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Fall 1964

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V. 49



1964  
FALL  
FLAMINGO

Anne Hathaway



Fall, 1964

Volume 49

The *Flamingo* is the Rollins College literary magazine and is published three times during the academic year.

# *Flamingo*

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## ***PREFACE***

*This is the FLAMINGO.*

*The works on these pages form a literary collage of original expression. Students, alumni, and faculty members are the contributors to a common goal: creativity of high merit.*

*The FLAMINGO shares this goal . . .*

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# THE POORSPORT

I told the people,  
    “I talked to God” . . .  
The people laughed.

Then a man in black with a white collar came.

He said,  
    “God talked to me” . . .  
The people cheered.

It's not fair — I saw God first.

JOHN LAWRENCE SCHRUMPF JR.

## *Loneliness*

What is one without the other —  
Very lonely so it seems;  
One with love you'd like to smother  
You can only see in dreams.

It is sad that absence clearly  
Makes a stronger bond between  
One who loves another dearly  
Man and maid or king and queen.

Why should hunger for your presence  
Bring such sadness to the soul?  
Would it not be kind in essence  
To give hearts a brighter role?

But perhaps my contemplation  
Justifies the mean to end:  
When I see your apt creation  
Sadness lies in joyous mend.

SAM THOMAS



## MAN DONS HIS ROBE

Man dons his robe of humanity  
As nature is clothed the same.  
It is the rule of adjustment  
So they impregnate the germ  
Which cankers all spontaneity  
In one brief scourge of sorrow.

DINNY LUNT

## From the Depths of Despair

I think that I shall never see  
A grade as lovely as a *B*.

A *B*, whose gleaming red is pressed  
Upon the paper of my test.

A *B*, whose charming shape would wear  
Reward for grief, hope, and despair.

A *B* that looks at me all day,  
And spurs my hope to get an *A*.

Upon whose curves my hopes have lain  
With absolute despair of gain:

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God could make a *B*!

JEAN CHRISTY

# THE CHERUB



by BENJAMIN A. MORRISON

The art gallery was nearly empty. The family groups had swept in for a Sunday afternoon of culture and swept out again. A few stragglers remained, but the dinner hour was fast approaching, as was the time for closing the gallery doors.

A young man in his early twenties propped a shopping bag between his long legs. He sat on a couch in the corner of an alcove, facing a painting. The air conditioner made muffled cooling sounds and a guard walked by occasionally. Otherwise, just the boy and the painting.

A shadow moved toward the archway behind the boy. A young woman, dressed all in black, stood poised, looking in. Her pose was aloof, almost practiced, with a black cape draped over her shoulders, a black cloche hat, a stiletto umbrella in one hand and a small handbag in the other, and black patterned stockings on her long, thin legs. Intense blue eyes emphasized the stark white of her skin and black of her costume. She surveyed the room, her long lashes sweeping over her eyes.

The girl browsed the paintings with vague interest. Then she saw the boy.

From the rear, she could tell he was tall. Long blond hair hung delicately over his somewhat frayed collar. He appeared thin and almost fragile. The young man sat motionless, staring up at the painting.

She followed his line of vision. The portrait of a child, a little boy holding a slingshot in his slender hands with a mound of soft brown hair and a mischievous smile, arrested her attention. Looking straight at it, she walked slowly toward the painting and stood behind the young man. He did not turn around.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" His abrupt words surprised her, and she clutched the umbrella more tightly. She continued to look at the painting.

"Very, very interesting," she said, wondering if she should speak at all.

"It's my favorite," said the young man, turning his head toward her. This sudden motion startled her, and she watched numbly as the umbrella dropped from her hand. She did not move. Her eyes went slowly up to the painting and back down to the boy's face.

The young man rose from his seat and retrieved the dropped umbrella, his long fingers coiling around the handle. He smiled broadly at her and glanced at the painting. He brushed wisps of hair from his forehead with his free hand as he spoke. "Do you like him — the boy, I mean?"

"Yes. Yes, very much. He's beautiful. Such a beautiful face. It's so innocent and . . . and . . . *uncorrupted*. Almost like a cherub."

"A bit frightening, too," the young man added.

"Oh? How do you mean?"

"Never mind. It's not important."

The chimes of closing in the background gratified her, for she really did not know what to say, or even if she should have spoken in the first place. She turned to walk out.

The young man interrupted her exit. "Wait. Please. Your umbrella."

She walked back to him and accepted it. "Oh, thank you." Again she started to leave. He followed, eventually walking beside her. Neither spoke.

They left the entrance of the art gallery and exchanged nods of good-bye. Walking in the opposite direction on the sidewalk from him, she went to a small Italian restaurant around the corner. It was crowded. She sat down at the last empty table and picked up a menu she discovered there.

The young man walked in the front door. He looked around the restaurant and was turning to leave when he saw her. He grinned and walked over to her table. She looked up from the menu and smiled faintly.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I wonder — well, could I possibly join you? There don't seem to be any tables left."

"Of course," she said, looking back at the menu. He seated himself, and they studied the lists of food in silence.

A waitress took their orders. The girl added, "Separate checks, please."

"I see you like spaghetti, too," he said. "We have similar tastes in paintings and food."

She nodded absently, looking around the room.

Again he spoke. "Have you ever eaten here before? I'm afraid I found the place only by accident."

"A couple of times. Whenever I go to the gallery. The food isn't the best, but the atmosphere is nice. . . ."

Their eyes met for a split second, and he smiled as she continued.

Discussion was at first limited to the restaurant, then the garlic bread, then the salad, and, as each new course arrived, less to food and more to cordial conversation. They introduced themselves — Elaine and Richard — and were soon using the names with ease.

After-dinner coffee was combined with the animated talk usually occurring only between long-lost friends. Elaine found herself answering a series of unasked questions. Richard said little, speaking in general terms or flattery. "I think that black becomes you," he said, "even the black umbrella."

"Thank you. The clothes aren't really mine, though."

"Oh?"

"I'm a model. I got this outfit for an assignment and got to keep it for the weekend. It's fabulous work — modeling, I mean — but a lot harder than anyone imagines."

"I know," said Richard. "I did some, years ago."

Elaine inhaled deeply on her cigarette and realized that, except for his name, this was the first personal thing he had said about himself. She wondered why she had said so much and he, so little.

His statement suddenly recalled the gallery, and her eyes widened. "You didn't pose for that painting, possibly, did you?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I did."

Elaine opened her mouth, but no words formed. She had many questions for him now, but somehow she could say none of them.

Richard smiled slightly at her gaping expression. "Well," he laughed, "you asked me."

