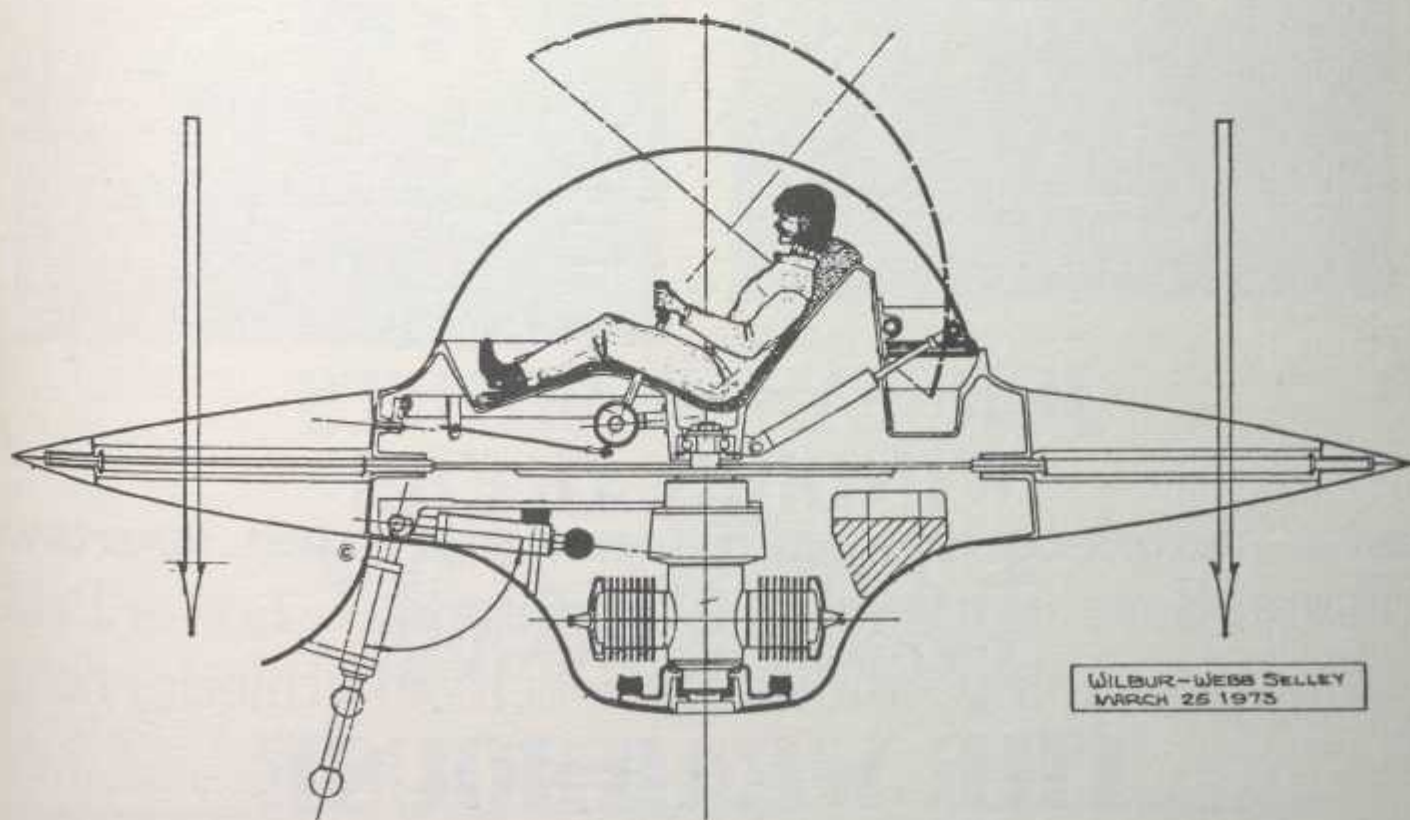
But despite the optimism and enthusiasm he has for his plans and ideas, Selley faces several problems that immediately threaten his own personal liberty.

For one, a possible 5-year sentence for possession of marijuana looms in his future. On Oct. 9, 1972 he and his wife Joan were arrested for possession of marijuana and subsequently acquitted. On Dec. 29 Maitland police raided his home, allegedly found 1/2 ounce of marijuana, and Selley was accused of assault and battery. Both Selley and his wife remain unaware of the cause of the raid, and claim there was no marijuana in their house that night. Selley said he was repeatedly assaulted by the police en route to the police station.

From Feb. 25 to early Sept. of this year the Selleys have made approximately 40 court appearance. They have been acquitted, retried and Selley himself has been sentenced. Judge Peter Demanio gave him a 2-year jail sentence and Selley, disputing the validity of the judgement, asked the judge, "Why not make it five?" - which the judge did.

But Bill Selley is not in jail yet, and he maintains that he cannot and will not be imprisoned.

Wilbur-Webb Selley is an inventor, a politician, a moralist and an objectivist. He is perhaps before his time. It is our prerogative as individuals to agree or disagree with - to accept or not to accept - this man, his ideals and his existence in this, our troubled world. But we must remember that Bill Selley defends our right as individuals to our thoughts and choices and, what is more, he fights for them. He stands firmly on his philosophy.



Intraschool Government

by Gerry Wolfson

The Academic Standards Committee met on November 14 to discuss an addition to the Teacher Education program, the Honors at Graduation and the controversial subject of athletic scholarships. Due to lack of time, though, the discussion of the athletic scholarships was postponed until a future date.

An addition to the Teacher Education program involves mainly the implementation in the Rolins curriculum of uniform criteria established by the State of Florida. These criteria would include a minimum grade point average of 6.0 and a more select screening process. Dr. Virginia Stevens of the Education Department pointed out

that the state has total control over the licensing of student teachers. But, she said, she feels Rolins should reserve the right to devise its own policy concerning the acceptance or rejection of students in the program. The addition was passed and will now be sent to the Senate.

