

Rollins College

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The Flamingo

Spring 1968

Flamingo, Spring, 1968

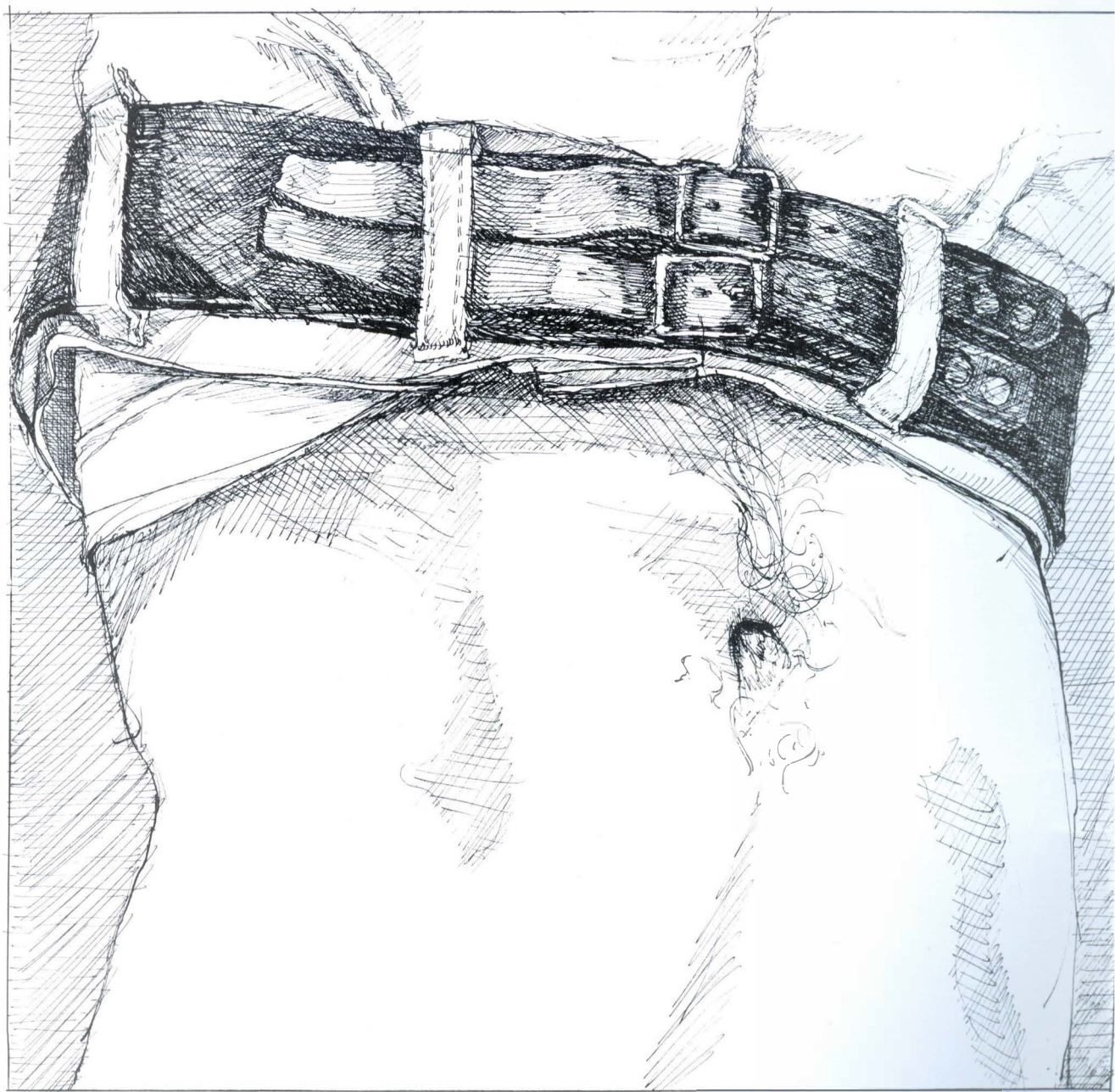
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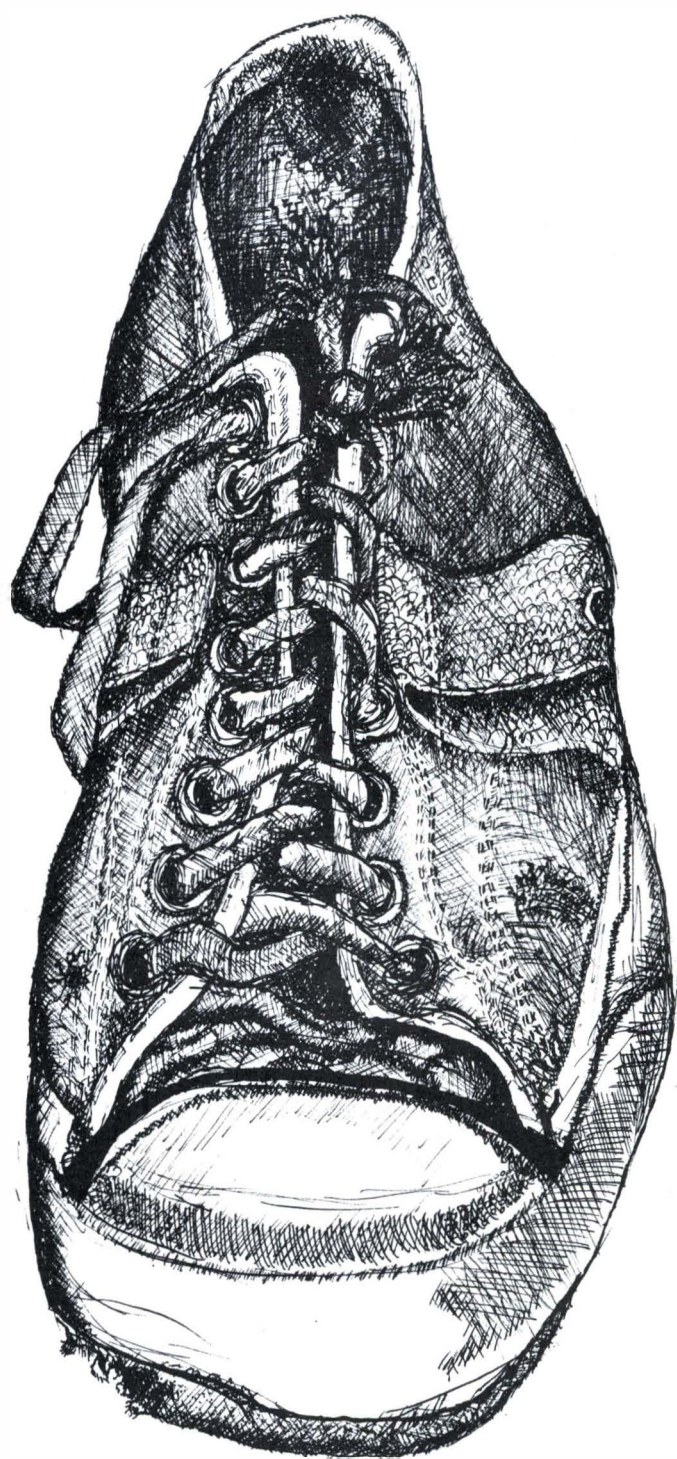
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It's been one hell of a winter.

No one remains now but Maury.

Daddy floated off angelically in mid-November;

Crazy Joe fell screaming off the edge of some world or other;

Tim went down on an oil slick at a hundred and twenty.

The Spring comes quietly in the early hours of mourning

and the joy is small,

as it always is

when a single glimpse of sanity

is seen through

the never-quite-repeating

kaleidoscope

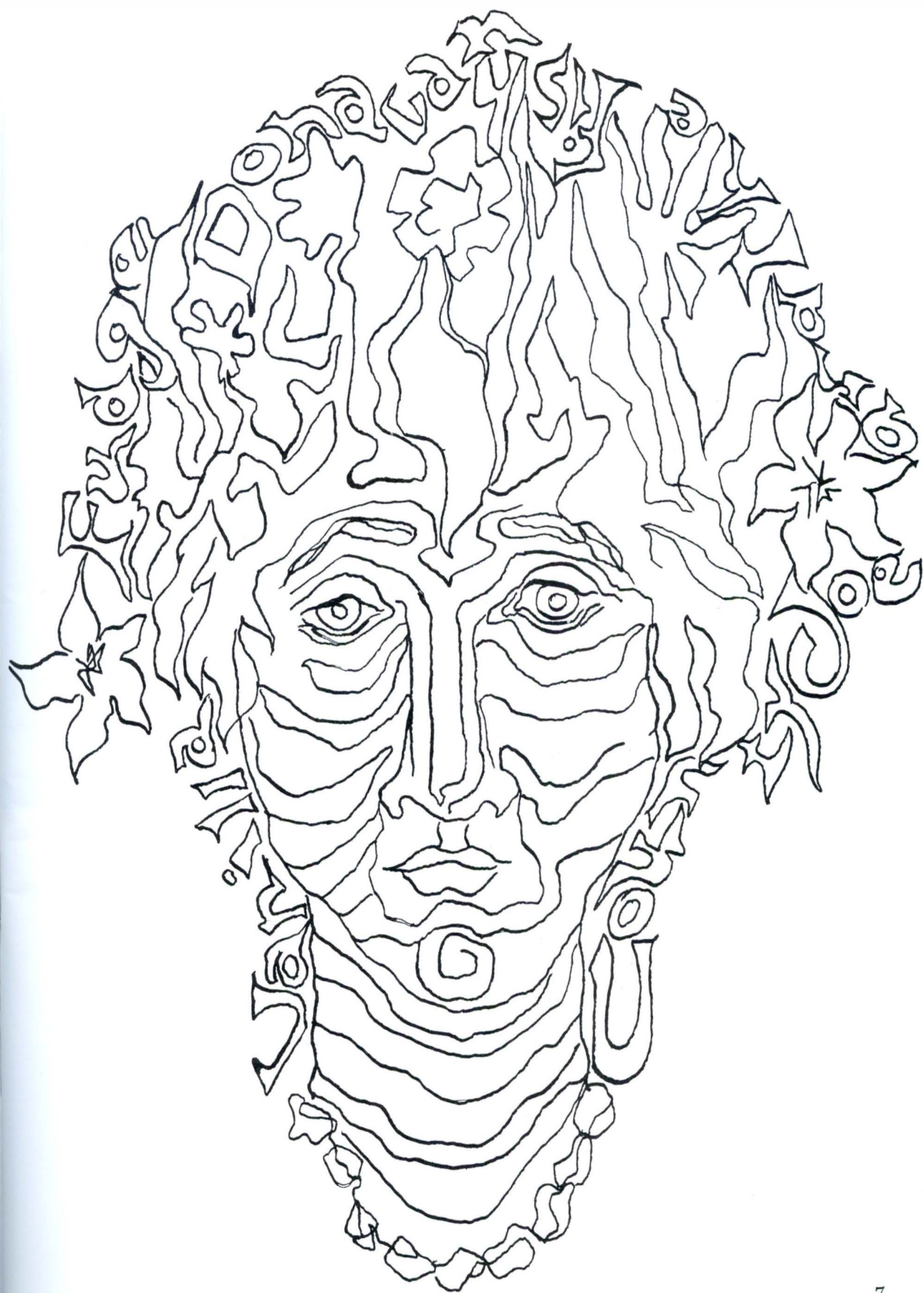
and

Passion

prevents the Eye from closing.

1/21/68
winter park?
peter show
box 924







POEM

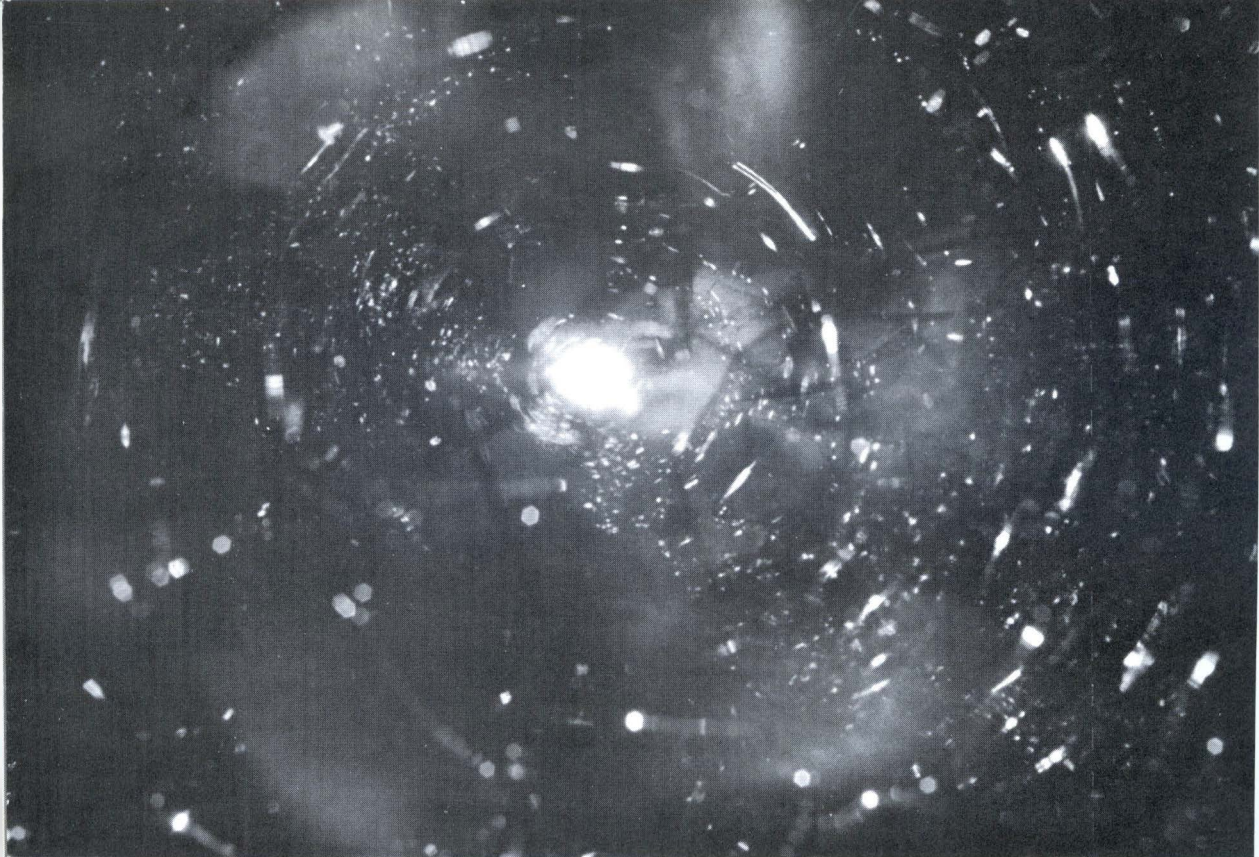
It is not because I killed it
That the softness of its body
makes me mourn.

