

Rollins College

Rollins Scholarship Online

The Flamingo

Spring 1961

Flamingo, Spring, 1961, Vol. 44

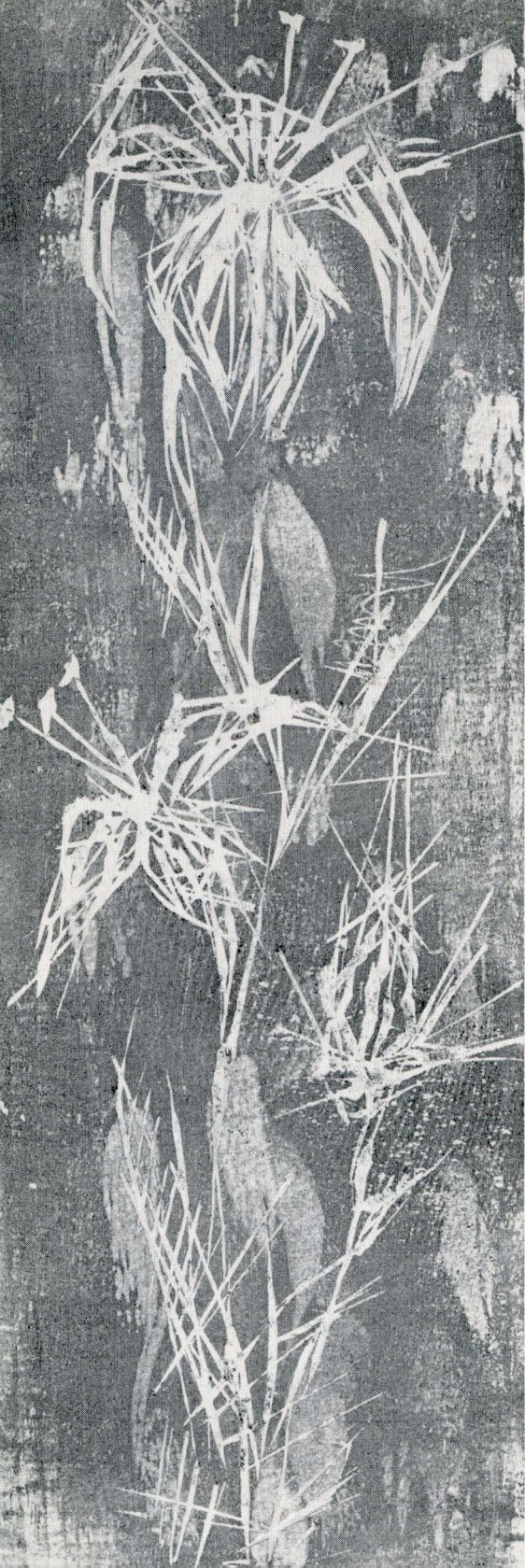
Rollins College Students

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.rollins.edu/flamingo>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)





*Spring
Issue
1961*

FLAMINGO

VOLUME NO. 44

SPRING, 1961

EDITOR . . . Jody Bilbo

ASSISTANT EDITOR . . . Kristen Bracewell

EDITORIAL BOARD . . . Bruce Aufhammer, Vicki Boggs,
Jeff Clark

ART EDITOR . . . Linda Hicklin

ARTISTS . . . Diana Boyd, Zoe Cleveland, Andy Ferrichs,
Bob Grabowski, Mr. Peterson, Sue Reynoldson, Ned Rollins

CARTOONS . . . Kristen Bracewell

BUSINESS MANAGER . . . Sally Zuengler

COPY EDITOR . . . Maggie Carrington

TYPISTS . . . Marilyn Koepke, Anne French, Mary Goodall,
Mary Kauffman, Sherry McMath, Joan Murray,
Posy Wilson

LITERARY ADVISOR . . . Mr. Charles Mendell

COVER . . . Linda Liddell

Contents

PROSE	Page
Another Wedding , Chari Probasco	5
Best Prose of 1960-61	
Terra , Bruce Aufhammer	8
One Step Forward, One Step Back , Pete Tenney	33
The Magnificent Train Ride , Clayton Seadeek	37
 POETRY	
Mimicker , Leslee Foster	6
Ritual , Kristen Bracewell	7
Desert Bloom , Schiller Scroggs	7
Two Poems For Our Time , Benjamin M. McKulik	24
Beatniks , Vicki Boggs	27
Best Poetry of 1960-61	
In Time , Butch Gibbs	28
The Virgin of Antipolo , Schiller Scroggs	30
Down to the Core , Anonymous	32
Two Poems , Jody Bilbo	32
Ballad , Clayton Seadeek	36



ANOTHER WEDDING

CHERI PROBASCO

For the third time that summer I stood in the corner of the country club ball room ladling punch into little glass cups for over-heated wedding guests. I was a good six inches taller than any other person in the room and could see over the crowd that had migrated towards the buffet table to watch Martha lift a messy hunk of cake into her new husband's mouth. She grinned at the busy photographer, a bulb flashed, and her mother stepped forward to wipe frosting off the groom's shiny nose. The bride playfully licked the end of her sterling silver cake spatula.

"Only Martha could get away with that. She's such a cute little thing," commented Loretta Flambeau, who was back of the others taking notes for the "Lady Lovely" column in the Rockport Morning Republic.

I was mentally paraphrasing her column:

"Miss Martha Ellen Guyer became Mrs. Franklin Ginestra Saturday, much to the disgust of her parents, who carried the wedding off beautifully in spite of the fact that they hate Italians. Mrs. Guyer wore a taffeta sheath, complementing the color of the bridesmaids' dresses because "Milady's Bridal Salon" ran out of the right shade of lavender. The attendants' dresses were empire styled to conceal the pregnancy of the matron of honor, and succeeded in making all seven bridesmaids appear pregnant . . ."

A deluge of matrons interrupted my thoughts. I put my teeth forward and turned up the corners of my mouth.

"Do you know all these ladies?" blubbered the round woman in the orange hat.

"Of course," I smiled.

"Most of your age group is getting married this summer," she said, holding out her cup for more punch. "You'll probably be next."

"You never know," I replied.

