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Flamingo

VOLUME TWENTY-TWO NUMBER TWO WINTER, 1947

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Flamingo

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EDITORIAL

This issue boasts three features never before incorporated in FLAMINGO. The first, and most startling, is its blushing pink cover. Inspired by *The Police Gazette*, conceived by the art staff, and modestly admired by the editor, it was designed to rival the wondrous tint of the new administration building.

The second new feature is a bizarre van Gogh reproduction (suitable for framing), which is profoundly commented on by able connoisseurs. This resplendent innovation was arranged to give a touch of the cosmic to our unpretentious periodical.

Thirdly, and for the first time in history, we welcome Dr. Holt to the pages of FLAMINGO. Believing ourselves able critics of aspiring young writers, we feel safe to predict a successful literary career for him. Watch this man. He's going places.

D. P.



MOULDER OF MEN

A satire by JACK FLANNELLY

Another Boilermaker, Charlie.

Yes, I know this will be my sixth one coming up. You don't blame me, do you? I oughta keep on drinking 'till I fall off the stool, after watching the stinking exhibition my bums put on this afternoon.

You didn't see the game? Consider yourself lucky; it smelled out loud.

Yeah, it was that bad. Sometimes I think you've got an easier way to make a living than me.

You heard that my picture was going on the outside of every box of Krispy Flakes? That's right. I'm being paid two thousand to endorse their product.

Okay, so I have a nerve saying that coaching is a tougher racket than tending bar. Well anyway, I told this agent from the cereal company that I would be more than happy to accommodate the firm he represented. Naturally I made it clear that I was doing it for reasons other than mercenary ones. That I considered it part of my duty to the youth of America.

You're correct Charlie; I didn't waste any free motion in placing my John Hancock on the dotted line. He said that besides my picture being on the box, something like this would be added: "Grinnin Mike Mooney, the great and genial coach of the Tech Cougars says, 'I think that Krispy Flakes are a solid body-building food. I have my players eat them daily at the training table.'" Not a bad buildup, eh, Charley? Only what I deserve though.

I lost some of my geniality today when State beat us 13-7. I feel like chewing on my fingers everytime I think of it. Frankly, I would rather have lost to any other team on our schedule. Not only because State is our traditional rival. No sir, not that. I hated losing to them for two reasons; the first being that Hardrock Cadigan, their coach, is a stinking bastard. Why he's the most unethical individual that ever coached a football team. He would send his tramps out on the field armed with brass knuckles if he thought he could get away with it. I know him from my own college days. He played with Wharton University and I represented Tompkins College. Like State and Tech, Wharton and Tompkins were arch rivals.

I'll never forget the game in '26. Hardrock and I were both seniors. He played center and I was Tompkins' fullback. Everytime I carried the ball through his position that day, he'd slug me. I got so mad in the fourth quarter that in one of the pile-ups I gave his leg a twist and they had to carry him off the field on a stretcher.

Hardrock teaches his thugs dirty football. They slug, bite, and use all the other illegal practices of the game whenever they get the chance. That's what makes a gentleman coach like me blow up. I never give my bums instructions to play dirty. I tell them that if their opponents insist on being unsportsmanlike, they should wait for a pile-up and do a little leg-twisting. It's more effective.

The other reason I hated to lose was that we would have been sure of a Rose Bowl bid. Why I would have been named "The Coach of the Year!" But no, my bunch of stumblebums laid down on me.

Yeah, another Boilermaker.

That's right Charlie, they quit cold. Comes Monday morning and more than a few of them are going to go without weekly check. Imagine me paying those lousy punks anywhere from ten to thirty bucks a week, and then having them go and play like grammar school kids. It burns me up.

The biggest fakers out there today were Alex Stalonzak and Johnny Moron. After all I did for them. Both of them are getting thirty a week for flattening our opponents. But they won't get it anymore. I know that Stalonzak has a wife and three kids and that he needs the dough. But from now on that won't concern me. He should have thought about that when he

was laying on his butt on the field this afternoon. He looked like a corpse. Everytime I saw a body stretched out it was Stalonzak's. I should never have allowed him to get new teeth for the front of his mouth. I guess he was so busy protecting them that he forgot to protect the middle of the line, where the State backs were galloping through like they were the Lone Ranger on horseback.

And Johnny Moron. That ignorant slob. Why he owes everything he's got to me. I saved him from the coal mines by bringing him to Tech. He never even has to show up for class; I've taken care of that for him. All I asked him to do was put out on the field for me. Today he was so stupid he broke his leg in the third quarter, at a time when I needed him most.

At half-time the score 7-7. During the intermission I gave one of my now famous pep talks. I told the bums that I would rather die than lose the game. I said that if they had one ounce of American blood in them they would go out there in the next two periods and run State ragged. Then I appealed to each of my starting eleven individually. I told Boris Marchinkovoff, the left tackle, that as a red-blooded American he should kick in his opponent's teeth, and that the only thing that he should allow to go over him were the birds. When I got to Stalonzak I told him that he might as well have stayed in bed. I snarled, "Your wife and kids are up in the stands rooting for you. So far you've disgraced them. What will your kids think of you if you continue to wear out the seat of your pants by being knocked on your can? I'll tell you what they'll think. They'll say, 'Our old man is a bum.' Yes, and more too. They'll be the laughing stock of the neighborhood. Other kids are bound to say to them, 'Your old man is yellow—he hasn't got any guts.' And your wife! People'll shun her because they'll assume by your putrid playing that she's no account. Or else they'll take pity on her for marrying a tramp such as you're making yourself out to be today."

I would've continued but Alex with tears streaming down his cheeks, stood up and shouted wildly, "Stop it coach! Please don't say anymore. Nobody's gonna make fun of my wife and kids, or me either. By Jesus I'll tear State apart next half."

"Sit down, Stalonzak," I snapped. "I know you can do it if you really go out there and fight. Show State and sixty thousand fans what a great lineman you really are. Show your

wife and kids what a family man you are by bringing home the bacon."

I finally got around to Johnny Moron. "And you, Moron! What have you got to say for yourself?" He hung his head and then I really poured it on. "For a guy who's supposed to be an All-American halfback you're playing like a ham. Why you couldn't make a girls' volley ball team! Personally I think you're yellow." As I uttered the last syllable he jumped up from the locker room bench and screeched out, "I'm not yellow!" advancing towards me as he said it. I thought he was going to slug me; but he recoiled when I said, "Shut up, Moron! Save your fight for State. I know you're a great halfback, but for the good Christ's sake let your opponents and the people who paid to see this game know it too."

Then I concluded my talk with my ace in the hole, the good old tear-jerker. I said, "Men, football's not the most important thing in the world and I realize it. Yet it will prepare you for the battle of life after you graduate. The fight and determination you show on the playing field will stand by you as you go out into the business world. And that's what I'm preparing you for."

After letting that sink into their mutton heads for a few moments, I continued, "Just a short while ago the greatest war in history came to an end. Some of you boys sitting here before me were in the midst of it. Some of you won the Purple Heart. All of you have or had friends and relatives who took part in the gigantic struggle. When I say 'had friends' you know what I mean. They died for a just cause so that the rest of us might enjoy the blessings of democracy."

