

# SEC Nominations Will Begin Monday

## The Catalyst

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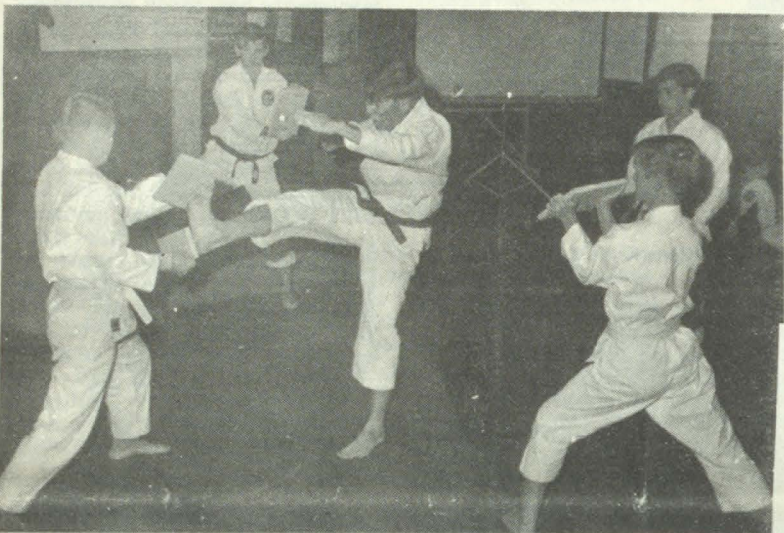
### Development

#### Head Named

A new director of development has been named to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Don Biggs.

Ralph D. Henry, director of alumni-parents at Albion College, will arrive in Sarasota Monday and will probably come to work a week from then, Vice President Paul Davis said yesterday.

Henry has been with Albion College for three years and was director of alumni relations with Hamline University for five years. Before that he owned and operated his own companies in the fields of personnel employment and produce.



#### Take That!

Mark Smith, karate instructor at the Sarasota YMCA, uses his foot to crack a board with what seems the greatest of ease at a demonstration in the Music Room of College Hall Wednesday night.

A black belt, Smith is interested in helping start a karate club on campus. He was assisted in the demonstration by some of his students.

## Faculty Elects Committee To Organize Committees

A three-member committee on committees was elected by the faculty Wednesday to coordinate the formulation and appointment of other faculty committees.

Professors R. W. Griffin, George H. Mayer and Robert H. Knox were named to the committee. According to Knox, they will probably meet today to name a chairman.

### Visitors To Study NC Basic Program

Two representatives from Maryville College of Maryville, Tenn., will be on campus Thursday and Friday to study the New College program.

Dr. Carolyn Blair and Dr. Randolph Shields of the Maryville College faculty will visit here as one stop in a tour of colleges using experimental techniques.

According to a letter from the Maryville College dean, the school is engaged in curriculum revision of perhaps a major scale.

The visitors will probably be most interested in viewing some of our first-year basic course lectures and seminars, according to Vice President Paul Davis.

### Yearbook Meeting

Students interested in working on a New College yearbook will meet Thursday in the South Room of College Hall at 6:30 pm.

Third year student Shelly Schlicker will serve as chairman of the meeting.

### In Special Session Today

## Council Will Consider Chemistry Requirement

The College Council will meet today at the request of students to discuss the chemistry requirement for third-year students.

President John Elmendorf called the special meeting for 3 pm in his office after the Student Executive Committee approved a motion Wednesday to request it.

Second-year representative Mike Cassell said the question of whether

third-year students with a deficiency in basic natural science should have to take chemistry is "a difference of opinion between the students and the faculty."

As such, he concluded, the matter comes under the jurisdiction of the College Council, with representatives from all three areas of the college community.

The SEC's action came after the Academic Committee, meeting Tuesday, agreed to issue a statement opposing the requirement of chemistry for third-year students and to ask the SEC to request the College Council meeting.

## Fellowship Deadlines Approach

Nomination deadlines for a number of major national fellowships are fast approaching, and third-year students should begin serious consultation with appropriate faculty members if they wish to be considered, assistant to the president Earl Helgeson told The Catalyst.

Helgeson said he has asked the faculty to submit by Oct. 7 a list of suggested nominees for the Danforth, Fulbright, Rhodes, Woodrow Wilson, and National Science Foundation fellowships.

Official deadlines for the fellowship programs range from Oct. 31 to Dec. 9.

The college must endorse nominees for the first three programs; individual faculty members nominate candidates for the Wilson fellowships and students apply directly for the NSF awards.

Helgeson also urged third-year students to check if their intended graduate schools require the aptitude test on the Graduate Record Exams.

The aptitude test will be administered here Oct. 29.

Further information on either the fellowships or on the test is available in Helgeson's office.

Nomination of the first student government under the revised Student Executive Committee (SEC) charter will begin Monday.

Supervisory Committee chairman Kenji Oda said his committee would begin accepting nominations for chairman of the SEC Monday at 1 pm.

To be a candidate for chairman a student must turn in to either Oda or David Allen a petition of nomination signed by five percent of the students.

Nominations for chairman close

at 1 pm Sunday, Oct. 9. The election will be the following Tuesday.

The chairmanship is open to all students.

Nominations for membership to the SEC itself and for the Judicial Committee open Oct. 10.

The election of SEC members is scheduled for Oct. 18 and that for the Judicial Committee Oct. 20.

Nine positions will be open on the SEC, three from each class. Five will be elected to the Judicial Committee, one from the elected SEC members and four at-large.

The person who receives the highest number of votes in each class in the SEC election will serve on the College Council as well.

Oda said his committee plans to distribute a detailed description of the election procedure to students sometime today.

Some changes in the present form of student government were necessitated when the SEC charter was revised by students last year.

Major changes include: the election of a chairman separate from the SEC membership; the election of alternate SEC members to fill in for periodic absences of regular members; and the institution of a second election during the year for SEC members and the chairman.

## City Commissioner Will Speak Tonight

Sarasota city commissioner Gilbert Waters will be guest speaker at tonight's Forum in the Music Room of College Hall beginning at 7 pm.

A former journalist and now owner of his own public relations firm, Waters will discuss informally some of the details of municipal politics and city administration.

A Yale graduate, Waters gave up journalism in 1955 to form his own public relations agency and has gradually created a reputation for his handling of campaigns, both public issue and political.

Successfully he ran his own campaign when he was nominated for city commissioner in 1965.

According to Information Officer Furman Arthur, whose office is coordinating the planning of Friday-night forums, Waters is "known for his forthrightness" and "promises to bring considerable candor along."

## Catalog Arrives

Copies of the 1967-68 New College catalog arrived on campus today from the Courier Printing Co. in Deposit, N. Y., where they were printed.

The new catalog, which affects students entering next fall, is larger by some 20 pages from last year and features an opening essay which describes in some detail the philosophy of the academic program.

## Elmendorf Reports To Trustee Group

Members of the Executive Committee of the board of trustees, meeting on campus Monday, heard President John Elmendorf outline his views of the college's problems and their remedies for the coming year.

Elmendorf said yesterday the meeting was "informational" and he was "commenting on the first year" on an "entirely personal" basis.

The president said he reported on 11 areas of college development to the trustees. "Sooner or later," he said, the report itself will be made public.

He said he recommended a study of the development of the campus be undertaken in the near future. He also indicated he will ask for authority to begin a site plan for the west campus when the entire board of trustees meets Nov. 10. Students will be "involved" in the creation of this plan, he said.

Students and faculty were two of the areas reported upon. Elmendorf said he "brought up" the question of evaluations and records.

On the subject of financial aid, Elmendorf said "over the long haul, the percentage of student aid is going to have to drop somewhat." "Following the first three charter classes," he added, "it should be tapered off very gradually."

"Until (a college is) known," he said, "there is no feasible way to attract students who meet high standards except on a scholarship basis."

Areas such as financial condition, faculty-student ratio and others were also included in the report.

Elmendorf indicated the trustees' academic policy committee will meet with the student committee the day before the annual meeting in November.



## Arts Institute To Move Here

The New College Fine Arts Institute will move its offices and studios onto the east campus this academic year.

Formerly housed in the John Ringling Towers building in Sarasota, the institute will use three of the old army barracks buildings beginning in January.

The Fine Arts Institute conducts classes for advanced painters under the instruction of top contemporary artists.

The college plans to eventually construct a fine arts building on the east campus, according to Information Officer Furman Arthur.



## Editorials

## Appropriate Government

A government such as ours is highly appropriate to our school. It addresses itself to the problems of the students and is continually concerned with their needs. In a school which has discarded nearly all the superficial trappings of the "normal" college experience, it is right that the student government concern itself with more than dances and pep rallies.

