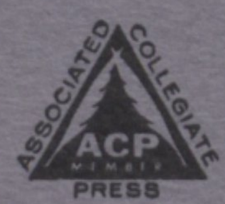
THE rebel

WINTER · 1968

All American Honor Rating



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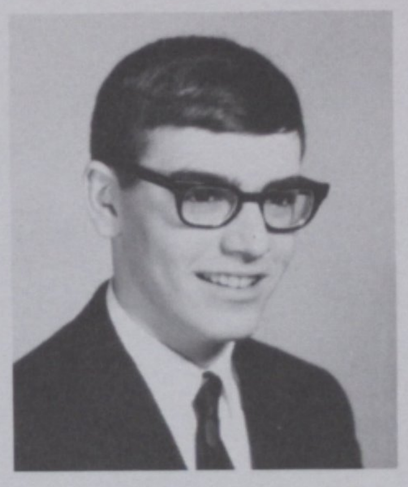
King



Hadden

Bingham

Chapman

Contributors

Mary Lynn King, a junior majoring in German, and Advertising Manager for **The Rebel**, has contributed a great deal of time and effort to the magazine. Her work will be found in the closing pages of the book.

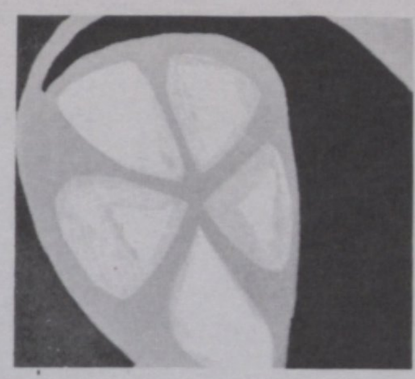
A freshman English major, **Whitney Hadden** is the featured poet for the winter issue of **The Rebel.**

Geoffrey Chapman, a graduate of East Carolina University, makes his first contribution to **The Rebel.** Chapman, Sunday Editor of **The Daily Reflector,** provides us with a moving short story.

Bill Bingham, Ph.D, University of New Mexico, and member of East Carolina University's English faculty, and **Robert McDowell,** a sophomore history major, contribute their poetry for the first time to **The Rebel. Sheperd Bliss,** Director of the Audio-Visual Arts Center, Drew University, also contributes poetry for the winter issue.

Keith Lane, a freshman English major, contributes an essay on a recent visit of his to the land of the 'night people.' **Barbara Knott,** a graduate student in the English Department, contributes her poetry to the magazine for the second time.

And last but not least, **The Hulk, Carl Duncan Stout, Walter Quade,** and **Sid Morris,** have contributed immensely to the winter issue.



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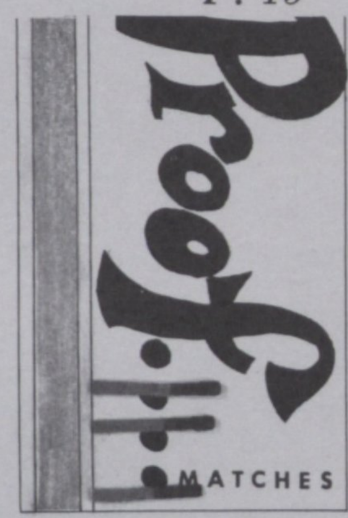

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Rebel

To the idealist—

in a world of cynics—

To the lover-of-beauty—

in a world of man-made improvements—

To the true-believer—

in a world of agnostics—

To you who dare to be different,

To you who dare to deviate,

To you who would break the mold and the molder

To you who dare to say, "I believe,"

To that rarer-than-diamonds kind of faith,

To you—all of you—may God keep you and

May your minions prosper—

To you, I dedicate this sad offering—

This dirge to individuality—

Played to the tune of computers

. . . and the hum of electric brains

. . . and the screams of dying victims

. . . and the rumble of savage drums

. . . and the thunder of marching feet

. . . and the one quiet snap of the

switch which means—

THE END

ROBERT McDOWELL

LETTERS TO TH

Dear Nellie Jo:—

Your first issue of *The Rebel* arrived today and I want to congratulate you and John Reynolds, along with the rest of your staff, for the fine, artistic and imaginative job you have done.

As you know, *The Rebel* has been one of my favorite literary magazines since its beginning, and I am pleased that its standards of quality in format and content is being so well maintained.

The interview with Ovid Pierce, one of America's finest writers, is very good, and I liked, too, the photo-essay on Greenville.

Charles Griffin is a good poet. I hope to see more from him.

I am also looking forward to your next issue.

Sincerely,
Sam Ragan
Executive Editor *The News and Observer* and *The Raleigh Times*

Dear Sirs:

Having just perused the Fall issue of *The Rebel,* may I congratulate you on what seems to be a most enthusiastic attempt to break away from the sterile "literacy" magazine. This is, in essence, what the *Barnstormer* is trying to do and it is reassuring to know that there are other editors facing many of the same problems which I have found at times to be so frustrating. Since we are a monthly publication, this break seems to be much more difficult to effect as there are still many conservative forces within our ranks who are reluctant to accept *any* drastic changes at all. However, I think that comparison of our first and last issues of this academic session will reveal the trend we have taken.

But back to your issue, I was very impressed with the variety and over-all "rebel" spirit of the publication and I will be looking forward to receiving your next issue. I would also be interested in hearing your comments on the *Barnstormer* and I woud invite you to stop by for a chat if you're in our vicinity during school hours. Again, congratulations and Best Wishes from the *Barnstormer.*

Yours truly,
Jerry Hancock, Editor

Dear Friends:

Re: THE REBEL, Fall 1967

BRAVO!

With deepest respect,
Paul J. Allen, III

E EDITOR.

Dear Persons:

I had spent the day in The City (New York City). Typical enough, down in the Village, rummaging through 8th Street, 10th Street, and Tompkins Square Book Stores—looking for new material. Much stuff, most of it repetition.

So I returned to the Jersey suburbs to visit a friend. Saw this mag on her table. Good photog on cover, attracting name *(The Rebel)*, so I looked inside. Coming out some half hour later, my mind had been blown! I mean, your mag really turns me on, recalling the "good old days" of the *Black Mountain Review*.

Your photographic essay "Welcome to Greenville" in the Fall, 1967, issue (the only one I have seen) is something I would hardly expect from . . . It really speaks. Jayne Weatherman's poem and Charles Griffin's poem on "Asia" were also particularly appealing to my ears, as was Sid Morris' work to my eyes, especially the cut on page thirty-four.

Your review section really did much to dispel the stereotype that I as an "Easterner" have concerning you "Southerners". The excerpt from Styron's book on Nat Turner was well-chosen; and your appraisal of Burrough's classic really warmed my heart, especially the last paragraph.

But I'm wondering: In your editorial "A New Concept" you pose the primacy of the question "Who am I?". This question fails to engage the fullness of the search which you indicate in this editorial. A more urgent and penetrating question suggested by your editorial is "What do I choose to do?".

Even the most neurotic person, whose answer to "Who am I?" must be in the negative, can find ways to offer positive answers to the question "What do I choose to do?", thereby transcending his neurosis, rather than dwelling in it with Hamlet's "to-be-or-not-to-be" attitude. After all, how important to the world is who you are? Not nearly as important as what you do for that world. And your mag seems to be going in the right direction.

Rev. Shepherd Bliss, Director
Audio-Visual Arts Center

Dear Staff:

As a former member of the *Rebel* staff, I have been looking forward to the debut of this year's *Rebel*.

I congratulate the staff for basing so much of the format on local problems and on local talent. The *Rebel* has had a tendency in the past few years to ignore Greenville's resources.

I realize the difficulties in producing a magazine multifaceted enough to appeal to the student body, the faculty, the administration, the alumni, and God knows who else.

I am sure the *Rebel* will achieve and surpass its status in the beginning years if the future issues resemble this one in character and depth.

Sincerely,
Bettie Adams

EDITORIAL...

It's Our Bag

The Fall issue of *The Rebel* was one of the few university magazines in the United States to merit an All American Honor Rating from the Associated Collegiate Press. The letters we received from our friends and admirers and the comments that we received in general were 'good.' But, was it a success?

This winter issue, as last fall's issue and the issues to come, claims the highest of goals—to educate people in order to produce social change. This was not the only purpose of the fall issue, nor is it the only purpose of this issue. We also wanted to "wake everyone up, give them food for thought, . . . make them more sensitive about what is around us and what they encounter every day . . ." We also wanted to entertain everyone, by offering them something that would constitute a change in the regular diet of day to day activity. But, in a sense, all these things are related.

Consumed as we were with our own enthusiasm for that first book, we told ourselves that we were putting out a good book, that we were going to wake everyone up—or someone up—and that we were going to *cause social change.*

Well, the Greenville slums are still there. The people that were deeply moved, and many said they were, have been caught up in the rush of their own lives and have done nothing. And, we are no different. We gather our typewriters and our cameras and go out into the world looking for a cause and we find one. And we bother anyone that will take the time to read what we think about it. They go on their way, and we pull out our typewriters and our cameras and begin all over again.

So, we find ourselves, for this second issue, and for that first issue, asking, 'Why do we do it?' 'Why do we bother?'

In this issue we have looked for the same answers to the same questions. Again, we had no set theme in mind. This issue is about people and their feelings—their questions, their love, their religion, their 'bag.'

We have looked into the university a little closer this time. And, the questions we found there have caused us to look outside the university, to perhaps find some of the answers. We do not know the answers. We only know that a professor tells us that the students are the only hope, the students must act. He tells us that the students "have nothing to lose; they are in transit, we have our salaries and our tenure and possibly our jobs to lose, if we are not careful." The student tells us he is helpless. He cannot do anything without the help of the professor. Both, one professor and one student, are dissatisfied. And we only know that they must solve their problems; they must find the answer. Perhaps, together, they can.

We know that we have found something again that needs to be changed. We are not sure about what it is exactly or even how to change it. We are not even sure anyone will bother to find out. But we will continue to drag out our typewriters and our cameras. And we will keep looking for the answers, because, simply, we are suffering from an often fatal disease. It is called Idealism.

terry sanford

Terry Sanford, governor of North Carolina from 1961 to 1964, is a man of ideas. He is well-known throughout the country as a politician, a statesman of the first order, and, in light of his recent book, **Storm Over the States,** a political scientist with something to say about the plight of state government in modern America.

However, when North Carolina's history books are written in the 1980's Terry Sanford will be remembered as the governor who started North Carolina on the right road to better education for its people. He will be remembered as the man who, for all of his other achievements, secured for generations of Carolinians to come the education which they had to have in order to face the demands of an ever-expanding, complex, and competitive society.

Sanford's record will speak then for itself:

1) Pre-school program for children entering the first grade, and for children in grades one through three. (The program was financed by the State, the North Carolina Fund, and the Ford Foundation. It was, in effect, the "head start" program before the Head Start program came into existence.)

2) The Governor's School and advanced education programs throughout the state for young men and women who are exceptionally "bright and dedicated." (The enrollment in the special education programs was 2,000 students when Sanford took office in 1961. By 1964, the enrollment was 25,000.)

3) A series of programs for retarded children under the supervision of a special commission, in order to provide not only training and schooling but also to secure jobs for them, regulate special health services for them, and provide them with testing and counseling services.

4) The Advancement School for providing an introduction to and training in innovative educational techniques which are needed to motivate the people who had not been motivated before. The techniques are used for teaching low-achievers.

interview

Have any other states or foreign countries copied any of your programs?

Well, I think that there is no question but that the spirit of education across the country is now innovation. I'd be very foolish if I were to claim that North Carolina started that spirit but at least we were probably the first state in the 1960's to dramatize the need for changes in education.

The state of Georgia adopted the Governor's school. And, I was down there to make a speech for the Governor at a governor's educational conference (they had a great many educators there) and they had several little things printed up—things that Georgia had done: "The first state-operated summer school for gifted children." Which, of course, was another way of describing the Governor's School. So I chided the Governor a little bit about that and he said, "Well, yours was foundation supported, we said state supported!" Theirs came two or three years after ours. But, I didn't mind their claim because it stirred up additional enthusiasm and pride in Georgia.

Have programs such as the Governor's School, Advancement School, and programs for retarded children, been successful in inspiring students to continue their education?

I think that students probably to some extent took a new look at education. We tried to do this and provide inspiration and to say to students that education is more important than it has ever been and that's why I traveled so hard around the state visiting with students instead of just with the local officials, because I felt that the students had to understand this if the school program was to be successful. Now I really don't know just how successful it was or even how one would measure what effect that it had.

What do you think of North Carolina's chances of establishing an experimental college supported by state funds similar to the one which is presently being established at Westbury College in Old Westbury, New York?

Well, I'm not so sure that I think that North Carolina needs to follow the Westbury Plan. I think that we need to find ways to experiment within the college framework. I think that East Carolina can do things other colleges haven't done or haven't tried. I think that the University of North Carolina, Wake Forest, Duke, as well as other private and state-supported schools, can bring within their programs the idea of experimentation, which I think would be a much better way for us to work it than looking to an experimental college, as such. We simply don't have the resources to concentrate for that purpose. But, far more important than that, why don't we take advantage of all the resources that we do have and simply use our beans to try and better things on the campuses that we've already got. This would be my attitude.

Is there a council of higher education on any campus in North Carolina to which students, faculty, and administrators come for conversation about how they might improve the quality of learning in the institution?

Well, I don't know.

Do you think it is wise to have one central board of higher education in North Carolina to determine the future of education for state institutions?