The proposal concerning the Honors at Graduation program involved the omission of the senior thesis requirement and the raising of the minimum qualifying grade point average. After discussion, the resolution was amended to provide for both systems to exist during the present school year - thus giving students an option - and the revised program would be fully in-

stituted as of the 1974-75 school year. The solution was passed as amended and will be sent to the Senate.

The College Senate met on November 15, scheduled, and although no important legislation was passed, the parliamentary maneuvering that took place regarding the key issues of the meeting was precise and - in some instances - relating to more than a few members of the Senate.

The first order of business was Dr. Lancaster's move for the adoption of the proposed plan regarding implementation of the varsity intramural program, as drawn up by the Athletic Board.



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committee under Dr. Danowitz. After some discussion, Fred Lauten moved that all athletic awards be based solely on need, which in turn was later withdrawn after discussion regarding the findings of the Academic Standards. [As reported above, the Academic Standards Committee had postponed their discussion of the question because of lack of time, deciding to devote their next meeting entirely to the questions of both athletic aid and women's athletic scholarships.]

Further discussion centered on the general sentiment that the policy statement should include the goals and objectives of the intercollegiate program and not simply the methods of implementation. As the general vibrations began to grow heavier, a motion to call the question was defeated. After a quick appraisal of the situation, the main motion was tabled, thus stalling any further debate or even any further official CAC work on the proposal.

The second order of business for the day came as Dr. Bonnell moved that all Honors Degree students be required to take only two terms of physical education, rather than the normally required four. In an unexpected move, Lynne Henshaw moved that the phrase "Honors Degree" be deleted and that the word "all" be substituted, which would cut the physical requirements for all students by half. The amendment was defeated, and after further discussion the main motion was also shot down.

Among other business discussed was a report by Dr. Weiss on the status of student evaluation of faculty, which is only one of eleven criteria used. Along with reports of almost 100% faculty

compliance, revision of wording and the addition of space for student comments, Dr. Weiss noted that the committee rejected the idea that the results be published for the Student Association.

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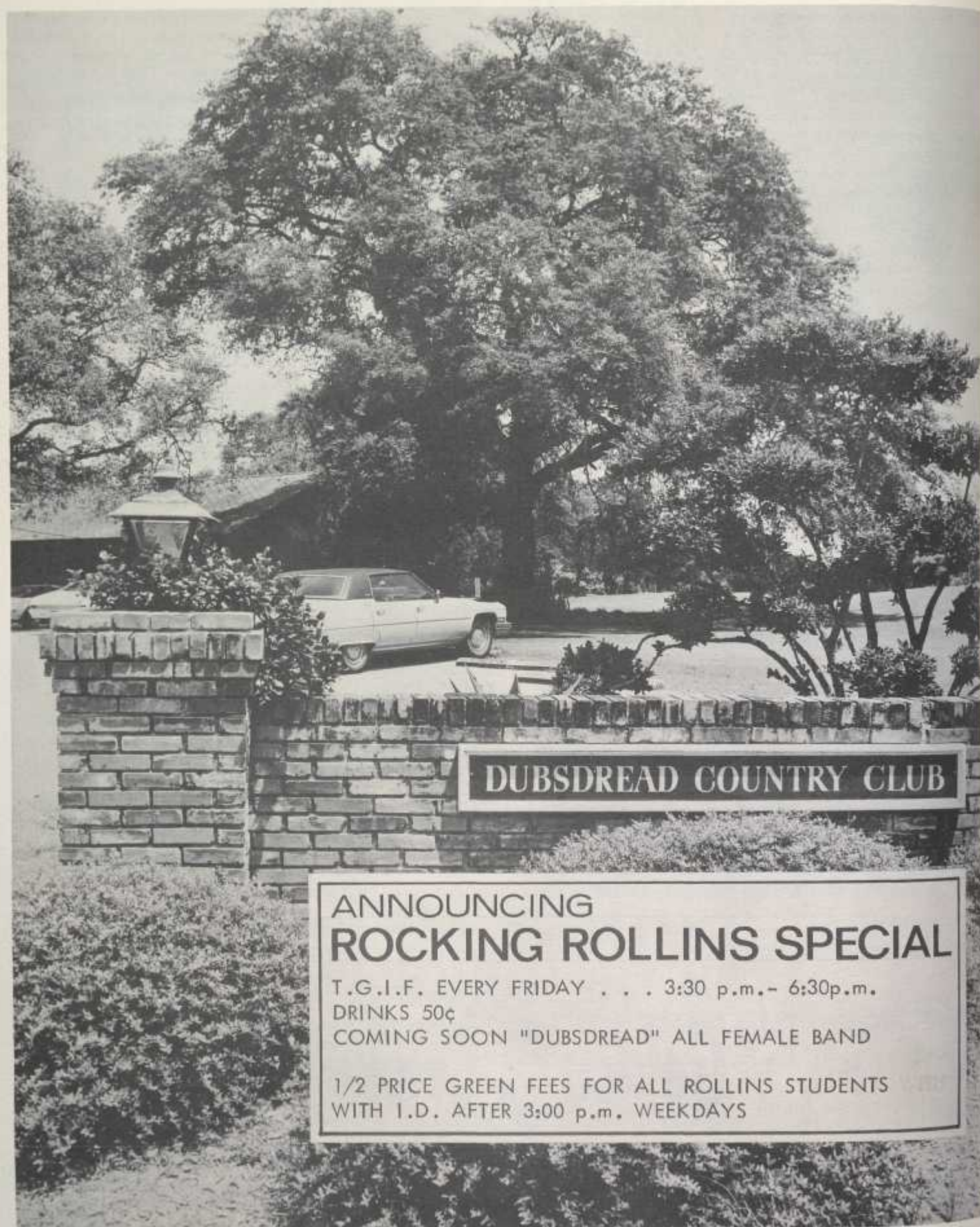


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AMERICAN GRAFFITI

by C. David Watson, Jr.