"Some of you boys who went to school here before the war remember Joe Morell. Well as you all know, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Joe was my quarterback in 1940. Even in those days he proved himself to be a leader. I traced his greatness on the battlefield to the game of football. For it was on the playing field that he underwent his first test of fire. It was on the playing field that he showed his generalship and daring. It was there that he showed his true mettle. It is no wonder that he proved himself a great soldier in the days that followed. Joe isn't with us today. He's buried on an island somewhere in the Pacific. But even though he isn't with us in person, I know that somehow he's pulling for us from the

Great Beyond." I paused for the effect, and what an effect it was. The poor slob, each and every one of them, were bawling like babies. That was my cue. I started to bawl too. Then in a choking voice, I said, "Boys, you're not playing this game for me today, or for the school, or even for yourselves. You are playing this game for JOE MORELL." They started to straighten up. Then I said fiercely, "Men—go out there and fight. Go out there and show State and the thousands of people in the stands what kind of stuff you're made of. Go out there and play this game for JOE MORELL! Go out there and fight, fight, FIGHT!"

After the gorillas had filed out of the dressing room on to the field, Bud Hastings, the sports editor of the city newspaper, grabbed my hand and shook it. "A great speech, Coach," he said. I answered, "Bud, I only told the boys what was in my heart. It's up to them from here on." As I left the locker room for the bench I heard Bud mutter "He's a great coach."

You know Charlie, some coaches don't allow anyone into the dressing room when they give out with their speeches. Personally I can't agree with them. I've found that letting in Bud Hastings is a definite asset. Those assets are in the form of pleasant publicity in his newspaper column. Why his by-line is syndicated all over the country. It's partly because of him that I enjoy such a fine reputation among sports enthusiasts from coast to coast.

Charlie, a coach has to put up with plenty if he wants to get along. He's got to be a handshaker for one thing. To prove my point, Dumart, the left end, doesn't even belong on the squad never mind the first team. However, his old man owns several radio stations, and I don't want to antagonize him by not letting his son play. Then there's the old grad. who the coach always has to keep on friendly terms with. Frankly, I'd like to choke about ninety-nine percent of them, but instead I go against all my principles by always showing them the face of "Grinnin' Mike Mooney."

I like the name "Grinnin'." When I started in the coaching racket I soon realized that to get ahead in the game a fellow needed more than ability. He required personality. So I went about putting into practice what Dale Carnegie wrote in a book. I grinned at the right time at the right people. It wasn't long before some friendly sports scribe added "Grinnin'," to the rest

of my name. In spite of the hardships I've gone through in the coaching business since that time, the name has stuck.

But all of my wisdom couldn't win the game for me today. Damn it all Charlie, I did my best. Those thick-skulled bums of mine quit cold. From now on I'm going to scout any promising football material myself. I've been leaving that up to my assistant coaches while I spread favorable propaganda among the Kiwanis and Monday Morning Quarterback Clubs. Next year will be a different story against State because I'll personally pick the slob who are going to play for me. They'll either put out or get out; I'll make sure of that.

It's eight o'clock—time for me to go over to the hospital and see Johnny Moron. Not that I like the tramp, but I know that it's the best policy. In that way the nurses will get the impression that I'm a loyal coach with a fatherly attitude towards my boys. Which reminds me, I better keep Johnny on the payroll until he's able to walk again. Otherwise someone might think that I don't stand by the boys after all. That doesn't include Stalonzak. He's all washed up. I wouldn't give him the right time after the way he loused things up this afternoon.

Confidentially, Charlie, I can hardly wait until my picture begins to circulate around the country on the box cover of Krispy Flakes. When the kids see that they will probably all want to play ball for me at Tech. I can't blame them for feeling that way. It's only natural that growing youngsters would want to play for "Grinnin' Mike Mooney"—the moulder of men.

"But don't you see,"
Said the child,
"The color red
Is like a round, ripe apple."
The man took the apple
Gently in his hands,
Rolled his empty eyes
Toward the blazing sun,
And smiled a bitter smile.
"Yes," he said, "yes,
The color red
Is like a round, ripe apple."

STUART JAMES.



SOUTH

A poem by **WESLEY DAVIS**

There was a time, Red-Land
Before you
Painted all the rivers red.
Big-wombed South-land:
Warm and virile
Land of many children:

Young princes, sweet days,
Minted drinks, curved goblets,
Tall horses, little foxes,
Tinkle and song
Of laughing ladies.

Hear the nostalgic cough, see the shriveled bag.
Lost the white, white crown
Wrapped in croker sack gown.

Red land and all the rivers painted red.
Gaunt woman: veins that beg to bleed:
Thin-lipped hookworm leanness:
Raw weather-board shack, lone-rut road.

Leave my children, leave the pelagral land,
Cracked skin, the skeletal land,
Bones without marrow.

TOWARD CREATIVE EDUCATION

A critical essay by **SALLY HOBBS**

COLLEGE education in the United States today seems to have two objects: to pour facts into the head of the student and to teach him to analyze any given situation. The latter is given the impressive title of "learning to think." Granted that these two aims are in themselves praiseworthy, there is a third purpose to education of far greater importance. Some schools, generally religious in background, claim this is the formation of a set of standards and values. But this is only a small part of the third great purpose of education, which is being neglected.

The process of thought has two phases, two distinct characters. The first is of course analysis, and the second, synthesis. This second phase has been almost totally ignored or overlooked in the present educational system. It is creative thinking. Not only is it the essence of genius or talent in any field, it is of the utmost importance in every life. It is not only the *Fifth Symphony* of Beethoven and *Paradise Lost* and the atomic bomb that it produces; it is also the clever decorations for the dance, the intelligent political opinion, the set of values which will be able to undergo the stresses of time and change. We ordinarily become so concerned with the accumulation of data and with the analysis of their meaning that we have no time or energy left for the creative activities of life. The best technical education in the world will not make an inventor.

Adolescence is the most creative period of life, psychologists tell us. This creativity they ascribe to a broadening of interest at that time at a rate theretofore undreamed of and never again attained. But going along with that is the fact that the adolescent is equipped with a few new and wonderful ideas and has not yet become so absorbed with the game of addition and analysis that he forgets they are games and not the business of life. In our teens all of us engaged in most of the creative activities of life: we sang, we drew, we painted, we acted, and all of us were convinced in our heart of hearts that we had the Great American

Novel up our sleeves. We embraced radical political and economic creeds. We were converted alternately to atheism and Roman Catholicism. No one had told us that we couldn't become great artists or that we couldn't save humanity unaided. Or rather we were deaf to the discouraging voices. Such are the young people who every year flood into our colleges. They are at the age when common sense and experience should be able to temper these wild enthusiasms into constructive, truly creative ways of life and thought. But this is unfortunately not the case. The average graduate of even the liberal arts college is alienated from the arts and regards them as the exclusive property of a small class of specialists. He is as afraid of a new idea as of the plague. Or he can go another way. He has so disinfected his mind that a new idea can be torn limb from limb, a different philosophy dismembered in ten minutes, a new art form disposed of in a few epigrams, all by the magical process of analysis. And what has either student gained toward a practicable solution to the problems of living? The first has probably accepted some system of conduct all unconsciously from his associates. The second probably has none, having never been able to find any system without flaws. They are alike victims of the peculiar disease of modern man and the modern mind. They have no fixed hope, no fixed principle which they can make part of themselves. They have no one goal by which their many diverse activities can be unified into one whole. In their attempt to keep young people from rushing headlong after unworthy ends, educators have succeeded in instilling an attitude of mind that makes it impossible to subscribe wholeheartedly to any creed, political or economic system, moral code, or way of life. Because they have been trained to look at all sides of the question, students are unable to see any single viewpoint that will meet all their standards and so are left without any or settle down through sheer inertia to the mental processes of their parents and their associates. The idealism of youth is turned against itself. Self-mistrust is engendered in regard to all the creative activities of life, and the comfortable ground of relying on authority is cut from under the student's feet.

