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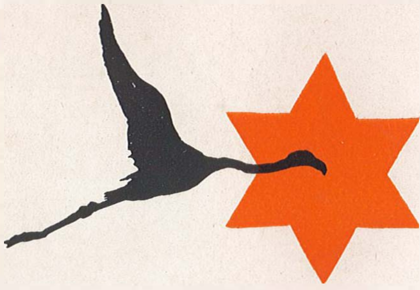

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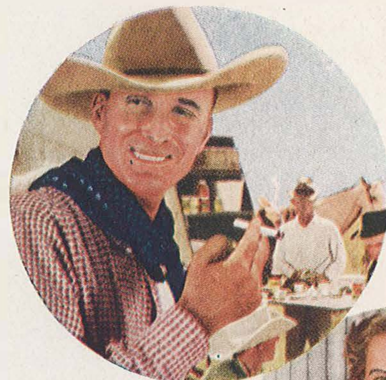

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Biji — *Linoleum cut by Robinhood Rae*

Biji

Eleanor Booth

The General's wife joined him on the island. She had wired him the morning before:

"Darling, I'm flying down to live on the island with you. If coconuts fall on my head, or if wild goats eat my summer clothing (I've got a wonderful supply of summer clothing) it's all my fault, and you're not to worry about my comfort. We shall treat my whole trip as an adventure. Love, Bertha. P. S. And besides, it's too late to stop me."

This had come like a cannon-shot into the General's routine life on the island. It wasn't that he wasn't entirely fond of his wife, nor that he was particularly worried about falling coconuts. It was that he suddenly realized how much he had neglected to tell Bertha about the island. He had told her about the tropical birds in the tops of trees, about the moon which was particularly golden, and of the weather which was like Florida, only perhaps a little sunnier. But somehow he had decided not to let her know about the monkeys, the blazing summer that was like a big bronze oven, the population (sixty-four natives and himself), the shopping district (a wireless room, a general store, and a boathouse), and the living conditions to which it had taken him such a long time to adapt himself.

More than all this he was anxious about Biji. If Bertha walked into the house and found a genuine wild man—an unfathomable little dwarf, half animal, half human—curled up on the floor beside the table, might she not scream, and demand that he get rid of Biji?

Because the wild man was a startling thing. He had a small wrinkled face that was always peering from behind things. And he was moody. When he was even slightly agitated he would jump up and down and tear his hair.

If Bertha should not like Biji, surely, then, Biji would not like Bertha, and then he would display all the bad traits in his character . . . . and then the General would have to give him away to someone.

The General had grown fond of Biji. He had acquired him by being a friend of Major-General Cummings who had to leave suddenly for the United States. Cummings had left Biji with the General for a few weeks, but then Cummings died. Mrs. Cummings refused ownership of Biji, so the General was left holding the bag, wondering what to do with Biji, and realizing they had very little in common. As time went by, Biji became attached to the General, until he was like a faithful dog that didn't quite know how to show his faith. He was efficient in nothing. He hated everything the General liked because he was jealous. . .

And the General, after working on an ingenious sign language for Biji, found that it was no use. Biji understood nothing except that the General was his best friend.

So on the day that Bertha was to arrive the General had tried to teach Biji to sit still in a gentlemanly way on a chair. He thought perhaps Biji would hide his lack of intelligence if he were quietly unobtrusive. He chose the softest chair for Biji, and gave him a great big red ball to hold in his lap.

"Now, Biji, sit still, damn you. You don't understand a thing I'm saying, but sit still."

Biji brought his knees up under his chin, and looked solemnly at his master.

"If the Major hadn't told me you were over fifty I'd be sure you were two," said the General. It was like talking to a little withered tree, talking to Biji. He never

spoke back, and occasionally he nodded just like a tree in a wind.

"You can hold this ball in your lap, old fellow. But sit still. Be a gentleman."

Biji nodded and stared at the ball. (If it were something to eat it was certainly a bright color.) He smiled at the ball and took a preliminary bite. Finding it without flavor and not particularly toothsome, he threw it across the room and hurled himself after it.

This is why the General had succeeded in teaching Biji nothing at all.

Also this is why the General locked Biji in the tool-room the day Bertha arrived. She stood in the midst of a trunk and two suitcases and looked around.

"Darling, this is too marvelous for words —I'm going to love it!" Bertha said. Even at the time, she wasn't sure she meant it. She hadn't expected the island to be like this. It was tropical, but not, as she delicately decided, fashionably tropical. It was so hot the natives went around wearing practically nothing. Everywhere you looked you saw them sitting on doorsteps, fanning themselves and waving away flies. Flies signified a very hot sun and no shade.

The General grinned. "I knew you'd like it. It must be a relief to you to get away from all white people. You and I are the only white people here. It'll be a dashed quiet life for you, but. ."

Bertha closed her eyes very tight and smiled. This was a brave gesture, for she had a strange inclination to scream.

"No white people?" she said. "You mean none at all but us? How nice. Why —why didn't you tell me it was like this?"

The General was on the defensive. "Because," he said, "I didn't see any use in worrying you by telling you there is a bunch of wild natives that run around with nothing but knives and loin cloths. How was I to know you were going to land here? Besides you never asked me. I certainly would have told you if you'd asked me."

"Knives, dear? Do they really have knives?"

"Oh yes," said the General. "They really do."

"Do they," she took off her gloves majestically as she said this, "Do they eat with their knives?"

"You flatter them!"

"Oh dear, this is quite amazing!"

She took a brief look at the living room and shuddered. It was small. And it obviously served as a living room and a dining room. There was a card table to eat upon. She knew at a glance it was the kind of card table that wiggled when you touched it. And she glimpsed a hugh insect scuttling behind the door.

"This is the dining-parlor," the General explained. "This little square over here is a window. It's too high to see out of, but that's the way natives build houses. Maybe you can put some curtains up. Maybe you'd like a rug too—"

Bertha thought that of all things that concerned her today, rugs were the least.

"What are these?" She picked up a pan of large fruit and stared at it. "What in the world? Do you eat these things?"

"They're papayas," he said. "We practically live on them this time of year. They taste like dishwater until you've eaten them regularly for about two weeks."

She put the pan down, and turned to the other side of the room. "I thought papayas were nuts. What's in here?"

"This is the kitchen. You'll be proud to know I own the only stove on the island."

"It's a very cute little kitchen," Bertha said, noting that there wasn't any icebox, and that the sink was practically alive with ants. "Who does the cooking?"

"A fellow I call Pinhead. You'll like Pinhead—he's the best cook on the island.

By Jove, Bertha, he can fix a papaya up in at least fifty different ways. And he can make a dish of avocado fit for a king.

"I thought you said avocado," Bertha said.

"I did!"

"But John—I'm certain avocado is a game you play with dice. How can you cook it?"

The General winced at such ignorance from his own wife. "These avocados grow on trees like grapefruit. You'll have to learn to like avocados, too. No one likes them at first."

"Aren't we going to have anything to eat but avocados and papayas?"

The General laughed. "Oh we're really quite civilized. We eat cabbage and rice and eggplant and chicken too. Pinhead can cook chicken better than any cook in America."

"I would like to see Pinhead," Bertha said.

"Pinhead is in the grove. He's picking kumquats." The General was beginning to enjoy his wife's bewilderment. Of course she didn't know what kumquats were, any more than had the General known nine months ago. Bertha smiled very weakly, and said:

"Isn't that nice."

So by the time it was seven-thirty, Bertha had gracefully adapted herself to the little adventure she had undertaken.

"It will be a game, John. I'll l-love it." She hesitated for a moment. "I'm only worried about one thing."

"That's good," said the General. He was wondering how long Biji would allow himself to be locked in the tool-shed. He could hear no sounds from there, and this relieved him. If Biji were asleep he would be temporarily harmless.

Though it was seven-thirty, there was still the last glow of the sunset. Little bonfires appeared here and there over the island, and lamps shone from the windows of the black people's homes. The General stood with his wife in the doorway, and together they watched her first tropical night crawl over the land. It crawled like a great lazy animal, sulking and warm in the slow wind.

She was silent for quite a while before she could find herself able to speak.

"Shall we install a radio, John?"

He was startled. "A radio!"

"Why, yes. I think it would be nice to have a radio, don't you?"

The General was saved from answering her. She clutched his arm and cried:

"JOHN THERE'S SOMETHING COMING TOWARD US! A GREAT BIG BLACK THING!"

The General strained his eyes into the twilight. "Pinhead?" He called.

"Yes Genul, me Pinhead. Me got much bananas from little boat. Traded three little bags kumquats much bananas and two big watermelons."

Pinhead came into view. He was a huge native with a small head on mammoth shoulders, and a kindly face. He was so big, Bertha knew at once she didn't like him.

"Oh John!" She whispered. "Oh John! He's awfully big!"

"Pinhead," said the General, "come and meet my wife. Bertha this is Pinhead, the best cook on the island. Pinhead, my wife."

Gravely Pinhead stepped forward. "Me like wife of great Genul Marx. Me give Mrs. Genul several bananas." With a bow he handed her four bananas.

"Now go to the kitchen and cook us the best meal you've ever cooked," the General said. And Pinhead bowed and disappeared.

Bertha looked coldly at her husband who seemed quite satisfied with himself. "He's amazing," she said. "Do these nice natives ever wash? And why in God's name am I holding these bananas. Here dear, you may have them."

She put them carefully in his hands, but he didn't notice, because he heard sounds

from the tool shed. Perhaps it was his imagination that distinguished the pattering of a pair of feet from behind the house. It sounded as if Biji might be jumping up and down on the clay floor.

"Pinhead is making a bit of noise," he said, and he led her into the house. "Pinhead is one of these lazy cooks, but he makes a great deal of noise while he's being lazy."

It was the longest day Bertha had ever spent in her life. First she had tried to find a pilot who would fly to the island, and then the pilot had had an awful time finding a place on the island where he could land the plane, and now that she was here she had to realize this was actually where she was going to live. When she thought about how she had expected bridge parties on a great cool porch, and hotels, and bathing beaches, she was angry, and wanted desperately to give the General the scolding he deserved.

But then there was always the fact that he hadn't actually extended her an invitation. She had come because she had really wanted to see what a tropical island was like. If she had found out to her own disappointment, it was her fault. She hated having things her fault.

When she had finally made the decision that she would be a good sport, she saw a spider and changed her mind. He was climbing slowly and gracefully up the wall in the living room, and she stood frozen to the floor in horror.

"Oh John. Oh John. I can stand anything, but not a spider. Oh John. I've never seen such a spider . . . he's huge. I hate him."