Our government, as any good government, was not established without a great deal of serious thought and hard work. It cannot be maintained in its present condition without more of the same.

Nominations for chairman of the Student Executive Committee open Monday and they will be followed soon by nominations and elections for other student government positions as well. Our school is different, our student government is different—we should, therefore, hold a different kind of election.

The frivolous popularity contest that serves many schools for the selection of student "leaders" is grossly out of place here. We urge each student to give serious thought to the nomination and election of the officers of his student government.

## Problems at the U.N.

The celebrated search for a successor to a determined U Thant as secretary-general of the United Nations is perhaps the least of several crucial problems that organization faces in the early stages of its 21st session. Yet, if the U.N. is to salvage what usefulness it has as a world peace-keeping organization, it must solve them all.

Viet Nam has already occupied the attention of the U.N., and the obstinacy of first one side and then the other in that war has thus far blocked any attempt at achieving a truce and is probably a leading factor in Thant's decision to quit. Unlike Korea, Viet Nam is a war about which the U.N. has made no clear moral judgment. Until such a judgment is made, it can do little but shake an unsure finger at whichever side happens to appear the aggressor for the moment.

A perhaps related issue is that of admittance of Red China to the United Nations. We see no reason for continuing to act as if Mao did not exist; as Vice President Humphrey said in a recent speech, our policy towards Red China should be containment and not isolation. By admitting China into the community of nations, we will open up a possible avenue of political and cultural communication. We must remain firm, however, if we are to be morally consistent, in insisting that Taiwan be allowed to remain in the U.N. but only as the Republic of Taiwan. Admittedly, a Red China on the Security Council is not a cheery prospect, but we do not see the sense in little Taiwan's being given veto power over the Chinese mainland.

There are also some operational problems the U.N. must resolve, such as how to meet operating expenses and what to do about the myriads of tiny new nations that have entered or are about to try to enter the world organization.

In the final analysis, the problem of finding U Thant's successor may be a vital one mainly because it may deadlock the U.N. and prevent it from dealing with the "real" problems of the world.

We do not envision a United Nations acting as a world police organization, or even as an effective arbitration board. The political value of the U.N. lies mostly in its function of bringing together diplomats from the nations of the world. A stage is set for some real diplomacy, behind the scenes.

But even behind-the-scenes diplomacy is difficult in an atmosphere of chaos. The U.N. must begin acting soon; we only hope they act as wisely as world leaders supposedly can.

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## Letters

## Memories

To the Editor:

As an old man of the second-year, I occasionally suffer from some unusual memories, nay, maybe just dreams.

The most recurrent is a smile and a kind word from the cook as he served me what was usually decent meat and warm vegetables. As one deposited one's empty stomach on a chair, it could be seen that the silverware and glassware were not worth 150 calories apiece in foodstuffs left over from an unknown number of preceding meals. In arising, at least there was the awareness that something was in the intestinal tract. One was not assailed by a violent urge to make for Howard Johnson's. One is inclined to wonder what happened.

The second most recurrent dream is that of walking blithely into the reception center checking on the state of one's mail box, usually empty of bureaucratic as well as letters, asking for the sailboat key, getting it and signing one's name to simple chart once. Or when it was possible to find a lifeguard at 12:00 midnight and having at least a 50-50 chance of getting to go swimming when you really wanted to. But perhaps the school has become so financially and morally bankrupt by the deprivations of my fellow student and I, that it can no longer maintain a recreation department for recreation.

The third dream was that of simplicity in procedure. We were promised that we could see the comps, discuss the results with professors and have a learning experience. And timesheets. They didn't require two witnesses, a notary public a computer and a loyalty oath to be filled out. Finally, I have these dreams about the ideals like individual responsibility, freedom and initiative. This is the hardest to take of all the dreams.

One can only hope that these dreams are illusions, that will soon disappear, for if they don't, New College will become a dream.

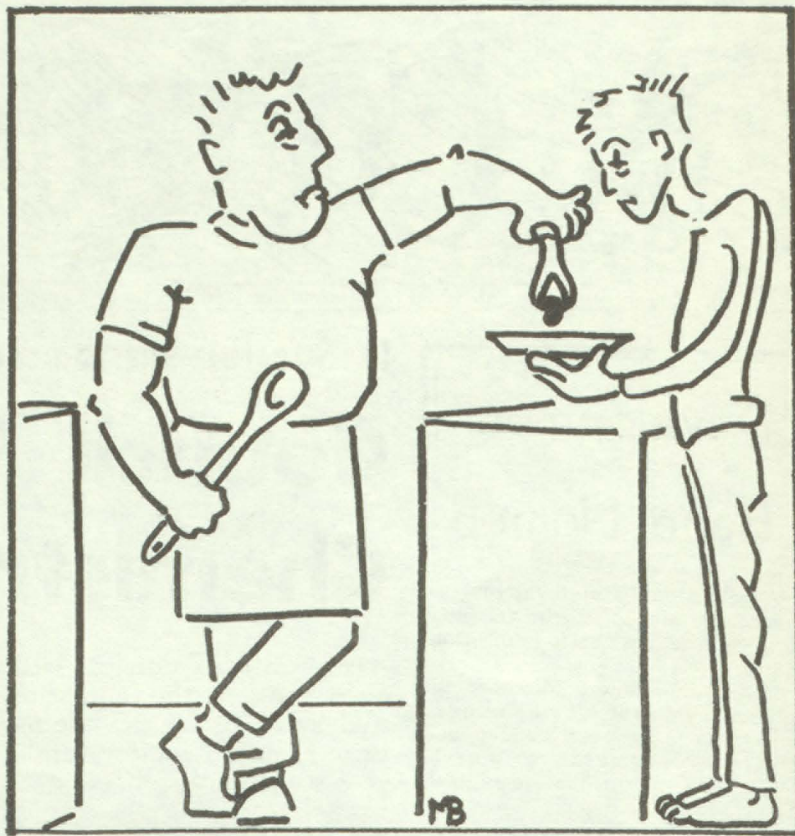
(signed)  
Dan Haggarty

## Raps Unamiable Raps

To the Editor:

It is understandable to a certain extent that the food can not be of the greatest quality under the present cramped conditions. It is not understandable, though, why the kitchen help can't be more amiable instead of being outright rude. We do not only speak as faculty members, since we have witnessed students undergoing the same treatment. Having been at times used to putting their own food on their own plates, they (the students) occasionally still fall into the error of their ways. This being unsanitary, they are gently reminded of such by a slight rap on the hands with whatever serving utensil happens to be "at hand," reducing the problem of germs by at least 50%.

That faculty members have to pay cash to eat is in the process of being remedied through meal tickets. But when whoever receives the money can't remember and therefore not trust a faculty member who insists that he has paid, seems a bit absurd.



We both feel that things have gone a bit to far. We don't expect smiling faces or a pleasant "hello," even though that would be something different, but not to be treated as though we were doing them a favor by eating there.

(Signed)  
Keith Armes  
Michael von Guttenberg

## Two Ounces of Flesh

To the Editor:

Since we shall be moving into the finest dining facilities known to man at any moment, it is possible to bear temporarily some of the indignities which may be due to the present inadequate arrangement: generally unappealing food, filthy tableware, over-crowding, etc. (Although I still cannot comprehend why it should be necessary to spend ten minutes before every meal scrounging up one's own glass, silverware, napkin, milk, rolls, butter, salt and pepper, sugar, while that ice cream sandwich gets softer and softer....)

But what does the size of the kitchen have to do with the size of the portions? Since so many complaints have been made about the smallness of the doles dispensed by the cooks, I took it upon myself to obtain some reliable data on the subject. Wednesday night the main course consisted of some sort of turkey or chicken and dressing. By actual measurement (on a postage scales) the meat on a typical serving weighed a tad less than 1 and 1/8 ounces. Have you any idea how many rolls it takes to make a meal out of 1 and 1/8 ounces of turkey? Should it be necessary to go back for seconds in order to get about two ounces of meat for dinner?