She laughed, too. "I guess I was just being ridiculous, sitting here like an idiot. It's just I never really thought of *anyone* posing for that picture. It's so beautiful, it just doesn't seem like anything real. It's funny, too, that I never saw it before."

"Not many people do — it's so isolated in that section of the gallery. The painting has been there for quite a while. Let's see, it was done sixteen — seventeen years ago."

"When you were . . .?"

"Seven. Too young, I'm afraid. Mr. Carter — the artist — couldn't get me to keep still. That's why the hair is brown — the hair in the picture, I mean. Mr. Carter had so much trouble getting the shadows right on my blond hair that he finally gave up and made it all shadows — all brown shadows. A few blond streaks still show through, but they look like highlights."

"Does he or doesn't he?" she said, laughing. She reached in her purse for another cigarette.

The waitress brought the two checks, which Richard picked up and unobtrusively paid.

Elaine watched her cigarette smoke spiral into the air. Flicking off the ash, she noticed that her check was gone. "Oh, no. Wait. This was supposed to be separate checks. I just can't let you - - -"

"Forget it," he shrugged.

"But I hardly know you."

"Oh, I feel like we're old friends. My treat, okay?"

"Yes, I do, too. Feel like we're old friends, I mean. But still . . . Look, I'd like to pay you back." Richard shook his head at her offer. "Would you like to stop by my place for a drink? It's only a couple of blocks. I insist."

"Okay. Yes, I'd love to — Old Friend."

They got up and collected their belongings. Richard and Elaine walked slowly to her building. The conversation was quick and happy. She hardly noticed when he slipped his hand in hers.

They were laughing when they got to her apartment.

"Welcome," she said, opening the door. "Be it ever so humble, it's paid up through next month."

"Very nice," Richard said, looking around. "*Very* nice. The furniture is great."

"I'm rather tired of it all, but it *is* home."

"I like it. Did you decorate it yourself?"

"No," Elaine replied. "It was all just here when I first arrived. I added a few things, but it's hopeless."

"I still like it."

"Thank you. Thanks very much." She looked brightly at him. "Scotch okay? I hope so. It's all I've got. Left over from the Fourth of July."

"Do you have any coffee? I'd really prefer it. Or a Coke or anything?"

"It's good Scotch. Honest."

"I'm afraid I came here under false pretenses. I don't drink."

Elaine smiled, walking toward the kitchen. "One cup of coffee, coming up. Two, in fact." She stuck her head out the kitchen door. "Just make yourself at home. There are some records, if you'd like. Mostly Johnny Mathis and things, but maybe you'll find something."

Richard walked to the record player and began thumbing through a dishevelled pile of albums. He picked out two, both classical, and put them on the machine. He sat down on the couch when the music started.

"Well," she called from the kitchen, "you found my one claim to culture—Debussy. I'm not much for most of the classics, but I love Debussy. Do you play? An instrument, I mean?"

"No, not any more. I used to, though."

"Piano, I bet," she said.

"Yes, as a matter of fact."

"I thought so. Your hands — you've got the hands of a pianist."

Elaine walked back in the room and sat down beside him. "The coffee'll be ready in a minute. I'm glad you said coffee, by the way. I really hate to drink, and I always mix such lethal ones. One of these days I'll have to buy a jigger."

She lit a cigarette. "You know, I think I'd prefer the painting — the one you posed for — with blond hair. It's — it'd be so much more cherubic."

Richard laughed. "Cherubic? Yes, I guess so. I never thought of it."

"Oops! Almost forgot the coffee. Be back in a minute." She smiled and got up.

Once in the kitchen, she called, "All ready. I hope you like it strong."

"That'll be fine. With cream and a little sugar."

Elaine carried the coffee on a tray. "I decided to let you fix your own. As I said, I'm a lousy bartender — even for coffee."

Richard added cream and sugar to his cup as she took a tentative sip of her own. She smiled. "Not bad. Even if I do say so myself."

Richard drank a large swallow. "Delicious."

"I bet you say that about everyone's coffee."

"Yes, I guess so. But this *is* marvelous. Really."

They finished the coffee in silence, looking at each other. Elaine put her cup down and reached for a cigarette. Richard's hand stretched out and took hers. She dropped the cigarette and looked at his hand, then at his eyes. Bending forward, he touched his lips to her neck. Her eyes closed. Slowly, methodically, he moved his mouth up to her mouth, and his hand stroked her hair. Elaine's mouth opened slightly, and they leaned across the couch.

Neither of them noticed when the second record was rejected onto the turntable of the record player.

Early morning, before daybreak, Elaine sat up in bed.

She gently turned the switch on the lamp. Her eyes shut with the sudden light, and, as soon as they adjusted, she looked at the sleeping figure next to her.

She lit a cigarette. "My cherub," she whispered. "Thank you, my dear little cherub."

Despite the warm night, Elaine felt suddenly chill. Shivering, she pulled the covers over her bare torso, being careful not to disturb him. She brushed his hair from his forehead. "Are you a cherub? Richard, dear Richard, are you a cherub?" She laughed silently, took a final puff on the cigarette, turned out the light, and went back to sleep.

The clock-radio read ten o'clock.

Bright sunshine finally awoke the young man. He glanced next to him. She was gone. In front of the radio dial was a note, in lipstick:

I'VE GONE TO WORK  
BACK BY FIVE  
I LOVE YOU

He smiled, got out of bed, put on his shorts, and went into the kitchen. Richard found a breakfast already set for him. He ate hungrily, then went into the living room, got his shopping bag, and carried it into the bedroom. He laid out fresh clothes, showered, dressed, and left the apartment with the shopping bag under his arm.

Elaine returned about four-thirty. She opened the door, calling softly, "Richard? Richard?" There was no answer. She put the Debussy on the record player and washed the breakfast dishes.

At six o'clock the doorbell rang. Elaine opened the door, beaming. "Richard. Oh, I'm so glad you're back."

He put down his shopping bag and kissed her. "Were you worried?"

"I was afraid that - - -"

"That I wouldn't come back?"

"Um-humm," she said, smiling.

He smiled, too, and got a package from the shopping bag. He took the package to the record player and pulled off the paper bag. "It's Debussy," he said. "*Prelude to Afternoon of a Faun*." He turned the phonograph on.

"It's glorious," she said. "Thank you." She kissed him gently on the cheek. "Thank you."

"I'm glad you like it. I thought you would."

"Oh, I do. Thank you, Richard."

She leaned over to pick up his shopping bag. He violently grabbed it from her. "Don't touch it! Don't ever touch it!"

She shrank back. "I'm sorry. I was just going to move it out of the way." His frown changed to a smile. "Thanks. But I don't like anyone handling my belongings. Understand?"

She bit her lower lip, then smiled. "I understand. Uh, would you like something to eat? It'll just take a second."