Nor is it the lifeless eye that
Pierces through me the hurt
that I felt most.

But only the endlessness of its
being dead, and never
Gliding wingfully down the
Winds that must have given
it birth; only this,
And the limp-necked warmth
I feel moving to my fingers
Along the killer's veins they
hold.

For it is I who have partaken
Of the blood of hunters past
And the dead among the living
Are sorry, but are forever cast.

by Philip D. Marion



from
SEEDS OF DARKNESS
by
donald james

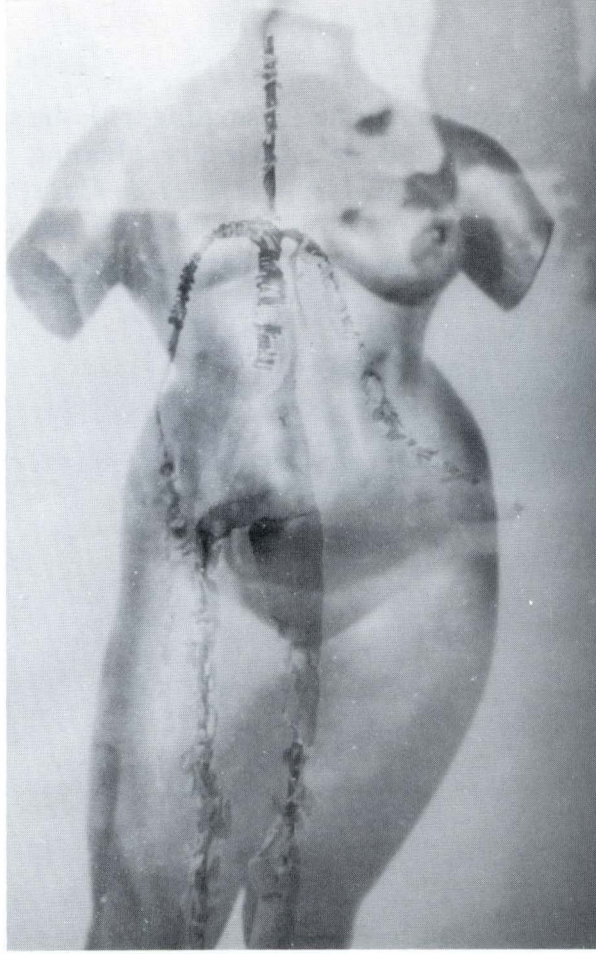
These voices of grim grey dread that tremble through the night,
singing or suffering
With the cold breath that tingles leaves, lets lapse them to stillness
as raindrops dripping
Cling before fall from the heavy-bent boughs, that twists the paper
angels hanging
On strings from the fir needles, and sputters the flame tongues of
the candles,
That molds the ice into knives, cracks the curved cone-shaped
mirrors,
And marks the crust of fresh fallen snow with the strokings of its
fingers,
Sting into the quivering of my tone-tuned heart, splinter into the
hot heaving eyes,
Make well to wonder the guts' grieving and the white bones' wish.
Burning boats cross the blood's babbling brook; as buckets plunged
into the well-deep
Waters of sleep (which spots and streams my windows waking),
words climb, leap
To lips, jaw, tongue, so newly known as muscle making, chants
sprung from rites sung
At the round altar of dreams-seeming provoke the silence, mellow
mumbling,
Lost to listen, less certain speech (sometimes sobs instead of words
as questioning)
Holds here though having no hearer, hoping (standing in a doorway,
arms pressed to sides,
As some small frightened pain-awed animal, as if the least move
would be enough
To crush the bubble-by-wind-blown world) and (how many speak
through my mouth?)
My own voice lost somewhere musically among them.

I know what it is to walk down stairs into darkness, I have pressed
through the
Spiderwebs and brushed off the thin strands from where they have
clung;
Stumbling, I have struck, stood dazed at the cellar door, fumbling
for a forgotten key,
Ramus aureus; full of faces, the graveyard of forgetfulness; they
swarm out of coffins
Opened in the night when shadow blots the moon, to haunt (ghosts
or fallen angels divested of wings?),
Bring the seven sicknesses, the ten terrors, pale faces in the round
open dim-lit center placed stage;
Actors, jesters, clowns and acrobats, wearing the painted masks of
the comic, the farce,
Sucking applause to fill and stir their veins, taking from their
theatrical trunks
(As death is the great pretender), juggling between them, oblong
shaped fears, twisted pretzels of shame,
Triangular hates, while a moth flutters in the bottom of the box,
struggling to fly with ragged wings.
In the still dark hours of the night, where the black river runs, I, too,
have wondered
At the hardness of mirrors, wonder how I shall struggle or greet the
grasping of
Bacchantean fingernails. There is no third journey into the house of
darkness.
Wherefore as his mantle grew richer in purple, the end of the lunar
month finding
(Lining the moon's rim the light-wheel rolls — until scythe signals
harvest, hovering
Over the golden wheat-seed) his sacks fuller, "therein lies the tale":
"Having around him the tall buildings, skyscrapers, the keys to the
city



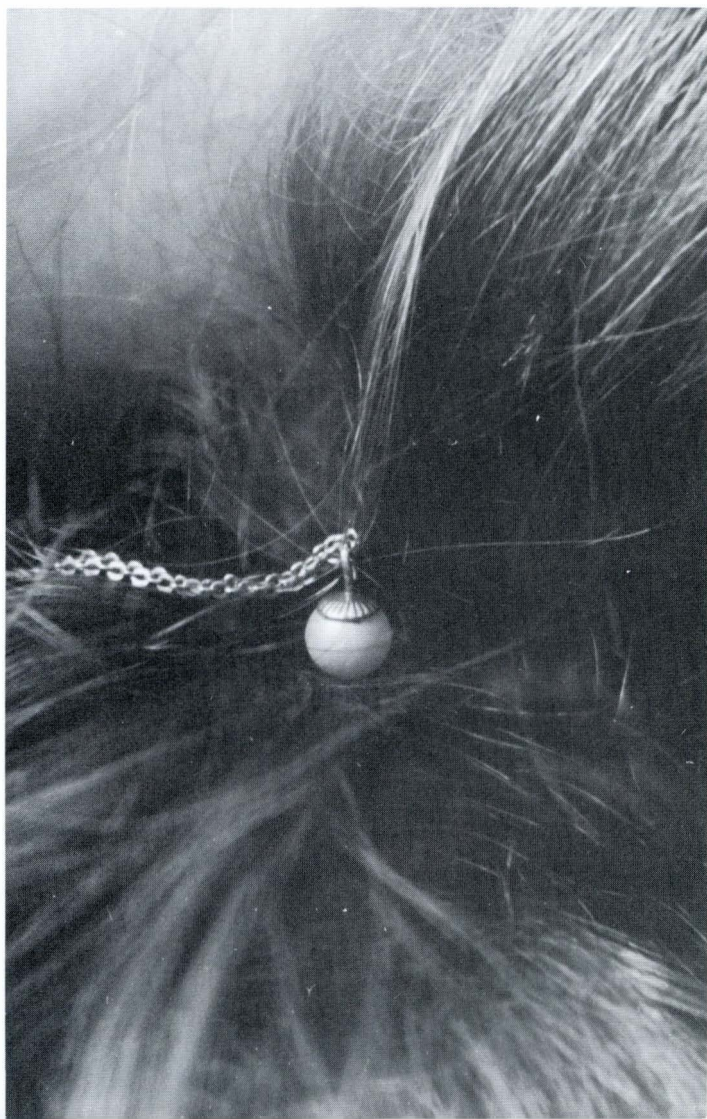


(Ye abandon hope who enter here) jangling with the salvation army
bells, with waltzes blaring
Across Hemming Park — Mozart — just before Christmas, nineteen-
hundred-and-sixty-five anno domini
(In a metro-station standing beside a fiery-eyed red-bearded poet),
alcoholics
Begging for dimes, and begging for pennies, the blind (“you who
live in light” — begged a sign on
Bay Street)
And legs-lost veterans, deaf-mutes holding signs, and a girl with
whore smeared across her face
(Artfully in the hollow of the broken skull contrived this
His scheme of universe), red coats, blue coats, pushing past with
packages and pocketbooks,
Scraps of paper streaming, scrapping on the sidewalk, wait-walk,
and horns screaming
Into the spiral ear, the city tilts, spinning like a slow crazy coin,
the curb jumps
(A white kitten crushed flung high by fleeing aluminum — the child
too frightened to touch it,
A passerby dropped it by the scruff of its limp neck into a brown
paper sack);
Jingling with bells, the keys of the city, the people coming and
going,
Reflecting in store-windows their backs as they leave, the well-lit
church tower
Outlined in cold relief against the silent sky, and whatever else
meant to remind
(Staring like a statue he made mock with his hostile-cast eye:
The mad world where he walks, mixed with myth and unbegotten
unbygone,
As he toils down the tunnel where he turns that turns before his eyes,
Where he follows as innocuous as a shadow, swirls with fabled
fabrics,
Fleece, porcelain, pine panels, plastic, glass walls and glass doors
spinning,
Standing still on the stairway at Woolworth’s where George Barker’s
tin star hangs,
And falling with the descending steps into the plastercast crimson
covering,
Searching each place for the one familiar, unexpected face, while
only strangers appear
Walking flatly across the retina of the eye, each one like a puppet
(Give a tug on the heart-string) dangling and jiggling)
Jingle the keys of the city.”



Stone though carved, bronze though molded, these figures of Rodin
evoke no answer.
Silverballs balance imperceptibly on the ends of the fingers; nor can
(these mere bags of bone and blood)
Cold hands cure, unless hotter hands touch. What strokings of
fingers are these on the lyre-strings,
The dancing of articulate feet; what is this dancing musical phrase,
through my window, organ, Bach,
Fingers falling on keys (the record scratched at the end of the play —
Madame Butterfly, that is, on
a behemoth stereo)?
The agony of these shades, shadows void of substance, do not
platonian souls
Rising to light in winged chariots; dark souls rising only as high as
Sisyphus climbing
His hill, or Ixion turning on his fire-wheel, attempting (these
dancers' bodies grinding impotently
apart,
A good ten feet from essential contact) to hold (with breath alone?
The final failure is presaged
As the fog flees the earth, leaving dew drops as tears.)

Curtains pulled aside revealed, in a hotel in Miami, a very nice hotel,
I have forgotten the name,
dirty glass.
Eyes like olives soaked in sea-water. Tentative messages congeal in
our mouths,
They slide down our throats like wet jelly. Of course, in monotone.
Elemental.
I listen to the sea in shells (whorled as the ear spins; where the
ant crawls, dragging his string).
Hesitant our lips, we look lingeringly back, leap long: unless hotter
hands touch,
The sleeper will not wake. Now hear me out:

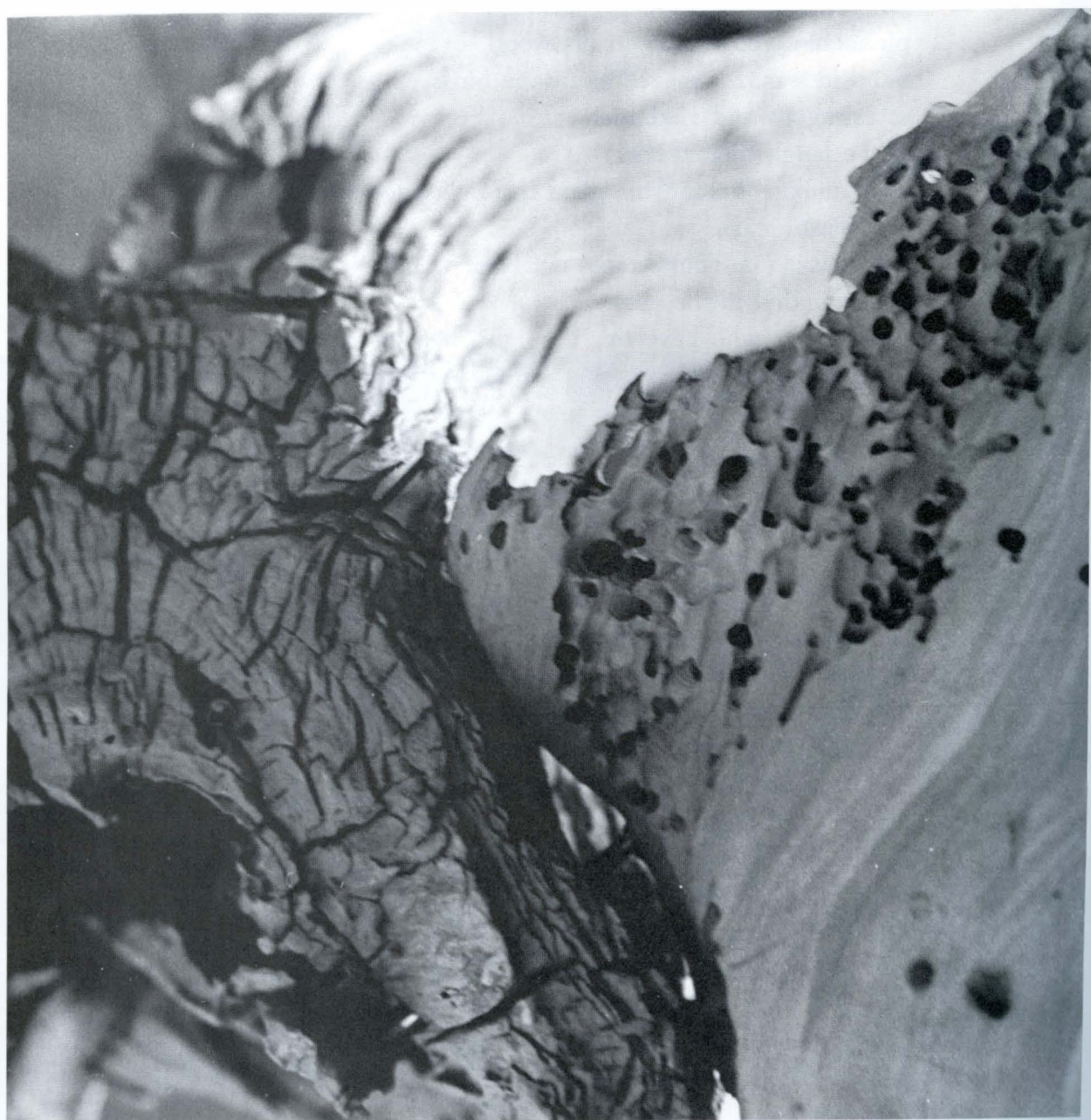


“What a lovely day.”