On the other hand, some institutions, mainly sectarian ones, go on the assumption that since youth is idealistic, their total duty is to indoctrinate the student with their own particular set of views. This propagandizing can reach out quite openly

into every phase of campus life. However worthy the values may be in themselves, inevitably they must run against obstacles and contradictions, and the student may react violently in a different direction, fall away gradually, or intrench himself more firmly in the opinion, much in the manner of an ostrich. Ready-made ideas cannot fit the individual, and this type of "education for living," as it is often called, is worse than useless.

The faculty and administration of any college have an enormous responsibility put on their shoulders. What can they do to meet that responsibility? First of all, they should allow the student as much social and intellectual freedom as possible. They should show the student that the cultivation of individuality is not contrary to the best interests of the group, but that on the contrary the highest good to the group is dependent on the highest development of the individual. Without sacrificing the ability to examine all sides of a question fairly and the ability to analyze, a creative attitude must be developed which will teach the student to direct his attention toward the large issues rather than the minute. The student should be encouraged to abandon vacillation and take a stand, to express himself in many art forms and to be a creative observer of all. On the other hand, criticism of those who intend to make a life work of any particular field should be much more realistic. The disillusionment and defeat is much more bitter when suffered at the hands of callous strangers in the cold, cruel world than when handed out in a helpful manner by professors.

Students have been set too much apart from the life of communities. Campuses can easily become ivory towers. Students are led to believe that they are being prepared for life and that by some mysterious process as they emerge from the chapel one fine June day with a roll of parchment, they will begin living and will begin to be citizens and an influence in the community. College should stress the fact that students are members of a community; they should guide students toward taking the intelligent part in life to which their superior education and advantages obligate them.

Can creative living and thinking be taught? I think it can—in the classroom and in extracurricular activities. Almost every class can make its contribution to the community directly; emphasis can be placed on activity, rather on the mere passive ab-

sorption of knowledge. With the great influx of more mature students, colleges now have a priceless opportunity to discard the joe-college or country club aspect on the one hand and extreme academicism on the other, without a sacrifice of good times or solid learning. A person's chosen work should be a pleasure in itself; a creative, active college program should eliminate a good deal of the hectic pleasure-seeking which is one of the aspects of college life today and should supplant it naturally with valuable extracurricular activities and maturer and saner forms of recreation. In a college which would stress practical, creative achievement, the greasy-grind who knows nothing but books and his own narrow field would be discouraged, and the many-sided, active person encouraged and held up for emulation. This does not mean that I admire excessively the person who is always dashing about madly to committee meetings, clubs, and tennis courts. There is such a thing as creative scholarship. Above all, we need originality, fresh approaches to the age-old problems of how to live our own lives and how to improve the world in which we all must live.

STILL IS THERE . . .

It is not enough: the brain.
 However seared with thought
 The mind may be,
 Still is there heart, urging.
 Though secret tears
 It is not enough: the heart.
 May work insidiously,
 Still is there body, surging.
 It is not enough: the body.
 Harsh rapture cannot
 Fuse the entity.
 Still is there spirit, purging.

Mary Malta Peters.



THE DOOR

A short story by PETE SHOLLEY

It was one o'clock when his clerk left that Saturday, but there was still work to do, so he crossed to the icebox to cut down a side of bacon for the Monday trade. After the tense heat of the afternoon, the box would be refreshing. As he passed the refrigeration control, he pressed the little knob down to "full cold," as was his custom, to keep the box cold over the weekend when the power would be off.

Not until the ponderous door had swung to after him did he remember the sticky catch. He wondered abstractly if a little oil might not do the trick. He cut down a side of bacon, grimacing at the odor of a pile of stew meat that was spoiling in spite of the extreme cold. Making a mental note to grind it first thing Monday, he pushed the plunger on the latch. It slipped a little way, and stuck. On this door the latch mechanism was concealed, leaving only a flat-headed, mushroom shaped handle visible. Under pressure, it was supposed to slide into the door, working the catch. Today, however, the door swallowed up only about one quarter of its length and there it balked.

He pushed harder, then, whispering curses, he laid the side of bacon down on the frost-covered floor boards. Using the heel of his hand as a hammer, he rammed it a little farther, but not far enough. Joggling it impatiently, he was aware of a vague uneasiness. Grating out oaths, he bashed his fist against the unyielding lever. Still swearing viciously, he braced himself

against a stack of Birdseye crates, and strained against the obdurate latch. With an abruptness that threw him against the door, the latch gave, but the door remained closed. Silent, he pushed at the door tentatively, almost gently. It stood firm. He had trouble keeping his hands steady as he returned to the catch, which was impossibly in the position that it was supposed to assume when the door was open. Licking his lips and feeling the iciness of them, he pulled the lever out again. Not breathing, he shook the spike-like handle, shoved it home again. The lever slid in with more ease than he could ever remember; there was something terrifying about it. Horror clutched his face as some nameless, priceless bit of casting dropped from the latch assembly clattering from level to level in the bowels of this iron and wood monster that separated him from the warmth of his shop.

His mind told him what had happened, but he would not listen. He painstakingly withdrew the lever and slid it in again, a sixteenth of an inch at a time, remembering desperately the countless and unthinking times he had used this same lever to get out of this same icebox. There was no welcoming obstruction of ratchets and gears; the lever was only an impotent piece of iron now, worse than useless. He stood, leaning on the door with one hand, watching with morbid fascination as the glistening shaft vanished and reappeared over and over as he pushed and pulled on it so easily.

Next he was conscious of a stickiness in his eyelids as his breath froze on them. After clearing them with his free hand, he found himself staring dully at a trickle of blood oozing from under his other hand as it pressed against the door. He was absorbed in the erratic pattern of the stream as it strung itself along the cold metal. He pulled his hand loose and, although bits of his skin were left clinging to the hoary surface of the iron he felt no pain, so hypnotised was he by that line of blood. The stream lost momentum and, as it reached a rivet, stopped, culminating in a tiny droplet, poised on the head of the rivet. He watched it intently, waiting. The drop clung precariously for an instant, then seemed to draw into itself as it froze solid on the verge of letting go. His mind was so mesmerized by shock and cold that it was not until seconds had elapsed that he realized that it was not going to fall.

The thought of his own blood freezing seemed full of evil portent, and he broke out of his trance in a frenzy of self-preserv-

ation. He stopped and grasped the side of bacon in his already strangely wooden hands and crashed at the door with it. Each blow produced a muffled drum-like sound, but could discover no weakness in the door. Finally he stood back, panting hoarsely, coughing as the aching cold struck his lungs. The side of bacon had slipped from his hand, but until it struck the floor, he did not know that it had dropped.