The General nodded. "Yes, he's quite big, isn't he? I call him Wofford. If I called him Chester he wouldn't know the difference, but Wofford seems to suit him. He's harmless. He eats cockroaches and flies. And he's quite pretty. He has a yellow stomach."

Bertha wanted to cry. "John, if you love me at all, kill Wofford. I hate him. I'm scared to death of him. And if you don't I won't be able to go to bed tonight."

"Bertha! You'd have me kill Wofford? Poor Wofford who eats cockroaches and flies? Oh Bertha!"

"I'd rather have a thousand cockroaches galloping like horses all over the house, than have Wofford just staggering up this wall with a scowl on his face. Have a heart, John."

So John killed the spider. He did it tenderly, with a broom, and Biji, looking in through the window, saw it happen. Biji knocked angrily upon the window and shook his fist at the General. It seems that he had been fond of Wofford too.

The General knew it was Biji knocking at the window before he even looked around to see. Bertha had wheeled around, and had screamed in terror.

"Biji! You scoundrel! How did you get out? Get away!" The General shouted, and went to the window. It was a high window, and Biji was perched mysteriously on the window sill.

"What is it, John, what is it?" Bertha screamed. "Get it away! I can stand anything, but not THAT! Oh PLEASE kill it. . . ."

"I will not kill Biji, and Bertha you're not going to have hysterics. Biji is a little man who is a friend of mine. Come in, Biji. Biji wouldn't hurt a fly."

The General held out his arms, and Biji jumped into them.

Bertha cowered into a corner of the room. "Oh John! This is awful! Tell me what it is quick! Oh I don't like it here at all. I want to go back to Detroit. Oh, this is awful."

And Biji sensed her dislike immediately. He saw her look at him as one might look at a cobra. So he hung tight to the General's leg, and made unfriendly noises in his throat. He hated her, and she would be sorry. . . . she, who wore a white smooth dress and would not smile at him.

"Where does he live? Send him home. I refuse to stay in this house if he is in it. He is an animal with an old man's face. Why John, I *loathe* him."

The General was enraged. "Bertha, you're out of your head. Would you hurt the little fellow's feelings? This is Biji, and he lives here, and this is his bed."

The General pointed to a little wooden bed, with a pillow underneath it. "He never sleeps on the bed, he sleeps under it. So I put the pillow under it. He sits under chairs, too, instead of on them. I wager *you* couldn't sit under a chair."

Bertha had to take a sleeping pill to get to sleep that night. And she had bad dreams. She dreamed that she was eaten limb by limb by a spider that was as big as a house. In the morning when she woke up she found a dead spider on her pillow, and she was horrified. When she showed the General he was horrified too.

"That's Wofford. It's his ghost come to haunt you. There, Bertha, will you have spiders killed when they're innocent?"

Bertha flashed a defiant look at him. "I'm going home. I hate you. This is too awful to be a mere nightmare. I can't stand it, dear."

"The plane has gone back," said the General. "It seems as though you'll have to stay. It will be better when you get used to it. I didn't like it at first. I guess it gets in your blood."

"I don't want to get it in my blood." Big tears were on Bertha's cheeks. She looked very small and helpless, and the General was sorry for her.

"Be a sport, dear. Remember it's your fault. Be sure to remember that. Come on, Pinhead has cooked breakfast. I smell chicken, I'm sure! I guess it's in your honor."

"Chicken for breakfast?" She was completely depressed. "I don't want any breakfast."

"Come and eat. We have coffee and bacon too. And eggplant. Pinhead cooks anything he can get his hands on."

"That's it," said Bertha. "He never washes his hands. I'm not hungry at all."

She went to breakfast at the card table, and ate more than she had expected to eat. She was about to make a favorable remark, when she saw another dead spider beside her plate. It was Wofford. With legs curled up, the ghost of Wofford was haunting her. She was speechless with fright.

"John, here's Wofford again. Oh John!"

The General was as amazed as she was.

"By God, Bertha! So it is! I hardly know what to say."

And after breakfast, when they walked onto the screened porch, they found three big spiders clinging to the inside of the screen. This alarmed the General, for, as he explained, it was very rarely that more than one spider inhabited a house. And these big ones usually preferred the jungle at that.

Bertha remained very disagreeable the whole day. At dinner she was not at all surprised to find the ghost of Wofford resting in her spoon. And at supper when she found a live spider on her plate, she only cried in agony, and threw the plate on the floor.

"John, I hate Biji, and I hate spiders. I can't abide either of them. Do something please."

Biji was under the table eating a bacon sandwich. He caught the spider up in his hand when it landed on the floor, and the General saw him do it. He knew at once that Biji was the one that had populated the house with spiders. Perhaps he had gone out in the jungle to catch them, and put them

in the house. And he knew the reason Biji did it was that Bertha hated spiders, and Biji hated Bertha.

The General was amazed that Biji had such intelligence.

The General excused himself, and, dragging Biji to the tool shed, he spanked him. He spanked him hard, too, and told him never never again to get a spider and bring it into the house. But how was Biji to know what the General was spanking him about?

That night there was a spider on Bertha's bed again, and the General was forced to kill it with a broom. And if Biji were jumping up and down in rage upon his bed, no one knew.

Bertha caught Biji at his trick the next morning. She saw him folding a spider up in her napkin. He had no idea she would get up so early, so he was surprised when he heard her shriek:

"BIJI!" He saw her coming toward him, with her hand raised as if she might strike him. So he slunk guiltily out the door with the spider. Now that she had found him out, he hated her more, and she hated him more. And the General sensed it. First Bertha locked Biji out of the house and refused to let him in. And when the General objected she said if Biji would wear more than that diaper she wouldn't mind, but she couldn't stand seeing dwarfs who were practically nude.

The General dressed Biji in a boy's shirt and some pants and let him in the house again. This delighted Bertha, to see Biji so miserable in clothes that were so hot and so much too big for him.

"You'll think I'm hard-hearted, dear," she laughed, talking to her disgusted husband, "but I don't like Biji, and he deserves everything he's going to get."

"Oh, aren't you through with him?"

"Horrors, no! I think he needs an education. I'm going to send him to that little school where seven native children go."

And she did. She packed a lunch for him, and dragged him into the school house. The teacher was a big native woman who had an education extending to the third grade. She told Bertha that she didn't think she wanted to teach a pygmy. She said she had enough trouble with regular sized people. But Biji was left there and Bertha went home. And when she arrived home she found Biji already home, with only his diaper on, sitting on the doorstep, a little out of breath from running.

"Biji, you're a bad, bad dwarf. WHY did your mother ever give birth to you?" Bertha cried. "I refuse to ever let you in the house again."

Biji did not look at her. He nodded sourly at the ground, and watched her as she put his little wooden bed under the house.

"There," she said. "You can sleep there. And I hope the mosquitoes devour you bodily."

Biji's instinct told him that she was planning for him to sleep under the house. This didn't worry him, because his best friend was the General. Would the General make him sleep under the house?

From the doorstep he watched Bertha walking away from the house. She was going to find the General and tell him how bad he had been. Biji was angry, but for some reason he controlled his anger. He would like to have killed her, because she hated him. From a great distance he followed her, watched her take careful steps through the dust of the road.

The General was at the wireless house. The wireless house was on the other side of the island, and to get there she would have to go down a very thin little path, across a bridge, and skirt the jungle. Perhaps she would not know the way. Biji leapt along behind her, and watched her with glee. Certainly she would lose her way.

But suddenly, just as she was across the bridge, she stopped, and screamed. There was no one but Biji to hear her. Biji crept silently up to her, and looked at her with curiosity. She was staring at something on the ground . . . staring so hard that she couldn't move. Biji looked at the ground, and saw a snake. It was a fat brown snake, and he was afraid of it too. It lay coiled like a huge rope at Bertha's feet. But its head was raised, and slowly it seemed to swell all over, and it made hissing sounds.

Bertha was transfixed. She seemed to be out-staring the snake. Biji saw the snake's head going to strike.

He leapt upon the coil of snake. He bit its neck with his sharp teeth, he fought it with his small fists. Its tail whipped helplessly in the air as Biji pounded its head into the ground. It was the first time Biji had ever fought with a snake. If he had realized he was doing it, he probably would have stopped. The snake was much longer than Biji, and it was as fat in the middle as both of Biji's legs together.

The snake was lying on the ground almost still. Its body was moving convulsively in a few last moments of life. Bertha watched the solemn little Biji arise from the ground and kick the snake. He kicked it twice, and stepped back, a look of astonishment creeping over his face. He turned to Bertha and nodded to her with a smile, and she smiled at him.

He lifted his arm for her to see. She gasped. It was swelling. The snake had bitten Biji, and his arm was swelling. Bertha knew what you did for snake bites. You took a knife and cut around them, and then you let them bleed quite profusely. But Bertha had no knife.

"John! John! John!" She screamed. "Oh John, come quick."

Biji wondered what she was shrieking about. Perhaps she didn't want the snake killed.

And then his arm began to hurt, and he ran around in circles in his agony. Bertha stood helplessly by, her hand pressed against her cheek. "Biji! Darling little Biji! Don't let him die . . . Oh John!"

The General dashed over to the bridge and found Biji whimpering, lying on the ground, and Bertha stroking his dirty hair and weeping.

"John . . . SNAKE!"

The General had his knife out, and was treating Biji's wound. The General's hand shook, but he was very tender.

"Oh please make him live, John. You must, John." This was Bertha speaking. But what a different Bertha. The General looked up at her gravely, and his voice was hoarse when he said,

"He'll pull through. Let's get him back to the house."

Together they carried him back, Bertha holding his head. When they reached the house, the General looked for a place to lay him, and was a bit puzzled. Bertha was also puzzled, and then she said:

"Wait, dear, his bed." She hurried out of the door, crawled under the house, and got the little bed. She put a pillow in it, and then Biji was put carefully in. When the General saw Bertha sitting, a little bewildered, by Biji's bed, he smiled to himself.

A Political Concept Derived from Philosophy

Fentress Gardner

A political system is made up, however you slice it, of individuals. Individuals are human beings. Therefore the ideal state must become organized in relation to the purpose and whole of human life. Scientific social planning is theoretically the ideal way to solve the major economic problems of the world, but because it is on such mass scale, it is fraught with dangers. This essay attempts to indicate some of these difficulties and dangers; it contemplates defining some of the limits of political economy.

Spencer says: "Economic relationships are so different from political relationships, and so much more complex, that no government could regulate them all without an enslaving bureaucracy." Whether he has the answer or not, this is a vital and profound question. The answer comes only as we come to understand the essential character and values of human life.