— Michel de Ghelderode

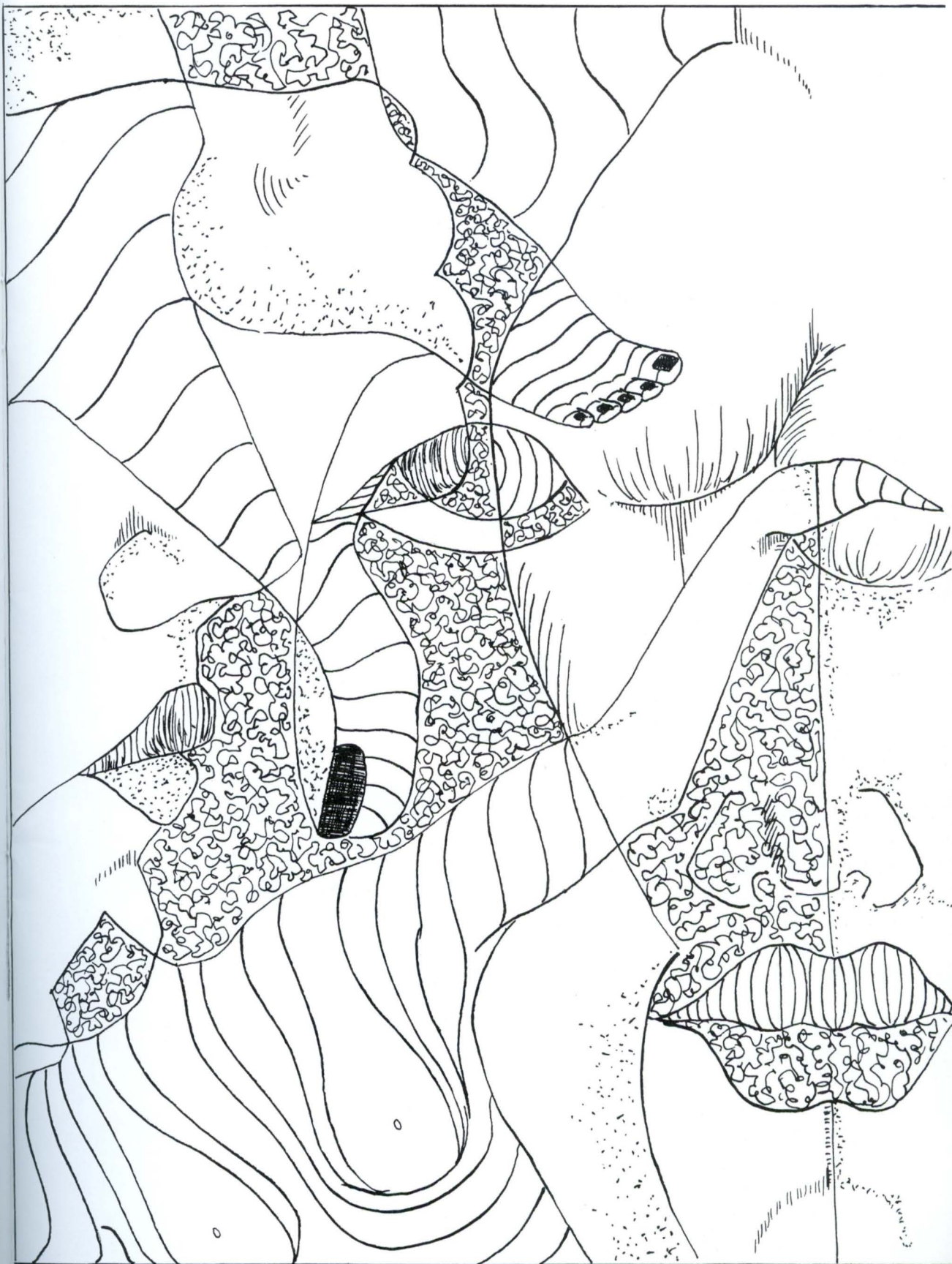


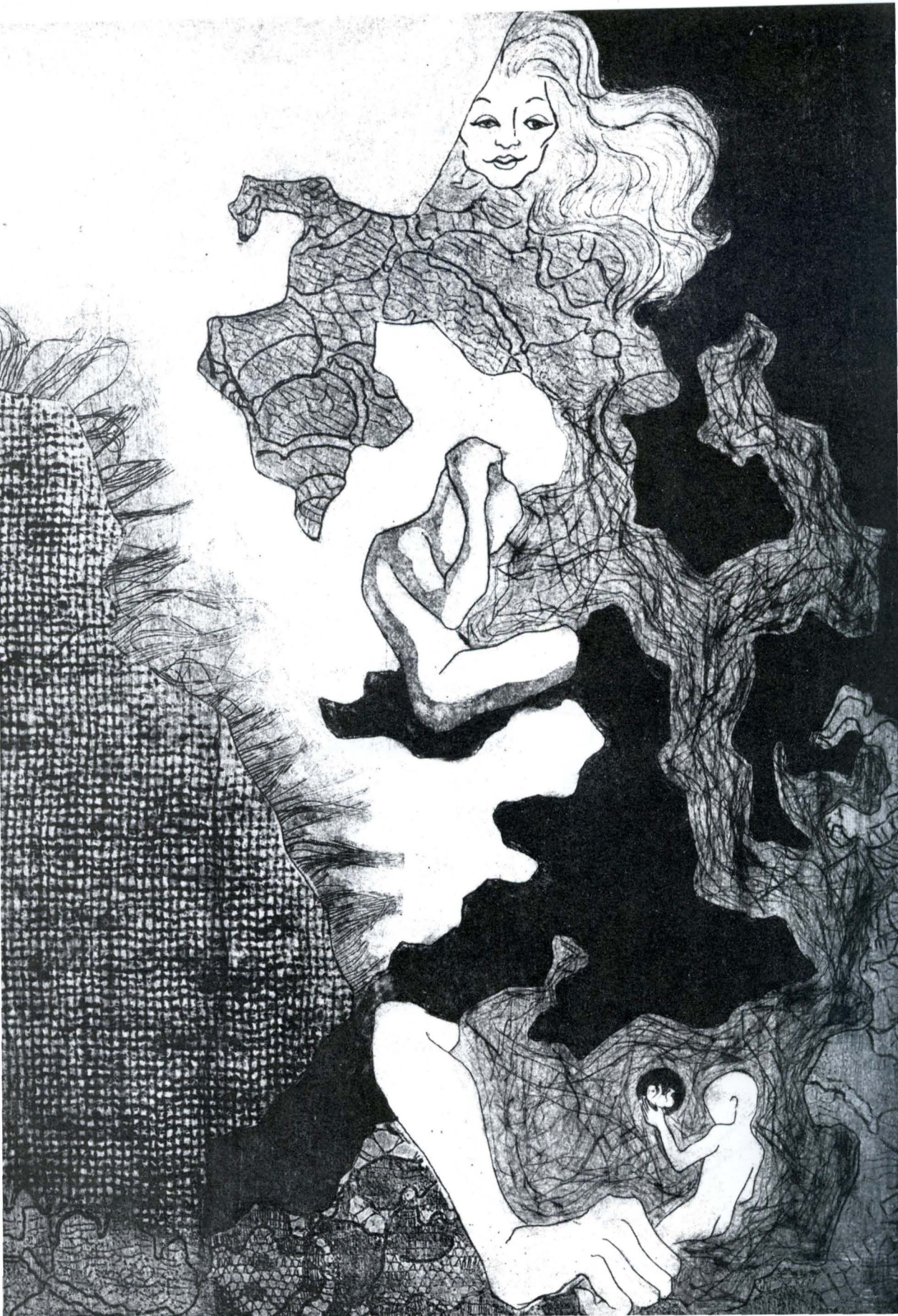
i wept for pantagleize
(somnambulistic acrobats on tight high wires
and alicepawns in endgames drawn by stalemate,
blocked while kings capitulate),
puppet in a labyrinth,
pinnochio who wishes in his wood,
mind in a maze amazed as insane birds,
as estragons and vladimirs
as we laugh their tears,
as mannikins behind the glass have glass for eyes
and plastic ears,
and masks (indefinite faces cut from wood)
are wounded in the eyes
(cruel stars who have this icy light in place of tears,
that hand which guides you drives our doom;
and accidents of time and place are so conceived
as darkness does his work in silent rooms),
and there is no deus ex machina for our blood . . .
("herr k., i regret to inform you
that you are hereby officially dead;
please relinquish your birth
certificate at the main desk")
and men in crypts are entertained by stereophonic angels . . .
wherefore with what soliloquy and song shall i express
(and whom or what shall i address?)
in dwindling voice the limited cry
of men who bleed invisibly
as burning bubbles luminiescent in the twilight,
fadinglights too soon to see,
are spun their momentary flesh . . .
and having howled an inquisition at the universe,
we who stand so still beside the wishingwell of life
(come entreat the cosmos with a coin),
awaiting the dispensations of the night,
our voices lying broken at our feet,
turn our wishing to a dream . . .
and there is but one horoscope
in the soul's astrology . . .



two globes of fire
veined red and blue
(darkness burns in a twisted wood
as light locks round the infant eyes
too terribly in the cold white wax),
met fissuring, set forth the root,
one tendrill webbed through trembling surfaces

and i kneel in the corner of an enormous room
(as solitary as a wish or a heliumballoon let go),
where hurtling down the tilted plane
and humming through the oiled groove
so silent in the lurch
as dawn surprised us in the grove
the bright red world rolls down,
and i am flayed to the four untidy winds
(hang my nerves against a sunset,
string my veins to dry;
scald my marrow's milk in curdled seas,
the thick and bubbling wash;
o tone the dull bone),
fixated on a weaving sun
in the moment stunned by a shadow's breath
i am spangled with atoms and light,
the tinkling strings wind out and line parabolic to the stars,
each tangled in a tight embrace;
o tight is the thread that binds the needle by its eye,
and mute men sigh as borealis beckons;
and thou, o unnamed muse of silence
(as we shall see the ice form on the bough),
who makest under the thinner-than-tissued gild of light
the awful hours of my reckoning
(as darkness grows, a terrible flower
to open forth (the world spins
as many nights as days);
still water floats the lilac wine
over troubled eyes of fish
and the brooding sands are stirred beneath the glaze),
when the great twisting sucking hollow of my heart,
heir to the hole in the seed,
the legacy of the cosmic egg
(humpty dumpty without a shell),
bursts its tentacle into my brain





(how can you help me in the still dark hours of the night?)
(child spilt from an empty bowl,
bubble pricked by a nadir's point),
when my two selves face,
hollow eye to hollow eye,
o thou muse of silence
(and why does the wind lay quiet in a cage of ribs?),
startlest me not with these sudden revelations
(monsters claw for a hold on emptiness;
faces vacate, five holes in a head,
and pigs eat "all the acorns off of willow trees"). i,
earth's exile in the evening,
child of the long shaft,
the bottomless pit (how we float so slowly down,
balloons with but a small hole pricked)
whence all men tumble and stumble back again, i,
well-woven silk from the galactic craw
(there is magic in the web)
as nebulae spin on a point unflamed, i,
incense and censor's swing and fall, i,
shouted down from violet clouds the globule
bursting and bending thread to rainbow
(the thread of light
that ties to the wind-swept eye
the five-fingered hand of the star)
cold as a cloud, i,
the paper kite flown up to stare at angels
(and the stark god, the negative sun);
my mouth shall so free flow
(pictured innocence, hand on closet or unlocked chest)
as tears flame out of eyes,
and move, devise, deliver,
such shall delve the deepest ears
as plunged in softest seas amen
as flame tongues over apostolic heads
will utter such as to cut with sword's point
the eyes of unbelievers amen
i am a simple charlatan;
one to conjure, stir hot lead in bowls,
pull out with tongs a piece of gold,
in the white hot cauldron where all worlds mix



hold such silence in the mood of mind
as miracle makes a holy litany;
and if i sing this age a melancholy music
(hear how the worlds are globuled;
hear how the tones are bubbled in your face),
music of spheres in a torus shaped universe,
if i break silence my words hold silent seed
(as blood drained from a muezzin's ear)
(kept in a cask; dabbed on eyes),
such sweet and secret blood
as into the mouths of babes their lips shall suck;
yea, shall the seven orifices gush;
and such in a cup i bear my visible thoughts
and offer them to thee)

to merge these eyes of flame with thine
and open darkness into dark;
let silence sing to silence
through our mouths

the marble sea so veined as sky,
as sunlight seeping clouds,
and evil birds, their shadows dragging,
grasp their beaks around the bright-eyed fish,
as hidden eyes(
clasped so tight in scales as sea is chained
) glower up through netted waters;
and now the leeches roar their terror into blood
whose fin is slicing water, parting marble,
razor-sharp the sharkskin rasping,
and water weeps its wound
(as pebbles grating on the white-lined shore
are tumbling through the grooves the water wore
as castles and palaces are melted in its rush);
as shells are crushed by gentle feet,
and swept with foam a giant wept;
and watched and waited,
water round our flesh,
as time is a rising tide;
should shout the trembling waters
(beyond the reef the seaskin shakes
its cooler blood below),
should sing the globe of jellyfish his fragile self to sting,
and make with our bright laughter as birds and shadows fled,
as the aged fingers of the sea reach up to clasp our feet,
and clouds so breaking overhead all lined like mountains floating
in the breeze,

white islands exiled in the smoothest seas,
and dolphins laugh and leap with the flying fish;
should see as shallow waters ripple on our sands,
so magic making
as the light rays bend in holy water,
vision through its fragile surface trembling
as skies dissembling after storm
has cried its anguish on the world
stunned to stillness,
and breath so speechless as the stilled wind
as in our mouths the breath meets breath
and meeting sings
as our lips sing together;
and show our scented selves as foam perfumed;
and lo, the birds are circling, touching wings,
their tongueless voices call to sing
the wide-eyed wild-eyed children
(so clean as aliceglass, so clear, so eyes might peer);
this wind so fresh and flesh to touch
is silent prayer so locked as in a heart-shaped shell;
and mouth on conch
to call the fishes, murmur to fingerlings,
and deliver to sequestering water and wind
a sudden secret and a secret song





the star after breath must be
(as nightwind dies in the dunes);
and the dancing eyes so washed in waves
will nightly stare the dead sky down
when whitely tumbled waters wane,
mercurial to mirrorsmooth face;
waters soothed, those favored stars
so twisting in their course,
unquenched in ocean's mouth
to burn on phoenixwings,
will (white and still as pearls)
hold the dark world still with silent strings.

as unicorns gallop, hooves in the foam
where the bubbles slide out of the sea,
magic cities cast up their domes,
and the star from the mouth of the fish
is cast at the feet of the child;
as unicorndreams are made from starlight,
webs where the spangles are hung,
lightstrings tremulous in wind
as eyes spin through the hollow lens
substance so tenuous as
light and night.