"Yes, please."

She went into the kitchen, humming along with the record. He took the shopping bag into the bedroom.

Days passed.

Each day she left while Richard was asleep. Each day she returned before he did. For the first few days, he brought her a small gift. Later, an occasional present. Then, nothing.

She never questioned where he spent his days. Once, she had asked him to stop by the grocery store for her. He said, "I won't have time. Sorry." She dropped the subject.

Each evening she would tell him still more about herself. He would ask, and she would freely tell him things she had never told anyone. Elaine learned not to ask him anything about his past.

She awoke frequently in the night, as she had done the first night. But now she woke up in cold sweats. Sometimes she was screaming. He would awake, smile, and tell her everything was all right. And, when he touched her, everything did seem to be all right.

One afternoon she walked into the apartment much later than usual. Richard was already there. He sat on the couch, staring grimly up at her.

"Hello, darling," she said, smiling. "Sorry I'm late."

He did not smile back. "Where have you been?"

"The modeling took longer than usual."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all. What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"No," she said, confused, "I don't. I've been modeling for George Sheaffer. High fashion. It took a long time. George had trouble with the lights, and——"

"I almost left."

Elaine stared at him, blankly. Her eyes widened, and she bit her bottom lip.

"I said, I almost left."

She ran to him. "Richard, Richard darling, I *am* sorry. Truly." She touched her lips to his cheek. He turned his head away.

"Darling? What's wrong? What's wrong with you?"

He did not answer.

"What is it? What did I do? What do you want from me? I've given you everything."

"Everything?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, everything."

"No. Not everything." He walked to the record player and removed *Prelude to Afternoon of a Faun* and put it back into its case. He slipped the album into his shopping bag.

"Richard?" she called again. Tears streamed down her face.

He continued to pick up his belongings, never turning toward her.

Elaine went to him. She touched her hand to his hair. He jerked his head away.

"What do you want from me?" she cried.

He turned toward her, suddenly smiling. She stepped back.

"Just a kiss," he said. "One kiss." He released the shopping bag, and it fell to the floor.

She took another step backward. "Richard, are you all right?"

"One kiss," he said. He grabbed her arm. "One final kiss."

His mouth struck violently upon hers. His arms pressed her against him. His hands touched her neck, first caressing, then crushing.

Her eyes darted about frantically. She struggled to speak but his mouth still covered hers. His hands held her tighter, tighter. She tried to get away, but the hands held firm. Richard held her up long after she ceased to struggle, his lips still over her mouth.

Finally he let go. She fell to the floor.

He double-checked all of the rooms to see that he had left nothing. He stood in the doorway, the shopping bag under his arm, looked down at her lifeless body, and turned out the lights. Richard set the lock and shut the door behind him.

He walked out of the building, to the gallery. The young man sat down before his own portrait, put the shopping bag between his feet, and stared up at the painting.

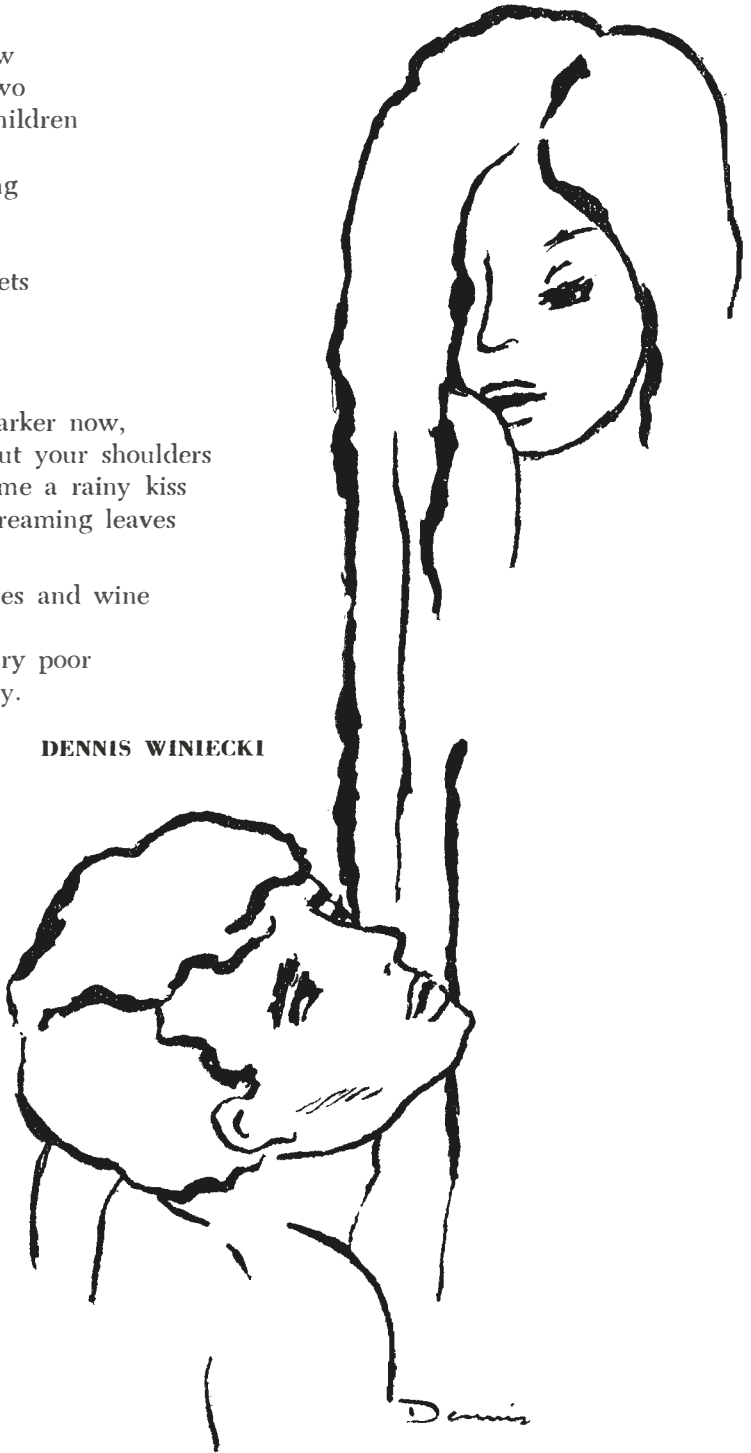


It's raining now  
and like the two  
light-headed children  
that we are,  
we go splashing  
incoherently  
through the  
night-time streets  
hand in hand,  
giggling,  
and hopeless.

Your hair is darker now,  
all drizzly about your shoulders  
and you give me a rainy kiss  
beneath the streaming leaves  
in the park.

We buy peaches and wine  
at the corner  
and we are very poor  
and very happy.

