

The World's Greatest Sailplane Pilot

We see a fat, rather slovenly-dressed man sitting in front of plate glass window in a suburban home. He has one foot up on his knee. We notice his white socks and black shoes. He seems to be explaining something. He is embarrassed, and is sweating. Behind him, through the window, we see the leaves of trees being turned up by a breeze. There are droplets on the window, we sense that there are still droplets in the air. A rosy red light illuminates the scene from the right; and behind it all we see beautiful white cumulus clouds on the horizon. If we look closely, we can even see a few tiny black lines of birds flying toward them. The clouds take our breath away, they are so white and fresh looking.

The man is talking. His rumpled suit is beige, the same color as the walls and the curtains on the sides of the window. We notice his blue and red tie, the end pointing up. On his shoulder is a block of ivory or white bone; fastened in it is a long, flexible spar, and on the end of the spar is the model of a slim, elegant sailplane. The whole is of the same material, and reminds us of a whaler's scrimshaw carving. The plane bounces gracefully with his every movement.

He gestures, he continues to explain and narrate, and we only catch his final words — "...is why I'm the world's greatest sailplane pilot."