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EDITORIAL

Many people have often asked, "Why hasn't the modern age we are living in produced great writers as of old?" "Where are the Shakespeares, Miltons, and Emersons of today?" "Where are the literary geniuses?" These are all thought provoking questions, and have caused much discussion.

One possible answer might be this. In the past generations, writers, poets, men of letters, were left to their literary world. They were left to develop their genius along one line—the line of producing great literature—and this they did with little outside interference.

Today, however, conditions are not the same. So much in every field is expected of people in order to keep up with the whirling world, that anyone with any talent for writing, finds he must push it aside until he has become what society expects of him. Then, if he is still interested, and it isn't too late, he can devote what is left of his life to writing. It is a sad state of affairs. The genius is there, but it is required to be spread out over so many things, that it is smothered, and many of our great would-be writers as of old are nipped in the bud.

—Z.V.W.

Flamingo

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BAPTISM

A short story by BILL SHELTON

IT was after midnight. On the second floor of the Edward Bynum building thirty boys slept, age nine to twelve. They slept in three straight rows of white beds in a big bare room which was all windows, all open. At one side of the room the moonlight lay in angular patches across the white sheets and upon the foot-worn planks in the aisles between the beds, and here, some slept with squinted eyes. Some snored. Some gritted their teeth. But most slept without motion or sound. Just a small breeze, itself almost laden with moonlight, sometimes touched a dangling sheet as it moved wide skirted down the aisles.

Midway in the row of beds farthest from the patches of light, slept Jimmy Colby, age eleven. Both his fists were clinched tight. From time to time, his eyebrows gathered sternly over his eyes and his foot or his hand or his whole leg would twitch. But he was not yet awake.

Downstairs, in a woman's room that was not a feminine room, a strong woman slept, breathing hard.

And outside, seven dogs padded tightly packed and tense footed through the shadowed grove beside the dormitory. They passed by the swings where the boys played, and no swing moved. When they reached the edge of the grove, their leader, a tall and panting mongrel, came to a

halt. Ears erect, he searched the great square of the Bynum building, then, turning, he looked straight across the luminous ball diamond toward a large oak bulging in the moonlight. His long nose bobbed as he sniffed and his eyelids closed and opened slowly, tempering the hunger in his eyes with a cunning patience. He turned around, walked stiffly through his pack, then broke into a trot. The others followed closely at his heels. They moved away from the Bynum building, a flowing covey of shadows that passed close behind home plate then swept with increased speed toward left field where stood the oak.

Jimmy Colby awoke without opening his eyes. He lay for a moment in the grip of his dream, his fingers clinched tightly against his palm where a pulse like that of a captured bird chilled and warmed his hand. Three fast times his eyelids beat, then stayed open. He didn't move. He could see them from where he lay; two figures, ghostly in night-shirts, beside the windows.

"That's that same bunch that was here before," one said. "There's that big devil!"

"Yeah," said the other. "We'd better wake J. D."

Jimmy Colby straightened out his legs, and then he remembered and unclined his fists; he was not in the war any more. He didn't have to face it yet, not until he was thirty-one. The dream had lied. He had not been Corporal Colby; he had been Jimmy Colby, and it was in a movie, in the balcony. He was glad there was something to hold to then. There had been the arms of his seat, and he had gripped them and pressed himself so far down and back that he could barely see the screen. The noise was terrific; shells, bullets, death flying and shouting all around. And the soldiers there crouched behind the tree, dirty, shriveled, scared, as scared as he. His mouth had stayed open so long that it had dried all out inside from his breath, and his tongue was dry and stiff and jumped like the trigger that fired each shot. The Captain would come up any minute now and give the order to cross the clearing. That was the worse part. That was the way it had happened before.

Jimmy Colby untwisted his nightshirt from his waist and rolled his eyes toward the windows. There were more figures there now, clustered in the moonlight. He heard J. D.'s voice.

"Wake Pete," it ordered. "Wake Bug Ears and Charlie Daniels and Little Mike. Don't let 'em make any noise. Don't let 'em wake old lady Fullard."

Two long-shirted figures moved away from the windows. One of them tiptoed; the other one didn't tiptoe because his legs were bowed, but his fat heels came down softly against the floor. Jimmy watched this one bend over one of the beds.

"Wake up, Pete," he heard. "Be quiet. It's me, Bo Bo. The dogs are back. J. D. wants you."

He heard the whispers drifting around the room, the squeak of a bedspring, the bare feet, urgently, quietly, padding the floor. He heard it all and he heard his heart slowing down, like a cat dying, he thought, like in a swing. There had been the blare of music then, and the picture was over. He had walked limp-legged toward the balcony stairs, and he remembered he had jumped when he heard a car backfire through the exit door. Downstairs in the men's room, he saw his face in the mirror, pale and seared, and just below his belt buckle, a great, condemning circle of shame staining his pants. He heard someone coming. He stepped in a toilet and closed the door. He heard them walk across the tile to the mirror. Cracking the door, he saw two soldiers combing their hair. Their faces were a little pale, too, he thought. *Oh, how can I ever stand it if it scares them?* They both wore ribbons. Their sleeves were lined with gold bars.

"What did you think of it?" one asked.

"It was all right, except I never saw a hand grenade make an explosion as big as all that."

"Yeah, there was a lot of stuff like that, Hollywood stuff. But it was pretty much like it was."

"Yeah, I was there, you know."

Jimmy watched the soldier comb his hair. *He was there! Oh, what a man he was! He was there.*

There was no talking for a moment, then the soldier who was there turned to the other.

"Were you there?"

Jimmy looked at the other soldier. He saw him finish washing his hands. He rubbed them hard on a paper towel. Then, he pushed his shirt sleeves higher. He held out his

arm but he didn't look at it. Through the crack Jimmy saw the funny, little twisted place on the soldier's arm. He shuddered. The other one leaned over the arm cutting off the view.

"Yeah," he said. "You was there."

After the soldiers left, Jimmy stepped out in the light and glanced down at his pants. He'd have to wait for them to dry. He'd be late for mess hall. Miss Fullard would lay up for him. He should never have left the home. He should never have sneaked into town to see the show.

Two men came in and he bolted for the toilet. One of them was saying, ". . . and the mortars don't change much either. It was a pretty good show. Just like the last war. I was in that one, Wildcat Division. What the hell, there'll be another one in twenty years, the Russians probably."

When they left, he figured it up. He'd be thirty-one then. Thirty-one. *J. D.'s uncle, the one in Italy, he had been thirty-one!*

J. D. now was talking quietly; "Let's see, we got everybody? Little Mike, don't Marvin own half your rabbit? Then, dammit, wake him up; we got to have everybody that has a pet."

"I don't have any pets," he heard one boy say shrilly. "But I got first choice on Bo Bo's litter. I'll go!"

"Shut up," J. D. said. "You'll wake old lady Fullard."

"I think we'd better wake Miss Fullard." Jimmy raised up on an elbow. He recognized the voice. It was Ralph Thompson's.

"Why?" somebody asked.

"Because," Ralph said, "you know what happened the last time the dogs came. Miss Fullard says we are not to fight the dogs again. She says the fence will keep them out and we are not to fight them again."

"Ralph, you keep out of this," J. D. said. "This is for guys that owns pets. If you had a pet out there, you'd be wanting to go."

"No, I wouldn't. If I had a pet out there I'd not want to go. Miss Fullard would not let anybody have pets any more. She'd take them away from everybody. You know what she said. We are not to fight the dogs again."

"Listen, Ralph," J. D. said, "the dogs are digging under the fence. If they get through, nobody will have

any pets. They'll turn over the cages. They'll get Bo Bo's guinea pigs. Little Mike, your squirrel won't have a chance. Charlie, Bug Ears, what do you say? Old lady Fullard would start yapping about Louis getting bit last time and about God, and we'd sit up here and see all the pets killed while she yapped."

Jimmy sank down in his bed. He didn't want anybody to wake Miss Fullard. Not that tall woman with her hard, low voice. Like a man's it was, and her arms with muscles like a man's. She had gripped his wrists when he got back from the show, gripped them till the bones were white, and she had rolled her hard little-finger so the skin would pinch.

"Jimmy Colby," she shouted, "you're never to see a picture agan, you hear! never as long as you're at the Children's Home. Sneaking off like that to see that filth, those half naked women! Why, why, you dirted minded little, little—What did you see? Tell me what you saw. What was the name of the picture. Tell me! Tell me!"

"It was a war picture," he told her.

"A war picture, ha!" She threw his arms away from her, spinning him around. "Poisoning your mind! Making out like you was a soldier! When you grow up, you'll be one of those young fools to dash into a uniform. You think the girls will like you then, don't you?"