**DENNIS WINIECKI**





# HIS LIFE

The angels sang, "A King will come"  
(It happened Christmas morn.)  
And in the humble oxen's stall  
our Savior Christ was born.

"He will be great," the angels sang,  
"As only God's son can,"  
"He grew in stature and in strength."  
Became the son of Man.

"Come walk with me," our Savior said,  
and not one stayed behind.  
"Come pray with me, and have strong faith."  
And each gained peace of mind.

"Come be healed and forgiven."  
Every man came nigh,  
and each was saved by the mercy  
of the glorious God on high.

"I've been betrayed," Christ then proclaimed.  
"O, God, is it I?"  
Judas had betrayed Him,  
and He knew that He must die.

"So drink my blood and eat my body."  
They drank, and broke His bread,  
and in the garden prayed all night.  
The next night He was dead.

Three days aft He rose to God —  
no more His burdens bore.  
He lives to judge the quick and dead  
both now and evermore.

CINDY CARPENTER

# *The Gift Not Given*

## I

On Bradford's boat the man that drowned  
Did so because of "the just hand  
Of God Upon him." Man was bound  
To stand by his people and band  
Together for protection's sake  
And "Christian Faith" that day on the Cape.

Anne's mute doubt in "Contemplations"  
Made her free to search to see Man's  
Immortality. "Afflictions"  
Make Man see, while on earth he stands,  
There is neither "wealth, nor safety";  
Above is "all with security."

English tradition set the pace  
For these new people in the land.  
Taylor's "The Glory of and Grace  
In the Church set out" is of the clan  
In England yet. No new song  
Had "Amerigos." This was wrong.

Edwards read Locke's essay and found  
Support for a theory of knowledge,  
And Calvinism, more profound  
He made it, developed an edge  
Not known before. Edwards' vision,  
And the key—empiricism,

And its psychology began  
A wave in America—Great  
Beyond belief—that flowed, then ran  
Across the land—it was fate—  
Everyone did loudly sing—  
It was the "Great Awakening."

A hundred years since Jamestown, Byrd  
Rode along the "Dividing Line,"  
Where people, complexioned custard,  
Lived in incredible grime.  
Byrd's diary, the private one,  
Reveals, though, the course we've run.

We came at first, we said, to preach,  
To Christianize the Red Ones,  
But Byrd suggests, in place of teach,  
We lie with them, begetting sons,  
To improve their lot—What rot—  
How low and vulgar we have got.

Though the ideals were still here,  
Expressed abroad in glowing phrases,  
As did St. Jean de Crevecoeur,  
Then Concord, and other cases,  
Brought Franklin, Paine, and many more,  
And to our own, opened the door.

## II

Irving called on America to write  
A way of its own—then did so himself.  
His prose—still loved—gave us the new insight  
And the courage to express, our own way,

That which was, is, must be, ours to say.  
Then, as though to secure the new movement,  
Hawthorne posed a question, in his own day,  
To Calvinists, used history, and made

Cold hearts pound with passion, and then he bade  
Them read closer, a rose bush, “typifies,”  
He said, plainly, symbols, never to fade,  
A letter, bright, in meaning, that he gave

It, left no doubt, are, in ever-flowing wave,  
Flowed to America’s shores, there to stay,  
Except during wars, when all simply rave  
About the Nation, but not E. A. Poe.

His rhythms, symbols, heart, so hard to know,  
Wisdom there, in beauty, truth, those key words,  
That mean all, though hidden in songs of woe  
And horror, as was his life—beauty—truth—

And wisdom—forever, in mind, a youth  
Of young—eternally—the Raven, dreams.  
Then, his death, victim, it seems, of uncouth  
Democracy—“Get out the vote”—that’s all.

The tradition begun with Irving’s call  
And Hawthorne’s impetus brought *Moby Dick*  
To Americans, keystone in the wall  
Of stone we were building to last all time.

Melville’s art—beyond a word—not with rhyme,  
But more than prose, a poetry is there,  
Of thought, of theme, the world’ in every clime  
The *Pequod* sailed, All Man upon her decks.

Icthus reigned supreme—Now . . . Lost-Man rejects  
His faith—to machines he’s turned all cost—  
Thoreau on Walden, of machines expects  
Little, among the trees, among the plants,

He lives yet, his spirit still watches ants  
And sees us, humans, living now in shells,  
Like Poe’s still ringing bells to which we dance  
Life’s eternal song, from birth to death—gone,

To sod—organic that we are—but wrong—  
Emerson has told us of his tree—growth—  
“Rhodora”—“The self-same Power”—the song  
Of Life—Not death—but growth—forever new.

Whitman’s voice sung myself and then I grew—  
Man’s land this—Man’s Man this—This growing tree—  
Emily and me, she spoke—then I knew—  
I’m nobody—all are nobodies too—

But Whitman’s Me is Me, I—thee, and you,  
A “Huck,” when not in “Hadleyburg,” or on  
The shore, but floating endlessly in lieu  
Of shore, bound, Life’s eternal ebb and flow.

### III

The spider-web of experience  
James brought to prose, the art now  
    A profession,  
The reality of experience  
James brought to prose, the art now  
    Had ariven

At a point where man became  
Conscious of his heritage, a few  
    Did and were driven  
To a point where man became  
Conscious of his art, a few  
    Did—a revelation.

### IV

Crane knew the flop-house set,  
He lived. He wrote what he lived.  
He died. Cut the “slice of life” so thin.  
Hotel, Boat, transients both—  
Transient Man, but on earth yet.

Stories told in poetry—an art  
Reclaimed from an age gone by,  
Robinson, Jeffers, told them well, some  
Not so well; tradition in every part.

The tradition of the gift not given  
Of “The Gift Outright,”  
The gift of Faulkner and Hemingway,  
From Hawthorne to Hemingway,

“The Gift Outright of ‘The Gift Outright’ ”  
Of Frost, from Poe to Frost,  
Never given, can not be given,  
Gift earned, gift given,  
Gift given of tradition  
American tradition  
Earned gift  
Given



## A MORNING'S FOG

At the first faint light  
of a breaking day  
The still-sleeping earth  
quietly lay  
In the soft, furred embrace  
of a midnight's fog.

Come late of night  
overstayed this morn  
To fade away  
and follow soon  
The fleeting darkness gone.

DARRYL LEE TURNER

# BUTTERFINGER

by SCOTT GIFFORD

(Editor's note: This manuscript was found in our 1937 files. One can surely see the tremendous strides spy thrillers have taken from this trash to the present day.)

## I

Jonathan Street walked into N's office hoping to see N immediately rather than having to be detained by Miss Cashpound, N's secretary.