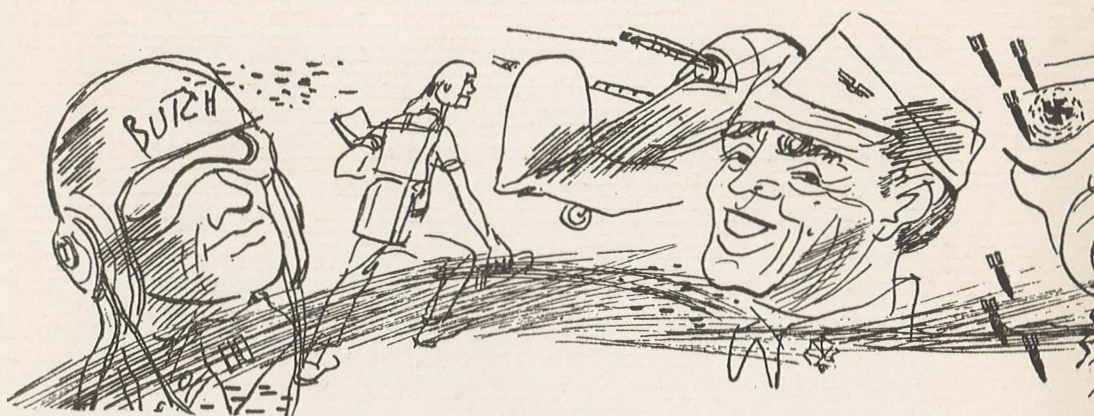
Desperately, he beat his hands together. There was slashing wracking pain, but no sensation of touch. He screamed, and a scale of ice fell away from his contorted face. A chicken head sticking out of a pile of carcasses ogled him gruesomely. He screamed again, then, as the light dimmed from the refrigerator motor's starting, he lurched over to it and, making inarticulate noises with his rigid lips, he cupped it in his nerveless fingers. The bulb was only fifteen watts, and there was barely enough radiation to warm the glass slightly, so none penetrated to his supplicant hands. He moaned softly, cooing encouragement to the bulb, but there was no response. Suddenly, his hands didn't hurt anymore. This terrified him, and as waves of crucifying pain seared him, he performed a grotesque dance, stamping his feet, and flogging his arms against his body, shrieking in agony. When he could endure no more, he stopped and stood shuddering from relief at the cessation of that self imposed torture.

His eyes leaped about the narrow confines of the box. Eagerly, they clutched at a minute crack where the insulation had fallen away at the juncture of the door and its frame. Down on his knees he clawed at the tiny aperture, and as he worked he could almost feel the warmth of the shop permeating his being. Encouraged, he dug on. Another sliver of wood came off. He was basking in warmth. Just a little wider and he would be free.

Just a little wider—

And so in secret men conspired.
 Their plans bore fruit:
 Grief was caught, tried,
 And guillotined. His head upon
 A pike was set and all men cried:
 Long live Joy!—who crept away
 And soon of surfeit died.

STUART JAMES.



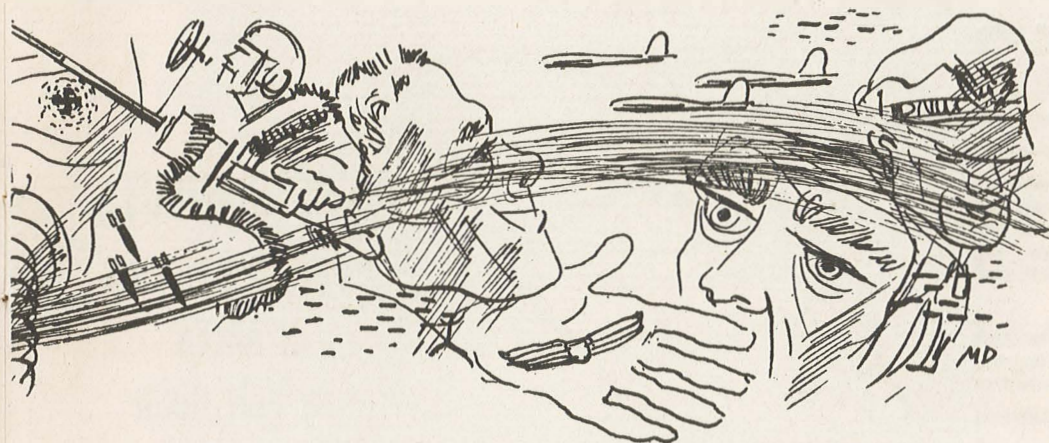
WHERE ARE YOU NOW,

Where are you now, you airmen?
 You cream, so called, you glory boys of the blue,
 You bomber boys with your wrinkles,
 You fighter joes with your flair,
 You thirty thousand dollar wonders.

Do you sit now, in a world grown tame?
 Do you walk a red light with a careless grace?

Where are you now, you airmen?
 You tense men who laughed on the ground,
 You cruel ones who laughed too much,
 You priceless, carefree ones, you comedians,
 You family men with your snapshots,
 You others, the great lovers.

Do you look up now in the sky?
 Do you bump your shin on a municipal bench?



YOU AIRMEN?

by BILL SHELTON

Where are you now, you airmen?
 You bomber boys, you gadget men, you gregarians,
 You Big "B" boys, you shuttlers, the Brenner crowd,
 You Rabauls, you Singapores, you Tokios,
 You wingmen, you element leads, you wheels.

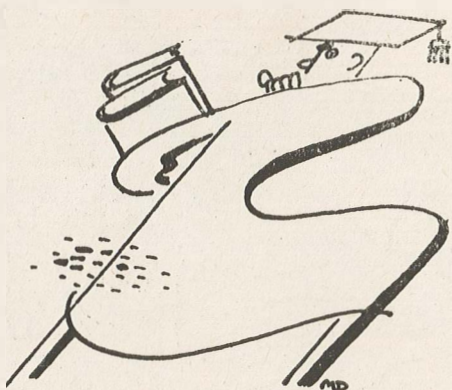
Where are you now, you P. D. I.s?
 Do you ride a bus somewhere or own a car?

Does your laundry come back on time?
 Is life kind?

Where are you now, you airmen?
 You old roster haunters, you drinkers,
 You smokers, you mid-night poker players,
 You book lovers, you quiet ones,
 You cussing, stamping, noisy ones.

Is there a night now and then like an old one?
 Is your shirt front light across your heart?

Where are you now, you airmen?
 Where are you men I knew?



THE SUBJECT:
"PUBLIC GARDENS
IN ARLES"
By VAN GOGH

DR. HAMILTON HOLT, President of Rollins College

"The title of this colored reproduction is '*Public Gardens in Arles*', but, except for the people sitting on the benches (for which I presume an old lady will come around to collect a *sou*) it might just as well be in Key West, Honolulu or Kalamazoo. The curious background seen at the top center of the picture through foliage, might either be the side of a mountain or a tempestuous sea. What the gateposts have to do with the fence is a little mysterious and why the man in the foreground has his legs so far apart that he stands on the edge of his shoes is also a mystery. The fact that his face shows no eyes, nose or mouth is hardly the highest form of Art, but it undoubtedly adds to the esoteric effect. One can see why nobody sits upon the three-legged settee in the left foreground of the path; its legs are not straight and the seat would undoubtedly collapse.

"So much for details. The total effect leaves me without any backbone thrills or other emotional reactions. Apparently this is art for art's sake—the greatest philosophic nonsense that ever deluded the human race."

ANDRE STENBOCK-FERMOR, Rollins College Student.

"The very fragrance of these pines, and the anisette of the nearest cafe, come to my mind instantly as I observe the range of green to yellow tones. I can almost envision a French *piou piou* wearing his ludicrous *bonnet de police*, kissing some *gouvernante Arlesienne*, while her young charges play about unconcernedly in the sand."



BARONESS VAN BOECOP, Rollins College, French Dept.

"Symphonie de vert et d'or terne, vaguement ecoeurante, que mettent en valeur quelques touches grises et noires.

Atmosphere poudreuse, somnolente, deja fievreuse, par le ciel d'implacable tumulte marin, hallucinant comme un gouffre.

Spleen sous le soleil . . Ces personnages mediocres comme l'ennui . . .