Then he remembered the way she had drawn herself up, her hands clinched in front of her, her black eyes beating at him like the stare of a cat.

"Jimmy Colby," she said, closing her eyes, "what will God think of you?" On the word, "God," her eyes flashed open, and he felt the spray from her mouth that came with the word. The way she said it was worse than when old man Newsom said it at the dairy. He had shrunk back from her, then, barely hearing the curse, "the good behavior," she called it, she was putting on him.

And now he heard her name over and over there by the windows. No one spoke out with Ralph, but some were with him with their silence. Bo Bo was with J. D. So was Pete and Charlie Daniels. Bug Ears, who had snickered at prayer-meeting and felt her wrath, was silent. But no one, not even Ralph, tried to talk loud to wake her. Only J. D.'s white arm shouted when he pointed it at Ralph or brought it down soundlessly against his leg. From time to

time someone else would wake up in their bed, sit up for a moment, mystified and curious, then glide across the floor to join the group.

Jimmy swung his legs over the side of the bed and felt the soles of his feet chill and tingle when they touched the floor. He had never seen the room so illumined, so charged with light. He could see every bed, every tousled empty one and every bulge where a boy still slumbered. Over by the windows he could recognize Bug Ears by his big ears and Bo Bo by his nightshirt spreading at the bottom where his legs were bent, and he could tell Little Mike by his high, nervous voice.

"Dad gum them dogs," Little Mike was saying. "Dad gum them cockeyed dogs!"

"Why in the hell don't you cuss?" J. D. said. "She can't hear you."

"Dad gum it, I want to, but I promised. She made me swear to God I'd quit cussin'."

"Aw hell, Little Mike, God ain't gonna worry about your cussin'."

Jimmy stood up and tiptoed between the beds to the window where J. D. was standing. There was no talk now. He looked over J. D.'s shoulder and saw second base out there, gleaming like the stuff on the dial of a night watch, and beyond second base the big oak throwing a crooked black shadow across the stacks of cages. Scurrying around the circle of fence were the shadows of dogs, big ones and little ones. Some were digging and some were bucking against the fence, but none barked. They worked silently, swiftly, as if they had seen their ghostly spectators collecting in the windows.

"Where is that dad gum big one now?" Little Mike whispered.

"He's digging," J. D. said. "See that black spot at the bottom of the fence. He's digging and he's getting low down."

Jimmy watched the black spot get smaller, and then he remembered that Bo Bo's guinea pig was brown. She had been crossed with the black and white one. She was fat now and inside her was one that was black and white and brown. Bo Bo might give him that one.

J. D. turned around.

"All you guys come here. Shut up, Ralph. Now, listen. He'll be under the fence in a minute. We can't wait for that. Pete, Charlie, Bug Ears, Bo Bo, what do you say? Shut up, Ralph."

"I won't shut up! I don't like old lady Fullard any more than you do, but you heard what she said. You can't cross that woman. You can't cross her, I tell you!"

"Shut up, Ralph. Old lady Fullard is a woman."

Jimmy looked at their faces, Bo Bo's twisted up, Charlie Daniels' like he was going to cry, Little Mike's like he wanted to cuss, Bug Ears' dumb looking, and all of them white or green or like second base.

"Maybe he won't get in," someone said.

J. D. let out a sigh. They all looked out the windows again. Then Jimmy saw the black spot grow big.

"He's quit," somebody whispered.

"No he aint, he's in!"

The big shadow was at the cages. A big piece of tin Coca Cola sign crashed down to the ground. Jimmy twisted his nightshirt in front of him. Bo Bo's cage. A little dog yapped and went under the fence. He felt those beside him stir, the shifting of their feet and their collecting together toward J. D.

"It'll be a big line," J. D. was saying. "Bo Bo one end; Charlie Daniels on the other. Ends run fast, middle slow. I'm in the middle. Circle 'em."

They were moving off then all in a group, Ralph strangely ahead, but he stopped at the door and faced them. Jimmy was behind J. D. and he saw him shove Ralph, and Ralph said nothing; he just stood there looking at their faces, and he seemed to shrink back. Then he saw Jimmy.

"You can't go, Jimmy. You're on probation. You'll get into trouble!" But his voice was funny and weak and wavering.

They were on the stairs then. It should have been quiet here, Jimmy thought, on account of old lady Fullard. But it was thunder! Bare feet beating down against the stairs, all in a group close together. There were feet in front of him and feet behind him and he liked them there beating against the planks. Even on a cold morning they never came down the stairs like this.

Then, he felt them stop.

All of them hung there, huddled on the stairs. She was standing there tall and straight on the landing. She had heard every word. She had on a dark robe of some kind and it didn't come together in the middle. She always slept naked. That's what she said at prayer-meeting, baring your soul to God. That white streak down her middle where the moonlight hit! *Oh, God, she was naked underneath!*

She brought her arms up then, slowly closed her robe and stepped back. Her voice came so slow and clear and proud.

"Go back to bed, boys."

I have stopped you all, it seemed to say, I have stopped you cold.

The crowd hung there around him. He felt them frozen to statues, frozen with him to dumb statues on the stairs. Then he heard J. D. say, "Damn," and he felt something turn over inside him, something that was hot and when it turned over it was also hot and this was the side of the dogs. The statues surged forward around and with him. The same thing had turned over inside them. He knew it had!

"Wait, boys!" he heard her scream. "I'm in charge. Go back! Go back!" and then, "Come back" and he saw her face as he sped by her, shrunk back like Ralph's was. She felt it, too, then! Never in his life had he heard her say, "Please," except in prayer, and he heard it now, weak and funny and wavering. "Please!" it shrieked. "I run this house. I am the law. Come back! Come back!" He didn't care now, but he looked back and saw her sunk there on the ground.

Then it was Bo Bo on one end and Charlie Daniels on the other and J. D. in the middle, a speeding line of night-shirts, lunar-bright in the open field. He felt his feet stinging against the ground and the cloth beating like wings against his knees. He reached and scooped up his night-shirt and ran free legged and naked from the waist down. There was no going slow in the middle; the middle surged with him, with him and J. D., and J. D. shouted, "Get rocks, sticks, anything. Kill 'em!" and then J. D. turned his head and said, "I'm going through the gate; you get 'em when they come out the hole, rocks, sticks, anything." Then they were running quietly again; the ball field was like a desert

to cross. The squeal of the rabbit came as clear as a siren, and the dogs had seen them now and were pouring out the hole.

He saw J. D. go through the gate and he fell on his knees beside the hole. He had one rock. The first dog got it on the skull and it was like hitting two rocks together, except that one was like an egg. The next one got away, a little one that slipped through his hands. Then the big one hit the hole too high. He came halfway through and the wire held him. Jimmy began twisting the wire, twisting and twisting, and then the dog was snarling and then he was yelping and then he was crying, and Jimmy was crying, too.

And after a while he stopped twisting the wire and the big dog climbed out of the fence, all hunched up in the back and the hind legs hopping along together instead of separate. The others were chasing him then. They chased him clear down through the strawberries, and he heard the other dogs being chased all over the home.

And inside the fence Bo Bo was crying like a baby. Jimmy sat there on the ground and watched him cry over the dead. And J. D. was wiping his nose as he slowly turned them over with his foot.

The three of them walked back across the ball diamond and they heard Ralph yelling down in the strawberries and they knew he had come with them. And they passed by her room where the light was on and they saw her in there reading the Bible and J. D. said, "I'm going to see the superintendent in the morning." And they went on upstairs and turned on the light.

And after a while J. D. came over and sat on Jimmy's bed and said, "I didn't know you were along, Jim. They won't be back any more, will they?"

"No," Jim answered.

"Is your leg hurt bad?"

"No, it was just the wire that skint it a little."

And J. D. said good night and Jim lay down and felt the soles of his feet stinging still from the run, and the little place on his leg measuring itself by its throbbing, and he thought of the movie and the Captain and the clearing and the Russians and of twenty years from now, and he knew when he closed his eyes he'd never have to think of those things again. Then the others came back in the room a few

at a time, and Little Mike came over to Jim's bed and shook him and said, "Did you hear about the dogs, Jimmy? Were you there?"

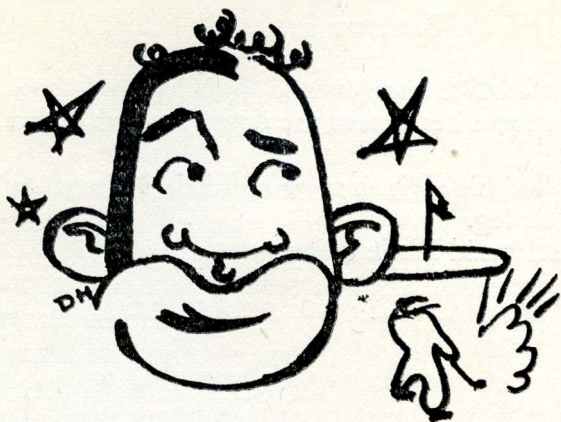
And Jim pulled his nightshirt up so Little Mike could see the place on his leg.