"Good morning, Jonathan," beamed Miss Cashpound. "When are you going to take me to lunch? Perhaps this noon?"

"Can't today, love. Have a dentist appointment. Sorry." With that, Street hurried into N's inner office. N was packing his pipe as usual, sitting back in his chair with his feet up on the desk. "What's up, Chief?" Street asked.

"You know better than that, O13. Never call me chief. Section 411-A79, paragraph 16, of the spy manual clearly states that 'the relationship between the spy and his superior will be strictly formal and impersonal.' Now, O13, let me see your pistol."

Street handed N his Harley-Davidson 103-17-92B, reflex action, BAR attachable weapon with a Midas silencer. N gave him a disappointed look.

"Come, come, O13. You know better than this. This pistol is last year's. Why, the Russians and the American CIA already have orders in for next year's guns." N opened one of his desk drawers and gave Street a different pistol. "Here, take this one. It's a Lambretta 007 automatic with dual sights. It has a delivery like a brick through a plate glass window at three feet, if you're content with throwing it. Otherwise, there are sixty-five rounds of ammunition in the grip. It also carries a ninety-day warranty on defects in manufacturing, materials, or workmanship, good anywhere in Japan. Any questions?"

Street thought a minute, as if mentally picking up pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. "Yes," he said. "What's my assignment?"

"I'm coming to that." N relit his pipe, which was forever going out. "On your next job, O13, you'll be using a new invention from Department F — Experiments and Improvements section. Follow me; I'll show you."

The two men walked out of the office, an ordinary office disguised to look like a fly-by-night pornographic publishing house, and down a sidewalk a few yards. They entered a Chinese laundry, which was actually a modern garage. Street and N walked over to a squat-looking Volkswagen.

N began his lecture. "Now this looks like an ordinary car, O13, but it isn't. Watch." N pressed a button on the dashboard, the headlights shattering to make room for two 30 millimeter cannons which erupted from the light wells. "If you are being followed, O13, you merely pull out the ashtray. That motion trips a switch which, in turn, releases 20,000 thumb tacks a minute on the road in back of you. Something else." N snapped open the seemingly topless top of the gear shift knob, revealing a red button. "Whatever you do," continued N, "don't press this button when you are in first gear."

"Why not?" asked Street.

"Glad you asked, O13. This button alternates the transmissions from manual to automatic, and vice versa. No synchromesh. Understand?"

"I see," replied Street as he nodded his head.

"Here's the clincher, O13. If you have to make a fast escape, throw all the buttons under the driver's seat except the third on the left; then the car will convert into a Piper Cub airplane."

"What happens if I include the third button on the left?" asked Street.

"You'll overload the circuits and blow a fuse; then nothing will work."

## II

Street had been following the yellow car for over a half hour when he decided to stop it. He pressed the cannon button and fired both guns. The first shot hit a peasant and his cart full of mule dung, but the second shot flattened all four tires on the car. Street pulled up beside the yellow Bentley, got out, and found himself gazing into the blue eyes of a gorgeous blonde.

"Well, hello," he said. "My name is Street, Jonathan Street. My, but what an unfortunate accident."

The girl was hypnotized by Street's Gant shirt with double-stitch weaving. "Kitty Cattrap is my name. Don't worry about the car, handsome. Butterfinger won't mind."

Butterfinger!, yelled Street in his mind. That's the person I'm supposed to kill by accident. Street had to think quickly.

"I've got an idea, Miss Cattrap. It's getting late, and all the garages are soon to close. Listen, there's a motel just up the road. Why don't we spend the night there?"

Kitty raised her hand and slapped Street on the back. "Great idea," she exclaimed.

Street drove into the Farmer's Daughter Motel. He told Kitty to go on to room 7 while he registered. Street signed the register "Mr. and Mrs. James Bond," a good, common name. He walked into room number 7 and found Kitty almost undressed. Street let out a scream. "Arrgh! My God, what have I done? He'll kill me!"

"Jonathan!" exclaimed Kitty; "What's the matter?"

"I forgot my dentist appointment."

## III

The next morning, after Street returned from the dentist, he decided to ask Kitty a few questions. He already knew one thing for sure.

"Tell me," he asked. "How does Butterfinger get so much money?"

"That's easy," said Kitty. "Butterfinger buys all of the surplus butter in the world and then resells it to people who really need it at an outrageous price . . . and profit. The master plan of SQUASH is to blow up Wisconsin so that Butterfinger's butter will increase in value due to the lack of Wisconsin butter."

"What's SQUASH?" queried Street.

"SQUASH?" echoed Kitty. "That's the Society for QUAntitative Analysis SHortcomings."

I've got to stop Butterfinger, thought Street, agent O13.

## IV

The next day Street flew to Nassau to casually observe the offices of Butterfinger Enterprises, thinking he might arrive upon a solution to his problem of eliminating Butterfinger. The offices were located in a huge, yellow building at the end of Bay Street, with people continually going in and out of it. Street came upon a solution! Blow up Butterfinger Enterprises with Butterfinger inside! To hell with the tourist trade. Butterfinger must be destroyed!

Street ran into the first alley he came to, undressing as he went, taking care to put his Bass Weejein's on shoe trees. Then, Jonathan Street, agent O13, erupted from the alley as . . . SUPERSPY!! Superspy flew up to a window and into Butterfinger's office, only to find, not Butterfinger, but — a woman! In fact, it was Miss Cashpound!

"That's right, Jonathan. I'm not Miss Cashpound, but Margerine Butterfinger; call me Marge for short. And I know you're true identity, Jonathan: you're really SUPERSPY, the person you are now."

"That's right Butterfinger. But you're the only person who knows my true identity," said Street, or Jonathan, or Superspy.

“Yes, and I’ll tell the whole world unless you do one thing.”

“What’s that?” asked Superspy.

“I got that job with your espionage agency with the hope that you might, some day, kiss me. Will you kiss me now, Superspy?”

Superspy embraced Butterfinger, and she melted in his arms.

**S. G.**

## A Glance

Born in the fusion of four small spheres,  
Attractions which have lasted for thousands of years,  
A person is born, alone, as he dies,  
A short gasp of breath which between eternity lies,  
He walks by himself for a few short hours,  
Through man’s gray cities and nature’s fragrant flowers,  
A gregarious being living alone in large masses,  
While in a quiet hurry his precious time passes,  
There is one hope to help him live life through,  
The love of another making one out of two.

**BRUCE KWASHA**



# Between You and Me

by ANDREW S. McCUSKEY

The elegant old woman slightly shifted the carefully draped cloth on her shoulders. Her fingers were poised over her teacup, anticipating the delicate flavor that would be her reward for this opening triumph.