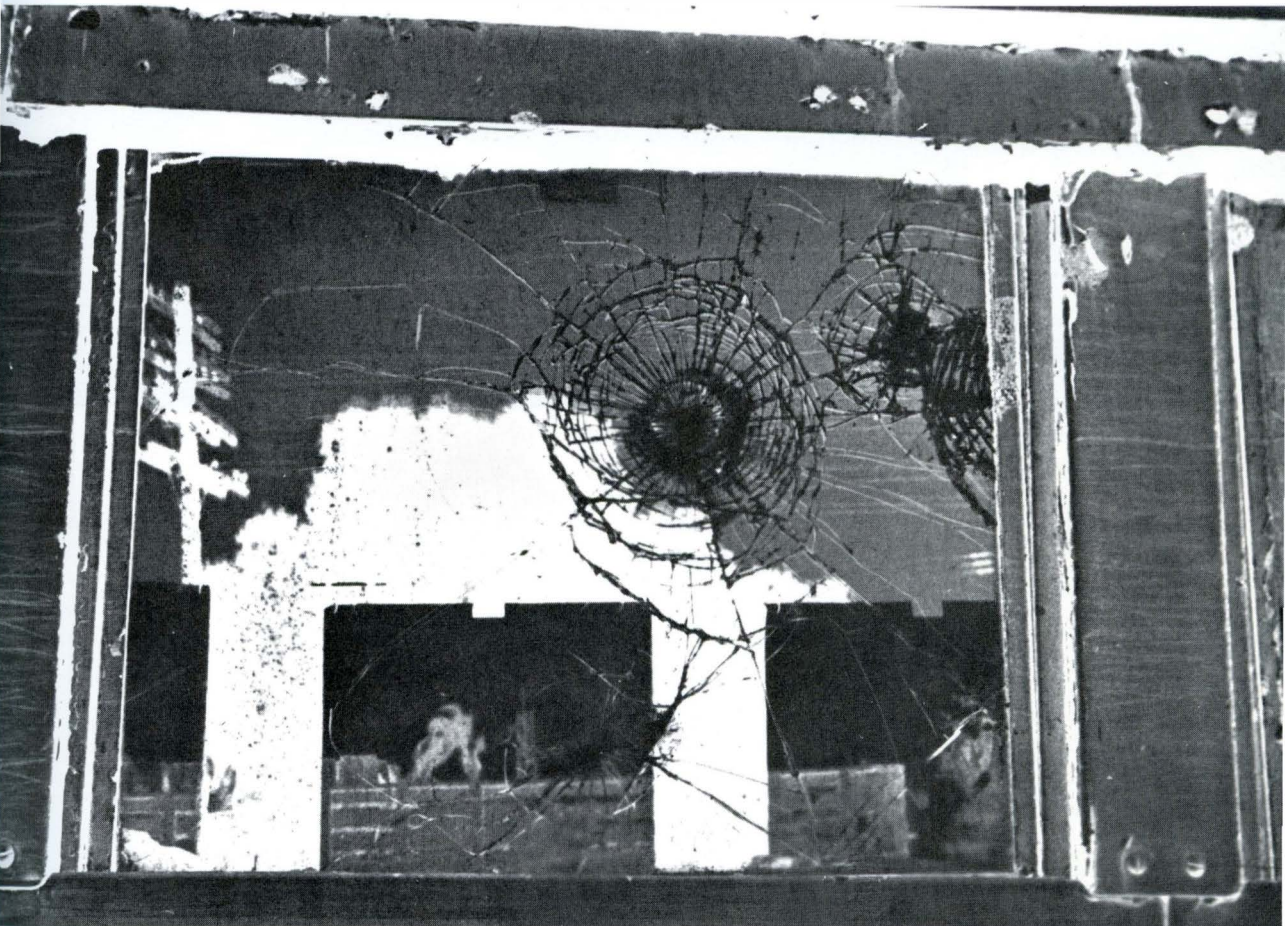


and we searched the sea-streaked beach
among the unhinged shells in the salted sand
to find one white unbroken angelwing
so slight and fragile as frozen light,
slid down from heaven where sky joins sea,
and borne by rain-bowed bubbles
out of the glittering vault of the deep;
and listening in the ear-shaped shell,
heard the ocean's risen voices tell
(o unicorn, creature of a thousand dreams)
how the white and gentle beasts are drowned,
choking in the merciless stream



the three black masks are gone now,
delegation from the ministry of death,
leaving this room silent,
hollow with the echo of my breath;
having left their document in my hand
(how casual their pronouncements spoke),
having given me official notice, as no doubt
there is a memorandum filed
in the dusty archives of this universe

and having heard such ghosts speak,
in no wise so wished or wanted,
i (having heard the bells from nowhere)
climb to cling with these so fragile fingers
this glassen image of myself;
but as the sundered dream takes wing,
i through melting mirror crawl,
entering the jabberwocked world
(shatteredglass as cold as ice in eyes
transforms the world around it)
with inturned janus the doorway,
into the terrible carnival tent,
the pit of forgotten dreams,
the crazyhouse of dwindling men



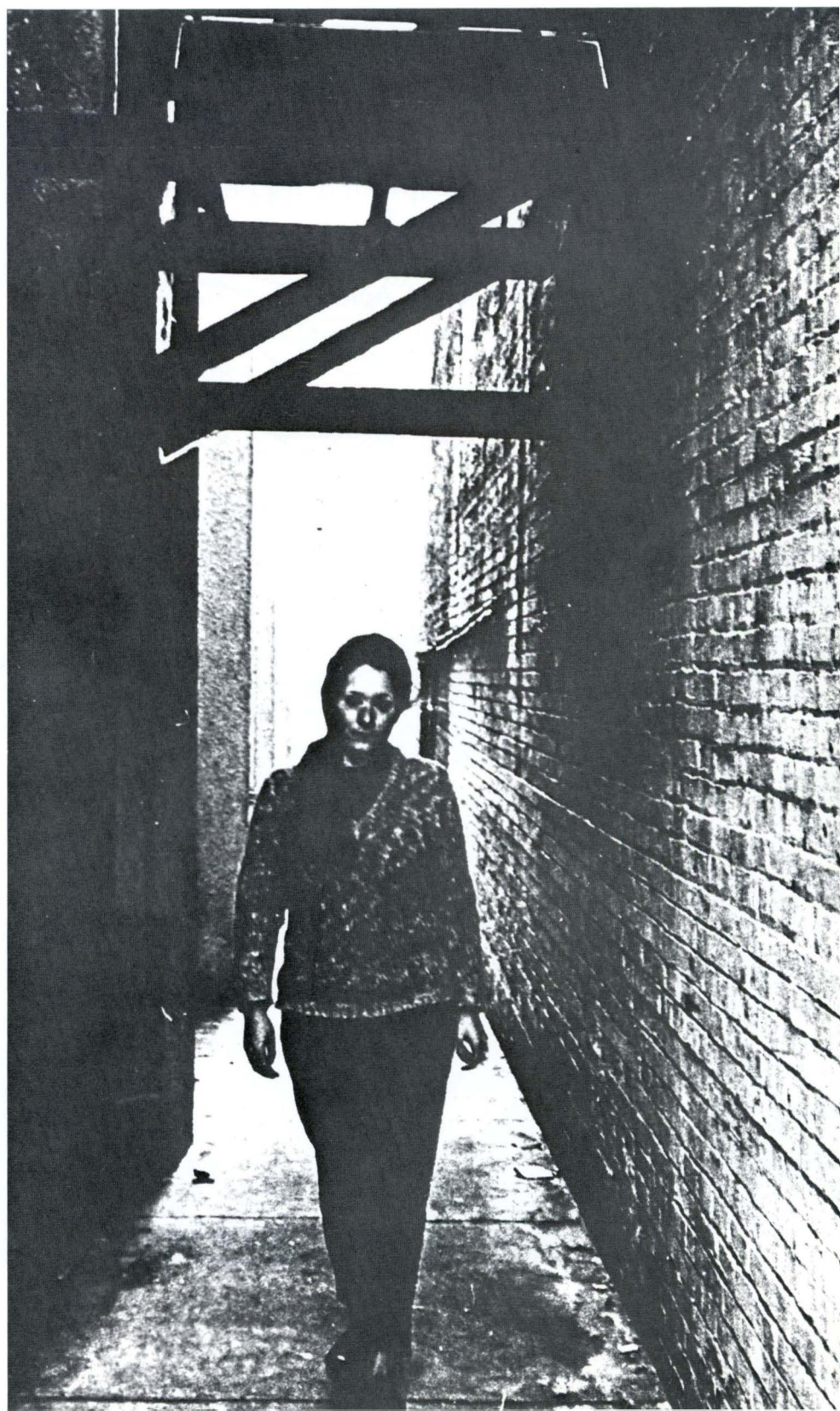
could one with honest eyes
as stars so stare
through all these hasty days
(could one make well to grasp it)
know, the clown, his face,
knowing what this world is,
the truth neither one nor the other
(as in this glass-tombed temple of dead men's dreams
the white shirted men are watching
as i caress your vanished eyes),
could one so hold this world so bright
to transmute metals in a pool of sight,
then might see heavens through the lens of the sky,
the mariculous mansions of our darknesses



o temple of darkness where my eyes pray,
night so filled as worlds in waterdrops
with magic maelstroms swirled in emptiness
(o inventions of our silent dreams),
nimbus of my awful angel,
whirling cloak of the goneman day
(as i these sphinxthoughts think
behind this blooded mask
in language of hallucinating birds
and polyglot of unicorns,
murmurings of sea where such fish swim
as split the wave in bright-eyed night,
these litanies as darkness echoes back the chanted calls,
uttered liturgy, epiphany of hearts,
as i who must his much-as-waking dream
make spindled out in such frail webs in wind,
invisible circles hung by these noneotherthan deathless hands
(as yet no other burned or burdened by their threads),
as earth's eye bends all timeless heaven's flesh
to blink the night from day,
as i rise up with arms outstretched,
my shadow prostrate on this hill),
trace with these tranced eyes,
stars so still,
such deeper darks
as each to each unknown
are hid beneath the dailydusted faces,
as we die in-and-in
(our thought to chaospit)
such pathos-making deaths:
humanity rides a pale blue horse,
is born with feet in abyss;
and chesirecat eyes the last to fade
in darknessflood;
i see my people and their multicolored sufferings,
strapped to the wheel,
pageant of pains and tragic effigies,
though lost as a wandering word conceive
unspoken dreams;
mystery in her white-shrouded arms
so gently bends to clasp these suppliant;



and i am at the center,
casting out my strings of sight
by mirror to my own eye,
into my own and holy and terrible night
(where none, not even dark, may enter),
holding in my two cupped hands
the core of nothing
that bubblesoul is surface of;





and now the oracle of dawn
is answered by the rhythmic birds,
as a kiss or force of fingers pressed on eyes
brings back their sight from such dark realms
to grasp, reflected in the white warm tear
(and i too weep, and may our tears
mingle in some warm ocean),
the spreading of the sun's bright wings,
as so near mine these new lips sing
the omen of a kiss





seeing the world through flame
the changing shapes
as shadows danced to be so lit
and flashing over starlike eyes
the leafwinged pixies flit
and dancing in the mists on rainbows lept
so quietly as child in arms has slept
as wept through mirrorglass so thin
and delicate as bubbleskin
the flowervoices sing
as tongue-tied birds
their words so whispered in the whistlebynight
as bells of pink flowerskin on fingertips
among the laughing leaves
so lovely in the sumac summer
in the circle of druidical trees
as worlds dipped in beatific lights
as dreams
as two in puppetlove
in bubblelove
so secret as the thousand moondrenched clouds
so rinsed in silverlights
as light and dark entwined
so night might find
metamorphosis in this green grove
apocalypsis of our love