Mrs. Ward Vanderpool arrived. She asked me how my mother was and said my pink carnation corsage was lovely. She guessed before long it would be my turn to have a wedding and "weren't most of my friends married by now?"

I kept filling her cup and saying "fine" and "yes."

"It's so warm," she commented. "Do I look a sight?"

"You look very nice, Mrs. Vanderpool," I said, noticing the huge circles of sweat under her arms and wishing I could say, "What you need is a Man's deodorant."

Mrs. Guyer began to clap her hands to announce that Martha was ready. She moved rapidly through the crowd handing out little packets of rice.

"Come to the foot of the stairs," she whispered on her way past me, "I'm gathering up all the unmarrieds to see who'll be next."

Martha emerged in a light blue suit and posed half way down the staircase to toss her bouquet. Mrs. Guyer stood beside her, smiling for the photographer and signaling to Martha's sister to stand directly in front.

Obediently, I joined the circle of bridesmaids at the foot of the stairs.

Martha carefully aimed the mass of white orchids at her sister, but they managed to land in my hand.

For an instant everyone was quiet.

Mrs. Guyer sighed, "Oh, dear!"

I clung to the flowers. Then, with more skill than I had ever shown on the basketball court, I bounced the bouquet off Mrs. Guyer's head back into Martha's arms.

mimicker

O how I loathe
the proud and haughty
poodle dog.

It prances like
the silly, pompous soul
it leads upon the leash.

LESLEE FOSTER

ritual

Bright knife on white cloth,
gleaming instruments of some witchery;
lights, that pour on me from
a hot, manufactured sun.
The floating white hands, sanctified
with soap, begin a ritual tracery.

I remember that I am old.

KRISTEN BRACEWELL

desert bloom

Soft velvet brown, the monkish mountains march,
Remote, withdrawn, along the desert's rim
With rusty, belling robes, but raise no hymn;
Detritus flows among the fir and larch.
They gaze with stoic calm where coarse sands parch
In glittering monotony. On dim
And quivering mirage blurred objects swim
Obscurely underneath the bleached sky-arch.

Too much in lonely mood our inward stare
Sees but the grim Mojave of our soul,
Wherein eventless dreams move toward the tomb.
Yet after rain bright yellow flowers flare
And fill the level floor. They cry us, "Skoal!"
So hope revives and makes the desert bloom.

SCHILLER SCROGGS

Best Prose of 1960-61

BRUCE AUFHAMMER

TERRA

As he regained consciousness, he heard the slapping of water on the boat's hull and felt the gentle rocking of the waves. His head hurt. He opened his eyes slowly, carefully. It was dark except for a small kerosene lamp hung by gimbles on the mast.

A deep voice said, "Hi, Kid, you feelin' okay now?"

Jim jumped and turned toward the voice. He could see a man's smiling face in the companionway—a square face with uneven teeth and a short haircut. It was a pleasant face. "Yes, thanks," he answered. "Where am I, and who are you?"

"Name's Chet, Kid," he said, extending his hand. "What's yours?"

"Jim," he answered simply, gripping the extended hand. He tried to stand up but was too weak.

"You've been out cold for almost two days. You really tied one on, Jim. Let me get you some hot coffee and food." Chet moved forward to the galley, and Jim could hear the ring of the coffee pot and the sound of water being pumped. He lifted himself up and staggered forward with the help of the bulkheads.

"Where am I, Chet, and how'd I get here?"

"I picked you up off the floor of a bar and brought you here aboard my boat," Chet laughed good naturedly.

"Where are we?"

"Why—in Miami. Didn't you know that, Jim?"

"I, I don't seem to remember. I'm from Maryland. I remember leaving home because — because—"

"Here Jim, sit down and drink this; food'll be ready in a minute."

He sat in silence, drinking the hot coffee and frowning. Chet brought him some food, shook his head slowly and smiled.

"I'm gonna sack out, Kid. Look around my old lady; I think you'll like her. She's not real fast, but she's steady and solid. You can bunk in the same one you've been sleeping in. I'll see you in the morning."

"Okay Skipper, 'night," Jim smiled. "And thanks again for everything."

After Jim finished cleaning the dishes, he wandered through the forward cabins. "Nice and comfortable for any charter," the boy thought, walking aft to the main cabin. Chet was asleep in the port-quarter-berth behind the head. There were navy blue curtains which could be drawn from the after bulkhead of the cabin forward which neatly enclosed the bunk.

The main cabin had a clean white ceiling which accentuated the mahogany beams crossing it in a gentle arch. On the aft bulkhead was a small bookshelf. Jim walked toward it. There were two large volumes containing the complete works of Joseph Conrad; paperback editions of Steinbeck's **The Pearl**; Hemingway's **The Old Man and the Sea**; and some by Faulkner, Dostoevski, Wolfe, and Locke—and two thin books by Françoise Sagan. But the one that attracted Jim's attention was a small book entitled **The Reasonable Life** by a member of the Kon Tiki expedition. Jim smiled and took it off the shelf. Its pages were worn and finger stained. He wondered how many times he had read it himself, and thought it a funny coincidence that Chet should have a copy too.



After replacing the book in the bookshelf, he turned off the lights and climbed the steep steps to the deck. He took a deep breath of the salty, southeast breeze and stretched. "She's in good shape," he mumbled to himself as he walked around her deck and looked up her varnished spar, slapping it with his hand. He walked aft to the cockpit and put his hands on the wheel; they felt at home. The words AT LAST were stenciled on the life ring beside the steering box. "Funny name for a boat," he thought.

Jim stepped to the rail and dropped down into the dingy. Rowing toward the lighted gas and diesel fuel pumps, he noticed that it was only nine o'clock. He swung himself up onto the dock with that slow grace and self-assurance that comes from a life on the water and decided to try to find his car.

Chet woke up the next morning to the smell of bacon and the sizzel of eggs frying. He walked forward to the galley. "And I could use a cook, too," he said sniffing the breakfast smells and smiling.

They sat down on deck and ate in their trunks.

"How're you feelin' this mornin', Jim?" Chet asked between mouthfuls.

"Fine, Chet; I feel like a new man. Found my car last night."