"My dear Clarisse," she murmured, "you have absolutely no *idea* how that woman chases. It is *too* scandalous. I told Alex, I said, 'Alex, that woman is absolutely going to ruin herself.'"

She balanced her teacup between cruelly quivering lips, pausing to whet her tongue for the coup.

"You know, or perhaps you haven't heard, well, let me give you this about her, but she was *simply shunned* when the Opera Benefit Committee nominations were made."

She turned her head to the side, finger pressed against pursed lips, watching Clarisse's reaction from the corner of her eye. Clarisse remained motionless, a bemused smile drawn tightly on her carefully stained lips.

"And she was considered quite lovely, I suppose, in her day, before she got all pinched-faced," the woman continued. "But, you know, the whole thing started when her son, Beekman, went to war. Well, of course, according to a *very* reliable, confirmed report that I heard, *that* is the *most preposterous* thing I ever heard. Alex thought at the time, and he told me himself, he said, 'My dear' — we were alone — 'my dear, Beekman was absolutely driven into the armed services.' And I was not the least surprised, Clarisse, not in the least."

"You could positively tell that woman had unnatural desires. Why, her doctor even told her, just so she'd know. Clarisse, I could have absolutely choked — I can't say that strongly enough — but, I mean, my dear, *strangled* with her own illness when I heard the rest of it."

The old woman paused briefly to adjust a glittering wrist bauble to give Clarisse a chance to collect herself for news of a final triumphant disaster.

"Now, just you listen to this, Clarisse, because this is the most terrifically sordid thing — just the most marvelous thing to know. When Beekman came home, she tried absolutely to seduce him. Oh, God, Clarisse, do you think any of the other tables heard that? Well, his own mother. She went right up to him, bold as brass, mind you, and asked him, just like I don't know what."

Radiating with all the glory of a successful espionage agent, the woman victoriously set down her teacup with a clatter, and tittered knowingly.

"And her husband, poor Alex — you do remember Alex Marston, don't you, dear? — well, he was forced to spirits for *sheer* consolation, don't you know? They hadn't slept together for years. She was that incredibly vile.

"Not in years. And Beekman — where was I? — Oh, yes, Beekie was affected very strongly, don't you know, though? There didn't seem to be any immediate change, though. You know, nothing significant. Or, at least, I didn't notice anything for about three days. He was always a little mokey. But handsome? You would have *lunged*. He was practically that marvelous. Did you ever see him? Well, he was *absolutely* that marvelous. But just back from the war and everything, he was. Really *awfully* mokey. Not reconditioned quite yet, you know?

"Well, three days after the incident — and truly, Clarisse, now that it comes to mind, that is all it seemed to amount to at the time — well, he marched right in through here, and stomped to his room. Just like a cute child, he was. Right to his paneled room. And his bedspread matched his eyes almost exactly. He shot himself in the mouth, you know. With his own father's revolver.

"Clarisse, you've hardly touched your tea. Would you like it warmed, just a bit?"

The aged beauty rose to gather up the cup and saucer across from her. Her chair crashed to the floor behind her with such resonance that it echoed madly throughout the empty, closed tomb of a house.

"Oh, damn!" she said brilliantly.

Suddenly, she leaned clumsily across the table and examined her face carefully in the long, formal mirror resting against the table across from her.

"Clarisse, you silly, you forgot your cheek rouge. How *maddening*. Do go into the dressing room at the top of the stairs and use some of mine."

The old woman carefully gathered behind her a long, white silk train, decayed with years of dragging behind her on a floor encrusted with cheap sherry. Silence hung like frozen fog rippled only by the rustle of Clarisse's gown as she moved with withered grace up the ancient curving stairs.

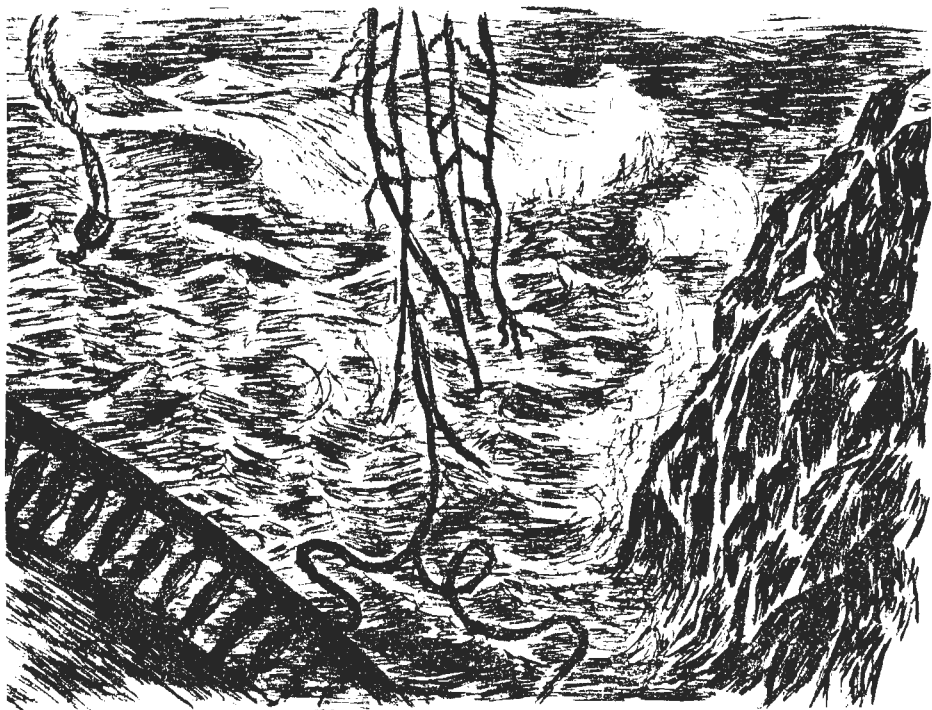
## HOW GREAT, O LORD. THY LOVE TO ME

How great, O Lord, Thy love to me  
To give me life and liberty,  
To give me calm on storm-tossed sea,  
To bless me with serenity.

How great, O Lord, Thy love to me  
To lift the burdens, set me free,  
To send me forth where I should be,  
To give me pow'r to live for Thee.

How great, O Lord, Thy love to me  
To bless me with a family,  
To let me live so happily,  
To love my soul eternally.

WILLARD J. PEARCE



## *A Gall Stone Gathers No Moss*

by ANONYMOUS III

Raise high the full furly  
Above the green briney,  
Waving like the white waves:  
No plan, like the briney.  
The sick sea slaps our ship,  
Splashing in the silence,  
Surging against the sides  
Like the briney: no plan.  
We plow through the planless  
Sea in the shroud of night;  
Night swallows our furly,  
The total night: no plan.  
Our furly, red, white, and  
Blue, can not be seen now;  
Once, once it had a plan;  
The night now, though: no plan.  
Our Cap is sozzled in  
The planless clouds of hap-  
Py-hazed unconsciousness.  
A planless rock ahead . . . :  
Ship sinks in the no planned  
Night. All our lives lost now,  
Planless black engulfs us,  
Engulfs our planless lives.