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary defines graffiti as "a rude inscription or drawing on rocks or wall." Director George Lucas and producer Francis Ford Coppola have put together an amazingly exciting piece of cinema that is most certainly "a rude drawing." It is distinctly American and intensely dramatic.

We first hear Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock" as we see Mel's Drive-In - the center of the universe for the four heroes of the night. It is the last night of the summer for the two who are to leave for college the next morning. The feeling is of extreme anticipation, of the last "Big bash." In a blizzard of early 60's music, the events snowball toward the cathartic climax, and leave the viewer with the taste of art in his soul.

What is it about the 50's and early 60's that has captured the fascination of our time? It was a time of innocence—can it be that simple? Others have said it was the dulllest period of modern American history. Are we searching for a simpler time when the issues were clearer? Were they that clear, or does our hindsight give us a fortunate myopia, a distorted vision of a not-so rose-colored world? Whatever the reason, "Am-

erican Graffiti" has grossed nearly 2½ million dollars in the last twelve weeks. The film has definitely made its mark on our cinema, for it is a significant work.

The incidents strike fast and one is inclined to disbelieve their combination. But it is to the credit of Director Lucas that he has crafted the single elements into a powerful union. The time-honored tradition of dramatic distillation is employed here to great effect, for an essence of the time is felt as the steam of strongly brewed tea.

George Lucas' only other major cinematic contribution was "THX 1138" a futuristic tale of a society kept in line by tranquilizers and of the man who escaped that society. In "American Graffiti," the licence plate of one of the four heroes is "THX 1138"; and while the dragstrip king whose car bears that number is not the final hero, a tradition is created which makes for vital cinema - a continuity of intent.

"American Graffiti" might be called a tragedy. Certainly it documents the tragedy of the vast middle-class of Americans who are "seventeen years old all their life," - the ones who still wear the letter sweaters, who drive '57 Chevys,

who come back to Homecoming every year.

Technically the work is flawless. The cars, the clothes, the carhops on roller skates and, of course, the ever-present blaring AM radio, all are used to perfection. The music is everywhere and the disc-jockey Wolfman Jack takes on a god-like significance. The legend is that Jack flies through the night, broadcasting far beyond legal limits, invulnerable to earthly attacks. As the punk says, "Ain't nobody gonna get ole' Wolfman."

Performances are also top-notch. All the young actors are unknown, save one - Ronny Howard, who played Opie on "The Andy Griffith Show." Strangely enough, only Mr. Howard's character is shallow. Paul Le Mat and Charlie Martin Smith perform their own outlandish shenanigans to perfection. Richard Dreyfuss as Curt is outstanding from the beginning. He draws you into his world with a simplicity of talent marvelous to behold.

One almost feels irresponsible in the use of so many superlatives. But "American Graffiti" is a superlative film and one that, seen among the spoofs and juvenile imitations of the 50's era that abound today, truly attains a maturity and profundity that must be experienced and savored.

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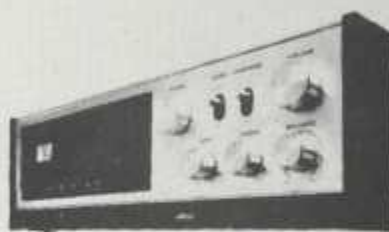
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The Strange & Fearful Saga of Greek Weekend

or

Return to Thermopylae



The full moon shone brightly over the empty playing field, encouraging an almost glossy look to the dew-coated, manicured lawn. The barren bleachers returned a hollow echo to the frequent sound of passing cars and to the menacing roars of the guard-dogs across the street. Countless afternoons had the now-quiet athletic battleground rung with the hurrahs of frenzied supporters of many a team, the sweat of innumerable competitors mixed with tears of joy or sorrow over the victory or defeat of some forgotten championship game, now as inseparable from that field as the moisture pervading the calm evening air.

The stars competed with the harvest moon that night for radiance, even as they would forty days hence as they engaged in illuminatory battle with the great comet Kahoutek. Forty days, roughly— the same period of time for Noah to salvage the remnants of the human and animal kingdoms to renew the search for man's destiny. Forty days before the eighteen-mile wide solid nucleus of ice, methane, and dust would make its customary 75,000 year swing past the earth.

And when the majestic Kahoutek appeared, countless numbers of pre-civilized aborigines in the far, unmapped corners of the globe would take note, and many would be left with the gripping fear that their world would soon end.

Back at the playing field, however, the crickets ceased their tireless chirping as an alien presence made itself known. Whining sounds broken by occasional roars came from the intruder as it made its way over the field. It stopped briefly, as if to consider the situation before finally attacking, and then began to move with surprising speed over the ground. Great chunks of earth and sod flew as the thing roared across the field, careening and swerving into the goal nets as though to remove these important guardians of the contested field. And removed these lonely sentinels were, torn from the ground with unrelenting bursts of flashing violence.

At last the intruder sensed its work to be complete, and made its way back across the field without pausing even to glance at the broken gate through which it had abruptly forced its entry earlier. The field now lay in shattered disrepair once more, awaiting still the arrival of Kahoutek—when men would shiver in their beds as the land lay bathed in unholy light.

Great Kahoutek the Unsuspected.

"The first thing you should understand about social fraternities and rushing is that you don't have to belong to some social organization in order to find your place on the Rollins campus! Your success as a college student depends entirely upon you, and not whether you are a member of one of the fraternities. Membership in a fraternity does not prove anything by itself. What you are yourself is what counts!"