"Jim," Chet said, "since you don't live down here, and I take it you don't know anybody, I could use a crewmember. I was watchin' you tyin' knots in that piece of line in the bar before you passed out, and you looked like you've been 'round the water. Do you want a job? I can't pay you much, but it would give you somethin' to do and maybe let you forget whatever it is you're tryin' to."

Jim nodded yes slowly. "Yes, Chet, I'd like a job and I love the water. Yea, I'd really like it. Where do you sail to? Ever to South America? Maybe I can find her there."

"It depends on my charter where I sail. Sometimes I go to South America though. Find who, Jim?" Chet asked.

Jim had a far-away look in his eyes. "Terra," he said looking lonely and a little sad. "Here, let me help you make this place ship-shape," he said as he suddenly reached over, picked up Chet's empty coffee cup and carried the dirty plates below to the galley. "Thanks for the job, Chet; I really appreciate it," he called, pumping the water.

"Good enough, Jim. Listen, will you swab the deck and topsides—polish the brass too—because our charter comes aboard at two this afternoon," Chet called, following him below.

"Yes, Sir, Cap'im," Jim answered smiling.

"We'll have none of that crap on this boat, Kid. My name's Chet, not Captain!"

They both laughed.

"She's a pretty boat, Chet," Jim said after they finished cleaning her up; "got nice lines too."

"Thanks. You're a damn good crew too. This boat's never been so clean. How come you're not in school; it's still two weeks till Christmas, if you don't mind me askin'?"

"No, I don't mind, Chet. I didn't go back to college this fall. I was twenty-one in June and just felt like I wasn't accomplishin' anything. You know, sort of markin' time or wasting it. I don't really know; I felt like I should be living life rather than readin' about it. And, well, I wanted to find something too."

Jim didn't explain any further, and although the skipper figured it had something to do with the girl named Terra, he knew better than to dig for answers.

"While we're askin' questions, Chet, how come you named this boat the AT LAST?"

"Well, Kid, it's a long story, but it boils down to the fact that I tried to work like other people do, but I couldn't. I felt trapped. So I bought this boat about two years ago and was free at last. Sort of corny, isn't it? But it's true."

Jim laughed. "You mean that a guy your age is still a dreamer?"

"**My** age! What d'ya mean, **my** age? Hell, I'm only ten years older than you, and that isn't 'old,' you know! Come on boy, we'd better get dressed for our charter. They expect us to look like responsible bums, so look that way," he said laughing.

Slowly, but constantly during the first few weeks of his job as crew, Jim was aware of his new interest in the concrete world around him. He liked the feel of his muscles straining as he hauled in a sheet or fought the Genoa jib as they came about. He consciously enjoyed the shock of the cold sea-spray as it flew against his tanned skin. Jim was really living for the first time, and he had not thought of Terra consciously since the first nights aboard the sloop.

* * *

Then he had remembered that day in the fall when he had told his parents that he was leaving home to find his dream. They had looked at him sadly and hadn't understood, but they

knew that he would go. He packed some clothes and got into his car, leaving the Eastern Shore of Maryland for the warm South where he knew his dream could be found.

His parents had given him his life, but they could not understand or satisfy his hopes. His goals were not those which they had tried to transplant into his soul. His dreams did not fit into their society. Neither did his learned Christianity stay in his heart. It had been unnatural to him, and therefore Jim had been a savage to those who thought they knew him. He remembered spending his free time searching the woods and sands around his home hoping to find the answers to his soul's many questions. He came to believe that a black-haired girl existed who possessed the body matched for his own and the ideal spiritual companion for his hungry soul. This belief grew in him until he knew that he must find her in order to find himself. He could not be satisfied with only a dream.

He remembered the road through Richmond and Wilmington, but she had not been there. Then on to Charleston—driving, walking, and always looking urgently for her with the fear that death would catch him before he found her. The thought of an eternity of loneliness only made him move faster and turned his search into an enflamed pilgrimage.

He remembered being aware of the weeks passing, creeping by into the foggy night of longing and loneliness. He knew he must find her before she too passed into the gray of endless time.

He drove on through Savannah, Atlanta, and Birmingham. But she was never there. Jim wondered if he had been mad when he started or was now going mad on the road. He knew that he was being driven on by something beyond his control. He had to find her. All his youthful energy had been changed into a burning, searching passion that forced him on. On to New Orleans where he stalked the Creole streets by day and night. Under the narcotic moon, he found lovers, but never his black-haired Terra.

He left New Orleans in the early morning and headed east for Mobile. Suddenly she was there—silhouetted in the heat mirage on the highway ahead. He had swerved the car into the other lane to miss her. He couldn't remember whether there had been cars coming or not. God! She was even more beautiful than he had thought. He remembered stopping the car on the left-hand shoulder and running toward her calling her name and his heart pounding so fast that he thought it had burst. She hadn't come toward him, but had smiled and run lightly away to

the east. He remembered jumping into his car and trying to catch her—but she ran too fast, although she kept beckoning him on until she vanished completely from his view. He realized that he was completely out of control, but he raced on helplessly.

He could still recall Mobile, Jacksonville, and finally Miami. He was completely exhausted, and he began to realize that running from town to town was useless. He knew he had to relax before he renewed his search. Although he couldn't remember the last time that he had eaten, he wasn't hungry. Staggering into a bar near the yacht basin, he ordered a drink. He had to relax; he was shaking all over.

He took the drink and sat down where he could watch the door. He stared at it expectantly and gulped the drink. It made him cough. He ordered another one and dreamt of Terra. She was his only reality now. Until he found her, he knew he could not be satisfied with his life. He leaned down and picked up a piece of line from the floor and started tying knots in it. One end was Terra and the other himself. The line was useless unless it were in a knot. The ends had to be together or there was nothing. He tied frantically, knocking his drink over. Signaling for another, he put his head down on his folded arms. A Christmas song drifted in the open window from a passing convertible. He was lonely. He had to find her. He felt his throat knot up as if he were going to cry. He remembered standing up, chugging his drink—he needed air. Suddenly everything had begun spinning; the floor came rushing up at his face, then everything went black.

The next thing he remembered was coming to on board Chet's sloop.