(signed)  
Brokenhearted

## From a New Student

To the Editor:

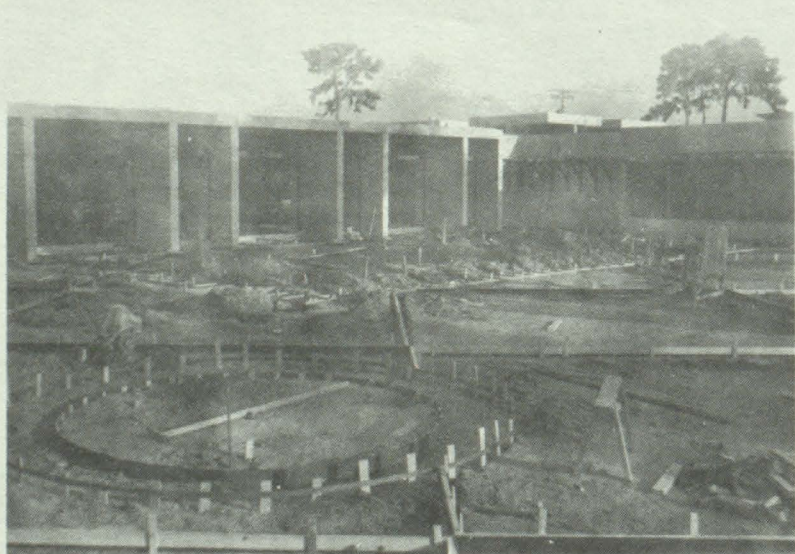
Well we have been on the campus of "America's Newest Prestige School" for four very enlightening weeks. We have had "both" of our orientations and now, on our own, are learning what New College is all about. The pressures of Academic and social life have begun to build. In particular the tyranny of the Natural Science Division has begun to make us "shake in our boots" (yes we have a few frustrated "hippies" in our class too). We are finding that the "forty hours" of

## Wives To Host Senior Girls

Wives of faculty and staff members will entertain third-year girls tomorrow at a picnic and swim party on Siesta Key, according to Mrs. B. Gresham Riley.

The group will leave from the reception center at 11 am and transportation will be provided.

(signed)  
Frank F. Cook



## Ready for Thanksgiving Dinner

Construction work on Hamilton Court continues slowly but surely. Planning Officer Ralph Styles said this week the dining complex will be ready for use for Thanksgiving dinner if not before.



# The Catalyst

## Literary Supplement

Volume 1, Number 1

Edited By Laurie Paulson

September 30, 1966

### Eve

I came into the dining room with the usual flood from the lounge and probed towards Sweet's table in the far corner, three rows down from the Headmaster's. I used to wonder why the epithet, or better epithet, of dining hall never became accepted school usage, but figured such undignified surges at the beginning and ends of meals detracted from the hall-like qualities. A dining hall just doesn't submit to masses of well dressed smirking kids, or at least I thought so then.

It was the night before we were to leave for Thanksgiving vacation and Sweet's table was prepared like the rest of them for giving thanks. I guess what the food and covered smiling obscenities couldn't provide was suggested by the candles and miserable pumpkin and leaf decorations annually concocted by the nurse.

Sweet was late that night and everybody was happily excited and nearly hysterical about the vacation. Across from me Michael was at such a loss to express his subtle joys he resorted to employing his hands to give a more graphic presentation of South Orange back seats, empty bottles, Jewish girls, unavoidable encounters with the law and current contraceptive methods.

Pete and David were discussing the fastest ways to get to New York, damning the Pennsylvania Railroad for running one train at 12:36 and the next at 4:01. David was speculating about paying a visit to the Arabs and Spics at the Biltmore, remarking the booze was cheap and girls free.

"I love those Catholic girls' schools. They're the whole works I'm sure, down to chemicals in the food and wisk-brooms. They're worse than we are, but girls are always like that though."

"Yes and after it's over they sit around on the floor or sometimes on beds and stare at the walls talking about what they're going to say at Confession that night. I think they hold special after-week end Confessions on Sunday night for vacation absolution."

"I wonder if a priest from their school does it?"  
"Christ you don't really expect them to tell the truth, do you?"

"Well Catholics are strange sometimes."

"That last free weekend Mohammed got crooked out of his ass and was witty as hell but as he got deeper into it he started mumbling in Arabic, bowing and grabbing girls. We thought he was going to puke right in the middle of the floor on one of those red carpets but Kahlid brought him a hotel face towel and led him into the bathroom to commune with nature."

"Didn't he go to bed with Debbie after that?"

Grace began before Peter could finish telling David whether he thought Mohammed and Kahlid had the same mother and I added under my breath the chances were probably about as good that they had the same father. Grace consisted of the usual thanks to God making sure Jesus was in there, and the chaplain never forgot our God damn God given talent and possessions (that must have been for the Jews) and not to be outdone by the established scenery, let alone the impending holiday, he gave the blessing one hell of a good Thanksgiving twist.

Sweet still hadn't come yet so John Clinton started serving while Peter was asking John between scoopfuls of kitchen potatoes if he could borrow his draft card for the weekend. I couldn't help thinking about that last free weekend when I was supposed to have gone to my Uncle's in Bridgeport. I went all right but knew something was wrong by the way my aunt was so bloody nice to me. I couldn't understand what the trouble was and really didn't care, so after we got into an argument over whether Grandfather was a son of a bitch or not I left for New York. I suppose it was my choice of words that got them angry but they hadn't been so ecstatic about seeing me, either. Unfortunately it was 11:30 on a Saturday night and I took the 12:09 to the City figuring I would take a late bus back to school. While he was driving me to the station I felt very independent, self-substantial, and misunderstood. By the time I got to the City I realized there weren't any buses to Princeton late at night. On the train I was most sleepy but kept watching a woman across from me who had long sensual fingers and polished nails. No doubt she was watching me all the time as well.

From Grand Central I walked around to the Biltmore lobby with the glorious intention of sleeping under the clocks, when I ran into some of the Arabs from school who hospitably invited me to sleep on the floor of their room. By the time I got there, things had subsided to an alcoholic and smoky haze and I was tired enough to fall asleep on two expensive but uncomfortable couch pillows.

The next day when the girls came out of the bedrooms and the Spics and Arabs out of the walls I sat around and watched the girls. They were going back to the Convent or whatever that evening and weren't very talkative. I hadn't known girls to be so pensive so I talked to one of them, named Anne, I think, who seemed to be quite a nice girl. She gazed at the floor mostly, like the others (except the ones who had gone to get some sleep). Evidently she didn't get along too well with her family, either, and was depressed about life. I couldn't exactly tell if she was depressed with all life or just her part of it. She laughed and smiled a little and her eyes responded to the uncertain tones in my voice. Not many girls can do

that, either. I liked her and I thought her eyes had some sensibility. She gave me her address and I was going to write her, but when they were leaving I asked her for it again because I had forgotten it and she said "Hell, it doesn't make much difference." and left. I wondered who she had been with.

On the way home, school I should say, I thought about her and wondered about people and orgies. I tried to think about it but all I could think of was right and wrong and immoral and dirty and kids talking about whether they were virgins or not and none of this had anything to do with girls sitting in chairs gazing at the floor of the Biltmore. Or Arabs that would give you a place to sleep at 2:30 in the morning and wouldn't mention it.

Sweet showed up about then and I forgot my momentary depression because, as Michael said, "It was the eve of Thanksgiving." Mr. Sweet swayed to the table and sat down with a big grin, and a sly flicker of expression passed around the table. David inquired as to how he was, and as he jovially reclined, tipping back in his chair, Sweet replied "In good spirits." As always when he tipped back in his chair his shirt pulled out of his trousers and his undershirt was never tucked in. Sweet's worn green jacket hung at his sides and the orange tie which he was commonly renowned for once having worn 39 straight times (Jonathan Wynd had counted) was off to one side and his belly button was showing with ample surrounding and appropriate hair.

"Were you in the Navy, Sir?" asked Peter as David was already clandestinely making submarine noises and I was going "Dive, dive." Peter was manning an invisible gun position and David was yelling "Zero at two o'clock coming fast."

The activity ceased with a disdainful but unconcerned look from Mr. Sweet. Peter began to discourse on his favorite books: "Of Mice and Navels, The Navel Next Time, Finnegan's Navel, Navel Control and Population Explosion, The Sound and the Navel, The Navel of Venice." I interjected that I thought the Merchant of Perth Amboy was better than the Navel of Venice. This led to an Anti-Semitic debate and the navel question was dropped.

Sweet began to talk and was being nice. He asked me if I wanted to stay at his house over the vacation since I never went home. I said no, thank you, arrangements with relatives had already been made, but I was getting out of those by staying with friends at Great Neck.

He asked Peter if he were learning anything and Peter said maybe but that he would get better grades if teachers liked him better. He asked Sweet if he thought he'd get into Harvard, and Sweet said "Certainly, Harvard is filled with people like you." Pete speculated with David as to how complimentary this might be.

Then Mr. Sweet asked me what I thought of girls and I said the curve of flesh below the knee on the back of the leg is the most sensuous part and rashly

added I liked girls with big tits. He said he understood and asked me if I were afraid of girls and then said I didn't have to answer the question, but I looked at him and he saw I meant something by the look and he said fear and being unsure of yourself were mutual things and that there was so much superstition and ignorance and cruelty at prep schools that he knew everyone suffered somewhere about it inside.