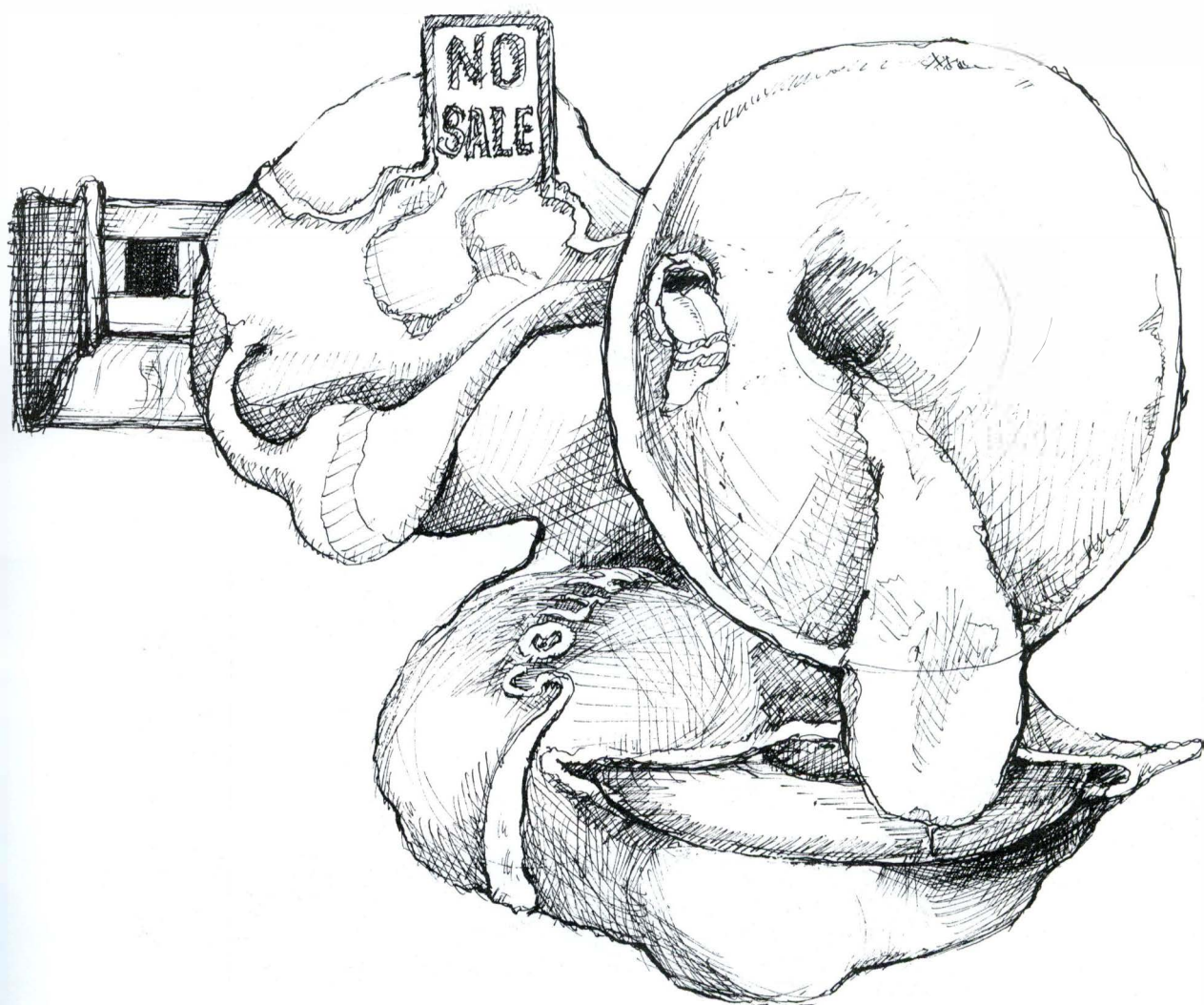
yet there is this other thing;
o we who have made so much of nothing
(knowing what this world is,
the truth neither one nor the other),
this world is not so much of sorrow nor of joy
as but the thing we walk upon,
the platform for our dreams;
the rest is ours, our own
and ours alone,
and all that is or seems
is mingled with our bones;
and all this void,
receptacle of silent loves and lost,
all emptiness is open to our seed,
as silence is the backdrop for our speech
and night is setting for the stars;
time is the clay we work in,
and 'tis not when ended
that we cherish works of hands;
and more than footprints in the sand
we have, greater than these words can delve,
the masterwork of all our pains, ourselves.

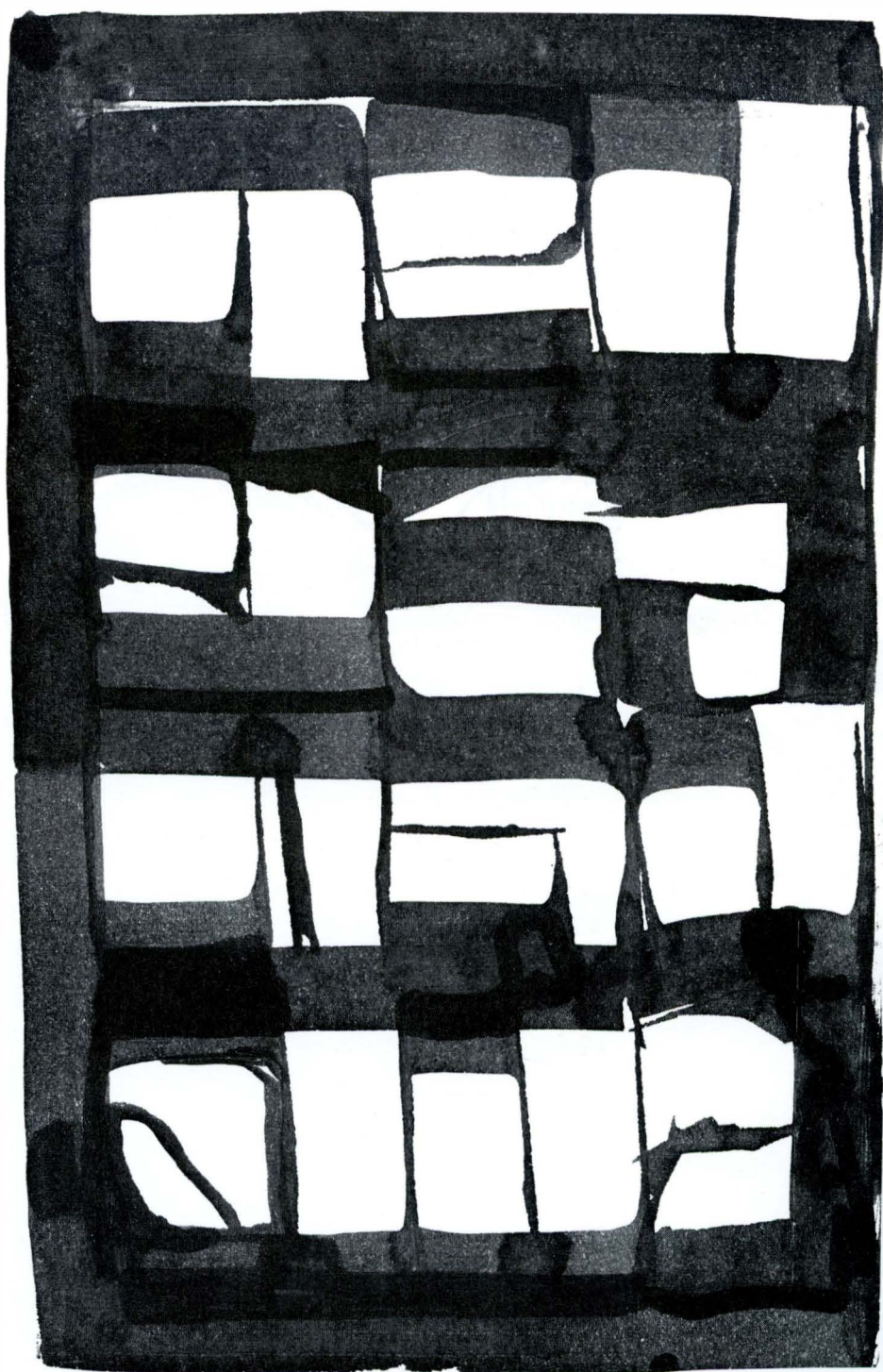


in the gushed blot the race cries out
the crushed and scattered seeds of chance;
and the dumb bone tells
the gut its grief (undone these strings
that bind the flesh as dried stars rush
in a stream of blood),
so some fall a limited voice,
winged seeds in the wind
where the pierced leaf waves,
lest the doomed bemoan
thus too much
and so these old beginnings:
where tendrils reach, a greener growth
must burst, as green stems grow together
(as eye traces white light's line to eye),
dropping in shells of light
the seeds of darkness







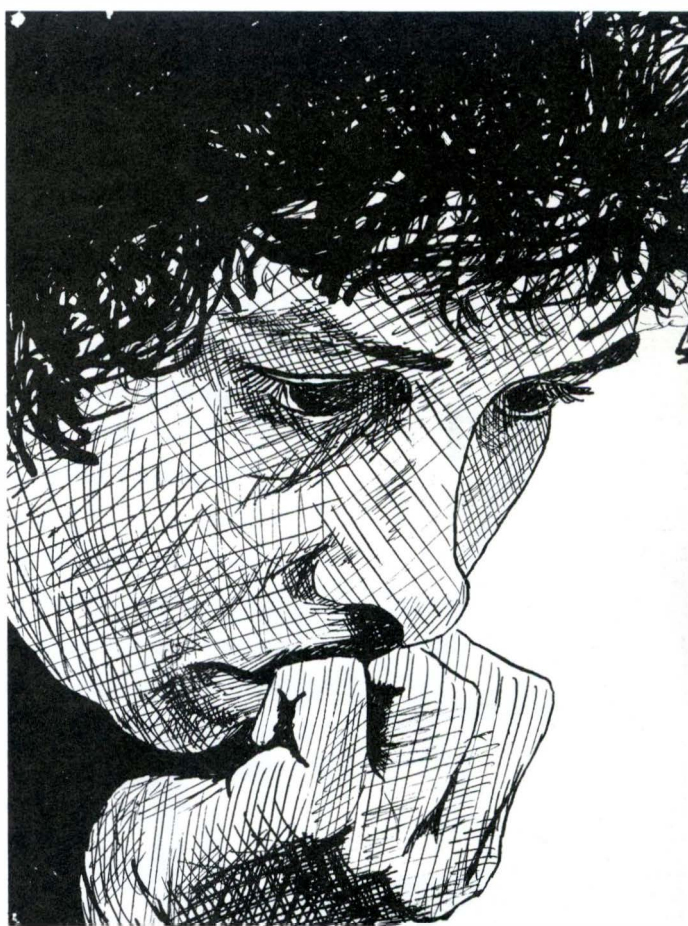


POEM

and so I stand
within the shadowed
eye of the nocturnal
needle to watch thru the
bubble-film of my own
cataracted windows the reflected
image in the scintillating gun-metal
blue, finely hammered
glass of that shiny red
button fling upwards
a tentative
thread to heave-haul, hand over up
(and dribble molten beads of
sweat which circle out and circle out) and
squat suspended
to gloat . . . (like a fat-full
spider in its interwoven
web) . . . upon the
victim entrapped
in day . . .

by Patrick Crowley

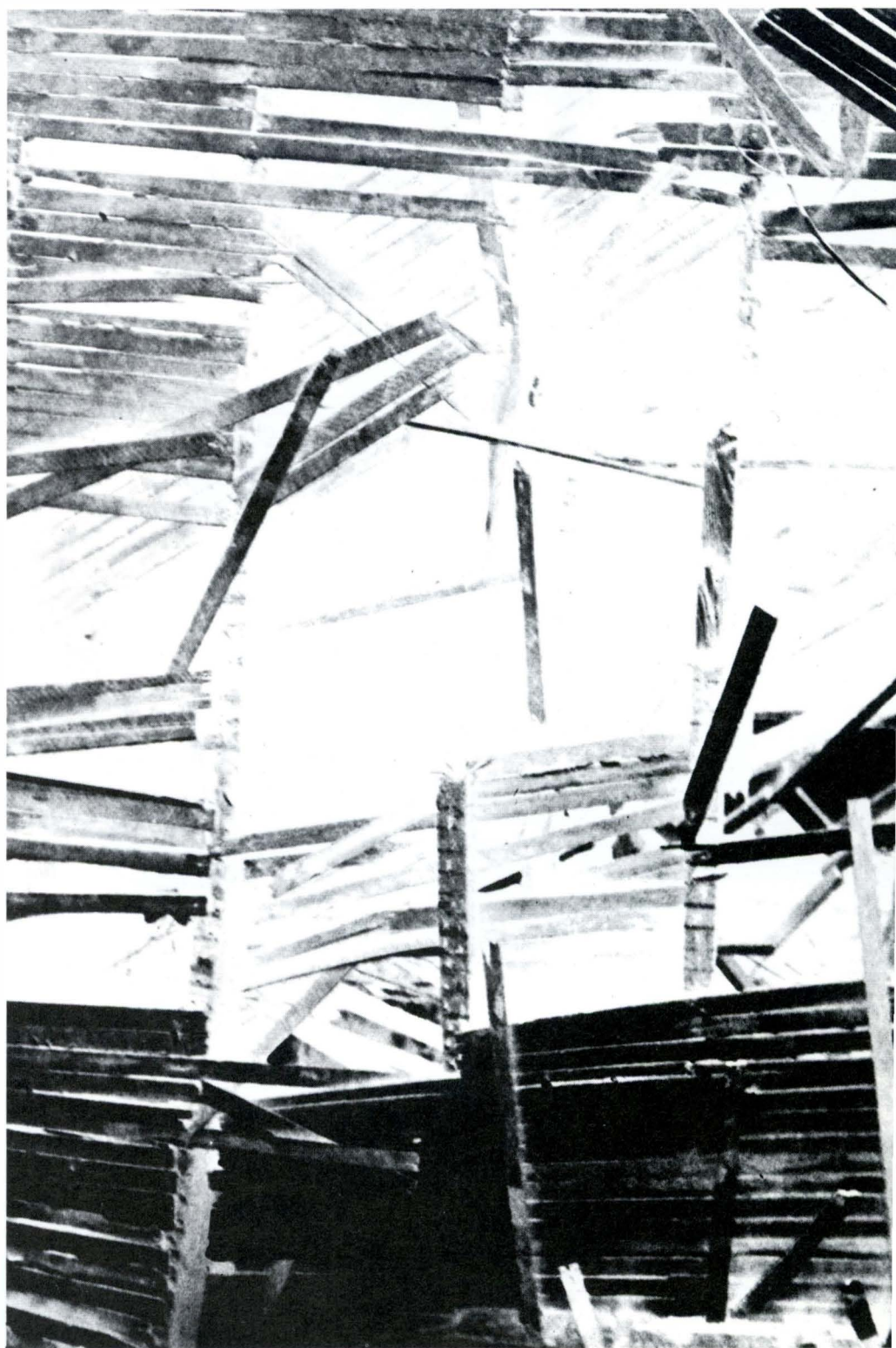




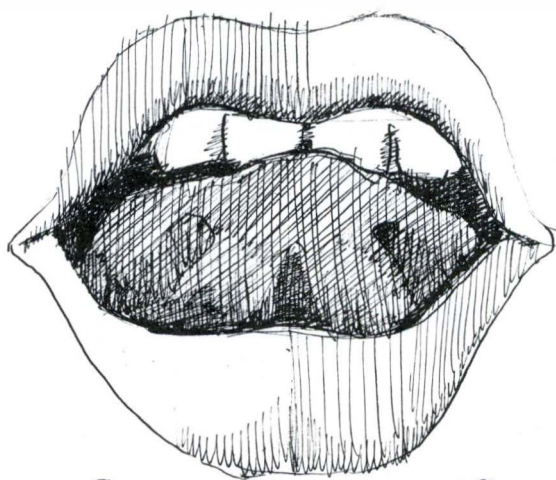
OREGANO

Backward oceans sob
frothing sprays of flit, drench clouds seek
birdlets and flight frees fancy —
Sky high and explosively distended,
heavy waves flash insidiously . . . aware . . .
or perhaps just fallen out
and about.
Artificial turn-ons seep slimily among
orange passion flowers and lionel happiness-trees,
barking bilious blues at ears turned inside
outside on the beach/jungle
of dreams and salt/acid.

