environments? We always depended heavily on grades and quality-point averages and the like.”

“Oh, that’s no problem,” my host assured me. “Each student is simply rated, when necessary, on a quality chart by his fellow students. We have found this to be much more adequate than former assessments by teachers, whose angle of vision on the student tended to be vertical and not horizontal, as the case is with both fellow students and the people with whom the person will be working outside.”

I had to admit the idea was feasible.

By this time my host and I had jogged around the elevated track several times, and he led me through an air-screen door into a large room where there was a swimming pool. We splashed into the water and swam the length of the pool several times, then crawled into one of the swirl baths adjacent to it. As the warm water whirled pleasantly around us, my guide continued his introduction of the new seminary program.

One of the things we discussed during this pleasant interval was the use of chemotherapy in the new program. As yet, said the guide, it was in the experimental stage, but showed great promise. An outgrowth of the earlier usage of LSD and marijuana as perception-altering aids, the present concern was to find harmless drugs which could be used under controlled conditions to restore balance to impaired personalities and induce consciousness-expanding practices which would subsequently become automatic in students who habitually exercised too much restraint over their imaginations and emotions.

“Hasn’t here been objection to this from puritanical church people?” I asked.

“Some,” he replied, “but the experiments are not highly publicized, and they are being conducted on only the most promising respondents, with extremely capable supervisors. I have hear some reports, perhaps exaggerated, that within a decade every seminarian will be routinely checked by computerized chemical analysis and will be provided with daily supplies of the additives required by his system. It may sound preposterous, but I am prepared to believe it, in the light of other remarkable innovations in the past few years.”

From the bath, my host led me into a carpeted dressing room, where each of us received a deep massage from the student attendants. Apparently I fell asleep on the table, or perhaps my dream was temporarily interrupted, for when I resumed my inspection of the seminary I was with a different guide, a woman of more mature years, though presently a student in the seminary. We were sitting in a small, comfortably furnished room with nine or ten other persons.