He laughed and with a distant look in his eye said "Even girls want and feel it, even ones with big tits, let alone the legs." He laughed and looked around the table. David and Peter had found another interest (back to discussing the weekend and enjoying its impending presence, I think). The others were cutting and throwing bits of food at other tables. They could do it by flicking their spoons and shooting low so other masters couldn't see and Sweet didn't care.

Sweet looked at the activity and I thought I could see its reflection on his watery pupils. Then he put his hand on his stomach to tuck in his under shirt and looked at me again and said "Don't worry about the love business, even it survives."

I didn't know exactly why he was talking to me like this. I knew why he talked and figured I knew why he drank but I was sure he didn't know me. I poured some gravy on a piece of bread to make up for the lack of seconds and wondered if he would talk to anybody like that when he was drunk before Thanksgiving.

--LUKE SALISBURY

This is the first issue of The Catalyst Literary Supplement, which will appear, God willing, every four weeks. It's a hopeful venture, begun in the belief that there is enough artistic activity--perhaps creativity is the word--among New College students to support such a publication. Very little is potentially excluded from the Supplement--short stories, poetry, essays, reviews, drawings, photographs, excerpts from novels-in-progress ideally will find a place here. We hope we've made a good beginning.

Lawrence Paulson

### for my father

my father wrote in flesh,  
on white, parting parchment,  
on supple and yielding skin  
tightened for him.

he knew nothing of what he did  
in that dark-liquid bed;  
erect in his man-power,  
he wrote in mindless words.

he knew nothing of what he did,  
but to him I have no need  
to lie forgiveness--he needs none,  
for his words have a ringing sound.

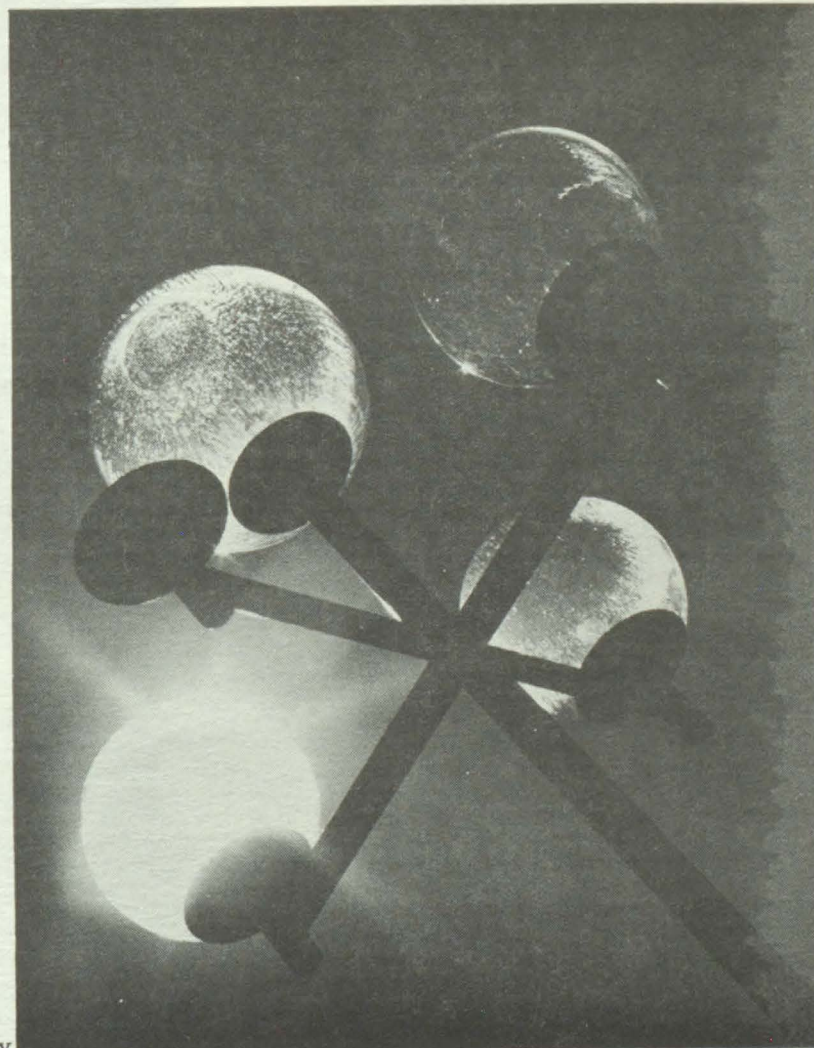
his chromosomes were keyed  
into a sunly code,  
his words aligned the atoms  
of a galing, windy mind,

and he unlocked the door  
that blocked the watery shaft  
so I could break the surface  
with bones curved of his pen.

he knew nothing of what he did,  
but it was good,  
and as I laugh in light  
my flesh sings of his words.

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

Photograph by Frank Lary





# Gigue No. 2

"But Captain, sir, I was never trained for that sort of thing! I'm sure it would be more proper for..."  
 "Quembly! Shut up, man! You will go and that is an order, final. An argument is not called for."  
 (pause)  
 "Yes sir."

Quembly reached for his raincoat which hung on a fat, rusty nail protruding from the wall of the concrete bunker. He put it on and fastened it up all the way to the neck and buckled the web belt. After about twenty seconds of staring silently at the other six men in the bunker he trickled out the eight-inch square gun opening and fell to the muddy ground with a half-drowned whimper, pouring rain. His pianist's fingers played silently with the mud, drawing pictures of old girl friends and writing out the Apostles' Creed in Sanskrit. He felt of the mud on his coat and face and it reminded him of wet nylon panties.

At last, when he had squeezed every ounce of self-pity from his twenty-two year old soul, he placed both hands firmly around his helmet and lifted himself to his feet. The driving rain almost forced him to his knees, but he braced himself and stood it. He expertly drew his two-handed sword, silver, from its scabbard and checked his ammo. All there, no excuse now, no way out of himself, none.  
 Down the road they were coming. All he could do

was wait. He thought of his steady girl, Fritz. They had gone on a picnic a week earlier, a beautiful picnic. But he could not afford to think of this now. He rolled it all up in a New Yorker and threw it in the ditch at the side of the road. He tried desperately and in vain to think of something that he hated. They came closer, he could hear their voices. His teeth clenched, and his stomach folded itself up and slid into his gall bladder, and his meager chest could barely hold his heart. There was a street light about fifty feet down the road which projected a cone of light into which they were now stepping. There were about twenty of them, Negroes, Viet Cong, segregationist ministers and priests, insurance salesmen, others; some dressed in what appeared to be prison stripes, some in bathing suits, one in pilot's gear. They were now out of the light, coming closer, so close now that he did not need light or sound or eyes or skin in order to see them. Do not fire 'til you feel the yokes of their eyes.

Suddenly they were on him, beating, flailing him with folded newspapers and he could not help but see that Fritz was one of them, yes, dressed in a black T-shirt and staring him very straightly with her beautiful black eyes and white, white teeth.

He started swinging, right, left, and across, covered

with blood and bits of brain, a sewing machine that needed only blood for oil and his whole past for thread, to stitch a fabric of dead and dying forms that fell in piles around him until only Fritz, and not even hesitating, lunge, perfect thrust-through thrown into her beautiful stomach, and then watching her kneel and crumble over and the blood trickle from her mouth and eyes and mingle with the mud and water and panties, and the rain cleansing her face and carrying away the blood that flowed from his left heel, but leaving him there, covered, and transfixed. And her body would quiver when it thundered.

After a while, Quembly turned and faced the light and was about to form a thought when inside the bunker the captain drew his pistol and aimed through the gun opening and a .45 slug thundered across the space and splattered Quembly's brain, leaving him an indiscriminable heap, and went on, spinning, into the night and has never been known to stop.

The captain watched for a while, the rain pouring, the bodies half-floating in the road, a river of sticks, red, white, and hair. When the echo of the shot became too loud to hear, the captain turned to the radio man and said

"Jackson."

"But Captain, sir, I was never trained..."

--MIKE CASSELL

## The Sixteenth Summer

Quietly,  
 Ask this shiverer'd amulet of grace  
 The sixteenth summer  
 Born to high weeds and dry birches  
 Alone.  
 Mornings of the sun, making jewels  
 Of waters that question,  
 Eyes that know,  
 And why, and how, are blown  
 Repeating over mountains  
 By the gentlest  
 Of all breezes.  
 Hair, color of amber  
 Color of long afternoon  
 Love is living in the east  
 With day, and among the branches  
 Are creation, birth and newness,  
 Love is living in the east  
 Softly sing.  
 The evening  
 Is partly seeing, partly guessing  
 While all there is  
 To see and guess  
 Is now.  
 Forever-held night  
 Life's ambivalence,  
 Show the coolness  
 Show the night-flower, the fragrances,  
 Show the vastness, by the wind,  
 Know  
 Night is everything.  
 Quietly,  
 Passing, clinging to the dawn  
 The sixteenth summer  
 Born to high weeds and dry birches  
 Alone.