Well, I don't think that it determines the future. I think that what the board does is that it co-ordinates the effort so that we won't do things that will turn out to be a waste. Starting back about 1929, the engineering school was moved from Chapel Hill to Raleigh, and worked into the institution there. Certain other courses were retained at Chapel Hill, and we decided that we could have a great engineering school on the Raleigh campus by the early 1930's. If we had tried to have two second-rate engineering schools that's exactly what we would have ended up having.

At that time, the coordinating board was the Board of Trustees of the University, because we didn't have any other colleges except teacher's colleges, which had a specific job that fell into a specific pattern. But then as we removed the mission of just being teacher's colleges and broadened them into being liberal arts colleges with additional professional schools, it became necessary to have some other coordinating board or we would have a kind of duplicating effort that would simply waste our money and keep us from being superior . . . in any of the fields. So, Governor Hodges led the way for setting up the Board of Higher Education—this is the way most states handle it unless they have only one or two colleges.

Someone has to coordinate the efforts of all the schools. But the school itself ultimately decides its own missions, and the school itself decides what kind of an institution it could be. This comes from the faculty, the adminstrators, the student body and the Board of Trustees of the various institutions. So no higher board is shaping the future policy of North Carolina. It's simply seeing to it that its shaped in a reasonable way. And we have to have it.

As for the consolidated university concept—how effective do you think it is? And, what do you see in the relationship between the consolidated university and the new regional universities?

In the first place, the consolidated university concept worked remarkably well when it was set up and for the purpose for which it was set up. It was set up to do this kind of coordinating, to avoid duplication, and to zero-in on our needs. During the 1930's we barely had enough money to keep our schools open. We had to go to statewide taxes in order to keep our public schools open at all, in most places, and we didn't have enough money to throw any away. I'm not suggesting that we're throwing it away now. I see the regional universities, at least three of them, providing a special impetus in the region they serve directly, doing things a university should do in reaching out and helping the people of the region to better develop that region. I had something to say about this at East Carolina a month ago in which I outlined a half-dozen things the university could do to help the region, and there are many others.

I would think the University and regional universities should work closely together in terms of graduate work. That we should look to the total needs and total capacities, where we stand twenty years from now. And, we should start planning now for this point twenty years off in the future, and I think that the regional universities will come into their own, that the degrees that they offer will be widely acceptable, and I'm sure we can do this with the proper kind of planning, and the proper kind of groundwork; but it's not something somebody thinks can be done automatically.

Why do politics, in a sense, appear to control education in North Carolina?

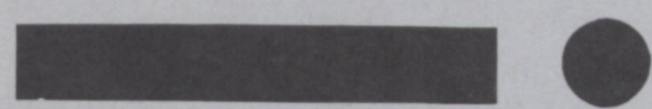
I would observe that politics was responsible for broadening the mission of East Carolina; therefore I would see it as a very good influence. Do I understand you to think its a bad influence?

Sometimes, we aren't really concerned with education. We are concerned with facts and nothing more.

Well, I don't think that . . . it didn't bother me that people were simply trying to get a name; those that had no other interest than that obviously don't understand what a college or university is. You have to have a starting point, and this seems, to me, to be the best starting point. But let me add forcefully, that education wouldn't be anywhere if it weren't for politics. It's the political risk, the political support, the political campaign, that's our means of improving education, and you can't cite me one example where this hasn't been the case. The partnership of politics and education, that educators so long avoided, is now coming into its own and its the salvation of education. This is a democracy, the support of any institution comes from the people. It couldn't come any other way. The support of the people is developed through political action. So, I think that it is great now if somebody supported education purely for political reasons because of what it would mean . . . it would mean that they thought that the people back home wanted it supported. So, could that be bad? It doesn't seem to me that it could be. I don't like for people to suggest that politics is some kind of dishonorable undertaking because it seems to me that everything good that we try to accomplish has to come back to basic political support which means democratic support.

Should students be allowed to sit on the decision-making boards of the university?

Well, I guess basically that you would say that students come to get an education and not to make the decisions about how the university was to be run. It so happens that I fall in the group that believes that students should be represented on the governing boards as ex-officio members perhaps because I think that they have something to offer, but they've got to offer an attitude toward how good a job the institution is doing. But they should never fall into the error of thinking that the operation of the university is the number one responsibility or right of the student body.



What we were getting at here was that if the students could help educate the faculty and administration as to their needs.

Well, that's so up to a point. I have not forgotten my days—I should say years as a student; Maybe they ought to have had more freedom but I'm not so sure that when we were students our judgment was infallible: I think you've got something to add, but I think it would be very bad, and I think most students would agree with me, if the student had the last word.

Wouldn't it be helpful if . . .

It would be helpful to have your attitudes and even to have your voice on the board, I think. But you'd be surprised how much college administrators seek to find out what student attitudes are, and I don't know of any responsible school administrator that disregards the attitudes of the students. Some times its difficult to read these attitudes. They're conflicting attitudes.

According to socio-economic statistics, North Carolina could afford to pay more state taxes. In light of this, why is our educational system ranked so low in comparison with other states?

Why don't you do a poll and find out why so many people continue to fuss at me for trying to get enough money to support the schools and improve them? Maybe they've got the answer; obviously, I don't know the answer.

Why are politicians so concerned about lowering state taxes when the budget continues to have a surplus each year?

Well, I don't understand that question at all because I don't think there's been any effort to lower taxes in North Carolina at all in face of rising needs. We have increased taxes, and withstood criticism because of it, in order to increase the level of support for education.

We probably did give a little income, but other than that, it might have very well increased the amount of total income because, ultimately, you would get a consumer tax back on all the money that was not paid on income tax, anyhow.

So all budgets are built on the fact that there's an operating balance at the beginning and one at the end, and this is the cushion: to keep the state from going in the red. You can't operate any other way. You start with a surplus, you end up with a "surplus." It ought to be called a cushion.

That question developed because some states aren't as good an investment as North Carolina is, because they do operate at a loss.

Well, they never operate at a loss, because its always got to be paid. But we have a very sound fiscal approach; there are a great many devices for saving money, even money that's been specifically appropriated. Money ought not to be spent just because it's been appropriated.

Because of the deficiency of teachers in the public education system, it is possible for people to teach in North Carolina who wouldn't be able to teach elsewhere. Is this because North Carolina can't pay enough money for more quality teachers?

No, this is highly unlikely. There are temporary exceptions to proper certification, but North Carolina's standards for teachers are national standards.

How can the state of North Carolina justify paying hundreds of thousands of dollars for training quality teachers and yet have many of these same quality teachers go outside the state while teachers without B.S. degrees continue to teach here?

Is there any plan for setting up a program for making them stay here? Do you think we ought to make you stay in North Carolina?

It is bad to train many quality teachers and lose them.

You think we ought to make everyone stay?

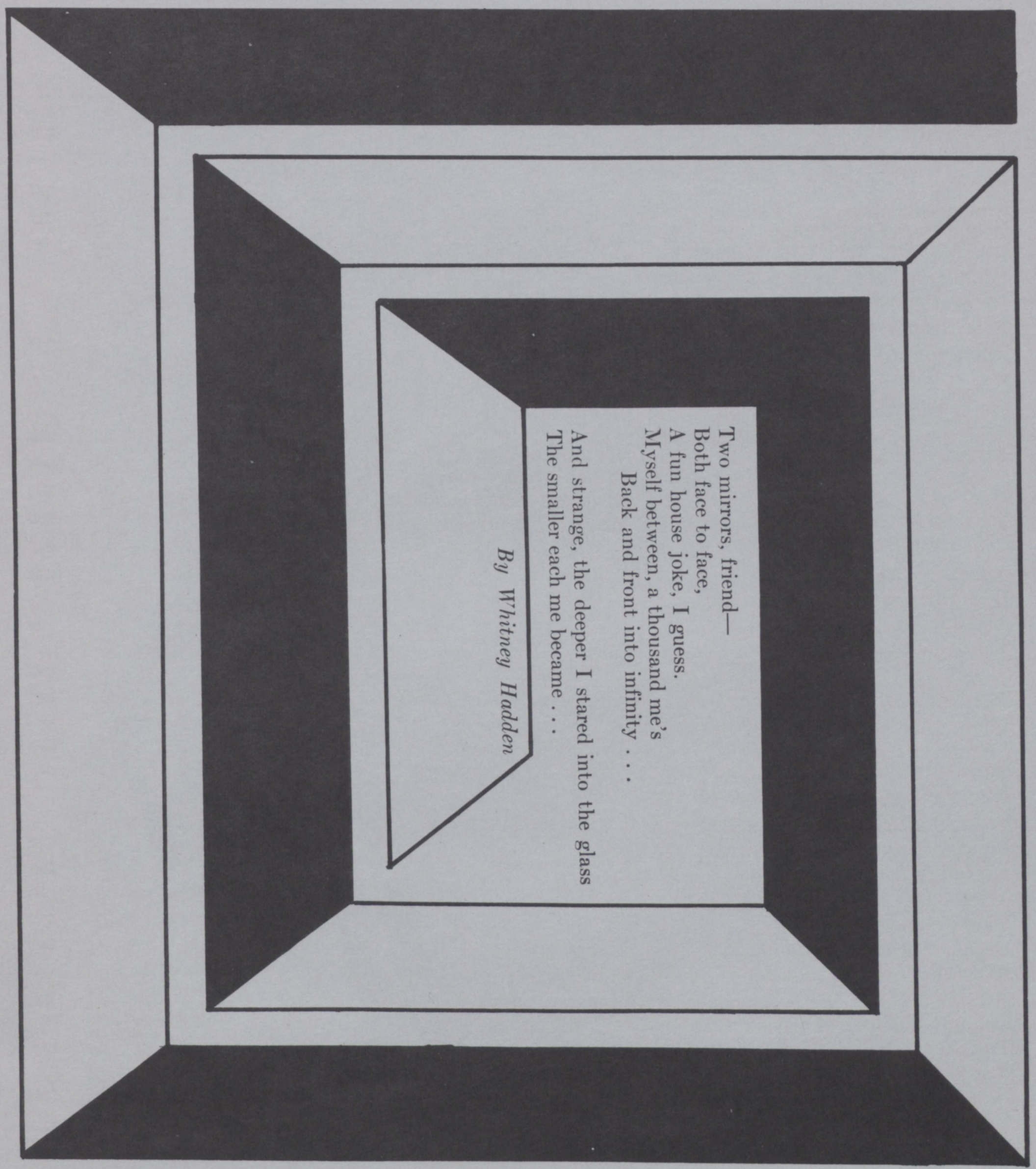
It would be good to make them serve two years in North Carolina.

Well, of course, you can't make people stay. Why don't we make the engineers stay? For a long time the engineers that graduated from State went out of the state. There simply weren't enough good opportunities in the state. Our job then was to reverse the trend, to get the kind of industry in that brought the engineers in; and we have done this. Now probably we bring in more engineers than we send out. So, we had to improve that—we've got to improve this.

Now, how do you make North Carolina more attractive so that more people want to come and stay here- That's our big task.

P F C, N J L, J R R, R T L

Poetry Should Sing



Two mirrors, friend—
Both face to face,
A fun house joke, I guess.
Myself between, a thousand me's
Back and front into infinity . . .

And strange, the deeper I stared into the glass
The smaller each me became . . .

By Whitney Hadden

Leaves tittered,
    Gently,
About the treehouse.

Judging,
(Head to one side; one eye closed)
The very young child
Fired his slingshot
    At the sun . . .

But it was not the sun
That fluttered
From mile-high trees;
It was not the sun
That dropped
Beside frayed sneakers . . .

Bending down,
He gently raised the crumpled form.
A scarlet head
Tilted toward its captor, stunned,
And one glistening, obsedian eye
Fixed upon the giant-dwarf.

Frozen first
By mutual surprise;
Then by young wonder,
The child pondered

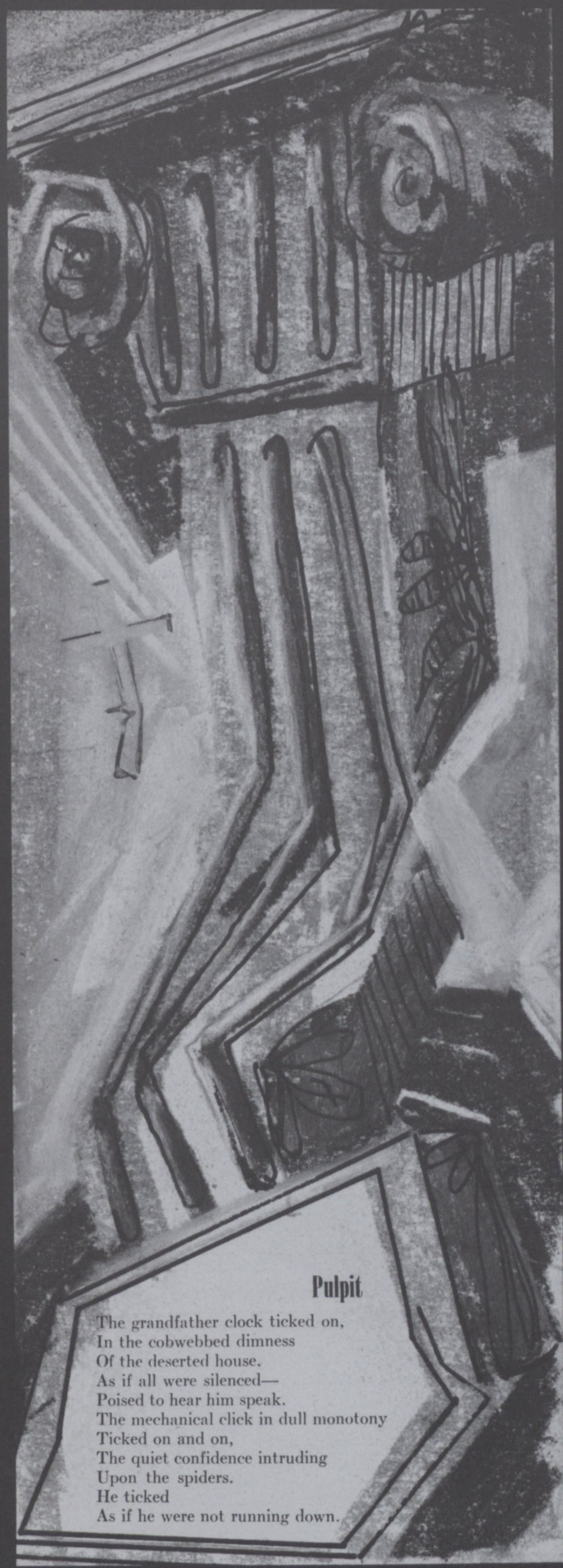
A rock hurling
Upward toward the sun,
And a hand
That could crush . . . .