* * *

They had been sailing together for a few months now. Jim was a good crew and very dependable, although sometimes he seemed to be off in another world and a sad, lost expression would veil his face and dim his usually intense and penetrating blue eyes. Whenever this happened, Chet would become disturbed, but he never liked to nose into anyone's private life, especially a friend's. Chet and Jim had a custom of sitting on deck after the charterers had gone below to bed—at least when they were young married couples, or just young couples. They'd enjoy a drink and talk to each other about anything which came into their minds.

It was on a night like this in late February that Jim decided to tell Chet about his search for Terra. Although he knew Chet better and trusted him more than anyone he had ever met, he was still not sure whether the skipper would laugh at his dream or not. He had two drinks that night. He needed them to bolster his courage because he had never told anyone about Terra before—he'd never even said it out loud to himself. Jim began quietly. Chet did not laugh. When Jim was through, Chet only asked him if he were okay. Jim turned and looked at him for the first time since he began telling his story; his eyes were on fire with an extreme passion which reminded Chet of a dying man trying to hold on to life. They both had another drink. After Jim's tale, neither one of them said anything for awhile.

Finally Chet said softly, "Jim, a dream is only the expression of a need within a man's spirit or soul. It is perfectly natural. And it is necessary because only his dreams make a man different from an animal. Man is merely an animal with a soul. An animal must satisfy his physical needs and desires. A man must too, but he must also satisfy his soul's needs."

Jim nodded slowly.

"The pity," Chet continued, "is that an animal knows by instinct how much of anything is required to satisfy his needs—a man has no natural instinct to guide him as he tries to satisfy his dreams. He may poison himself in his effort to satisfy his soul's needs and die without knowing why. Therefore a man must learn to temper his dreams in order to keep from destroying himself in his innocent attempt to satisfy those needs or dreams. Otherwise, he ceases to be alive as a man, or actually dies, Jim."

"I think I understand you Chet, but I don't know how to stop believing in Terra," Jim said, knowing that he had not forgotten Terra. He had only built a thin, brittle cap on this volcano-like dream. He was scared that it might erupt again; he knew he could not stop it if it did. "I have to have her, Chet—I have to," Jim said, looking at the dew-darkened teak deck between his bare feet.

"I know, Jim, but take it slow. Try to find a real—I mean—try to find a girl **like** Terra until you do find **her**."

"But God dammit, Chet, I—"

"Come on, Kid, let's get some sleep. It's been a rough night, and we're sailing to Bimini in the morning. You'll feel much better then," Chet said, getting up and walking toward the companionway.

Chet didn't go to sleep after he climbed into his bunk. He

couldn't. His mind reheard Jim's dream over and over again. "He's seeking the perfect union between his soul and an imagined soul—Terra," Chet thought. "But that can only happen in death —." He could not help but shudder at the thought.

The next morning dawned clear with a good breeze blowing out of the south-southwest. The sloop rode at her anchor in Miami. The couple chartering the boat were on board at seven o'clock. They enjoyed sailing, and were looking forward to a good reach over to Bimini. This was the AT LAST's kind of weather. She lifted with the breeze, heeled to her lee rail, and knifed through the clear, white-capped sea.

"It's on a day like this that sailing is really the relaxing excitement it's supposed to be," Chet called forward to the young wife, who was standing in the leeward shrouds, riding with them as they grew taut and slack. Her smile answered him affirmatively. The sloop charged eastward with that feline power that only a sailing vessel can have.

Chet watched Jim riding the bowsprit forty-five feet ahead of him. "He's like a kid brother to me," Chet thought, watching the boy's strong, young body flexing and relaxing with the surge of the quartering seas; "and I can't help him! Physically, he's healthy, but spiritually—. Dear God, if I could only find him a girl he could really love! But Terra, only, is capable of kindling love in him. Youth's blind faith may be beautiful, but it's also the most pitiful thing that I can think of," he thought.

They anchored at Bimini in the late afternoon. After they had cleaned up the boat, Jim asked Chet if he would come with him for their usual port night-life.

"Not tonight, thanks, Jim," Chet answered, "I'm a little bushed after last night. But you go ahead and get rid of your wild oats," Chet laughed.

Chet knew what he was going to look for. In every port that they had docked in, they had gone ashore and Jim had searched for Terra. For the last month Jim had found and slept with some dark-haired girl—always dark-haired. But this only satisfied him momentarily and served mainly to increase his mad desire for Terra. He could satisfy his body, but Chet knew now that Jim's soul was starving.

The small craft warnings were flying when Chet went to bed that night. The water between South Bimini and North Bimini was beginning to chop up. Chet had secured everything on deck before he went below. He could hear the wind strumming the steel stays and the sound of the waves breaking past the sloop's

white bow. The friendly creaking of the old boat lulled him to sleep.

Later in the night he heard Jim come aboard.

The skipper woke up suddenly. It was still dark out. The wind had blown up and was shrieking through the rigging in the gusts. He could hear the mainsheet blocks thumping on the deck. Chet headed toward the deck to take up the slack in the line. As he passed Jim's bunk, he saw that it was empty.

"Poor guy's probably up on deck tyin' everything down while I'm in the sack dreamin' about some broad," he grumbled as he climbed the companionway steps.

"Jim!" Chet called stepping into the cockpit. The wind whipped his call to leeward. He looked forward and saw someone move by the mast. After tightening the mainsheet, he went forward to see if Jim needed any help. It wasn't Jim, but a canvas hatch cover ballooned up by the wind.

"Jim?"

No one answered. Chet ran down below and searched the cabins. Jim wasn't aboard. Then he saw the note stuck on the main cabin bulkhead with chewing gum:

Chet,

Thank you for everything. Terra called to me tonight from the ocean. She said that she would wait for me and not run away. It's the only way I can be happy, Chet; you know that, and I think you understand.

Jim

P.S. I'll bring your dingy back after I pick her up.

Chet sat down slowly on his bunk, listening to the raging squall with his head between his hands.

**The doe is happy because she runs, not because
she has the feet to run with.**

kb

Fiasco, 1961



MY SORORITY
ABSOLUTELY REFUSES
TO BUILD BOTH A
FLOAT and A BOOTH;
FURTHERMORE, WE
FEEL IT IS A
WASTE OF TIME
and ENERGY,

IS THERE GOING
TO BE A FOX
DAY THIS
YEAR ??