"Jesus Christ!" said Little Mike.

DARK FLIGHT

When now the burnished heat of day is past
The haze of evening rises from the lake,
Diffusing more the slanting light, and fast
The flying swallows wheel and bank and break
To wheel again, and skim and dart away
(The quicker if my eye should try to follow).
The restless birds that fly and will not stay
Are feeding in their flight. The evening swallow
Is darker shadow passing darkened sky,
Then, blending with the gloom, is out of sight.
When darkness holds the air I know you fly
To reach the cliff that stands behind the night,
But not by aimless chance you find that with
Dark flight you reach reality from myth.

—Dorothy Olsen



FO'

Ah nevah says a word when Ah'm standin' on th' green,
 A holdin' poles, a handin' clubs, a hushin' what Ah seen.
 But son, Ise off fo' lunch now, an' Ah'll tell you, like yo' paw,
 'Bout cheatin' on th' golf course 'at you nevah, *evah* saw!
 They hits a ball into th' rough an' stan's an' frets a bit,
 'En throws it on th' fairway fo' they really has a fit.

It ain't enough they puts it thar—what mos'ly bothers me,
 Is when no one is lookin', 'en they slip it on a tee!
 Ah seen 'em hit a ball into th' san' trap on th' right,
 An' stan', an' fuss, an' scatter san', an' cuss wiv all their
 might!

They smiles at their po' partner, gives th' ball a few mo'
 pokes,
 'En swears by all 'at's holy, they was on'y practice strokes.
 If they hit a pow'ful long one, an' they cain't see where it
 falls,

They sashay up the fairway—playin' other people's balls.
 Sometimes they's in a hurry, an' don't even stop to shout
 The warnin' "fo'"; they hits a ball, an' knocks some caddy
 out!

Whenevah there's a lake to cross, they mos'ly sinks a few,
 'En hits one from th' othah side—an' calls their count a two.
 An' when they's in the clubhouse, an' they're reckonin' th'
 sco',

You nevah hears about a hole 'at's higher 'en a fo'.
 But son, you mind, Ah'm tellin' you exactly what Ah seen;
 Not one of 'em could make a hole in much less 'en fo'teen!

—Joyce Valerie Jungclas

WHAT IS UN-AMERICANISM?

An Essay by JIM WRAY

THIS question is timely not only because of the wide attention it is receiving in our newspapers and magazines, or because Congress considers it of sufficient importance to maintain a committee to investigate Un-American Activities. It also deserves our immediate attention because some groups in our country are taking action against those persons and organizations they consider Un-American, to deprive them of speech, assembly, and other rights enjoyed by the rest of us.

In the name of Americanism, opposing Un-Americanism, the American Legion recently broke up, by force, a meeting of The Progressive Citizens of America, in Independence Square, Philadelphia. The Legion also silenced two meetings called to hear Dr. Frank Kingdon, candidate for the U. S. Senate in New Jersey. On the west coast, the Legion invaded a regular meeting of the La Crescenta Democratic Club of Glendale, California, and announced: "We will give you ten minutes to go home and thank God you live in the United States. If you go home, nobody will get hurt." In the south, those most vocal in attack upon Un-Americanism are most active in perpetuating Jim Crow laws and practices. Some men, on the national political level, equate Un-Americanism to communism. In current writings on economics and in the advertisements of many corporations, the phrases "the American way of life" and "the American system of free enterprise" are used synonymously with "Americanism." All who disagree are Un-American. In Hollywood and the U. S. State Department, certain persons, whose political beliefs and associations and criticism of certain of the present national administration's policies were malodorous to those in authority, have been fired as Un-American. When Dr. Harlow Shapley, internationally renowned astronomer and director of the Harvard Observatory, was called to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee, he was not allowed to read his statement. That Committee denied him the heretofore accepted right of a witness to present his views.

It is these practices, and similar ones, promulgated and executed in the name of Americanism, that I believe to be Un-American. Let us examine them further.

These practices have two principal characteristics in common. They (1) tend to maintain the status quo, and (2) silence the critics of the status quo. Their proponents deny the principles of evolution and declare progress at an end, saying, in effect: We have here a society that is the best attainable by men. Now is the stopping-place in our history. We have carried civilization to its zenith. You must help us to hold static its forms and institutions. Those who criticize have no right to do so, and must be stopped. Criticism is intolerable. We have approached as near to perfection as man can come. You who seek further to solve certain imperfections need exert yourselves no longer. They cannot be solved. We forbid you to seek, either by studying the domestic scene, or by studying other peoples and their political, economic, and social ideas and institutions. You can learn nothing from them to improve what we have. Rather, you must take what we give you and keep it, unchanged, for your children, and for your children's children.

And if you refuse, you may lose your job, or suffer assassination of your character. Or you may be physically attacked, or spend most of your life in prison. Or you may lose your life.

Here we stop short. We have found the meaning of Un-Americanism. Un-Americanism would abolish change and silence those persons who want change.

If we admit that our society is the best attainable by men, we not only break with our national tradition of experimentation in all phases of life, but we also declare that our universe is perfect, that there are no new truths to discover, and that we are in possession of absolutes. Such a declaration would be repugnant to a people who have refused to be satisfied with transient perfection, who look for new truths habitually, as a matter of course, and who have found no absolutes in forms and institutions. More important, we would relinquish our right, first set forth in the Declaration of Independence, to alter or abolish our present government and establish a new government should the present one invade the rights of the people.

Further, since at one time we changed our slave society to a competitive system, it is conceivable that we or a future generation might change our present economic system for still a different one. That such a consideration is not inharmonious with American principles was affirmed by the Supreme Court in the *Schneiderman* case (in which Wendell Willkie served as defense counsel) in these words:

"Throughout our history many sincere people whose attachment to the general constitutional scheme cannot be doubted have, for various and even divergent reasons, urged differing degrees of governmental ownership and control of natural resources, basic means of productions, and banks and the media of exchange, either with or without compensation. And something once regarded as a species of private property was abolished without compensating the owners when the institution of slavery was forbidden. Can it be said that the author of the Emancipation Proclamation and the supporters of the Thirteenth Amendment were not attached to the Constitution?"

If we attempt to hold static in our society present forms and institutions, our freedom will become that of the strait-jacket, our unanimity that of the graveyard, and our national vitality that of the Dead Sea, which is neither alive nor supports life. Our history of growth is identical to our history of change, of our adaptation to circumstances. Should we now forfeit that ability, we should suffer the same fate as those animals once on our earth which found change impossible, and became extinct.

If we help to silence critics, are we following the example set by the men who shaped the foundations of our nation, or of those who later put up the framework and laid the bricks? Washington and Jefferson were not only critics, but rebels. Lincoln admonished his contemporaries to have malice toward none, charity for all. Wilson declared our flag to be "a flag of liberty of opinion as well as of political liberty." Our Supreme Court has ruled that: "One of the prerogatives of American citizenship is the right to criticize public men and measures—and that means not only informed and responsible criticism, but the freedom to speak foolishly and without moderation. It would be foolish to deny that even blatant intolerance toward some of the pre-

suppositions of the democratic faith may not imply rooted belief in our system of government."

If we silence criticism, we open the door to the absolute corruption of absolute power. Small abuses, unrebuked, would be followed by more and more flagrant abuses, until occupation of public office would furnish license to plunder instead of compulsion to serve.

If we give up seeking and studying, the inequities of the domestic scene will go unnoticed, and fester and grow until they some day consume us, as a cancer, unknown or ignored, one day consumes the body.

If we turn our back on other peoples, we shut out from ourselves the opportunity of learning from them, not only by their mistakes, but from their accomplishments. No one nation in our world's history has maintained a monopoly on the best economy, the fairest government, or the highest culture. In no small part, we owe our own greatness to the variety of peoples we have welcomed to these shores, and to the diverse knowledge and cultures they brought with them. Now that they are no longer coming in large numbers, it behooves us not to turn our backs on them, but to go to them to study and learn.

Equating Un-Americanism to communism is oversimplification. I submit that losing one's individuality in a collectivist society is no less attractive than losing that individuality in a fascist concentration camp.

Un-Americanism embraces those activities which would silence the critics of the status quo. Un-Americanism is that philosophy which would identify Americanism with current forms and institutions in our society.

Americanism has never correctly meant a set of forms and institutions, but a spirit of tolerance, and the rights to speak freely, to assemble, and to experiment and change forms and institutions in efforts to find better ones.