# A PIE IN THE SKY

I like an ageless face—a combination of youth and wisdom. One that looks younger than reality suggests. I like one that suggests immaturity and naiveté and yet holds self-centeredness and a marbled sophistication.

I like working in the morning, leaving the afternoons for fluctuating between depression and exultation. I like playing various roles.

I think you should live life to the fullest because life is the greatest. But what I'm looking for has to do with the idea of being good . . . a pie in the sky sort of good, but I can't find it. I took a long walk the other day out this breakwall trying to find the answer. I really thought I was going crazy. I honestly became scared and walked back in. It's not good to mess around with these things too much—especially today with all this talk of seeing analysts the way everybody does.

I like walking the beach on rainy days because you're alone. You can sing as loud as you want into the wind and nobody thinks you're crazy. I like good books and classical music.

You know this pie in the sky philosophy I was talking about? I really mean it, I'm going to find it one day and then I'm never going to tell anybody.

I can't retrace any noticeable change. I guess it was one of these gradual events and no matter how hard I tried, I would never see what happened. Since the doctor gave the orders to stay here and rest I've been doing a lot of recalling starting right from the beginning at school, but it does no good. I keep it up though, because it's better than thinking about this place. The people here are really depressing as hell. Like I went down the hall to go to the bathroom the other day and there was this man in there and he couldn't get out. I swear he couldn't get out. I was going to laugh but I saw that he was all worked up and crying and everything. I didn't want to make him any worse off than he already was. Every time he came to the door he would walk away from it and start banging on the wall. I tried to help him by opening the door and holding it open for him, but he just turned his head. Finally I held out my hand for him to take just like he were a kid or something. He sort of looked at it and then grabbed on, pulling me away from the door. It was all pretty odd because the door was one of those that open either way. Even a dog could push against it and open it. I was getting pretty nervous with all his yelling and then one of the nurses came in with the doctor and took him out of the bathroom. I was so nervous that I even forgot what I had come for and went back to my room. This is what I mean about this place being depressing.

Like I said before, that's why I keep going over in my mind all that happened at school and during the summer. That way, maybe eventually, I'll get everything straightened out in my own mind.

I don't know whether you'll appreciate it or not, but the other day there was this lady in the reading room and I was really in the mood for talking. I mean I didn't even care who I talked with. So I sat down next to this lady and began to talk my head off. Then all of a sudden I realized something was wrong with this lady. She wasn't even reading a magazine or anything. Now who goes to the reading room just to sit. You don't do things like that. That's why they have the sign over the entrance. Headquarters expects you to go into that room for the purpose of reading. I was talking. Boy, I really had a lot to say. Finally I decided to tell one of these elephant jokes to make sure she was listening to me and all. She didn't even laugh, let alone look at me. I was really excited. I mean I'm not one of these guys who go crazy over their own jokes, but this one has always killed me. It's the one about knowing the elephant has been in the ice box because of the tracks in the butter. She continued to sit in the chair in the corner. There is nothing more depressing than to tell a joke and have no reaction. All of a sudden I was no longer in

the mood for talking. The whole incident is funny. I could have continued talking for the afternoon and she still wouldn't have listened. I walked out of the reading room but returned to put a magazine in her lap. I wouldn't want her to get caught in the reading room without a magazine. If you do things like that, they think you're crazy. I went back to my room because I found the whole thing depressing. She probably began to laugh at me as soon as I left the room. I wanted to forget the whole thing. I mean, I was willing to let the whole episode pass, but this crazy thing kept on telling me she was laughing her fool head off back in that reading room. So I went back down the hall, walking quietly when I came into the room. And then when I was right behind her I yelled at the top of my lungs and then ran back down the hall.

Remember I was telling you about the beach on rainy days and how you could sing your fool head off because nobody could hear you? It's the same with this lady. I could have sung my fool head off right there in the reading room just like at the beach. It's different, though, because there's no wind. Other people can hear you.

That lady might have that pie in the sky I told you about. I wouldn't be surprised. She sure isn't telling anybody.

Have you ever thought how depressing a card table is? To me there is nothing worse than the top of a card table. Maybe it's not that way for anyone else, but a card table really depresses the hell out of me. I mean it's not an obsession with me or anything, but I can do without them very well. There's this man in the next room, I guess his name is Mr. Reynolds — but he sits at this damn depressing card table all day long. The only time he moves is when the nurse takes him to the bathroom or puts him to bed. You might think that this is obsessive behavior, but it's not because he doesn't even see the table. I know because I put some of my candy right there in front of him and he didn't do a thing. This Mr. Reynolds has got the life though. I mean he's really happy and all. He told me that he is the Chief of Naval Operations, and the funny thing is, he really believes it. Even I know that it's McDonald. Everybody knows that except Mr. Reynolds. That's why he stares at that damn card table all the time. He's keeping watch over all the Navy's ships and all so he can tell the President what's going on. All the time he was telling me what he has planned for the Navy, he had this real dumb smile on his face. But I don't think he thought the whole thing was funny, he was just happy. I told him that I really didn't think he was the Chief, and immediately I wished I had never said anything. Up until that time he was really believing it and all. He didn't even care whether I knew the truth or not. But now he lost his smile and looked confused. I was so depressed with having to look at that damn card table and having Mr. Reynolds look this way that I wanted to run back to my room and forget the whole thing. I mean I didn't even want to be bothered with the matter. But Mr. Reynolds stopped telling me about his ships and I looked over at him and saw how confused he was. I couldn't stand it any longer and told him that I was just fooling, that I had known he was Chief of Naval Operations all along. I told him the nurse had told me the day I moved in next door. Boy, you should have seen his face then. Everything was fine again and he began to tell me about his ships and all. Even I was happy until I saw the card table and I knew I had to get out of that room. So that's just what I did and went to sleep in my own room.

Boy, there's just no fooling around, that Mr. Reynolds has got it made. I bet you have to be pretty smart to be a Chief. That's pretty high up you know. Old Mr. Reynolds is sure fooling everybody just sitting in his room and all. Sometimes he's happy and sometimes he's not, but all that really doesn't matter. It's just like with me. They think they're going to send me home tomorrow, but no sir, I'm not going. I'm not going to take one step out of this building. All this time I was looking too hard. I've had what I wanted all the time and didn't even know it.