—1950-51 R-Book

This year, as in years past, the Interfraternity Council and the Panhellenic Council sponsored, coordinated, and generally ran the phenomena known to the Rollins campus as "Greek Weekend." The three-day marathon is understood by one and all to be the social event of the season, totally unparalleled by any party or gathering throughout the rest of the year; for indeed, this particular weekend is the climax of Fall Rush, the time for regeneration and renewal for all fraternities and sororities.

Throughout the nation in the latter part of the Sixties, Greek-letter social organizations fell victim to what has been termed in some circles "an expansion of social consciousness." The percentage of new members fell consistently year after year all over the country, until the situation reached a crucial point: either the social organizations were going to have

to change both their image and their guidelines (particularly clauses within the charters of numerous national organizations concerning restriction of membership to individuals of certain races and religions), or else simply fold.

And so Rollins changed as well. In the middle Sixties the College adopted a new policy regarding Greek social organizations, specifying that any group discriminating against anyone on the basis of race, creed, or national origin would be banned from campus altogether. Despite initial sluggishness, the IFC and Panhell martialled their troops into compliance. The community still clung to the "country-club" image, however, and in less than a decade the percentage of Greeks within the student body fell from an all-time high of almost 90% to less than 40%. Many groups once national opted for local status, and some fell by the wayside in the process. The IFC and Panhell faded as once-powerful entities into a position of utter impotency.

More than a few people laughed at Hunt Marckwald last year upon reading his statement in the Sandspur (Volume 79, Issue 8) that ".....the Greek system has undergone a renaissance at Rollins this year." The facts were right there; only 37% of those eligible pledged on the Sunday before Thanksgiving. But Marckwald, then vice-president of the Interfraternity Council, was undaunted. Brash, blunt, and outspoken beyond the point of diplomacy, he led the vanguard of then-juniors in revising and reviving the crippled giant.

Systematically they set about publishing the lapsed "Funny Book," and while it was not exactly heavy reading, it did prove to be the cock greeting the newly-rising sun. The vanguard— including such people as Mike Ebner, Terry Hackett, Donald Best, and Bryan Lavine— began leading the fraternities and sororities to a state of mutual cooperation and responsibility through such events as the initial all-College mixer at Steak & Brew, various and sundry manouvers throughout the campus cleaning up badly-littered and neglected areas, contributing heavily to charitable organizations, staffing the Chapel Ushers, sponsoring an exceptionally convivial IFC-Faculty Advisor dinner, and on and on and on. Through such unifying actions, the Interfraternity Council and the Panhellenic Council began to invoke a spirit within their respective member-groups of brotherhood and sisterhood, as well as a feeling of mutual responsibility and almost familial togetherness. Of course, all of this was terrifically reinforced by the routine round of formal and informal parties every weekend.

This spirit became more and more evident as freshmen in turn became more and more interested in and enthusiastic about the Clubbers, the NCMs, the Lambdas, the Alpha Phis, the TKEs, the Thetas, the Sig Eps, the Kappas, the Guildos, the Chi Os, the Phi Deltas, the Phi Mux, and the KAs.

In his book "Secret Societies" journalist Norman MacKenzie proposes that when stripped of ritual and symbolism, these societies "...seem as if they are ultimately aimed at securing some sort of conversion by an inner illumination. Even the initiation ceremonies of the Chinese criminal gangs in Hong Kong have the quality of a religious experience that translates the initiate out of his mundane world into a new kind of fellowship."

The great Swiss psychologist Carl Jung regarded this theme of rebirth as an essential part of what he called "individuation," the process by which an individual grows up and takes on adult status. But Jung went on to say that this process was deeper than simple secular— it was connected with man's need to find meaning in his life, to come to terms with the mysteries of his existence. Thus the spiritual need often found expression in the feeling of rebirth.

And so the process of rebirth began at Rollins on that fateful weekend for the Greeks.



From a Long Conversation with a Fellow Traveller:

"Nooo, are you kidding? I'm not in a fraternity, you know that. But y'see, you really didn't need to be last weekend. I tell you, it was one of the wierdest goddamn weekends I have ever spent on this campus, and I've had some strange ones. You oughta know, you've been with me enough times. But everybody was so loose!

"What happened? Well, that depends on what time you're talking about and which party. I was at all of them at one point or another. See, we had gone out to dinner and had gotten high afterwards, you know just driving around and getting loose, kind of a warm-up. So we got back to campus around nine-thirty or so and decide to start at Rex Beach 'cause we heard that they had a bluegrass band that was supposed to be pretty good. Oh yeah, beer flowing like water and everybody having a hell of a time.

"After a while the band went on break and some guys got the mike and started bullshitting around, so we split and went around to the other parties. The Tekes were...well, you know, the Tekes, but it was pretty good. More beer. After finally finding a bathroom that didn't have a line half a mile long, I lost my friends and decided to try to find them, so I went over to the Lambda house. It was pointless trying to get in there, so I just gave up and kept on going.

"So I see a bunch of people I know up in the balcony of the Guild house and they start hollering down to me to come on up and to indulge with them a bit. What can I say? I'm a gentleman, right? I just go up to the second-floor landing by way of the back stairs when the fire alarm goes off right over my head. Well, there doesn't seem to be any general panic taking place, so I mosey down the hall, stopping to chat every now and then. Just when I get down to where I was heading, the Winter Park cops

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round the corner of the hall, so I simply detour right down the stairs from where they came from and head for the Sig Ep house.

"Glad I did, too," cause I heard that a bunch of people got busted. By this time I am considerably loose and feeling no pain, and after messing around at the Sig Eps for a while, I decide to visit the Phi Deltis. Walking down Holt, right out in front of Carnegie, I see Sutley standing there with somebody. So I kinda put my drink inside my jacket as I walk by him, saying, "Good evening, Mr. Sutley. Temperate weather, eh?" or some such manic bullshit. I know, I know, but I was too far gone at this point for it to make any difference. Anyway, he just looks at me with this quined expression and says, "Don't spill your drink on your coat," and turns back to whoever it was he was talking with.