--LAWRENCE PAULSON

## Class

Today I thought of Terri  
 (with an "i")  
 My cousin, she sat there in her bermuda shorts  
 With her legs crossed  
 Looking languorously with  
 Her made-up sophisticated eyes  
 Through her jeweled sophisticated sunglasses  
 at the weak, unsophisticated world.  
 "Oh, dear Me," she said,  
 "I love you."

--PAUL ADOMITES

## Of Late, an Optimist

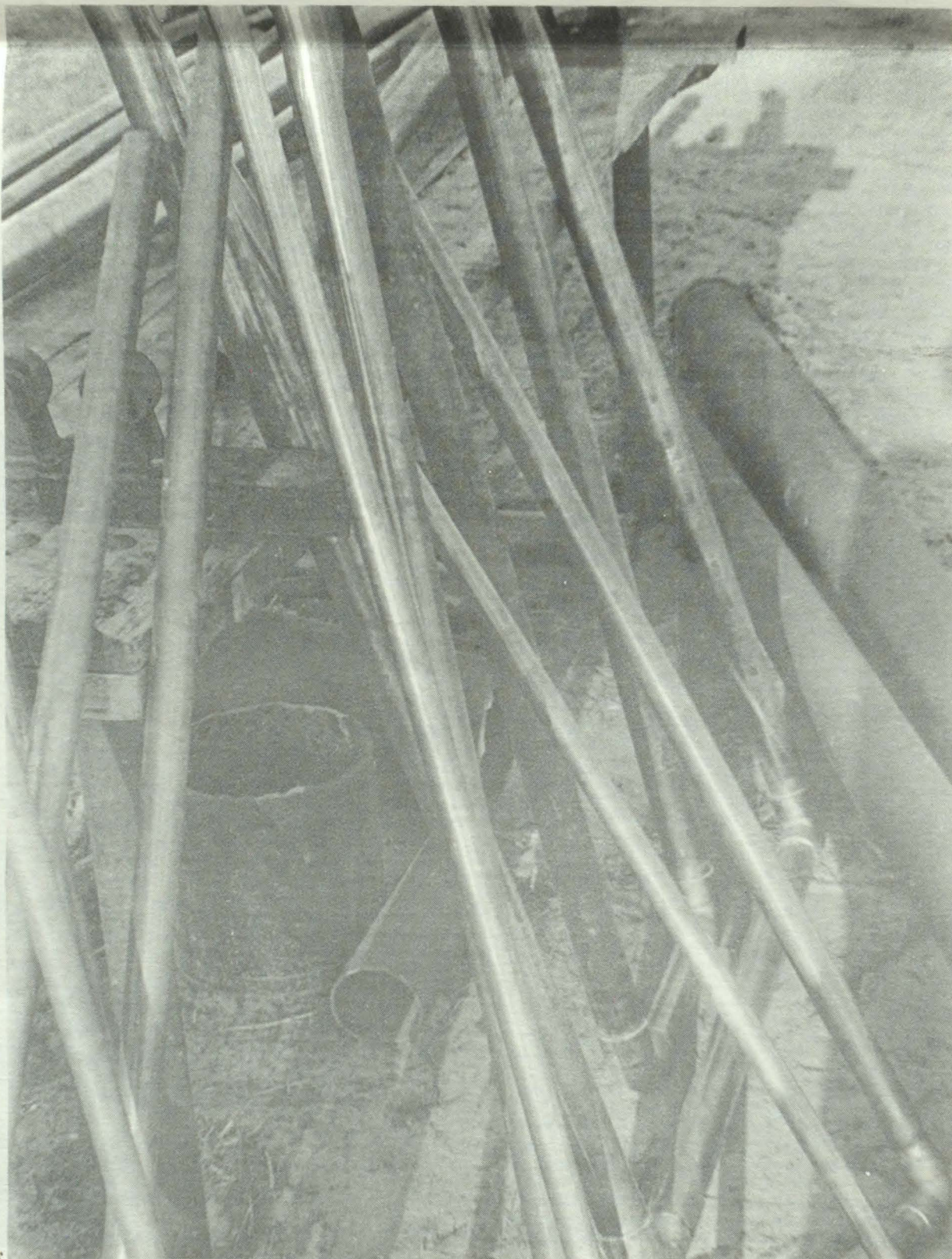
In green-and-gold October  
 the lazy flight of birds  
 and slow catharsis of the trees  
 remind me,  
 even though the earth is dying,  
 I lived, once, in a green-and-growing world--  
 where springs have come again.

--MARY LOU PHILLIPS

## Circle of Death

Today's been my day to kill.  
 I guard the center of a concrete circle,  
 Armed with a book and the firm inclination to read.  
 In all directions, within a radius of, say,  
 Two feet, encroaching life I've taken  
 As an approaching threat:  
 The ground I've littered with corpses.  
 Around me lie sundry flying things, pale gold-scattered  
 wings,  
 Some ants too curious for their own good,  
 A spider too black to be trusted.  
 A round red mote that wandered on my page  
 Now pauses, forever, instant punctuation.  
 A wasp zooms low, buzzing retribution.  
 At circle's edge, a sandspur lurks: intent, question-  
 able.  
 In the curved old trees, summer stillness  
 Drapes the limbs like heavy-hanging moss.  
 I justify the ways of man to man.

--GLENDA CIMINO



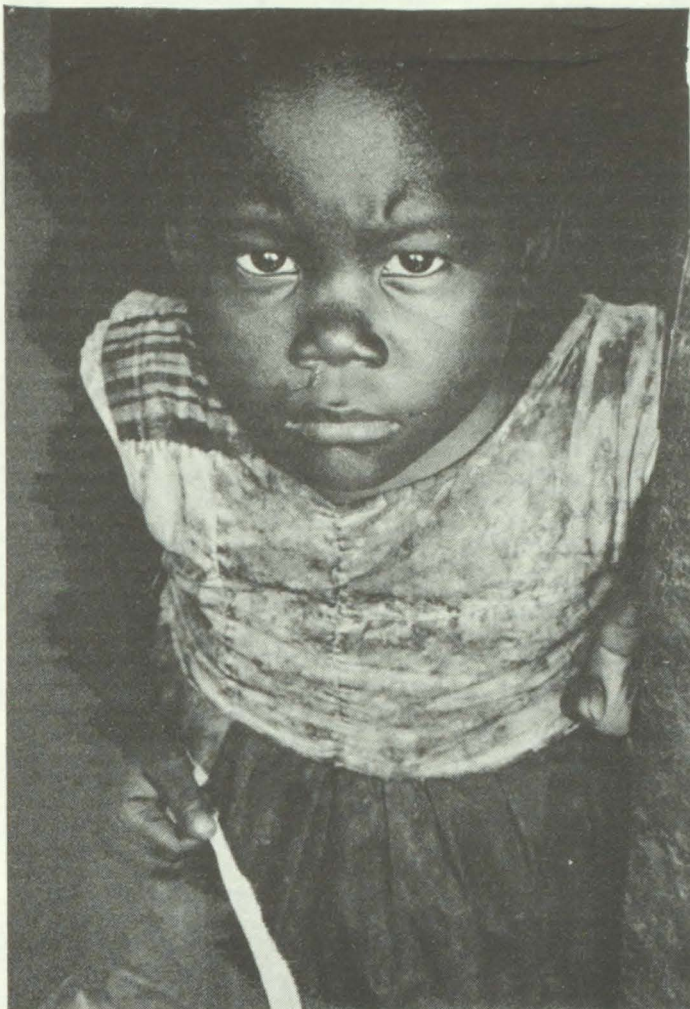
Photograph by Owen Holder



## Open and Closed

I am the Obliterator.  
Think and feel so much, --  
That to express It  
is almost too sorrowful a door  
to open  
and close again.  
Reader!, I wish I could have  
come to you during your day  
(or overtake you in the binding  
freedom of your mind's sleep, at night)  
and yank you aside  
to a corner of the room (filled with just  
Only-ness). And  
you would follow me  
with the dreaded excitement of one  
who finds, with a forgotten shock,  
that he is obeying the will of  
a complete stranger.  
In that unspoken place--  
(so impossible that  
by the time you stop crying  
trying to recall it, --  
your face is not your own,  
and all you know is the wetness), --  
Then  
a heart would scream to you  
what cannot ever be whispered  
here.