The bird stared cooly at the boy—
The boy peered into its liquid eye . . .

This dark pearl
Was Nature's visage
From black eternity—
Begging no quarter;
Expecting none.

Darwin's mechanics
Deemed the child victor
And the bird prey.

The boy nodded,
Then tenderly
Placed the cardinal
On a limb—
Watching it flash deep into the forest
    And away.



Pulpit

The grandfather clock ticked on,
In the cobwebbed dimness
Of the deserted house.
As if all were silenced—
Poised to hear him speak.
The mechanical click in dull monotony
Ticked on and on,
The quiet confidence intruding
Upon the spiders.
He ticked
As if he were not running down.

Tongues Not Of Angels

He coughed again
In that too-thin
Once-gay
Checkered coat
(It smelled atrociously
Of Coney Island
In the frigid park air)

He sat back in the bench;
Rubbed his flaming eyes tenderly . . .

Between needle-breaths,
He saw two young lovers
Kiss
(Hidden under a street lamp)

Jingling through his icicle brain
Were lights and laughter,
Cotton candy and a mike . . .
Meeting Sylvia after work . . .
Poor Sylvia . . .

And while his wrinkled face
Smiled in younger days,
The frost came down—
He never noticed

The cop sighed wearily
At the five-cent *Weekly Herald* bum
And kind of wondered
Where that smile came from.

Poetry should sing
Dream words,
Serene—
Like a gull
A thousand miles to sea.

The lid swings
Wide
On empty poetry
When Time
Has stolen dreams.

Decision,
A scalpel-neat word,
Slides deeply
Into my heart
For one unanswered question.

Logic fails
Feeling fades.
Conflicting dreams
Grapple
In the dust
Of my past-self
Blinding happiness . . .

Oh God
Life is much too plastic,
And too much mine.

FICTION

WANDERLUST

by Geoffrey Chapman

Lennie Blake, seated comfortably in a small pile of hay in the rear of the barn, thumbed eagerly through the new Navy brochure he had secreted home in his jacket two days before. This was his first opportunity to look at it, and he was very excited at the prospect.

He thumbed eagerly through once, quickly. Then he began again and made his way very slowly, looking at the color photographs and savoring the many scenes of exotic, far away places, pictured behind foregrounds of sharply dressed and handsome men in uniform.

There was the full-page picture of an aircraft carrier in some clear blue harbor, haloed by a blue sky and cream puff clouds. In the background the palm trees seemed to sway before his eyes in a warm Pacific breeze while happy people frolicked on a golden beach. There was a picture of a long line of ships in an exotic port with a city skyline framing the scene at evening time. Still another—and this became his immediate favorite—showed white-clad sailors, tanned and handsome in their sharply creased uniforms, apparently on liberty on what the caption indicated was a South Pacific island far away.

Lennie dropped the brochure to his lap and leaned back against the wall, closing his eyes and projecting himself into the photograph. He dreamed an hour away on that anonymous island, an hour filled with adventure and excitement in a foreign land so beautiful, so different, so unlike anything that he had ever experienced that his imagination knew no limitations.

He came slowly to his senses and breathed a regretful sigh as he picked up the brochure once more. He remembered the letters that Hank Junior had written home from San Francisco, Japan, Hong Kong and countless other places Lennie could hardly keep track of and whose names he could not even pronounce. He remembered, too, that it wouldn't all be so glamorous. There was a lot of hard work and discipline, Hank had told him when he returned home after boot camp. It was early to rise and late to bed with a lot of

strenuous—and sometimes distasteful—work in between.

But that was only for eight weeks, and Lennie reasoned that it wouldn't really be too bad. After boot camp came more training, another two months or so, in a technical school where he would learn a specialty. He would enjoy that. And when school was over—then the world lay waiting, he thought.

He made up his mind. He would tell the folks tonight and would leave next week. What had the recruiter said? Two days of processing in the city and then off to Great Lakes? Lennie thought about it. How could he tell them? He didn't know. Maybe, he thought, it would be better to wait. He could tell them now that he would leave—when? In the fall? Yes, after harvest. It was the least he could do, to stay that long. He couldn't run out on

"Lennie grunted agreement...."

Pop now, what with the crops coming in and harvest just two months away. And maybe in the meantime he could persuade Pop to take on a hand. That would make it easier.

Besides, he rejected the idea of having to tell Mom he was leaving right away. He remembered how it had been when Hank left. He didn't want to put Mom through that again. She had cried for a week and had been sick. And even now she wasn't the same, not like she used to be while Hank was home. There was something kind of—he couldn't think of a term—but he remembered the pain and sadness in her eyes each time she entered Hank's old room; each time she opened a letter; each time someone mentioned his name. And he remembered how last year he had casually mentioned that he wanted to quit school to join up. One look at his mother's eyes as she left the room had changed his mind about that. So, he had decided to finish school; but he was definitely going to leave after graduation. Now here he was. He had graduated a month ago and was still here. He had to go. He just had to.

"I'll tell them tonight," he said firmly to the tightly clenched brochure. "I'll tell them tonight I'm leaving after harvest. No more waiting." Telling them so far in advance would give them time to adjust to the idea, he thought. And by the time he was ready to go, maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

Lennie stood up, brushed off his pants, carefully replaced the brochure under the loose plank in the floor, and left the barn.

The sun was dropping behind the barn when Lennie joined his father at the back porch sink. He bounded up to the plank floor with one giant stride and took his accustomed place at his father's side.

"All finished, son?" Hank Blake asked.

"Yeah, Pop." Lennie looked up at the red waning sun. "Just made it, too. It'll be dark before long."

"Stackin' hay's no easy chore after dark," Hank observed. Lennie grunted agreement and the two washed in silence, each concentrating on his own thoughts as he worked to remove the remains of the rich black soil from his hands and arms.

And as he washed, Lennie was thinking of the problem that had plagued him all afternoon: how should he break the news. He had thought and thought until his brain rebelled at the effort; but he forced himself to think some more. Now he was more at a loss than before as to how he should approach the subject.

Big Hank Blake was the first to finish washing. He concluded the ritual with a dash of ice cold water to his face and followed this with a long, appreciative sigh. Hank reached behind him for a towel and, leaning back against the porch beam, he dried himself slowly, allowing the cold water to roll off his brown leathery face.

Lennie finished, grabbed for his towel and dropped it. He retrieved it quickly and dried himself, all the time watching his father. He knew the frame of mind Hank was in now: it was peaceful, reflective and satisfied at the end of a good day's work. Every day just before supper Hank would stand like that, his steel gray eyes squinting, sweeping around and taking one last look at the farm as though to satisfy himself that everything had been done that was supposed to be done; and that everything was in its usual perfect order.

Lennie knew that his father loved the farm. He knew how much it meant to him and to his mother, too. Hank's love for the land showed in the very way he looked at it standing there on the porch in the lengthening shadows of evening. His eyes would caress everything in sight in one long, languid sweep. Then they would turn to Lennie and there would be pride in the look as though the eyes were saying: "See Lennie? See what your Pop has done here? It will all be yours someday." And Lennie had always felt warm all over in the glow of that loving look.

Tonight, though, he dreaded his father's glances. Before Hank had even looked at him Lennie felt guilty, undeserving. He felt like a stranger imposing on a man at his moment of meditation. He wondered now if he should go through with it at all. It would be cruel to shatter his father's peace of mind. Lennie stood mute and waited, and watched.

"Lennie," Hank said suddenly, reflectively,

"Hank, for God's sake...."

"You know the land is like a good woman: fertile every spring and pregnant every fall. God's been good to me on this land. And he's given your mother and me two fine sons. Two." Here, Hank paused, lost in some deep, private thought. "I suppose," he continued, "that I can't rightfully ask for more. It's more than what most men have, Lennie. We love our two sons, your mother and me, make no mistake. But sometimes I can't help but feel a little—well—ungrateful that Beth and me were denied three times before, and now Hank Junior's left us. Still, I guess he did what he had to do."

Hank's long speech had taken Lennie a little by surprise. He seldom spoke so much at one time; and he seldom ever mentioned Beth's three miscarriages. When he did at all there was pain in his voice. And it was the first time in—Lennie couldn't remember—since he had spoken about Hank Junior. Hank had been gone, Lennie calculated, about two years now. His occasional short letters were always read by the two parents together, in silence, sometimes in tears. And after Lennie had read them they were neatly filed away in a dresser drawer, never to be read again.

Lennie became aware that Hank had spoken again. "What, Pop?" Lennie looked at his father quizzically. "What did you say?"

"Hmm? Oh I was just thinkin' out loud. Seems like there's not enough light in the day for a man to get his work done proper."

Lennie seized the opening. "I know. I keep telling you we ought to take on a hired hand, Pop. It sure would help a lot."

"I been thinkin' of doing just that, Lennie. Harvest this year will be the biggest yet. I guess I sure could use another man besides the temporary hands."

Lennie became braver now. Hank was making it easier than he thought it would be. "And you know, Pop, I might not always be here."

"No, I guess you might not, son. I guess you're growing up mighty fast. I remember I wasn't near as old as you when I left home, and Hank Junior was just about your age when he left us."

"Do I dare?" Lennie thought to himself. It was perfect. He had to say it now. He had gone this far, with Hank's help, and he knew he had to do it now if he was going to. He swallowed, looked down at his feet, then tried to look his father in the eye.

"Pop, I—I got to tell you." He halted, choked on the words.

"Tell me? Tell me what, Lennie?" Hank stood straight up, eyes locked on his son's pale face. "Lennie," he repeated softly. "Tell me what?"

A soft warm breeze rustled through the leaves of the trees, making the only sound that could be heard. Father and son stood surrounded in an otherwise silent twilight. They looked at each other, one in fear and embarrassment, the other in expecting solicitude.

A very long silence was shattered like glass with Beth Blake's call from the kitchen. "Hank, Lennie, come to supper now."

"No Beth," Hank called, "You come out here." His eyes never wavered from his son's. "Lennie has something to tell us."

"No Pop," Lennie protested. A chill assaulted his back and the hair prickled on his neck. He could not bear the thought of telling his mother to her face. The situation had changed now. It wasn't working out as he thought it would.

"Why, not, Lennie? Anything you got to tell me your mother's got the right to hear."

"No! Please, Pop. I can't tell her." Lennie was on the verge of tears and ashamed and angry at the idea of it.

"You got to do it, Son." Hank said gently, persuasively. "You got to tell her. I know how it is. It's hard, but you got to do it."

Lennie didn't have time to wonder at Hank's last remark for it was at that moment that Beth stepped through the door onto the porch.

"What on earth are you two talking about?"

She was answered by a strained silence. Beth brushed a wisp of straight blonde hair out of her eyes and looked first at her husband, then at her son, bewilderment wrinkling her brow.

"Hank? Lennie? What is it? What have you got to tell me?"

"Tell her, Lennie. I already know, so you tell

your mother now." Hank's voice was still soft, but it bore a note of insistence that had not been there before.

"Hank, for God's sake what is it? What's happened?" Beth's voice quavered. She was genuinely alarmed at the strange situation, and she felt oddly afraid.

Hank had not yet looked at his wife, and he did not now as he said again, urgently, "Tell her Lennie. You tell her. Now!"

"Dear God, what is happening? Lennie, what is it? Please."

"Mom, I didn't want . . ." Lennie's words trailed off to a whisper as his eyes faltered and lowered to avoid his mother's pleading, searching look. He stifled a sob and searched the tops of his shoes for an answer to his dilemma. Finding none, he looked back to his father.

"Pop," he said, fighting to hold back his emotion, "I just can't."

With that, he turned and started to run.

"Lennie!" Hank's sharp call halted him halfway across the back yard. Lennie stopped and stood back towards the house.

"All right Lennie," Hank said gently, "All right. You go ahead. Your supper will be warm for you when you come in."

The tears welled up then in Lennie's eyes. He didn't look back. He just nodded and walked briskly to the barn where he stopped at the door and turned around.

It was almost completely dark now and the two distant figures on the porch were little more than shadows, outlined by the glow from within the house.