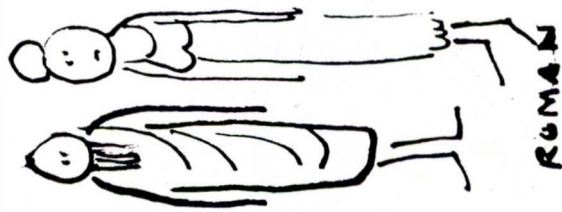
... MONEY, BESIDES
THAT! WHAT DOES
THE FIESTA COMMITTEE
THINK WE'RE WEALTHY?
MY SOCIAL GROUP IS
TIRED OF FANTASTIC, TIME-
CONSUMING PROJECTS!

THE ROLLINS SPIRIT

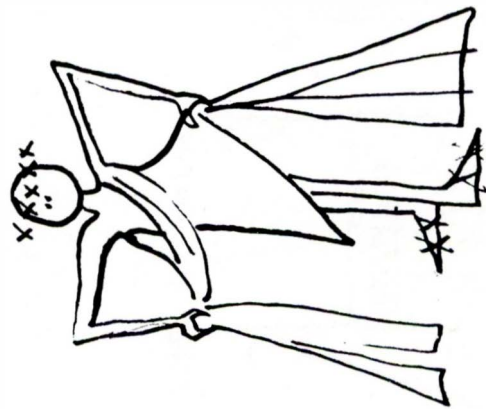
THE ROLLINS SPIRIT



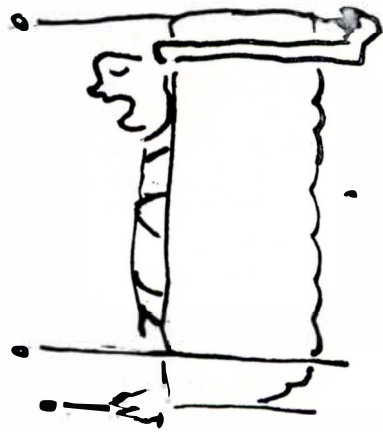
GREEK



ROMAN

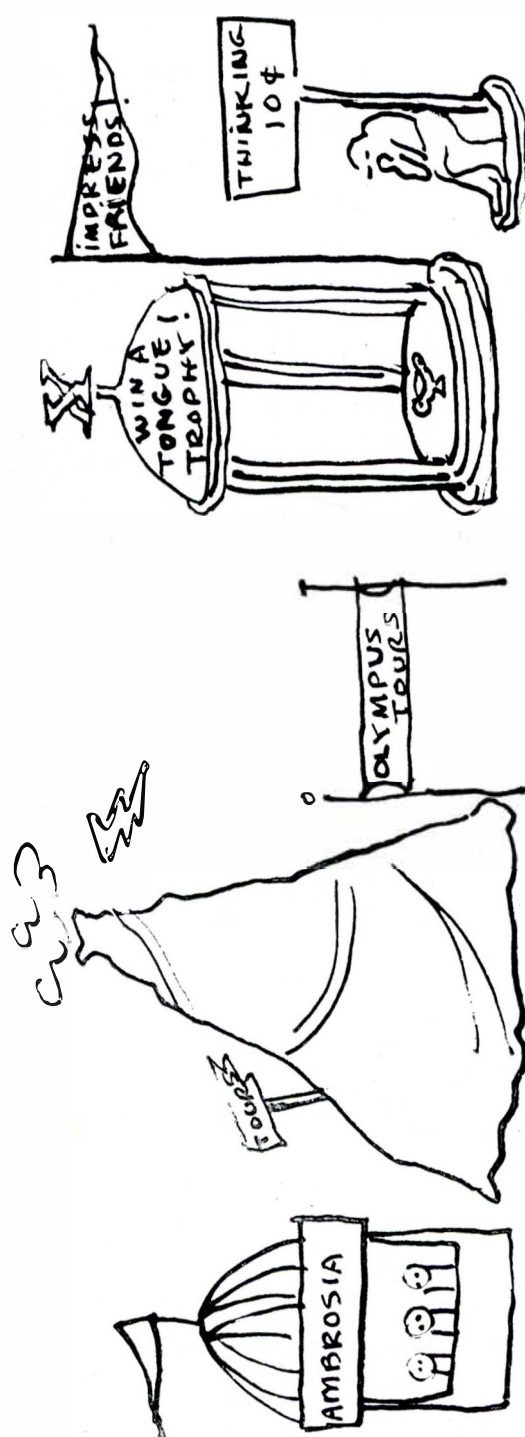


ROLLINS ROMAN



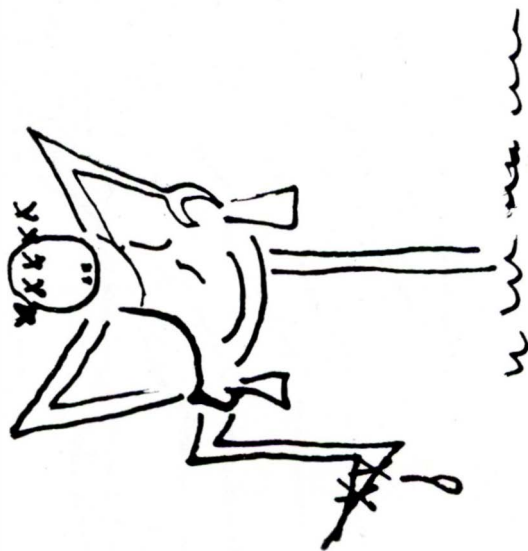
EARLY ROLLINS ROMAN

COSTUMES:
FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN,
LEND ME A SHEET!

