

Furman Magazine

Volume 44
Issue 2 *Summer 2001*

Article 41

6-1-2001

Putto's Lament

Putto with dolphin
Furman University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarexchange.furman.edu/furman-magazine>

Recommended Citation

with dolphin, Putto (2001) "Putto's Lament," *Furman Magazine*: Vol. 44 : Iss. 2 , Article 41.
Available at: <https://scholarexchange.furman.edu/furman-magazine/vol44/iss2/41>

This Article is made available online by Journals, part of the Furman University Scholar Exchange (FUSE). It has been accepted for inclusion in Furman Magazine by an authorized FUSE administrator. For terms of use, please refer to the [FUSE Institutional Repository Guidelines](#). For more information, please contact scholarexchange@furman.edu.

Putto's Lament

Those of you who know me — and that's the vast majority of you — know I am not one to whine, despite the occasional indignities I've been subjected to over the years. After all, most have been in good fun.

But the latest assault on my person has forced me to issue a formal response.

When the boys from Facilities Services dropped by this spring and removed me from the heart of the Janie Earle Furman Rose Garden, I assumed they were taking me for my periodic polishing and refurbishing.

Except this time, they didn't scrub my every nook and cranny. They packed me away in a storage bin, with only dolphin and my laptop to keep me company.

Yes, after overseeing the sights and sounds of the rose garden for lo these many years, I have been designated for reassignment.

Not that I'm complaining about my replacement. I'm told that the new gazebo, with its limestone pillars and rose-bedecked dome, gives the garden a romantic, Julie Andrews-Christopher Plummer "here you are, standing there, loving me" feel. *The Paladin* may have called the gazebo a "monstrosity amid the roses," but hey, what do students know?

More to the point, it's Italian in design — even if it is *nouveau* Italian (19th century). My lineage, of course, dates to 15th-century Italy, thanks to my noble creator, Andrea del Verrochio.

What bothers me, though, is the way I was so casually dismissed, as if I served no purpose. It was even tackily suggested that all I was good for was relieving myself in the garden. Anyone whose blood truly runs purple knows better.

Over the years I have considered myself a sentry, standing watch as Furman students come and go. I have looked on as young men and women exchanged their first kisses by the light of the moon. I have been a bemused observer as mischievous creatures, animal and human, scurried about at all hours. I have been the ceremonial centerpiece for countless weddings, receptions and special events. On occasion, when no one was looking, I have taken wing with my feathered lakeside friends.

I have also been the butt of a parade of practical jokes. Dolphin and I have been de-based and dislodged more times than I can recall. Students (probably the more conservative ones) have frequently attempted to dress me, or at least provide undergarments — of either gender. Once I was even given a television, but without cable it was pointless.

And every so often, I have been painted, fondled, manhandled and generally mistreated by those dastardly Citadel cadets during one of their occasional undercover forays to campus. Those clammy hands — I shudder at the memory.

Yet despite my many sacrifices and years of faithful service, I have been shunted aside. I now more fully understand J. Alfred Prufrock's plaintive cry of loneliness: "I should have been a pair of ragged claws scuttling across the floors of silent seas."

There may be hope, though. Rumor is that I will eventually have a new on-campus home. Perhaps even by the time this article is published, dolphin and I will once again be basking in the late summer sun.

But will the scenery be as lovely or as lively? Will I enjoy the same lofty status?

Oh well. I suppose they never promised me a rose garden.

For now, my wish is that you will ask for me the next time you visit the campus. Seek me out. If I am here, stop by and visit.

And together, we'll remember the glory days. Ciao.

— Putto, with dolphin