"Yeah, right, freaked me right out. But then the whole evening was like that. Anyway, after about midnight everything became one big blur to me. The whole spiel with the dope and all that booze started to catch up with me, I guess.

"But the strangest goddamn thing was that guy I kept seeing everywhere! No, seriously, he really was. Coming out of the bathroom under the Union and he's walking down the hall. Getting a beer at Rex Beach and he's working the keg. Everywhere, man, simply everywhere. I thought I had the d.t.s or something, 'cause I'd never seen him before in all four years. When I woke up this morning I was scared to take a shower for fear of seeing him in there.

"My friends finally found me up in the Union about one-thirty or two, laid out on the couch, and they collected me as best they could, somehow got me back.. Felt like utter bullshit the next morning, but I have to admit that it was a hell of a night. Jesus! So loose!"



The parties ended after a fashion, and the serious cut-sessions began. This process had been going on for several weeks not by each fraternity and sorority, the sororities having completed their bid selection prior to the evening's festivities. But the fraternities engaged in the strenuous and sometimes painful activity throughout the early morning hours. Nerves already severely taxed by the toll of heavy alcoholic indulgence and lack of sleep, old members and long-time friends frequently turned churlish and fired snappishly at each other as the sun broke through the mists of Lake Virginia. Some simply went to bed, too fatigued to debate individual merits or drawbacks any longer; others, however, kept it up with a Spartan endurance, and would do so until mid morning.

A lull, then, for several hours as the respective group leaders reported in with their final lists, containing the names of those deemed suitable as future brothers or sisters. The bid cards were drawn up one by one, and the nervous tension eased slightly with the simple task.

In McKean Hall the anxious young women waited behind closed

doors for the envelopes to come. Some would wait until the next year, their hopes soon to be dashed as delighted screams echoed through the halls as those more personable, more beautiful, more-dare to admit self-failure of such crushing severity?—desirable, rush for the much-anticipated emotional coupling with their future sisters.

The expectant men strode boisterously to Carnegie Hall to receive their bids, laughing and confidently joking with each other to dispel any outward signs of underlying doubt. Most who trekked over would depart satisfied and excited over their good fortune and fine comrades-to-be. Some, however, would even return that afternoon in fading hopes that they had simply gone to the wrong office or somehow had gotten confused, and would exit the building in stoic solitude or flippant carelessness.

The groups began to mass at the intersection of Park and Holt Avenues around eleven o'clock, the hysteria of the women awaiting their new pledges with open arms at the end of the sidewalk spreading throughout the crowd until the assembly spills over onto the street. Traffic going through the intersection is slowed and then almost completely blocked. A car turning from Park onto Holt tries to inch its way through the drunken and fatigued crowd, and the already razor-sharp nerve ends seem to give way as a young man scrambles onto the car and leans back on the windshield, pounding all the while with a mug on the hood of the car. The driver begins to panic and races his motor, and the young man slides off the car and melts back into the crowd.

Bob Sutley is soon there, pulling up in his van and racing over to find someone...in charge, only to narrowly miss a full beer can thrown from somewhere in the crowd, which now senses some kind of repressive force in their midst, and the air turns ugly for a few moments. But the crowd begins to dissipate and head for respective dens to extoll their luck at having once again so vigorously and intuitively renewed their brood. The tense moments in the street are forgotten.

Again, a brief lull for the second regrouping prior to the final frenzied tribal dance of victory at Rose Skillman Hall.

From the Notebook, 11/11/73:

".....gulped down the last of the screwdriver before heading for Beans.....Granger, mgr. of place, nowhere to be seen.....thought of eating unbearable, as the alcohol and tension too much to bear right now.....first of sororities entering now, go thru food line and then back to tbls.....all of them in now, singing erupts, trays on chairs and tbls mounted.....Reinhart haggard & worn, begins taking pictures.....the noise ungodly—singing, screaming, clapping, stamping of feet on tables, crying—will tables stand?.....Sappho unleashed.....up by the trays and silverware for central position, fraternities starting to enter now.....Jack Daniels bottle rolls to our feet, Confederate flags, obscene costume, singing getting louder—unusual ringing in ears.....Reinhart reemerges.....knees starting to shake badly now.....noise, chaos, bodies everywhere.....not knees shaking but foundations of floor.....if floor gives all will end up in bookstore.....direct Reinhart back for pic of Terry & Hunt.....both grim but...pleased?.....food start flying, ketchup bottles, mustard, trays of food & glass ground into floor.....have to leave, can't stand it.....hit by sausage while departing"

If Marckwald and Hackett had seemed grim before the food fight erupted, one can only imagine their dispositions as they again took responsibility for their fold and cleaned up the demilitarized zone. Amazingly enough, only one table broke throughout the entire ordeal and nobody was hurt. The mess, however, was fantastic.

The campus was relatively calm throughout the afternoon as most of the student body slept it off before engaging in the evening's fir-

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pledging activities. Only a minor incident—another food fight in the Beanery—marred the otherwise placid dusk.

As classes resumed on Monday, faculty members shook their heads in disbelief upon hearing various recollections of the weekend's activities. Some ignored it, some were amazed, some were amused, and some were disgusted. And of the professorial multitude, three men— all lean and sharp and quick as timber wolves on the prowl— agreed upon their much-discussed course of action.

Dr. Jack Lane, Head of the History and Political Science Department; Dr. Dan DeNicola, Assistant Professor of Philosophy; and Dr. Fred Hicks, Executive Assistant to the President— three men whose names would soon be roundly cursed for the sheer evil, maddening plot about to be unleashed on the still unsteady Greeks.