--ROBERT DIXON



Photograph by John Lowe

## Train

The pistons of the train move up and down, each end moves up and down, and I know that isn't accurate but that's how they go, and the whole thing makes circles and the circles overlap and the train moves forward;

and the train's symbolic of very many things only you're never really very sure what, and it moves very fast and it has red stripes on the side. When my brother was three he was planning to be a train engineer, and we used to sit out on the curb and we could see the trains going past about two and a half blocks away. They were slow and we could count the cars and the road was warm sticky tar;

the sky was blue and the maple tree in the fall used to have leaves. Once I found one that was green except for a thin edge of yellow; and I thought there were a lot of them like that (I remember there having been a lot) but afterwards I could never find any. Maybe that's the way everything is maybe you just can't--that there are a lot of things but then you go back to look for them only there weren't ever any you just imagined them in the first place.

I think elves are folded and they have corners like popcorn and that's how they bounce, laughing; but the elves on State street aren't at all like that; they're like hideous people and they're laughing, but it's not a glad laughter; it's sort of an okay, one two three everybody smile, that kind of a laugh; only the real elves don't need to make any noise at all because every motion is laughing and all the foldedness is laughing and all the messages are laughing, and folded;

and I think perhaps sometimes that is the way everything is, only libraries aren't very much like that, libraries are... maybe a library, if you consider all the information in all the books, and also all the arrangement, and also all the people who are in the li-

brary and where they came from, maybe a library is as complex as a blade of grass.

That's all  
now everything is just smooth and black  
like the inside of someone's mouth that's been closed for very long;  
like the inside of someone's mind that's been closed for a very long time.

If there's anything else, it isn't there; and I used to think that you might be able to forget all of your body, just sort of very slowly forget your first little finger then each one of the fingers in succession then very slowly up your arm, and then you could do the same thing with your legs and then your stomach and everything until finally there wouldn't be anything left but your mind.

You wouldn't see or hear. Everything would be all dark and you wouldn't have anything but what's inside of you and I thought I would probably get bored after a very short time and I was very frightened about not being able to get back once you escaped. It would be very strange because you wouldn't know you had a body at all and you would think you were totally independent of bodies and everything else; until something happened to your body and you stopped like someone scooping out your brains and I think I would like to know about it if I was about to stop although I don't really know why.

Quit.

--ANONYMOUS

## Book Review

## According to Hoyle

*The Black Cloud* (Harper and Row) is Fred Hoyle's first venture into science fiction and bears the definite mark of a scientist at work. A very dense galactic cloud is approaching the solar system and is expected to engulf the earth and the sun for an unknown length of time. This will produce a disaster of unthinkable proportions as the sun's light is cut off from the earth. The story centers around a group of scientists: English, American, and one Russian who are drafted into an emergency project rather like that at Los Alamos during the war. As the cloud is rapidly approaching the earth they attempt to determine its course and discover that every assumption they make about its future behavior turns out to be wrong. This leads to the eventual discovery that the cloud contains a life form of superhuman intelligence that occasionally must stop at stars to "refuel" itself, and in this case has chosen the sun. The scientists manage to communicate with "the beast" (or "the bastard" as Alexandrov insists on calling it) and when the cloud learns that there is life on a planet (which it considers a very unusual development) it becomes more considerate of humanity's survival. The cloud eventually decides to depart for reasons which constitute the climax of the story, and leaves the recalcitrant group of scientists to deal with their respective governments.

One of the most fascinating things about the book is its use of scientific language and thought. It's a sort of intellectual science fiction, with no mention of those horrors of the type, the "bug eyed monsters." The reader follows logical arguments and stumbles through various equations, all of which add to the plausibility of the story. As the author says in the preface, "there is little here that could not conceivably happen." The characters are well drawn, even though some seem to be definite stereotypes of scientists of certain nationalities. And the satire is wonderful. The interference of government agencies with scientific work is abruptly dealt with by the scientists. They establish their own little estate in northern England, protected for security reasons by the nonadmittance of anyone, including the Prime Minister and the President.

All in all, the book is an excellent example of science fiction at its best, presenting not only a thrilling story but sound logic as well. Interesting ideas, such as an electrical theory of ESP and the possibility of life based on a system like the one used in computer theory are presented. *The Black Cloud* manages to move outside the slightly debased genre of science fiction and become a fascinating and readable novel in itself.

--LEE WALLINGFORD

## words

when words are as smooth  
as skates on new ice  
or quicksilver on glass,  
my sun's in the groove  
and slides through my sky  
as straight as a guess--

when tension of lines  
is strung steel wire  
of need-knotted claws,  
my stretched comets run  
in nerve-quivering fire  
as taut as a know.

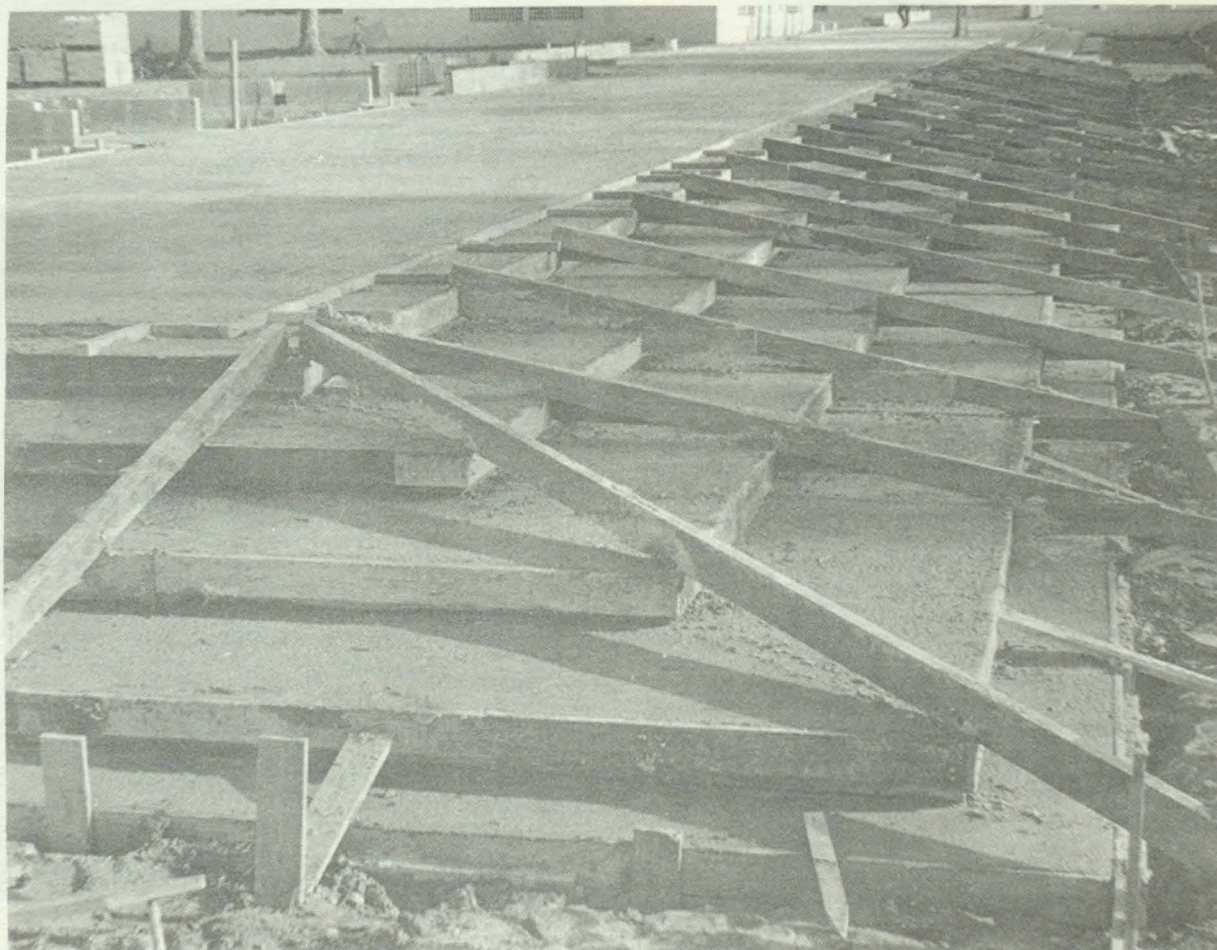
--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

## Is It the Dark?

OR DO THEY WANT IT THAT WAY?