It has never meant silencing critics, even when those critics were an abject minority, but has asserted their right to dissent, and has protected that right.

It has been cherished and carried forward by men ready to risk their characters, their fortunes, and their lives. They bequeathed it to this generation. Only if we follow in their footsteps, will we make it a part of the inheritance of the next generation.

STUDENT

F O R U M

Question:

What have we, as a
nation, to gain by
feeding Europe ?

Discussed By:

William H. Rinck,
James B. Volkert,
Eleanor Holdt,
Antonio de Uresti

As I see it, we have much to gain, and little to lose by feeding Europe at this time. The war has wiped out any chance they had of taking care of themselves, and as we are a reasonably prosperous nation, I believe that we should help them "get back on their feet." War is bred in times of need, while peace goes hand in hand with prosperity. A future war would ruin civilization, and to me, the best way to prevent that war is to help the peoples of Europe along the road back.

William H. Rinck

Can one consider the potential value of human life in terms of the material loss or gain of a single nation? Such values can be measured and judged only by the standard of the coming day, when the peoples of the world must choose the road to peace under the enforcement of world law. The desire for the attainment and maintenance of peace cannot be fostered in any environment where the scant necessities of life are denied the youth who are to become the backbone of tomorrow's Europe.

The guilt of other men is ours to share, thus, we must feed those European nations where hunger abides, regardless of the political trends evident in their respective governments. Hunger knows no artificial boundaries; hunger is the arch foe of a rational thought and action; hunger breeds fear and hate; hunger breeds war.

Eleanor Holdt

It is not all of Europe that America would eventually feed, but only the western part, which remains outside the "Iron Curtain."

Economically, that specific part of Europe is America's greatest peacetime market.

Militarily, America needs access to the continent.

Politically, a hungry Europe would undoubtedly turn communistic, or at least lean toward undemocratic ideologies. If we feed Europe, communism in America would suffer immeasurably, for the communists here would become frustrated and unhappy. They would lose their appetites, and, who knows, some of them might even starve to death. The only loophole in the whole idea is that the underconsumption of food might provoke a terrific depression here in America, if the party membership increased in sufficient numbers.

Antonio de Uresti

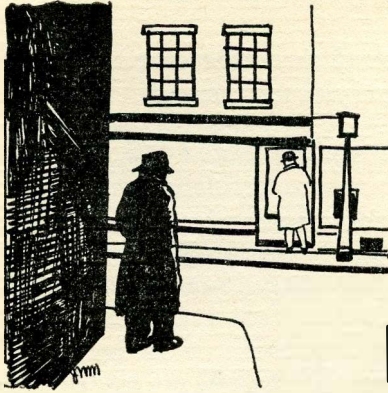
As a result of the Marshall Plan or some other large-scale foreign-aid program, the U. S. would both gain and run real risks in its own country.

While sending abroad such crucially needed products as steel, wheat and coal, we will be intensifying our own serious shortages and stimulating inflation. Feeding millions of starving Europeans and abiding them in re-orientating their economics into a self-supporting unit may be enormously expensive to do, but perhaps even more expensive to abandon.

By aiding Europe now we would gain in insulating it against virtual deterioration into communism and in creating the circumstances under which all areas of the world could re-establish productivity and trade.

Has it not always been the democratic and Christian way to help? Then let us live up to our ideals—for by helping Europe we will be helping ourselves.

Jeanne B. Volkert



THE MAN IN THE KHAKI OVERCOAT

A short story by HAROLD McKINNEY

HE shuffled down the street, his shoulders slumped forward, hands thrust deep in the pockets of the khaki overcoat. His unshaven chin locked over closed lapels. The right arm pressed tightly against the body, keeping air from entering the jagged tear of the armpit. Breath clouds came spasmodically from beneath the pulled down brim, disappearing as he passed under the street-lights. With his left hand, he massaged his brow, digging his fingers hard into drawn, wet flesh. Above his probing fingers, a deep scar ran along the hair-line, little bridges of flesh across it where stitches had been. His gaunt face, with heavy-lidded eyes mashed shut, had pain written on it, ageless pain. But he wasn't old.

Straining his chest, a cough barked hoarsely into a smothering palm. Moist, bloodshot eyes blinked, cleared and followed the dark wall of buildings to the splashing of red neon in the next block. He stopped under the corner street-light and drew the automatic from his right-hand pocket. It was a forty-five, an Army model. He held it firmly in his right hand and calmly jacked it open with his left hand. Satisfied, he allowed the slide to snap back into position and slowly shoved hand and gun deep into the pocket.

He shuffled on toward the neon light. As he got nearer, the flashing loops and lines focused into a sign, Torrio's Tavern. He leaned against the dark wall and waited, his left hand stealing up to prod the stubborn brow.

"Gee, Bud, you can't spend the night there. You'll freeze. Here's a buck. Go get yourself a flop." The voice waited.

A young sailor was standing in front of him, weaving with alcoholic compassion.

"I ain't no bum," said the man in the overcoat. He spoke in a dead, furry voice.

"Didn't say you were. Just noticed your overcoat and thought you might need . . ."

"Well, I don't."

The sailor squared his shoulders. "You needn't get so huffy about it. The next time I feel like a Boy Scout, I'll keep my mouth shut.

"You got it wrong, kid." The man looked down at the overcoat as though he were seeing it for the first time. "I guess I don't look so good at that."

"Just like you've been on the road for a long time."

"Yeah, I've come a long way."

"Well, you're still welcome to the buck."

"No thanks." The man looked up at the neon light. "You been next door?"

"Yeah. He's closing soon but come on, I'll buy you . . ."

"I'll stay here. Good night, Kid."

"What?"

"I said 'Good night'!"

"Oh! O. K., if that's the way you want it. Have to be shoving off anyhow. See you later, Mac."

The sailor started to sing as he went down the street. In the middle of a bar, he stopped, hummed a few notes, and then picked up the tune again in an off-key whistle. The whistling faded into echo; a street-car rumbled across an intersection; the far honking of automobile horns was muted. The man in the khaki overcoat rubbed his head and waited.

The neon light flickered and died, snapping the red splash within itself. A pale light, barely pushing back the night gloom, shone from the rear of the tavern out onto the sidewalk. A headless shadow, bent inward toward the door, backed into the light. A metallic rasp followed on the click of a lock.

Jonnie Torrio turned his bulk to the street, his sleek head thrown back to sniff the crisp air. The man in the

overcoat nuzzled the automatic with his wet hand. Torrio drew the air deep into his lungs; the folds of the camel's-hair coat parted and a luminous nude glowed chilly from the silk tie. The man in the darkness shivered and held the collar of the khaki overcoat close with his left hand. Torrio's exhalation was a satisfied sigh. The shivering man breathed quickly, making quiet, dog-like panting sounds in his throat. Torrio picked daintily at the gold caps on his perfect incisors. The man cupped his hand to push and tug at the throbbing brow. Taking a package of cigarettes from his pocket, Torrio looked up and down the street. Then he strode into the blackness where the overcoated figure waited.

"Hello, Jonnie," the man in the overcoat said.

Torrio peered over his cupped hands, his face a mask of light and shadow in the flare of the match. His body leaned forward, caught and held by the voice.

"Huh!—who's that?"

"It's me, Jonnie."

Torrio flicked his hand up and down, "damning" softly at the match. Blowing on his fingers, he looked at the dim figure.

"Come over in the light so I can see you."

"Sure," the man said.

They faced each other in the wan light before the tavern. Torrio's eyes were quick to see the pulled down brim, the upturned collar, the deep thrust of hands in pockets.

"Look, chum," Torrio said, "if it's a stick-up, you're wasting time. I don't have much on me but I'll be damned if . . ."

"You still got your nerve, Jonnie."

"What d'ya mean?"

"Remember when you dragged me across that field at Cassino?"

Torrio started, his face puckering in amazement. He reached toward the man, siezed the pulled down brim, and pushed the hat back. Hot eyes met his. Overhead a Constellation roared, it's running lights blinking a warning through the clear night.

"I'll be damned"

"Yeah . . . It's me."

"Gee, I've always wondered what became of you. Meant to write but . . ."

"They patched me up. Put plates in my head."

"I'm glad. I'm glad you pulled through."

"Why are you glad? Why did you save my life, Jonnie?"

A towered clock tolled the hour. Its lonely, hollow chime swept through the empty streets and passed by the unheeding men.

"I don't get you . . . We were always friends and . . ."

"They say you got a medal for saving my life."

"Yeah, but . . ."

"I got metal in my head, Jonnie."

"Well, that's not my fault."

"Yes it is, I . . ."

The grimy right hand stole out of the overcoat pocket. Torrio watched as thumb and fingers spread over the strained brow to knead the pulsating temples. The forefinger played in the welt of the scar, over the little bridges of flesh.