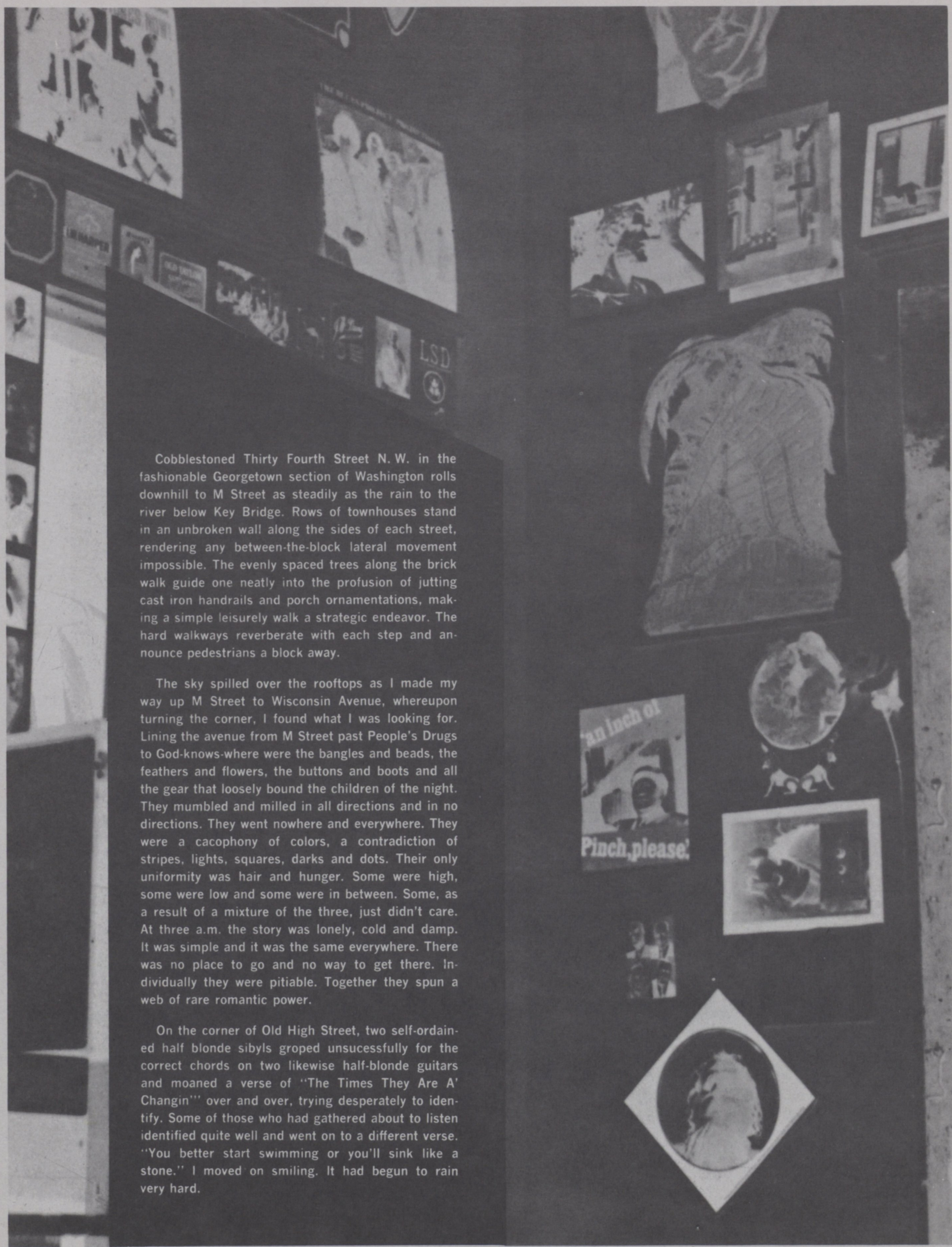
Lennie saw Hank enfold his mother in his arms and stroke her hair gently with one big hand. And he was speaking softly, whispering softly in her ear.

Lennie felt the summer breeze stir through the air. He walked slowly into the barn, to the rear, and bent over to remove the plank from the floor. But he didn't have to. The plank was loose, as though it had been lifted and dropped out of place. He looked under the edge of the plank and saw the brochure, still there. He removed it from its niche and sat on the little pile of hay.

"He knew," Lennie said, incredulous. "He knew all along."

Now he understood everything. He understood the cryptic remark his father had made before his mother came out. He understood the long speech Hank had made. He knew that Hank had understood, had known, and had been trying to help him.

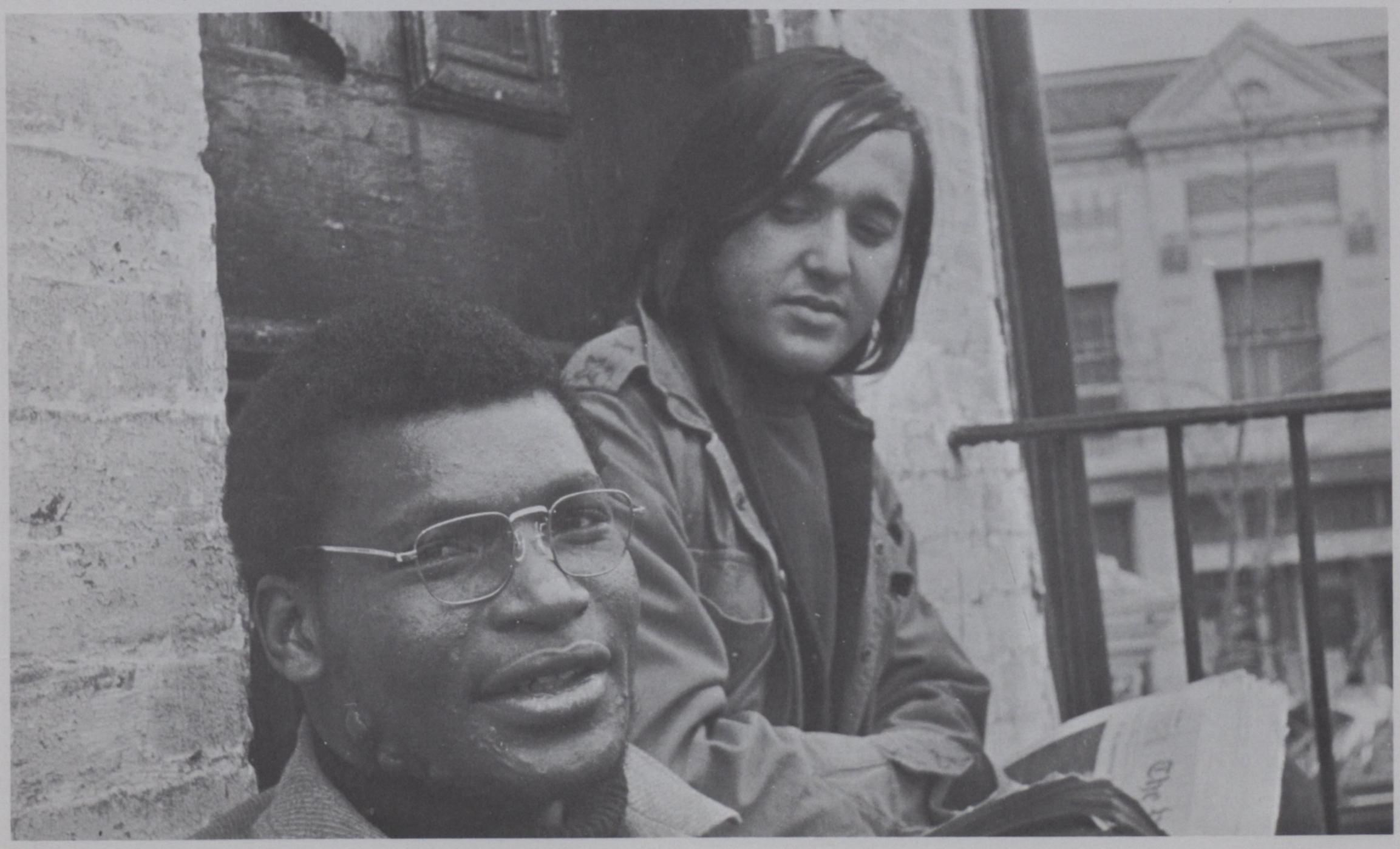
Lennie didn't think about it, he just opened the book exactly to the picture of the anonymous little South Pacific island. And he didn't see it either.



Cobblestoned Thirty Fourth Street N. W. in the fashionable Georgetown section of Washington rolls downhill to M Street as steadily as the rain to the river below Key Bridge. Rows of townhouses stand in an unbroken wall along the sides of each street, rendering any between-the-block lateral movement impossible. The evenly spaced trees along the brick walk guide one neatly into the profusion of jutting cast iron handrails and porch ornamentations, making a simple leisurely walk a strategic endeavor. The hard walkways reverberate with each step and announce pedestrians a block away.

The sky spilled over the rooftops as I made my way up M Street to Wisconsin Avenue, whereupon turning the corner, I found what I was looking for. Lining the avenue from M Street past People's Drugs to God-knows-where were the bangles and beads, the feathers and flowers, the buttons and boots and all the gear that loosely bound the children of the night. They mumbled and milled in all directions and in no directions. They went nowhere and everywhere. They were a cacophony of colors, a contradiction of stripes, lights, squares, darks and dots. Their only uniformity was hair and hunger. Some were high, some were low and some were in between. Some, as a result of a mixture of the three, just didn't care. At three a.m. the story was lonely, cold and damp. It was simple and it was the same everywhere. There was no place to go and no way to get there. Individually they were pitiable. Together they spun a web of rare romantic power.

On the corner of Old High Street, two self-ordained half blonde sibyls groped unsucessfully for the correct chords on two likewise half-blonde guitars and moaned a verse of "The Times They Are A' Changin'" over and over, trying desperately to identify. Some of those who had gathered about to listen identified quite well and went on to a different verse. "You better start swimming or you'll sink like a stone." I moved on smiling. It had begun to rain very hard.



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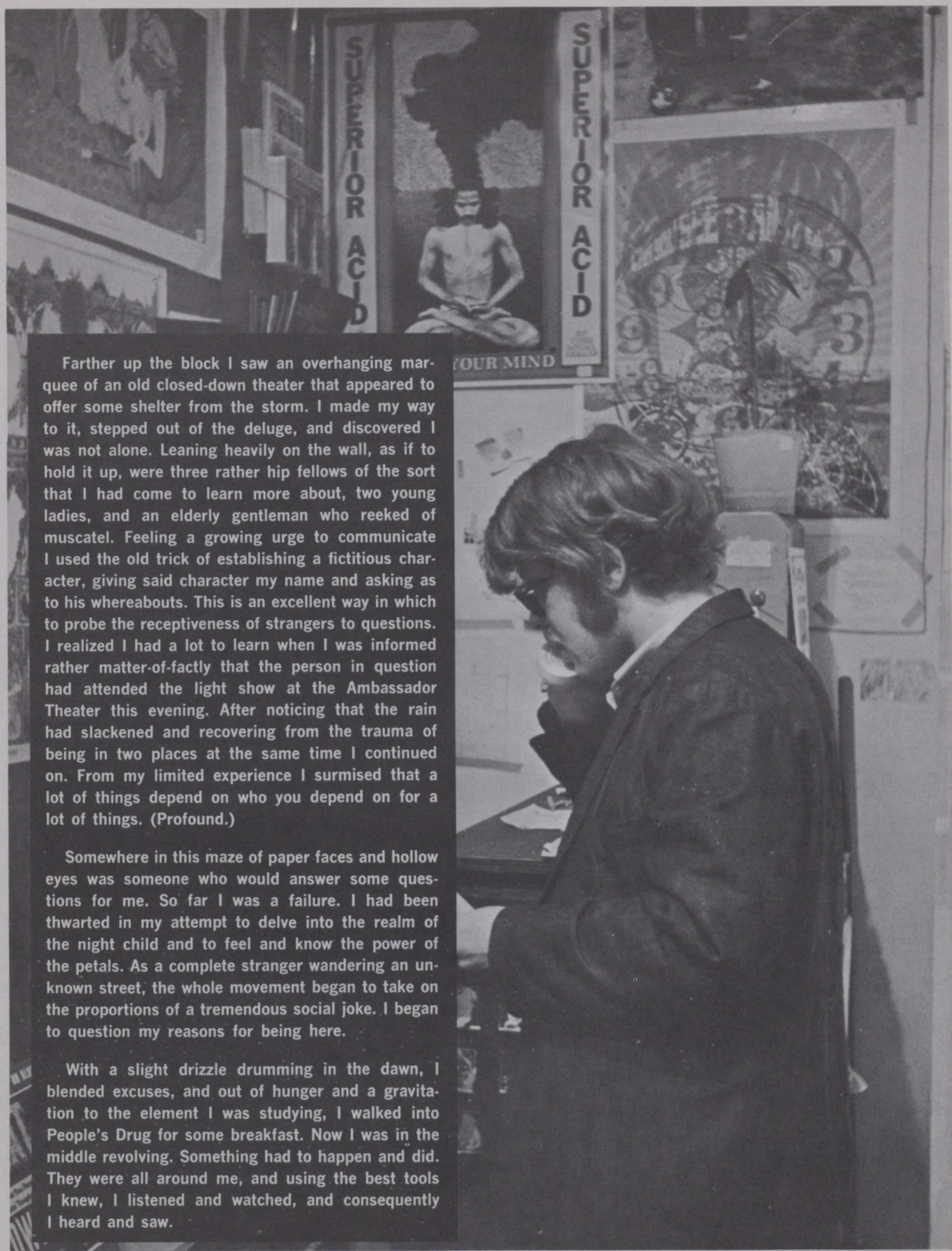


Farther up the block I saw an overhanging marquee of an old closed-down theater that appeared to offer some shelter from the storm. I made my way to it, stepped out of the deluge, and discovered I was not alone. Leaning heavily on the wall, as if to hold it up, were three rather hip fellows of the sort that I had come to learn more about, two young ladies, and an elderly gentleman who reeked of muscatel. Feeling a growing urge to communicate I used the old trick of establishing a fictitious character, giving said character my name and asking as to his whereabouts. This is an excellent way in which to probe the receptiveness of strangers to questions. I realized I had a lot to learn when I was informed rather matter-of-factly that the person in question had attended the light show at the Ambassador Theater this evening. After noticing that the rain had slackened and recovering from the trauma of being in two places at the same time I continued on. From my limited experience I surmised that a lot of things depend on who you depend on for a lot of things. (Profound.)