On se souvient des mots cites par le genial et douloureux van Gogh, hante de lumiere, au sujet d'Eugene Delacroix qui les meritait moins que lui ' . . . Peintre qui avait un soleil dans la tete et un orage dans le coeur.'

Un grain de pose en plus, et voila un 'peintre maudit'."

PROF. HUGH McKEAN, Rollins College Art Dept.

"I object to van Gogh. His hooliganisms, his madness, his early and self-inflicted death are not the reasons. I regret his painting because it is so good. His pictures have won him fame and everyone is consequently confused. He is so well known that the public expects all artists to be buffoons; and many artists, unable to imitate his quality as a painter, imitate van Gogh's bizarre manner of life.

"*Public Gardens in Arles* with its endless variations on yellow green, its pattern of interlocking parabolas, its dancing brush strokes and its irresistible street illustrate what I object to. It is so good, he will never be forgotten."

PHILOSOPHICAL CREDO

An essay by **STUART JAMES**

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

—Hamlet.

I can picture nothing more offensive to the gods, more repugnant to the muses, more tedious to the reader, than a scrap of pseudo-literature entitled *Philosophical Credo*, written, slowly and painfully, by one who is neither philosopher nor writer. However, in this instance I have set my life upon a cast, and determined willed or fated, I shall still be forced to stand the hazard of the die.

I wish to make clear at the outset that I consider philosophy to be purely a means to an end; the end being simply a better way of life. Through a smattering of history I have learned that often a means becomes the end itself. Men become so absorbed in perfecting the method of attaining their goal that the sight of the goal itself is lost. I believe metaphysics, axiology, epistemology, or methodology to be nothing in themselves, but to be valued only in proportion as they guide humanity toward a higher concept of life. The moment philosophy ceases to be a means and threatens to become an end in itself, I shall desert it.

I am also aware of the incompatibility of theory and practice in the field of philosophy. It is often the case that a man is a saint in professed ideals and a whoremonger in his actions. Perhaps Rousseau, who left foundlings on every door-step in Europe is a case in point. The difficulty of living up to one's philosophy can be seen by following any one of several millions of avowed Christians as they go about from day to day applying the Golden Rule only when it results to their advantage.

How easy (and how hypocritical) it is to bend and warp a philosophy until it conforms to an action, rather than force the action to fit the philosophy. How much easier it is to burn your enemy at the stake than to forgive him!

Perhaps even in the faintness of its music, in its shadowy, intangible outline, life offers a kind of hope for the sensitive mind. For in its denotations life is barren and bleak; but in its connotations it becomes infinitely rich and magnificent. We suspect so much and know so painfully little. How far our spiritual reach exceeds our spiritual grasp! And yet it is rightly so. It is not its bare facts, but the vast overtones of this life that feeds and sustain us.

I find it impossible to state my philosophic position in philosophic terms. I would like to be able to say firmly and positively that I was a Platonist, or a Vitalist, or a Dualist, or a Realist, or a Pragmatist, or a Theist; but this is impossible; for, though I am like Descartes and know *that* I am, never yet have I ascertained *what* I am. However there are a few things I feel I should set down.

As for metaphysics I tend to lean toward the realist view. Objects exist in themselves; yet I would never go so far as to say these objects when known are uncolored by the individual mind. However, I believe with Parmenides and Plato that these objects are not the Real. Sense perception is essentially false and shows us only the froth on the beer under which the true liquid of Reality is submerged. Just what this Reality is I am not equipped to hazard a guess. While aware of the Doctrine of Ideas, still, I cannot wholeheartedly believe it. I feel and sense the universal behind the particular but cannot grasp it with my mind, as I believe Plato did.

Outside of the realm of metaphysics I think these two ideas, the falsity of sense perception and the grasp of the universal, are a definite aid in the approach to life. For instance, it is the man of wisdom who rises above the chaos of the world perceived by sense; he steps a little outside of life and stands apart from it, as all the wise must do. Thus from the perspective gained of wisdom he discovers the relationship of part to whole and sees behind the particular and ephemeral the universal and the eternal. He discovers his own part in the Great Scheme of things; life becomes less incoherent and seems backed by some semblance of purpose.

I am a moral relativist believing that all value judgments, of necessity, are subjective in nature. I consider myself morally enriched in having learned the difference between a judgment of fact and a judgment of value, and I pray that I may never forget that difference. I accept the proposition that the measuring stick for moral judgments is formed by the "might makes right" doctrine, without losing sight of its relative and unstable nature.

As for the problem of Truth I shall be content to leave it to heaven and to such people as delight in spending their time pursuing the horizon. Men babble of Truth, and the gods laugh.

All organized religion I hold suspect, and I am inclined to agree with Voltaire that it began when the first knave met the first fool. I look upon the church as the weed that grew up beside the flower of Christ's teachings and slowly choked it out. As for Christ himself, while not believing him to be divine in the theological sense, I do think that he was, perhaps, the greatest man the world has ever known. Here, for once, the spirit of God shone through the mortal clay. His teachings were pearls thrown before swine who trampled them beneath their feet, and even unto this day, in all their ecclesiastical finery, turn and rend him. To me, it is St. Paul and the Church Fathers, and not Pilate, who are the villains in the tragedy of Christ. It is they who crucified the spirit of this gentle Jew. It is they who have replaced creed for conduct as the test of virtue and put the shaven head and priestly robe above a compassionate heart. "Verily I say unto you, they have their reward."

As Plato thanked the gods that he lived in the age of Socrates, so would I had I lived in the age of Christ. Gladly would I have left my fishing nets wasting and rotting in the brilliant Galilean sun to seek with him, in the realm of the spirit, this strange, new world that he called the Kingdom of God.

Concerning the argument of determinism and free-will, I am frankly without conclusions. Self-determinism seems a logical and sound doctrine. Perhaps for these very reasons I hold it suspect. It is quite possible that I am suffering from that most offensive of diseases known as elephantiasis of the ego, but I still like to think of the individual as being able to overcome, in moments of greatness, almost any set of given conditions. It seems to me that this belief gives a sense of vital immediacy to life that is lacking in the deterministic outlook. In

the final analysis I would be inclined to take a stand somewhere midway between the two points of view; though at this stage I am nowhere near anything approaching a definite opinion.

As for the question of God, I do not think God can ever be really known to man; felt or desired, perhaps, but never known in the true meaning of the word. A man contemplating God is analogous to a person, blind from birth, pondering color. We, as human beings, are not equipped with any known faculty capable of grasping, in the intellectual sense, a concept so vastly superior to us. Because of this I regard all arguments, ancient and modern, propounded to prove the existence of God to be the work of intellectual genius and spiritual imbecility. It is not through the intellect that God can be known; only madness lies that way. For this reason I think all published interpretations of God are false and blasphemous in that they fall into that Slough of Theological Despond known as anthropomorphism.

Though, mentally, I am light years away from the understanding of Santayana's philosophy, I feel that his approach to God lies nearest to a satisfying answer. God is divorced from all knowledge of fact and, therefore, removed entirely from the realm of science. Our various standards of measurement for the material world are not applicable in the spiritual field; a fact man seems to have been painfully slow in learning. God is not a laboratory project and must be approached from an entirely different angle, that is, through an ethical and esthetical sense of value. In this way He becomes an Ideal toward which all men must strive. What is that intangible Something in a great work of art, an act of heroism, a gesture of kindness that defies description in our homely, inadequate terms and yet at the same time sends pulsing through our beings the vibrations and harmonies of a deathless music composed in spiritual realms beyond our comprehension? I ventured once before the belief that it was the vast overtones of life that sustained us; perhaps I should have said that it was the spirit of God filtering through the corporeal clay that gives to life its magnificent connotations. The spiritual value of a thing is to be judged by the degree in which it appeals to man's higher nature. A single crimson rose gleaming like a tiny ray of celestial light on some window sill in the filth and squalor of a tenement district is

enough to give fresh affirmation to my belief in the Spirit of God.