"Hurts, pal?"

"It hurts like hell. Sometimes it hurts so much I get mad. And when I . . ."

"You oughta be in a hospital!"

"I was . . . But I had to see you. I've come a long way for that."

"Why to see me?"

"You saved my life."

"Yeah?"

"And I wanted to thank you. That's what I'm supposed to do, isn't it?"

"Forget it!"

"I can't, Jonnie."

"You'd have done the same for me."

"Would I? Maybe. I don't know."

As the hand went up to knead the brow again, and the eyes tightened until they were only slits in the flesh, Torrio slowly shook his head.

"Look, pal," he said, "forget about the hard part. Think about the good times we had."

"Good times?"

Torrio laughed. It was a brittle, humourless laugh that died quickly.

"Sure, you know, all those babes. They really went

for us."

"They went for you, Jonnie. You knew the language."

"But you got yours. Louise, Helen, and Josephine—don't forget Josephine."

"Yeah, I got 'em. After you were through with them."

"G'wan. They just went with me first because I had all the dough. That old cabbage talks."

"No, Jonnie, you were always the boy. The only one I ever beat your time with was Marie. You thought she was an angel but . . ."

"Marie!"

Torrio grabbed the khaki sleeves. His fingers dug grooves in the olive fluff. The man's eyes opened wide, then narrowed. Torrio started to shake the overcoated figure but the man almost fell into his arms.

"What about Marie?" Torrio cried.

The right hand reached up and rubbed the brow. Through clenched teeth, the man hissed, "Don't shake me like that, Jonnie! It hurts my head and I get mad."

"Get mad! But what about Marie? Tell me!"

The grimy hand slid back into the pocket, deep down into the pocket.

"O. K., Jonnie, I'll tell you but don't shake me again. It happened that night before we went up that last time. came out to meet me."

"No!"

"Yes! I was on guard duty behind the ammo dump and Marie . . ."

"You're lying. Say you're lying!"

"What have I got to lie about? Does it hurt to think I got something first? You got fooled, that's all."

"Yeah . . . I got fooled."

When the man in the khaki overcoat spoke again, the furry tone was gone from his voice.

"That's a good one, huh, Jonnie. Marie thought it was funny too, putting one over on you. You treated her so good when everybody else . . ."

"Skip it!"

"Don't take it so hard. You did the same thing to me enough times. They were all alike anyhow."

"Marie was different."

"How different? They all . . ."

"I married Marie."

An automobile turned the corner and whined up the street, its lights catching the two men in frozen pantomime as they stood staring at each other. Then the laughter escaped. It started low, down in the stomach of the khaki coated man, then welled maddeningly from the chapped lips. The inane peals burst the empty air, rising higher and higher until Torrio's fist struck the crying mouth.

The man lay against the doorsill of the tavern, his left arm, bent under, propping him up. The right hand was still deep in the overcoat pocket. Blood oozed from the split lip down the deep corner of the mouth. He didn't try to move. But he made hurt, whimpering noises that turned into a slow hysterical chuckle shaking his body. Torrio grasped him beneath the arms and pulled him to his feet. Then he slapped his face, slapped hard against the left cheek. The head rolled to the right side and the chuckle stopped.

"Sorry—but I had to slug you, pal."

"It's all right," the man said. He back-handed the blood away from his mouth, leaving a red smear on the stubbled chin. "It doesn't matter, Jonnie."

"Did I hurt your head?"

"No, my head feels fine now."

"Look, I feel bad about this. Come on, I'll get you a hotel room."

"No, Jonnie, I have to go now."

"But you're sick. You need dough, clothes, some place to stay."

"I'm going to turn in at a hospital."

"I'll get you a cab."

"I'd rather walk."

"But I want to do something . . ."

"You have. Good bye, Jonnie."

The man turned and started up the street.

"Pal!", called Torrio.

"What?"

"That was the truth about Marie?"

"Yeah, Jonnie . . . It was the truth."

Torrio watched the man as he began his sad shuffle up the street, shoulders hunched, hands thrust deep in the overcoat pockets. The left arm barred the cold air from

entering the torn armpit. The head was lowered over the lapels.

Torrio blinked his eyes. The head was higher now. There was a swing to the arms. The khaki overcoat fitted better, sat evenly on squared shoulders. The broken shuffle turned into a stride, long even steps.

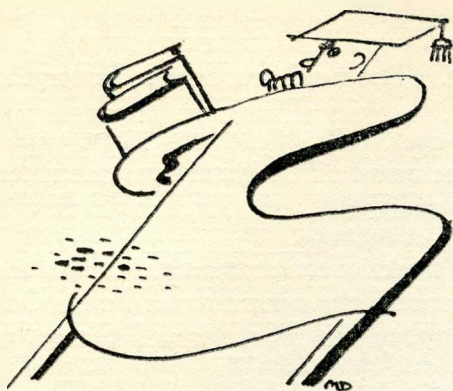
As the man in the khaki overcoat marched across the intersection, he passed beneath the corner street light. One foot on the curb, he stopped and bent toward the sewer mouth. His right hand dug deep into the overcoat pocket and tugged at the automatic. For a few moments he stood there examining the gun, the breath clouds coming quickly. He drew his hand back. There was a blue metallic gleam as the automatic arched into the cavern of the sewer.

SONNET

How very odd I find the condolence
Of these, my friends, who come to comfort me.
And odder do they find my recompense,
Who thought to find me crying. Sometimes the
Knowing you are lost to me is there. Blank
Knowledge this; and fearful, as a roaring
Wind, or wings beating in my head. I thank
My friends for their soft words, but the pouring
Of balm across a heart now reconciled
Is futile. I shall not know again your kiss,
Nor quicken to the laughter that beguiled—
But you were so much more to me than this!
That which I loved of you is part of me.
How can you then be lost . . . or even free?

—Mary Malta Peters

THE CRITICS CORNERED



SUBJECT: DOES NORMAN ROCKWELL PRODUCE ART?

All branches of art cannot be covered by one blanket. The old masters stand for perfection, lifting up to spiritual and mental heights, seldom employing the commonplace.

Norman Rockwell relates all of us to homely, everyday things, whether we care to admit it or not.

In spite of dramatic detail, results are so free and genuine, so effortless because of remarkable technique, that our reaction is immediate, uninhibited by effort to analyze, "why we think what," (as when we face the *ultra* modern).

Any artist gains strength by omitting detail, but Rockwell is the only one I know who excites speculation, yet, "tells all," without becoming monotonous, tight, weak, or "sweet."

He is an actor on paper and I feel that as an *illustrator* he produces art.

Florence R. A. Wilde

"Does Norman Rockwell produce art? The answer must be *yes*, art of a kind, and that, the lowest, the visual equivalent of the "music" of Irving Berlin, of the "literature" of the SAT-EVEPOST; an art to merit small consideration by those for whom such as Rembrandt, Beethoven, and Balzac exist. Rockwell is a humorous reporter; to call him an artist is to address the hotel doorman as "Admiral." All know he stands for the Four Freedoms, and all who have taken Art 131f at Rollins know that his four are freedom from Balance, freedom from Harmony, freedom from Rhythm, and freedom from Unity, the basic qualities in the organization of works of art.

Prof. Donald C. Greason

One of the foremost illustrators of today is Norman Rockwell. His pictures depicting everyday scenes are as American as the hot dog. One might expect fame to go to the head of such a successful person, but his private life is as simple and straight-forward as his pictures. Perhaps this is the secret of his success. By remaining modest and unassuming, he carries his honesty and simplicity over into his work. There is no pretentiousness about his photographic style, as he merely tries to depict, as directly as possible, life as he sees and feels it, frequently using his friends and neighbors as models.

Among his outstanding contributions to the war effort, his works entitled, "The Four Freedoms," did as much to promote the sale of bonds as did many of the more elaborate enterprises.

Benjamin Franklin's baby, "The Saturday Evening Post", by use of its cover, has placed the Rockwell art before the eyes of the very people it portrays. A well trained eye is not needed to get the full meaning of these story telling works. In spite of its exacting detail, it doesn't have the, "oh so sweet look," so often found in detailed work.

Harry James

Norman Rockwell produces art only in the sense that Lamour or Rubinoff or Erle Stanley Gardner produce art—the sort of "art" that does nothing more than momentarily entertain. But Lamour isn't Bergman, Rubinoff isn't Kreisler, Gardner isn't Mann.

Rockwell comes closer to art than any of his competitors. As an illustrator of the "homey" contemporary scene, he is without peer. But he will see only dark passages where Cezanne, for example, might have observed subtle violets and greens. And Rockwell will rapidly (and in a few minutes) make superficial daubs where Cezanne would have devoted a day or a week to capture a sensitive relationship of tones. Rockwell, the illustrator, merely *looks*. Cezanne, or any true artist, *sees*. That is why Rockwell produces "art," but not art.