At fall of night they all turn into rock.  
Each one becomes a separate creature-thing.  
The only thing in common is the Night,  
Which breaks their bond, their Singleness of Being.  
Each one erects a wall of silent dark.  
He shadows through the night, he makes no sound.  
He causes no one pain, and none hurt him,  
For no one dares approach a thing that's cold.  
If somewhere breathes an isle of warmth and light,  
A place with voices, where there might be joy,  
Be not deceived. It merely is a trick,  
An artificial television-sun.  
The shapes you see together are alone.  
At fall of night they all turn into stone.

--ANONYMOUS



Photograph by Owen Holder





Photograph by Owen Holder

## Window

The toy in the overhead sky  
dropped a drawer-full of  
ten-years-ago  
airplane rumble into my room tonight.  
When my own  
animal-full-filled  
gallery around  
of room things applauded to me  
with chords vibrated by  
the loud lover over the house-top,

I bowed from my stage  
within their wonder-cage,  
And being  
alone in the zoo,  
I laughed because I didn't  
have to decide  
to look out and up through  
the window. --But I did not see  
the plane trace, moon-level  
in the dark;  
I saw  
a boy in the glass,  
with his eyes wide open  
Instead,

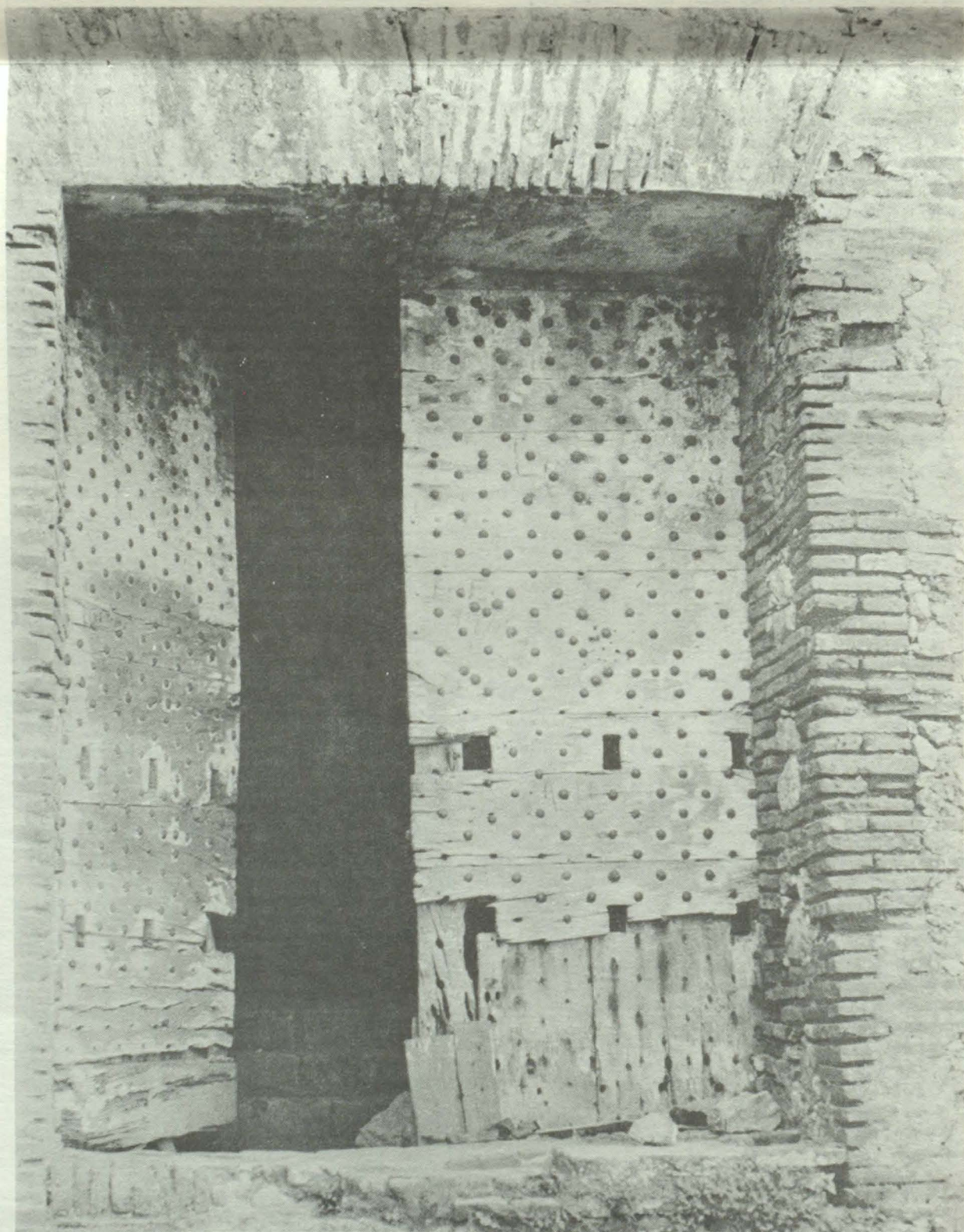
--ROBERT DIXON

## the excuse

enquire of the former age  
if you would know of us,  
are we not of yesterday? and--  
shadows born of shadows past--  
have we substance of our own?

we sit, darkly, in the fading light  
that first touched those from whom we come.  
--MARY LOU PHILLIPS

Photograph by John Lowe



## Seven

In dawn's first-laugh fireburst,  
When Logic slips in dewy grass  
And strains his knees a skipping green,  
My number is seven in a new breeze,  
My mind is soda-pop bubbles,  
My body a plastic delight.

A supercharged seven of hearts throatpurrs  
My motorcycle along the walks,  
Snarls it down the steepest hill,  
And sun-shout days clatter by,  
A picket run along a picket fence  
That runs a million miles---

Until he stands erect, and stiffly  
Brushes nonsense from his clothes.

--WILLIAM HEDRINGTON

## Poor Little Ant, He's Dead

I once tried to drown a beetle at the beach. He was longer than a man's thumb, shiny black. I carried him on a paper cream plate, anyway I was afraid. I dug my hole near the water's edge where water seeped into it through the sand. I knocked the bug in, and held him underneath the surface with the paper plate. A moment later I lifted off the plate expecting to find death and saw him thrashing violently at the walls. The hole was filling up with sand, so I took him out and dug it again. I pushed him under again using the outside of the plate to be sure there would be no trapped air. I could think of no other reason obeying natural order why he was still alive after that first drowning. Although I did have an idea that I was getting a supernatural warning. After a few seconds I took away the plate and saw him struggling. Suddenly it came into my head that the beetle had held his breath. He was like a brother to me, and to everyone. I thought I had come to a turning point in my life. While I held him under the next time I held my breath for about as long as I could, then counted to seventy before I lifted the plate.

--DAVID ROGGE



# Academic Committee Sets Policy

The student academic committee Tuesday formulated its official position on the transcript controversy.

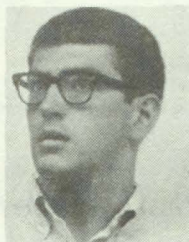
The committee reached agreement on three points:

(1) a complete record of evaluations for each student should be kept on file by the college examiner, open for examination by that student;

(2) a three-part standardized evaluation form should be devised for term evaluations, allowing for a space in which to mark a student's performance "satisfactory," "unsatisfactory," or "incomplete," followed by a space for a detailed evaluation and commentary, and a brief description of the course;

(3) students should have discretionary powers over whether failures and the detailed portions of evaluations are put on his official transcript.

Second-year students Irving Ben-



Cranor

Crane and Joan Schnabel and third-year student John Cranor will prepare a summary of the committee's views for official presentation to the faculty.

If the committee's recommendations are accepted, the official transcripts will include a list of "credits" of all the courses in which a student has performed satisfactorily in addition to his comps and qualifying exam records and complete evaluations of his independent study projects.

The student would have an option of also listing his failed courses and of including the detailed portions of his course evaluations.

The committee were in full agreement that better, more complete records of student performance should be kept, but in "unofficial" files.

They also felt strongly that students should have access to all their evaluations, which they do not now have.

According to College Examiner, John French, evaluations last year were sent intact to academic advisors who then used their discretion in deciding how much to show their advisees. The reason, he said, was that often the evaluations contained personal comments about the students.

Second-year student Mike Cas-sell argued that such comments serve no purpose unless they are revealed to the students, and notes more appropriately directed to personal counselors or medical personnel than the college examiner should be kept separate from le-

## Students Aid Voter Drive

Twelve students helped kick off a voter registration drive in Newtown, Sarasota's Negro community, Monday by contacting eligible voters and urging them to register.