Kant says: "The history of the human race, viewed as a whole, may be regarded as a hidden plan of nature to bring about a political constitution, internally and externally perfect, as the only state in which all the capacities implanted by her in mankind can be fully developed." This means that organic harmony is the end of an evolutionary Nature herself. We must beware the artificial regulation of individuals in presumptuous attempts to anticipate and control nature when we little understand the vital principle itself. In this regard Kant says: "Every man is to be respected as an absolute end in himself; and it is a crime against the dignity that belongs to him as a human being to use him as a mere means for some external purpose."

Thus it becomes clear: Behind all political problems lies the nature of man. To understand politics we must first understand psychology. Plato says "States are made out of the human natures which are in them; the state is what it is because its citizens are what they are and have been. Therefore we need not expect better states until we have better men; till then all changes will leave every essential thing unchanged." And again he asks: "Why is it that Utopias never arrive?" and answers, "Because of greed and luxury. Men are not content with a simple life: they are acquisitive, ambitious in an anti-social way, competitive, and jealous; they soon tire of what they have and pine for what they have not; they seldom desire anything unless it belongs to others. The result is encroachment of one group on the territory of another." This may sound trite or overstated, but I find that it is at the very heart of the thesis which I am following. This is a description which fits only the human being in the animal kingdom. Other animals have predatory appetites, to be sure, but not this acquisitive instinct and lust for power.

Thus in the state, owing to this basic character of its members, especially the group in power, changes occur in the distribution of wealth, economic shifts in the social structure, which in turn, according to Marx, are the basis for revolutionary class struggles. Whether for good or ill this, the dialectic of history, is natural to man. And when seen from a positive light we can find in this conflict the actual source of his restless movement, exploration, change, growth, higher development. It is in relation to this that Kant says: "If man were entirely social, he would stagnate. A certain alloy of individualism and competition is required to make the human species survive and grow. Without qualities of an unsocial kind, men might have led an Arcadian shepherd life in complete harmony, contentment and mutual love; but in that case all their talents would have forever remained hidden in their germ." In comparison to this, the evolution of the lower animals is fixed and secure.

Thus it is that in whatever sort of government we set up, at the top where we should find that statesmanship, which is the coordination of social forces and the adjustment of group policy to growth, we generally find instead, politics, which is the strategy of party and lust for the spoils of office.

Side by side with this tendency to indulgence and excess, there is in man an inner urge to balance and wisdom. Within the arena of this conflict lies the solution which the state as such can never give. Men are free to upset the balance of their own natures by an excessive conditioning of their environment. Beasts are not. Psychologically speaking, there is no idea which when pushed out of or beyond its natural place, origin, or organic relation, does not become ridiculous. Here we have perhaps the basic disagreement between certain phases of ancient Greek and modern socialistic thought. Dialectical materialism cannot reconcile itself to idealism. Thus systems as such cannot be ideal, for unless this propensity for overstepping bounds and upsetting the inner balance and order of the new be solved or resolved in each individual development, systems will always endlessly evolve into other systems, and none will be safe from exploitation. The need is not to stop this process for fear of what may issue from the new, but rather to develop in mankind a greater consciousness of what is required so that it may learn to make such transitions wisely without sacrificing original heritage. Hegel is the progenitor of this dialectic, and hence I think it would be worthwhile to quote him directly from the heart of his thesis: "So, no doubt, our present system secretes a self-corroding contradiction which evolution must solve by a reconciling unity. The stimulating individualism required in a period of economic adolescence (America) and unexploited resources, arouses in a later age the aspiration for a cooperative commonwealth; and the future will see neither the reality nor the visioned ideal, but a synthesis, in which something of both will come together to beget a higher life. . . And that higher stage will divide into a productive contradiction, and rise to still loftier levels of organization, complexity and unity. The movement of thought then is the same as the movement of things; in each there is a dialectical progression from unity through diversity to diversity in unity." From Hegel stem Feuerbach, Engels, and Marx.

Today members of the intelligentsia and brain-trusts frequently fail to remember Kant's warning that the individual must be considered as an end in himself. They talk and plan freely and do not hesitate to use men for the external purpose of making their plans successful. This is not altruism although it may issue from the highest motives. Socrates knew that men learn through their own activity, and are convinced only by their own logic drawn from experience. A man may educate his logic, his reasoning power, his feeling life, but it is from inner to outer and not vice versa. You can crush something by force or direct it by exterior persuasion, but you cannot *make* it grow simply because it may appear to be a good idea. Its vital force and seed form are locked within it, and though an attempt to interfere with this may be successful in one respect, through a special

adaptation, the whole will suffer in vitality, or balance, or resistance to disease. The net effect will be warped, and a thousand plagues will now arise in one form or another where ten obtained before. For nothing happens in the world that does not ultimately affect everything else in the world.

Individuals are born with natural capacities, each different in some respect. In this sense, equality of men is absurd. The ideal of equality holds only for equality of opportunity. Education should not propose to mold people to a five or fifty year plan, but respecting a man's distinctive individuality and personality, help him to discover his bent, develop his inner form, and in the work or function which evolves from this, to educate him to a social consciousness. People in the big modern industrial and political centers, in nearly every section of the country, have around them a highly artificial environment, and it is quite difficult for them to thread their way back to any organic relation to Nature and the universe. Only when the individual finds this relation for himself can he know his natural place or function, not his pre-planned or artificially determined place. It is only then he does not become part of society's burden, then that he is able to give to the community life a contribution that is more than fulfilling his role as a cog in a stacked system, a contribution that involves not his mechanical obeisance, but his personality and character, as a human being. Thus freedom is the supreme good and the first aim of the social state; for without it, personality is impossible.

Philosophers disagree as to whether the state exists for the individual or vice versa. I think that in a real sense both are true. But it is bad thinking to lose the individual in the shuffle of large scale planning. His place is more important than ever, for as an individual he is able to demand more rights. The state is still the servant of the people. Contributions rise from the individual culture to the national culture in the most unpredictable sources and ways. They become part of the continually changing, evolving common culture pattern. They are the diverse roots of tha national culture. Attempts to place these roots under hothouse conditions are mistaken altruism, and in the long run will weaken the fibre of the national vitality. Almost any government is good that seeks to serve, maintain and keep clear the vessels that carry the life blood of the nation, and becomes bad in the first step it takes toward exploitation—i. e., dosing the patient so that the disease it is trying to treat, instead of getting well, becomes chronic. Discipline is service. Repression is exploitation.

It is a basic fallacy to think of human beings as in any sense equal. Society has a natural structure to which each single person makes a special contribution. It is in this knowledge that the social state must build itself. Plato divides it thus: a small class of Guardians, protected by a large class of soldiers, resting on a broad base of commercial, industrial, and agricultural population. The point is that most students agree that there are natural divisions in any group. These groups should not become solidified by heritage or in any other way. Intercourse should be kept free so that the groups may maintain a properly conditioned tension between them; that the individual may find his organic place in society. In short the perfect society would be that in which each class and each unit, like cells in the blood stream, would be doing the work to which its *nature* and *aptitude* best adapted it; in which no class would exploit others, but all would cooperate in difference and tension, organically determined, to produce an efficient and harmonious whole. It is revealing to note how distinct different ethics have always been, for these various natural groups. Plato's Guardians are comparable perhaps in the Middle Age church organization to the Monks and Priests. Among *them* the ethic of communism is practical. It is impractical for the economic class. The distinguishing characteristics of the economic class are powerful instincts of acquisition and competition. Men engrossed in the pursuit of material gain are unfit to rule, i. e., to direct a state. It is significant to notice that the top men in government today, especially in the dictatorships, are almost philosopher kings with respect to their isolation. They are men who are pressing particular points of view to be sure and in relation to the whole world are often anti-social, but as leaders we find them almost without economic connection, directed largely by the objective necessity of the situation, and without the narrowing egoism of the family.

Society naturally falls into hierarchy on a functional basis. It is only when this is exploited or perverted, either deliberately or through tradition, that we come to regard hierarchy as an odious concept. One of the great strengths of the Catholic Church is its recognition of this hierarchical principle. The social state should not imply communism in the sense of equality of position or reward. Man has advanced economically to an industrial civilization, but what we learn from this is that we are indeed of the same body, but that we are equal members and that the best health of the whole involves the functional activity and health of all its members. It is not a question of inferiority, but difference in function.

Only temporarily will we see the middle class push to the fore, translating everything in terms of *its* ethics. When at last it is in power, then it will find within itself again the tendencies to split into hierarchical arrangement. In spiritual organization mankind is not so much advanced over the Egyptian Theocracy, where the civilization was ruled by a small priestly class. Ownership of land and resources must be either private, with all its waste and lack of social vision on the one hand and its intense care for its own welfare on the other, which at least up to a point also contributes indirectly to the general welfare, or it remains from above in the hands of the Guardians. Common property in any other sense would mean a dilution of responsibility, factional quarrels, where "when everything belongs to everybody nobody will take care of anything."

In this regard George Santayana says: "A state composed exclusively of such workers and peasants as make up the bulk of modern nations would be an utterly barbarous state. Every liberal tradition would perish in it; and the rational historic essence of patriotism itself would be lost. The emotion of it, no doubt, would endure, for it is not generosity that the people lack. They possess every impulse; *it is experience that they cannot gather, for in gathering it they would be constituting those higher organs that make up an aristocratic society.*" The equality of unequals is inequality. In other words as I have said, the "workers of the world" united, if they ever become united, will in time in turn produce an aristocratic, hierarchical society.

Again from Santayana: "Revolutions are ambiguous things. Their success is generally proportionate to their power of adaptation and to the reabsorption within them of what they rebelled against. A thousand reforms have left the world as corrupt as ever, for each successful reform has founded a new institution, and this institution has bred its new and congenial abuses. . . ." Man's nature is part of an accumulated experience and the latest variation only temporarily denies the long heritage. Later it too fits into the pattern and appears not so radically different or revolutionary as we had thought. If we wish to make any advance it might save us time and heartbreak and much blood and seeds and fruits of bitterness to realize that we do indeed live very close to the heritage of the

past, and our revolution should not seek to destroy aristocracy, but rather to make our government by men of merit and honor; an aristocracy to be sure, but not hereditary. This might be the synthesis between aristocracy and communism that the world longs for. Our effort should go toward building a *functional merit system* which would recognize the eternal hierarchical aristocratic pattern, but would avoid the abuses of an hereditary system. The best men in the state would rule, but every man would have an equal chance to make himself worthy to be numbered among the leaders in his own field. He would find his place according to real values. Such a state would be able without bloodshed to absorb the urges to change, that developed within it.