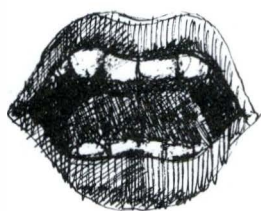
by Kealy



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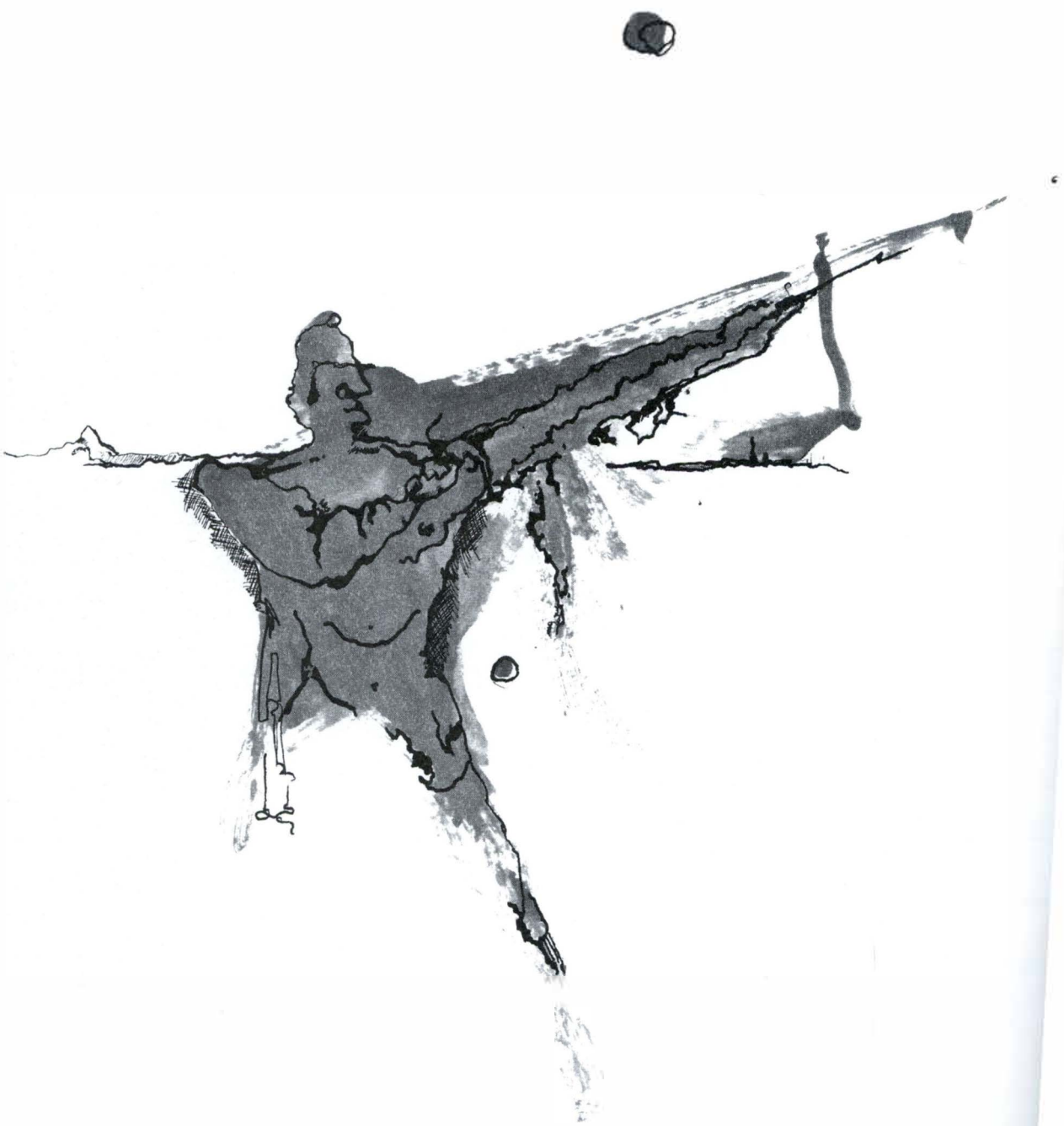
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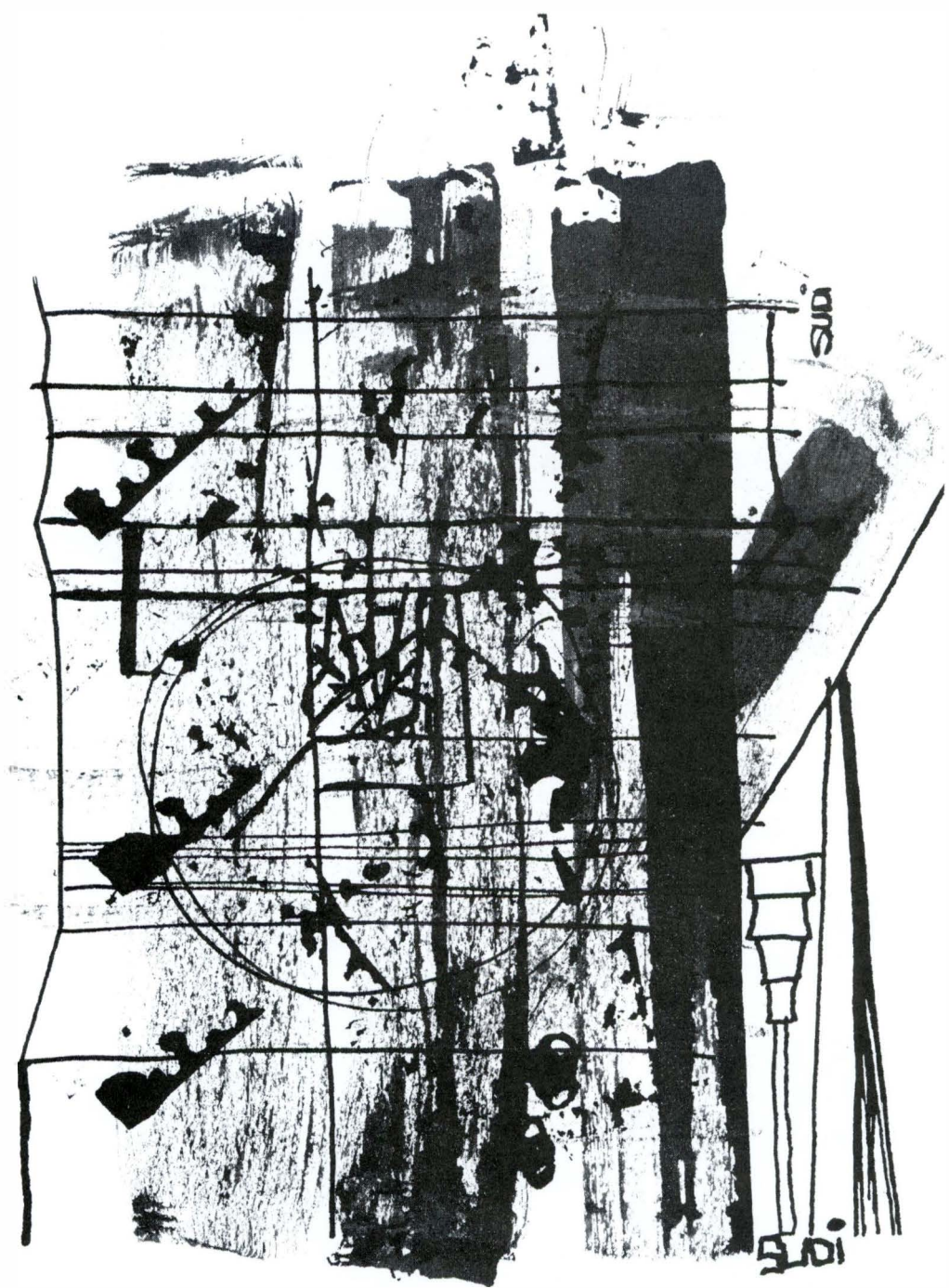


THE BOARD OF AVANT-
GARDE AGREE, AND DO HEREBY
ISSUE A CALL FOR ENTRIES FOR
AN INTERNATIONAL POSTER COM-
PETITION BASED ON THE THEME:

MORE WAR

Judges: Richard Avedon, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Cal-
der, Milton Glaser, Art Kane, Jack Levine, Herb Lubalin,
Dwight Macdonald, Robert Motherwell, Robert Osborn,
Louis Rivers, Ben Shahn, Edward Steichen & Sloan Wilson.

AVANT
GARDE



THE PROPHET

I carved atop a martyred throne
The Judas mark of Roman thought
Which had from my heart's anguish grown,
So deep with sorrow wrought;
That through this deed I might atone
For former fields I fled unfought
And save from a monarch, heathen known,
The dawning son he sought.
A pilgrim, I must stray alone
To preach the peace the carpenter taught,
To sing the psalms his breath has blown,
To contemplate my lot.
My past has into darkness flown,
For Fortunes' bitter wind has caught
And strewn the ash my life has sewn
As summer's dust from drought.

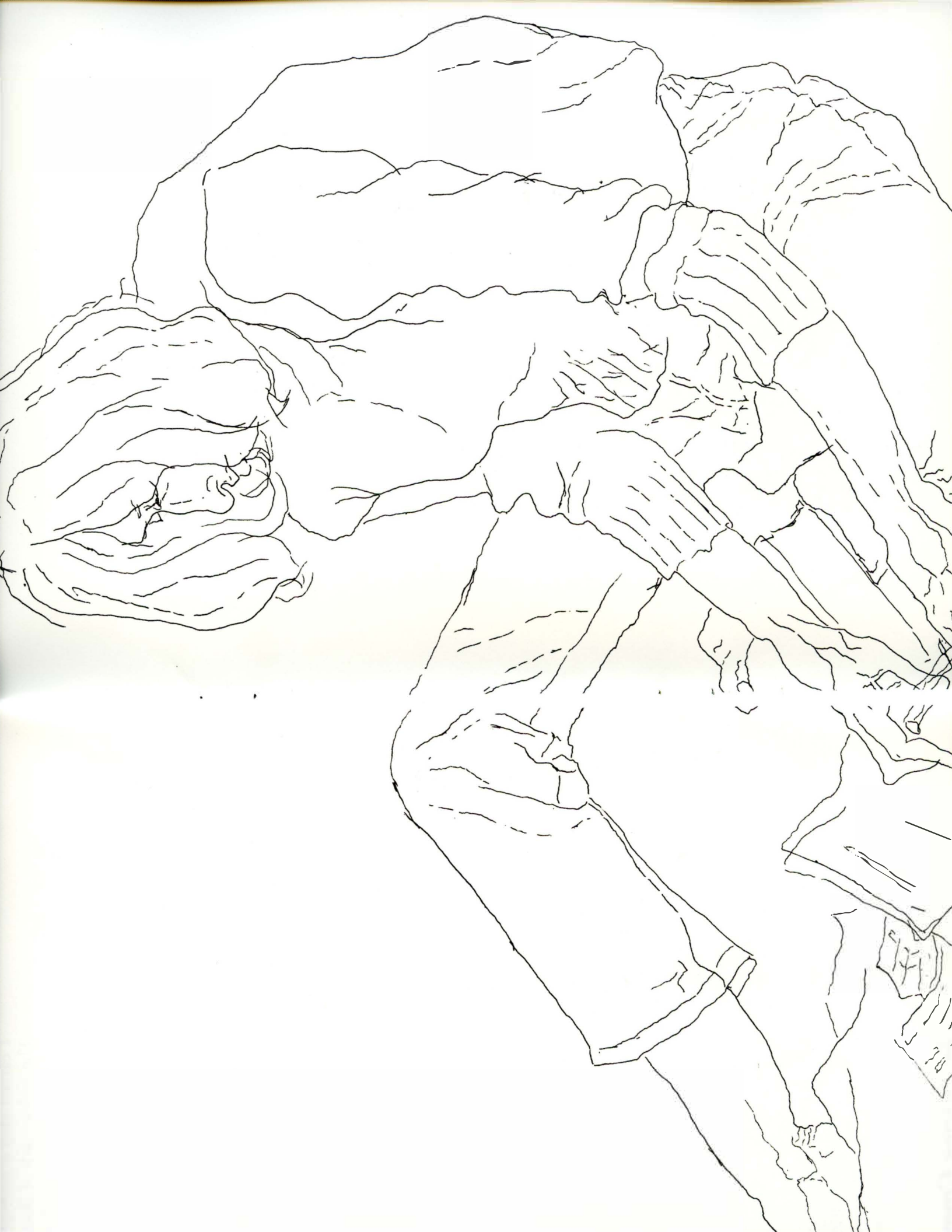
Yet through Aurora's flush in pagan might
Return forgotten idols, mute and cold,
That smile with eyes shone brittle-bright
And teeth of wedding gold.
A shadow falls in silence bringing night
As mankind's warring nature soon grows bold,
And he drives before him, scourged in shameless flight,
Apocalyptic agonies of old.

The rotted beam has split in twain,
And early falls the morning dew.
The hill is drenched with crimson stain;
Grey dawn finds mourning few.
The sacrificial sheep are slain,
And there upon the hilltop stands
A figure white, with heavy mane,
And heavy axe in hand.