Somewhere in this maze of paper faces and hollow eyes was someone who would answer some questions for me. So far I was a failure. I had been thwarted in my attempt to delve into the realm of the night child and to feel and know the power of the petals. As a complete stranger wandering an unknown street, the whole movement began to take on the proportions of a tremendous social joke. I began to question my reasons for being here.

With a slight drizzle drumming in the dawn, I blended excuses, and out of hunger and a gravitation to the element I was studying, I walked into People's Drug for some breakfast. Now I was in the middle revolving. Something had to happen and did. They were all around me, and using the best tools I knew, I listened and watched, and consequently I heard and saw.

The room was thick with conversation and smoke, the former being rather heavy and falling to the floor and the latter curling in a cumulus to the ceiling. The walls were lined with living pictures of people. The tables were filled with dirty hands. The windows were streaked with rivulets of rain as it feathered out in front of the rising wind. From halfway across this scene, someone spoke of Bobby Howard and the Sweet at New Mac's, of Dupont Circle, and of The Keg.

The people about me seemed to be in bas-relief, reserving half of themselves for another dimension of time and space. They seemed to be striving to make a connection with themselves on a half-now, half-later basis. A poet in the corner philosophized with: "Get burned or else busted

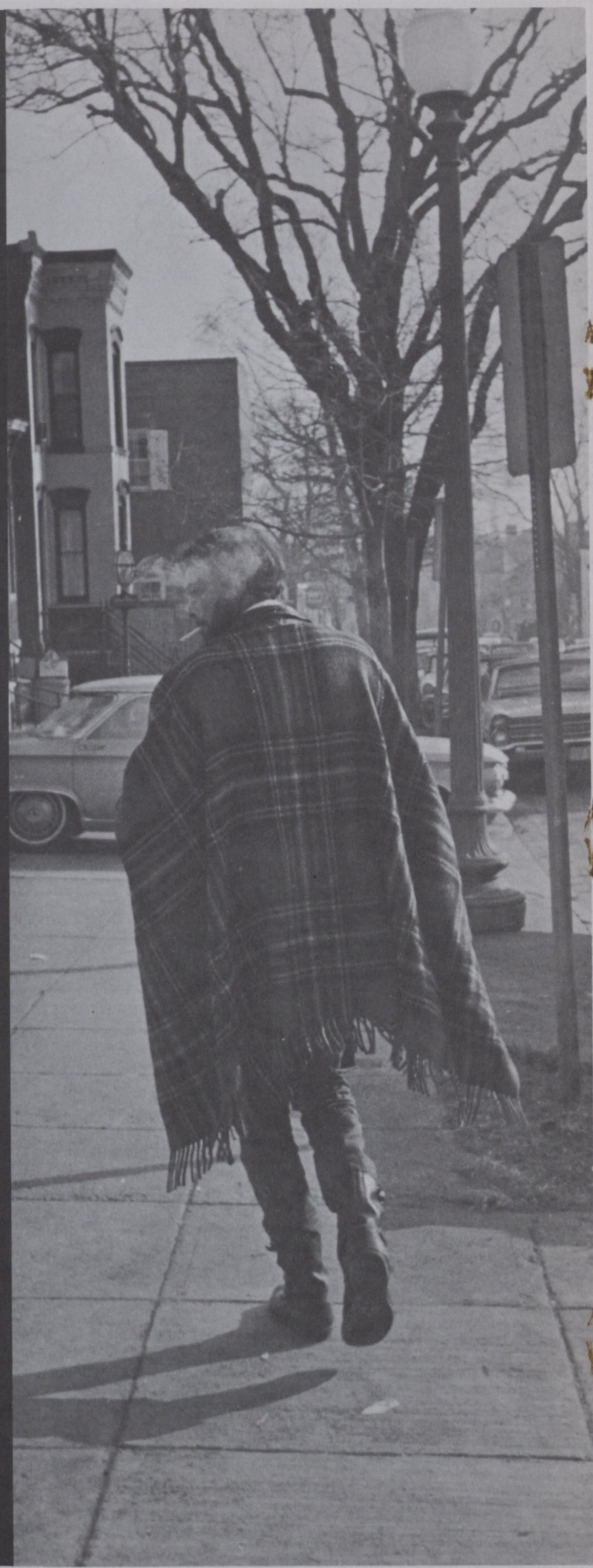
With your friends though untrusted
Cause the whole world's encrusted
With s**t

As anyone would, I had to leave it there.

I woke to the hum of high speed tires somewhere between Richmond and Petersburg. I consciously wished that it might somehow be a dream and then suddenly realized that it was, in a sense. It was a dream to think I could say or think anything differently than it had been said or thought before. The bridge that I thought existed between two different types of people was a dream too, and in the process of trying to cross the current of communication, I got wet. It was a vague, nearsighted vision to try and measure any differences in the miles between two places, and in the process of traveling the road of reasons, I got lost. As a friend of mine once said, "Dreams are the sum total of our mistakes, spliced together for the theater of the mind." The only difference between you and me and our counterparts on the streets of the East Village or Haight Ashbury or Georgetown is someone's dream. We are all involved in a search for something that we cannot define. Some of us look in books, some look in drug-expanded minds. Some of us look in ourselves, some look in other people. Where we look doesn't matter. The important thing is that we keep looking.

Satisfying myself with this conclusion, I drifted back to sleep . . . "perchance to dream . . ."

Keith Lane



Epistle of Carl

dear,

Otis Redding blew his cool and (yuk) dropped out of the sky and whether or not he intended to, his death aptly marked the end of a generation's genius he helped fiddle—the end has come for the festival of light. The groups, the loved ones, and the communities have busted. There are no hippies. The word is uptight.

A few holdouts still band together in the underground. Money is still made in a few Head Shops (cigarette papers, incense, wall posters and fortune cards) and band joints for the weekend students—mostly hippy boppers. And as long as grass and acid are available, the drug chums, especially those who can afford it, will hold together.

Some presses in the New Left are still alive, or rather fighting to do so. There are occasional shots in the arm, but they do not appear to be enough. Ideas are running out. More importantly, the readers are not buying what has been said too many times already. The mass media may still pay some attention fed by the myth of the spectator bohemia. But in total perspective, what remains of the hippy community is little more that derelict community. What grows out of the community myth is to come—quick, hopefully.

Twigs, stems, brown dust, seeds in a pipe/high
leave
S&H Man
the group's fun loveing yodeller
gave a purple
gurgle
inside the
wild dark blue

This is the media, I don't think I can offer copy. Life? It is erotic! What more can you say. We were not after hippies or subcultures, because no one really does his own thing, or cares if anyone else knows of it. We are trying to arouse. Poetry is best suited — not that above — it was a product of indigestion. I saved it because I shudder to think it is all I can do now—its only thirty minutes old.

People are demanding to be amazed and we can't do it so much in newsprint until we first learn the power of words—again, poetry.

McLuhan, much as I would like to distrust him, may be right that the medium is the message. What is the necessity of *fact?* Clarity is too easy for the East Carolina student—put him on a glass shelf and leave him there, with very few clues. You have to make him probe (remember "education is a meaningful experience" and "Challenge" and the other non-lethal cliches.)

I think what was important about the hippy (the "whys") are known. But what is emerging is far more important. It would be a waste to chronicalize it when *The Rebel* could be a part of it.

I'm tired tonight and will get to bed. If I have failed you I am sorry—but I honestly believe we're just touching the surface. You asked if I was on anything—I wish I were, but I know it would not be any more exhilarating than conscious touching, tasting, feeling—the entire gambit plus more.

CDS

And the young man went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the east.

And he sang unto them, and played for them a song as no other song that their fathers or their fathers' fathers had ever heard before them,

And thither were all the children gathered; and they rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth.

And all was well in the land.

And then a great sadness came upon the people, for the dancing of the children and their light, their song and their warmth, passed into the darkness of another land,

And the children gathered, and the festival of light was over, for the young man, and for his children, and the stone was not removed again from the well's mouth.

And the children went alone into the other lands, neither dancing, nor singing, nor with their light.

JRR

The TYPE College

Cinema

interview.

buck goldstein

The experimental college at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill which opened in the Spring of 1966 represents a belief that "no one has yet discovered a single educational process that is most desirable, either for society or for the individual."

Founded on the idea that College should serve as a laboratory where new teaching methods and new subject matter may be tested, approximately 400 students, most of whom were dissatisfied with the kind of education they were getting at Chapel Hill, decided to do something about it and enrolled in the Experimental College. Students had various reasons for enrolling, but their actions showed that they were concerned with real learning. When the experimental courses and seminars were over, surveys showed that significant and perhaps new kinds of learning had, in fact, taken place. Almost all faculty and student participants agreed that the Experimental College was successful and should be continued.

Though the Experimental College at Chapel Hill has no formal affiliation with the administration of the University of North Carolina, it has the sponsorship of the Student Government and the participation of faculty members at the university.

According to Buck Goldstein, a UNC student and director of the Experimental College, there are two assumptions about education that lie behind the college's founding: one is that the desire for knowledge should spring from aroused interest in the subject matter rather than from aroused interest in grade points; the other assumption is that true learning is the understanding of concepts rather than the memorizing and categorizing of data.

"Inspiration for the experimental college came at the 1966 National Student Association Congress where we talked to students from all over the country," Goldstein said. "And we began by talking with some people from San Francisco State College who started the first experimental college"

The students from San Francisco State told student representatives from UNC that they had experienced a growing discontent for the kind of education they were getting there. San Francisco State students expressed discontent with the fact that they didn't have a great deal to say about their own education and that they didn't really have much of a chance to make fundamental decisions about education.

"Their curriculum was formed by someone else and they were told what they ought to learn rather than having some role in it themselves," Goldstein explained. "They thought as a model that the experimental college approach was a good one, not only to bring about some really meaningful education outside the university, but also to influence the university and to bring about change from within."

After being exposed to this model college, UNC students came back to Chapel Hill and initiated a move for experimental education at the university.

"We put a small ad in the *Daily Tarheel*, and Bob Powell, who was president of the student body last year, asked that all those people who were interested in talking together about their education and ways to improve it, meet together in a designated room," Goldstein related. "And about 90 people showed up . . . which was surprising."

First the group discussed why they were meet-

ing and then divided into three groups. One of the groups came up with the Pass-Fail proposal which was just initiated last semester, and allows people to take electives once a semester on a Pass-Fail basis.

The second group came up with a totally student-initiated and student-run course for credit in the department of education that studies the educational process at Chapel Hill in an on-going sequence each semester.

From the third group evolved the model for the Experimental College at Chapel Hill. Students contacted as many professors as they knew who might be interested in the program.

"Our emphasis the first semester was getting the very best professors at the university to teach in the experimental college," Goldstein noted. "The names here are almost like the honor roll of professors and good students."

Goldstein explained that the student group thought it was really necessary to have certain names at the beginning to attract people.

"About 400 people signed up the first time, all realizing that they would receive no academic credit," Goldstein said. "And we did a lot of things the first semester that we didn't do the second—at first we limited the classes to 15 persons but then we changed that because some people were getting closed out.

Faculty members at Chapel Hill were receptive to the new experiment in education. "Most of the professors we contacted were very eager to become involved in our program. Many of them had things that they wanted to do . . . and they had complete freedom to do whatever they wanted." Goldstein explained. "They weren't really teaching—they were just sort of directing. Many used their hobbies as major fields of concentration.

Over half of the 54 courses offered in the Experimental College were started by students. "This means that students didn't necessarily make a committment or know a lot about a subject—the only real committment they made was to say 'I am interested in learning a lot about this subject.'" Goldstein said. "And students got together with other students and they all sat down and started talking. And professors enrolled in some of the student initiated courses. They learned on their own terms, really starting from scratch."