If we are to build a social state we must understand the laws of nature and mankind. Already, in an industrialized world, men have begun to lose touch, as far as a daily, ever-present consciousness goes, with the natural movement of things and their own spiritual natures, and hence many men have lost a sense of purpose in life. The revolutionary doctrines of Darwin and Spencer, not to mention Marx and Engels, so widely talked about in the last century, have now sunk from the level of discussion into the subconsciousness of western mankind; and where once they served to sweep away the props of a religious life, they are now rising as materialism from the will and feeling life. Thus today we have a civilization to which we are not spiritually and emotionally adjusted. Our outlook is materialistic. The roots that feed the spiritual flower of mankind were rudely torn away, and we now have deeply indwelling in our consciousness the false knowledge that we are insignificant people on an insignificant planet, and that we arose from some stray germ-plasm through some unaccountable accident. The total effect, at least until we become thoroughly adjusted to these new concepts, until we interpret and symbolize them and renobilize our heritage, is a wholesale loss of a sense of purposefulness according to some higher plan. This civilization feeds our appetites and our imaginations, but not our souls.

Social planning now is ordinarily done in terms of material security. In building a state we must be careful to see that it does not become science without art; that it does not exalt absolute order, so dear to the scientific mind, and quite neglect that liberty which is the soul of art; that it does not worship the name of beauty, but lose its inner capacity or taste for beauty; or exile the artists who alone can make beauty or point it out; that it becomes an ideal state, not a Sparta or a Germany.

Perhaps the industrial revolution makes everything different. Economically, yes. But the essential social adjustments remain the same or very similar. I think Plato and Aristotle even at their time could realize the essential problems of the communistic state. I have already given much of Plato. Aristotle takes a conservative point of view and seems to speak in the main, and on the surface at least, the same arguments that ex-president Hoover offers. He values individual quality, privacy, and liberty above social efficiency and organized power. He evidently assumes, as Hoover does, that one is at the expense of the other. At least the borderline between them simply cannot be kept intact. Certainly democracy or democratic socialism is a precarious achievement, the maintenance of which takes ever-ready intelligence, understanding and knowledge, that requires everlasting watchfulness by the proletariat and by enlightened leaders.

"If all are your brothers, none is." Can state socialism maintain private homes? In a state having women and children in common, love will be watery. "Of the two qualities which chiefly inspire regard and affection,

(that a thing is your own, and that it awakens real love in you,) neither can exist in such a state," said Aristotle. State socialism would necessarily treat individuals in mass aspect. No one loves or can really feel bound to people in the mass. Forced into such a state —the people would arise in thousands of counter-revolutions. One becomes incensed over poverty or slavery and abuses of human rights and freedom. Must we not deal with these directly as they arise to our conscience? Can we afford to emphasize form before changing content? With these abuses *formally* erased, and with no private property to cling to, would not the deeper roots of a man's nature be shortened, and his true growth stunted or warped? Would he in his new adjustment in a man-made world grow as a full man? Is it not pain, suffering, struggle, and achievement which immediately dissolve again into the first three, and the way we meet them, that determine the quality, individuality, personality, character, the form and inner content of our lives? Is there not a karmic law for each person of us that drives and leads by inner necessity the exact values, rewards and compensations, where the individual is a law and end unto himself, irrespective of social planning? Can we change more than to try to enthrone justice in the sense that everybody has a chance to be what he can be and is? Can we dish out material security as the prime necessity; and on that basis is the best health for the whole attained?

It is probably not true that everyone would work if given a chance. Will we then become moral judges and kill those who seem to slack? Perhaps we will change our idea from punishment to education. Is education possible that severs organic connection? Unless we kill the unfit or let them run loose for nature to take care of, we must always feed them. Will they then find their organic connection in an overpopulated world; will they gain incentive enough to get over being misfits? This is firing too many questions too fast, but the point is that organization from the top creates abuses or disease from the bottom. General laziness arising from state subsidy soon turns into more vicious paths. Unemployment is a disease, as are loose morality, gangsters. These are not original elements or causes, but are results perhaps of systematization itself, or at least of inadequate or exploitive systematization. From a higher sphere these might all appear as simply necessary concomitants of growth, but for my purpose they can be used as support for the argument that tampering with the structure of society from special viewpoints is dangerous policy, usually uncontrollable, and in the end weakens the vitality and fibre of society.

Somewhere there must be opposition. Perhaps we could get up a national fervor against Facism, Japan, or some other power, or making the world safe for Democracy. Or more at home, perhaps we could get the idea of opposition to Nature and we could all learn to cooperate in conquering her and providing ourselves with more and more marvelous comforts and conveniences. But that in itself is dangerous as an end. Unless Nature pulled some pretty big tricks and backfired in a big way, which she would in time, as for instance with dust storms and floods, we would in our consciousness become more and more independent of her. Unless we increased regard and respect for the inner conflict and spiritual development within the individual which is a necessity to true consciousness of self, we would abstract our selves in our inventions, and our lives would become incapable of knowing more fully the message or meaning of the Christ Impulse. The primary conflict in the light of which the whole rest of life must be known or interpreted is within the arena of a man's own life. Every life in its higher and maturer aspects becomes a Golgotha, and in the social

state where plenty could be had by all, the titillation of our appetites would tend to make us forget many of the realities necessary to inner or spiritual development.

But then that would never happen. Something would upset the applecart. Opposition would not be suspended long enough for us to rest. It is the law of social or individual growth that we are called to answer deep issues with our whole natures. Perhaps we would have war. The restless will of the Universe to change and growth would unseat us soon enough, and rebaptize us in the realities of both a spiritual and a biological world.

The ultimate solution in such a world would be the discipline that the individual would come to exercise over himself in order to maintain his balance and keep fresh the vital fires of his communion with the forces of the Universe; i. e., a greatly increased religious and moral sense.

Men who are not able to keep free of delusion in a social state of plenty, would find some way of perverting the possibly great culture of such a period of abundance. The sense of growth and moving into the future is a necessity to moral, physical, and spiritual activity and health. All would be well if this sense of growth could become more and more social and removed into higher spheres. Even then it is the historical dialectic that it would reach a certain high point and then decline, even as a man grows up and then grows old. In other words the cultural evolution of our time has an ending, to fall back to earth and be retranslated into a new cycle. But if this could happen, (as of course it will or perhaps already has happened for this particular period in the West) it is eminently worth striving for. Behind and interpenetrating the exterior and physical is the Spiritual. It frees itself from a dying civilization and lives on to reappear at a later time in a new synthesis. It is here that the truth of Santayana's observation about revolution is especially striking to remember.

Broadly applying this philosophy to the present world situation, I favor not Fascism, not Socialism, nor Communism, but rather the more naturally evolved Cooperative Movement. This movement knows all the modern technique, and represents at the same time a step forward, if not the end step, in the evolution from states to contract—in which lies the essence of economic history.

THE HEART BEATER

Eleanor Booth

He liked his girls as tall bright flowers;
(He scoffed at love—he loved to scoff)
He found one, petals cool as showers,
And one by one he tore them off.
He tore them off with passion hot;
—She loves me—she loves me not—

Tobacco Byroad

Robinhood Rae

We'd just seen "Tobacco Road". We were ambling along a dark little street in Greenwich Village still laughing at James Barton. And he's something to laugh at. He's a marvel. In fact, that play is so good and it's been there so long that it's giving New York a common denominator, if you see what I mean. Anyway, we were ambling along, laughing, and Margaret was trying to imitate Barton's inimitable "God damn it" when a big and shiny car eased to a stop beside us. A quiet voice from behind the wheel asked us if we knew where the "Open Door" was.

"Sorry," we said, "we don't. We're looking for a place ourselves."

"Hop in," said the voice, "I'll take you there."

So we climbed into the front seat and purred away.

Casting a casual glance at our now-found friend, we saw a fairly young, well-groomed man-about-town with watery blue eyes. We didn't find out until the next morning that it was "two Scotch and Sodas, that's all" that had put him in such a congenial, obliging mood.

"By the way," he said, without looking around, "where are you going?"

"Oh, 239 Waverly Place."

"All right; fine."

We smiled at our good luck and engaged him in light conversation as he turned corners, found himself surrounded by one-way streets with the arrows pointing right at him, swore gently, and stopped to look at signs. Then he gave us a short lecture on the intricacies of travel in the Village, at the end of which he stopped and asked a cab driver where Waverly Place was. The cab driver said, among other things, that it "wound like a serpent." That seemed to solve the problem.

"Intelligent fellow, that cab driver," he smiled, "that's what I didn't get through my head, but now I see it. It winds like a serpent, see? Really good description. Winds like a serpent."

Well, we wound like a reptile-house full of serpents before we finally spotted 239 Waverly Place—my brother's apartment. However, we heaved no sigh of relief on seeing it. Our friend was growing on us. We didn't want to say, "Thanks a lot. So long," quite yet. So, as we pulled up to the curb, Margaret thought of something to talk about to prolong things a while.

"Have you seen 'Tobacco Road'?" she asked innocently.

"Forty times," he answered.

We swallowed. Our voices were weak when we said we'd just seen it and were nuts about it.

He looked at us for a minute, smiled, then said calmly, "Would you like to meet Jim Barton?"

For a moment the only sound in that car was the clock on the dashboard. But we both recovered at the same moment and shouted "Would we!" in perfect unison. He looked at the apartment across the street, at us, and at the clock, which read eleven-thirty. Then he put the car in low, swung around in the street and settled back in his seat.

For a while we just sat there, amazed. Finally he spoke, without once turning his head.

"My name's Gerry, kids. What's yours?"

We told him. He continued.

"Jim Barton's one of my best friends and one of the best fellows in the world. You kids were lucky to see him".

"I'll say we were. He certainly looks as if he was having a lot of fun doing that part, even though it's about the millionth time."

Gerry laughed. "No, he's bored stiff with it, bored to tears. Something serious is what he's after now. His agents are trying to line up a good part. He'll outdo them all. There's no one who can touch him."

We agreed that he was swell and babbled on about him, the rest of the cast, the theatre and everything. At last we thought to ask him where Barton lived.

"Quite a ways from here, out in Long Island. It'll take us a good three hours to get there. Jim lives in a little cottage out in the country. He's got a little Night Club out there, too, the 'Mad Dog' he calls it. Fine place. Packed after the show. Lots of theatre big-wigs. Sam Harris's usually there and all the rest. One night—wait a minute. You kids don't have to get back any place tonight, do you?"

"No."

"Don't mind where you sleep?"

"No."

"Fine."

And he was off again in his quiet voice, talking about Barton. I never have heard a more magical talker than that man. He kept looking straight in front of him, occasionally pausing for a long while making you wish he'd go on. By the time were were getting out of the city proper, he had switched from Barton to a story about goat's milk.