Beside him lies a fallen tree.
He holds a cup in lifted toast
To all the silent company,
To all the silent host.

And from the frothing goblet's rim
Arises there an endless Nile;
The sour, red wine overruns the rim
And flows for mile upon mile.

by Patrick Crowley







POEM

how marvelous the random thoughts
of lunatic creature man —
the naked mind absorbs itself,
and throws as light can span
its dream into a vortical dark,
where nothing flesh could stand —
geometries of veins would melt,
and stars would leave their ways,
if thought on thought did not devolve
as nights will follow days;
for all of these anarchic selves
(atomic brains, atomic flesh)
in the vital coursing essence
of the universe are meshed —
miracles mark out their spheres,
and molecules build apart
electron organism,
a creature with a heart —
the patterns of synapses feel
pulsations of the interior light;
the oscillating fibers fill
the darkness of the night —
the cosmic fools who do not know
the mystery of life,
and interrupt the elements
with their unnatural strife,
who pursue invisible beings
where no beings may be caught,
will never know of lunatic man,
or the wonder of his thoughts.

by Donald James



POEM

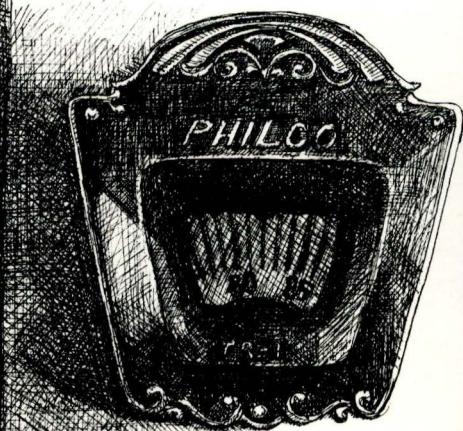
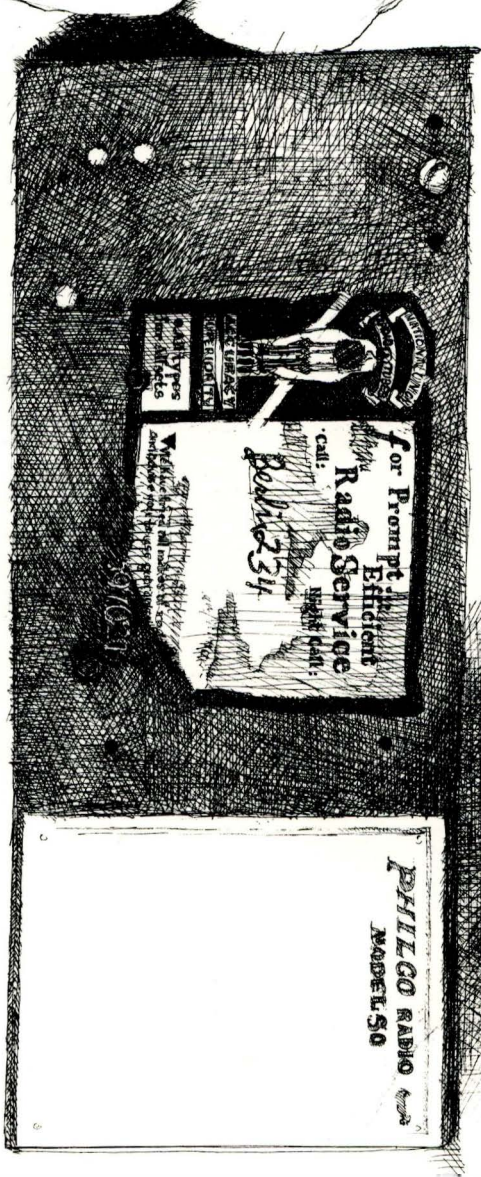
This night's rain has ceased at last
as I stand before the house gazing
at the last torn and tattered
fragments of gray that are dragged
tumbling across the sky like pieces
of an enormous flapping tent
ripped and rent by some wind
newly come into the world.
And in the dissolution of this ceiling,
once the bound of vision and the
ground on which fantastic pageants
enacted were, and myriad
multicolored dreams portrayed
by shattered radiance
cast upon this veil,
the vast and star-strewn, illumined
void reasserts in quiet splendor
its own endless existence,
and so doing creates about me
in finitude of bush and tree
that deeper darkness where
distinctions die and all earthly
forms merge into the uniform
shadowy black material world
spread expectant beneath the stars.

by William Older





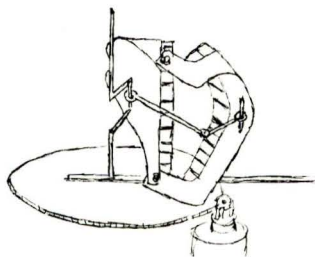
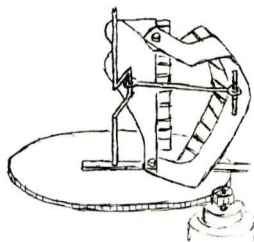
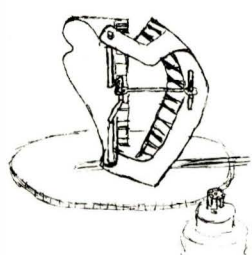
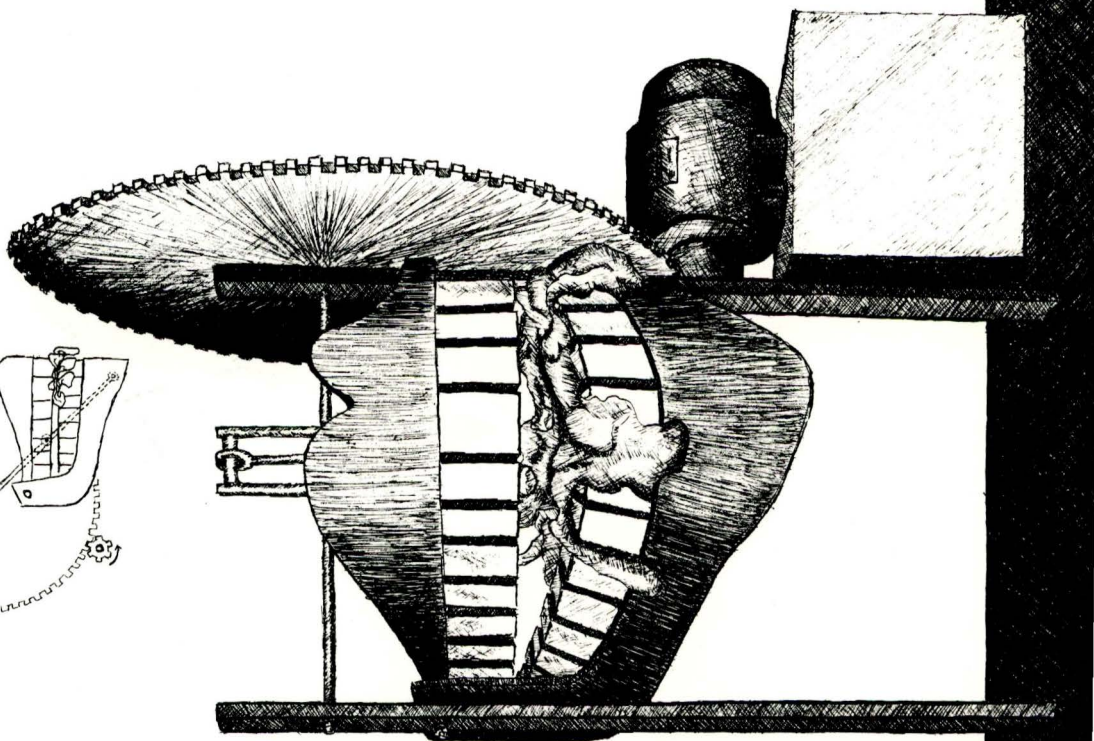
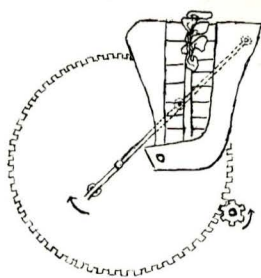
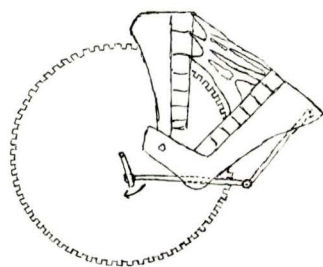
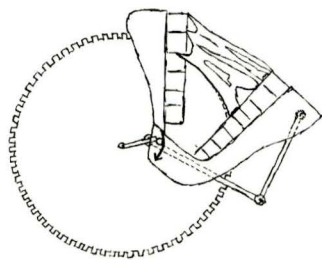
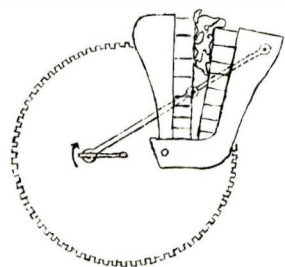
























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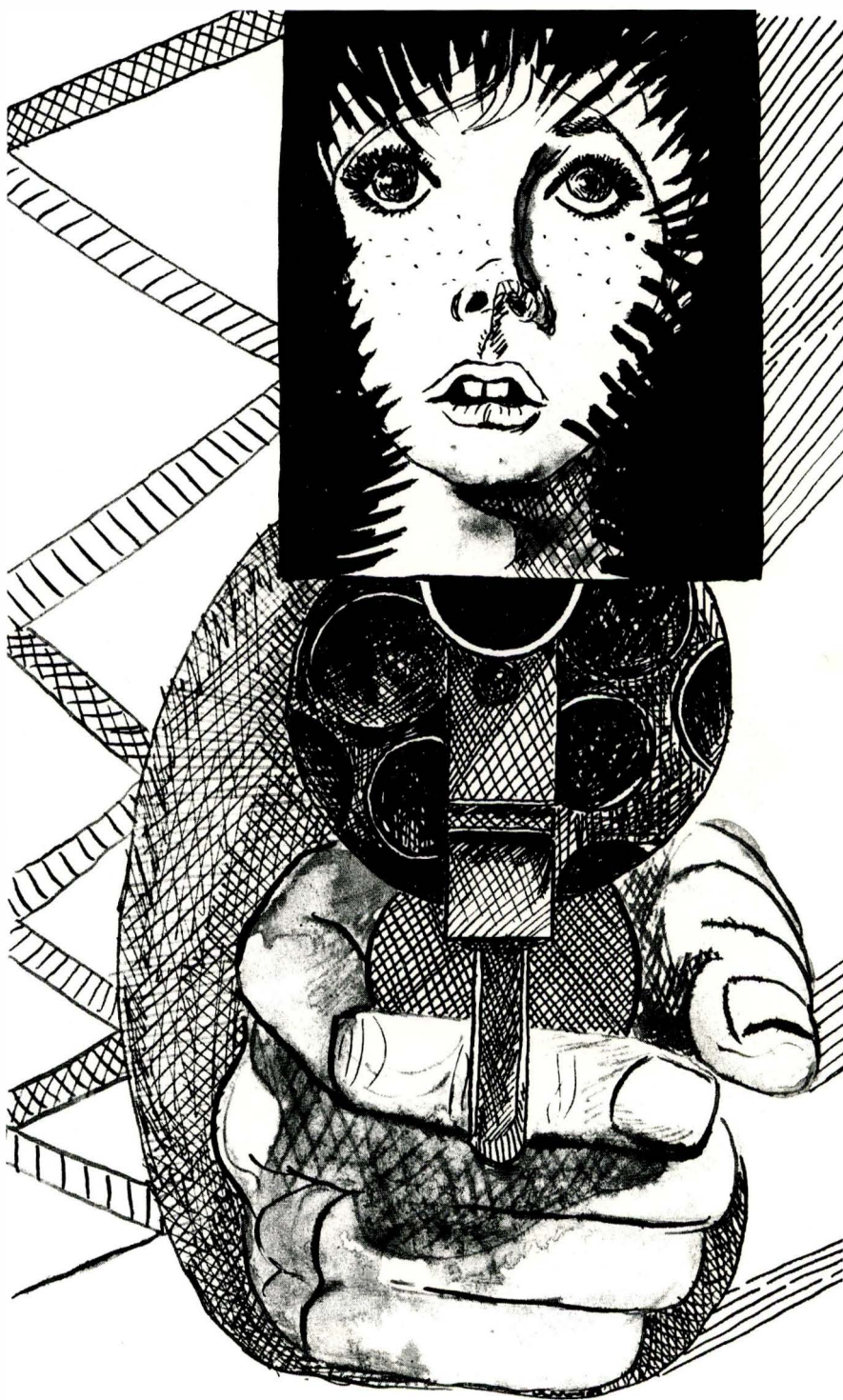