Slated to end October 8, the two-week drive is under the direction of Rev. R. L. Lacey of the Christian Methodist Church; Gene Carnegie, a local free-lance photographer; and Bob Carrol, administrative assistant to Robert King High.

Operating funds for the drive were provided to the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People by Voters Education Project, which is sponsored by the Southern Regional Council, Inc., of Atlanta, Ga.

Organizing student volunteer help here are second-year student Steve Hendricks and first-year student Jon Shaughnessy.

Some of the faculty have offered their time to the drive, as well.

The volunteers plan to canvass the Newtown community tonight and Thursday and Saturday of next week.

gitimate classroom evaluations.

In other actions the academic committee decided to continue referring to students in their first year here as "first-year-students" and so on.

Also the meeting time was changed to 6 pm Tuesday nights instead of 6:30.

## Grad Conference Will Be One Short

Dr. George Schrader, chairman of Yale University's Dept. of Philosophy, will be unable to attend the conference on graduate placement next week on doctor's orders.

The remaining four participants in the conference are scheduled to arrive in Sarasota Sunday.

The four will meet with the president, the division chairmen, the college examiner, and Helgeson Monday morning. After lunch, they will talk with faculty members until 3 pm, when they will confer with administrative personnel.

## Social Science Group To Meet

The second meeting of the Behavioral Sciences Colloquium will be held Monday at 7:30 pm, at the home of Dr. Marion Hoppin.

Dr. Jerome Himelhoch will address the group on youth culture, with reference to his Vermont Youth Study.

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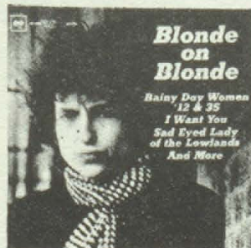
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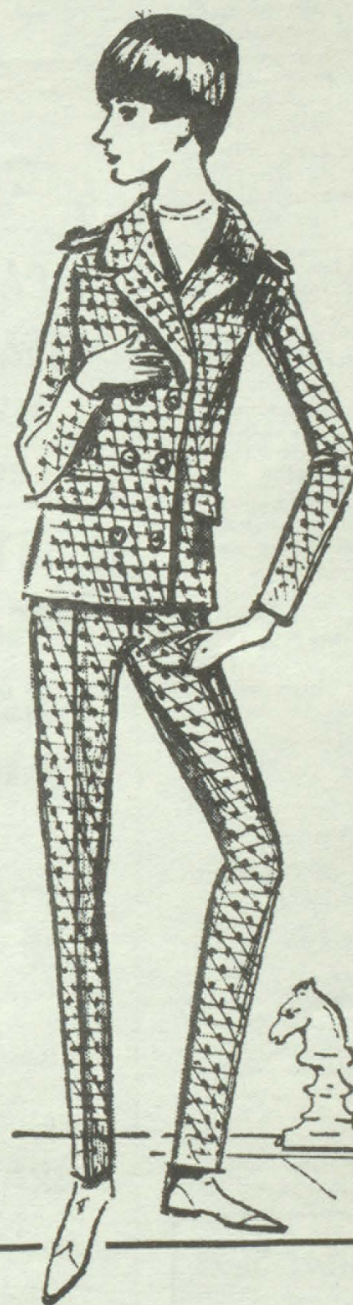


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on campus

with Laurie Paulson

From Sarasota with Love Part II

As I drove back to the campus, I knew exactly what I had to do. There was no question in my mind. First, I had to kill ARB. After that, it really didn't matter--anyone would do. But, before anything, ARB had to be killed. It was past 2 am when I approached headquarters. I saw a light which seemed to be from ARB's office. Perhaps he had waited to hear how the speech had gone. As I got closer, I was disappointed to see the light from the laundry room, and feared I might have to wait for the opportunity to kill the head of the New College intelligence system. Approaching the building, I found I was in luck. The light was, indeed from the laundry room, but ARB was there, washing his clothes. I knew I would have to act with complete naturalness, so ARB would suspect nothing until the fatal moment. So I tripped clumsily over the doorstep coming in, falling headfirst and knocking over a basketful of clothes. "Hello, Agent 68," said ARB, without turning around. "How was the speech received?"

"Oh, quite well," I replied, hoping my voice betrayed nothing. As I spoke, I edged nearer to ARB, who still stood with his back to me, folding some undershirts. I had to be sure I would kill him at once, with a single bullet. I took out my gun, made sure it was loaded, and fitted a silencer on it, since quiet hours had begun.

ARB continued to speak, "I think we may finally have accomplished something toward promoting understanding between New College and Sarasota." I was standing directly behind him. Now was the time. My finger squeezed the trigger forward. Suddenly, ARB swung around, knocking the gun from my hand. Despite my furious struggles, he brought me to the floor, pinned down both of my arms, and brought out a piece of gauze and a bottle from his pocket. He put some of the liquid on the gauze and held it under my nose. Before I could push it away, I had fallen into a deep sleep.

After what seemed like months, I awoke to find myself stretched out on the couch in ARB's office. ARB arose from his desk when he saw me stir. "What happened?" I asked, groggily. I realized I no longer had a desire to kill ARB, or anyone.

"I gave you a special drug we just developed that clears the mind completely of any externally induced commands, like post-hypnotic suggestion."

"But how did you know..."

"Look, I thought from the start that this might be a KOOS trap, but didn't tell you because it might have caused you to transfer to Manatee Junior College. But I suspected some such plot would be attempted."

"But how did you know they'd brainwashed me to kill everyone at New College, and you especially?"

"I didn't, but I suspected something was amiss when you came in the room. You always trip clumsily on your way out. And besides, I could see everything that was going on through this mirror I had built into the washing machine top. By the way, why did they attempt such a complicated plan? Why not just poison the food, for instance?"

"They said they thought of that, but decided no one would be able to tell the difference."

"True, What did they plan to do, after they'd given you a chance to kill everyone on campus?"

"They said they'll send a helicopter over the campus about 10:00 this morning. They said that should give me enough time to do away with at least a good part of the New College population. If it looks to them as if the plan was successful--if there are bodies scattered all over the residence courts, then they'll bring a full KOOS occupational division and take over the campus."

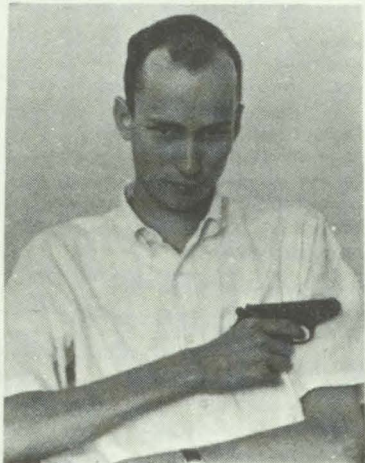
"What a diabolical plan! How

many men will they bring with them when they come to take over?"

"About four hundred. Only the real leaders of the community."

"This is what we'll have to do. We'll set people out in the courts to look like they're dead, so the helicopter will see them. This shouldn't be hard, considering the parties that went on last night. Then, when the forces land, we'll have to fight them off ourselves."

"But ARB, it'll be a massacre."



Paulson

They outnumber us, and I, for one, have had no experience in hand-to-hand combat."

"Haven't you ever tried to serve yourself in the kitchen?"

I admitted he had a point, and anyway, it was the only thing we could do. "I'll help in any way I can," I said.

"Good. By the way, what is the name of the chief of KOOS?"

"U."

"Who?"

"Just the initial U. He doesn't use a name."

"How strange," said ARB. "Well, you'd better wake up the student body and tell them what they'll have to do. 10:00 is only five hours away."

"Right, sir," I said, and stepped out into the still-dark morning. I hadn't dared express to ARB my real feelings about the coming hours. I hadn't told him I was absolutely convinced that today was to be the very last day of New College's existence.

(To be continued.)

Engineer To Inspect Fountains

The fountains in the residence courts will be inspected "shortly" by the architect's electrical engineer from Gainesville, according to Planning Officer Ralph Styles.

Styles said the engineer will see if the fountains can be made shock proof or if they will have to be converted to flower beds.

Emphasizing his and the college's concern for the students' safety and welfare, Styles corrected a conclusion drawn by The Catalyst in an editorial last week.

Instead of waiting too long to look into the proctor's report about the charged fountain, as the paper concluded, the report was investigated the next day and the fountain was checked. Styles said, however, no electrical charge was discovered in the fountain at that time.

Another report of a possible short circuit in the fountain was received Sept. 17, Styles said, and the fountain was turned off that morning (Saturday). "Whoever turned on the fountain (before the student fell into it) forced the lock on the electric panel to do so," he said.

Pointing out that students have been repeatedly warned to stay out of the fountains, Styles said. "They should be responsible enough not to force electric panels and throw switches."

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