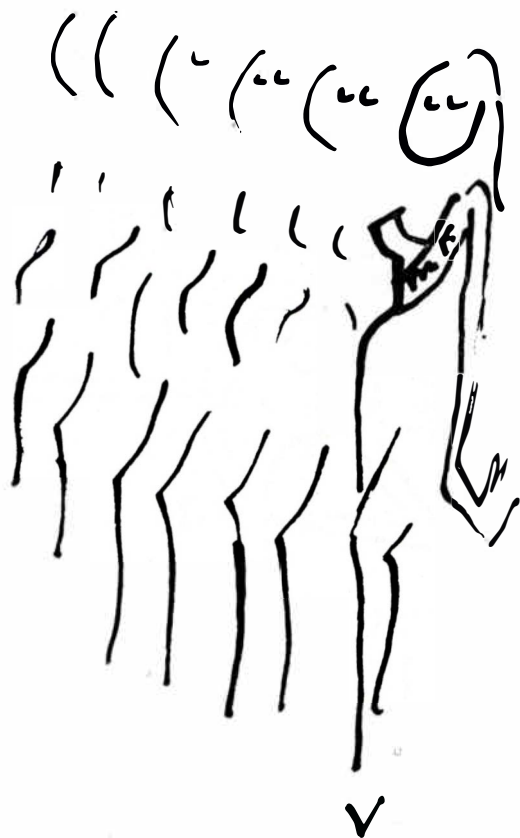


THE MIDWAY

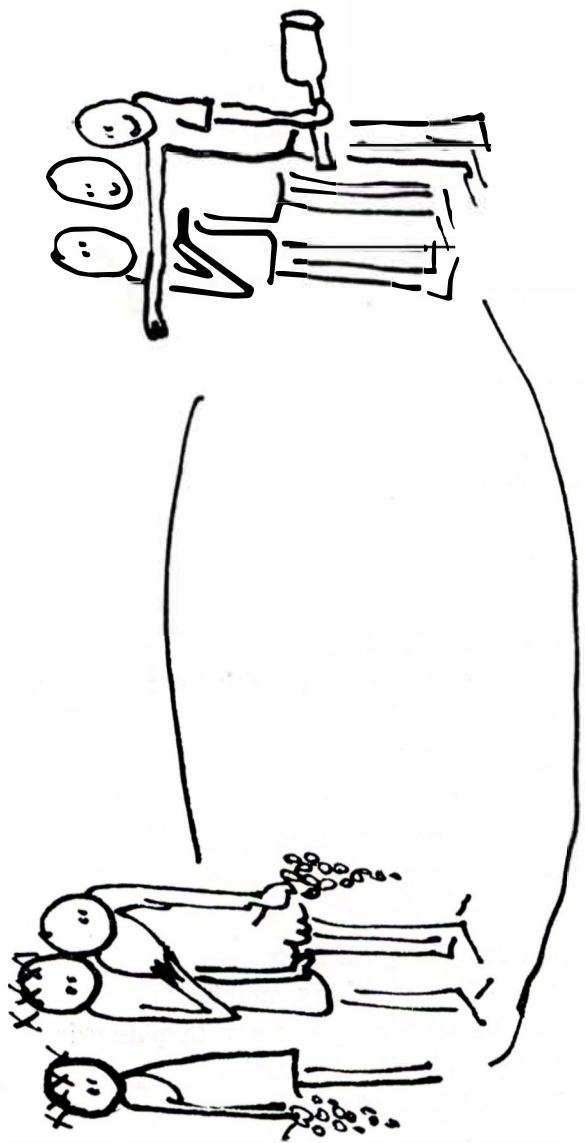
before



THE RAINS CAME,



... XXXXII ... XXII ... XXXXII ...



THE DANCE

(the Romans vs. the Infidels)

Conversation with the seventh decade

TWO POEMS FOR OUR TIME

identity

The day your brain lifted its shell
Hearing "Yes, you too, a person"
You watched them knock in the sticks
Thinking croquet mallets mighty.

The hour your mind unmured its lawns
Receiving the seed "Yes, you too, a man"
You stared at sledgehammers spiking rails
Imagining giants wielding them.

The minute your spirit splintered its fences
Accepting the injunction "Yes, you too, a citizen"
You searched the silence of the people
While the piledriver's long arm wrestled with the river god.

The second your being wrenched its membrane from the world
Acknowledging the activity "Yes, you too, a member of humanity"
You sensed the missile's Olympian surge
Orbiting the earth with ominous roar.

The now you, yes you, forgetting all fortresses
Proclaiming "I am I, not I—everything, nothing"
Remembering we have all tapped splinters with pinheads,
In God's eternal industry embroil our vanities
Devastated among the collisions of stars.

restraint

Your warm hands whisper innumerable melodies
Singing the anger from the nape of my neck
Which used to grind itself against the tops of pews
Whose varnish was cracked with the guilty sweat
Of generations of insatiable sinners.

Strumming with lute-leaping fingers
The rage that bristles through my hair
Tornadoed by the windy deceits
Of hoarse politicians panting peace
Divining guilded jails for those who disagree.

Humming with Orphean charmed fingertips
Through chords of knotted shoulder-wrath
Tense with iron memories never hurled
At screens prating of narcissian serenity
Poppied through drowsy creams and luscious ointments.

Dancing with pirouetting glad fingerpoint
Across these heavy unknuckling fists
Clenched with the malice of well-timed machines
Whose bitterless mechanisms carve out
Kinder and kinder kinds of death.

BENJAMIN M. McKULIK



beatniks

"Beatniks" they called themselves, and hid
 behind dark glasses—wore their hair long,
 their clothes big-fitting.
"Leave us alone," they cried, and they left their homes
 to write poems
 cross-legged on the floor of a smokey room.
And the bongos throbbed
 and the poetry raced,
 embraced
 every Idea since creation of man
 and original sin.
All strung out with CAPITAL letters,
 brackets, colons,
 and (here and there)—
 a dash put in.
And the curious world knocked hard at their door
 wanting to know
 more and more,
 Calling them odd, neurotic, bad,
 mad
 at the world.
The Beats smiled in their beards
 and went on discussing realism,
 and various concepts of Hedonism,
Till the world, ignored,
 went home
 Beat. . .

VICKI BOGGS

Best Poetry of 1960-61

BUTCH GIBBS

in time

**Once upon a tomorrow—
Chicken Little was dead and**

The Mist of Time rolled up the
streets of Reality
And seeing there was a man before
a cross IT asked
Why do you waste your life
Preparing for something
You don't know exists?
I believe the man answered
You're a fool IT said.