"You see, kids, we were all over at Jimmie's 'Mad Dog' testing some new stock that had just come in for his bar. It was snowing outside so it required quite a bit of testing before we could possibly pronounce a just verdict. Well, after a while, a fellow came over to me and started talking about goat's milk. He said he knew where he could get the best goat's milk in the world for only thirty cents a pint. I asked him why a man should want the best goat's milk in the world even if it was only a quarter a pint. He explained that goat's milk was the best rebuilder you could get. That sounded very good to me, so I told Barton I'd be back in a little while and I went out into the storm with the goat's milk man."

Here Gerry paused to call our attention to the "very nice" road on the right which went to Jones Beach. Then he continued.

"After the goat's milk man and I had ridden over a perfectly absurdly rough road for miles we finally stopped by a little hut. He motioned me to follow him inside, where a dim oil lamp was flickering. It was a filthy hole and in the corner was a filthy bed with a filthy woman in it. My friend the milk man went over and kicked the bed, yelling at the woman to wake, that they had a customer. The woman finally woke up, cursing, rubbed her eyes and got out of bed, holding a ragged dressing gown around her skinny body. She took a can off the wall, picked up the lantern and went out. We followed. She went through the snow into a shed where a goat stood. A filthy, fat goat. Ugly brute. The man told me to hold its head. Covered with lice. Crawled up my arms. That is, until the brute rammed me in the stomach and sent me right back against the wall. Ugly brute, you know. Well, the woman had enough milk by then anyhow. So we went back to the hut, where I put thirty cents on the table and the man and I left. The lady resumed her position in the filthy bed. Took hours to get back, but we finally arrived, cold as Hades. The man says, 'I'll cache it for you in the snow so it'll keep till you leave.' That's how he put it. I thought it a splendid idea. So he cached it and I watched and remembered the place. Said he was terrible at remembering things. Finally the stuff was well cached so we went into the 'Dog' to get warmed. I didn't stay long, but when I got ready to go, I couldn't find the goat's milk man to thank him, so I just went to get my milk and leave. Well, the can and the milk were gone. . . . But I didn't like the looks of the goat much anyway. Ugly brute."

By the time he had told us this and a few other stories we were well in the open spaces. Margaret and I were getting more and more on edge as we bowled along toward the "Mad Dog" and Barton. But Gerry gave us no indication that we were nearing our destination. The big car just rolled along as if it never intended to stop. Gerry gradually switched the topic to his boyhood days.

"Harlem; that's where I was born and raised. Right on the edge of Harlem. Something happened to me once, when I was a youngster. Rotten thing, really. I was locked in an ice-box for two hours and got what they call claustrophobia. I get it now in cars every so often—causes a bit of trouble sometimes."

We looked at each other for a second. Margaret had sort of a puzzled look on her face, but it faded when Gerry continued talking.

"You know, kids, it's a good thing to take a few months off every once in a while and really see the other side of the tracks. About once every two years I put on some old dungarees and become a hobo. Good stuff. No fake, though. Real hobo. Rails. Ties. Hobo jungles. Mulligan stew and all the rest. They're a good bunch. You probably wouldn't think so, kids, but the things a hobo prizes the most are socks. A hobo with a couple of extra pairs of socks is rich. He's a king. A lot of walking. Swollen feet. They use socks for another purpose. They use them to make 'hobo punch.' No, really, I mean it. The method, a very simple one, consists of filling the sock, preferably a rather clean one, with canned heat, you know, Sterno, and squeezing it into the punch 'bowl' until only the wax is left in the toe of the sock. Then anything available is added to that and the result is, well, something almost palatable."

No matter what he talked about, it sort of hypnotized us. We almost forgot where we were going. In fact I guess we would have, if Gerry hadn't swung the car suddenly to the left into a narrow road.

"Getting anywhere near Barton's place?" I asked.

He didn't answer for a while. Then he said softly,

"Long ways to go yet."

So we rode on—for miles.

Gerry never stopped talking once; after about three quarters of an hour he was still on hobos.

"There's a strange myth among the hobos. They all know it and they all believe it. That's a fact, they do. It's about a beautiful woman, all in white, who appears in hobo jungles. Sort of a queen of the hobos. Now I never saw her myself, understand, but most any real long-time hobo you meet will say he's seen her. Magical sort of thing. Of course, some give you one impression, some give you another. Intend to find the truth for myself some day. Sort of intriguing."

He paused. We rushed along the road in silence for a while. The car's lights were the only ones in sight anywhere. The country around us looked deserted. Gerry, relaxed behind the wheel, changed the subject to old movies. He seemed to know all about them.

"Certainly very different. No sound then, of course. Very funny the way things used to happen during a take. I don't suppose you kids remember Nancy White. No, she was a queen in the days when suspicion was conveyed to the audience by glancing out of the corner of the eyes; resisting temptation,

by both hands thrown up in front and head back; and love, by looking up out of downcast eyes from behind the arm. Those three gestures were all that seemed necessary. Nancy was a master of all three. She took the lead in 'The Gangster's Moll', which, incidentally, was a rather daring title for that time since the word 'moll' hadn't yet been softened by evolution into what it is today. Strange thing about it, I was an altar boy in that show. Watched most of the time; and listened. The row that went on was terrific, especially in the love scenes. Didn't make any difference, you see. Silent films. Weston, the director, would stand just out of the camera range and yell bloody murder at Nancy and Trace while they did a very touching scene under a cardboard oak. And to make it worse the stage hands were constantly bawling at each other across the set. Moving scenery around. Once in a while a flat would fall and the set would be swept by a current of dusty air. Hair mussed, ties blown. Suppose the audience thought it was a gentle waft of spring breezes, all in the scene of things. Lucky they didn't notice the sturdy oak at that moment. Or perhaps they did. Well, kids, we're getting there. We turn here, Jim lives a ways up this road."

That brought us back to the present with a bang. Margaret began to tremble a little with excitement. We'd just seen Barton on the stage and now we were getting the jump on the thousands of other people who've seen him too, and wanted to meet him. That was a pretty good feeling. The feeling changed, however, when we drew up in front of the "Mad Dog". There wasn't a light in the whole place. The house across the road was black, too. We looked at Gerry.

"Sorry, kids," he said, "Jim's gone to bed. Wouldn't like to wake him up."

He looked at the clock, which read two thirty and thought a minute.

"How about breakfast with him? Suit you all right?"

That was just as good or better for us.

"Well," said Gerry, "now we'll try and find a place to sleep. Hope you kids don't care where you hit the hay. Row in my house, otherwise we could bunk up there. Isn't far from here, either, but can't go there tonight. Messy business. We'll look around. Find someplace."

So he shifted into low and we were off.

We were happy then, because Barton was to be our host at breakfast and we could see more of Gerry into the bargain. And listen to him some more. This time it was religion. He talked about various phases for about half an hour.

Then he said, "Here's the way it is with me. I'm not dumb enough to take seriously one of these religions that somebody made for me, and I'm not intelligent enough to make one up for myself. So, I'm left up in the air."

He paused.

"Well, kids, guess we bunk in the car tonight. I'll turn in here and head for the yacht club pier; might as well have a view. By the way, this is Babylon. The Babylon Long Island Yacht Club pier is where we stay tonight."

And a very nice pier it was. Water lapping against the wood, white boats swaying a little in the bay, moonlight and all the rest of it; including, very soon, a little hearty snoring from behind the wheel.

* * * * * *

It didn't take long for it to start getting light or for us to start getting impatient. We wanted to meet Barton in a hurry. The picture of Jeeter lazing around on the cabin steps was still clear and we wanted to talk to the man who'd made it. But when Gerry woke up we saw that hurry was impossible. He was sick. Green around the gills.

"Scotch and Soda always make me sick," he groaned. "Get me some water, will you? Thanks."

Margaret got him a milk bottle full of

water from the club house. Then we sat around on the pier, playing harmonicas, to await his recovery. The first hour he showed no hopeful signs at all. In another half an hour one foot, sticking out the open window, began to beat time to the lousy tunes we played. In two hours a hand came up on the wheel. In two and a half hours he sat up and in three hours he got out of the car. It was then only about ten o'clock; to our minds just about the right time to drop in at an actor's place for breakfast.

Gerry said he was going for a short "airing" and walked off. Nothing much else to do, so we took the chance to see what all the stuff on the floor in back of the car was. It had shifted around the night before as the care took the curves and we were curious. When we came to satisfy our curiosity, we found nothing more exciting than portfolios full of papers covered with small numbers in columns and, worse yet, cards of fountain pens.

The worst of the shock was gone by the time Gerry came back. If anything, he looked a little greener around the gills than when he left. He got in and we followed suit. He started up the car and left the pier. We rode along for a while without saying anything. Margaret began to tremble with excitement again and I was getting pretty well steamed up myself. Then it broke.

"Got any money, kids?" asked Gerry.

That took us off guard.

"Huh? Oh, sure."

"Good."

Instead of going out into the country the way we came in, he went right into town.

Although we wanted to, we didn't ask questions. And when he pulled up at the Babylon station, we didn't have to.

"Sorry, kids," he said, "some other time, maybe."

We got out and he left; happily for Barton, perhaps.

As we sat down in the train Margaret started to laugh.

"'God damn it'," she said, "We never saw Barton, did we? And, come to think of it, Gerry—if that is his name—never got to the Open Door either."

SONNET

WALTER ROYALL

Can she forget the morning's thin blue light
As out across the crusted snow she sped?
For him these lines of early scenes are bright—
Too suddenly the heart became as lead.
When once the road was reached, she always turned,
The proud mouth smiling as she raised her head.
The agony of life she never spurned
But carried on with half her spirit dead.
Too hot the tears of childhood stung and burned
Behind the heavy-frosted window-pane;
Too bitter and too hard the lessons learned,
For in his youth he knew all justice vain.
And still about the man the dull weights cling
So heavy that the heart may never sing.

The Mirror

Suzanne Macpherson

Six-eighty-nine. That must be it. She stopped the car at the end of the narrow street where there was an empty space to park, and got out slowly, tugging a little at her hat brim. Annie Brady. No, it was Ann Morrison now, living somewhere in that tall dark building with other young married people, keeping house for a husband in some three-room flat. Ellen had always felt sure that Annie would be the first of their old crowd to be married; but as she walked slowly across to the row of old apartment buildings she found herself saying, "Ann Morrison" over and over again in her mind, adjusting herself to this new personality. Annie was really such a child to be married and living alone with a man. Of course it had been a long time since she and Ellen had strolled home together every day from school, exchanging confidences. In fact, thought Ellen suddenly, as she pressed the bell beneath the dusty calling card of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morrison, it had been a very long time since they had even seen one another — not since Annie's wedding. Wouldn't she be surprised!

Ellen tugged again at her hat, waiting, and pushed the bell once more with a sudden nervous jerk. Somewhere up the dark stairs a door opened impatiently. Heels clicked down the uncarpeted floor and Annie's quick little voice called shrilly over the bannister, "Who is it?"