For on Tuesday afternoon, November 13th, they attacked; the cunning outlaw trio released a memo to the entire faculty, announcing their submittal to the Council of the Senate a resolution calling for the abolition of all Greek-letter social organizations, both local and nationally affiliated, from the campus, effective September, 1974. They went on further explaining their reasoning: "Events of the past weekend have again brought directly to the attention of the College Community the basic question, 'What value, if any, do the Greek letter social organizations have to the purposes and programs of the College?'"

The thrice-damned blackguards had even meted out the final indignity of not bothering to send copies of the memo to either the IFC or the Panhell. Needless to say, they soon discovered the situation. Acting with posthaste, Marckwald and Hackett called their stalwarts into action, first for an emergency meeting with Dean Pease and then an emergency meeting of all the Greeks that night at seven o'clock in Bush Auditorium.

Word of the resolution and the emergency meeting swept the campus like brushfire; by six-fifteen all quarters had been alerted. The

Beanery that night was the scene of close-mouthed huddles at many tables, and the new pledges listened closely as they squirmed at the thought of something so new to their hearts and lives about to be brutally wrenched away.

And as the appointed hour drew near, tight-lipped and defiant multitudes strode nervously to Bush for the Word.

And Hunt Marckwald gave the Word, and the Word was grim.

Some four hundred Greeks, hopeful Greeks, curious bystanders, and responsible members of the press listened attentively to the shaken young man as he read the indictment in its entirety and interpreted the meaning thereof to the multitude. Marckwald was indeed shaken, even as the vanguard that sat behind him as he spoke, but he was filled with a fiery determination and righteous indignation that the crowd sensed and understood and in like manner responded.

With off-hand ease and caustic humor, Marckwald candidly spoke about the situation now confronting them: "There are a lot of things that can be said about this. We can begin by suggesting why the whole weekend went crazy, but that won't do too much good; it's too late now. The thing I'm most concerned about at this point is this resolution. The Senate, for my money...would vote all you people out,...being comprised basically of people who are not impressed with the Greek system. And after what we showed them this weekend, they don't have too much to base their money on." On the damages: "Some guy, and I don't know who it was, jumped on a light brown sedan with a white top...he did a couple of hundred dollars worth of damage, and we later found out who the gentleman was. His name is James W. Heddon, and he's the personal attache of Hugh McKean...bad choice, very bad choice."



On to strategy: "The first [alternative] that I think is very mandatory is that this whole thing remain very low-key." He stressed the need for the guilty to turn themselves in to the IFC Judiciary Council, saying "If we don't take care of this ourselves, the questions gonna be asked, what kind of brotherhood or sisterhood is this that does nothing by protect their own, when indeed their own is at fault?"

"Maybe it's time we cleared the air," he concluded, "I think that if we all worked together that we can really do it. But this is the time; get loose, work together, be positive," and here he picked up a copy of the resolution, "and we can take this thing and tear it to shreds."

The applause was enthusiastic but brief; these were determined people, and there was much work to be done.....but where to begin?



Numerous war councils met that night across the campus, various strategies, dubious counter-plots, and countless justifications for continued existence were expounded upon for hours. But everyone eventually concluded that Hunt had been right—that the main thing was to keep it low-key. Calls went out to important alumni who had been active in national organizations, and the consensus here remained firmly negative: the Student Court maintained original jurisdiction over all offenses of the Code of Student Conduct.

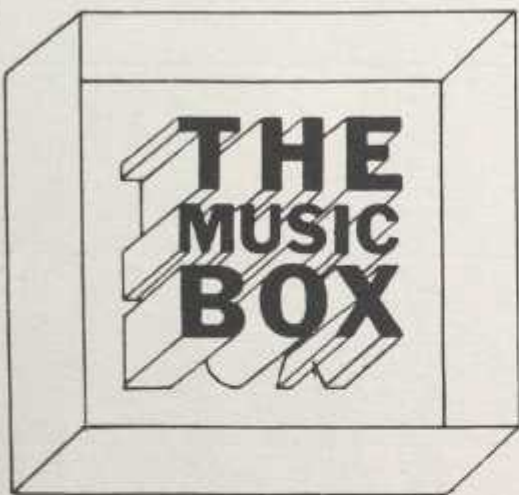
The IFC and Panhell met throughout the week while individuals with strong senses of martyrdom bared their necks to heavenward. But the grossest offenders kept quiet, or so it seemed. An arrangement was made between Student Court and the IFC Judiciary Council that the defendants could be tried by their direct peers! The result was firmly negative: the Student Court maintained original jurisdiction over all offenses of the Code of Student Conduct.

Thus initially stalemated, the Greeks nervously awaited the decision of the Council of the Senate, which sent the resolution directly to the College Activities Committee as expected. At this point, Thanksgiving intervened and the situation dropped into lowest key.

Here the saga temporarily ends; a strange and fearful tale of clashing lifestyles and modes of thought and mob behavior. Conclusions are not to be readily drawn, but impressions spring to the mind with incredible ease and subjectivity.

And while the situation remains in flux—low key or otherwise—the great comet Kahoutek will be streaking nightly through the winter sky. Kahoutek, the dazzling display of cosmic beauty to be seen for the first time from a three-dimensional perspective, outshining the moon in its brief passage through our galactic corner.

Great Kahoutek the Unsuspected.



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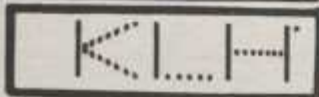
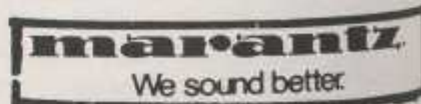
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Fording the Wasteland with the A.F.T.

Last spring the American public began to become aware of a phenomena which had been cause for much excited discussion in the entertainment industry for a year or so. The phenomena is more commonly known as the American Film Theater, the brainchild of producer Ely Landau.

Landau's track record in the film industry is short but significant: "Long Day's Journey Into the Night," "The Pawnbroker," and "The Madwoman of Chaillot." As he tells it, the AFT evolved from two trends: a) that Hollywood doesn't like to make "thoughtful" films and b) New York is becoming increasingly insular in theater and a large audience is missing the best of contemporary theater by lack of proximity to New York.