Martin Dibner



THE BACHELOR SEALS

A book review by
PAGE COLCORD

DIBNER has written something. I don't know what, nor do I know under what classification it will fall. Perhaps only a series of snapshots which assembled make the portrait of a young man caught in the tragic web of life. The young man's face is turned sideways, trying, desperately, to understand something he cannot quite grasp, something he should be able to see, but something out of his reach. Encircling the man's head and feet, as the undetermined cherubs about the pictures of Christ, are the ways of the world, humanity, civilization. The incomplete sex act is there, the grasping world of Wall Street, a black picture of a low-bred depression, the laws of a choking union. But these are not all. There is a bloody war, a haunting want for something better, a girl's pretty face, a background of confusion, and, finally, hovering over all, a thwarted personality. A shattered life.

Out of this sordid picture, Martin Dibner has written a book. A book with real characters, true situations, an unmistakable atmosphere and a running, but undetermined theme. First of all there are the characters. Those creatures which are the heart of any book of this sort. There is Jason Amry. Much could be said about him. Things like: he was an unfortunate soul. The lost week end was his entire life. He missed much out of life, because he had the wrong approach. But these are merely suppositions. Had Jason had the right woman, his life might have been worth living, but Dibner would not have a book. Mary Clancy could not do; she went the way of all flesh. Connie Chambliss might have done the trick, but her background would not permit living in its real sense. Lecki Van Eyck came the closest to true womanhood, but she and Jason clashed somewhere along the line. Maybe if he had stuck to her, they could have succeeded. These were the women in his life, but

there were the men too. Bob Paley was a sort of demigod, but he was a Jew, and his race was not acceptable to Jason's other friends, namely Link, Carey and the other "Grog Potter." This race, technically, Jason understood as far as the others were concerned, but for himself it did not make sense. The depression gave Jason a kick in the pants; the war sapped him up before the light of reason had dawned. And then psychoneurosis took its turn, and this, the lost week end, rounded itself into the lost life.

It cannot be said, however, that Jason was not a real person. There are people like him who walk our streets every day and sleep in our dingy hotel rooms every night. Good solid American flesh gone bad.

Mary, Connie, Lecki, Bob, Link—they were all real people. Their immediate walks of life were different, but Dibner shrouds each with a quality of the human being. But no less realistic were his various settings. Dibner's technique here was good. For a book to have so many different settings is often hard for the reader, but Dibner carries this off with ease. His mood is sadistic, pessimistic, and at the same time realistic in that he does not pull any punches. Thank God for this. We have one author who has the courage of his convictions!

The dialogue of the book might be called poor by many. At times it seems to be incomplete, but Dibner makes his points nevertheless. There is no plot to *BACHELOR SEALS*. It is not the book for such a trite quality. But there is a theme, an idea. This is best gained, perhaps, in his brief but powerful Foreword. It is here that Dibner places the very core of his book. In these few well-chosen words he gives us the picture of the struggling American. The American struggling against all the forces of nature.

I do not feel qualified to condemn or to criticize Dibner's book. I have read it once. I shall put it away, and in time I may read it again. If the memory of it lingers with me, I shall surely do that. If I find that it has left a bad taste in my mouth, I shall put it in a shelf to become dust-covered with time. Just now, after this first reading, I think I shall not forget it soon. My congratulations to the author, and my sympathies for it takes a public a long time to digest and accept such as this.



THE NEW LOOK

A short story by JACK BELT

THE ball of paper arched upward toward the dark skylight, struck a crossdraft which caused it to hesitate a moment, as if taking its bearings, and then descended unerringly to an elephantine receptacle that stood waist high in the corner, full to overflowing with innumerable similar balls of paper. Oh well, thought Sidney, maybe he couldn't design beach togs or vacation wear, but he sure as hell could stand up to any other designer in the business when it came to tossing creative effort into waste baskets. Sidney could put a crumpled up idea into that mastodon of trash cans from any point in the room, facing in any direction, standing, sitting, supine, or pacing. This, in its way, was good, for his proficiency in one art tended to ease his frustration in the other.

He watched the ball of paper as it hit and lay still among its fellows. Each one of those wads of paper represented an abortive inspiration; some of them, probably most of them, were salable, for Sidney was a clever designer. But what he was straining for, what he had spent the last few weeks working by north light and Mazda to achieve, was not cleverness, but genius. Cleverness can earn money for you; it can manufacture silly little creations for madame so that she may be complimented by her friends, but it cannot revolutionize and wield the power of God over the world of fashion. No, cleverness was mediocrity; and that was all Sidney had, a big basketful of mediocrity. In that basket there must have been thousands of ideas, each an individual entity, all of them as nameless as snowflakes. They heaped upon one another like salt crystals, hiding those be-

neath and yet not altering their outward aspect. If you were to cover the Atlantic City beach with a foot of sand, it would still look like the Atlantic City beach. What was that? Cover the Atlantic City beach with sand . . . yes . . . it would look the same, but nobody could say you hadn't covered it. That's it! So elemental, so universal . . . and yet, it was his! A smile violated his thought compressed mouth. He had proven himself.

He picked up the phone and dialed. Three rings . . . four . . . "Hello?" It was Jinx's voice, and in the background he could hear party noises.

"Hello my pet," he said, "will you marry me?"

"Of course," came the slightly thick tongued reply, "who's speaking?"

"It's Sid. And I've got the idea of the century."

"Sounds like it. Tell me, how many children do you like, or will you bring your own?"

"Alright, cut it out, I'm talking about a bathing suit."

"What's in it for me?"

"Leave us not let the conversation degenerate. No, seriously, I've just had a terrific revelation about a bathing suit. I'd like to see you about it early tomorrow morning, if I can."

"If, 'early tomorrow morning,' can be construed to mean some time after 1:00 p.m., I might consider it."

"I'd like to make it earlier than that, if you could manage it. I really think I've got something."

"Alright, 10:30 then; but from the way this party is going now, don't expect me to be a ray of sunshine."

"You never were; you're not the type. Oh yes, we'd better have the legal brains in on this, too; there may be complications."

"That doesn't sound good, but we'll see, tomorrow. Right now I have a guest to retrieve from the punchbowl. Last New Year, I made a resolution to start cultivating friends who don't drink, but it seems that every time I get my hooks into a teetotaler, he starts hitting the bottle like a fiend. You may not believe it, but two of my boyfriends have resigned from Alcoholics Anonymous. I really have to go, Sid, that fellow in the punchbowl is going down for the third time. I don't think he knows how to swim. Grab a lemon peel and hold on 'til I get there, honey! So long, Sid."

"So long," said Sid, and hung up. His lips cradled a smile of proleptic confidence.

2

Jinx lay back on the leather couch in her office, her eyes closed. The icepack on her head felt like the iceberg that sank the Titanic. It probably was the iceberg that sank the Titanic.

What time was it? Sid was supposed to be there at 10:30. Sid . . . she wouldn't do this for anyone but Sid. She seldom got up before noon anyway, even when she wasn't hung over. But Sid said it was important; something about an idea he had. Sid always had such good ideas.

She had met Sid while her father was still alive and running the company. She had walked into the old man's office one day, and there in the middle of the room, in the midst of a group of admiring designers, executives, and fashion reporters, stood Sid. It was a moment of triumph for him. Eight years he had labored without recognition as a molder and fitter in the False Pectoral Department. But he had done a little designing in his free time, when he was not molding and fitting, and now he had come up with the innovation of the decade, the Handy Dandy Adjustable Inflator. It brought him fame, boodle, and artistic satisfaction. "No more molding and fitting for you, my boy," old J. K., Jinx's father, had said, "from now on you'll be head designer in the F. P. Department.

"Oh, Dad," Jinx had protested, for almost immediately she had fallen prey to Sid's deceptive charm, "you're not going to keep him in the F. P. Department?"

"He's our best designer, cinnamon bun, and we must keep abreast of the times," was the answer.

And so it was that Sidney had remained in the F. P. Department. Although, as he was fond of putting it, his little success hadn't been a complete bust, glorying in the discovery of his true province. (Though he never admitted it, not even to himself, he sometimes doubted that designing was his true province; he secretly yearned to be back at his old job, to be molding and fitting again. Designing was such a cold and impersonal occupation to thrust on a man of Sidney's warm temperament.)