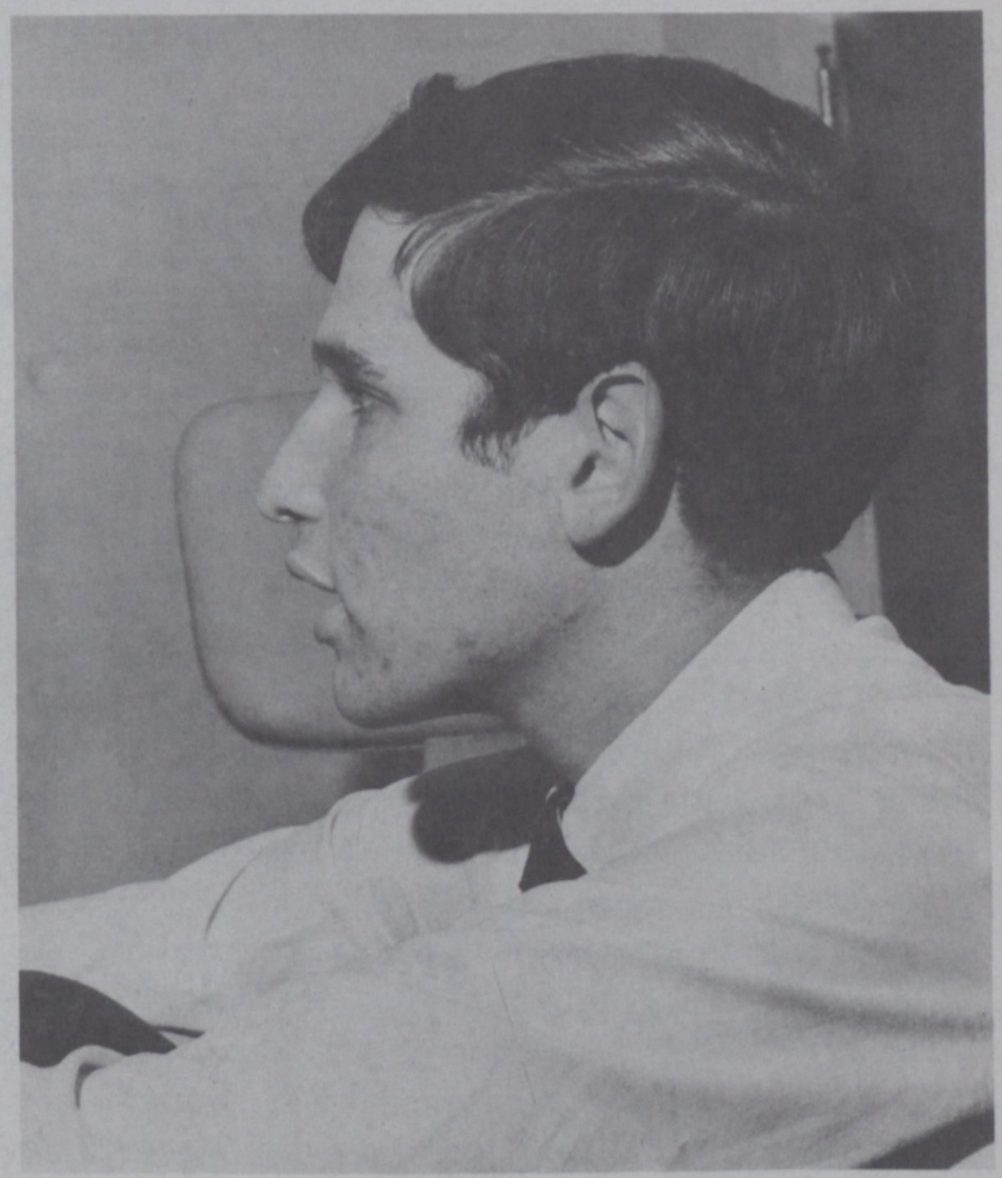
Courses in the experimental college are not limited to any certain topic. One course was initiated by a student who wanted to know something about "Einstein's Theory of Relativity." The student started the course by admitting:

"I know next to nothing about this subject, but I am interested in and amazed by it and would like to find out what it is, what it means, how it was developed, and mostly, why it works. I could not provide much information, but I could probably ask a few thousand questions."

Anyone can start a course in the Experimental College. A person begins by filling out a blank which gives their name, phone, address, and course description. Then the coordinating committee of the Experimental College takes all the course descriptions that are handed in by a certain date and puts them into a catalogue.

Course offerings in the 1967 Experimental College Catalogue range from "Self Knowledge 101" to "Origins and History of Lumbee Indians." A sample of courses include "Criticism of Contemporary Television," "Planetarium Narration Techniques," "Genetics," "Mental Health and the Student," "UN Security Council," "Disarmament and the Cold War," "Students as Decision Makers in the University," "Educational Evaluation," and "Seminar in Faulkner."

The College basically runs on a non-directive basis. "We have only three principles all the way around," Goldstein confided. "Anyone can start a course; anyone can enroll in a course; anything can be taught in a course. We don't make any rules about the course . . . there's a course on sex educa-



ton . . . there's a course on drugs—it really runs the gamut."

"What we're actually doing is getting people with the same interests together and helping them to find a place and the facilities they need—we're helping them with new education techniques, if they want them."

From a survey of student participants, it is not entirely the honor student or the students who have above a 3.0 average who enroll in the Experimental College. "It's a pretty good cross-section of the student body," Goldstein noted. "I guess it's just the people who are really interested in learning something."

The college director thinks that the major ingredient of success in such an experiment is a group of intellectually curious people. "And I frankly think that that is the case at most universities and the reason that it doesn't make itself more clear is that there aren't any outlets for it."

Apparently the success of the College wasn't solely dependent on the participation of faculty members from the University.

"I don't think we would have had the initial kind of thoroughly exciting success," he related. "The fact that the first time around we had really exceptional faculty members was a real asset. But again—it was the same thing—intellectually curious people—it just happened to be both faculty and students who were interested."

Everyone who walks into a class walks in to pretty much an atmosphere of equality. "Certainly not intellectual equality, but at least equality in their right to talk and their right to make suggestions about curriculum," Goldstein added.

"Of course the curriculum is subject to change—it's pretty much up to the group as to how they want to run the class . . . there are kinds of people who may just want to sit and listen to a professor. But it's more likely that there'll be people asking questions and interacting with each other," he said.

The administration of the University of North Carolina first heard of the Experimental College through an article in the *Daily Tarheel*. "We sent them a course schedule when we printed ours," Goldstein said. "The College is outside the University—people in it are volunteers, and they may be townspeople or anyone else who is interested."

According to Goldstein, the administration is pleased with the Experimental College. "I don't think they feel very threatened by it though they are subject to change depending on our actions. Every teacher who has taught in the Experimental College, virtually everyone, has become sort of a disciple and preacher for it, which is another person on our side."

As a result of changes that the Experimental College has inspired at Chapel Hill, the Chancellor of the University issued a recommendation in December to the deans of various departments to set up what are called "199 courses" in which students, under the sponsorship of a professor, could set up their own courses for credit.

"This is in the fluctuating stages right now" Goldstein noted, "but we're challenging it. Different people are attempting to set up their own courses now and we'll know in a few weeks whether this is successful. And if it's not, we're going to take other actions in that direction—and with the support of the Chancellor apparently."

Goldstein sees the Experimental College's continuing success as being founded on the fact that there was a real vacuum at the university. "There were all sorts of people who wanted to learn things

that they weren't learning. They felt that they should have more of a say in their education and ought to be choosing and learning the kinds of things that they weren't learning in the curriculum. So what we did was sort of give them an outlet for doing that.

For a plan of education like the Experimental College, Goldstein emphasized that the program doesn't have to be categorized by a name.

"The only way to really get a plan initiated is to get together with students in small groups. What we did was go to dormitory meetings and talk about the Experimental College to anyone who was interested . . . We put signs up all over the place to get people at least wondering what the Experimental College was. So with that in mind and trying to get people to think about education, we'd tell them briefly what the program was like."

"Although teachers and people who have a great deal of knowledge can aid in the educational process, there's really no one that knows better what you want to learn than you do. It's up to you to make some fundamental decisions about what you do want to learn. Then, hopefully you can call on

other people around you to help you do that. And I think that is pretty much what the Experimental College does.

"I think relevancy is a pretty good description. In fact, it is so good and we've used it so much that we try not to use it again because we just keep on saying it over and over again. And everyone does . . . the reason is because to a larger degree higher education has become so irrelevant to a lot of students."

Goldstein sees the concept of the Experimental College as being a means for making education and methods of teaching relevant to students. "I think people are learning and realizing that the traditional way of a teacher standing at the front and a student sitting in the classroom and dialogue going from teacher to student and occasionally one or two questions from student to teacher is an outmoded way of doing things" he said.

Questioning whether informal discussion is good, whether self study in a "learning contract" is better, or whether in certain situations a lecture system is preferable, are many of the questions that are being raised by students involved in the new education at Chapel Hill.

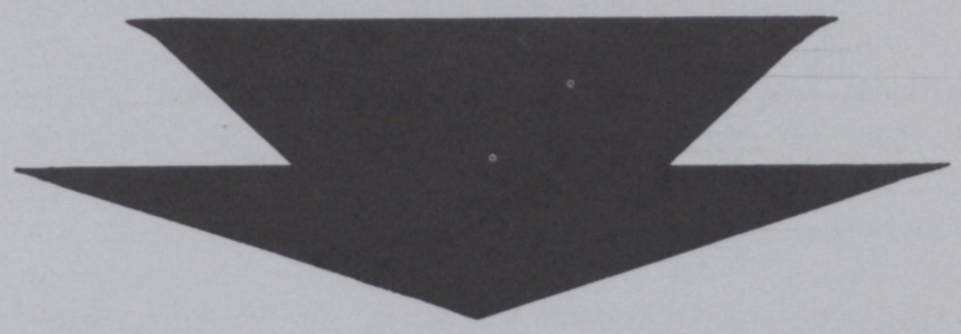
"Basically, though it is not true in all cases, a great number of people at this university are concerned about learning something. And given the right to decide just what they do want to learn, I think the university experience would be a lot more successful," he advocated. "And for those who are concerned about what they're learning, I think there needs to be new ways for getting the credentials they need to do the kinds of things they want to do without just spending four years at the university."

Buck Goldstein is much like any other student who is concerned about the kind of education he is getting. He is a nineteen year old sophomore majoring in political science who is considering the possibilities of a future career in education. And he earnestly confides that during the year and a half that he's been at UNC, "it's almost a different school educationally."

Goldstein sees real political action in the Experimental College in an indirect kind of way. "I think the kind of people we turn out are the kind of people that will be making political decisions," he said.

"This whole bag is to get people out of the authoritative system—to have a much more thinking kind of society."

The Experimental College is a continuous motivating force in education circles in Chapel Hill. A meeting is planned with a group of professors in February who are sympathetic to the cause. Hopefully some kind of a counter-counseling service will be set up once the self-study courses are initiated. The service would give students the skills they need to start courses and explain to them how they can really act to open the curriculum.



The idea of students setting up their own curriculum is viewed as a self study program but not as an independent study program.

"We thought pretty much that independent study is good but sometimes it is better to have eight or ten people studying together."

Goldstein does not deny that the Experimental College is a device for reforming the university. In fact, it is one of its major purposes.

"I think there will always be a need for the Experimental College because there will always be a need for reforming the university," he warned. "It's really sort of an evaluative mechanism and I think that you will always need to institutionalize change in the university."

When one talks about getting out of the traditional university system, then someone asks about the quality of a degree that might be offered by an experimental College.

"If you talk about the quality of a degree as depending on how many hours a student sits in the classroom and copies down what the teacher says, or how many hours the student spends reading things he isn't intereseted in, maybe there are no degrees," Goldstein pondered. "People put values on other things. I personally put more value on relative things—like learning how people relate to other people."

Goldstein admits that it may take longer for some of the formal channels to come around to these values, but he feels confident that they will because they are the right values.

"Again it depends on who you are talking to or what you feel is really important." he mused. "Tom Gardner, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, would rank it very high—but North Carolina's Jim Gardner might not rank it so high."

N J L, P F C, J R R

ESSAY

educational dimensions

If you had the freedom to decide your own curriculum, freedom from grade point averages, and the right to evaluate every phase of the education you are getting at East Carolina University, would higher education actually be getting more relevant to you personally?

And what is there in the University that says you couldn't have these freedoms if you wanted them?

A majority of colleges and universities today are viewed by students as being somewhat irrelevant as far as providing the kind of education that is meaningful to them. As a result, there is a new university emerging from the old. It is often a "sideshow" to many university officials but students proclaim the "free university." It is free because it is open. It is free because it is initiated by students and faculty allies around the country.

"An Investigation Into Sex" is now offered at Dartmouth. The Japanese game of "Go-Tactics and Strategy" can be studied at Penn. New Mexico offers a course in "Psychedelic Drugs." At Stanford, you can study "American Youth in Revolt."

If you consider the courses offered at these institutions in comparison to those of a traditional university, then perhaps you wonder whether the free universities are relevant.

Basically the free university consists of "students and other people meeting together in an informal atmosphere to study subjects which are not usually offered in most existing curriculums. Unconventional teaching approaches, including absence of lectures, lack of grades, even lack of formal classes, are common in most of these 'shadow institutions.' "

Many of the free universities—better known in North Carolina as experimental colleges—grew out of such things as "civil rights 'freedom schools', 'teach-ins', and a general discontent with higher education." The apparent discontent with the system was exemplified in 1965 by the student initiated "Free Speech Movement" at Berkeley.

Today the free university movement appears to be gaining momentum as it broadens its scope from West to East. "The most successful example of a school that has expanded both geographically and institutionally is San Francisco State's student-run Experimental College, having offered 50 to 60 seminars to 600 to 800 students in the fall of 1966. Other ambitious attempts have occurred at the Ohio State University, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of New Mexico, the University of Seattle, the University of Colorado, the University of Michigan, and a cooperative effort of Smith, Amherst, Mount Holyoke and the University of Massachusetts called the "Valley Centre." Smaller groups have started at Stanford, Princeton, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Northern Illinois University, Depauw University, the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee, Dartmouth, and the University of Texas.

So you ask: "What's the point of the free university? Why do students initiate such movements? Why?"

Reports from all over the United States show that students are deciding that the traditional ways of learning and deciding a curriculum are outmoded. And it is a fact that general discontent and a force-fed curriculum combined with an irrelevent learning process breeds the free university. In most instances at the more than 100 free universities across

the nation, these institutions are methods for bringing about changes in the curriculum.