Prayer, then, becomes the method by which we constantly remind ourselves of the Highest Value. It is the daily attempt to hold before our mind's eye an image of the Ideal. Man evolves spiritually in direct proportion that his own life reflects this Ideal.

I am aware that this interpretation is mystical and vague, but I am of the belief that the things of this life that mean the most to us are, by their very nature, indefinable as well as intangible, elusive, and forever unattainable. After all, it is in the pursuit and not in the attainment of a goal that we find our basic satisfactions.

If I seem to give the general impression of a hope and a certain optimism, it is not always so; for often I find life a puzzling and bitter enigma and must confess that only when the wind is southerly do I know a hawk from a handsaw. When the winter gales are raging north-north-west and I am bowed and beaten by the whips and scorns of time, I know with Housman that "malt does more than Milton can to justify God's ways to man."

There are times when I am sick to death of Man and all he stands for. I grow weary beyond caring of the learned and wise, of philosopher and priest, of statesman and general; for they rave of nothingness, and their words are as "wind along the waste, willy-nilly blowing." I grow tired of book and of lecture and weary of men who teach and fools who try to learn. And I have felt as Whitman must have felt when he listened with disgust to the learned astronomer and then went out into the night and looked up in perfect silence at the stars.

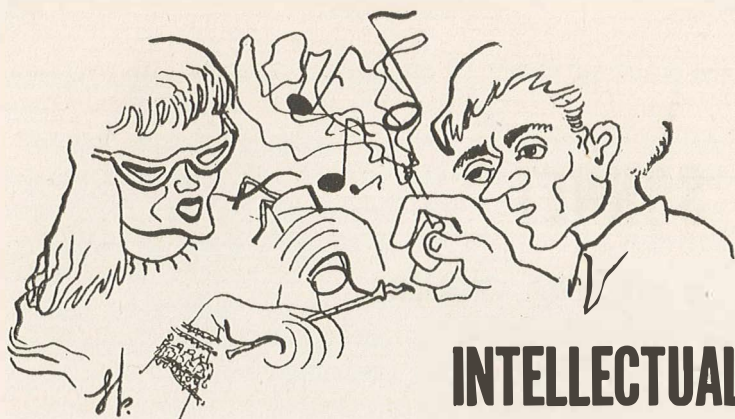
At times I, too, have stood long and alone in the vast stillness of the night watching the great constellations wheeling overhead, until it seemed that I ceased to live in space and time and, like Thoreau, began to Be in Eternity. And as the Song of Endless Time came faintly to my ears born on the winds of night, I listened to it and believed its tale, not caring if it were true or false, knowing only that its plangent harmonies filled my being with all the magnificent richness and the half-sad feeling of endless peace that flows from the Great Unknown.

And I believe Man, too, has his place in Infinity. It is true that "only that day dawns to which we are awake"; and, God knows, we have slumbered long enough.

SONNET

by VIRGINIA GIGUERE

I know this bare black bough and tight-lipped bud
Will burst into a shower of pink and white
All in a day; and out of frozen mud
Will spring a thousand daises overnight.
Though now the winter chills the wooded land
And naked fields are stretched out far and sere
I know that by tomorrow, spring may stand
Upon the threshold of the earth, and clear
And loud shout forth, "Awake, for I impart
The magic word that I have brought to you."
So stand I in the doorway of your heart
And see it grey with winter; I know too,
That if I dared, I could a summer bring
Surpassing all the splendor of spring.



INTELLECTUALS

A satire by WESLEY DAVIS

"What are you painting now, Gertrude, honey?"

"The Last Supper."

"Hasn't that been done before?"

"Of course, stupid, but not the way I'm doing it. I'm giving Christ six fingers on his right hand to represent six schools of modern art."

"How exceedingly clever."

"Say, have you seen Jane's latest story? Southern in setting. Devastating attack on the race problem. Has a terrific beginning. Listen: 'There was nothing unusual about the way her throat was cut from one ear to the other, because Lieutenant Rogers, with an air of absolute certainty, said to his companion officer, *Well, Bulldog, it looks like some wench got her with a razor, don't it?*'"

"You know, I think Jane is developing a fine masculine style. There's nothing at all slick about her writing any more."

"Amazing progress. Who'd ever think that she sold a story to the *Post* once?"

"She has mastered the technique of *showing* the reader instead of *telling* him."

"Precisely! You have isolated the essential ingredient of all successful modern fiction."

"A sweeping generality!"

"Not at all. The point cannot be exaggerated. Don't you see? In the sample I cited—we're not *told* that the police

officers are a bunch of ignorant fascist bastards. We see them *being* bastards. They open their mouths and in one utterance establish themselves indelibly in the reader's mind as bastards. That is, in the discerning reader's mind."

"I don't think you've made your point."

"You're being exceptionally dense today. Now listen. If you wanted to characterize a woman with an animal appetite and protruding teeth, you wouldn't just state explicitly that she is greedy and has buck teeth. You have to dramatize the picture. The reader has to see the appetite and the teeth in action. You might say, 'She always ate her breakfast alone, starting with three grapefruit cut in halves. Each half-grapefruit was sprinkled with a pre-war portion of sugar and eaten *without* a spoon. This feat she managed without the least difficulty, her teeth being so arranged and shaped, that by placing her opened mouth to the flat surface of the grapefruit, she could bite out its insides with one snap of the jaw, without touching the rind. However, her expertness had come only with years of practice.' Now, do you see the point? You don't tell the reader; you let him see it."

"Your specific instances are brilliant, darling, but I'm frightfully skeptical of your general thesis."

"Your particular skepticism in no way alters the validity of my argument."

"Quite so, my dear, just as the validity of your argument in no way alters its utter falsity."

"Oh, you're the cutest little ass."

"Sh! Let's keep this conversation on a decent level. Ha—that's funny as hell. I mean the 'discreet level.' Get the double significance of it—in this context."

"Uh huh, darling, I think you're just a little frustrated poet."

"Of course, all novelists are frustrated poets. And on the other hand all poets are frustrated novelists. But the novelists that are frustrated poets are frustrated in a different way from the poets that are frustrated novelists. Get what I mean?"

"Certainly, what you mean is—"

"No! I mean that contemporarily, the novel is the only justifiable medium of literary expression—discounting the short story which is only a small bastard child of the novel anyway. So those that can't write novels write poetry out of frustration, knowing that there is no place for good poetry in our culture.

Out of this personal frustration comes poetry of frustration, which sets up a closed circuit of frustration, generated in the poet, passing through his work back to himself. Thus we have the extraordinary phenomenon of the modern poet expressing himself to himself. On the other hand the novelist, though he is secure in the knowledge that he is writing in the accepted medium of his age, is frustrated by the self-realization that every good writer is by instinct a poet."

"Go get me three more coffees, will you?"

"Please don't interrupt—. That's why in contemporary novels you find an impressive amount of poetic overtone, some strikingly poetic phrases along with a slender, barely perceptible, thread of narrative, along with a succession of graphic details of hot love in the tall grasses or between dingy sheets, to catch a host of readers' interest."