Something checked Ellen's desire to shout blithely, "*You* guess!" She went sedately up the stairs, and said: "It's El, Annie."

There was a silence. "El?" Then they stood facing one another in the dim hall. "Why El! You old bum, I didn't know who you were!" She laughed quickly and they exchanged one of those brief, uncertain pecks on the cheek. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming? It's been perfect *ages* since I saw you." There was a faint note of forced excitement.

"Well, I was just driving through and thought I'd drop in. I still have your address even if I don't write." She laughed. "Well, how are you, anyway?" They peered at one another in the grey light.

"Oh!" Annie started. "Do come *in*, please! The apartment's a perfect mess, but Charley says we move any day, so I just let it go till I can pack everything up." Ellen laughed; it was so like Annie. And it did not surprise her to find that the three rooms were "a perfect mess", furnished with the tired old things that had been sat upon, eaten on, and slept on since the first tenants had moved in, long ago.

"Sit down, Ellie." Ann waved at a sunken armchair beside a faded standing-lamp. Long pink fringes hung limply from the tilted shade, brushing Ellen's head as she settled in the chair. "Now tell me *all* about yourself," said Annie brightly, watching Ellen who was trying desperately not to look at the dingy curtains or the empty milk bottle on the floor. She felt suddenly strange, and empty as the bottle.

"Oh, there's really nothing much to tell," she answered vaguely, hunting a cigarette in her purse. Annie jumped up.

"Have one of these, won't you?" She held out a silver cigarette box. "One of my few wedding presents that's practical. You know," she laughed, "we took most of them home. They looked so silly here!"

"Why, when were you home?" asked Ellen, surprised. "I haven't been back in a year."

"Charley got two weeks last summer so we went down for awhile." Her bright little voice paused. "It seemed awfully sort of—changed. Everybody grown up, or gone away." Ellen looked at her carefully for the first time. Little Annie, married! She did seem older, in a—what was it?—a tired way?

"Well, how's Charley?" A slow breeze lifted the cheap curtains and stirred the fringes of the lamp-shade so that it brushed her cheek.

"Oh, he's fine. I think he'll get a raise soon." Annie was examining the end of her cigarette.

"Really! How nice." Ellen's voice seemed unnatural and she coughed a little. On the mantle of the imitation fireplace a fat little alarm-clock ticked rapidly. Ellen looked at it; it was too noisy to ignore.

"Guess who sold me some shoes when I was home," said Annie suddenly. "That *awful* Joe Stevens! Remember? He was the meanest boy in school."

"Yes! He used to chase us home on his bicycle. Well, isn't that funny!" Quickly they snatched up Joe Stevens, took him to them, remembering, describing, laughing, until at last there was nothing left to sustain him longer. And then the little clock came back into their consciousness, ticking out its rapid monologue. There was a long pause. Annie cleared her throat.

"El, do you remember Billy Wilson? He was killed in an automobile accident last spring." She said it calmly, in a low hurried voice.

"*No!*" Billy Wilson. She hadn't heard that name in years. Somehow Annie's words didn't seem to shock her. So many people had been killed in accidents lately, some that she knew. But Billy!

A wave of memories possessed her suddenly; and there she was, back years and years ago with Billy, standing in the sunshine on a dusty road beside his backyard fence. He was whistling some kind of an endless tune that he made up as he went along, kicking the dust up into small clouds with a dirty tennis shoe. For a long time he hadn't spoken a word to her, only whistling nonchalantly as though she weren't there. And she was twisting her jumping rope round and round, wondering if he were at all mad because she liked Carl Hermann. All at once he had taken out his jack-knife and was scratching initials on the flat fence-palings, whistling all the while. She had burned with curiosity. "A. B., A. B." he scratched over and over again. Finally she had asked as casually as possible, "Who's A. B.?"

"Oh, just somebody I like," he had said at length, in a careless, singing voice, addressing the fence, and began to whistle again. Then, "You wouldn't know, anyway. I . . . don't . . . think!" He had punctuated the last two words with vicious gouges. But she had known. It was Annie Brady. Annie, who had liked Billy better than anyone else, even though she and the whole town knew that he had Ellen for his girl. Ellen smiled to herself, remembering her chagrin. How it all came back! The rutted old road, the white barn beyond the fence where they had had their secret clubs, and the poor broken fence itself with "A. B." immortalized forever in its ancient wood—all were mirrored in her mind like the unrippled reflections of things detached from herself.

Ellen roused and glanced at Annie. What was she thinking? But Annie was telling about the accident, as one talks who revels perversely in the thing that is abhorred. And Ellen went back again, down the long dim lanes of childhood to another memory.

She was creeping out of the large silent house at dawn, clutching two big sandwiches that she had made herself for breakfast. It wasn't quite six as she ran across the still street to Billy's. He lived in a small white house that was all on one floor. She had envied it so, and his tiny room that was entirely filled by a great brass bed. Very low

she had given the secret whistle at his window, leaning through to watch him stuff his water gun and a last bit of rope into his bulging knicker pockets. Then they were on their bicycles, gliding silently through the cool early morning down to forbidden River Street. That year too they had had a baseball team and an underground tunnel. Ellen could smell the thick wet earth, feeling it in her nails as she crawled again, shivering, through the damp, black passage.

That was the last year she had known Billy. Once at a dance when she was home visiting she had heard his voice behind her, changed now but still with the high childish note. "May I cut?" And then they had danced together, both ill at ease, both acting grown-up. She remembered he had danced in a series of swoops, with his hot soft cheek bending her head far over on one side, his hand clamping her firmly, almost at the nape of her neck. She had wanted terribly to laugh at the swoops, but then she had remembered his methodical "One, two, three, four. Slide, slide," that he used to mutter at dancing school, and somewhere within her a strange nostalgic sadness had stirred. She knew that he was dancing his version of "the latest thing", trying to impress her. Carelessly he had remarked, "Not a bad dance, huh?" She had been glad when it was over.

Ellen came back sharply to the untidy room, the dingy curtains that were limp now. What was Annie saying?

". . . . the rear-view mirror, you know. And they say the boy who was driving hasn't been in a car since." The clock on its squat, sprawled legs ticked hurriedly.

"I really must go." Ellen's voice sounded suddenly desperate and she felt a momentary shame at her awkward words. But they both rose and once more the long faded fringe brushed her, clingingly.

"Well, it's been wonderful to see you." They shook hands. All at once they were more strange to one another than people who had never met. Annie pushed a strand of hair up from her face.

"Charley will be sorry he missed you. You must come through again—often." They smiled vaguely, studying each other a little. "It's fun to talk over old times."

"Yes, it . . . it *is* fun."

"Well, goodbye, Ellen. It's been wonderful to see you." Neither noticed that she was "Ellen" for the first time in her life to Annie.

"Goodbye, and . . . let me know when you move." A hot tide of embarrassment swept Ellen. Why had she said that?

But finally it was over. She was down the long steep stair, out on the dark street, running, running to her car. Breathlessly she kicked the starter as a flash of headlights struck the mirror from behind. For the first time horror was born within her. All the memories came flooding back, pouring down upon her, reflected sharp and brilliant as the passing light. And through them all was Billy, little Billy with a shattered mirror in his skull.

COUNTERPOINT

Elizabeth Schoening

First Voice: This thing which severs us,
It is not star nor sword.
It is no more than tear,
Than brief, unuttered word.
No more, no more are these
Than falling rain to trees.

Second Voice: It is a sword which gleams
Stark silver through our dreams;
Its vibrant silence shows
The fretted edge of death.
Rain passes swift with sun,
But this stills heart and breath.

First Voice: This fear can never part us.
It is no more than cloud
Across a winter sun.
It is not storm nor shroud.
As brief it is, as small,
As colored leaves that fall.

Second Voice: It is the shining blade
By which we are betrayed.
Nor can we sleep at peace
While this between us rests,
Cold to the touch, and flame
Upon our waking breasts.

First Voice: It is a troubled wave;
It is a silent bird.

Second Voice: It is an open grave;
It is a naked sword.

STILL LIFE

Arthur Bifield

Pale, serene, and calm she stands.
Like camellias are her hands,
Pale camellias, dipped in blood,
The ruby nails etched clear upon
Her sable gown. Her benison
Of black hair coiled about her head
In the faint white starlight gleams.
Like a snake her coiffeur seems.
Eyes whose depths remain unfound
Past the dark horizon gaze,
Hold the answer of life's maze,
The secret shrine, the central ground.
Her lips need not draw in breath.
Should she speak, the voice of death,
Life, and birth would all be heard.
Pale, serene, and calm she stands
Timeless as the salt sea sands.

The Bridge Between

Jess Gregg

The water in the pool lapped languidly, resplendently gilt with sun. The leaves of the book near the boy in the grass monotonously fluttered back and forth. Half asleep, Tom stretched his long legs and grinned at his mother seated beside him.

"You're a lazy boy," she said, running her hands through his hair.

"And you're a wicked woman," he returned, biting at her fingers.

"That may be. But I'm not a lazy one."

The boy smiled up at her and stuck a blade of grass in his mouth.

"You sound just like Prof. Compton. 'How can you expect to get anywhere if you don't work, work, work'." And Tom laughed as he recalled the old man's bird-like earnestness.

"Well, Tom dear, he's right as far as he goes. Hard labor is essential, but that alone won't get you anywhere. A ditch-digger works hard, but at the end of ten years he is still a ditch-digger. He hasn't the education, ability, or ideals to go any farther. Now the first two you have: education and ability. Your work, so far, promises a fine future for you as an engineer, a bridge builder. But until you develop your ideals, you'll never become the great man you potentially can be."

"You *are* a dreamer, aren't you?" he laughed.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "I suppose every woman has dreams about her son's future. Some day when you've created something—a bridge or a child—you'll discover the thrill of seeing dreams develop into reality. Mine are just now shaking off their cocoons."

A stir faintly resembling the fall of Rome, came from the house, heralding the approach of the crowd.

"I guess they've finished with their cards and want to dance by the plunge," she said. "We'll have to finish our talk some other time."

"I think I know a way of gently discouraging them." And the boy began to smile as he evolved a scheme.

"What are you grinning so evilly about?" his mother said.

"Well," he laughed, "I'm going to run down to the shallow end and flip in just as they come into the patio here."

"But darling, the splash will drench them."

"Exactly," Tom cried.

"Isn't that rather dangerous? Flipping into the shallow water, I mean."

"Not if you do it right. Now don't look so dismayed. Here they come. Watch their faces when they get splashed, so you can tell me about it."