Meanwhile, Jinx, although she had disapproved strongly of her father's policy of "keeping abreast," had

said nothing more about it; she knew her time would come. But she had no intention of remaining idle until it did. She began to spend more and more time around the offices of J. K. Elmore & Co., Garment Factory, (as her father's business was known) and especially around the F. P. Department. She feigned an interest in false pectorals, read every book she could find on the subject, for a month or so she practically existed on false pectorals. And she talked to Sidney about them; whenever they were together she talked about them, their history, their social significance, the part they could play in maintaining world peace . . . finally gaining his respect and convincing him that she was a very intelligent young woman.

Then, one day, old J. K. passed away, swiftly and quietly, from an overdose of benzedrine. There was a great deal of shocked, tearful confusion, a number of heart touching, eulogistic editorials, a funeral procession that could have been measured in light years, a garment workers' picnic; then Jinx took over. When she did, she made only one change in the organization of the company. She took Sidney out of the F. P. Department, gave him his own office, and made him head designer and idea man, which he had been to this day.

She shifted slightly on the couch. She wondered if her strategy had been correct. It was true she saw him every day and worked with him constantly, but somehow he managed to remain more or less aloof, maintaining a semi-professional relationship between them. He seemed to think that she was still interested in false pectorals. He never spoke to her of love or marriage except in jest. If he would only break down and forget that he was an artist and remember that he was a man. It made her miserable to think about it, but the only time she could forget it was when she was stewed, and she was getting stewed more and more often now. She wondered what the product of their union would be like. What sort of combination would her blond, straight hair, gray eyes, and tall stature make with his curly, black hair, blue eyes, and heavy set build. She had taken genetics in College; why couldn't she remember?

She was awakened by voices in the outer office. There was a soft rap on the door. "Come in," she yawned, straining to open her eyes without moving her head, so that the

sleigh bells inside would not jangle.

The door opened and in came Sid, followed by Reynolds, the company's head lawyer, followed by Susan Jay, one of the company's most luscious models, in a rather unusual state of dress, considering the hour. She appeared to be absolutely naked, except for her rings).

"Are you warm, Miss Jay?" said Jinx. "Why don't you take off that turquoise on your left hand, I'm sure it must be stifling?"

"This is the bathing suit I was talking about," Sidney said.

"And you got me up from my bed of pain to see that?" said Jinx, trying not to shout, for she didn't want her head to fall in half. "People have been wearing that kind of bathing suit since the discovery of water. Can't you think of something new?"

"But this is new!" protested Sidney, "You think you're looking at Miss Jay in the flesh, but you're not, not entirely, anyway. Last night I happened to think . . . well, let me put it this way. If you covered the Atlantic City beach with a foot of sand, it would still look like the Atlantic City beach, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Jinx.

"But even if it did look the same, nobody could say you hadn't covered it, could they?" continued Sid.

"No," said Jinx, a little confused.

"Well, don't you see how that would lead me to think of a bathing suit like this one?"

Jinx pondered. "Are you trying to tell me that Miss Jay is covered with a foot of sand?"

"Something like that. You see, I figured that the human form is something universally appealing, even though the mores of our civilization deem that it be covered up. And then I went a step further, and figured that if the body were to be covered with a facsimile of itself, that is to say, if we could hide the human form, and yet retain its original beauty in the cloth that hides it, we would have a universally popular garment and at the same time be complying with the rules of society."

"You mean that Miss Jay isn't mother naked?" asked Jinx, doubtfully.

"That's right. She's wearing a sort of second skin, so to speak."

"Is it legal?"

"Reynolds says so."

"There aren't any ordinances forbidding it," said Reynolds.

"It looks like you have something, Sid."

"Of course I have," said Sid, scrutinizing Miss Jay closely. "You know, Charlie did a damn fine job of putting that thing together, considering the amount of time he had. Turn around, Suzy, I think you've got it on a little crooked."

Blushing fiercely, Miss Jay turned slowly around.

"Yes, it is crooked, here, let me straighten it," said Sid, walking up behind her and grasping at her third dorsal vertebra. "Where the hell is that zipper?" Miss Jay turned red as a bottle of port from hairline to toenail. "Suzy!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jonas," Suzy said, "But Charlie got in a hurry, when he was sewing the suit together, and stuck a rusty needle in his foot. He was still down in the first aid room getting a tetanus shot when you and Mr. Reynolds came along. You looked like you were in a hurry, so I didn't see any harm in going with you the way I was. It looks the same anyway."

"Yes, I guess it does," said Sid, contemplating Miss Jay with a half scowl on his face. "Damn!"

"What's the matter?" inquired Jinx.

"I just thought of something," Sid said, his face a desert of despair. "If we did start manufacturing these things, and they caught on, the beaches would be flooded with them, the bathing suit of today would become extinct in almost no time at all. Then, maybe people would start thinking, and if they thought hard enough, they would deduce, as I have just done, that if the human body looks the same with one of these suits on as off, then, by the same token, it would look the same with it off as on. So that people would begin to leave their suits at home, just to see if they could get away with it. When they found out they could, they would stop buying bathing suits altogether. Our sales would go down, down, and finally cease completely; so that a suit of that kind, while it would be a sellout at first, would eventually prove a curse to the garment industry."

"Oh," said Jinx, Miss Jay, and Reynolds.

Oh well, thought Sidney, back to the drawing board . . .

STUART JAMES

On The Subject of Form as Suggested by "Rousseau and Romanticism" by Irving Babitt

Scene:

The outskirts of a small college town in the eastern section of North Carolina. It is March, 1946. The countryside has plainly felt the year's first tremors of that strange convulsion men call Spring. The catkins of the pussy willows have long since streamed away on winter's dying gales; the peach orchards are pink with bloom and the tiny, crimson buds of the maples are beginning to unfurl. It is late afternoon and the wind is going down with the sun. Beyond the tiny orchard a man is plowing-under a great field of short winter wheat. He is using a team of enormous Percheron Normans, both dapple grays. Head down with reins about his neck, the man follows the plow like an overalled automaton, grinding across the surface of the earth as irresistably as Time moves over the face of Eternity. The man and team are working slowly inward toward the center of the field. Still to be plowed is a huge triangle of wheat that stands out against the brown of the freshly turned earth like a great green shield, a shield that grows smaller and smaller beneath the shearing of the plow. At the edge of this same field stands a short section of old chestnut-rail fence. On it are perched two young men watching the farmer and the dapple grays. They are college students and both are wearing old army jackets. One is dark and slight with the eyes of a dreamer. His name is James Falkner; he is a philosophy major. The other, Robert Waring, an art major, has nothing of the dreamer about him; his complexion is ruddy and his body is the body of a fighter, chunky and heavy. He is talking somewhat heatedly.

Robert: Damn the spring and damn blind men who fall victim to its inanities! I tell you it is nothing but an aimless, chaotic eruption of life; blind, cruel, and irrational, without a semblance of purpose. This stupid season is like a painted harlot, loud with sex, that comes flouncing out of the south to lure men to bed with her. And for what? only for the perpetuation of an empty riddle men call life.

James: You sound like Schopenhauer, Bob, or have

you been reading Millay's poem on spring. How does it end . . ? "Life in itself is nothing, an empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs, it is not enough that yearly, down this hill, April comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers."

Robert: I don't know your poetry, but I do know that spring is like a painting by an idiot; all energy, color and chaos, without a sign of form, or line, or coherence. It is only a great cosmic daub of emotionalism that is meaningless because there is no purpose in it.

James: O come, Bob, you're being over emotional yourself. Take a calmer view of it. Spring is obviously an excessive romantic recoil from the stark classicism of winter. It illustrates an old truism that life is made up of action and re-action. This buxom strumpet is only one of many radicals whose screams will forever echo around the world. Remember, it takes excess to combat excess, but the great mass of humanity, of which you and I are a part, being subject to coercion from both sides, are thus held in a kind of balance and move slowly along the middle path. But tell me, Bob, you who are a painter, do you really think spring is only a colorful, chaotic canvas without form or direction?

Robert: I see form only in the particular instance; viewed in its entirety spring is nothing but a masterpiece of confusion. To me it is like a great formless mosaic whose only semblance of order lies in the individual tile.

James: Yes, Bob, but even viewed in its entirety I still think form is visible in the spring, the form of growth, or the form of life itself, for there is no life without growth. Look at that silly daffodil there at the edge of the plowed ground. You will admit that without its present form it would have no meaning as a daffodil; but consider, was not its whole form implied in the tiny seed before the energy of life stirred it into growth? Could the seed itself foretell the full blown daffodil? Perhaps spring is only the seed of a larger growth with which we are unacquainted. It is not in life's character to reveal to common man its final ends. Nature reserves that experience for the chosen few, her saints and prophets. It is only these who, in rare moments, have caught the vibrations of eternity that come stealing through the mortal clay like bars of strange, imperial music.