"Oh, I see. Let's talk about painting. Why don't you ever bring your father to visit the studio?"

"I did—the last time the water went down enough so that I could get the Ford home to get him."

"How did he react?"

"He embarrassed hell out of me. You know that futuristic study of the regeneration of man that Lyn Goldsteen did—the one that everyone raved about and she expects to hang in one of the New York shows? Well, when he saw it, he looked at it very closely the way he used to stare at the water bugs swimming in a hundred crazy little circles, before he skimmed them out of the way with his hand so that he could dip up a bucket of water for the kitchen. Then in his loud uncouth way he said, 'Son, this here is a mighty fine piece of canvas they been usin' to wipe their brushes on, but I reckon they have to live up to their name of a rich man's college.' I told him that his remarks on the 'theory of conspicuous waste' were not at that moment apropos of anything. Fortunately, there was no one else there except some people painting. They didn't hear or see us because we were careful not to bump against them."

"Oh, Jesus, I'm five minutes late for my class in *World Government*. I didn't hear the bugle, did you?"

"No, I was listening to the juke box."

"Where's my knitting? Get your foot off. Is that all I'll need? My drawing pad! I've got to sketch Margie Myer in class today. She has the most remarkable face . . ."

THERE'S A SONG

A poem by CISSY MORISON

There's a song in the South, there's a chant,
there's a beat,

A rhythm, a pulse, rising up from the heat
of the Southland.

Keep them in their place,
Keep 'em in their place.

A song of prejudice, ignorance, hate.

A song of indolence, fear, fate.

Keep them in their place,
Keep 'em in their place.

Fate you say! Why, what do you mean?

Indolence? Fate? That remains to be seen.

Lynching, indolence? Bilbo, fate?

Oh, certainly not, 'tis a chant of hate, this—

Keep them in their place,
Keep 'em in their place.

The voice was strong, and loud, and bold,
And the wind that followed was hard and cold.

The North was speaking, branding the South,
The North was speaking, indicting the South for its
Keep them in their place,
Keep 'em in their place.

But still from the Bottomlands up from Alabama,
Still from the white folk down in Carolina,

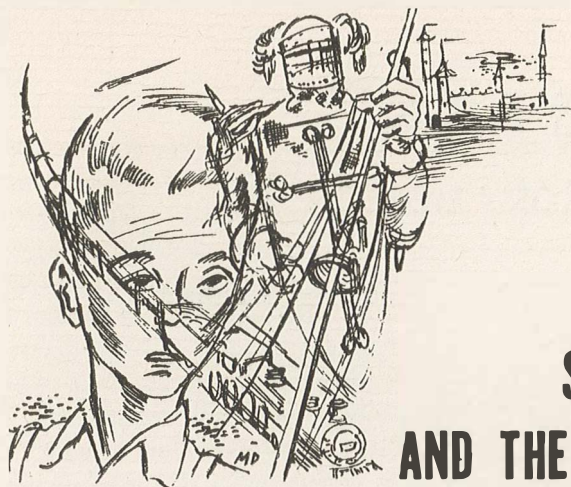
All the way from Charleston, Birmingham, Savannah,
Still from Georgia from Louisiana, comes

Keep 'em in their place.
Keep them in their place,

"I know it's wrong," and a warm wind blew,

"I know it's wrong, the same as you.

But I was born to this rhythm, this chant,
I was born and fight it I can't."



SIR GRANE AND THE MONSTER

A short story by **MARTIN DIBNER**

THERE was no other way for Grane Amandus and no one thought to change this. Not that anyone possibly could, for there was no one else except his Ma and Pa and the exhausted farm with its parched and barren fields and the gentle, mocking hills beyond. A piteous, calloused, handful of useless earth and helpless creatures.

There were books, though—four of them—and this was for Grane. This alone, and not the days of schoolroom splendor that rightfully should have been his own. For if there was a school in this Godforsaken valley, it had no way of knowing of the Amandus farmhouse; and most certainly no one else had seen or heard of Grane. There had been a school once in Iowa, five tortured years ago, and he had had a fine speller and a thick, hard-covered reader full of pictures. And for companionship—a group of youngsters near his age. Those days remained as brightly-colored miniatures not quite forgotten in the frail youngster's mind. But these last five years had dulled them with the tedious drudgery of his daily tasks. The sadness and the silence that had now become his parents' way of life had transmitted itself in part to the sensitive child and in these years he grew apart from them, not knowing why or how it happened. He sought expression and escape and there was nothing to which he could turn but these books.

Drained of color, shabby and worn, they fitted well in the poverty-stricken atmosphere of their final refuge. It was impos-

sible to establish their origin since none of them possessed covers. Pages were absent at disheartening intervals and those that survived were battered and dog-eared. The books were kept on a small shelf that Grane had built alongside his cot and there they would lie wretched and still, until the evenings when he would awaken them—when the supper dishes had been cleared and the last chore done.

Eleven is a thirsting age, demanding gourds of knowledge, downing it with noisome gulps, and it was here that Grane would slake his thirst. He devoted all his time at night to the well-thumbed, tattered pages of his precious library, and though he read the books innumerable times, his ardor never slackened. He would sprawl his tired body full length upon the wooden floor of the one large room that served the family as a sitting room and kitchen, and he would remain there, chin in hands, for many hours. Certain evenings, Grane would spend the time with illustrations alone, studying the line drawings, memorizing details of dress and facial expressions. He would allow himself endless fancying and his imagination was boundless in the enthusiastic situations that it conjured. And then his mother would call to him several times and he would creep off to bed reluctantly, his four books returned in neat order to their place on the shelf.

The books told of Arthur and his Knights of the Table Round, and the legends of Roland and Beowulf and St. George. There were courageous accounts of the golden deeds of sire and sword—deeds to set the most cynical youngster's heart aleap with dream on glowing dream of the daring spirits that sought adventure in those ancient days. And Grane was far removed from anything resembling cynicism. These were soothing to his lonely mind; his aching body was forgotten in the presence of these deeds of valor. He could hear the clash of ringing steel on steel, the clarion call of trumpets and the cries of ladies fair in distress.

The magnificent tales of King Arthur were a constant source of fascination to Grane Amandus. Each knight became an immortal friend, and he worshiped them all for their faith to the King and their devotion to great deeds and pure living. Sir Lancelot of the Lake, and young Sir Galahad—"His strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure"—these two rode side by side with gallant Grane each evening, there on the warped wooden floor. And they would sally forth in search

of adventure up and down the land, punishing the evil, defending the weak, and aiding the needy.

Grane wept the first time he read the story of Roland. The tragic account of the Frankish chieftain's noble sacrifice for his King Charlemagne, and the destruction of his faithful followers left an indelible impression. For many months after, he dared not read the legend for fear his mother or father might see how he was affected, and only when he felt fully able to hide this emotion did he return to the pages. And then, too, he experienced difficulty in controlling the impulsive surge of tears that would invariably brim up from his sympathetic soul.

It was a continuous cavalcade of prancing steeds and glorious men in the armor and trappings of their times. Each simple picture became a living fragment in the mural of the youth's mind. Each name produced countless deeds and gestures. And still there was nothing but the printed words and pictures, and around it all the tedious work of day and the wretchedness of the poor house.

Finally the very essence of these printed lines and the pen-strokes of each illustration had become impregnated in the flesh and bone, the skin and blood that made up the physical being of the thin-legged, straw-haired, misty-eyed country kid called Grane Amandus.