Tom grimaced, kicked off his sandals, and headed toward the end of the pool where the water was clearest. He poised for a second near the edge, then somersaulted into mid-air. Grass—sky—faces—water rushing up—

* * * *

At first he could see no moon, and then he realized that black clouds were obscuring it. Every fiber in his body seemed weighted with lead, but he dared not stop flying. He soared along, the wind pushing him when he lagged.

Over cloven crags and jagged canyons he flew. Over deep waters, whose lacework of foam dashed high upon rocks, flecking him with sequins of spray. Over swamps of gouty trees, whose spatulate branches clawed at him as he passed.

He hurried on, surroundings vague, destination unknown. The wind pivoted about him, whipping rain-drops in his face, as it swirled him on toward the storm. Turbulent black clouds began to stamp their feet and snap their fingers. Deep in their midst, Tom started to sing vigorously. It was fun trying to drown out a storm.

Sometimes he relaxed and let the wind carry him on like a dry autumn leaf; then again he'd dodge clouds or try to catch lightning. Once he barely missed a large black bird which, flapping its ragged wings, cried:

"Watch out where you're going."

Tom doubled with mirth.

"Birds can't talk," he shouted over the wind's whine.

"Neither can men," shrieked back the bird indignantly.

It was after it had flown off that Tom realized how greatly the bird reminded him of someone.

"Wait a minute," he cried, hurrying after the bird. "Who are you?"

The bird glared back and flapped away faster.

"Perhaps you can tell me where I am then?" Tom flew after the bird, and caught hold of its tail feathers.

"You're nowhere," it cried enraged. "How can you expect to get anywhere unless you work, work, work."

"My studies! My God, I'd forgotten them," thought Tom, watching the bird dive into a cloud. Hurriedly he turned about, determined to go back to his books by the pool. But the wind was relentless, whipping him on despite his struggling protest, until he was tired of fighting. Gradually, lulled by the moaning and the rockabye motion of the wind high in the clouds, he fell asleep.

Tom struggled back into consciousness, stretching forth vague mental hands to collect the mind that scatters with sleep. He must have heard the tempestuous pounding of the surf and the gull's strident jeer long before he awoke, for he was not surprised to discover himself on a beach.

Arising, he stretched and pleasurably inhaled the cool sea breeze. There was sky and there was foam, and in the horizon, midnight mountains. So closely fused with the heavens were they, it looked as if there had been a shortage of blue to tint the sky with, leaving this jagged border of last night's indigo along the edge.

Tom yawned and wiggled his toes in the tepid sand. He caught up a handful and threw it high in the air, watching the sun glorify it as it fell. Then he began to run towards the hills, exultant because he was free, because he was young and the sun was warm.

Slowly the beach merged into earth, the earth into hills, the hills into mountains. Twice he passed travellers. Once it was Henry of Navarre, once Miss Quinny, his mother's seamstress, with the Scarecrow of Oz. Tom waved hello, but did not offer to join them. He felt self-conscious, being clad only in his swimming trunks, and besides, travelling alone was faster. He began to sing again as he made his way up the mountain, improvising the words and music as he ran.

The trail soon became difficult and then ceased altogether. On, however, he pushed, wading through snarled underbrush and pungent leaf mold, leaping from rock to rock, dragging himself up tortuous slopes; over, up, and ever on.

As the morning sun rose in the sky, the boy climbed farther and farther until by noon he had reached the summit. There he perched on an overhanging ledge, and swinging his legs, gazed enthralled at the valley below.

Broad splashes of greens and blues lay there in a frenzied pattern of shrubbery. Short-cropped meadows interlaced with vague little streams; clumps of murmuring firs; masses of tangled foliage. In the dis-

tance, clouds like indiscriminately hacked marble blocks pondered.

It was not until he had taken in most of the view that he saw her. She slept in the shadow of filigreed ferns, pillowing her head on an outstretched arm. He ran down and peered into the slumbering girl's face. At first he thought it was because her features were dimmed by the shade, but when he tiptoed closer, he had the same feeling. He knew this girl. Perhaps his concentrated gaze stirred her; perhaps an impish wind, for she sat up, pushed the hair from her eyes, and yawned.

Even yet he could not be too sure. Her face seemed to hold that of every woman, yet that of no woman; she was at once elfin and stately. A hibiscus was tucked in her vaporous hair, and she smiled with recognition when she saw Tom.

"Do I—do I know you?" he asked. "Your face is familiar, and you seem to know me too, yet I don't—I can't seem to place you."

The girl on the grass laughed gaily.

"Sit down," she said. Tom sank beside her.

"Did we go to school together once? Or perhaps meet at a dance? Who are you? Where did we meet?"

"Meet?" she said. "Well, we've never been introduced, if that's what you mean."

"Then how did you know me?"

"Don't you remember? We practically grew up together." Seeing his bewildered face, she continued. "But of course, only in the unreal; in dreams. While materially you slept, *you* would waft away, and quite often we'd see each other. We'd hunt bears, crack up planes, climb elevator shafts, visit strange lands, fight Indians and gladiators—all in dreams. We'd be the best of friends, yet when you awoke you could never remember who I was, or what I looked like. Isn't that so?"

"Of course," the boy cried. "Of course that's where I saw you. Oh say—you aren't my conscience, are you?"

The girl burst into gales of laughter and limply fell back into the grass.

"Well, who are you then? What did your mother name you? Where are you from?"

"I?" She became thoughtful. "Why—I'm no one. I'm from nowhere. I have no home. I have no mother yet. You see, I'm only dream material. Someone still unborn. As yet my only contact with earth has been through the medium of your dreams."

"I can't believe that," Tom scoffed.

"But it's true. You did it yourself, before you were born. That is why at times you feel as if you have seen or experienced something which common sense tells you has never occurred before."

Tom seemed to understand. "And you—only a dream? Of course. That accounts for all the strange, disjointed things that have happened of late. All this is only a flight of fancy, a dream."

The girl turned away.

Then it began. She sensed it, rather than heard it, and fearfully ran to him. Music seemed to fill the air. It came not as the roaring of waves or the rumbling of thunder in the night, but like a clean breeze rolling through prairie grass. It crept upon them, swelling, rising, tumbling from nowhere.

As the volume grew, the atmosphere changed to saffron, then to soft violet. The rhythms, complex as those of undertow and raindrops, pulsated through his body. Insolently, the melody soared and swirled about him, enveloping him in a thrillingly mad vibration. It clung to his hands, his fingers, his legs and body.

Suddenly he thought he heard something above the music. He listened and it came again. Louder.

"Tom, Tom," it cried. Then again, "Tom, say something, T—"

Then it was lost in the music. "Who's calling?" the boy shouted. The tempo grew louder, madder. "Keep still. Please. Stop that music. Stop it." But his voice was swallowed up as the music eddied and whirled in on him. The notes seemed to join hands and mockingly dance around his head. More intense became the volume, until he could neither see nor hear. The sky grew darker and darker, and as the mad roar soared higher, completely numb, Tom seemed to swirl away with it.

It was with the sense of intense silence that Tom drifted back from insensibility. He was about to call out when he noticed his change of surroundings. Then all else faded from his mind. Blood tingled in his veins and thrills scaled his spine with nimble fingers.

It was a bridge he was on. One constructed with such magnificence and skill that he was subdued in awe. Symmetrical in every detail, and beautiful beyond the remotest sphere of man's imagination, it stood. High above the cloud it towered, this monument; a symbol of strength and perfection, it extended on either side, as far as the eye could reach. One end was buried in the folds of grey mist, the other headed out towards the sun.

"I want to be near this forever," Tom thought. "No. No, I'll return to my studies and someday—someday, I'll build a bridge like this. Greater than this."

Intoxicated with enthusiasm, he began to run in the direction of the sun. So wrapped in his dreams was he that he did not notice his lack of progress until the time when he should be concluding his journey. The end was as vague in the distance as ever. Sweat began to ooze down his chest and legs, and he set his jaw in determination as he ran on.

At length, efforts useless, he sat down and wearily passed his hands over his eyes as if to clear away some annoying cobweb. When he looked up, he was desolated to see that a haze had begun to seep in, muting the sun and masking his destination.

Accepting this as a sign, and realizing the futility of progressing farther in that direction, he got up and despondently retraced his steps toward the end obscured by dense fog. Gradually fear and fatigue faded, for the way was easy. And even as he walked, the mist began to rise and a lustrous glow flooded the sky. . .

* * * *

A hushed group gathered by the pool. Someone turned to Tom's mother who stood there in stricken silence. There were no tears. There was no sound, no motion.

The man shook his head sadly.

"It's no use. We've done all we can, but—"

She looked up into his eyes, then lowered her head again.

"There was no pain. He was unconscious when we took him from the pool, and we were unable to rouse him during those few minutes he lived."

The woman nodded. She slowly walked to the spot where they had been a few minutes before. Such a very few minutes before.

And the water lapped in the pool, the sun shone warmly, and the pages of the book fluttered in the grass.

To the Student Body of Rollins College

EDITORIAL

This is not a good issue of the *Flamingo.*

Which means that it is not good compared with what it might be, ought to be, and *can* be.

Now is the time for the Editorial staff of the *Flamingo* to express itself in no uncertain terms. For four years, some of us have seen *Flamingo* editors scurrying around before every issue is published, trying to secure manuscripts for, and drum up interest in, the college literary magazine of which the general mass of the student body seems to know little and care less. They have worked with (and sometimes without) the assistance of staffs composed of (a) students who have shown some ability in Professor Granberry's creative writing classes and so have gained the reputation of being the campus literati; these slide as a matter of course into the staff because it is assumed that they are more interested in writing than anybody else, and because they can be thus kept under the eye of the editor and so shamed into writing something once in a while. (b) members of the student body who want to gain *"points"* for themselves or their fraternities (c) friends of the editor or of the editor's friends.

Let us tell you about the *Flamingo.* It is a literary magazine published by the student body; and this means the whole student body, not merely the creative-writing infant prodigies. It also means that if, out of three-hundred-odd young men and women who are Rollins students, *any* of them have anything to say that can be arranged in the form of a letter, or an article, or a piece of criticism or (wonder of wonders!) a short story or play or poem, they may submit it to The *Flamingo* and have a fair chance of its being printed, providing the subject-matter is interesting and the approach intelligent. We do not even add that the standard of literary style be high; if the other requirements are there, there are plenty of people on the staff and off who can give help, if it is desired, in that direction.

The *Flamingo* is also, theoretically at least, published *for* the student body. It is true that it also has to give our patrons and our critics as high an idea of the best student literary work of Rollins as it can; but it ought also to be true that, the more interest in the *Flamingo* that is shown by the student body as a whole, the higher the standard of literary merit should become.