But granted that the free university movement is widespread and spreading wider, can it really lay claim to being anything more than a passing scene?

The free university is "a stinging indictment of education in most established institutions." And its most significant aspect may well be its effort to "transcend predictable, clicheic criticism and build a constructive model of just what it is they want."

Mike Vozick, the Director of Development for San Francisico State's Experimental College explains: "You have to define politics by what you want to build, not just what you oppose." And Daniel Altman, founder of Princeton's Experimental College says: "It is commonplace to criticize the inadequacies of our education. It is rarer to act on the knowledge we do have about the learning process from our own experience as students and teachers, to set that knowledge in motion in order to change the learning situation and environment."

The free university consequently becomes an attempt to create a "parallel institution." It is a model which tries "to influence the existing institution less by criticism than by example and osmosis."

Many common facets of this model system can be seen in existing counter institutions. "Creating an education relevant to its participants is one crucial aspect. Developing a new diversity of learning resources by expanding the borders of **academe** is another." The attempt to break down the teacher-learner dicotomy is a third facet. A fourth aspect is the freedom such models give participants for developing new teaching methods. And surrounding all these things is the "free, non-threatening atmosphere which develops when people come together simply to learn without promise of reward or threat of punishment."

The free university goal as cited by the founders of Seattle's shadow institution contends: "Today's students, the post-nuclear generation demand a personal relevance to knowledge which is the direct opposite of the multiversity's alienating process of learning." Dartmouth's Experimental College includes in its goals: "to permit students to originate and plan courses on any topic which has relevance and importance to them."

Therefore a good percentage of the courses offered in the free universities have a strikingly contemporary note. One can hardly imagine their being "taught in the average 'stifling classroom.'" For example, at the Free University of Pennsylvania, a local lawyer offers a course on the Kennedy assassination and the Warren Report. At Berkeley, a colloquim on the draft was offered, and "Conscientious Objection" is being studied at San Francisco State's Experimental College.

The potential of counter institutions to flexibly create relevant situations was demonstrated in 1965 by West coast author Lawrence Lipton. When permission to teach a course in West Coast Avant-Garde literature was denied by the UCLA extension, he simply opened his own "Free University" to teach the course to fifty students who were interested.

Coupled with this attempt to expand subjects of study has been a widespread effort "to roll back the geographical borders of higher education." At Dartmouth's Experimental College, one of the primary goals is "to extend the learning experience outside of the narrow confines of the classroom."

Another challenge being probed by the free universities to existing institutions involves the administrator-teacher-student-outsider role of existing colleges and universities. In practically all shadow institutions anyone is considered qualified to teach who can hold an audience. Much of the teaching is done by students with some outsiders, a few professors, and a smattering of administrators joining in.

Though it is common in most universities for graduate students to teach other students, the idea that students and other non-professors are qualified to choose a topic, organize a course, and then teach it is somewhat of a departure from the usual method of teaching. But the philosophy of cooperative self-education is prevalent in today's free universities. Penn's Free University contends: "In the free university of Pennsylvania all are students and all are teachers taking an active role in their education."

Perhaps the whole concept of the Free University is best expressed by the purpose of San Francisco State's Experimental College:

"The idea is that students ought to take responsibility for their own education. The assertion is that you can start learning anywhere, as long as you really care about the problem that you tackle and how well you tackle it. The method is one which asks you to learn how you learn, so you can set the highest occupational standards of accomplishment for yourself. The assumption is that you are capable of making an open-ended contract with yourself to do some learning, and capable of playing a major role in evaluating your own performance. The claim is that if people, students, faculty, and administrators, work with each other in these ways, that the finest quality education will occur."

This, then, is the ultimate goal of the free university movement. And if the free universities prove to be more than a passing form of educational protest and prove their strength to survive for more than one or two terms, these institutions may well be the instruments for updating curriculums, developing new teaching methods, and setting up "a more palatable learning atmosphere than exists in most institutions of higher learning today."

And so you ask: "What has this got to do with East Carolina University?"

N J L

REVIEWS

Storm Over The STATES

"The states are indecisive.
The states are antiquated.
The states are timid and ineffective.
The states are not willing to face their problems.
The states are not responsive.
The states are not interested in cities."

Thus began Terry Sanford's latest book, *Storm Over The States*. In his book, the former governor of North Carolina establishes what he considers to be the problems and aims of the various levels of state government, and offers valid suggestions to alleviate these obstacles in preparation for the future. The assembling of these facts and ideas is a result of a two year study at Duke University with the assistance of the Ford Foundation.

The subject of the book, being what it is, does not allow Sanford to incorporate a single, major theme into the book. He must, instead, treat each area separately with "state distress" being the common, unifying element. Consequently, each chapter can be regarded as a small book in itself. To illustrate, Sanford chooses as topics, 'People are Government,' 'The Weakening and the Failures of the States,' 'Attempts Toward Improvement,' 'The Limited Reach of the National Government,' 'States Working Together,' and 'The Tools of State Leadership.'

Following are brief summaries of the above topics:

"The relative authority of governments, their shares of the burden and the initiatives and intergovernmental relations generally, must be shaped by the people on the basis of how these historic twin goals may last be vouched," writes Sanford about the relationship of people and government.

Many of the problems of the states are created, according to Sanford, by the length and intricacies of their constitution. Sanford reveals that most states could begin to move by electing a responsible governor. The key figure in Sanford's theory of better development, the governor, "must, like the president of the United States, energize his administration, search out the experts, formulate the programs, mobilize the support, and carry new roles into action."

Of course, state improvement lies in the people, as voters, as Sanford suggests: "The success of each wave of reform has been limited by the acceptance of the people. Thus the success of the present wave, probably the most concerted and general effort yet, lies in the willingness and the desire of the people to encourage and to push for the necessary changes and reforms."

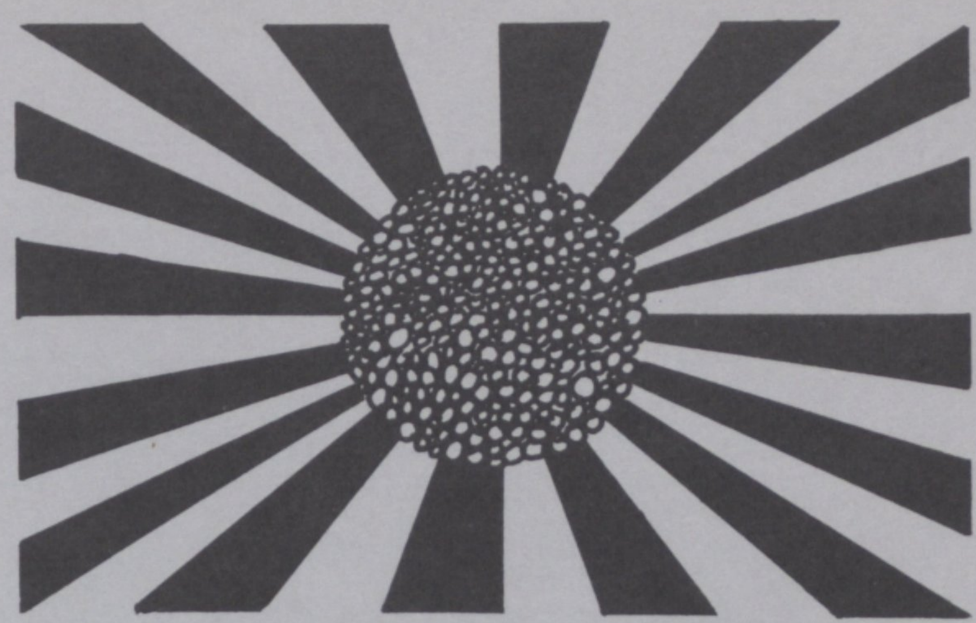
Concerning the role of the national government, Sanford points out that much of the progress of the states has been hindered by mismanagement of federal grants-in-aid. He cites instances where states were "forced" to waste money attempting to meet the requirements for different localities.

Obviously, the states can meet their own requirements and achieve much by working with other states as opposed to working independently. Following this idea up, Sanford describes favorably the Institute on State Programming for the Seventies, located at Chapel Hill, N. C. Through it, Sanford writes, "the individual states will start the significant upgrading of the art of long-range planning, thereby developing a 'guidance' system for the states."

On state leadership, the author further embodies his previous mention of the importance of good governors. "Few major undertakings ever get off the ground without his (the governor's) support and leadership." Besides expounding on this theory Sanford also includes ten recommendations for state improvement.

In a final analysis, Terry Sanford has brought together many facts and ideas with the hope of solving the problem that could lead to the determination of a more successful system of government. Some of the ideas are not new, many are not his, but Sanford has revealed glaring problems, that state governments must recognize. It is doubtful that *Storm Over the States* will create a great, new trend in government administration, but the single point that old facts and new ideas have been brought to light illustrate that the potential for change exists.

Robert Leinbach



LOWER END?

(*Time And Stars* by Paul Anderson. MacFadden: $.60)

Man seems to be an incurably analytical animal; he is entirely prone to the dissection of the whole into its parts before he will accept the whole itself. When a consideration of fiction is the order of the day, it, also, is assaulted in the same fashion. One of the sub-categories into which fiction may be divided is prefixed 'science.' It seems that science-fiction has been regarded generally to be at the lower end of the scale established to judge literary value. This is arbitrary and unfair, but Paul Anderson's *Time and Stars* will not be able to prove it.

Anderson is one of the most popular of science-fiction writers, but his style leaves something to be desired. Such is the measure of the reader's frusttration that his themes are often provocative. In *Time and Stars*, a collection of short stories, one story examines the following question: If, someday, man should discover an extraterrestrial civilization which was mechanically undeveloped, but whose intelligence level was beyond human measurement, would the confrontation destroy the human race because its intellectual abilities could not compete with those of the other, especially if the other had access to the physical principles of mechanization and industrialization which the human race had developed? The story, "Turning Point," has the answer, but it hasn't the style to sustain an active and vital interest in the thesis being presented.

Other stories in this collection suffer with the same malady. Only occasionally are there real insights, flashes of wit, or prosaic inspirations. Oh, for a Robert Heinlein or an Isaac Asimov to match every Hemmingway, Dickens and Twain!

ELC

SLUMS

(*Child of the Dark*. By Carolina Maria de Jesus. New York: Signet Books. 159 pp: $.60.)

Carolina Maria de Jesus has written a book that shocks our smug affluent world. She writes simply of the shame and want that is present in the slum, or favelo, of Sao Paulo. She seeks not to have the reader pity her, but to have the reader feel repulsed by the degradations she exposes. *Child of the Dark* is not merely a personal story, however; it is the universal story of suffering and hunger everywhere today.

The author was born in 1913 in Sacramento, in the interior of Brazil. Her mother was an unmarried farm hand, but Carolina was able to attend school until she learned to read. Her mother got a better job far away, however, and Carolina was forced to give up school after only two years. She never lost her desire to learn, and the product of her learning is *Child of the Dark*.

Her writings were discovered by Audulio Dantas, a young reporter, in 1958. Part of her story was published in *O Cruzeiro*, Brazil's largest weekly magazine. It immediately swept Brazil with such success that her personal diary of life in the favelo was soon published. Carolina was able to leave the favelo in 1960, after thirteen years there in the "backyard of Sao Paulo."

Child of the Dark is a unique book covering five years of her thirteen years in the favela. During her thirteen years there, Carolina lived in a tiny square shack of tin, pieces of rotten lumber, and cardboard. Every morning before sunrise she got up in order to stand in the water line that formed in front of the one spigot in the favelo. The rest of her morning was spent looking for paper on the streets of Sao Paulo. Sometimes in the afternoon she looked for food, usually stopping at the slaughterhouse to pick up discarded bones.

One character stands out above all the many and that character is "Hunger." Carolina and her three illegitimate children fought hunger every day, never having enough to eat, rambling through garbage cans for scraps of food, picking up paper from the street in hopes of making a few cruzeiros. (One cruzeiro is about ¼ of a U. S. cent.) She had as little to do with her neighbors in the favelo as possible. Once, because she would not attend a drunken orgy, the woman who gave the party filed a complaint against Jose Carlos, Carolina's eleven year old son, saying he had raped her two year old daughter. Sometimes her children were stoned and she was constantly harassed by those with whom she did not associate.

Carolina uses the vivid language of the favelo to explain its prostitution, alcoholism, cruelty, and lawlessness. It is simple language, but its impact is immense. She gives the reader a poignant picture of poverty. She tells the reader what it is to want decent meat to eat, good water to drink, and warm clothing to wear. The reader will find that for a few days after reading *Child of the Dark*, he is especially thankful for every bit of food he eats, every piece of clothing he wears. Some will say, "What a sad book," and they will forget it. Others will say, "How long will man punish man?", and perhaps they will remember.

Lynn Anderson

POETRY

PERSPECTIVE

There the porpoise
gaily bursting through the slender surface
from green to blue to tinted green again
knowing, momentarily out of water,
the sky-pull (answered so long ago by his brothers
with feathers)
but glad—nothing so joyous as a porpoise!—
to have answered the sea-pull
and returned to his former home

But I
left dry
envy him his green gaiety
and am sibling jealous
for the caress of her in whom we lay so long
who bore us both
the eternal snug of the everlasting, everlasting lap
and flickering, hugging arms

When that one comes
who can surge from water
to light and land **and** hang on air,
he will know all things
and be the best of poets

He will know six days in one
and three perspectives of the moon

1+1

YOU BELONG TO NO ONE
YET YOU LIVE AS A PART OF ME
WANTING NOT TO BE TWO OR THREE
JUST YOU AND ME
BUT NEVER WE.