There was a listlessness now, as he performed his chores. It became increasingly evident as the days became warmer and summer flung the full weight of its baking heat against the rainless land and the dust piled thick and choking against the grey unpainted buildings. And soon the father saw this, but couldn't know the depths it touched. He saw his farm sink down a little deeper and he thought to ask his son about the work not being done. It was a sullen, blazing day and old Amandus found him at the edge of the small woods that clung to the first broad hill in back of the farm. Grane had cut down a half-dead sapling and at the moment was lopping off the branches with short deliberate strokes of a hand ax. The father stood there awhile and his son did not look up—perhaps did not know his father stood beside him.

"What do you do, son?"

For several moments there was silence except for the dry sharp sound of the ax and the rustle of the parched leaves. Grane did not look up yet, and sweat glistened at the blond nape

of his neck. He finished with the branches and his ax worked now on the bark, trimming it off and revealing the light-colored sleekness underneath. The older man turned and stared restlessly down to the farm. He had been an uncommunicative child himself, and sensed the futility of any conversation now. Grane had dropped the ax and his small hand brushed a lock of hair away from his eyes. He examined his shaft of wood. "Better come soon, Grane. There are those rocks must be moved from the far field. Soon, hear?"

He spoke tersely, but that was his way. Down below, his wife made a lean, crisp silhouette of color against the dead grey building and he shaded his eyes and turned away from his boy. He left him there, incapable of spanning this chasm between them, and he moved slowly down the gentle slope of hillside to his wife. They stood there talking easily, the old man leaning on the handle of the pump, and she with her hands on her hips. They looked up once to the edge of the woods where their son had finished peeling the bark from the fresh-cut sapling. He was bent over now, brushing the shavings away from his patched work pants. He looked up and waved to them—an awkward kid with a long, raw pole. And that was the last time they saw him.

* * * *

Sir Grane Amandus, gentle knight of the Table Round, ran his strong fingers along the smooth, polished surface of his gleaming new lance, and his noble heart thrilled at the satiny touch of the splendid weapon. The lengthy shaft tapered gracefully to its finely-wrought spearhead, which glistened in the bright sunlight as he turned it in his caressing fingers. And then Sir Grane arose, and let his gaze sweep down the gentle slope. Below him stood a tidy manor house of small dimensions, and there appeared to be two of its inhabitants close by. Perhaps a liege and one of the scullery maids, he ruminated. But that mattered not, for Sir Grane was humble in soul though highly born, and he waved to them in a most friendly fashion. Then he turned and started on his journey through the nearby woods.

Each sense was tingling and alert to both the danger and the beauties of nature that were in evidence about him. Full well he knew the perils of his mission and he exulted in the thought that he was, indeed, in the prime of condition for his forthcoming encounter. How fortunate that he, of all the knights

in Christendom, had been chosen to undertake this challenging task! And he the youngest of all the tournament champions in Merrie England! A quick smile flashed across the handsome lord's face and the sunlight smiled through the green of the forest glade, and his armor shimmered, lustrous and bright in its reflection.

Soon he was traversing the far side of the hill that backed the manor house, and he looked upon an unknown countryside. For many leagues in all directions, the land stretched in varying tones of gold and green—now flat, now rolling—clear-limned against the azure of the sky. Here and there were splotches, lush with brilliantly colored flowers such as he had never seen. There was a magic strangeness to it that he could not understand. He realized this must be the land of the pagans and a new excitement welled up within him, for this was the domain of the quarry he sought. The final episode of his lone crusade could not be far off. He strode along, fearless and defiant, his faith illuminating his face with an almost holy glow, and despite the weight of his armor and the distance he had now traveled he betrayed not the slightest fatigue.

At times the ground gave way beneath his steady foot and he was conscious of a softness in the earth beneath him, and he smiled to himself for the trail was growing warm. He was most certainly approaching a marshy section of the country, and that is what he had expected. His patient search would be rewarded at last! For these were the very marshes that concealed the lair of his long-sought quarry, the one-eyed dragon.

There were many tales regarding the outrageous deeds of this dread monster. Suffice to say that countless heroes had failed to return from their journeys against it, and thousands of defenseless pagans had lost their lives and their possessions as a result of its bestial maraudings. Whole villages had been destroyed from the fire that it breathed through its mighty nostrils, and for many years none had dared defy this terrible creature. There was no doubt this was the most feared monster in all the world, as the tales of horror and tragedy that remained in its bloody wake gave mute evidence. Then here, indeed, was a foe worthy of the steel of such a knight as Sir Grane Amandus, servant to his God and King.

And now he heard a strange sound — a long, high-pitched, bloodcurdling shriek so awesome in its quality that Sir Grane stopped in his tracks. It was the cry of the dreadful one-eyed

dragon as it thundered on its way to deal out death and destruction! This did not daunt our fearless knight however, and he continued in the direction whence the awful sound had come.

The sun had sunk beyond the distant hills and left its far-flung feathers, red and gold against the azure of the sky. A breath of early evening wind swept gently through the tall marsh weeds, dispensing quiet shudders. Long black birds of prey, far overhead, took up a ceaseless vigil of the scene soon to be enacted below. Sir Grane was not unaware of the subtle tenseness that the situation had taken, and he reminded himself of those splendid concepts of chivalry that had been his lifelong training. He was confident, supremely so, that such a creature, base and vile, could never vanquish him. He was fulfilling a mission that was a sacred trust—that could result in nought but glorious, shining victory. Bravely, in the approaching dusk, he continued on his watchful course to combat.

Once again the earsplitting shriek rent the air, much closer now, and gallant Sir Grane could see the fearsome beast off in the distant gloom. Truly, it was as frightening to behold as he had been forewarned. He caught his breath as he observed the astonishing speed with which it moved. Great flames belched forth from one huge nostril atop its head, and its long twisting steel-like body glistened strangely as it lunged closer. The monster's roars were deafening now, and clouds of steam and smoky venom belched from its low-slung jaws. It shrieked and shrieked again, again, but Sir Grane knew not the meaning of fear and proudly advanced step by step, into the approaching path of the dragon. Suddenly the beast flung out a penetrating light from its one huge eye, a terrifying thing to behold, and it caught Sir Grane by surprise, and he stumbled. Quite suddenly he found himself in a section where a long narrow clearing had been hewed through the tall marsh grass, and it was through this clearing that the dragon sped toward him. It seemed to falter in its stride as its eye-beam encountered our hero, then it roared and shrieked anew, and thundered toward him.

Sir Grane steadied himself by gripping one of the two long shiny rails between which he stood, and over which he had stumbled. Once upon his feet, he braced himself, legs apart, body bent slightly forward, his mighty lance poised for action. And his eyes glowed with a strange, triumphant light and there was a half-smile on his white lips.

ARTHUR

A poem by **STUART JAMES**

To him whose breast outlives the warmth of hope,
O bitter vile it is to drain the last
Envenomed drugs of life. So galled must be
The heart of him who lies amid the strewn
And shattered wreckage of his kingdom and
His bleeding dead, cut down to rise no more
In ghastly battle with a dying son.
Who lying thus, while death itself with chill
And bony hand plucks at his gory sleeve,
Looks back across the wasted, carnal years
To rue the day when selfish, human want
Within his breast had cried against the Quest
For Lord Christ's Holy Grail, and frailty of
The human clay had placed the Table Round
Above man's universal search for God.
And thus a dying king brushes aside
The stinging tears to curse the tragic fault
That snapped the Spirit's Sword and left the frail
And hollow mortal Sheath to fumble on,
Alone and blind toward the bitter end.

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