Robert: You missed your calling, Jim, you should be

squatting on the banks of the Ganges dressed in an old mattress cover along with the rest of the world's mystics. I advise you to stay clear of the graphic arts. You philosophers are always dreaming of a life beyond the stars. Not only that but you insist upon painting mankind a picture of it, a picture without paint, without brush, and without canvas, and we poor mortals sit staring hard at nothing while the world goes careening by.

James: Do you mean that there is no art beyond the stars?

Robert: To hell with the beyond! The stars are enough. You can babble in verse of what lies beyond, I'll paint what I see. You yourself said that the larger plan was not for common man to know. If we can't know the final end it can't matter to us, so let's forget it and spend our energy improving the means. I do this myself by painting the smaller form.

James: You are better as a philosopher, Bob, than I would ever be as a painter. Tell me what is form in art, this smaller form you speak of?

Robert: Lord, I'm not sure that I really know, Jim. I guess it's a discipline that the artist imposes upon the primitive energy of creation to give it coherence and direction. It's a matter of concentration, the means by which the artist canalizes his efforts. I imagine a physicist could easily apply his laws to artistic creation. Say that steam is the individual creative energy of the artist, a cylinder could be thought of as the artist's sense of form. Wild, chaotic creative energy that is not subjected to the laws of form is as useless and ineffective as steam unconfined by a cylinder.

James: I am surprised and pleased to hear you use the words discipline and form synonymously. Reasoning on this basis it seems fair to say that if art is meaningless without form, then life without discipline is also meaningless.

Robert: Yes, you're right, Jim. Life is like a line in a drawing: if it is without purpose and leading nowhere, it is worse than useless and should be erased.

James: Ever since Dr. Abbitt's lecture this morning I have been thinking that modern man has, somewhere along the way, lost his sense of form, that he is living a life devoid of inner discipline. Dr. Abbitt traced this modern tendency to a man called Rousseau, a romantic patter-cake of the 18th

century. Rousseau caught European society on the recoil from the dry, formalistic doctrine of the neo-classic period and indoctrinated it with the idea that man should have no master save his own mood. This idea burst like a Colorado spring over the cold, neo-classic landscape. It was the old story of excess against excess. Unfortunately Rousseau represented maximum energy with a minimum of form. His romantic spring grew strange fruit, and mankind, tempted by a life free from all restriction, did eat thereof and has been paying the biblical price ever since.

Robert: I am not very familiar with Rousseau or what he stood for; but tell me, Jim, you speak of modern man lacking a sense of form; is not the machine both a product and a reflection of a high sense of form and inner discipline?

James: I'm not so sure that it is, Bob. In the first place the machine itself is the product of only a few minds, and when one looks the facts in the face it appears that where machines are concerned the average man is only an imitator, or at best a hanger-on; he has rushed into a mechanical Garden of Eden not of his own planting, and you can bet it has its snake, too, though this one is chromium plated. Ever since the beginning of time man has revolted against a sense of form, mainly because it restricted his actions and curbed his desires. Now I think that the machine is merely another indication of man's revolt against this sense of form. In the final analysis the machine was designed to make life easier. Its appearance represented the removal of another restriction life had imposed upon man, the discipline of manual labor. Had man immediately imposed another discipline upon himself to keep his form of life intact, all might have been well, but he did not. Consequently, what happened was that he merely transferred his sense of discipline from himself to the machine. The embarrassing result is that man is now at the mercy of his own creation. He finds the machine imposing its will upon him, and from a controlling position above his environment man has sunk to a level with it, slowly turning into a robot as devoid of an ethical sense and a moral direction as the machine which he follows.

Robert: Yes, man can't see that discipline and restriction are inevitable. They are the laws of God. When man fails to follow these laws himself, nature steps in and imposes them upon him from without. But Jim, you asked me

a moment ago what form was in art, now I want you to tell me what form is in life and why man has lost his sense of it.

James: Great heavens, Bob, to get at the answer to that is like pinning down the wind. But now you yourself are asking me to paint a picture without brush, or paint, or canvas, and I can't resist. I have long believed that man can never become aware of the larger form of life until he shakes off the restricting shackles of the self, and his character changes from narrow introversion to broad extroversion. In his talk today Dr. Abbitt pointed out that there existed no object in the Romantic universe, but only subject, which meant that each person lived alone in a world of his own imagining, cut off from all other minds by the walls of the ego. I was struck by the profundity of the remark, knowing it to be even more true today than in the time of Rousseau. This narrow self of which Dr. Abbitt spoke, centripetal in nature, coiling always inward toward an ever narrowing center, is the antithesis of the self that is capable of beholding the formal structure of life. A sense of form in life demands a view of something beyond the narrow limits of the individual. It is the self that looks outward instead of inward that will grasp the form of life, a self that is centrifugal in nature, flinging ever outward from its own center, encompassing more and more of mankind. Just as the man of science seeks the universal by embracing as many particulars as possible, so the individual must seek the form of the higher self, of which all men are a part, by encompassing more and more of his fellow beings. Only then will it become clear that the universe contains both subject and object and, paradoxically enough, that object and subject are not separate entities, but one and the same thing.

Robert: For heaven's sake, man, you talk like a surrealist paints. What good are all the words in the world if only the author knows their meaning? I tell you all philosophers should be made to chisel their words in granite, perhaps then they would be more careful of their meaning.

James: I'm sorry, Bob. I guess what I mean is that each of us should try to be a little less selfish, that we should try to understand one another, and above all to treat our neighbors as we treat ourselves. On the level of such altruistic love all men become one. I guess that's what I mean by the form of life.

Robert: Yes, I see now, Jim. Once, years ago, my mother read me a speech as fair as that, a Jew was its author. It seems strange that so simple a thing should prove so difficult. How hard it is to live such a life in a world where there is no power save the power of wealth and the sword, where the man of material science has replaced the man of God, and where our possessions have crowded our morals from the stage.

James: Yes, very difficult, Bob, but remember the old lady of Spoon River: "Immortality is not a gift, my child, but an achievement."

Robert: Tell me, is this One, this Higher Self you speak of, is that your conception of God?

James: No, Bob, only saints and madmen define God. Say that it is only the first gold fingerings of a day that is yet to dawn. Something toward which man may turn his face. I doubt if our sight is yet ready for the full light of divine day. Emily Dickinson knew the weakness of man's spiritual eyes when she wrote: "The Truth must dazzle gradually, or every man be blind."

It's getting dark, Bob, shall we go back to the dormitory?

Robert: Yes, let's go, I have a palette to clean and a date with an easel, a brush and some canvas.

James: And I have a date with another "thankless muse," there's an aesthetics paper due tomorrow.

Scene:

The green triangle in the center of the freshly turned earth had long since gone down before the onslaught of the plow and, while the two young men talked, the farmer had whistled home his team of dapple grays. Now the thin shadows of dusk crept out of the hollows and the valleys and moved up the hills. Across the meadows came the peepers' silvery song. The darkness deepened. Arcturus, the star of spring, pushed over the rim of the eastern horizon, while far to the north Ursa Major hung, like a jeweled cup, against the wall of night. Far back on the hills a barred owl hooted once and was still; the song of the peepers died away and the land settled softly into the dark cup of night. Yet, far around the curving earth, over the towers of Istaban and Ankara, across Afghanistan and the Turgai Steppes, over Tibet and the silver Himalyas, the golden dawn surged eastward still.

TABLES RE-TURNED

To Billy Wordsworth—for whom
the world was too much!!

Regardless of the woods you scan,
Nature teaches naught of man;
It tells of God in natural ways—
But man is made of lesser clays.

He's made of grief, and fear, and sin,
And cowardice, and quick chagrin;
He seeks out faults, and finds them, too,
And puts himself ahead of you.

And to escape this evil race
Hold only nature in embrace.
But, doing this, you will exclude
That part of man that isn't rude.

For souls of men have not been blind.
Mix with the crowds—it's there you'll find
That man untaught by vernal wood
Must add his bit for common good.

You'll find he's thoughtful, fair, and true,
And sympathetic—humble, too;
And more, you'll find plain city sod
Has shown the world the Man in God.

—Weston L. Emery

The steeple chimes have bent the hours in half,
Sent up the fragments of the day.
Dark shadows break the light on fields of snow
And winter frozen stands the hay.
The earth with labor spent turns from the sun;
The northern winds sweep forth to shout
Across the darkened fields into the sky.
Then silence—while the stars come out.

—J. F. Leonard

This text is set in twelve-point Caslon Oldstyle with titles in Modern Alternate Gothic, and printed on Kilmory Book Text, a water-marked, antique laid book paper. The famous Caslon type faces today are precisely as Mr. Caslon left them in 1766. The cover and page layouts of this issue were designed by Dan Hudgens. Printed at Rollins Press, Winter Park, Florida.