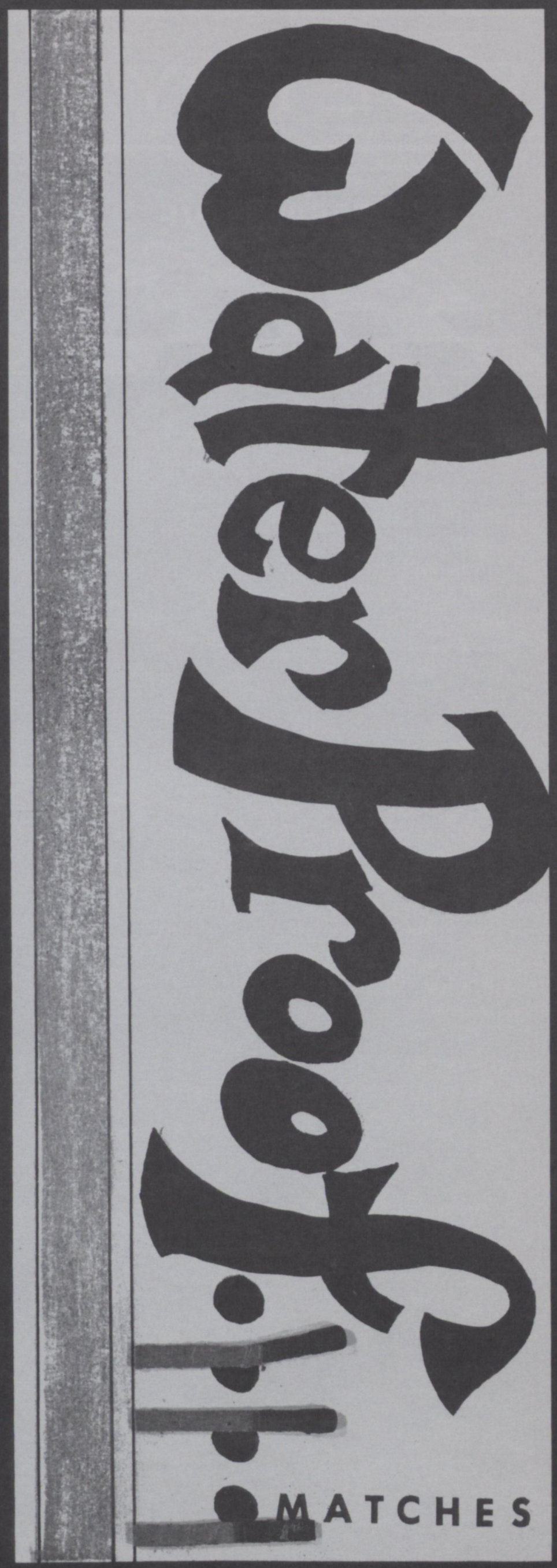
N J L

TO YOU I SEEM SEPARATED AS THOUGH
I AM CASED IN A SHELL
REALLY, I AM SOFT, TOO SOFT
THEREFORE, I HAVE BUILT MY SHELL
—AND,
I WILL KEEP IT.

P F C

As a child I went to a show
and then
for his next act,
Christ struck a water-proof match
on his Levi's,
lit an Arabian cigarette,
stroked his full beard,
and this time
he walked on the AIR,
and even without the aid of a wire.
It was all we could do to clap.
But he said it wasn't so cool
he'd been doing it for years
and that if we would all
COME FOLLOW HIM
he'd make us famous as a circus act.
BUT THEN.....,
HIS DADDY CALLED
and good ole J. C. disappeared through
the smog ....., and I had to walk home
in a thunder storm.

j. metz



NOTE:

I am looking for a form for
whispered communications, a form for a private voice, discreet, sensuous, but simple, direct, for a language which might be spoken to oneself, or to one other perhaps, in the middle of the night, for instance, in complete darkness.

1
I could suppose that I have no body,
and that there is no world nor any place in which I might be.

2
Among the Beasts no Mate for me was found
Among the Beasts no Fate for thee was found

3
I'm tired, I'm fed up pretending,
and want only to lay my head in your lap,
feel your hand on my face
and lie still like that through all eternity.

4
You ask how I live: this is how I live.

5
Life is over long
And should have ended then
Every song man sings
Is really over long

6
Hear the hoarse lark in the air
after a thousand years

7
wrong ,wrong
,wrong
Lost, and nothing more
silence, deep forest

8
He is a Pope, a snail
hermit crab
but that's not a Catholic
A Catholic is a
being-shaken-by-the-collar,
a being-shaken-through-and-through

9
Exceedingly high mountain with no base

10
without any way out, not even toward the depths

11
Welcome, welcome, fish in the blood
welcome, welcome, bird in the wood
I, the 7 X 7 ft. man
would bend down to kiss you
if I could

12
These are all terribly tangled things
soluble only in conversation between
mother and child audible there only
because there they can't happen

13
The cold biting winds
that blow through happiness
announcing its end
Increases with age
till one arrives at the point of
enduring happiness

14
Thanks for the word Grief, a magic word that
plunges straight into my bloodstream

15
The trouble is only that
having burrowed with joy
the straight tunnel to you
something goes wrong
and it suddenly leads, instead of to you,
to the impenetrable stone

16
I cannot go on reciting by the hour the
phrase with which I intended to greet
you

17
He wants to express grief
He speaks with his fist in his mouth

bill bingham

whisper

. . . Written after sleeping on
a perfumed pillow

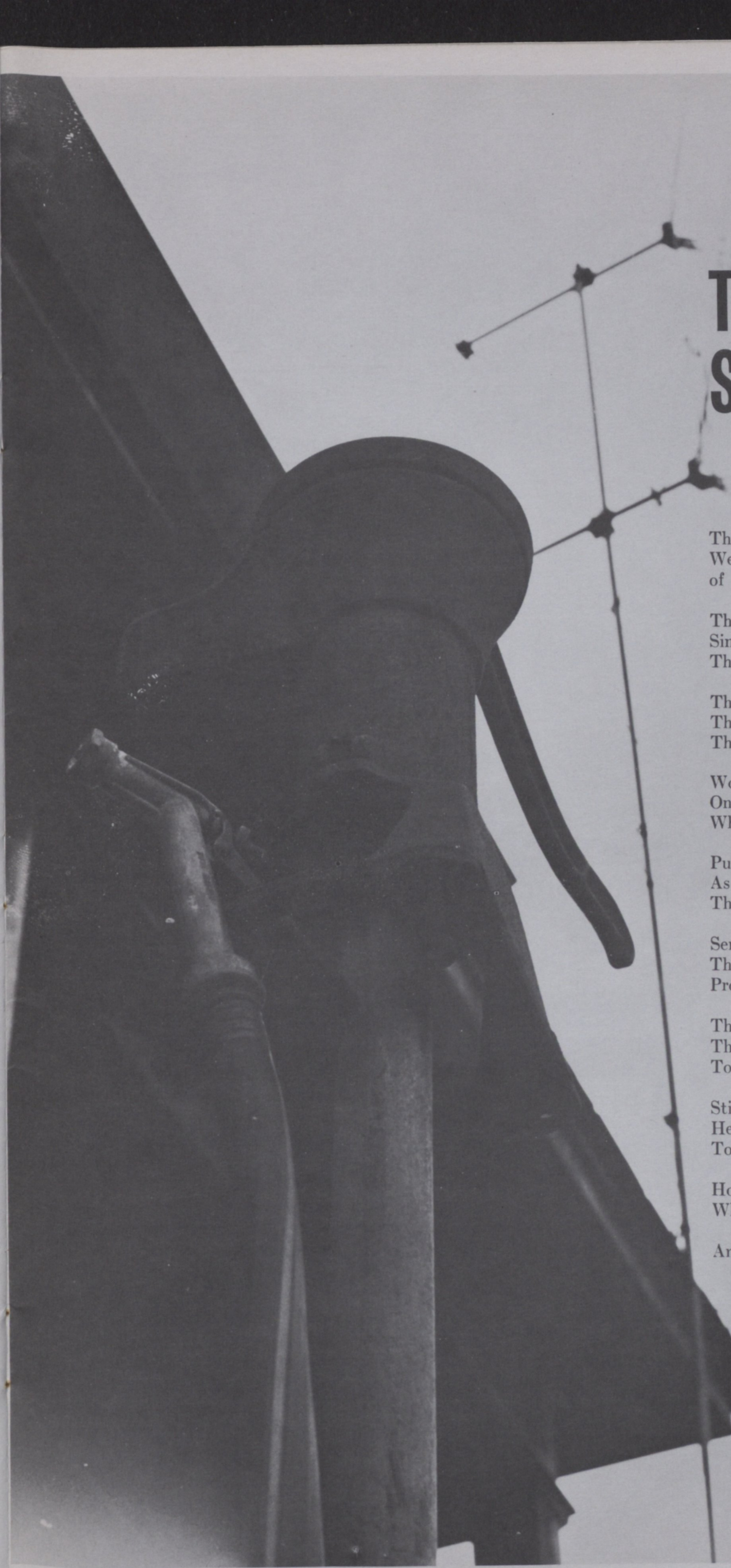
Come closer to me, love.
Let me taste the wine
of your mouth —
Let our flesh blend
And our breath be taken,
one to the other —
Sharing the sweet perfume
of the flower of death.
Time flies fast, and faster yet
as our living is speeded here,
But it is pleasant dying, this;
And if we are burnt by our heat
Your hair may shroud our faces.

C. G.

DEATH

A protesting protestant
friend of mine,
quite catholic in nature,
just jewed me out of life.
Yup, it was I.

Shepherd Bliss



THE LOST SOUND

The world is old.
We probe about the outer ruins
of an old civilization that dies and petrifies.

The soil is dead.
Simple tools rust in ruined barns.
The wind blows across impotent plains.

The well is dry,
The bucket cracked that once was watertight.
The sun burns on the abandoned gate.

Workers choke
On dry dust and disillusionment
While sifting fragments of time and space.

Pulses weaken
As bellies swell with discontent;
The famine reaches deep into the land.

Senses dull.
The gnawing nervousness of nothing
Prods us back again to something.

The voice is lost
That could span two thousand years
To pierce the encrusted soul of man.

Still, man goes on;
He moves about, he stumbles in the night
To find those rusting tools.

How much longer?
Whose will be the pick that vibrates with the sound,
And whose the strike?

Barbara Knott

Before The WINDOW Of My Days

I stand before the window of my days
touching memories with still young fingers
albeit doubtful of my ways
gentle is the thought that lingers

I crouch without the doorway of my age
laughing lacework lines of youth
bold was the print that pierced the page
strong the hand that traced the truth

I linger in the thoughts that still are shaping
drowning in the deluge of my dreams
knowing that the alleys not escaping
from the depths of what the gutter seems

I cannot touch the face that is not showing
and will not warm the hand that cannot feel
thus are they spent the hours never knowing
eluding truth and time and what is real

Where those alive with weary footsteps go
and each to each his troubled moments sharing
the window of my days will close I know
upon my dreams with truth and time not caring

Keith Lane

In trails of highway's distance going by
I cast some shadowed glances at the sky
And then again onto the road beneath the wheels
I laughed at racing winds for I know how it feels
To slip along the darkness and the evening star

Going anywhere at all but never going far
The rolling highway brings a song and I repeat
the tune
While at the same time winking at the stationary
moon

Keith Lane

To CDS (wherever you are)

this place is a mess,

You're gone today
(till sometime near May)
But one things for sure,
You left us your lure.

So we're none the less.
We'll perpetuate the mess.

And until you come back,
We'll keep hold of your sack:
But don't lag,
It's your bag,
It may sag! ! !

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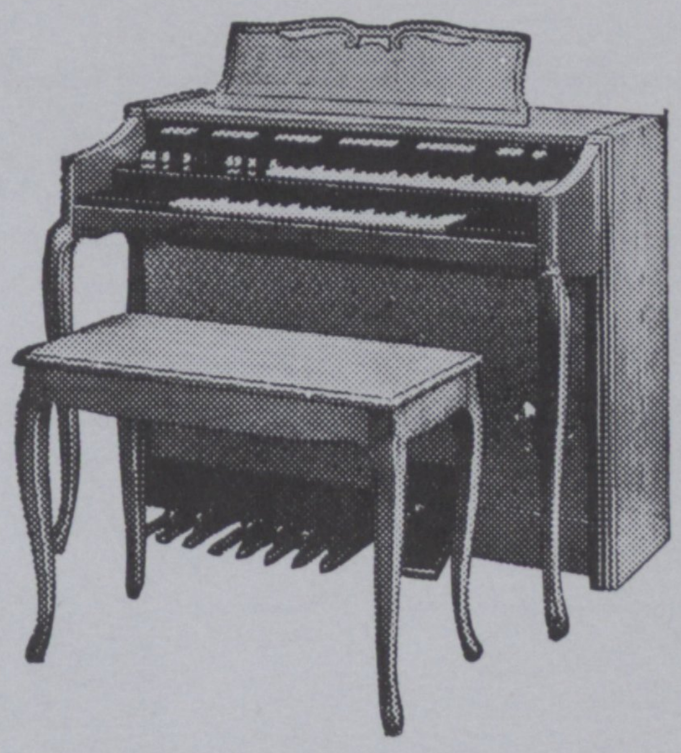

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