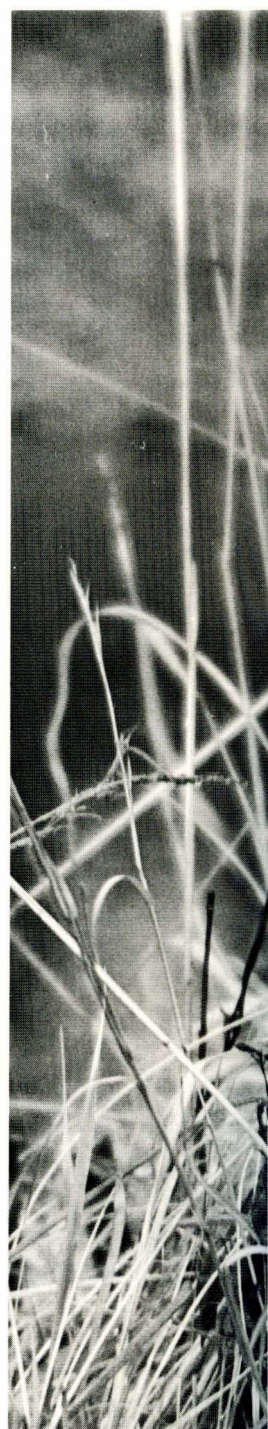
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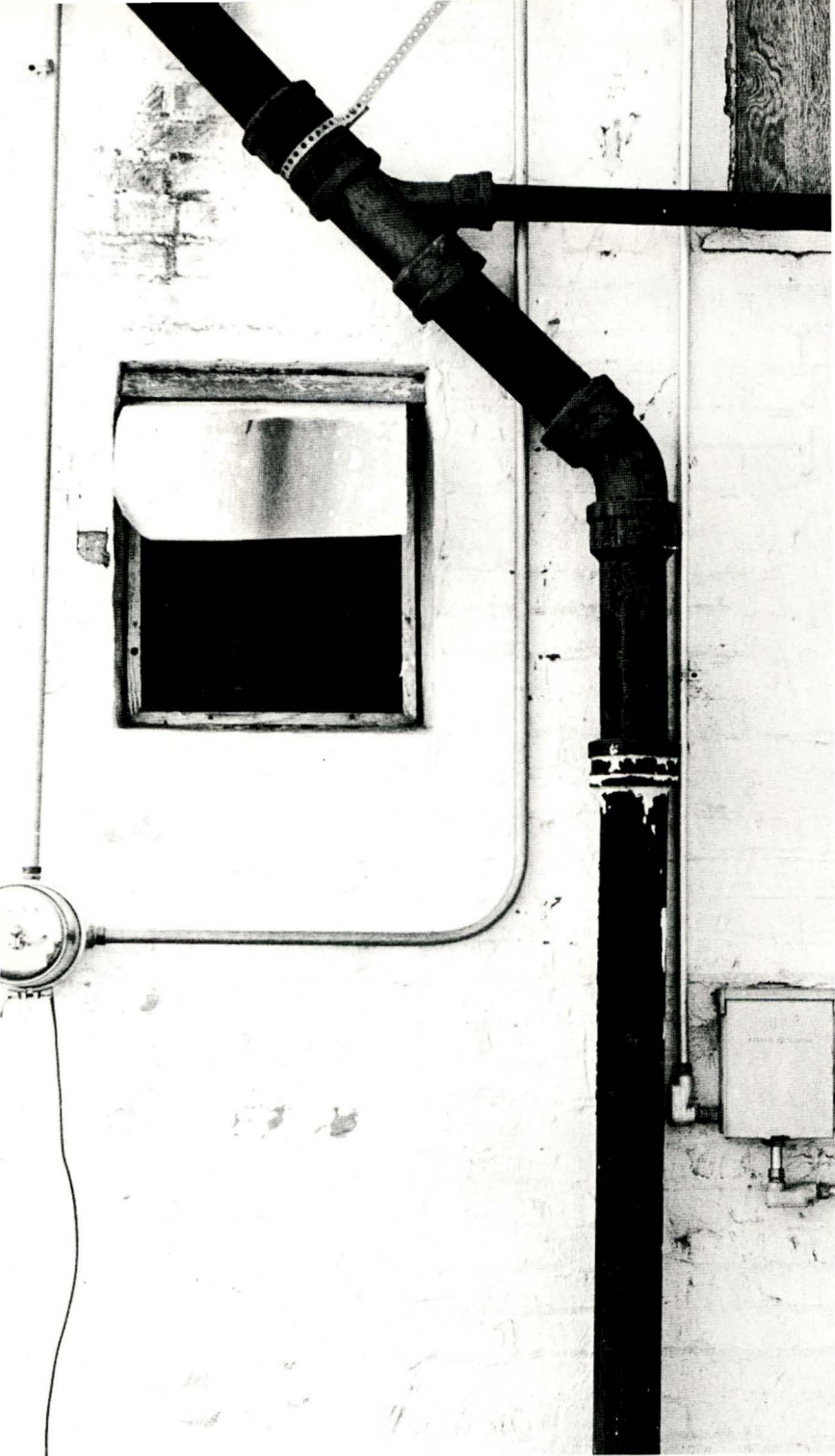
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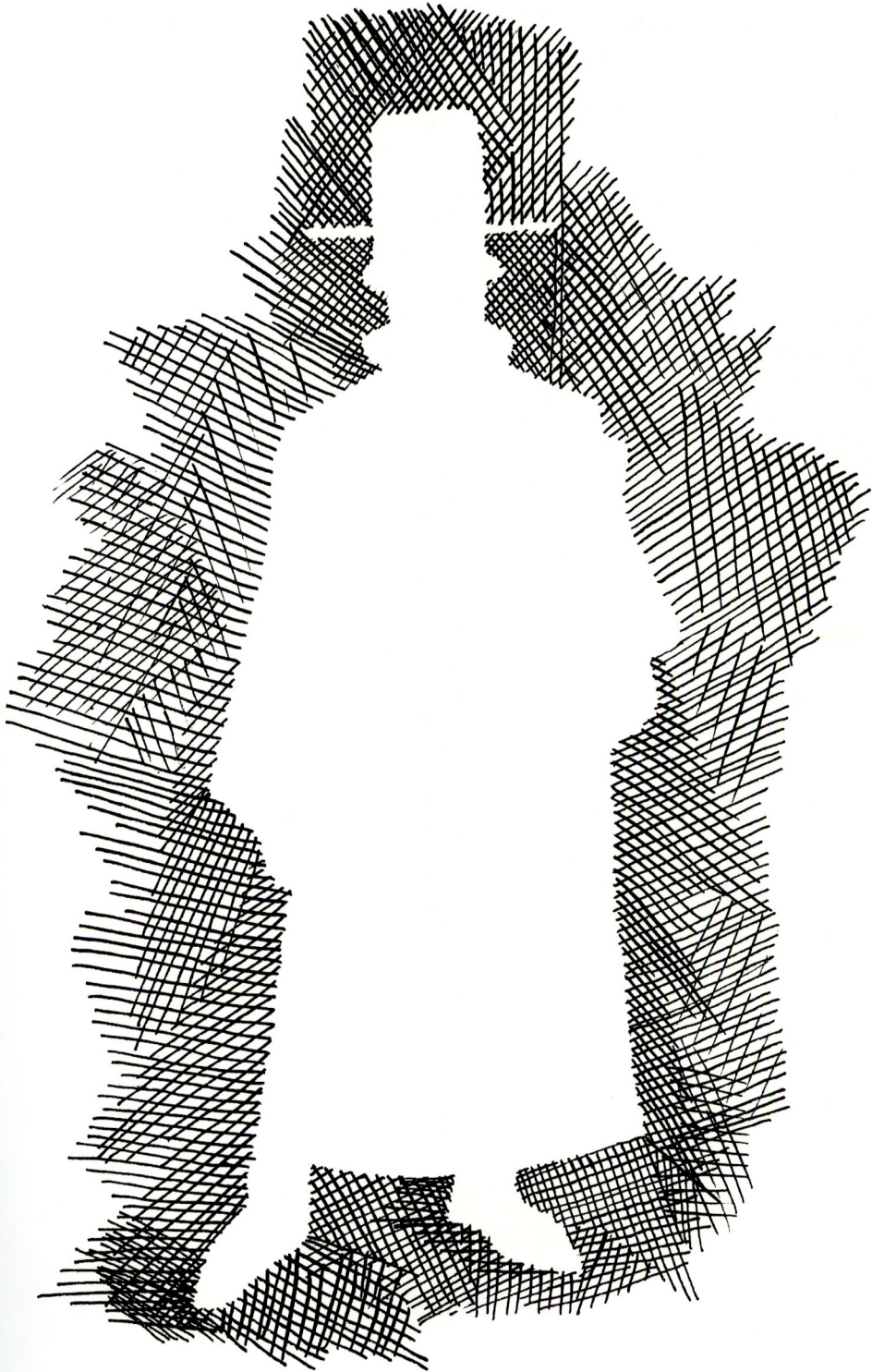








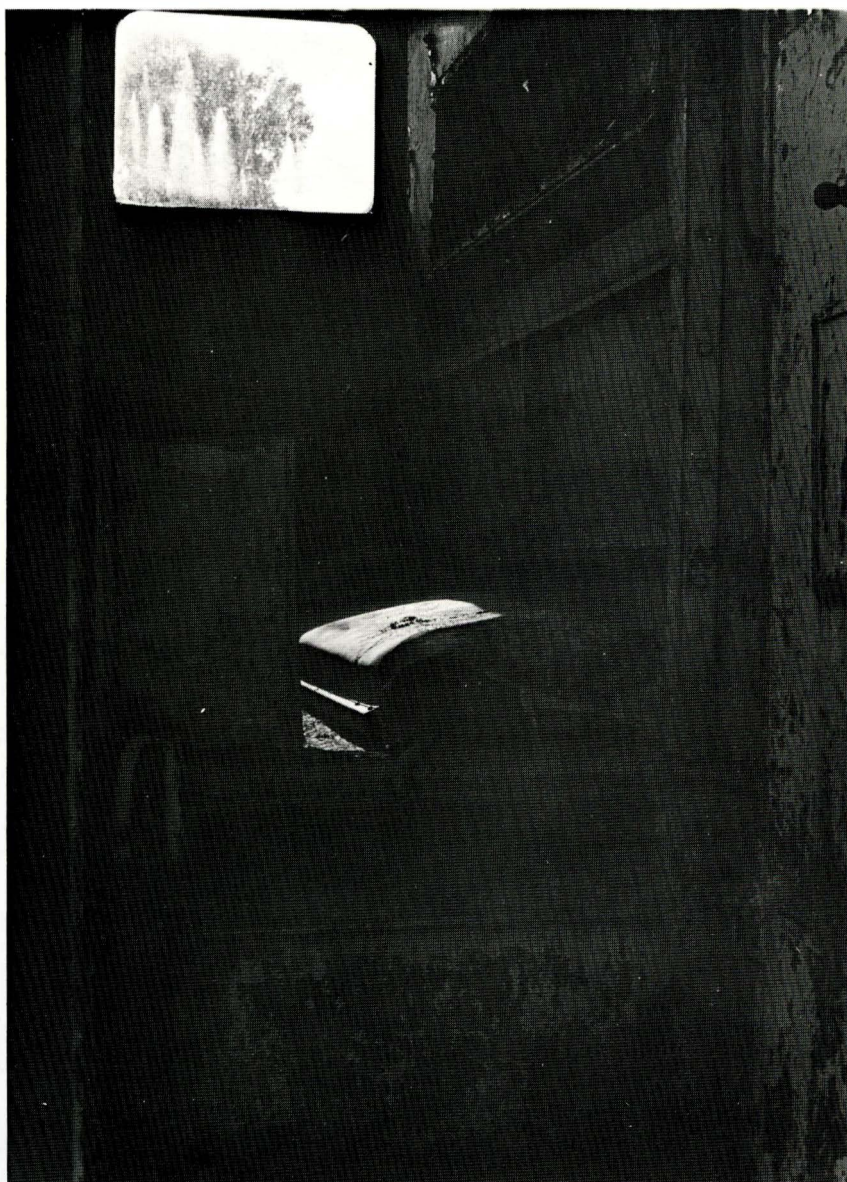














FLAMINGO
1968



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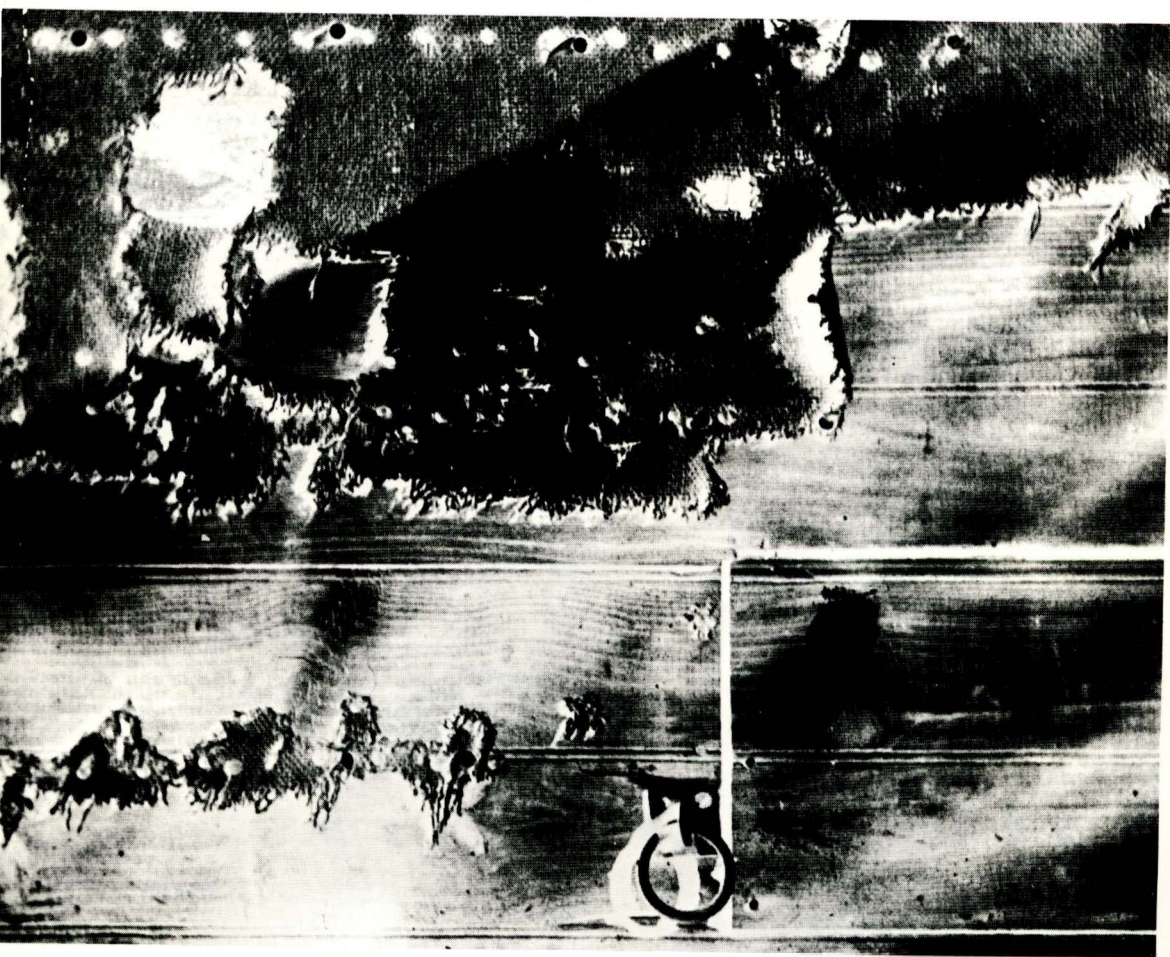
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