So Landau conceived the AFT as a "National Theater-on-Film," which would provide the

best plays on film with the best actors and actresses, directors and technicians, to a committed audience on a subscription basis. The plays are shown only four times, twice a day for two days. There are eight motion pictures in this season's offering, and while Landau says that everyone might not like every film, even yet "They will surely make you pause and think about the issues they deal with."

The success of the AFT so far has been most pronounced in the large American cities. In New York City, fifteen theaters are sold out for all four showings, with three houses adding an extra day of showings.

In talking with the manager of the Seminole Plaza Cinema, we found that the program has not met with expected success in this area. Citing ticket troubles and publicity problems as his

biggest headaches, the manager said that he indeed "hope for more" in the way of response. Attendance at the Tuesday matinee is 40%, and word is that Tuesday evening will account for the most brisk trade for the management.

While there has not been communication from the Landau group yet regarding subscription rates for the remainder of the season, individual seats are sold at higher prices (from five to six dollars) for each respective showing.

Literature sent to the management of the Seminole Plaza Cinema indicates that they have not received enough favorable response from area theaters to allow for the formulation of plans for future seasons. Some productions may be repeated, but new films will definitely be made on a yearly basis or otherwise.

**Who
knows
what evil
lurks in
the hearts
of men?**



JACK ANDERSON DOES!

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Jack Anderson

Soon to be a Regular Feature in the
Sandspur, Volume 80, Issue 8 (Jan., 1974)

The schedule of remaining American Film Theatre dates is as follows (all to be shown at the Lincoln Plaza Cinema at the corner of 17-92 and 10th St.): "The Homecoming" by Harold Pinter, Jan. 10-11; "Three Sisters" by Anton Chekov with Laurence Olivier, Jan. 21-22; "Butley" with

Alan Bates, Feb. 4-5; "Lost in the Stars" by Maxwell Anderson, Mar. 11-12; "Rhinceros" by Eugene Ionesco with Zero Mostel, Apr. 8-9; and "Luther" by John Osborne with Stacy Keach, May 6-7.

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Deland, Florida 32720.

Oh yes. Spell it Christmas, please. And leave room at the bottom for us to write, "Hi, we miss you, come visit us."

THE ROLLINS SANDSPUR



Editorials Opinion

[Editor's Note: In response to the request made by the Directorate for a Statement of Purpose from the editors of the Sandspur, we are reprinting here the document for the general edification of the College community. Any suggestions, constructive criticism, complaints, or otherwise should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief either verbally or in print, for they will not be taken under consideration otherwise. The Sandspur is not a newspaper or a literary magazine; rather, it is a newsmagazine and will continue to be so for the remainder of the 1973-74 academic year. Future editors may desire to alter the format in any feasible manner which they deem appropriate, but the format for this particular year has been set and will be adhered to. Our apologies for the lack of more controversial editorials this issue.]

THE SANDSPUR STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

The Sandspur has never had a closely defined editorial format, formula, or publishing concept to which it has had to restrict itself, preferring instead to lend itself to the range of imagination and intelligence of its many and respective editors as to the way, shape, and form in which it was edited, compiled, and published.

Being the oldest collegiate student publication in the State of Florida, the Sandspur has always had faculty advisors (and more recently, a Publications Union) to which it is directly responsible, but never censors; rather, the student Editor-in-Chief has always exercised his or her own discretion, taste, and judgement regarding his or her particular editorial formula.

We have sought and will continue to seek to attempt to maintain our standards and compatibly with those expressed in the Statement and Purpose of the College, particularly,

"Rollins fulfills its purpose when the encounter of the person with the world is kept at the center of the College's concern. So that the student may comprehend and fulfill his task in shaping the future, Rollins seeks to broaden his understanding of influences that have shaped the present and to develop intellectual competence, personal effectiveness, and methods by which knowledge can be discovered and applied Within this setting the College hopes to enlarge the individual's awareness of his capabilities and limitations, stimulate his alertness to contemporary issues and events, deepen his sensitivity to beauty, and contribute to his physical well-being We want the members of the College's community to appreciate the values of various cultures and institutions and as responsible participants, to identify and correct deficiencies in social structures Our central goal at Rollins is the development of the intellectual maturity desired by persons not simply seeking for ways to get along, but for ways to realize more of the human potential."

Our content will not be restricted to campus news alone. Not only is there not enough news of interest and importance to justify an issue devoted entirely to campus news, but the overall intellectual and aesthetic value of the publication would, within this limitation, be deadened. Instead, we will attempt to give an overall look at the different aspects of life in the world, the United States, Central Florida, Winter Park, and the campus itself as seen through the eyes of the members of the Rollins community.

Most importantly and finally, our central purpose is the utilization of creative energy into the skillful expression of intelligence and interest by means of the printed word.

To the Editor:

This is in relation to the "letter to the Rollins Faculty from Dr. Dan De Nicola, Dr. Fred Hicks and Dr. Jack Lane" which appeared in your rival rag this week. It dismays me to see such supposedly "highly learned" men so sadly deluded. This is the second time Dr. Lane has demonstrated his delusions to the world through the Tarpaper. Perhaps that paper prints such lies because they are an organ of the Development (read: Propaganda) Office. But I stray. To wit: I assume that the phrase "community of scholars" refers to Rollins College. Gentlemen, please take the blinders off your eyes. This college is not a "community of scholars." I am not sure what it is. Perhaps it is a camp, perhaps a continuation of the New England prep school, perhaps a Playboy School. But whatever it is, this is our reputation, and it is justly deserved.