PETER HAIGIS





## ANY SUNDAY

*"Our Father which art in heaven..."* There they are with their heads bowed looking for guidance and wisdom. How like lost sheep they are. Yesterday, Mrs. Moody told me she didn't think she could have gone on after her husband died if it hadn't been for me. Poor woman, I'm glad I could have been of service to her. Nice guy, Mr. Moody; no ambition though. Like all the old people of today, after they retire they think they never have to do another thing. Ran a trucking company all his life. So like him too; no ambition.

*"Hallowed be thy name..."* There is James Hunter, home from college. Reading, not saying the prayer. So like these young college kids; think they know it all. Told me last year he didn't believe in God! Don't know what is getting into these kids. With all that boy has, one would certainly think he would be thankful. I did my best with him in Sunday School class. Must have not had good guidance at home.

*"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done..."* No wonder. There is Mr. Hunter; head drooping again. Last week he slept through my entire Christmas sermon. I put a lot of time in on that sermon. Wonder how many others slept through it? Must have impressed those big business executives though. There they sit in their front pews probably thinking of the fat Christmas profit they're going to make this year because of the tax cut. When I started quoting Camus and Nietzsche I'll bet I lost everyone of them. Just showed 'em because I wear a reversed collar doesn't mean I'm narrow. Why, I even enjoy a little Tennessee Williams now and then.

*"on earth as it is in heaven..."* I'm stiff. Must have been from shoveling the steps. Poor Henry. What a devoted man. Just broke his heart that he was sick and couldn't get out today. I was glad to do it though. It showed all the people who came early for Sunday School how interested I am in the church. Well, you can't put yourself out too much in this Christmas Season! Perhaps the congregation will see how devoted I am to the Father and some of it will rub off.

*"Give us this day our daily bread . . ."* Full house today. Good business for everyone to be seen with their family all dressed up going to church in the Christmas spirit. I hope they are generous to their Father. With such a big crowd today we have a good chance to break the collection record set back at Christmas, 1952. That was when I gave them the impression that the amount they gave would be in reverse proportion to the time it would take to get the boys home from Korea. The sermon two weeks ago was well timed: "Giving is Better than Receiving."

*"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors . . ."* There are a few more Negroes in church this morning. Glad to see 'em. Hope they will tell their friends how welcome they are here. Yes sir, brotherhood: that's the Christian way. My driving out to help the N.A.A.C.P. the other night must have helped. Well, you can't do too much. When my picture was in the paper the next day right up there next to 'em, I'll bet the Presbyterians were a little sore. Especially since Dr. Roberts wasn't there. Well, you have to keep on your toes in any profession if you want to get ahead.

*"And lead us not into temptation . . ."* That light is still out in the back of the church. I told Henry that he should go right home to bed *after* he changed that bulb. Guess you've got to keep your eyes on people every second if you want anything done. Henry is getting old. Perhaps I should ask the elders for a new man. I certainly can't find the time to shovel the steps and change the light bulbs. I've got all these people to look out for.

*"but deliver us from evil . . ."* Hope there are no repercussions about the flowers. The Thompsons and the Fergusons are always trying to out-do each other. Most Sundays we don't have any flowers and then at Christmas time everyone wants to give them. Last year I let the Thompsons have Christmas so this year it was only fair to let the Fergusons. Good thing I didn't let the Mortons get them. I really don't think that Mr. Ferguson would have resigned from the board, but I just couldn't be sure. He is always the one that is strongly behind me, and it would be foolish to lose my best supporter for poor dead Thelma Morton.

*"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever . . ."* I guess I've done a pretty good job for myself since I took this call. One of the most respected ministers in the city and highest paid too. The Catholics are even jealous of the manse. One of the most respected citizens, I am. Kids in good schools and wife in the Garden Club. And to think that my father told me that I would become frustrated in the church. No opportunity for a man like me, he said. I have done well helping the Father.

*"Amen."*

**JIM JOHNSON**



## *River Reverie*

Tomoka running down the channels of time  
And place; digging a cemetery for dead and twisted  
Trees; skirting a thatched boat-house and misted  
Patches of reed grass; catching the chime  
And buzz of three sky-machines, a crime  
Against all peaceful dreams, so suddenly listed  
In swirling mud like yours where pearls encysted  
Hide among the ugly oyster slime:  
O river-mirror to distant palms in haze  
Your incense burns for long gone Indian days.

ANNA M. LINDEN

## *Love...*

is an empty garbage can.

ANON.

# THEY CUTCHA DEEP

Yeah, people get to ya. Yeah, they cutcha deep. They laugh atcha, an ya grin; they sneer atcha, butcha never see. Ya cant! Ya dont have eyes in the backa yer head . . . so grow some! Damn! They cutcha deep.

They egg ya on — they cajole, they sympathize, they preach — they beg ya to come on. Then what happins? Its thumbs down, bub, nice try, but whatcha doin? Yeah, fellas, they cutcha deep.

Ya gotta make it on yer own, hon. Gotta move yer butt. Gotta swing out an take all ya kin get an chew it an swalla it before they ketcha an poison it. If they ketcha itll turn sour, get moldy, an rot. Itll go down hard an yull sweat a cold, ice cold, sweat, an itll stifle ya an turn ta big lumps in yer throat an yull vomit it up. Yeah, an when it comes up theyll laugh or sniker or preach or sympathize an their noise will make it melt right before yer eyes, an itll get slimy an itll smell, an yull wonder why the hell ya thought it worth eatin in the first place. Yep, theyll cutcha deep.

So ya close yer eyes an imagine yer own wurld, yer own people — people with no eyes, no tongues, no rules an no tools. An what happins? Ya leave yer self wide opin fer the cut. Ya take yer wurld an ya put it in the palm of yer wet little hand an ya make like alls well. Ya luv freely — any body an any thing. Yer luv has no bounds — none! Ya make nice an soon ya get all choked up an all ya kin see is luv — boundless, blind, an frequent! Now what happins? Ya let some body hold yer wurld — just fer a little while. Fool! This some body laughs and yer face falls an before ya know it more bodies gather round an they poke yer wurld an they pass it round an prod it an breathe on it an the stench wilts yer luv an yer wurld is no good any more. Then it comes, yer wide opin, yer stunned, yer naked, an they see an they cutcha deep.

Yeah, they cut deep — too deep. So take em on, play a game. Stand still an let em cut outa lung — ya kin live. Now let em take outa liver. What fun! Now let em cut outa intestine, an another lung, an a spleen, an now the heart. They cut good an deep butcha fooled em cause yer dead an theyre left with the muck. Who won? Ya say, I did cause they cant cut out my will, an my desire, an my purpose, an my luv, an my daring. An they say, bully!

NONA GANDELMAN