For this issue, the *Flamingo* received, unsolicited (well, *almost* unsolicited), from the student body which it is supposed to represent, exactly three manuscripts and three poems. The rest of the material (which was not really enough to allow of free selection) came from members of the staff.

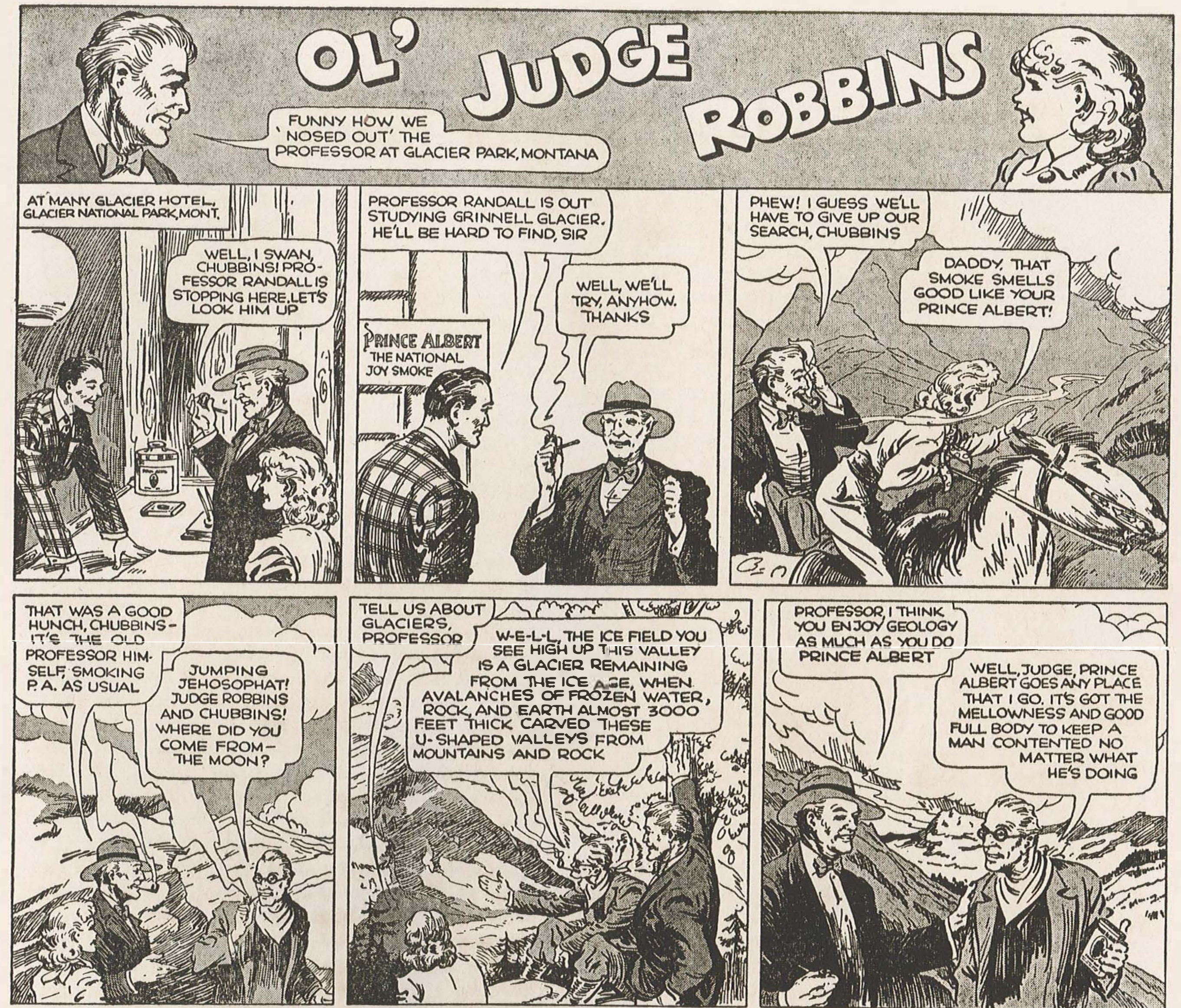
There should be at least twice this amount of material to allow the freedom of selection we should have, if the standard of work printed is to be consistently raised.

Having ourselves lived about a score of years, we find it hard to believe that other people—vital, imaginative young people, supposedly of the intellectual cream of the country—can have lived even that short a time and have *nothing* to say about themselves or their thoughts, nor express themselves in simple, un-fancy English. It is incredible. What ideas do you have on the political organizations of the world today? Of Peace vs. War? Of marriage vs. free love? Of the way a college should be run? What are the high spots of interest in your life—adventure, drama, travel, incidents from which you have drawn some personal philosophy? Or did you just come to College to get a husband or play football? Even suppose you did: how about a short story or a one-act farce about a girl who came to college to get a husband; or an article expressing your opinion of the situation of college football today?

Naturally, we all realize that it is one thing to have some wonderful material for writing, and another thing to sit down to a typewriter and set it out. Writing is work; and that is one of the main reasons why the same names appear on the *Flamingo's* table of contents issue after issue: because those people are the ones who are planning to make a vocation or avocation of writing, and who therefore are willing to spend time on it just as Chemistry majors are willing to spend extra hours in the lab. There are also all sorts of activities going on at Rollins every minute of the day and a great part of the night; baffled Editors face the cry: "I'd love to write something, but I don't have time!" Nevertheless, we think —we hope—that this is not the only reason for the scarcity of manuscripts for every issue. It is a fact that many students do not contribute because they do not know of the *Flamingo's* existence, or are unaware of the fact that *everybody* can and is urged to write for it; or because they do see the same names heading contributions time and again, and think: "Well, it's hopeless to try to crash that little combine, anyway."

Of course, we who have been helping to produce the *Flamingo* for some time now, are willing to take a great deal of the blame for confining the

(Continued on Page 32)



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PRINCE ALBERT

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

student interest in the *Flamingo* to such a little esoteric circle. It was up to us to see that the students are well impressed with the fact that the *Flamingo* is as much an organ of expression for the entire student body as the *Sandspur,* or as dormitory bull-sessions. But it is never too late to try to create this impression strongly in the minds of our fellow-students. To start with, we may make quite clear what are the objectives of the *Flamingo,* and also one or two innovations in its management which we hope will throw it more open to the extra-staff student body:

1. The *Flamingo* is a literary magazine; therefore certain standards of literary merit should be preserved in its contributions. Its function is also partly to provide a laboratory in which student writers can try out their creative writing efforts. Nevertheless, the present staff is far more interested in genuinely good story material, interesting subject-matter, dealt with imaginatively, than in foggy imitations of the short stories currently published in *Story Magazine,* the *New Yorker,* etc., on the one hand, and *Collier's,* the *American,* etc., on the other. Style can be improved or even cultivated. We are willing to help or obtain help for anybody who has something to say but does not quite know how to set about saying it. Only neither the staff nor anyone else can know of such cases if they consistently hide their light under a bushel. We therefore suggest that, during this year, any student can send in "trial" manuscripts by simply marking them with the word TRIAL; which will indicate that the writer does not consider his manuscript publishable yet, but would like to consult with the editors or some other critic as to how it may be improved. The editors will make it their business to get in touch with such students. Or a letter describing some material not yet in manuscript form will have the same effect.

2. The *Flamingo* staff also should better represent the student body. All students with some knowledge of literature and literary criticism are invited to apply for positions on the *Flamingo* staff. Notification of the next meeting they may attend will be mailed to them if they will send their names and addresses to the *Flamingo,* Box 40, the College Postoffice.

3. WE HERE ALSO ANNOUNCE THAT LETTERS OF CRITICISM, COMMENT, ETC. ARE INVITED FROM THE STUDENTS, FACULTY, AND OTHER READERS. THEY WILL BE PUBLISHED IN A SECTION CALLED *LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.*

4. It is hoped that we may publish illustrations regularly during the coming year. Art students are invited to form an Art staff; their work will consist of making a frontispiece and possibly other illustrations for stories for each issue. The illustrations will be linoleum cuts or black-and-white drawings which can be made into lino cuts.

5. It should be clear that membership in the staff is never permanent. There can be no "absent members"; the *Flamingo* staff is and will be composed of people who attend meetings and do the work required with the best of their ability and interest.

There *are* some good points about this first issue of the 1937-38 *Flamingo.* The new cover design, which John Rae of our Art faculty has kindly done for us, ought to be an inspiration for the new ideals which we hope to attain; if the inside pages of the magazine ever reach the professional standard and pleasing effect of his composition, we shall have nothing to worry about.

The contributors may, on the whole, view their printed work without actual alarm. Fentress Gardner's thoughtful article will, we hope, provoke some letters to fill our new section. Walter Royall's sonnet won the Ponce de Leon prize of $60 in the Allied Arts of Winter Park competition last year. Eleanor Booth, whom we still consider a member of the student body as she will be back at Rollins next fall, has let us have her delightful "Biji". Robin Rae begins to fulfill the promise of his freshman year with an entertaining sketch; we look forward to his improvement in technical power.

Arthur Bifield and Suzanne Macpherson, newcomers to Rollins, awaken interest in their work with the poem *Still Life* and the short story *The Mirror.*

The *Flamingo* rates as above average in College magazines. It has stood first in many competitions, and received favorable comment from such critics as: Henry Goddard Leach, Marjorie Rawlins, and Roger Shaw. It should be an honor to contribute to it.

But we still repeat, that this is not a *good* issue of the *Flamingo.* The students can make this magazine much better by taking more interest in it. Therefore we print this here, for everybody, friends and enemies alike, to see—hoping to impress upon you, Rollins, that the *Flamingo* is *yours;* if you don't like it,—then do something about it. If you do like it, then show your appreciation by contribution, or participation in staff activities.

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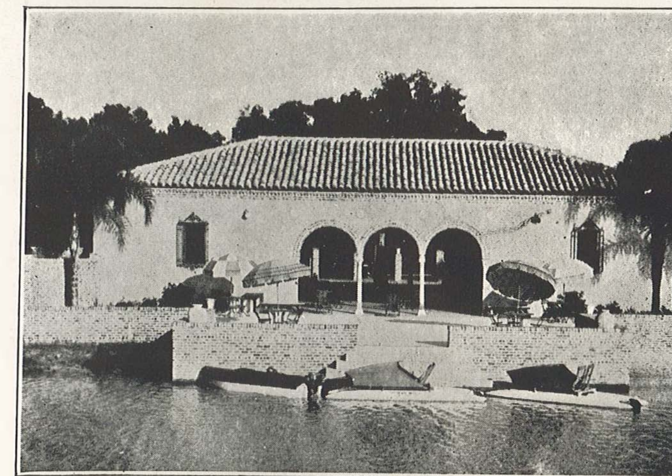

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