I do not criticize us for this. Au contraire, what is wrong with it: there is a place for everything and everyone. When people come to Rollins they do one of two things: 1) They find a place for themselves in the social strata and remain there, fairly contented, for four years, or 2) They leave. Rollins is a great place. Virtually from the first day, you know exactly what the structure is and where you are expected to fit in. And the Greek organizations are the core of that structure.

I am not affiliated with any Greek organization. I found my niche elsewhere. But throughout my three and a third years of observation, I have seen a lot. The Greeks are great. They know what they want and they do it: have fun. One freshman I know told me that he joined a fraternity for "free booze." Another opined that the large number of freshmen pledges is because "they get a lot of dances and stuff that way." Fine and dandy. More power to them. But now the "learned men" say "Do Away!" with these fun-loving bands of nymphs and satyrs.

If the frats and sororities were banished one of two things would happen. 1) The Greeks (over half the undergraduates) would leave and the College would collapse into the pit of bankruptcy, putting DeNicola, Hicks and Lane, among others, out in the cold on their noble misadventures. 2) Signs would appear in the Union West Hall reading something like this: "The group that used to be called Phi Mu will be having a party in Fox Hall Saturday night at 8:00 p.m. No organizational ties involved. B.Y.O." Nuff said.

O sanguine pedants, throw away your pipe dreams! Admit what you are and what this school is and your guilt will fall away as scales from your eyes. You get a livable salary; be satisfied. If you aren't, leave us to our degeneracy, but leave us. And to you Greeks I say, "Fight back!" You have nothing to lose but your legitimacy; you'll survive in any case.

One last comment. I'm disappointed in the College for getting so close to the proper atmosphere we are trying for here, but not going all the way. In addition to the atmosphere, it is an untapped source of incredible revenue. Where,

oh where, are the waiters with red jackets down by the pool, serving us our newly-legalized alcohol?

Dear friends, it may sound like I'm trying to be sarcastic. Sorry, I'm dead serious.

Truthfully yours,

C. David Watson, Jr.

[Editor's Note: The following is an open letter to the Athletic Subcommittee of the College Activities Committee. We received it from the anonymous author immediately before Thanksgiving, and because of its nature we decided to print it for the interest and edification of the College community, despite our policy not to publish unsigned letters.]

The recent innovative concepts of Soccer developed by several Rollins students who played Soccer by moonlight in a Volkswagen at Harper Shephard Field on November 9, 1973 raise several interesting and provocative thoughts that I feel the Committee should explore. The potential of these students' activities can conceivably spread to other institutions where the student body is equally active and affluent; and one can foresee the development of a league or possibly a conference of sister schools where Soccer might be pursued in this new form. I have in mind such institutions as the University of Virginia, Princeton, Yale and Harvard to mention but a few.

In view of the current controversy regarding Athletics at Rollins College, I feel certain problems should be thoroughly investigated, and if possible, a student referendum taken. Rollins would certainly desire to conform to NCAA Conference rules and regulations, and I would bring to your attention some of the specific problems that might arise:

1. I can conceive of a league that unless policed properly might find one school using larger cars than those other schools used, i.e. a Lincoln Continental Goalie would have a decidedly unfair advantage over a VW Goalie.
2. The size of the automobiles then should be uniform throughout the league. Rollins, for instance, might want to enter a league in which only Mercedes were used.

- a. The question of straight sticks vs. automatic shifts should be explored as some might construe one type of shift would be more advantageous in the New Soccer than another.
- b. Automatic Steering and Power brakes would have to be investigated for the same reasons.
- c. Rollins' players would naturally insist on Air-Conditioning, and their northern opponents who have no usual need for this convenience would be at a disadvantage playing in our heat.

3. The question of recruiting also comes to mind:

- a. Would the college recruit students with specific type cars?

- b. Or would the college furnish the cars through the budget of the Athletic Department?

- c. Would the college or the student furnish gasoline? this might be a delicate problem in view of the present energy crisis and the emphasis the college has placed on Ecology. Gasoline and tires do have some deleterious effects on grass.

4. Then there are problems of insurance and maintenance of equipment:

- a. Would the college carry separate automobile insurance on each player's car, or would the player carry such insurance himself?

- b. Currently, the college carries separate Athletic Insurance on injuries sustained by Varsity Athletes, and a physician envisioned a vastly different type of injury occurring other than the simple knee derangements, sprained ankles, and fractures that are currently seen Whip-lash injuries, for instance, would be prominent in the New Soccer, and these injuries are notoriously more difficult to treat and often lead to litigation.

- c. The college might conceivably need a Mechanic on the field at all times in addition to the trainer.

- d. Mechanical upkeep and equipment would be a real factor in financing the New Soccer.

5. One can also foresee that some of the basic rules of the Old Soccer might necessarily have to be changed. Kick-offs, for instance, could be devastating, and tackles and blocking could conceivably cause certain automotive body damages.

6. Scholarships: The present Old Soccer team awards no athletic scholarships as I am sure you are aware. Will this be the policy of the New Varsity Soccer team? If not these problems should also be explored:

- a. Would athletes be recruited for scholarships who could not furnish their own automobiles?
- b. If the athlete could not furnish his own automobile, would the student scholarship include an automobile subsidy?

These are but a few of the problems that I envision with this new and very likely, popular sport at Rollins College, and I think it wise for the Sub-Committee on Athletics of the College Activities Committee to be prepared to answer these questions in the near future because student demand will likely precipitate a real need for such ready answers. Your committee admirably acted prior to the recent legislation regarding alcohol on campus. There is one comforting matter that will not need further investigation however, and that is the fact that the Florida Legislature declared the age of majority to be eighteen hence all players will be mature adults and there should be no legal problems such as parental permissions, etc.

I feel that the Rollins Alumni Association and the new "Booster Club" would likely lend support to the New Soccer if the Committee renders a favorable report for the Senate's consideration.

Respectfully Submitted,
A Soccer Enthusiast

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