They all run after the carpenter's wife.

The Mist rolled on
continuing ITS search
And seeing a prostitute
on the street IT asked
Why do you waste your life
in filth and perversion
with no hope for tomorrow?
I am living she answered
You're a fool IT said.

Little Bo Peep has gone asleep.

The Mist of Time continued on
and seeing an old man
in the fields IT asked
How do you spend your few remaining days?
I am waiting for Death he explained
Surely you are a wise man
Tell me, what is Death?
The end the man answered
You're a fool IT said
The beginning he replied again
You're twice a fool IT responded.

If I should wake before I die.

The Mist of Time divided
and spiraled the earth
Questioning-Searching
for a man who knew.
Everyman was asked
but none was found
who knew how to live
Or what it was to die.
You're all fools IT said.

Humpty Dumpty prepares for his fall.

The Mist of Time came
to the top of the earth
And seeing there Humanity
it paused before leaving.
Why have you called us fools?
Humanity asked
Slowly IT answered:
You have fallen from
the bridge of meaning
Into the quicksand of ignorance
And leaving them to grovel
in the dust IT vanished.

**Hickory Dickory Dock
The hands fell off the clock.**

the virgin of antipolo

Somnolent Church of the Virgin of Antipolo:
Ageless, it watches the plaza where fire
Crowns the flat flame tree, top shorn as if by bolo;
Limp green leaves,
Limp and weary elephant ears;
And the song of desire
Hummed by a girl combing hemp, in a low-voiced solo.

Doll-like within, stands the Virgin above the altar;
Silken her garment, embroidered with gold;
Female fecundity, guardian, aid, exalter:
Figurehead,
Shipwreck salvage, consecrate now,
So the story is told:
Touching the hem, how the suppliant fingers falter!

SCHILLER SCROGGS



down to the core
 the toes
 were sore
 the toes were
 blue because
 the shoe was worn.
 A dime
 might mend the shoe
 replace
 the blue
 with
 ruddy
 bloody
 warmth.
 But damned the cold
 A cup of coffee's
 to be sold
 So buy it.

*down
 to
 the
 core*

ANONYMOUS

Night lights—
 Red, hellish glow
 from the light in my window
 mixes in the shadows
 with virgin moonlight.

two poems

JODY BILBO

The time of love
 Is short
 Like single drops
 Of rain on parched earth.

ONE STEP FORWARD, ONE STEP BACK

PETE TENNEY

"Could I please have one of those large Cokes with chocolate in it, please?"

The small boy was speaking to a large, black-haired man who was looking down at him across the counter.

"I was beginning to wonder if you could talk or something," said the man, chuckling. "You know, for ten minutes now you've been sitting there spinning around on that stool. I'd have thought you'd have spun yourself right up in the air by now, like one of them helicopters."

The little boy squirmed around on his stool until he was looking directly up at the man. "You see, I only have a dime, and I couldn't make up my mind whether to buy a Coke or a chocolate ice cream cone." He opened his fingers, revealing in the middle of his fist a shiny new dime. "My mother gave it to me if I was good while she was shopping, and she told me to come here and buy whatever I wanted."

The man placed the drink on the counter and accepted the precious token in payment. A clang-bang, drawer-shutting noise and the dime was gone, leaving a glass of crushed ice and Coca-Cola and a white circle imprint in the pinkness of the little boy's palm. The boy buried his hand, tightly clenched, between his legs and hunched protectively over his drink. The fizzy soda water burnt as he gulped at it, not breathing, until he could not take another swallow. He finished the Coke, pausing briefly only at the last as he debated whether to drain the glass in one final, agonizing, delicious swallow; or whether to take two moderate mouthfuls that could be sloshed around before they, too, disappeared.

The man was at the other end of the counter now, and the young boy began to revolve his stool again, but slowly, so that he could look around the store. Rows and rows of different things beckoned his wondering eye. It seemed as if anything in the world could be bought in the store someplace. Suddenly his gaze caught and held. Not two feet away from him was a



sloping display case extending for a good six feet along the counter top. In it was such a magnificent collection of candy that the boy could just sit staring in amazement. Unconsciously he strained forward in every fiber of his body towards the rack. And there, right at the near end of the whole pile, was chewing gum. Forbidden chewing gum.

At the far end of the counter the man was wiping the already spotless counter with the bored perfection that comes with long habit. The little boy looked around the store. Empty. He looked out the window for his mother. Nobody. His eyes kept returning to the rack. It would be stealing, he knew, and that was bad and sinful and he might not go to Heaven, but after all, one little piece would never be missed.

In spite of the warning voice from inside him, the boy saw his hand creep across the counter. The sweat made his hand slippery and it squeaked across the formica. He jerked his hand back and looked furtively at the broad back of the man at the end of the counter. And he couldn't reach the gum! Did he dare to change seats? His short pants pulled away from the stool's seat with a wet tearing sound, as he groped for the floor with his feet. He made the next stool unobserved, and after another check around the store, he reached out and grabbed a packet of gum. It was done.

A surge of emotion and release swept through the boy. He had stolen and nothing had happened. But the man was coming towards him. Had he been seen after all? Misery and guilt flooded through the boy and held him immobile, his guilty hand hidden deep between his legs. What could he do? The man loomed large as he advanced down the counter.

Tears smarted in the boy's eyes. If only his mother would come and they could go.

The door of the drugstore jingled open and there she was. The boy, jarred from his frozen state, fought to put his booty in his pants pocket. He couldn't do it. The blurred face of the man swam before his wet eyes. Nerveless fingers unclenched, and the precious packet fell to the floor.

His mother reached his seat. "Have you been a good boy?" She turned to the man. "I hope he hasn't been any trouble, but I didn't want to leave him in the car."

"Oh, no, lady, he's been a complete angel. Why, he's been so quiet I almost thought he wasn't there."

The mother and son turned to leave the store. As they did,

the boy's mother noticed the package of gum on the floor. She bent down and picked it up. "Here, this must have fallen off the candy case."

"Why, thank you, ma'am," said the man, accepting the gum. "Say, wait a minute! Here sonny, catch! That's for being such a good boy."

"I'm sorry but he isn't allowed to chew gum. But thank the nice man, Jimmy, and come along."

As they stepped into the bright sunlight, the tears came. Silent, gulping tears as he stumbled along beside his mother. "Now Jimmy, stop that! You know that you are not allowed to chew gum. Now hurry up. Lunch will be cold by the time we get back to the house if we don't hurry up."

ballad

CLAYTON SEADEEK

Tommy loves Mary,
Up the hill and down;
It's written in crayon
All over town.

The rain will erase it;
The same rain will save
The little green flowers
On Mary's wee grave.

Tommy loves Mary,
Yellow and brown;
They whisper it, weeping,
All over town.



THE MAGNIFICENT TRAIN RIDE

CLAYTON SEADEEK

In the end, it was, of all things, for wintergreens that Mary Ellen spent her loose change. And it had been a matter of some judgment, she felt happily, because the wintergreens could be divided and half of them put by, so that later on, in Canterbury, the adventure could be tasted again and, in a sense, relived.

The container was glass, delicately slender and pink, with a fragile blue leg and a girdle of yellow string. From those put by, Mary Ellen noted as she emptied part of the contents of the jar into her glove, there would be some for Mary Beth, and the jar could be mounted with the other coloured glass in the sunny parlor window.

She was careful as she replaced the tiny spiral-glass lid, twisted the mouth of her glove into a secure knot, and wedged

both articles deeply into the yarn contents of her knitting case. None of the wintergreens—not even one from the glove—could be eaten before the time was ripe. All that was for later, on the train, where the luxury of wintergreens from a knotted glove would count. It was in anticipation of this that, when she sat down in a patch of sun on a bench, in a terminal in Ludlow, she smiled to herself.

Forty-two minutes later the flurry of toting the suitcases and the pasteboard cartons tied with string out onto the platform, the hurried exchanges with the porters—the whole remembered character of the departure—was settling more easily in Mary Ellen's breast. Several persons in the car smiled at her for reasons of their own, and Mary Ellen smiled back, of simplicity. Of those who smiled, none were so unkind as to laugh outright at the droll little woman who was sitting in the rear of the car eating wintergreens from a glove.

The round hours were undone by the wheels of the train, forward and back, so that the journey into the future became, as well, a journey into the past. Not that the past mattered—the future, the blinding glass future of Canterbury and the parlor window were the matters of importance. But the wintergreens inevitably gave way to an empty glove, and the fragile stalks of imagery fell like straws before blades of squalid truth. It was dark in the car by then, and that was why no one saw the little woman in the huge black hat when she cried.

Mary Ellen Bean had been eleven when she was gathered in by her mother's maiden cousin, Mary Beth, to live in the big shuttered house in Canterbury. It was the sort of house of which one had only fleeting recollections; in its obscurity it was a tangle of diffuse parts that aspired and contracted about an abstruse whole, so that in the minds of those who glimpsed it, no single image persisted. From random hedgerows of untended wild rose and raspberry, the pointed structure rose in austere blackness and solitude to mingle with an uncertain number of chimneys in the trees. Honeysuckle ran with quiet abandon on the sides and roof of the summer kitchens, and English ivy sprang and depended from a million invisible chinks in the well-house wall. And there were with one exception on the face of this conglomerate whole, no salient features of any one part to distinguish it from any other. The exception occurred on the east wall of the main house in the livid brilliance of coloured glass — the cruets and creamer brilliance of a crystal collection which was ranged within the glass walls of a large oriel window that looked inward on the parlor.

It was a marvelous window! Upwards of seventy-five pieces of glass stood there in all weather, catching the sunlight from without and the gaslight from within. To the Mary Ellen Bean of eleven years, it was a kind of hollow glass god, whose ethereal beauty was not to be handled, only admired.

The window and the glass belonged, not remarkably, to Mary Beth. Not remarkably, because Mary Beth had the same ethereal loveliness apparent of her glass. She was a soft slip of a woman who had never completely abandoned a habit of girlish wistfulness and melancholy, a mere shadow of a woman who deserted her books in the garden where they were promptly spoiled by the rain. No one ever saw her without her gloves, and that was why, when she dusted and played with her glass in the deep hours of the night, she made no sound, and her madness went undetected.

It was now, in the years of the thereafter, that Mary Ellen, drying her eyes in the darkness of a night train, was assailed by the full purport of Mary Beth's madness and that of the parlor window. Glass gods—the chaste propriety of glass gods! Once she had dared to tease them; once she had run away with a man, and borne a child, and given him away. But now, when all that had really come to naught, she astonished herself in the act of returning to Canterbury to search for the lost glass gods.

In the morning there was a certain emptiness in Mary Ellen's throat—an emptiness, notwithstanding an emptiness kindled with a curious and obvious relief. It was a feeling such as might have been induced by the wintergreens had the half she had designated for herself not been gone. She had remembered something; she took off her hat and bit her lips to redden them. Later she dug into her knitting case for the wintergreen jar and leaned across the aisle to hand it to an important gentleman who was not slightly thunderstruck at the gesture.

The round hours were undone by the wheels of the train, forward and back . . . How long ago had it been, that particular autumn afternoon when Mary Beth had had the neighboring Miss Lyddy in to tea? A great many years, but the details were still delicate. How had Mary Beth put it? No matter—she had figuratively crushed the parlor window between her gloves. "Broken to pieces," she had smiled vaguely, and Miss Lyddy had run out of the parlor in terror.

The round hours were undone by the wheels of the train, forward and back. Suddenly the wheels stopped, rebuffed by the realization of the past, the expectancy of the future, and the dire immediacy of the present, Mary Ellen's feet made no sound

on the dust road as she approached the sun-mottled old mansion rising from random hedgerows of untended wild rose and raspberry at the end of the lane.

The neighboring Miss Lyddy was startled into tears by the ripe crash of the rock as it shattered the glass god.

The **Flamingo** is published at the end of the fall, winter, and spring terms by the students of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. This issue was printed by The Rollins Press, Inc., 252 Park Avenue, N., Winter Park, Florida.



Flamingo

Spring 1961